Alexander Dixon.
"As the advocate of society, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture—guard it—because when it sinks there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown."—Curran.

JOSEPH ROBINS,
4, CRESCENT PLACE, BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON,
AND 6, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.
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London: Printed by G. H. Davidson, Ireland Yard, Doctor's Commons.
If the English be a thinking and the Scotch an intellectual people, it must be conceded that the Irish are an eloquent people. Perhaps the political storms which have so boisterously prevailed during the last sixty years, have contributed in no small degree to aid physical causes; for a celebrated writer, if we remember rightly, remarked, that the eloquence of Greece and Rome attained its highest perfection during those periods of popular commotion which threw the moral elements into collision. Be the inference true or otherwise, the fact is unquestionable, and so abundant has been the material in the home market with us, that Irish eloquence, possessing, it would appear, the quality ascribed by economists to gold—overflows upon our neighbours. Blotted as we have been from the list of nations—treated as we have been with contumely and insult—held up as subjects of ridicule on and off the stage—it is a bitter satisfaction, and sometimes a melancholy one, to be able to detect haughty England in the act of appropriating to herself that genius which Ireland produced. In the front of her array of orators whose services have ceased, but whose memory is eternal, stand the names of Irishmen, whose places in the imperial senate are now adequately filled from the levy among their countrymen.

But let it not be supposed, because we export orators, that, like our poor peasantry, we send our choicest commodities to market, reserving the less showy for ourselves; for, though our Parliament has vanished, almost like Shakspeare's baseless fabric of a vision, and though Grattan, Curran, and Flood, are no more, we are still in possession of eloquence, peculiarly and really our own. In the Catholic Association will be found some who are full of promise, and more than one who has attained that perfection in the art—if we may so denominate it—which entitles them, without any disparagement on the dead, to claim kindred with their predecessors "and have their claims allowed." We question much, if all the essentials of eloquence are not to be found more abundantly in and about Shiel, than could be attributed even to Curran. At the bar still flows that rich flood of eloquence, which so favourably distinguishes the profession from the dry details permitted their brethren in England.

Irish eloquence, though confined neither to place nor professions—though it shoots up spontaneously on the banks of the Liffey and the Shannon—though it blossoms in the wilds of Kerry, as well as on the extensive plains of Kildare, still there are circumstances which warm
it more abundantly into life—which imparts to it a character and a fixedness peculiar and distinguishing; forming it, as it were, into separate schools under very different kinds of professors. The senate, the bar, and the Catholic Association, seem to require different modes of address; but it is to the pulpit we must look, not only for a proof of the superabundance of that genius which is necessary to constitute a public speaker, but for the effects of those causes which operate upon the Irish mind when brought into frequent collision, and influenced by opposite doctrines. In this respect, the Irish pulpit becomes a curious and by no means an un instructive subject for observation and inquiry.

The English preacher is remarkable for nothing but tameness and want of eloquence. He seems to read his sermon as a school-boy reads his lesson—as a task; and seldom is induced to make any very strong appeal to the feelings of his congregation. All is done soberly and becomingly, but, in the estimation of an Irishman, very coldly and tastelessly. The Methodist, or the Jumper, to be sure discourses much—

—"And of various points,
All unconnected, void of limbs and joints,
He rails, persuades, explains, and moves the will,
By fierce bold words and strong mechanic skill."

But still he wants that polished eloquence and graceful action, which so well become the pulpit; and which is so remarkable in Irish preachers, whether of the church or the chapel. Yet it must be admitted, that though more eloquent and animated than his brethren in England, the Protestant clergyman, in Ireland, is neither so attractive nor so eloquent as the Catholic priest. This arises, perhaps, not less from the peculiarities of their education, than from the nature of the doctrines they respectively expound. The preparation of a Catholic priest, for his sacred ministry, is admirably fitted for the purpose of producing an efficient pastor. His studies are protracted and directed almost solely to the one point, while particular care is bestowed on those branches of instruction calculated to give him a polished and forcible delivery. The Protestant clergy, on the contrary, have no such studies imposed upon them. They enter Trinity College, like other students, live there, like other students, hear a lecture or two on theology, and then come forth the teachers of religion. Protestantism affords no mighty field for the exercise of the eloquence of its advocates—it is a thing of comparatively recent date—its rule of faith is founded on printed scriptures alone, and consequently the preacher must either deal in dry facts, repeat the same words for the hundredth time, or arrest attention by a bold attack on the religion of his neighbours and fellow Christians. This will account in some measure, for the frequency of the angry philippics against Popery, denounced from Protestant and sectarian pulpits.

The Catholic preacher, on the contrary, has no need of such subterfuges; he is the teacher of a religion eighteen hundred years old, and once the only religion of the Christian world, adorned and hallowed by examples of holiness and fortitude. History and scripture offer him his choice of illustrations; while the glory and consistency of his church furnish the most appropriate themes for sacred oratory: he has all the advantages of the Protestant preacher, with full liberty to
range in far wider and more fruitful limits. Whatever may be the value of this criticism, most certainly the Catholic clergy of Ireland form, at this moment, the most eloquent body of men in the world. The lawyers find in them, at public meetings, successful rivals, and needful supporters; while the pulpits throughout the country are perhaps more usefully employed in enforcing the great truths of Christianity and moral rectitude, in language that commands respect, and secures obedience to what the preacher inculcates. Considering the Catholic pulpit entitled to precedence, we shall select, for our first notice, the Rev. M. B. Keogh.

This gentleman is decidedly the most popular, and probably the most eloquent, preacher of the day: the frequency of his solicited appeals establishes the first position; while the unprecedented amount of the different collections, whenever he pleads the cause of the destitute, may serve as a strong confirmation of the second. He is not what the world generally styles a finished orator—a measurer of sentences—an elaborate constructor of periods—a struggler after the imaginary graces of pronunciation—a sedulous observer of all the school-worn laws of gesticulation. He is not an orator of this cast:—he appears rather to rely upon the innate dignity of his profession, the soundness of the doctrine which he promulgates, and the natural resources of his own mind. He seeks not to propitiate you by any borrowed embellishments; he scorns to attract your attention by the specious charlatanism of ordinary rhetoricians. He comes before you in the simple but lofty character of a Christian minister; as one empowered and deputed to address you in the name of Heaven. He teaches you, even at the first glance, to feel that it is not his part to flatter your prejudices, to study the peculiarity of your taste, or to accommodate his opinions or expressions to your previously indulged habits. He wrings from you, by his air and manner, a tacit acknowledgment of his supremacy; and you stand before him in submissive silence, as one bound to listen, with unbroken attention, to whatever he may choose to utter.

We have said, Mr. Keogh is not what the world generally calls a finished orator. Let it not be inferred from hence, that he is coarse or inelegant in his style, vulgar in his delivery, or careless in the arrangement of his arguments. What we would imply by the expression alluded to, is the entire absence of every thing that can be called artificial: in fact, as to style, arrangement, and delivery, we hardly know one living orator who is more happy or effective. In point of manner, he has many advantages: but they are advantages that appear purely natural—they are graces that come spontaneously: he apparently commands them without an effort. Others may acquire something like them, by unwearied study or intense application: but with him, they seem not an attainment, but literally, and originally, "part and parcel of the individual."

The practice of extemporary preaching, so judiciously encouraged or enforced by the Church of Rome, is admirably calculated to call forth the powers and the resources of such a mind as Mr. Keogh's. He is evidently of a quick and ardent temperament—swayed by sudden impulse—and often, in the hurrying moment of excitement, carried beyond himself by a species of inspiration. To tie down such a man to his notes, would be to extinguish half his enthusiasm: it would be a sort of intellectual sacrilege—an insult to the majesty of genius. It
would be levelling him to the standard of those toiling theological drudges, who compile their hebdomadal piece of task-work by the sheet; prosing, but not preaching — talking, but forgetting to reason — confounding by explanation, and, by way of simplification, dividing their orations under so many heads, that the heads of their auditory become at last totally bewildered. Mr. Keogh's is evidently not the mind formed for drowsy operations of this cast: we rather think that he is not the man for very laborious research, or patient application: he attains his object generally by a less circuitous route; through the medium of the passions he reaches the heart and subdues the understanding. When he reasons, he never fatigues you by far-fetched authorities or laboured deductions; his arguments are brief, obvious, and forcible; his subject once chosen, he surveys it with the eye of the man of genius. Quick in perception, he beholds at once the more prominent features; he marks the points upon which he has to dwell; he throws carelessly aside every thing that may appear extraneous; and if, pursuing the practice of others, he sometimes divides his discourse under different heads, there is still in the entire a clearness of arrangement, a unity that becomes palpable even to the most unintellectual of his hearers. His sermons have not that hydra-kind of character that in other cases might almost tempt a tormented Christian to invoke the aid of the club-wielding demi-god of the ancients.

We have already observed that in the eloquence of Mr. Keogh there is nothing artificial; indeed there is little about him as a preacher that would appear acquired. You behold with him nothing of the time-regulated slap — the curl of the white handkerchief — or the studied display of the tapering fingers upon the left breast when the "heart" is appealed to; nothing of this: yet he cannot speak without being impressive, and the ordinary motion of his raised right arm, strikes you as an indication of silent eloquence: nay, in the very turn of his hand while engaged in conveying to its destination Foot's far-famed exiter of titillation, there is something that would distinguish him from ordinary men.

In speaking of an orator, we must admit, that much depends upon qualifications merely external. The celebrated Curran was accustomed to observe, that it took him half an hour longer to reach the hearts of a jury, than it would have taken a less repulsive-featured man, with the same arguments. This may hold good as far as the bar, and probably the senate, are concerned; but we are disposed to believe that it does not apply so forcibly to the oratory of the pulpit. A preacher with handsome features, fine figure, and highly polished manners, is unquestionably possessed of splendid advantages. Indeed, when united to great talent, such qualifications would seem to render the sacred orator irresistible. But the influence of almost every individual who gives the subject the least consideration, will readily convince him, that what we would, in ordinary life, call personal defects, are not at all likely to prove prejudicial to the preacher, or to the cause that he happens to advocate. An ordinary figure, — a severe or gloomy expression of countenance, or extreme plainness of manners, are not in reality a drawback on the popularity of a preacher; of course, we mean, as in the other instance, a talented preacher. In fact, we rather think that the advantage leans to the side of such a person as we have just described. There is decidedly, in the appearance of such a character, something quite consonant to the mortifying
self-denying spirit of the gospel. His opinions are likely to be more seriously attended to, and his words will sink deeper, and ultimately produce more effect. Of the first character, ordinary listeners will say, that he is "a nice man," but they will style the other "an extraordinary one." Irving probably owes more of his popularity to his long, black, and matted locks, and to the holy ferocity of his appearance, than to his doctrine or style. We have heard of pious persons who could never pray with due fervour, in any place of worship where the beams of the sun penetrated: this, it will be said, is all the work of the imagination; but the imagination, perhaps, has more to do with our religious feelings, than we are willing to admit.

We believe, the warmest admirers of Mr. Keogh will hardly insist on placing him in the class we have first alluded to, neither will we say that he belongs exactly to the rugged or gloomy school; however, the entire character of his exterior decidedly leans to the latter. He is of the middle size, with a plain, but intelligent countenance; and of simple unaffected manners. To him, however, or to those who hear him, the mere exterior is a matter of trifling import: he has within "that which surpasseth show." See him, during the season of Lent, for probably the fortieth time, standing unrobed before the unornamented altar, without text, form, or genuflexion, startingly but abruptly upon his subject: mark the extending of his arm—the penetrating glance of his kindled eye—hear his deep, mellow, and impressive tones—listen to his rich, impassioned, spirit-stirring diction, and then say, if you can, that you feel the absence of fine features, courtly manners, or commanding stature.

As a preacher, it has been objected to Mr. Keogh, that there is an occasional sameness in his discourses; this objection is not entirely unfounded; and we the more readily admit it, because we feel that this fault of Mr. Keogh's is one that can be easily corrected. From indolence, probably, or from a well-grounded, though sometimes a mistaken reliance, on his immediate resources, he frequently comes before the public without having given sufficient attention to his subject. Under such circumstances, complete success might be considered almost miraculous—a partial failure is inevitable. Perhaps it is difficult, extremely difficult, to produce an original sermon; but great genius, aided by ordinary industry, can effect wonders. Sheridan, to draw an illustration from profane life, was a man of the most varied—the most extraordinary natural powers,—yet his biographer has shown us with what unremitting care he prepared for a public display; and Kirwan, who was so singularly affecting, elaborated his sermons with painful industry.

During the late county of Dublin election, Mr. Keogh was a powerful supporter of the popular candidates; his exertions were not confined to his own parishes of Howth and Baldoyle, but were extended to the entire county; yet, ardent as his feelings were in the cause, we have been told, that he was moderate in what he required of the freeholders—we speak of the Hamilton tenantry:—he did not ask them to go against their landlord, but, while they gave him one vote, he insisted on the other being given for their country and their religion. It is said that, in private life, Mr. Keogh is greatly esteemed: warm and constant in his friendship, and of a disposition extremely cheerful.
LINES ON VISITING A FIELD OF BATTLE THE MORNING
AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT.

In eastern glory, from the sparkling main,
The god of day had rais’d his fiery car,
Ne’er on the sleeping brave to rise again.
For, on the wings of slaughter, purple war
Had rode in gory grandeur; from afar,
The cannon’s crash had peal’d the knell of death;
With fearful gleam, the crimson’d cimeter
Had strewed the field with marks of woe and scathe,
And every breeze was thick with warriors’ gasping breath!

I stood upon the spot, where, just before,
The arms of millions met the evening sun,
Untarnish’d with the horrid stain of gore,
Ere the dread work of slaughter had begun;
Ere yet the fearful deed of death was done;
Ere steel met helmet-crest in desperate strife;
Ere yet the field of death was lost or won.
While yet the scales of fate, with carnival rife,
Were hanging in the dreadful crisis,—death or life!

Oh! ’twas a scene of deadliest slaughter. Here
The wounded soldier rais’d his dying head,
Then sunk, exhausted, on his bloody bier,
And breath’d his warrior spirit to the dead!
I gaz’d around upon the gory bed—
The couch of death, where many a thousand lay;
Where thousands conquer’d, and where thousands bled,
Ere you bright orb had sunk his vespér ray:
These were the wrecks, the horrid wrecks of yesterday!

There lay the charger, on the bleeding sod,
Struggling with death! The native fire and pride,
That “cloth’d his neck in thunder” when he trod
O’er vanquish’d foes, now sinks unquell’d—untired.
He moan’d not—sigh’d not, though the purple tide
Of life was ebbing fast; the foam of death
Was curling on his barb, but ting’d and dyed
In his own reeking gore. With fretful teeth
He champ’d the galling bit that stopp’d his dying breath!

And there, contending for the bloody tomb,
In deadly grasp, were link’d two mortal foes
With hate untried, unmindful of the tomb
That, ere an hour had run its course, might close
In woe—in death! From quiv’ring nostrils rose
The bloody froth most horribly! ’Tis past!
Years have roll’d on since death, enthron’d on woes,
With which man dares the universe to blast,
Upon my shudd’ring gaze his purple trophies cast.
Years have roll'd on, and many a year may roll,
Ere death from earth and grief shall shrive me free;
Ere yet my spirit reach its final goal,
Full many a year the eye of time may see.
But, oh! how many, or how few they be,
The feelings of the breast they cannot bear;
Nor sweep, like dust, that hour from memory,
When mourning, sadly o'er a nation's bier,
I shed the burning drop of recollection's tear!

G. H. M.

THE SOLDIER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

From the German of Zschokke.

When I awoke on the 6th of October, 1806, which is the anniversary of my birth, I was seized with a cold shivering. "In another year," I said to myself "you will be forty."

At nineteen a man wishes impatiently that he had reached twenty; at twenty-nine he is less anxious about the return of his birth-day; but at forty! what man can think of it without dismay, and particularly if he is not yet married. This was precisely my position; I was nearly forty, unmarried, and without present means or future views, excepting such as were presented to me by my being a candidate in theology. What availed me the years I had spent in study, or the education by which I had laboured to profit? I had neither parents, friends, nor patrons. I gained a scanty subsistence by giving lessons, and in my leisure moments I was an author; that is to say, I wrote for the newspapers and magazines—and every body knows how badly they pay.

I confess that I was generally esteemed: people said that I was an honest man; but here their good offices stopped, and nobody asked me to dinner. The sweet illusions of my youth had disappeared. Other persons, who were inferior to me in acquirements, had outstripped me in the world, and by the interest and help of their friends were established. Folks pitied me, and I would rather they should have hated me. And my good kind Charlotte! whose constancy to me seemed to have doomed her charms to fade away in single blessedness—this thought brought the tears into my eyes: I sobbed and wept like a child, as I exclaimed, "Oh that my father had made me a cobbler."

Charlotte had been my betrothed for nine years. Gentle and beautiful as she was, she was alone in the world and as poor as I—she had no hope but in me. Her father was an aulic counsellor, who died suddenly on receiving the news of a bankruptcy, by which he lost all his fortune. Her mother lived in a little town on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was too poor to keep her daughter. Charlotte was reduced to become companion, or, to speak more plainly, lady's maid, in a rich family at Berlin; and all that she could spare from her earnings was devoted to the support of her mother. Notwithstanding the
The cheerfulness of my disposition I should have given way to despair, but for the consolations of Charlotte.

These reflections, which I made while I was dressing, were interrupted by the postman, who brought me a letter, which cost me nine-pence, a large sum to a man whose purse is nearly empty. "Shall I open it now or to-morrow," I said: "it is bad news, arriving on my birth-day, it will be a presage of the year which is to come." When one is poor, one is always superstitious; I tossed up, and fate decided that I was not to open my letter. But curiosity whispered me to defy augury. I took courage, broke the seal, I read it—re-read it, to be sure—and tears of joy and gratitude rushed into my eyes. It was from my only protector, a merchant of Francfort on the Maine, to whom I had been tutor. He had procured me a small living in the estate of a Count, which would yield me 100 florins a year, a house and garden; and, if I should have the good fortune to please the Count, the prospect of becoming his son's tutor with a reasonable salary. I finished dressing, and ran with my letter to my only friend, whom happily, I found alone.

She saw that some extraordinary event must have happened, to have changed the sobriety which usually characterized my deportment. With hesitating and faltering accents, I explained to her the good fortune which had befallen me, and, reminding her of the fidelity with which we had kept to our vows in poverty, asked her if she was prepared to share with me my altered fortunes. Never before had she appeared so beautiful as when the expressions of joy, which my news excited, mantled in her features. She read the letter again and again, thanked Heaven devoutly for the prospect of happiness which opened before us, and in a few minutes we had arranged that she should tender her resignation, that I should give up my pupils, and that the bans of marriage should forthwith be published.

The interim was to be employed in my visit to Magdeburg, which admitted of no delay, and a friend having offered to lend me a small carriage, I prepared to set out. The circumstances of the times were somewhat critical; for the alarm of war was spread everywhere. Our monarch, at the head of his army, was in Thuringia, opposing the invincible Napoleon. The inhabitants of Berlin were, however, not much disturbed, because they had no doubt that in fifteen days the French would be driven back beyond the Rhine. I shared the common opinion, and had, by way of precaution, composed twenty-five military songs, celebrating the triumphs and the exploits of the Prussians. I had described very accurately the battles that were to be fought, and had left blanks for the names of the places. There could be no doubt that any bookseller in Berlin would be glad to buy them of me, but I took them with me to Magdeburg, in case I should find it expedient to publish them in that city.

On the 14th of October, the day on which the ancient glory of Prussia departed on the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, I bade adieu to Charlotte, and, like a philosopher and a man of courage, smiled at the ominous forebodings which oppressed her mind. With my appointment and my military songs in my pocket, I proceeded gayly on my route, until I reached Brandebourg, where every body was talking of a sanguinary battle, in which the Frenchmen had been wholly de-
feated and cut to pieces. "Where is the emperor?" I asked. "No one knows," was the reply. "And Marshal Bessieres?" "He is dead." "And Marshal Davoust?" "He is dead." "And Marshal Ney?" "He is dead too; they are all dead."

I could not contain myself, and was about to produce my triumphant songs, but an old man, who was near me, took his pipe from his mouth, and whispered, "Would to God all this was true; but the fact is, that some great misfortune must have happened." I was terrified. I let my songs remain where they were. I was at Magdebourg, and the emperor might possibly place himself and his army between me and Charlotte. And yet, as every body, but the old man, believed that the Prussians had been victorious, I consoled myself by joining the opinion of the majority, and went quietly to sleep. On the following day, I met several couriers on the road, and their silence renewed my fears, that they were not the bearers of joyful tidings.

When I arrived at a small village, between Zieser and Burg, I found almost the whole of the population in the street, standing before a great house, at the door of which stood some horses saddled, and at the windows I saw several Prussian hussars. I asked what was the news, and was told, that all was lost; that the French were marching rapidly onwards, and in an hour might be there. To ascertain the truth of this statement, to which I did not give implicit credit, I alighted, and, entering the house, found the same story in every one's mouth. They were talking, besides, of a major, who had been so badly wounded, that he could not continue his route on horseback, and whose hussars had come to fetch a post-chaise, which was sent for somewhere in the neighbourhood. I called for some beer, for the purpose of learning more from the conversation of the people who were about me, when the hussars immediately quitted the room. It was said they were going off. I went to the window to see; they set off at a gallop, and my chaise was in the middle of the troop. It was in vain that I cried "stop," or that I hurried down; before I could reach the street, all traces of them had disappeared, and nobody knew who the major was. Folks were too busy to attend to my complaints; they were thinking of the French army's advance. But what was I to do? The count, my new patron, was awaiting me at Magdebourg, and I had no means of getting thither. Luckily, I had all my money in my pockets; but my clothes and linen were in the chaise. It was a great trial of the temper of a pastor: but I endured it as well as I could, and, having provided myself with a stick, I set off, manfully, on foot, for Magdebourg, wondering how I should be able to make amends to my friend for his horses and chaise.

As I was making my way, not quite so gaily as I had set out, I was accosted by a young man, whom I had known at Berlin, and to whom I had given the nickname of Charlemagne, because he pretended that his family pedigree might be traced to that hero. He was a lieutenant of infantry, and was now accompanied by a detachment of his troop. "Whither are you bound, doctor?" he asked. "To Magdebourg," I replied. "You will never reach it," he said; "the French are besieging it with 50,000 men. Come back with us to Berlin. The enemy are at our heels. All is lost. The Duke of..."
Brunswick is dead; General Möllendorf is a prisoner; and nobody knows where the king is. The army of reserve, under Prince Eugene, of Württemberg, has been defeated at Halle —-". "But I must go to Magdebourg," interrupted I. "Then," he rejoined, "you must fall into the hands of the French." At this moment, two dragoons came along at full gallop, and cried, as they passed, "The enemy has crossed the Elbe at Wittenberg." "Good bye, doctor," said the lieutenant, and his men marched in double quick time. I could not raise the siege of Magdebourg alone, so I turned my back on the count, my patron, and bade adieu to my living, my house in the country, and my marriage.

I did not think that fate could have dealt so harshly with me. The battle of Jena had destroyed all my hopes at the moment when they seemed to be brightest. Once more I was a teacher, an old bachelor, and poor even to beggary. "Which of us," I said to myself, "has lost the most by this victory of the French—the king or I?"

Still I did not commit the folly of despairing. I put myself under the protection of Charlemagne, who made me the chaplain of his troop, and was so good as to show me how the battle of Jena would not have been lost, if he had had the command, instead of the Duke of Brunswick.

We continued our march for several days, during which, our company was constantly increased by the accession of some stragglers, until, at last, we amounted to 200 men, a body quite sufficient to inspire respect among the peasantry, and to insure from them the supply of provisions, through fear of our resorting to force. It was, I think, on the fourth day of our march, that Charlemagne drew me aside, and told me that he had resolved to strike an important blow. "I have been," he said, "a lieutenant for more than eight years, and I mean to become a general. I have already 200 men, and, by the time I reach the banks of the Oder, I shall have 2,000; with this force, my design is to make an irruption into Saxy, and attack the enemy’s rear."

"And you are not going to Berlin, then?" I asked, thinking of nothing but my dear Charlotte.

"No," he replied, "to Mittenwald; and, as I think the office of chaplain is far below your merit, you shall be my adjutant-general. I know you understand the mathematics, and that you can draw; two qualifications which will suit your new post admirably, and be very useful to us." It was in vain to object. I abandoned my black coat for a regimental one, and mounted the horse to which my rank entitled me. Charlemagne reviewed his army, and made a speech to them about the glory of fighting and dying for one’s country, which was received with enthusiasm by the troops, who declared, unanimously, their readiness to follow their general.

But, if there had been any difference of opinion on this point, it would soon have been removed by the news which we received that the French had entered Berlin. There was now no choice, but to pursue the plan which Charlemagne had laid down, and we marched for the Oder. A crowd of painful and perplexing thoughts occupied my mind; —the sudden revolution, by which, in a few days, our powerful country had fallen into the power of the enemy; the Prussian army, once the terror of the world, wholly destroyed; a flourishing
kingdom overturned by a single battle; my intended wife in the power of a people so renowned for gallantry as the French; my patron, the count, shut up in the city which Tilly formerly sacked; my parsonage-house—Heaven only knew what had become of that; and I, a peaceable teacher of philosophy and the belles lettres, master of arts, and priest that was to have been, become, by the same revolution of Fortune's wheel, the adjutant-general of the renowned Charlemagne. It was, however, no time for reflection, and we made our way, as well as we could, by the cross roads, towards Silicia.

We had taken up our quarters for the night in a very miserable little village, and the general and I were discussing the next day's route, when, on a sudden, we heard a discharge of fire-arms. We started up, and I was taken with a shivering, which formed no very flattering prognostic of my future military exploits. The general was too busy to observe it; he hastened out to learn the cause of this alarm, and I following him, we soon found that it was occasioned by an attack on our out-post. Charlemagne ordered me to march, at the head of twenty men, to the churchyard where the firing had been heard; and I, half stupid with terror, obeyed him, complaining, nevertheless, internally, that he, who knew I understood nothing of warfare, should put me on such an expedition. On we marched, in the dark, and I had just given my troop orders to fire on what I took for the enemy's front rank, and which turned out to be only a wall, when a loud cry for "quarter" suspended our operations. Five French soldiers, of a light infantry regiment, made their appearance from behind the wall, and surrendered their arms to the master of arts, who would never have seen them if they had remained silent. I returned victorious from this my first enterprise, and was highly praised for my coolness and courage by Charlemagne, who promised to represent my behaviour to the king in an advantageous manner.

We learnt from the prisoners that the advanced guard of a detachment of the French army under Marshal Davoust, to which they belonged, had begun the attack; but that, fancying, from the number of our sentinels, that we were much stronger than we really were, they retired after a slight skirmish, leaving our captives, whose impetuosity had carried them somewhat too far. When I translated this into German to Charlemagne, he was delighted; for he saw the opportunity for which he had so long panted had arrived, and he should now really have the happiness of attacking the rear of the French army. For my own part, I treated my prisoners with the greatest care and consideration; and what pleased me the most was, that my victory had not cost one drop of blood to any human being.

The morning soon arrived, and I knew that it must soon bring upon us the French force, who, in the light of day, would repair the mistake which the darkness of the night had occasioned. Charlemagne, however, nothing dismayed at the sound of the French drums, which continued to become more distinct, took up a position on a plain just beyond the village, and arranged his front with great coolness. He then harangued his men: "Gentlemen," he said, "do not forget this day that you are Prussians. We have no colours; but, in the charge, keep your eyes on the feather in my cap; that shall direct you in the path of glory. If," he continued, when
the huzzas which this touch of eloquence excited had somewhat subsided, "the numbers of our enemies preclude the hope of conquering them, at least let us prevent them from conquering us. The worst that can befall us, will be to sup to-night with Frederick the Great and his immortal warriors, instead of supping, as we did last night, in a miserable village." This parody on Leonidas's address to his devoted band at Thermopylae was received with real enthusiasm, and, before the shouts had ended, the French force came in sight. I was frightened out of my wits, and must confess, that my conception of what passed after this was not clear enough to enable me to relate it accurately. I remember that Charlemagne exhorted me, just before the battle began, to curb the impetuosity of my courage. Immediately afterwards, the enemy's fire began. "Bang! bang!" resounded on all sides. I pulled my hat over my ears, to deaden the sound as much as possible. My own troop began to fire; and my horse, who was as much frightened as myself, set off with me at full gallop. Three French chasseurs fired on me; but, having missed, and seeing that I approached them still furiously and sword in hand, they turned about. I, or rather my horse, over whom I had lost all control, continued to pursue them, to their astonishment, and my own terror, until at length I lost my stirrup; a bullet struck my horse, and I fell to the earth. "Farewell, my Charlotte! farewell, vain and deceitful world!" I exclaimed, in the firm belief that the bullet had passed through my body, and that my days were ended. The chasseurs came to pick me up; and, finding that I was still alive, demanded my sword. I was in no condition to refuse; and, surrendering it, I received many compliments from my generous enemies on the courage I had displayed. I was carried before the commanding officer of the troop; and, on the way thither, the foot soldiers, to whose care I was committed, obligingly cased me of my purse, my watch, and a ring which Charlotte had given me. The colonel asked me what rank I held. I could not reply a teacher of philosophy, so I boldly announced myself as adjutant-general. Out of respect to that rank, my conquerors made me sit down to breakfast with them, and kindly consoled me for my disgrace, by reminding me that war had its chances, against which courage could do nothing. I was soon left alone, the officers having gone whither their duty called them; and, having nothing better to do, I began to ruminate on my strange destiny. I recollected at this moment my triumphal songs, and, thinking that, if they were found upon me, I might experience some disagreeable consequences, I looked cautiously about to see if any one was observing me, and then threw them into the fire. While I was watching the progress of their being consumed, with at least as much pleasure as their composition had caused me, and was not sorry to find that in my hurry I had also thrown away my appointment to the living, the same soldiers who had taken my watch and money, came up and asked what I was burning. I replied, but not without hesitation, that they were family papers, letters, things of no account; but it did not suit the purpose of my questioners to believe me; they stripped me of my hat, boots, and cloak, and ordered me to follow two of their troop to the head-quarters. In this condition, half naked, without hat or shoes, I was marched through horrible roads, in a damp day at the latter end of October, to
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the village in which the general’s quarters were. He was in a pretty little country-house just without the village; sentinels mounted and on foot guarded the door, and officers of various ranks were going quickly in and out of the house. I was marched into a sort of military office, where I was asked my name and rank. Some of the officers exclaimed against the treatment I had undergone, and one of them having promised to procure me some clothes, I was dismissed, to join the other prisoners. The first objects that my eyes fell on, when I entered the room destined for my companions in misfortune, were the gallant Charlenagne, who was eating his soup-maigre from a bowl which an old woman, who had followed our regiment as a kind of sutler, held in her lap. "Ah! general," I cried, after I had embraced him, "is this the supper you talked about eating to-night with Frederick the Great and his immortal warriors."

"I am delighted to find you still alive," he cried; "because our king has another brave officer spared to serve him. But why did you not moderate your fury? I saw your attack upon the three chasseurs, and how you put them to flight. Your example animated the drooping courage of my troop; we fought bravely for half an hour, and then, seeing that we were surrounded, were obliged to lay down our arms. But come and partake our supper. While I was discussing the soup, the officer of the guard returned, and inquiring for the adjutant-general, made me many apologies for the ill behaviour of the foot soldiers; at the same time he brought me some clothes, and several bottles of wine. I made suitable acknowledgments to my generous conqueror, and availed myself of his bounty. On the following day we were marched to Francfort-on-the-Oder, which gave me no small uneasiness; because, it occurred to me as very probable, that in that town, many of the inhabitants of which I knew, some persons might recognise me, and my captors would hear the adjutant-general called "Doctor." I pulled my hat over my eyes as I entered the town, and luckily passed without any of the inconvenience I anticipated.

We were quartered in a little inn, with a guard of honour at the door; and, although we offered our parole that we would not attempt to escape, we were refused permission to go into the town. When it became dark I went down stairs, and, finding no person to oppose me, walked through the streets to the town-gate, where the sentinel, taking me, probably, for a French officer, offered no objection to my passing through. As soon as I had cleared the gate I manfully took to my heels, and ran, as hard as I could, for about an hour. At the end of that time, being quite out of breath, and very hungry, I began to ask the adjutant-general what he intended to do. I knew not where I was, nor how I should satisfy the hunger that had begun to torment me; and hunger is never so sharp as when one has no means of satisfying it, and life never more dear than when one knows not how to sustain it. At this moment I heard the barking of dogs, and saw lights, which convinced me that I approached a village. Before the only inn in the place stood a small carriage, drawn by two horses, whose heads were turned towards the road I was pursuing. Nobody was in the coach. I felt in my pockets, but could not find the smallest piece of money. My hunger tormented me beyond bearing. As an officer, I could not beg; still less was I inclined to starve, and
entered the stable without exactly knowing what I intended to do. I saw, lying on an old corn-bin, a round hat, a smock-frock, and a whip. Blessed be the man who invented presence of mind! In the twinkling of an eye my uniform was off, and the countryman's clothes on, and I walked quietly out of the stable, intending to get behind the carriage when it should set off. While I was proceeding I was surprised by being struck two violent blows, which tumbled me into the mud; while the Frenchman, to whom I was indebted for this favour, called to me, with many imprecations, to make haste. Before I could guess the cause of this treatment, he had lifted me up again by the collar, and, pushing me towards the seat, jumped into the carriage, and bid me drive on. It was clear that he took me for the driver of his coach, and, as I had no inclination to rectify his mistake, I did his bidding, and whipped the horses to their utmost speed. This appeared to satisfy my new master extremely, who probably had his reasons, not less forcible than mine, to get away from the French army. I perceived by the light of the moon, when I could venture to turn my head round, that he was a French commissary. Our conversation was extremely laconic, as, in conformity with my character, I pretended not to understand French. He asked me if it was far to Posen, and whether there were many Prussians there;—to both of which questions, when I replied in the affirmative, he again urged me to drive as fast possible. While I was thus pursuing the road to Poland, and thinking that I was in the best possible disposition for composing a sermon on resignation, to be preached, if ever I should get my living, I saw the glittering of arms before me. The commissary saw them at the same time, and cocked his pistols. Some soldiers who were in the road called out to me to stop. My master bid me go on, and I believing that the soldiers were a part of the French army, told them he was a French general. Again they cried out to stop, and the pretended general, jumping out of the coach, fired upon them. The fire was returned, my horses became frightened and set off at full gallop which I did not try to check, while the clashing of sabres and the noise of fire-arms sounded in my ears. Soon afterwards nothing was to be heard, and thanks to the sagacity and speed of my horses, I was safe; to my great surprise, I was not even wounded. It would have been madness to return, and what became of the poor commissary I could never discover. A small village was before me, where I intended to stop to rest my horses which were now almost spent. Perhaps the commissary might rejoin me, but if he did not what was I to do with the coach and horses, which I had no right to sell and which I could not keep. While I was in this perplexity I arrived at the inn, where I had my horses stabled and got some warm beer for myself. I had no money, but I intended, in case of necessity, to leave my hat and my smock frock, neither of which fitted me, in payment of my reckoning. While I was sitting near the fire, the hostess asked me if I would take a young woman to a neighbouring town. I replied that I would willingly, but that I intended to set off at day break, and having arranged with the hostess what the traveller should pay me, I went to lie down in the stable. It may be imagined that I did not sleep much, and as soon as the day began to appear, I arose and went to inspect the carriage. It was pierced through with musket balls, the
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seaboard of a sword lay at the bottom, a pipe was on the seat and acoffer under it which was locked. I bade the hostess take the money for myself and my horses, from what the traveller was to pay me, and seated myself in the carriage. The passenger got in immediately afterwards, but the morning was so dark and she was so muffled up, that I could not distinguish whether she was young or old. She placed herself in the opposite corner and was soon asleep. The fatigues of the night overpowered me, and as the road was perfectly straight, I left the horses to their own guidance, and, following the example of my companion, fell into a sound sleep, and dreamt of Charlotte and my living. I do not know how long I slept, but I was awoken by the jolting of the carriage, as the horses passed over a bridge. It was now quite daylight. I looked at my companion, whose eyes I found fixed on mine. I looked again, for I believed that the sudden light had deceived me; then I thought that I was dreaming still, for Charlotte seemed to be before me. "Is it, indeed, you," she asked, looking at my mustachios, the single remnant of my ancient costume of adjutant-general—then at my ragged smock-frock, covered with mud. "Indeed it is," I replied; "but tell me, Charlotte, how came you here." The joy which we felt at this sudden meeting, after a separation which we believed would have been eternal, prevented us from replying. We shed tears of joy, and remained locked in each other's arms for some minutes. As soon as I could speak, I recounted to Charlotte the adventures of my military life. Hers were much more simple:—her mother had sent for her; she had come by a coach to Frankfort; and, as at that place the French had put all the carriages and horses in requisition, she proceeded on foot to the village where I had found her. We stopped at the next town to breakfast, where the barber removed my mustachios, and Charlotte had procured for me a coat and hat; so that I could sit by her side without attracting too much notice. When we pursued our road, we began to talk over our affairs. We agreed that, as the bans had been published, our marriage must necessarily take place. I was to write to my friend, at Frankfort, to get information about the living to which I had been appointed. Charlotte had saved about 100 crowns, which would suffice for our immediate wants; and, in case of the worst, I could establish a school somewhere. While we were talking of the felicity which we should enjoy in the midst of our poverty, we heard something fall at our feet. I looked; it was a louis-d'or. I asked Charlotte if she had dropped it, but she had no gold. Immediately after a similar noise was heard, and again a louis-d'or fell. "It must be some benevolent fairy," I exclaimed, "who has heard our conversation;" and, while I was speaking, the same thing happened a third time. I was convinced there must be something extraordinary in this, and, stopping the horses, I commenced a search, when I perceived, through a small space in the lid of the coffer, which was under the seat, a fourth piece of gold. I forced open the coffer, and discovered the cause of the noise which I had heard, but which I had taken for a chain. A bag, filled with gold, had come undone; other bags, more solid, were piled one upon another. How the commissary had become possessed of this treasure I knew not, but I knew that it did not belong to me and Charlotte, and I put back the three louis into the bag, which we fastened, and continued our journey as
if nothing had happened. Charlotte's mother was delighted to see us, and to her we contended the care of our treasure. I announced in the public journals, at many different times, that I had found a coach, horses, and a considerable sum of money, and invited the owner to claim them. My attempts to discover him were vain, no one ever appeared. In this happy manner did my adventures terminate; I was richer than I ever hoped to be, and the admirable Charlotte was my wife. I sent my friend, at Berlin, a present, more than sufficient for the loss of his carriage, which the major had carried off; I renounced my clerical functions, and bought a delightful little estate in the country, where I live in perfect happiness, with Charlotte and her mother.

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MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are not to be startled at the length of this communication, nor at the rambling style in which it is written; for what you may call fault the first, that is, the length of the article, I have, as you may well guess, a very substantial reason,—fifteen pounds a sheet would tempt any man to write—it might cure even a Spartan of his parsimonious brevity; as to the style and matter of my epistle, the publishers and I thoroughly understand each other. I had a hatred, a cordial hatred, for all ideas of system or regularity, and they, in the most goodnatured manner, gave me my way. "Let us," said they, "have but an article from your pen and we are content. The name of Fegan will procure attention for any thing that is published;—let us have it then, whether it be a song or sermon."

Well, then, be kind enough to let your English friends know, that, among the Irish, they have to look for any thing but permanent tranquillity; party bitterness is at its height. The north is, indeed, in an alarming state, principally owing to the pious exertions of the Reverend Romney Robinson, and other goodly preachers of the "Gospel of peace;" the contending factions have not actually come to blows, but there is no answering for the trifle that may bring about such an event; the Orange yeomanry are all well armed, and only want the word to fall on; but the others tell them, very coolly, that they are in no hurry, but intend to choose their own time. This is not exactly the state in which a prudent Englishman would wish Ireland to be at the opening of a war, of which few can fix the extent or duration. Mr. Canning talks of the war of opinion as the most tremendous of all struggles; he threatens the despots of the Continent, and rightly, with such a war; but I would ask him, or his colleagues, is it not a war of this character that is to be apprehended in Ireland—a struggle, on the part of seven-eighths of the nation, against inequitable exaction and unjust degradation—a struggle against invincible ignorance and unreasoning bigotry? All the Catholic millions seek is, simply, fair play, and John Bull only degrades himself by refusing it; but, "as honesty is the best policy," so would fair dealing, in this case, be the safest and cheapest course. Of what possible use to an Englishman can our disturbed situation be? Even in the way of amusement it is a most costly sport—an extravagant and somewhat dangerous sort of pastime. What Londoner is made
better or happier by reading the pompous and drunken harangues of bloated parsons or bigotted corporators? in which common decency is outraged and common prudence forgotten—in which Protestantism is perpetually talked of, and Christianity overlooked altogether? Would not a rational Briton feel easier, bolder, and prouder, if he beheld every thing calm here, and knew that we were ready to pull firmly with him in the momentous struggle that has commenced? It ought to be his feeling. Millions are voted annually to keep Ireland in tranquillity;—no! I mistake, it is to keep her in a state of agitation. Let the plan be changed,—let the grant be refused,—let the armies be withdrawn; try what fair dealing will do,—adopt the cheap and easy system of common justice, and the result will satisfy you.

O’Connel and his supporters (by which term I mean six millions of Catholics) do not affect to conceal their delight at the prospect of a general war; the leader says boldly, that the first sword drawn by a French soldier, is the signal for the emancipation of Ireland. In this prediction, I fear, he will be disappointed. There is an incorrigible stubbornness, an ignorant infatuation, about some folk in power, that will enable them to hold out against reason, expediency, and inevitable necessity itself. Let us hope, however, for the best.

The eloquence of Shiel seems brightening in every new effort—splendid, impassioned, and forcible; the delight of his immediate auditors, the inspirer of distant admirers. Liberty, and the cause of liberty, in Ireland, may well be proud of such a champion; and what gives him grace, particularly in the eyes of a Fegan, is his extreme modesty; he walks the streets, enters the courts or the rooms of the Association, and he moves as if he sought to shun observation; this, in so young a man, is, indeed, to be admired.

John Claudius Beresford, the immaculate John Claudius, is about to correct a passage in Irish history: he is about proving, that all the stories of the riding-house were mere inventions; and that he knew no more of the floggings, and pickettings, and cappings, that went on there, than did the babe unborn. This is singular! it is passing strange! But, it is still supposed, that the folks of the Waterford Chronicle, if they cannot revive the sooty-skinned florrisch, will be able to furnish some admitted facts, that have rather an awkward appearance.

In the north, the Bible-folk are eagerly seconding their Orange brethren in the work of irritation; indeed, of the two, they are the most active and the most teasing. The Orangeman may be likened to the wasp: you know him at once, by his colour, and his free air of open hostility; and, consequently, can prepare for him: but the saint comes on you like the gadfly, of whom you take little notice, until you find the blood flowing from the spot on which he has settled. There are a pair of similes for you!! Six of these sanctified agitators (having between them five different religions) visited Cavan a few days ago. The Catholic Primate, Dr. Curtis, was there at the time; and the holy ones thought it a fine opening for a Bible battle. They sent a message to the doctor, modestly challenging any six prelates (nothing less than prelates) of the Catholic Church that he might choose to name! The venerable bishop treated them with silent contempt, and wisely left them to settle religious points among themselves! I must impress it on you, my dear Editor, that the stories of con-
versions is a desperate game, got up to insure the grant for Kildare-Street. Put Hume on his guard!

In the literary way, there is nothing new in Dublin. Mortimer O'Sullivan's bigotted magazine moves sluggishly on! Bolster's, I understand, takes well; and, indeed, it deserves encouragement. If it were not that I am so deeply engaged in the great work I formerly spoke to you about, I would feel inclined to volunteer them an article; it would stamp the reputation of the periodical at once. Like all men of genius, however, I am confoundedly indolent. What, in the name of wonder, is Blackwood about? His magazine will go to the devil altogether. The December number was stupidity itself; it had only five articles, of formidable length and unquestionable dullest; *Di Visari* was the only one I could read through with any patience. The Noctes Ambrosianæ have been gradually sinking; they were once the cream of the work, but they are now mere Balaam!

How is it that Tom Campbell happens to be so teased by his correspondents? In every number he gives them a lesson in explanation of the way in which he is to be addressed; but the rogues still appear incorrigible. They will be worrying you in the same manner, I suppose; but take this hint,—keep your lodgings a secret, and make the publishers pay for every letter you receive on editorial business. What fool was it that furnished Whittaker's magazine with the Irish Bench article? What a sample of that bench did he commence with! He might as reasonably have begun sketches of the Irish poets, by introducing Romney Robinson; or, to go still lower, by showing off "grovelling Stott," one of Romney's first patrons.

Hunt and Clarke's London Magazine is meddling with Irish matters also. I don't think much of what they have done in that way; you, and you alone, can do Irish subjects full justice. Rouse you, then! my old buck; it is Fegan calls you; he bids you brush away these moths, that disfigure every thing they touch!

What are all the bards about? has all their poetical inspiration evaporated through the "Souvenirs," and the "Forget Me Not's?" There is not, after all, much of what is really excellent in these annuals Lay aside the charm of great names, and you will soon find the articles heavy enough. One thing in them annoys me; it is the ostentatious showing off of would-be great names; the Rev. — this, and Miss — that, &c. I will write an entire "Annual" myself; I can and will do the thing; prose, poetry, science, metaphysics, all are alike to me! at home everywhere. You know well what Mr. Francis Fegan is capable of; try what the publishers would offer.

Our theatre is confoundedly dull; we have no "star;" but, probably, so much the better. Still, it is damned provoking to see or hear the fudgical songs and trifling melodrames that draw crowds; indeed, your regular play-going people, after all, are mostly beings of a narrow mind; I despise them all.

Sectarian bitterness here infuses itself into every concern of life, even in trade. We have two rival banks: the Popish bank, in Marlborough Street; and the Protestant bank, in College Green. I am told, that a docket of bills is disposed of in the one concern and in the other, by the way in which the indorser of them happens to say his prayers! This story, however, may be an idle one. Still,
The Ascendancy.—By Captain Rock.

something must be done; silly distinctions must be destroyed; and then men may learn charity and common sense. I have done much to enlighten this perverse generation; with your aid, I hope to do much more.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Mount Street,
Dublin.

With due reverence, your's,
FRANCIS FEGAN.

THE ASCENDANCY.—BY CAPTAIN ROCK.

"Here we go up, up, up."—NURSERY RHYMES.

"A LOYAL SUBJECT AND A REAL ENGLISHMAN," was the eulogistic epitaph engraved on the tomb-stone of a great lover of puddoodies, a fat Galway corporator, who died from repletion, in the fourteenth century.* Like the children of Bramah in the east, your "real Englishman," in the west, concentrated in himself all the virtues, and all the emolument too, of the favourite caste. He only, like our Davy M'Cleary, was "loyal" according to the cant of that day; and he took good care that his loyalty should not be unproductive: like the John Bull of modern times, he was an adept in the mysteries of Cocker; he knew the value of confiscations, of monopolies of places, of pensions. His conscience lay in his pocket, and the ebbing and flowing of the golden tide, in the vasty depth of his purse, was the criterion which guided his embarkations on the troubled waters of the time. He was loyal, and the mere Irish were rebellious, when his coffers required replenishing. The purse! the purse! is the only genuine political barometer; kings should take out a patent.

Your "real Englishman" also knew, like his worthy descendants, the value of the kingly ear, when engaged exclusively, and that his privileges should not be invaded, that he alone might fatten on the royal domain, he took care to enhance his own value by representing others as worthless; disuse begot a habit in the prince unfavourable to the voice of complaint; he had been so long removed from its sound, that at length he could not recognise it even when it approached him, and, like the hypocrite heirs of a deaf testator, the ascendancy men, availing themselves of his infirmities, abused the confidence of him in whose mistaken bounty they revelled.

Circumstances occasion variety; nature has made all men alike. "From Indus to the Pole," the few ever have oppressed the many: ascendancy has prevailed more or less in all nations of the world; it prevails yet; opposite systems of religion are by no means necessary to generate a goodies race of intolerants; you can have Eldons and Goulburns, Colonel Blackers and Parson Robiusons, without a reformation, without two Christian turnpikes on the road to heaven;* 

* See Hardiman's excellent history of Galway, a work deserving not only of praise but of imitation.
without a turnpike at all. Rascally Turkey has her intolerants in politics; so has Greek Russia, Catholic Poland, and Catholic Hungary. There is no religious exclusion here, but still there is a vile ascendency, almost as vile as Protestant ascendency in Ireland. Your mere Hungarian, or mere Pole, is treated nearly as bad as Paddy has been treated, as he is yet treated; and when we complain of Protestantism, and our opponents of Catholicism, we mutually forget that the ascendency faction, the fathers of our Magees and Chesters, took root, curse on the hand who planted them! at a time when there were neither Bible distributors nor tract distributors; when members of Parliament were not called upon to swear that their friends, neighbours, nay, the wives and children of some of them, were idolaters. There was a "favourite few" when there was but one altar, and, to do our modern ascendency justice, they are Hyperian to a Satyr when compared with the "real Englishmen," of the four centuries which succeeded the twelfth; for though some of the Orange parsons of Armagh are, hyena-like, pleased with the prospect of human carnage, yet they can no longer kill mere Irishmen legally, though their satellites do it sometimes with impunity; but your "real Englishman" had no need to seek the subterfuges of the law, to pack an Orange jury, to suborn Orange witnesses; he had no occasion to blink his purpose, to pretend that injustice was impartial justice, for the law was on his side; it declared the utmost iniquity legal-murder a deed of patriotism!

"This day," almost any day in the thirteenth or fourteenth century will do,—"our loyal citizens of Dublin," say the chronologists—"went out and killed one hundred of the O'Kavanaghs in the county of Wicklow;" the next day two hundred O'Tooles fell a sacrifice; and the following day the corpses of three hundred O'Mores delighted the eyes of your "real Englishman."

"Crimson now the rivers ran,
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those lovely bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taunt with every breath
Upwaffed from the innocent flowers."

But, thank God! it cannot be said of Ireland that,

"Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd,
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land—no more their own,
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne."

No; they redeemed the character of human nature; they repaid contempt with contempt; and gave blow for blow. It is the cant of the day, even among Irishmen, to boast of Irish loyalty, of Irish fidelity to an English sovereign—English laws, when the one desired their extirpation, and the other anticipated their extinction! History is quoted, acts of Parliament are quoted, public documents are quoted, but fortunately no one believes these; they are all falsified by facts, by the testimony of human nature: Irishmen were not loyal; they could not be loyal, for, as sure as that "the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear," the subject will revolt, when he dares, against the sovereign who does at do him justice, act least that kind of
justice which establishes equality among the people of the same country. Was not this the case in Ireland? How else account for perpetual turmoil, for incessant hostilities? If these did not produce better effects, we must not forget, that want of success proves want of skill,—want of direction, but by no means a want of intention.

"In pride, in erring pride," the evil of ascendancy lies; national vanity proceeds from many circumstances, and the vanity of public bodies arises from ignorance fostered by partial laws. The patriot's "first best country ever is at home;" John Bull admits of no equal; Monsieur is a pattern of excellence; the Chinese has got, in his own estimation, two eyes, while Providence has limited their neighbours to one; Paddy laughs at all these, but Paddy has here his weak points as well as others, though certainly not in the same degree; this intolerant vanity is found in sects and parties as well as in nations. The peasant views himself with complacency, when compared to the "operative" who vegetates in those—

"Huge buildings, where incessant noise
Is made by springs and spindles, girls and boys,"

while the cotton-weaver assumes a face of pity, when speaking of the country bumpkin, whom he regards with ineffable contempt.

All this is bearable; but when the "Methodists" claim a superiority over the "Jumpers," Heraclitus himself should laugh, and perhaps Democritus might weep at the arrogant assumption of Protestants, when contrasted with their Catholic brethren.

Yet it was on this supposed superiority that modern ascendancy in Ireland was built; on this pedestal, frail as it is, it yet stands. The Protestant ascendant took the place of the "real Englishman," inheriting all his presumption, and, heir to his advantages; like him, he considers himself, in accordance with the laws of the land, a much handsomer animal than the "mere Irishman" of modern times; and did he stop here all might be well, but he thinks right to undertake to make laws for the Catholic, to frame a religion for the Catholic, which the Catholic disapproves of, but for which he must pay; and what's more, your Protestant ascendant forges chains for the Catholic helot, and because the helot does not wear them gracefully, because he clanks them in the ear of his oppressor, he is reproached as a disloyal subject, as an ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden fool. I like the last charge; false accusation has often done what love of justice had declined to do; a moral wrong is felt more acutely than a political degradation.

It is, amidst Orange impudence and church arrogance, consolatory to find that, in the body politic, as in the human frame, nature has fixed certain correctives to counteract the folly of man, and revenge her own wrongs. No body of men has ever assumed to themselves a superiority, without virtually descending even below those they insulted. The Spanish ascendancy in South America, after having blasted the happiness of their country, were eventually degraded, by their own incapacity, below the Creoles, whom they affected to despise; and it is well known that the aristocratic ascendants of France, previous to the Revolution, were the most ignorant and besotted men in the world:—the favoured few in Spain and Portugal form no exception to the general rule; and, to come home to the Irish ascend-
ancy, we are forcibly struck with this great moral and political truth—that the dignity of man can only be preserved under a perfect system of equality.

There is not in the universe, so ignorant, so totally stultified a body of men as "The Ascendancy" faction in Ireland. Born presumptive heirs to all the good things of office, like other heirs, they thought it enough to inherit—qualification was unnecessary; but while they sported amidst the spoils of state, and disdained the labour which ennobles, their less fortunate brethren, thrown upon their own resources, soon surpassed them in mental accomplishments, soon became every way their superiors, with the single exception of "exclusive loyalty:" of that commodity the Orangemen boasted a super-abundance; but it was not well preserved—Wellesley blew upon it, and lo! it became tainted—suspected.

If you believe yourselves, however, they are the most, the only intellectual men in the country; and the Papists are an unintellectual race; but when a Turk wants to reproach a man, he cries out "a Christian dog!" A fool is always, in his own estimation, the wisest of men. But we require other proofs of superiority—of equality, than the drunken declamations of Orange gormandizers. I like the smack of the potheen; but when the wine is in, the wit is out; and a tipsy man always sees double. On this principle only can we account for the boasting of Romney, Robinson, George Beresford, and their confreres. It would require more than the penetration of a friend to discover any tokens of superiority in their ribald oratory, in their talentless, tasteless trash.

To prove that this boast was mere vaunting—unsubstantial show, it is only necessary to marshal the friends of liberality against the advocates of exclusion; and, for shortness, let us do it negatively. In the House of Commons, ascendancy has not one man of decided talent but Mr. Peel, and Mr. Peel is, I admit, a man of greater talent than even his friends give him credit for; all the rest is "leather and prunella:" and, perhaps, the secretary for the home department is not quite so hostile to the Catholic claims as the public has been led to believe. In the House of Lords the inferiority of the exclusionists in everything but numbers is still more remarkable. "Ay, but these are all Protestants." Be it so; but they are not all ascendancy men; if they were, they would be as inefficient as Lethbridge and Moore. But let us examine the question more closely. Compare the "faction" with the "Catholic Association," and in which does mind predominate? which body gives the greater proof of intellect, of political knowledge? Who, among the ascendants, shall we compare to Shiel—himself a host—a creature all mind—all eloquence. "Full of the day-god's living fire," he seems to glow with intelligence—a kind of spiritualized orator. In his speeches we do not meet those dull repetitions of duller common-place; he is no retailer of other men's conceptions, for, at every sentence, originality flashes upon you, and you stand—involuntarily stand—lost in admiration of the genius which conceives, and the study which elaborates, these conceptions into forms so beautiful, and so perfect. Yet this Shiel is a Catholic; nay, he was the pupil of the Jesuits! Has ascendancy, amongst its ranks, one man whose intellect is to be compared to Shiel's? Not one. Can they find a parallel for O'Connell, as a pub-
By Captain Rock.

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lic speaker, be his defects few or many? As a political tactician, a fearless advocate, a good lawyer, he is not surpassed; and yet this O'Connell, as all the world knows, is a Catholic, and, oh, horrible! was educated at St. Omers! Perhaps ascendancy can find an equal for Bric. Who is he? Orange ingenuity may discover him.

But Catholic superiority is still more remarkable in those intellectual pursuits which submit themselves with greater facility to examination—to impartial criticism. The children of ascendancy cannot boast a writer among them of greater celebrity than Graham, the rhymer, Sir Harcourt Lees, and Murthough O'Sullivan. Their fame is even somewhat more circumscribed than the Chinese poet, whose poems could not be procured in Amsterdam; and, unfortunately, like other celebrated authors, their works have fallen abortive from the press. Inferior to these is Dr. Miller, an unreadable philosopher upon history, and Dr. Magee, who owes all his reputation as a writer to a closed treatise, pillaged from a German.

What a contrast do these pygmies form to the literary giants on the Catholic side. Modestly omitting my own writings, and, for the same reason, passing over the erudite pretensions of the Editor, we come to Tommy Moore. Tommy is a Catholic, and unquestionably the first poet of the day. To point out his excellence would, indeed, be a work of supercerogation. Next to him, in point of talent, at least as far as Ireland is concerned, stands Furlong, and he too is a Catholic. Changing poetry for prose, I find it difficult to make a selection without writing a catalogue. In history and theology the Catholic clergy have an admitted superiority; and in the regions of fancy Banim is unapproachable—yet Banim is a Catholic.

Whilst the Catholics have thus, with undazzled eye, soared into the highest heavens of literature, the ascendancy have been content to grovel in the filth of party pamphlets, party sermons, and fanatical tracts, displaying no higher effort than a philippic against Popery, priests, and Daniel O'Connell, whilst their eloquence is confined to corporation politics and Bible meetings. Contemptible, however, as they are, in point of intellect and moral honesty, their leaders have been too successful in deluding the Orange rabble into those treasonable excesses, which demonstrate, in spite of Leslie, Foster, and Derry Dawson, that the lower classes of Protestants, in the north, are ignorant, brutalized, and degraded; that, like the Janissaries of Turkey, they have become a kind of military pestilence—a national nuisance, and that the good of society requires, if not their annihilation, at least the dissolution of the order to which they belong. In point of morality, the people of Ulster are much inferior, favoured as they have been, to those of the south: Mr. Wakefield bears testimony to this important fact.

Sunk in the opinion even of Protestants, and rendered contemptible in the eyes of Europe and America, the ascendancy have, latterly, made a dying effort to attract public notoriety; they have dined together—parsons, proctors, and Presbyterians; and they have, recently, in one or two places, met, in conclave, to petition against Catholic emancipation. Their speeches, on these occasions, are fine samples of the illogically absurd; but in nothing more remarkable, than in the evidence they furnish of the shameful ignorance of the ascendancy leaders. The last of these Orange gatherings was held
at Omagh, and, as a proof of the wisdom and eloquence of the ascendency orators, I shall give the speech of a Major Crawford:

"He (the major) had seen a resolution in the Strabane paper, entered into at a Popish meeting in that town, in which a vote of thanks was passed to the forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland, for their conduct at the late election;—what was their conduct? It was so notorious (quite so, indeed!) that it was useless for him to take up the time of the meeting in commenting upon it. They had, with few exceptions, fearing the vengeance of their priests, who discovered their real character by converting their monstrous spiritual authority into an engine of political tyranny, voted against the wishes of their landlords,—against those to whom they owed every thing, even their daily bread! and to whom, he might say, they owed their very existence!—against those who had been the fathers of the fatherless, and the widow’s protection and helper!—those ungrateful men had been marshalled by ecclesiastics, who, to subserve their ambitious views, had impiously secularized their office."

This is a complete epitome of all that has been said by the ascendency men since the defeat of George Beresford at Waterford, and contains more deliberate falsehoods than ever I saw pressed into the same quantity of words. As a specimen of the regard paid to truth and reason by the "faction," it ought to be preserved in gold letters, and deposited in the British Museum!—Future generations could not fail to be instructed by such an invaluable document.

The major appears to have borrowed his sentiments respecting the Catholic clergy, from the unsuccessful candidates of Waterford and Westmeath, who heaped all kind of vituperation upon the priests, until the moment came for proving their charges, but then they shrank from investigation—they could not substantiate their foul imputations; "yet these are honourable men—and they are all honourable men."

The best thing, however, in this speech, is that part which verge on political economy. The tenant owes every thing to his landlord, even his existence! Shame upon their mothers if this be true; but fortunately Adam Smith is a much better authority than Major Crawford; and from him we learn that the labourer is the only producer, and that all wealth flows from the sweat of human brows. Now, if it be true that the tenantry were so dependant on their landlords,—if they depended upon them for their daily bread, it inevitably follows, that Irish landlords are even greater oppressors—greater scoundrels, than their worst enemies ever described them, and that, beyond all doubt, the landlords are the greatest curse under which Ireland groans. Naturally and properly, landlords would be indebted to their tenantry for the bread which they eat—for the means not only of supporting aristocratic grandeur, but maintaining their very existence. Without them, land would produce nothing but heath and weeds, two very unsavory commodities, and upon which ascendency landlords are not in the habit of dining. It may surprise this major,—of yeomanry I suppose,—to learn, that hereditary landlords have no more right, in policy or equity, to rent from land they call theirs than I have—that, properly, it belongs to the people, that is the state, because rent arises from no virtue or merit in the landlord, nor in consequence of any act of his, but solely from the extent of population: in one word,
a well-regulated state would not tolerate landlords,—they are an ex-
crescence on the body politic—an useless burden—which feed upon
that which belongs to the whole of the society.

Popular ignorance, upon the evils of which an instructive volume
might be written, has too long protracted in Ireland, as elsewhere, the
reign of ascendancy; and, strange to say, the “faction” have found
protectors and patrons amongst the Catholic leaders. These men, no
doubt from the best intentions, but, at the same time, from great mis-
conception—have opposed measures directly calculated to overthrow
the now tottering ascendancy. Political science has encountered the
most determined hostility in the Catholic Association. Economists
are sneered at, charged with doctrines they disavow, and held up to
the public as enemies of good order. Now, whatever may be the
abstract merits of political economy, it is a decided and powerful foe
to ascendancy. Its first and fundamental principle is equality, and all
its arguments go to substantiate the necessity of personal and national
freedom. Surely, then, it does not deserve the sneer or hatred of
Catholics, particularly when it is derided and hated by the ascen-
dancy. They know their weak points—they know nothing is to be
dreaded so much as the light of political science, and, accordingly,
they misrepresent the economists, one and all, from Smith to M'Cul-
loch. Why the Catholic leaders should unite with them, is to me
incomprehensible. Political science, if generally understood, would
unquestionably prove their best ally.

Again, the Catholic leaders, and the Catholic press, have, uninten-
tionally, lent themselves to the interests of ascendancy, by decrying
the measure of the Marquis Wellesley, relative to the introduction of
a stipendiary magistracy. Has the old system worked well? have
the Irish magistrates been the protectors of the subjects—the friends
of the people? Quite the contrary. They have, on all occasions, been
the tools of ascendancy; they form the very head and front of ascen-
dancy; they have been, and are its chosen advocates—its chosen
leaders—its chosen bulwark. They are the convicted libellers of
their country—they are the supporters of every bad measure; in a
word, they are the most corrupt body of men that ever was authorized
to administer good or bad laws. The debit side is filled with a long
catalogue of crimes. The credit side is a total blank. Why, then,
have they found favour in the Catholic Association, in the eyes of
Catholic editors? Because it is apprehended, that a stipendiary ma-
gistracy would be the tools of government. This might or might not
be the case; but suppose it were, could they be more subservient to
the castle than the “great unpaid,” as the rustic magistrates of Eng-
land and Ireland have been called in burlesque? Could they possi-
ibly be more determined enemies of liberality, and even of a right ad-
ministration of justice, than the great majority of the Irish magistrates
have been? Certainly not; and the misconception arises from mis-
taken notions of human nature. Whatever men are paid for doing,
in nine cases out of ten, will be done well. Whatever is done for no-	hing, in nine cases out of ten, will be done ill. It is wretched economy,
to refuse paying those for performing the most essential of all duties—
the administration of the laws; and, in this case, as in the every
day occurrences of common life, the cheap mode has proved to be the
most expensive. The “great unpaid” either take care to remunerate

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themselves in some sinister way, or avoid the discharge of their duties; and as every aristocrat, by seconding the wishes of the ministers, was entitled to a diploma, for invading the personal liberty of the subject, it followed, of course, that they were administrers of the law, who were as ignorant as South American judges, one of whom boasted that he was legally wise, not having looked into a book for the thirty preceding years. Now, whatever objections may be made against a stipendiary magistracy, ignorance can hardly be one of them. In Westminster and Dublin, they are generally selected from the bar, and must be someway qualified for the situation; and, accordingly, the law is administered by them in a way certainly very superior to the kind of justice dispensed in the rural districts, where it frequently occurs, that—

"Half the pillow'd man, the palsey hides."

But even were there no such objections against the Irish "unpaid," and were there fewer arguments in favour of a stipendiary magistracy, the friends of equality—of civil liberty, should second the endeavours of the Marquis Wellesley, to remove from power those who have abused their trust, and who have long been the chosen people of ascendancy. The introduction of a paid magistracy would give the "faction" their death-blow—would annihilate their powers of doing mischief; for, though the police now frequently misconduct themselves, let it be recollected, that they are the creatures, in most instances, of the "great unpaid;" selected and protected by them. The police is, and must necessarily be, formed of very indifferent characters—of men, too often without character or independence, and always without a will of their own; like soldiers, they are merely an animated machine, the springs and wheels of which are set in motion by their superior. Policy, therefore, would dictate, that this superior should be a person entirely amenable to law, to public opinion; one to whom dismissal would be a personal degradation—a pecuniary loss; whose individual interests would coincide with the proper discharge of his duties.

A casual observer cannot but see that the Marquis Wellesley's policy towards ascendancy, from the beginning, has been an indirect one. He minces under their feet, and, when they least expect it, their footing gives way. Perhaps, under other circumstances, there would be no absolute necessity for this course; but, clogged as the marquis is, he could hardly have adopted a more effectual system, to humble the faction; and which faction he has humbled. We might applaud more vigorous measures, but let us not throw obstacles in the way of operations, which are gradually accomplishing the good work—the destruction of ascendancy in Ireland. Since the commencement of the marquis's administration, the "faction" have sunk sadly in the estimation of England; their vicious system has been exposed; it is proved, notwithstanding all their vauntings, that they are imbecile, contemptible, talentless, and wholly worthless; that they are without respectability, numbers, or character; and that they are despised by the world, and loathed by

"Rock."
Proceedings in the House of Commons—Arigna Mining Association—
Cavan Conversions—Anti-Catholic Petition of Emanuel Hutchinson
Orpen—the King's Message—the War—the Portuguese Rebels—
Ireland—the Beresfords—Mr. Eneas M'Donnell—Address to the
People of England—Adjournment of the House of Commons—De-
feat of the Persians.

The language of despotism is, "mind your own business;" that
of liberty, "mind the business of other people." Now, as I am a
great lover of freedom, both in theory and practice, and flattering my-
self that I am in possession of civil rights, I take care to obey the in-
junction of liberty, and, really, mind everybody's business but my
own. Politics have been the business of my life, and, sick or well,
I never let a day pass over, during the last thirty years, without going
to Peel's Coffee-House, to read the newspapers. The Chronicle is
my favourite. The editor lucubrates so soberly, and assumes so much
the appearance of wisdom, that you never think of questioning the
truth or philosophy of his diurnal commentaries; you swallow his
political economy as you do your toast and coffee, and leave the
process of digestion, in both cases, to the tacit operations of nature—
they are not worth further consideration. If the day be fine, you will
find me on the Exchange, or in Tom's Coffee-House, or not far from
the stock-brokers' pandemonium. In the evening, if the House sits,
I take my place in the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel; but when the
House is up, I walk to the west end, lounge about Bond Street, or
slip into Ridgway's, where politicians "do congregate." This kind
of life I find delightfully agreeable—I know everything and every-
body; and, as I am by no means selfish, I cannot let my light con-
sume in a bushel. I must communicate all my information to the pub-
lic, once a month, in the London and Dublin, under the title of "The
Politician"—a comprehensive heading, which just suits a desultory
walker and writer, like me; for my mind partakes, in some measure,
of the loco-motive propensities of my body—it is continually wander-
ing—from kings to beggars—from Europe to America—from one
kingdom to another. Expect nothing methodical from me; the wrong
dish may be placed at the head of the table; but it matters little, in
my mind, where the dish be placed, so that it be filled with nutritive
and well-seasoned meats. You shall have all the news, but you
must consent to receive it in the manner it suits me to present you
with it.

The proceedings of Parliament during the former part of last month
were not particularly interesting; every measure of importance was
postponed, by general consent, until after the Christmas recess. On
the 5th of December Alderman Waithman brought forward his pro-
mised motion, for a "Select Committee, to inquire into the origin,
the management, and the present state of the Joint Stock Companies
during the years 1824-5-6, and to report on the same, together with
any special matter touching any Member of that Honourable House."

It appeared, from the hon. gentleman's statement, that no fewer
than six hundred joint-stock companies had been formed during the
last three years, with a nominal capital of £250,000,000!! The loss
sustained by the holders of shares of mining associations alone, was estimated at £12,000,000! When will John Bull learn prudence? The motion was subsequently modified, and a select committee was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Arigna Mining Company. Arigna is, I believe, in some part of Connnaught; the mine was sold, by the proprietor, to the company, for £15,000; but the directors charged the company £25,000, and put the difference in their pockets. 'Pon their honour they thought it quite right! Quære, Will the committee think so?

This is the age of cant! We are continually boasting of our knowledge, our education, our liberality, and several other fine sounding things; but alas! bigotry and fanaticism have still many a godly disciple in these countries. From a recent number of the Dublin Evening Post, I learn that Lady Farnham and some Biblicals are taking effectual means to bring the beggars, thieves, and prostitutes of Cavan to a sense of their unrighteousness; they have opened a public market, where the refuse of the Catholic community may obtain a good price for their conscience, and no questions asked respecting either the quality or the reality of the commodity. The blessed Neophytes are fed and clothed at Lord Farnham's and the Hibernian Society's expense; all receive, it appears, money in hand; many are promised an annual dovecot. The Lord reward them according to their works! But alas! this dernier resort of the "Saints" has been blown upon; the apostates are beginning to recant—there is no fear of their refunding—and the Catholic prelates have exposed the hallowed doings of these "vital" Christians. This, to be sure, excites nothing but disgust, but it is, at the same time, a proof of that uncharitable, bigotted feeling which prevails among the Irish puritans and the Orangemen. One of these, a Mr. Emanuel Hutchinson Orpen, transmitted a petition to parliament, accusing the Catholic clergy of every vice under heaven, and, as Paddy would say, a great many more. Hardly twelve months since, the Irish priesthood received the unqualified praise of a member high in office, for their "loyalty and unimpeachable conduct; yet there were found, on this occasion, an M. P., George Ogle Moore, to present this audacious petition, and an Irish lord-lieutenant's secretary to support it. Mr. Peel, however, very properly prevented the circulation of the calumnies it contained, and for this act of justice he has risen considerably higher in my estimation. He always stood pretty fairly there, notwithstanding his opposition to the Catholic claims. He has only to cut the "faction," and be one of the most popular ministers England ever had.

I have always thought your philosophers, who talk so much about the capabilities of society, and the reformation of man, great fools. Why men, taken generally, are such idiots, that they seldom fail to rebel against the introduction of any thing calculated to abridge their miseries. When shirts were first made of linen, there was a tremendous outcry in England; and when a law was passed in Spain, tending to abrogate the use of a very troublesome, very expensive, very uncommodious, and very useless mantle, there was a rebellion in Madrid! On the same principle of human action, a vast number of the Portuguese, though the worst used, and most oppressed people in the world, have actually flew to arms, sooner than accept a form of government which could not fail, eventually, to make them a free and
happy nation. The priests and monks, they say, are at the bottom of this black business, but I do not believe a word of it, for two reasons; first, because the report comes from the habitual libellers of the Catholic clergy; secondly, because the Portuguese government, or gazettes, have made no such charge. Ferdinand, the Spanish despot, however, has lent his aid to support the fools who refuse to have their chains struck off; and, in the hope of perpetuating ignorance and bad government, he actually committed an infraction of the right of nations, by arming the Portuguese rebels. Here, however, he reckoned without his host; England stepped forward to protect her ancient ally; and, on the 11th of December, the following message was transmitted by his Majesty to the House of Peers:—

"GEORGE R."

"His Majesty acquaints the House of Peers, that his Majesty has received an earnest application from the Princess Regent of Portugal, claiming, in virtue of an ancient obligation of alliance and amity, subsisting between his Majesty and the Crown of Portugal, his Majesty's aid against an hostile aggression from Spain;"

"His Majesty has exerted himself, for some time past, in conjunction with his Majesty's Ally, the King of France, to prevent such an aggression; and repeated assurances have been given by the Court of Madrid, of the determination of his Catholic Majesty neither to commit, nor to allow to be committed, from his Catholic Majesty's territory, any aggression against Portugal,

"But his Majesty has learnt, with deep concern, that, notwithstanding these assurances, hostile inroads into the territory of Portugal have been concerted in Spain, and have been executed in the eyes of Spanish authorities, by Portuguese regiments which had deserted into Spain, and which the Spanish government have repeatedly and solemnly engaged to disarm and to disperse.

"His Majesty leaves no efforts unexhausted to awaken the Spanish government to the dangerous consequences of this apparent connivance.

"His Majesty makes this communication to the House of Peers, with the full and entire confidence that his faithful Peers will afford to his Majesty their cordial concurrence and support in maintaining the faith of treaties, and in securing against foreign hostility the safety and independence of the kingdom of Portugal, the oldest ally of Great Britain.

"G. R."
was an event, casting its shadow before, and every Catholic saw emancipation in the result. Strange anomaly. A nation which embarks in the cause of civil liberty, keeps one-third of its population in slavery!—keeps them in a state which compels them to rejoice, when their government is embarrassed! The Catholic leaders are reproached with violence. If this be so, what renders their violence dangerous? But the Catholic Association cannot fail to effect its purpose; it arrests the attention of the empire—of Europe; and ministers must be blind indeed, if they refuse to do now, with a good grace, what they will, in the event of war, be obliged to do; and, perhaps, inspire but little gratitude on the occasion. War is not like comets; we cannot anticipate its appearance, it may burst upon us at any hour; and England ought to prepare for it, by consolidating her internal strength—by seeking an union of sentiment with the people of England.

It is amusing to read the ravings of the Courier, respecting the candid and very intelligible language used in the Catholic Association, on receipt of the first news of war. There is no use in blinking the question; the Catholics of Ireland are dissatisfied; and may be driven, by insult and injustice; to acts of madness. The Courier knows this; yet, because Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shiel do not play the hypocrite, and speak a language they do not believe, the government scribe would resort to a very summary process of making the people loyal—he would hang up the leaders, a la Thistlewood. This was once the law in Ireland, but the Courier is a century too late with his counsel; his advice will not be followed—it cannot be followed; the reign of the Beresfords is at an end.

Speaking of the Beresfords, I am reminded of George, commonly called Lord George Beresford. This scion of a worthy stock, was lately a candidate for the representation of Waterford; and previous to the election, told the 40s. freeholders, that they were some of the finest fellows in the world. But they knew George, disbelieved him, and ousted him out of his seat. The mask was then thrown off.—George spouted away at Orange dinners, and not long since presented a petition against the return of the popular member, in which I find the following gentlemanly passage:

"The peasantry of the county of Waterford, from among whom the great majority of the forty-shilling freeholders of the said county are taken, are almost exclusively Roman Catholics, and are, from their ignorance and superstition, consequent upon a want of education, peculiarly liable to be made the tools of any of the Roman Catholic clergy who may think proper to mislead or impose upon them for sinister purposes, insomuch that many of the peasants of the county of Waterford believe that every Roman Catholic clergyman is possessed of the power of working miracles, and all of them attach an importance to the blessing or curse of a priest, which would scarcely be credited by those who had not lived among them; and petitioner is informed and believes, that to be excluded by the priest from what are called the rites of the church, such as confession, absolution, &c., is considered by them to endanger, if not exclude them from salvation; that the discipline of the Romish church places the entire patronage of each diocese at the disposal of its bishop in the first instance, and therefore places the clergy of that diocese under his control, and thus invests him with a power over them which is nearly despotic, while the bishop himself is only amenable to the See of Rome for this discharge of his spiritual authority juris dictio."
The Politician.

Your ascendancy noblemen are people of nice honour,—they never intentionally calumniate—they never deal in Billingsgate! Now here is a very serious charge not only against the freeholders, but against the whole Catholic priesthood, and we should suppose would not be made on slight grounds; is it true? the devil a word of it; and George Beresford knew it; for he shrunk from investigation,—he refused to attempt proving his gross and scandalous libels, yet your ascendancy noblemen are persons of nice honour! they never deal in Billingsgate! But, the foolish libeller, he has sealed his exclusion from the representation of Waterford for ever! A Beresford will never again disgrace that fine county.

On the 14th of December the House adjourned until the 8th of February next. On the 12th the corn laws are to be taken into consideration.

On Tuesday December the 19th, there was an aggregate meeting of the Catholics held in Dublin, for the purpose of confirming the appointment of Eneaas M’Donell as political and literary agent of the Irish Catholics in London. A very eloquent and argumentative address to the people of England, from the pen of Mr. Wyse, of Waterford, was at the same time adopted. The following extract deserves notice:

“We have been accused of divided allegiance, subversive of the power of a Protestant government, and of the rights of a Protestant people, of violating or equivocating on the sacred engagements of an oath, of preserving unchanged the spirit of persecution, which tainted all nations till the present enlightened era. We have disclaimed, and do disclaim, each and all of these allegations:—we disclaimed them in 1757, again in 1792;—the six leading Universities of the Catholic world in 1788 disclaimed them;—the chief of our church, Pope Pius VI., in 1791, disclaimed them;—our Bishops and Archbishops, on their solemn oaths before the Imperial Parliament, have emphatically and recently disclaimed them; and we cannot dispose of our property, or execute any public trust, without, in each instance, disclaiming them.

“We have been accused of divided allegiance. Why is not the same accusation pleaded against the Catholic of Prussia and Hanover? We have denied the calumny, and the conduct of our ancestors justifies the denial. The Catholics of Ireland stood firm to the Protestant house of Brunswick in 1745, against the Catholic Pretender and the Roman Pontiff. Our oaths are regarded, in the ordinary intercourse of life, as inviolate. Why are they not equally so by our country? Why should there be a different measure for us in and out of Parliament? If this accusation were grounded on fact, what would prevent many of our body, at this moment, from legislating with, instead of supplanting the justice of either house of Parliament?

“The spirit of persecution is not the spirit or doctrine, but the perversion of the spirit and the doctrine of the Catholic religion. In bad times, it has unfortunately tainted, more or less, every Christian denomination. If the Catholic persecuted the Protestant, the Protestant persecuted the Catholic;—it was attack and retaliation, and if the Catholic persecuted longer than the Protestant, it was only because the Catholic was much longer in possession of power. Nor do we instance this from any desire or feeling of recrimination, but from a deep conviction that it is not to any form of religion that blame is to be attached, but lust of power, rousing and wielding the bad passions of the human heart, and which, in all countries, we confidently trust, must sooner or later disappear before the progress of freedom, which is the due sense of mutual interest and the gradual advance of civilization through all parts of the globe.

“In our own land, we are a proscribed people. We are excluded from all participation of the government, constituting, as we do, virtually and essentially,
The nation:—we pay taxes which we have not imposed; we contribute to the 
upholding of establishments in which we can have no share; we pay double tithes, 
double church-rates, double cess; we are judged by tribunals in which we can 
have little control. Englishmen rebelled against the ship-money and the Star 
Chamber. Would the Englishman of the present day submit to this? Would 
Canada submit to it?—would Hanover? And is Ireland to be worse governed 
than a foreign kingdom or a distant settlement? Would it not have been better 
for her to have been a colony, than, as she is, a vital portion of this free empire?

"We do not desire power, but we claim eligibility. We desire that a 
Protestant sovereign might have the means to avail himself of the services of all 
his people. We desire to enlarge the resources of the British empire, to consoli-
date the liberties of the entire British nation. Is he an enemy to England, who 
desires this? Is he a friend to England who opposes this desire?"

"If there were any danger likely to accrue by the admission of the Catholics 
of Ireland into the constitution, that danger already exists amongst us. By the 
act of 1793, we have already the natural elements of a first political influence—
means of acquiring wealth—education to employ it—the elective franchise to 
render both available. Have we abused these powers—has the noble struggle of 
our freeholders in aught diminished the sum of British liberty? Have the real 
interests of the country suffered? At home we have shown we are capable of 
upholding, not of injuring, British freedom; abroad, who could distinguish in the 
field of battle between the Protestant or Catholic soldier? Not the Frenchman, 
who yielded to our arms, nor the German or Spaniard, who fought beside us."

"Why should the Protestant be alarmed at the admission of the Catholic into 
the constitution? Does he apprehend, in his own religion, any principle of 
weakness which will yield in a fair and equal struggle? Does England dread 
that one-third of her empire should absorb the other two; or, that, by the intro-
duction, into the houses of parliament, of a few additional members, the religion, 
crown, and legislature, of these realms, will cease to be essentially and constantly 
Protestant?

"The real danger is in things as they are, not in things as they may be; the 
Protestant suffers where the Catholic is aggrieved. England is endangered by 
the oppression and danger of Ireland. It has been stated, before the imperial 
legislature, that this country is one great mass of discontent. It is; we do not 
affect to conceal it; and though we will not allege, as motives for better systems, 
the extreme cases, feared by all good men in either country, we cannot disguise 
the many intermediate states of injury to which Protestant and Catholic are 
equally exposed. Is it nothing, that the empire should be taxed for our divisions, 
or that an enormous military force should not only consume the natural resources 
of the country, but, by a circle the most vicious, draw even for assistance upon 
the contributions of England? Is it nothing for England—for the English and 
Protestant proprietor, to find his revenues decreased, his security diminished, his 
tenantry impoverished? Is it nothing for the Protestant, as well as Catholic 
merchant, to find the avenues of industry closed—the springs of national wealth 
dried up—capital, which is cast to every other quarter of the globe, refused to us, 
and the British empire altogether paralysed in one of its most important mem-
bers? Of the sufferings of our people, privation, penury, starvation, fever, plague, 
and death, we say nothing, but we are too close to England not to spread, in time, 
the contagion of our misery. Our population already overflows upon her, so also 
will our wretchedness. We shall lower her, unless she can raise us. Is she 
prepared for this visitation; is she disposed to risk it for a theological difference, 
or to stand up, ere it be too late, and, by a just appreciation of her interests, as 
well as ours, to vindicate both by a single act of justice and generosity."

The Greeks are at length likely to be rescued from the fangs of 
their persecutors, and the Russian army has triumphed over the 
wretched Persians. This was to be expected, a disciplined 
barbarian is superior to an undisciplined one.

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.
TRADITIONAL TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.
NO. 1.

Stephen Sinnott's Plough.

Strange that, in the superabundance of English capital, little or none has found its way to Ireland! yet, where could it be more beneficially employed? She has mines of wealth above and below ground, much more valuable than those of South America, and it were well if the speculators in the Vigo Bay scheme had undertaken to raise Stephen Sinnott's Plough, instead of fishing for plate on the coast of Spain. Now Stephen Sinnott's Plough, according to the best account, lies at the bottom of the Slaney, a certain number of perches above Ferry Carrick bridge, and can be seen with the naked eye, on any fine day during the whole of next summer. There are hundreds who will make affidavit of it—disbelieve them if you wish.

The gentle Slaney is the most beautiful river in the world. Your transatlantic "streams" are on two large a scale to please: they are mere ocean inlets—you cannot see both banks at the same time, and sometimes neither. The Liffey is a mere puddle, the Shannon is rather large, and "Old Father Thames" would be a pretty river indeed, were it not for its nasty barges, and still nastier bargemen: below London Bridge, it is filthy in the extreme,—it is disfigured by commerce, and above Vauxhall it has but little attraction: Kew Gardens and Richmond grace its banks: but that's all; it wants the charms of natural objects, for, though villas unnumbered start into view, they are not half so becoming as over-hanging rocks, sloping hills, ruined castles, and rustic cottages. Now the Slaney is quite as large as the Thames above London; it is more translucent, and its banks are a thousand times more beautiful; nature and art, hill and dale, contend to please; the remains of antiquity are surrounded by modern improvements, while the splash of an occasional oar in its waters reminds you that it flows not uselessly.

It is now just fifteen years, come Midsummer next, since I last feathered an oar upon this beautiful stream. An honest Enniscorthy Quaker, John Davis, pulled against me, while our little boat was steered by Pat Kinsellah, the factotum of one of the "friends" who lived in a very pretty place near Bellview, Pat, though a fresh-water sailor, had none of the vices almost inseparable from that class; but his occasional visits to "town" had given his rustic exterior an appearance of polish, which favourably distinguished him from the mere ploughman. His "felt" was brushed, his "basalonic" had a peculiar tie, and a yard of tape at least figured, a kind of bouquet, in the knees of his breeches. Although in some measure the servant of my friend, he assumed an air of importance, the moment we pushed from the quay of Wexford, and gave orders with the air of a man who was in his element. A few pulls brought us clear through the once beautiful wooden bridge, which connects the town with Ferry Bank, and a few more pulls placed us within view of Ferry Carrick: "Spread the sail," said Pat, and accordingly the sail was spread. An evening breeze partially filled it, and, as our little barge floated
along, we had leisure to admire the lovely scene around. The white villas above Wexford, and the crowded shipping below it, gave the southern view an air of cheerfulness, while, in the opposite point, the woods of Artramont, and the groves about Mr. Le Hunt's domain, waved in sombre luxuriance, cooling, and absorbing as it were, the yet red-hot rays of the summer sun. Before us appeared the rocks and ruins of Carrick, with its spanning bridge, while behind us lay the commercial little village of Castlebridge, dignified by the mills and stores of Mr. Dixon. The scene inspired me with the holiest thoughts, and the gentle rippling of the waves, as the boat snatched a kiss and hurried on, disposed me to meditation, when—

"No river, I declare,
Of them all, can compare
To our gently flowing Slaney,"

Sung in a loud key by my companion, aroused me from my delightful reverie. Of all rakes, commend me to a repudiated Quaker; his early habits of decency and temperance secure him from the vulgar practices of vice, and, though he assumes all the airs of a merry fellow, he never once offends by actions or expressions at variance with politeness.

By the time Mr. Davis had finished his song, we were within view of Carrigmannon, and the plantations of the patriotic Mr. Devereux, as they descended to the water's edge, seemed to have reminded my Quaker friend of poor Lysaght's verses,* which he sang with great

* Gentle reader, did you know Ned Lysaght? He was a worthy soul in his day; loved Ireland and potheen, made good puns and better verses, lived merry and died regretted; his memory should be honoured, for his talents were of the very first order, and the following stanzas or song, if you like, alluded to above, deserve a place here—were it only to bring poor Ned acquainted with the English reader, to whom, alas! he has been too long a stranger.

CARRIGMUNNON.

The fields are green on Slaney's side—
No fairer round the Thames or Shannon—
Where rears its head, in verdant pride,
The shady mount of Carrigmannon.

O! would to Heav'n that I had bled,
In glory's cause, by sword or cannon,
Ere hope deceiv'd and reason fled,
And love subsuued, at Carrigmannon.

Of time or chance why durst I dream?
What visions wild my fancy ran on?
Ah me! she's colder than the stream
From shaded mount of Carrigmannon!

Heav'n knows, before I'd give her cause
To feel displeas'd, I'd brave death's cannon!
Alas! the friendship she withdraws,
I thought I'd gain'd at Carrigmannon.

I'll bide not near its balmy shade,
Which cooling breezes gently fan on;
Nor dare approach the lovely maid,
With whom I roved at Carrigmannon.
gusto. "Hush!" said Pat, as he leaned over the side of the boat, and seemed intent on looking into the water; "look there," he continued. "Look at what?" asked my friend. "Stephen Sinnott's Plough, to be sure," answered Pat; "I saw the two handles as plain as a potstick."

"Stephen Sinnott's Plough!" ejaculated the Quaker; "why, what brought it there?"

"What brought it there!" repeated Pat; "faith, an' that's just what I'd be glad to know myself. There it is, any how, an' devil a hundred horses in the wide world would drag it out ov it. I often hard my father, rest his soul in glory! say that Square Devereux, who used to have the sports here on a Sunday, wid the pig, all shaved an' soaped, to be given to whoever would hould 'im by the tail; an' well he might, for, troth, nobody could do that. Well, as I was just sayin', this Square Devereux, who was a real gentleman an' a Catholic, hard of Stephen Sinnott's Plough, an' nothin' would surve 'im but he must take it up. Several cotmen,* with their cots, an' ropes, an' poles, were collected, an' to work they went sure enough, for the bare life. They dragged the river up an' down, but not a bit of the plough could they ketch. 'Och! it's not there at all,' ses they. 'Och! but it is,' ses Square Devereux; an' sure enough, when the river cleared, there was the handles stickin' out, as afore; an' so to work they went again. This time they grappled it, but, lord! they might as well think to move the mountain of Forth, for they couldn't get a stir out ov it; an', what's more, crosh christle, 'twas near costin' 'em all their lives, for their cots sunk, an' themselves were near drown'd. Some ov 'em lost the use of their hands; others of 'em sides; an' some crum smith or other waited on 'em all from that day to this. Even Square Devereux 'imself shortly after died. There was no sports about Carrigmannon at all; an' the young heir,† they say, is a stalkin' haraga through the world. An' so," continued Pat, "'twas better for 'em to have left Stephen Sinnott's Plough alone."

"Ay, but who was Stephen Sinnott?"

"Why, then, I'll tell yees," said Pat, turning his hat a little to one side: "Stephen Sinnott—but boy's honey, axen your pardon, this is a murderin' bad win'; I believe yees had betther turn to the ears, for if it doesn't blow betther nor this we won't reach Enniscorfy to-night. But wait till I tell you the story first. Well then, long an' long ago, Stephen Sinnott was, as a body might say, a bit of a scollege; who lived hard by, on a mortual poor farm as any widin a day's walk of you; it was harly any thing but stones, an' there didn't grow as much grass on it as would feed a snipe. An', spakin' of snipes, Masther John—was that a fine one you shot last Saturday week, down in the marsh." The Quaker nodded assent, and Pat continued, "Well, as I was sayin', poor Stephen had a right bad bit o' ground, an', troth,

Who ventures near its fragrant bower,
Sly Cupid there lays many a plan on;
Alas! that I should rue the hour,
I loiter'd late at Carrigmannon.

* Bargemen.
† This gentleman, having seen the greater part of the civilized world, has since returned to his hereditary home, without having suffered his amor patriae to be impaired by absence from the land of his fathers.
‡ Farmer.
they say he wasn't the man to mend it nether. He'd be puttin' in the grain o' oats when others would be diggin' the pheaties, an' never begin to plough till every body else had done sowin'. His plough was generally none o' the best, an' he ever an' always yoked the milk-cow wid the garron of a horse. The traces was made of horse hide; the collars ov straw, to be sure; and the hames* was tied wid gads;† and a brave lot ov 'em he always had twisted into rings on the plough-handle; for, whenever he stopt to rest, he pulled out his spuddeen ov a knife, and began to cut black-sallies for the purpose of mendin' the tacklin.

"One day, while ploughin' a stoney fallow, the brest-band was breakin' an' breakin' every minute; and, though poor Stephen was a quiet slob of a fellow, he used to curse like murder. The garsoon who drew for 'im, wid the clough in his hand, had a hard birth ov't; for every now an' then the paddle used to flew afther his heels. 'Twas ' stinging up, Bottom,' meanin' the horse, an' 'prod Cautheen,' meanin' the cow, every moment; while the traces, an' the brest-bands, an' the plough, an' every thing else, was breakin', requirin' gads upon gads. 'Oh! Meelah, murder!' said Stephen; ' was ever an unfortunate man to be pitied as I am, lookin' to plough an' can't.' The word wasn't well out ov is mouth, whin an ould woman, wid a brewin'-pot on her head, axed 'im to help her over the stile. 'Bother you,' said Stephen to 'imself; but recollectin' that ould people ought to be assisted, he let go the plough, an' went an' lifted her pot over the ditch. 'Thanky, Stephen,' said she, though Stephen didn't know her from Adam; besides, she looked a very odd thing of a woman, wid a great big wide mouth of her own, a pair of red eyes, an' a ferrety face. Stephen didn't more nor half like her, but he sed, 'O, you're heartily welcome, Granny.'

"'Ploughin' is hard work, Stephen,' sed she, sitten down on the side of the pot.

"'Troth it is,' sed Stephen, 'when a man havn't a good plough.'

"'But need a bad plough,' sed she, 'make a man curse and swear like a trooper?'

"'Troth ay, Granny,' sed he; 'cursen' an' swearen,' I know, isn't right, God forgive me; but how can I help it, secin' what a mortual bad plough I've got?'

"'If you had a good one,' she axed, 'would you curse an' swear?'

"'No, nor the devil a word achorrah,' answered Stephen, 'barrin' Nancy come across me wid her bolhour.'

"'Oh! that won't do,' ses she; 'you mustn't curse nor swear at all.'

"'Well, I won't swear higher nor my prayers,' sed Stephen, 'if you give a body a good plough.'

"'Well, an' what wed you give for a good one, Stephen Sinnott?'

sed she.

"'Troth, any thing in the wide world,' sed he,

"'Would you give a body a shogh o' the pipe for one?' sed she.

* The name of that part of an Irish horse's habiliments to which the traces are fastened.
† Gads are made of twisted willows. &c., and are of first importance to an Irish ploughman, so much so that "The plough would never be set going if a man were to reckon all the gads he would want," has grown into an adage.
"'Troth, I would,' sed he, 'wid a heart an' a half, and thaxy, to boot.'

"'Well, then, let's have it,' sed she; and away Stephen went to light his pipe. When he returned, he found the old woman where he left her, an' gave her the pipe. She took a goth or two, and then axed 'im who made his ploughs? 'Troth,' sed Stephen, 'a real botch, a gossip o' my own, one Mikel Reilly.'

"'Oh!' sed she, 'Stephen, ent you a handy man yourself.'

"'Faith an' I am,' sed he, 'though Nancy ses I'm not; for didn't I make a turf creel last summer, and didn't I put a prop by myself under the gable end o' the barn, and didn't I stop the hole in the kitchen dure, that the pigs had eaten; an' didn't I——?'

"'To be sure, you did,' sed she, stoppin' 'im, 'an' may be you couldn't make a plough too?'

"'Betthershin,' sed Stephen, in great glee, 'if I had but the tools.'

"'An' the tools you must have,' sed she, puttin' her hand into the brewin'-pot, an' pullin' up first a hatchet, then an adze, then a plain, then a chisel; and, to make a long story short, she pulled up more tools nor five joiners could make use ov. 'Go to work, Stephen Sinnott,' sed she, 'an' never crack-cry till you've made a plough. If you work day an' night till it's finished, it will go by itself, an' plough more nor fifty ploughs, barrin' you swear or curse in the same field wid it. Mind that, Stephen Sinnott. A ploughman can't have luck if there's an oath in his mouth every minute.'

"Stephen was so overjoyed wid his tools, that he took harly any notice of what she sed; and, when he lifted his eyes from lookin' at a saw, he couldn't see the ould woman or the brewin'-pot high or low, far or near. This he thought very quare, to be sure, but a strange feelin' cum over 'im, an' he gathers up the tools an' runs to his own carthouse, an' began to work on some timber that was there. For the first two or three days, Nancy let 'im alone, but, seein' 'im hammerin' away, she got vexed, an' began to abuse 'im so that a dog wouldn't eat his flesh. Stephen took no notice of all this, but worked away day an' night for seven long years an' a day. When 'twas finished, people came far an' near to see the plough that was to go of itself widout horses. One ould man was carried to the field by his gran'sons to see it, an', after he had viewed it a-hind an' a-fore, on the right side an' the left side, he declared, it was somethin' anyhow. 'I knew,' said one o' the garsoons, 'my grand-daddy would know what it was.'

"At length the day came for tryin' the plough, and Stephen carried it into a ten-acre field, an' bid Nancy bring 'im his breakfast at nine o'clock exactly. Nancy, you may be sure, had the sheepees biled to the minute, and hurried out to see what the plough had done. Agin she reached the field, the last furrow was turned up, an' every sod lay as straight as a line. 'There,' sed Stephen, 'there's a mornin's work for you.'

"'Och, musha,' said Nancy, like a fool as she was, for the wo- men are never satisfied, 'an' is that all you've done wid all your boastin'?'

"'Is that all?' cried Stephen, stung to the quick.
Traditionary Tales of the Irish Peasantry.

"'Yes,' ses she, 'is that all?' Troth, I wouldn't give a tr

This put Stephen into a rage, an', after laughin' at her, he was
goin' to say, 'Musha! sweet bad luck to your father's daughter;
but, afore the word was half out of his mouth, whap! went a thun
der-bolt, and whisk! went the plough through ditches and hedges,
till it plunged into the Slaney, where it has stuck, with its two han
dles up, from that day to this."

"And what did Stephen say?"

"Oh the not a much; he looked for all the world like a motherless foal, but by an by the old woman wid the brewin'-pot came hobblin' along on her bat. 'Morrow, Stephen,' sed she, 'Morrow an half to you, you ould torey,' sed he. 'Arrah why, Stephen,' ses she. 'Bekase,' ses he, 'I've lost seven years makin' a plough on your account, an' now it has run away from me. ' To be sure,' ses she, 'since you wouldn't keep from cursin' an' swearin', 'cordin to your promise.' 'Oh! Nancy, Nancy!' cried Stephen, 'twas you made me swear;' an' wid that he began to wallop his wife, an, when he had done, the ould woman nor her brewin'-pot was no where to be found."

"A singular legend," said I.

"It may be true," said the Quaker, who had emancipated him
self from thee and thou, "for my cousin Sparrow of Lacken told me a story about the devil being unable to cross the Slaney."

"About forty years ago or better," continued Mr. Davis, "a strange bird frequented the Bar of Lough and the strand of Cullenstown.
It was to be seen only early in the morning or late in the evening, and about the time of twilight it made a noise resembling the roaring of ten thousand bulls. The people in the immediate neighbourhood

* * "A story with a moral somewhat similar, but more apparent, is current in Ireland, though, I believe, it is not peculiarly Irish; I shall relate it here:—
A gentleman, riding along the road, passed by a kwock (a field of furze), in which a man was stubbing, and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out, in a reproachful tone, "O! Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and, calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying, "O! Adam?" "Why, please your honour," said the man, "only for Adam, I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow." "Very good," said the gentleman; "call at my house to
morrow." The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him, Would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind, you are to enjoy all this only on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate, that lies on the table." The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought there was little fear of his forfeiting it, by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep,—there could be no harm in it,—no one would know of it; and, accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate,—when, lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman, next day, "and cry, O! Adam! no more, since, like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."
were greatly alarmed; they knew not what genera the bird belonged to, and tried in vain to shoot it; at length a boy of Mr. Sparrow's, a case-hardened fellow, takes the gun and goes to the bar early one morning, where he sees the strange bird emit the awful sounds in a manner which showed its marked disrespect for the beholder. The indignant fowler levelled his piece, took a steady confident aim, and fired. Instantly the earth seemed rent asunder, clouds impregnated with brimstone arose, and the evil one—for it was none other, in the form of a bird, flew off, enveloped in smoke. He passed over Duncormick, Gregsallagh, Kilmannan, the three rocks, and would have passed on to Blackwater, were it not for an old woman, who sat smoking her pipe, on the opposite bank of the Slaney, a little above Ferry Carrick, and who made the sign of the cross as she saw him coming. Unable to proceed, he sank into the river, having carried away with him, as far as his wings extended, houses, furniture, trees, and every thing that stood opposed to his progress.*

"I hard that story afore," said Pat, "but now 'tis time to take to the oars; the win' has died away entirely, and 'tis a hundred chances to one if we reach Enniscorfy to-night."

"If not," said John Davis, "there's a friend's house on the way."

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**LULLABY.**

**Sleep,** my lov'd girl—thy mother's breast
Shall be the pillow of thy rest;
Sleep, my lov'd girl—thy mother's knee,
And folding arms, shall cradle thee;
And she will lull thee with her song,
Thy gentle slumbers to prolong.

Thy sleep no fearful visions knows;
No cares disturb thy soft repose;
Thy guardian angel spreads his wings,
And dreams from heavenly regions brings:
O! who can tell how bright they be,
The heavenly dreams of infancy.

And, as I watch the beamy smile
That plays upon thy face the while,
I feel its influence to my heart
A soft pervading peace impart;
Chasing dull care with magic spell,
And whispering "all will yet be well!"

O! all is well! the trusting soul
Sees the kind hand that rules the whole,
And, while such gifts from bounteous Heaven,
As thou, my lovely babe, are given,
The way, however dark and rude,
With much of ill, has much of good.

* This relates to a tornado; the only one ever witnessed in this part of the kingdom. It proceeded from the Bar of Lough to Ferry Carrick, and extended over a surface not exceeding three perches. I have, myself, seen the desolating marks of its progress, and have been credibly informed, that a trunk, which it carried up out of a house in Duncormick, was found on the mountains of Firth;—a distance of six or seven miles.
LIFE AND TIMES OF JEREMY DIP.*

This is indeed the age of auto-biography,—Harriette Wilson, Michael Kelly, and Frederick Reynolds, have each and all undertaken to expose themselves by detailing their dull catalogue of mighty nothings; with regard to John O'Keeffe, the case is quite different. We have, however, in our bosoms, so much of the milk of human kindness, that we are not by any means disposed to be angry with those easy-tempered creatures, who think it "meet and just, right and necessary," to exhibit themselves in this way for the public amusement. Every man is of importance to himself; so think we, and so thought the worthy son of the stocksheet and the dipping-rod, whose memoirs we are now about to notice.

Mr. Dip is certainly the chronicler of some curious incidents; he has seen some service, and turned his wits to some account. Upon the event that drove him from the south to the Irish metropolis, he dwells rather slightly; probably, some of the recollections of that period were not the most agreeable. It would appear that he was, with several others, concerned in the murder of a tithe-proctor, a crime that the tortured peasantry of Ireland were too frequently driven to perpetrate. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the guilty, and Mr. Jeremy Dip had not sufficient fortitude to resist the temptation: he became an approver, he named his accomplices; and, taking a hint from a "very act-i-ive" magistrate, he included a few who were not present, but who were suspected, and were at all events considered as "marked men."—Ten unfortunate beings were executed upon his testimony, and Jeremy, now in high favour with all good and loyal men, looked with confidence to promotion. He set out for Dublin, loaded with strong recommendations; he was engaged as an under clerk in the superintendent magistrate's office, got into the good graces of his employers, became a saint, and soon after a member of the Orange Lodge, No. 1651. Fortune now began to smile upon him; so pious and so loyal a man could not be neglected. In addition to his former situation, which he held as a sort of sinecure, he was favoured by some of the Beresford family with a commission in the revenue. Here begins the more laboured part of his memoirs, and from this portion of the work we shall make a few extracts:

"One of my first essays in the seizing way," says Mr. Dip, "was attended with circumstances too remarkable to be forgotten. Smuggling was then at its height; the distillers, quite as active as ourselves, abounded with stratagems. One of their plans was to have a retail spirit-shop near their concerns; to this shop they conveyed the liquor by various means; some by pipes, and others by a stream running through their premises; in the latter case, it was floated along in small casks. Upon one of these shops, I remember keeping a close watch; I saw a number of men pass in and out, with some bulk generally under their great coats: these were usually able-bodied, desperate-looking fellows; and while I longed to attack them, my courage gradually oozed out at my fingers' ends. Some women were at work also, and with these I felt I could deal more safely. I pursued one of these, a handsome young woman, on a gloomy evening, in December; she was light of foot, and doubled through lanes and alleys, with

astonishing celerity; at length I came up with her. I called on her to stop,
but she seemed not to notice me; I called again, and drawing my cane-sword
made a most courageous thrust at her,—she screamed, staggered, and fell;
the weapon had passed through the back of her gray cloak, and the ground,in a
moment, was moist with—easy! reader, not her blood, but with the spirituous
contents of two large bladders, which she had carried, and which I, in my anger,
unluckily pierced. Deprived in this manner of my prey, I was, like the baffled
tiger, sneaking off; but retreat was not so easy; a young fellow, of rather a
dashing appearance, beheld the transaction; he called me a cowardly rascal, for
attacking a female; he smashed my little sword in pieces, and, with another blow,
stretched me at full length in the dirty channel: this was a beginning.”

The following unfortunate affair is remarkable. We have reason to
know that the story is but too true:—

“There was a distillery, some years ago, on the Rock Road. I had information
from one of my spies, that from this distillery, on a certain night, five casks of
whiskey were to be despatched without even the show of a permit. I promised
my jackall that I would be on the spot, but chance, or some would say Prov-
dence, prevented me. On the appointed night, I was suddenly attacked by a
complaint in the bowels; of course I had to give up the idea of going out; but,
wishing to give an old friend a lift, I sent a line to poor Tim Jones, urging him
to run to the scene of action, and stipulating with him for my share of the prize.
Poor Tim! I weep when I think of him, and of his fate; he called on me,
thanked me for my care of him, and, after shaking me warmly by the hand, set
off. When I next beheld him, he was a stiffened, a ghastly corpse. I gathered
something of his progress from what came out at the coroner’s inquest: he had
proceeded to the neighbourhood of the distillery, and stationed himself among
some ruined walls, from whence he commanded a view of the road, along which
the contraband article was to have passed. A car came along the road, and poor
Tim, too eager to be prudent, rushed out to reconnoitre,—the carman drove on,
but marked Tim’s sudden approach and retreat. This carman, it is said, was
occasionally employed in ‘doing’ the gaugers; whether he knew my poor friend
to be a gauger, or really thought otherwise, cannot, or could not, be made out.
He proceeded, however, on his way, and, when near Ballsbridge, met the patrol,
who were in the habit of perambulating the outskirts of the city; to them he stated,
that a person, well armed, and evidently a robber, was lurking in the ruins on the
road; they set forward,—the sound of horses’ feet again drew my ill-fated friend
from his hiding-place. He was seen, regularly challenged, and was running off,—
when a ball from the carbine of one of the night-guards passed through his heart,
and he expired at the moment:—not until the next day was the melancholy mistake
discovered; it was too late, however, for poor Tim Jones.”

These anecdotes are striking enough; in the following, Mr. Dip lets
us, in some measure, behind the curtain:—

“I had, for some time past, been so well paid by the distillers and their agents,
that I felt no great wish to venture at making any seizures. I was easy, and I
wished to continue so. This feeling, however, did not influence my employers.
They wished the poor devils in the minor departments of the revenue to be ac-
tr-e-i-v-e; in the upper branches, things might go on more quietly. One old
woman, whose husband was high in office, might have £900 a year, as house-
keeper at his Majesty’s custom-house; the coals and candles of that establishment
might be used in profusion for the private use of this dame, and other favoured
ones; but we underlings must ‘do our duty.’ I accordingly soon received a
hint respecting my inactivity; it was said, that though many opportunities had
occurred, I had not recently made any seizures. This was enough: I was bent
on distinguishing myself. I went to a friendly distiller, one whom I had recently
favoured. I told him honestly how I stood, that my character was lost, and my
situation in danger, if something was not thrown in my way.” ‘Bethershin,’
said he, ‘be on the Rathmines road to-day, about four o’clock.’ I was there
with my spy at half-past four: I saw two old floats drawn by two still older horses
approaching; the horses and the floats (forfeited of course) were worth nothing;

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but the two thumping puncheons of whiskey that they bore could not be sneezed at. I stopped the drivers—they were ignorant of my plan, and made a stiff resistance. I succeeded at last, but in the scuffle I got a black eye and a scratched forehead. I conducted my prey to the seizure-stores, and, meeting one of the commissioners on the way, he saw my wounds, and promised a recompense. Promotion soon followed. I became 'chief clerk in said office,'—that is, district, number—what you please."

This promotion opened quite a new field for the display of Mr. Dip's cash-accumulating powers:

"In this situation I soon discovered that I had many ways of 'raising the wind.' In granting permits, I limited the stingy codger in point of time, so as to expose him often to the chance of seizure; to those who acted more liberally, I was more liberal; where they gave me a share of the profit, I pulled with them; for instance:—a person had to send five or ten casks, say fifteen or twenty miles distant, I gave his permit late, he travelled all night, an express messenger brought me back the permit before ten next day, I fastened it quietly to the duplicate in my book, and marked the entire as 'cancelled;' that is, as originating in mistake,—one shilling per gallon was usually my share."

Mr. Dip proceeds in a good-humoured way, unfolding a few more of the mysteries of office:

"At this time the spirit-dealers were obliged to make a quarterly return, upon oath, of all the spirits or other excisable articles in their possession; they were compelled to swear that, with all 'then on hand or in their possession,' they received legal permits; there were few who could take this oath with a clear conscience. I have known some poor fellows, who, before coming to the office, regularly separated the godly and the ungodly, that is, the legal and the illicit; the latter they filled into distinct casks, and rolled them into the street; these casks were not then in their possession; but when the swearing was over, they returned and replaced the forbidden article safely in its old position. I saw clearly how matters stood, and I soon contrived to make something of it. I hinted to one or two at first, that I would not be too exact in swearing them, and that possibly, for a con-si-der-a-tion, I would omit the oath altogether. The hint was not thrown away,—the five-pound notes came pouring in, and we were all good friends. In the renewing of certificates I followed the same course."

Mr. Dip would have acted wisely had he omitted the following anecdote; the transaction does him no credit:

"My old friend Joyce, the grocer, never forgave me the sly trick I played him; it was all in the way of business, however. I was accustomed to dine with him twice a week; his dinners were plain but substantial, and he was no churl about his old port; on one evening in particular, after he and I had emptied three bottles, he told me, with a knowing wink, that he would treat me to what was quite a rarity,—some of the old smoky stuff, genuine potteen. He placed upon the table a short black bottle; he filled a glass; I did the same; and the first smack convinced me that it was indeed 'a true unparliamentary article.' We mixed our tumblers and drank on, the old grocer grew drowsy, and I, wishing him good night, departed with the black bottle in my pocket. About a pint of the whiskey remained; but for this pint, I compelled him to pay £100 British; he growled, but I cared not; I pocketed £50."

Mr. Dip had at times rather a hazardous duty to perform, as the next extract evinces:

"I was placed as surveyor over a distillery with two assistants at my command: the man of spirit was a gay off-handed person; and, in some points, he and I agreed thoroughly; but in other matters I thought him too sharp for me. I was riding in the park one Sunday morning, (I could then keep a horse.) I bent my eye over Dublin, and naturally to the big chimney of my own distillery. I thought I discerned a light blue smoke arising from it; this was enough,—'here,' said I, 'goes for £500;' for such was then the penalty for charging the still between
12 on Saturday night and 12 on Sunday night; on I galloped, reached the gate, passed through an open wicket, and was before the still before my approach was noticed; four rugged-looking fellows were on the spot. 'Oh, by the powers,' cried the chief of them, 'all's lost, boys.'—'No, no,' said another, quite calmly, 'we'll give him a dip into one of the empty 'backs,' he won't talk about it.' They seized me, I screamed, but they bore me onward, a rope was tied around my waist, and I stood beside the place of destruction; I gazed at the small opening of one of these ominous casks; it was empty; but three minutes or less passed within it ended life. A candle, if placed there, would be extinguished instanter. I fell on my knees, and called for mercy; they were about to finish me, when their employer ran up; 'Boys,' said he, 'do him no harm, run back to the still.' He freed me from the rope. 'Mr. Dip,' he said, 'you've had a narrow escape; will you allow me also to escape? I leave it to yourself; for your trouble, take this;' handing me a bank note for £100. I took it, and rode away.

Though Mr. Dip could take the £100, and hold his tongue, he was not so well disposed to keep silence, when the little omission of his brother officers came under his observation:—

"I had along with me, at the distillery already alluded to, an assistant officer, named Thompson; he was a sort of reduced gentleman, very proud, and occa-

sionally very saucy; the poor devil had but £80 a year, and out of this, he had to support a wife and six children; in the seizing way, he did nothing, and con-

sequently made nothing; he sometimes got, as a present, a little keg of whiskey; or an odd dozen of wine, as a kind of consideration for not being too sharp-sighted.

I was aware of this, and I kept my eye on him; I once ventured to hint at his remissness; when he turned on me in the most insolent manner, telling me, with a significant look, 'that he was not like others, accustomed to play the part of an informer.' I knew what he meant, and it stung me to the quick. In a few days, however, I had my revenge: I was going before breakfast to the distillery; I was passing up a narrow lane that led to the place, when I met Thompson, in conversa-

tion with two persons, seemingly dairymen, who carried between them a barrel filled apparently with wash for their cows; they conveyed it by slings, such as brewers' men use. I fancied from their looks, that it was not wash they were taking with them. I drew my cane-sword, and desired them to stop; they laid down the cask, I dipped my finger in the liquid, and indeed it was wash. I had still my suspicions; it struck me that the barrel might have a false head. I gave it a slight stoop, about five gallons of the useless stuff already mentioned flowed off, and left visible the head or lid of a cask carefully bunged. I raised the lid, and found, underneath, about thirty gallons of new-made whiskey. The mock dairymen ran off, and Thompson stood gazing at me in astonishment. 'So,' said I, 'Mr. Thompson, you are not satisfied with being snugly remiss, but you must be assisting to defraud his Majesty.'—'What do you mean, sir?' cried he.

"You shall soon know that."

"Accordingly, I reported him to the Board the same day, and before the week was over, he was dismissed. I believe he died in great distress. As to what became of his family, I never heard."

We shall return in a future number to this very curious volume. Some say that it is to be suppressed by order of government; others state, that the distillers and the trading gaugers have purchased the copyright, and never will allow a second edition to appear.—We have one copy, however.
THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

Where olive-leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru:
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians, like a flood, and swept away the foe;
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth a new,
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight;
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;
Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride,—
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's side, his hand casts loose the rein,
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill,—
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear,
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak,
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak;
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee."
A few years since, a gentleman, on his way from Niagara to
Montreal, arrived at Coteau du Lac. While the pilot, in confor-
mity to the law, was obtaining a clearance for the lower province,
the clouds, which had been all day threatening a storm, poured out
their stores of thunder, lightning, and rain, with such violence, that
it was deemed most prudent to defer the conclusion of the voyage
till the following day. The Boatman's Inn was the only place of
refuge, and the stranger was, at first, glad of a shelter within it; but
he was an amateur traveller, and gentlemen of that fastidious class
do not patiently submit to inconveniences. The inn was thronged
with a motley crew of Scotch and Irish emigrants, Canadians, and
boatmen, besides loiterers from the vicinity, who were just reviving
from the revels of the preceding night. The windows were obscured
with smoke, and the walls tapestried with cobwebs. The millenium
of spiders and flies seemed to have arrived; for myriads of this de-
fenceless tribe buzzed fearlessly around the banners of their natural
enemy, as if, inspired by the kindliness of my uncle Toby, he had
said, "poor fly! this world is wide enough for thee and me."

The old garments and hats that had been substituted for broken
panes of glass, were blown in, and the rain pattered on the floor.
Some of the doors hung by one hinge, others had no latches; some
of the chairs were without bottoms, and some without legs; the
bed-rooms were unswept, the beds unmade; and, in short, the
whole establishment, as a celebrated field-preacher said of a very
inconmodious part of the other world, was "altogether inconve-
nient."

The traveller, in hopes of winning the hostess's good will, and
thereby securing a clean pair of sheets, inquired his way to the
kitchen, where he found her surrounded by some half-dozen juvenile
warriors, in a state of open hostility far more terrible than the war
of the elements. Having succeeded, by means of a liberal distribu-
tion of sugar-plums, in procuring a temporary suspension of arms,
he introduced himself to his hostess by means of some civil inquiries;
in answer to which, he ascertained that she was a New England
woman, though, unfortunately, she possessed none of those faculties
for getting along which are supposed to be the birthright of every
Yankee. She did express a regret that her children were deprived of
"school and meeting privileges," and entertained something of a
puritanical aversion to her Catholic neighbours; but, save these
relies of local taste or prejudice, she retained none of the peculiar-
ties of her native land. The gentleman was not long in discovering
that the unusual ingress of travellers reduced them all to the level of
primitive equality; and that, so far from the luxury of clean sheets,
he must not hope for the exclusive possession of any.

On further inquiry, he learnt that there was a French village at a
short distance from the inn; and, after waiting till the fury of the
storm had abated, he sallied forth in quest of accommodation and
adventure. He had not walked far, when his exploring eye fell on
a creaking sign-board, on which was inscribed, "Auberge et lauge-
ment." But lodgment it would not afford to our unfortunate traveller.
Every apartment, every nook and corner, was occupied by an English party, on their way to the Falls.

Politeness is an instinct in French nature, or, if not an instinct, it is so interwoven in the texture of their character, that it remains a fast colour, when all other original distinctions have faded. The Canadian peasant, though he retains nothing of the activity and ingenuity of his forefathers, salutes a stranger with an air of courtesy rarely seen in any other uneducated American. The landlord of the Auberge was an honourable exemplification of this remark. He politely told the stranger that he would conduct him to a farmhouse, where he might obtain a clean room, and a nice bed. The offer was gratefully accepted, and our traveller soon found himself comfortably established in a neat whitewashed cottage, in the midst of a peasant's family, who were engaged in common rural occupations. The wants of his body being thus provided for, he resorted to the usual expedient to enliven the hours that must intervene before bed-time. He inquired of the master of the house how he provided for his family; and, after learning that he lived, as his father and grandfather had before him, by carrying the few products of his farm to Montreal, he turned to the matron, and asked her why her children were not taught English? "Ah!" she replied, "the English have done us too much wrong." She then launched into a relation of her sufferings during the last war. She had, like honest Dogberry, "had her losses," and found the usual consolation in recounting them. The militia officers spoiled her of her flocks and herds, and des veaux, des moutons, des dindons, et des poulets, bled afresh in her sad tale. If her children were not taught English, one of them, the mother said, had been sent to a boarding-school at the distance of twenty miles, and she could now read like any priest. Little Marie was summoned, and she read, with tolerable fluency, from her school-book, a collection of extracts from the Fathers, while her simple parents sat bending over her with their mouths wide open, and their eyes sparkling, and occasionally turning on the stranger with an expression of wonder and delight, as if they would have said, "Did you ever see anything equal to that?"

The good-natured stranger listened, and lavished his praises; and then, in the hope of escaping from any further display of the child's erudition, he offered to assist her elder sister, who was winding a skein of yarn. This proved a more amusing resource. The girl was pretty and lively, and showed, by the upward inclination of the corners of her arch mouth, and the flashes of her laughing eye, that she could understand the compliments, and return the raillery of her assistant. The pretty Louise had been living at the Seigniorie with Madame, a rich widow. "Si riche, si bonne, she said, but "trop agée pour Monsieur, parce qu'elle a peut être trente ans; et d'ailleurs, elle n'est pas assez belle pour Monsieur." Monsieur was a bachelor of forty years standing, and his vanity was touched by Louise's adroit compliment: the skein slipped off his hands; Louise bent her head to arrange it; her fair round cheek was very near Monsieur's lips, perhaps her mother thought too near, for she called to Louise to lay aside her yarn and prepare the tea; and after tea the pretty girl disappeared. Our traveller yawned for an hour or two over the only book the house afforded, Marie's readings from St. Augustin and
The Catholic Iroquois.

St. Chrysostom, and then begged to be shown to his bed. On entering his room, his attention was attracted to an antique, worm-eaten travelling portfolio. It was made of morocco, bound, and clasped with silver, and, compared with the rude furniture of the humble apartment, it had quite an exotic air. He took it up, and looked at the initials on the clasp. "That is a curious affair," said his landlord, "and older than either you or I."

"Some relic, I suppose," said the stranger, "which you have inherited."

"Something in that way," replied the landlord. "There is a big letter in it, which has been like so much blank paper to us, for we have never had a scholar in the family that could read it. I have thought to take it some day to Père Martigné, at the Cedars; but I shall let it rest till next year, when Marie—bless her! will be able to read writing." The stranger said, that, if his landlord had no objection, he would try to read it. The old man's eyes glistened; he unclasped the portfolio, took out the manuscript, and put it into the stranger's hand. "You are heartily welcome," he said; "it would at best be but an uncouth task for Marie, for, as you see, the leaves are mouldy, and the ink has faded."

The stranger's zeal abated, when he perceived the difficulty of the enterprise. "It is some old family record, I imagine," he said, unfolding it with an air of indifference.

"Heaven knows," replied the landlord; "I only know that it is no record of my family. We have been but simple peasants from the beginning, and not a single line has been written about us, except what is on my grandfather's grave-stone at the Cedars—God bless him! I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, his sitting in that old oaken chair by the casement, and telling us all about his travels to the great western lakes, with one Bonchard, a young Frenchman, who was sent out to our trading establishments. People did not go about the world then, as they do now-a-days, just to look at rapids and waterfalls."

"Then this," said the stranger, in the hope of at last obtaining a clue to the manuscript, "this I presume is some account of the journey?"

"Oh no," replied the old man. "Bonchard found this on the shore of Lake Huron, in a strange wild place. Sit down, and I will tell you all I have heard my grandfather say about it; bless the good old man, he loved to talk of his journey." And so did his grandson, and the stranger listened patiently to the following particulars, which are only varied in language from the landlord's narration.

It appeared that about the year 1700, young Bouchard and his attendants, on their return from Lake Superior, arrived on the shore of Lake Huron, near Saganaw Bay. From an eminence, they descried an Indian village; or, to use their descriptive designation, a "smoke." Bonchard despatched his attendants with Seguin, his Indian guide, to the village, to obtain canoes to transport them over the lake, and, in the meantime, he sought for some place that might afford him shelter and repose. The shore was rocky and precipitous. Practice and experience had rendered Bonchard as agile and courageous as a Swiss mountaineer, and he descended the precipices, leaping
from crag to crag, as unconscious of an emotion of fear as the wild
bird that flapped her wings over him, and whose screeches alone
broke the stillness of the solitude. Having attained the margin of
the lake, he loitered along the water's edge, till, turning an angle of
the rock, he came to a spot which seemed to have been contrived
by nature for a place of refuge. It was a little interval of ground, in
the form of an amphitheatre, nearly infolded by the rocks, which, as
they projected boldly into the lake, at the extremity of the semicircle,
looked as if their giant forms had been set there to defend this
temple of nature. The ground was probably inundated after easterly
winds, for it was soft and marshy, and among the rank weeds that
covered it there were some aquatic flowers. The lake had once
washed the base of the rocks here as elsewhere; they were worn
perfectly smooth in some places, and in others broken and shelving.
Bouchard was attracted by some gooseberries that had forced them-
selves through crevices in the rocks, and which seemed to form, with
their purple berries and bright green leaves, a garland around the
bald brow of the precipice. They are among the few indigenous
fruits of the wilderness, and doubtless looked as tempting to
Bouchard, as the most delicious fruits of the Hesperides would
in his own sunny valley of France. In reconnoitring for the
best mode of access to the fruit, he discovered a small cavity in
the rock, that so much resembled a birth in a ship, as to appear
to have been the joint work of nature and art. It had probably
supplied the savage hunter or fisherman with a place of repose, for
it was strewed with decayed leaves, so matted together as to form
a luxurious couch for one accustomed for many months to sleeping
on a blanket, spread on the bare ground. After possessing himself
of the berries, Bouchard crept into the recess, and (for there is
companionship in water), he forgot for awhile the tangled forests,
and the wide unbroken wilderness that interposed between him
and his country. He listened to the soft musical sounds of the
light waves, as they broke on the shelving rock and reedy bank;
and he gazed on the bright element which reflected the blue vault
of heaven, and the fleecy summer cloud, till his senses became
oblivious of this, their innocent and purest indulgence, and he sunk
into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by the dashing of
oars.

Bouchard looked out upon the lake, and saw approaching the shore
a canoe, in which were three Indians, a young man, who rowed
the canoe, an old man, and a maiden. They landed not far from
him, and, without observing him, turned towards the opposite
extremity of the semicircle; the old man proceeded with a slow mea-
sured step, and, removing a sort of door, formed of flexible brush-
wood and matting, (which Bouchard had not before noticed), they
entered an excavation in the rocks, deposited something which they
had brought in their hands, prostrated themselves for a few moments,
and then slowly returned to the canoe; and, as long as Bouchard
could discern the bark, glancing like a water-fowl over the deep blue
waters, he heard the sweet voice of the girl, accompanied at regular
intervals by her companions, hymning, as he fancied, some explana-
tion of their mute worship, for their expressive gestures pointed first
to the shore, and then the skies.
As soon as the canoe disappeared, Bonchard crept out of his birth and hastened to the cell. It proved to be a natural excavation, was high enough to admit a man of ordinary stature, and extended for several feet, when it contracted to a mere channel in the rocks. On one side, a little rivulet penetrated the arched roof, and fell in large crystal drops into a natural basin which it had worn in the rock. In the centre of the cell there was a pyramidal heap of stones: on the top of the pile lay a breviary and santanne; and on the sides of it were arranged the votive offerings Bonchard had seen deposited there. He was proceeding to examine them, when he heard the shrill signal-whistle of his guide; he sounded his horn in reply, and in a few moments Sequin descended the precipice, and was at his side. Bonchard told him what he had seen, and Sequin, after a moment's reflection, said, "This must be the place of which I have so often heard our ancients speak; a good man died here. He was sent by the Great Spirit to teach our nation good things, and the Hurons yet keep many of his sayings in their hearts. They say he fasted all his life-time, and he should feast now; so they bring him provisions from their festivals. Let us see, what offerings are these?" Sequin first took up a wreath of wild flowers and evergreens interwoven; "This," he said, "was a nuptial offering," and he inferred that the young people were newly married. Next was a calumet; "This," said Sequin, "is an emblem of peace—an old man's gift; and these," he added, unrolling a skin that enveloped some ripe ears of Indian corn, "are the emblems of abundance, and the different occupations of the man and woman. The husband hunts the deer; the wife cultivates the maize; and those," he concluded, pointing to some fresh scalps, and smiling at Bonchard's shuddering, "those are the emblems of victory." Bonchard took up the breviary, and, as he opened it, a manuscript dropped from beneath its leaves; he eagerly seized, and was proceeding to examine it, when his guide pointed to the lengthening shadows on the lakes, and informed him, that the canoes were to be ready at the rising of the full moon. Bonchard was a good Catholic, and, like all good Catholics, a good Christian. He reverenced all the saints in the calendar, and he loved the memory of a good man, albeit never canonized. He crossed himself, and repeated a paternoster, and then followed his guide to the place of rendezvous. The manuscript he kept as a holy relic; and that which fell into the hands of our traveller, at the cottage of the Canadian peasant, was a copy he had made to transmit to France. The original was written by Pére Mesnard (whose blessed memory had consecrated the cell on Lake Huron), and contained the following particulars.

This holy man was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice.—The difficult and dangerous enterprise of propagating his religion among the savages of the western world appears early to have taken possession of his imagination, and to have inspired him with the ardour of an apostle, and the resolution of a martyr. He came to America, under the auspices of Madame de Bouillon, who had, a few years before, founded the Hotel Dieu, at Montreal. With her sanction and aid, he established himself at a little village of the Utawas, on the borders of Lake St. Louis, at the junction of the Utawa river and the St. Lawrence. His pious efforts won some of the savages to his religion, and to the habits of civilized life; and others he pur-
suaded to bring their children to be trained in a yoke which they could not bear themselves.

On one occasion, a Utawa chief appeared before Pére Mésnard, with two girls, whom he had captured from the Iroquois, a fierce and powerful nation, most jealous of the encroachment of the French, and resolved to exclude from their territory the emissaries of the Catholic religion. The Utawa chief presented the children to the father, saying, "They are the daughters of my enemy—of Talasco, the mightiest chief of the Iroquois—the eagle of his tribe—he hates Christians—he calls them dogs—make his children Christians, and I shall be revenged." This was the only revenge at which the good father would have been accessory. He adopted the girls in the name of the church and St. Joseph, to whom he dedicated them, intending that, when they arrived at a suitable age to make voluntary vows, they should enroll themselves with the religieuses of the Hotel Dieu. They were baptized by the Christian names of Rosalie and Françoise. They lived in Pére Mésnard's cabin, and were strictly trained to the prayers and penances of the church. Rosalie was a natural devotee—the father has recorded surprising instances of her voluntary mortifications. When only twelve years old, she walked on the ice around an island, three miles in circumference, on her bare feet—she strewed her bed with thorns, and seared her forehead with a red-hot iron, that she might, as she said, bear the mark of the "slave of Jesus." The father magnifies the piety of Rosalie with the exultation of a true son of the church; yet, as a man, he appears to have felt far more tenderness for Françoise, whom he never names without some epithet, expressive of affection or piety. If Rosalie was like the sun-flower, that lives but to pay homage to a single object, Françoise resembled a luxuriant plant, that shoots out its flowers on every side, and imparts the sweetness of its perfumes to all who wander by. Pére Mésnard says she could not pray all the time—she loved to rove in the woods—to sit gazing on the rapids, singing the wild native songs for which the Iroquois are so much celebrated—she shunned all intercourse with the Utawas, because they were the enemies of her people. Pére Mésnard complains that she often evaded her penances; but, he adds, she never failed in her benevolent duties.

On one occasion, when the father had gone to the Cedars on a religious errand, Françoise entered the cabin hastily—Rosalie was kneeling before a crucifix. She rose at her sister's entrance, and asked her, with an air of rebuke, where she had been sauntering? Françoise said she had been to the sycamores, to get some plants to dye the quills for Julie's wedding moccasins.

"You think quite too much of weddings," replied Rosalie, "for one whose thoughts should be upon a heavenly marriage."

"I am not a nun yet," said Françoise; "but oh! Rosalie, Rosalie, it was not of weddings I was thinking; as I came through the wood, I heard voices whispering—our names were pronounced—not our Christian names, but those they called us by at Onmontagné."

"You surely dared not stop to listen," exclaimed her sister.

"I could not help it, Rosalie—it was our mother's voice."

An approaching footstep at this moment startled both the girls. They looked out, and beheld their mother, Genanhatenna, close to them. Rosalie sunk down before the crucifix—Françoise sprang to-
wards her mother, in the ecstasy of youthful and natural joy. Genanhatanna, after looking silently at her children for a few moments, spoke to them with all the energy of strong and irrepressible feeling. She entreated, she commanded them to return with her to their own people. Rosalie was cold and silent, but Françoise laid her head on her mother's lap, and wept bitterly. Her resolution was shaken, till Genanhatanna arose to depart, and the moment of decision could not be deferred; she then pressed the cross that hung at her neck to her lips, and said, "Mother, I have made a Christian vow, and must not break it."

"Come with me, then, to the wood," replied her mother; "if we must part, let it be there. Come quickly: the young chief Allewemi awaits me—he has ventured his life to attend me here. If the Utawas see him, their cowardly spirits will exult in a victory over a single man."

"Do not go," whispered Rosalie; "you are not safe beyond the call of our cabins." Françoise's feelings were in too excited a state to regard the caution, and she followed her mother. When they reached the wood, Genanhatanna renewed her passionate entreaties. "Ah! Françoise," she said, "they will shut you within stone walls, where you will never again breathe the fresh air—never hear the songs of birds, nor the dashing of waters. These Christian Utawas have slain your brothers; your father was the stateliest tree in our forests, but his branches are all lopped, or withered, and, if you return not, he perishes without a single scion from his stock. Alas! alas! I have borne sons and daughters, and I must die a childless mother."

Françoise's heart was touched. "I will—I will return with you, mother," she said; "only promise me that my father will suffer me to be a Christian."

"That I cannot, Françoise," replied Genanhatanna; "your father has sworn by the God Areouski,* that no Christian shall live among the Iroquois."

"Then, mother," said Françoise, summoning all her resolution, "we must part—I am signed with this holy sign (she crossed herself), and the daughter of Talasco should no longer waver."

"Is it so?" cried the mother, and, starting back from Françoise's offered embrace, she clapped her hands, and shrieked in a voice that rung through the wood; the shriek was answered by a wild shout, and in a moment after Talasco and the young Allewemi rushed on them. "You are mine," said Talasco; "in life and in death, you are mine." Resistance would have been vain. Françoise was placed between the two Indians, and hurried forward. As the party issued from the wood, they were met by a company of Frenchmen, armed, and commanded by a young officer, eager for adventure. He perceived at a glance Françoise's European dress—knew she must be a captive, and determined to rescue her. He levelled his musket at Talasco, Françoise sprang before her father, and shielded him with her own person, while she explained in French that he was her father. "Rescue me," she said, "but spare him—do not detain him—the Utawas are his deadly foes—they will torture him to death, and I, his unhappy child, shall be the cause of all his misery."

* The God of War of the Iroquois Indians.
Talasco said nothing. He had braced himself to the issue, whatever it might be, with savage fortitude. He disdained to sue for a life which it would have been his pride to resign without shuddering, and when the Frenchmen filed off to the right and left, and permitted him to pass, he moved forward without one look or word that indicated he was receiving a favour at their hands. His wife followed him. "Mother, one parting word," said Françoise, in a voice of tender appeal.

"One word," echoed Genanhatenna, pausing for an instant, "Yes, one word—vengeance. The day of your father's vengeance will come—I have heard the promise in the murmuring stream, and in the rushing wind—it will come."

Françoise bowed her head, as if she had been smitten, grasped her rosary, and invoked her patron saint. The young officer, after a moment's respectful silence, asked whether he should conduct her? "To Pére Mésnard's," she said. "Pére Mésnard's," reiterated the officer. "Pére Mésnard is my mother's brother, and I was on my way to him when I was so fortunate as to meet you."

The officer's name was Eugene Brunon. He remained for some days at St. Louis. Rosalie was engrossed in severe religious duties, preparatory to her removal to the convent. She did not see the strangers, and she complained that Françoise no longer participated her devotions. Françoise pleaded that her time was occupied with arranging the hospitalities of their scanty household; but, when she was released from this duty by the departure of Eugene, her spiritual taste did not revive. Eugene returned successful from the expedition, on which he had been sent by the government; then, for the first time, did Pére Mésnard perceive some token of danger, that St. Joseph would lose his votary; and when he reminded Françoise that he had dedicated her to a religious life, she frankly confessed that she and Eugene had reciprocally plighted their faith. The good father reproved, and remonstrated, and represented, in the strongest colours, "the sin of taking the heart from the altar, and devoting it to an earthly love;" but Françoise answered, that she could not be bound by vows she had not herself made. "Oh! father," she said, "let Rosalie be a nun and a saint—I can serve God in some other way."

"And you may be called to do so in a way, my child," replied the father, with solemnity, "that you think not of."

"And, if I am," said Françoise, smiling, "I doubt not, good father, that I shall feel the virtue of all your prayers and labours in my behalf."

This was the sportive reply of a light, unapprehensive heart, but it sank deeply into the father's mind, and was indelibly fixed there by subsequent circumstances. A year passed on—Rosalie was numbered with the black nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Eugene paid frequent visits to St. Louis, and Pére Mésnard, finding further opposition useless, himself administered the holy sacrament of marriage. Here the father pauses in his narrative, to eulogize the union of pure and loving hearts, and pronounces, that, next to a religious consecration, this is most acceptable to God.

The wearisome winter of Canada was past, summer had come forth in her vigour, and clothed with her fresh green the woods and valleys of St. Louis; the full Utawa had thrown off its icy mantle, and proclaimed its freedom in a voice of gladness. Pére Mésnard
had been, according to his daily custom, to visit the huts of his little flock. He stopped before the crucifix which he had caused to be erected in the centre of the village; he looked about upon the fields, prepared for summer crops; upon the fruit-trees, gay with "herald blossoms;" he saw the women and children busily at work in their little garden patches, and he raised his heart in devout thankfulness to God, who had permitted him to be the instrument of redeeming those poor savages from a suffering life. He cast his eye on the holy symbol, before which he knelt, and saw, or fancied he saw, a shadow flit over it. He thought it was a passing cloud, but when he looked upward, he perceived the sky was cloudless, and then he knew full well it was a presage of coming evil. But when he entered his own cabin, the sight of Françoise dispelled his gloomy presentiments. "Her face," he says, "was as bright and clear as the lake, when not a breath of wind was sweeping across it, and the clear sun shone upon it." She had, with her simple skill, been ornamenting a scarf for Eugene. She held it up to Père Mésnard, as he entered. "See father," she said, "I have finished it, and I trust Eugene will never have a wound to soil it. Hark," she added, "he will be here presently; I hear the chorus of his French boatmen swelling on the air." The good father would have said, "you think too much of Eugene, my child," but he could not bear to check the full tide of her youthful happiness, and he only said, with a smile, "when your bridal moon is in the wane, Françoise, I shall expect you to return to penance and prayers." She did not heed him, for, at that instant, she caught a glimpse of her husband, and bounded away, fleet as a startled deer, to meet him. Père Mésnard observed them, as they drew near the cabin. Eugene's brow was contracted, and though it relaxed for a moment, at the childish caresses of Françoise, it was evident, from his hurried step and disturbed mien, that he feared some misfortune. He suffered Françoise to pass in before him, and, unobserved by her, beckoned Père Mésnard. "Father," he said, "there is danger near. An Iroquois captive was brought into Montreal yesterday, who confessed that some of his tribe were out on a secret expedition. I saw strange canoes moored in the cove at Cedar Island—you must instantly return, with Françoise, in my boat, to Montreal." "What!" exclaimed the father, "think you that I will desert my poor lambs, at the moment the wolves are coming upon them?" "You cannot protect them, father," replied Eugene. "Then I will die with them." "Nay, father," urged Eugene, "be not so rash. Go—if not for your own sake, for my poor Françoise—what will become of her if we are slain? The Iroquois have sworn vengeance on her, and they are fierce and relentless as tigers. Go, I beseech you—every moment is winged with death! The boatmen are ordered to await you at Grassy Point. Take your way through the maple wood; I will tell Françoise that Rosalie has sent for her—that I will join her tomorrow—anything to hasten your departure." "Oh, my son, I cannot go: the true shepherd will not leave his sheep."

The good father continued inexorable, and the only alternative was to acquaint Françoise, and persuade her to depart alone. She positively refused to go without her husband. Eugene represented to her,
that he should be for ever disgraced, if he deserted a settlement under the protection of his government] at the moment of peril. "My life, Françoise," he said, "I would lay down for you—but my honour is a trust for you—for my country—I must not part with it." He changed his entreaties into commands.

"Oh, do not be angry with me," said Françoise; "I will go, but I do not fear to die here with you." She had scarcely uttered these words, when awful sounds broke on the air. "It is my father's war-whoop!" she cried; "St. Joseph aid us!—we are lost!"

"Fly! fly! Françoise," exclaimed Eugene, "to the maple wood, before you are seen."

Poor Françoise threw her arms around her husband, clung to him in one long, heart-breaking embrace, and then ran towards the wood. The terrible war-cry followed, and there mingled with it, as if shrilly whispered in her ear, "vengeance—the day of your father's vengeance will come." She attained the wood, and mounted a sheltered eminence, from which she could look back upon the green valley. She stopped for an instant. The Iroquois canoes had shot out of the island cove, and were darting towards St. Louis, like vultures, eager for their prey. The Utawas rushed from their huts, some armed with muskets, others simply with bows and arrows. Père Mésnard walked with a slow but assured step, towards the crucifix, and having reached it, he knelt, seemingly insensible to the gathering storm, and as calm as at his usual vesper prayer. "Oh," thought Françoise, "the first arrow will drink his life-blood." Eugene was everywhere at the same instant, urging some forward, and repressing others; and, in a few moments, all were marshalled in battle array around the crucifix.

The Iroquois had landed. Françoise forgot now her promise to her husband, forgot every thing in her intense interest in the issue of the contest. She saw Père Mésnard advance in front of his little host, and make a signal to Talasco. "Ah, holy father!" she exclaimed, "thou knowest not the eagle of his tribe—thou speakest words of peace to the whirlwind." Talasco drew his bow. Françoise sunk on her knees. "God of mercy, shield him," she cried. Père Mésnard fell, pierced by the arrow. The Utawas were panic struck. In vain Eugene urged them forward—in vain he commanded them to discharge their muskets. All, with the exception of five men, turned and fled. Eugene seemed determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The savages rushed on him and his brave companions with their knives and tomahawks. "He must die," exclaimed Françoise; and, instinctively, she rushed from her concealment. A yell of triumph apprised her that her father's band descried her—she faltered not—she saw her husband pressed on every side. "Oh spare him—spare him!" she screamed—"he is not your enemy." Her father darted a look at her—"a Frenchman!—a Christian!" he exclaimed, "and not my enemy," and turned again to his work of death. Françoise rushed into the thickest of the fray—Eugene uttered a faint scream at the sight of her. He had fought like a bloodhound, while he believed he was redeeming moments for her flight; but when the hope of saving her forsook him, his arms dropped nerveless, and he fell to the ground. Françoise sunk down beside him—she locked her arms around him, and laid her cheek to his. For one
moment her savage foes fell back, and gazed on her in silence—there was a chord in their natures that vibrated to a devotedness which triumphed over the fears of death; but their fierce passions were suspended only for a moment. Talasco raised his tomahawk—"Do not strike, father," said Françoise, in a faint calm voice, "he is dead."

"Then let him bear the death-scar," replied the unrelenting savage, and with one stroke he clove her husband's head asunder. One long loud shriek pealed on the air, and Françoise sunk into an utter unconsciousness as the mangled form she clasped. The work of destruction went on—the huts of the Utawas were burned, and women and children perished in one indiscriminate slaughter.

The father relates that he was passed, wounded and disregarded, in the fury of the assault—that he remained in a state of insensibility till midnight, when he found himself lying by the crucifix, with a cup of water, and an Indian cake beside him. He seems at a loss whether to impute this succour to his saint, or to some compassionate Iroquois. He languished for a long time in a state of extreme debility, and when he recovered, finding every trace of cultivation obliterated from St. Louis, and the Utawas disposed to impute their defeat to the enervating effect of his peaceful doctrines, he determined to penetrate further into the wilderness, faithfully to sow the good seed, and to leave the harvest to the Lord of the field. In his pilgrimage, he met with an Utawas girl, who had been taken from St. Louis with Françoise, and who related to him all that had happened to his beloved disciple, after her departure, till she arrived at Onmontague, the chief village of the Iroquois.

For some days she remained in a state of torpor, and was borne on the shoulders of the Indians. Her father never spoke to her—never approached her; but he permitted Allewemi to render her every kindness. It was manifest, that he intended to give his daughter to this young chieftain. When they arrived at Onmontague, the tribe came out to meet them, apparelled in their garments of victory, consisting of beautiful skins and mantles of feathers, of the most brilliant colours. They all saluted Françoise, but she was as one deaf, and dumb, and blind. They sung their songs of greeting and of triumph, and the deep voice of the old chief, Talasco, swelled the chorus. Françoise's step did not falter, nor her cheek blanch; her eyes were cast down, and her features had the fixedness of death.—Once, indeed, when she passed her mother's hut, some tender recollection of her childhood seemed to move her spirit, for tears were seen to steal from beneath her eyelids. The wild procession moved on to the green, a place appropriated in every Indian village to councils and sports. The Indians formed a circle around an oak-tree—the ancients were seated—the young men stood respectfully without the circle. Talasco arose, and, drawing from his bosom a roll, he cut a cord that bound it, and threw it on the ground. "Brothers and sons," he said, "behold the scalps of the Christian Utawas!—their bodies are moulderling on the sands of St. Louis—thus perish all the enemies of the Iroquois. Brothers, behold my child, the last of the house of Talasco. I have uprooted her from the strange soil where our enemies had planted her; she shall be reset in the warmest valley of the Iroquois, if she marries the young chief, Allewemi, and abjures that sign," and he touched with the point of his knife the crucifix that
hung at Françoise’s neck. He paused for a moment, Françoise did not raise her eyes, and he added, in a voice of thunder, “Hear me, child: if thou dost not again link thyself in the chain of thy people—if thou dost not abjure that badge of thy slavery to the Christian dogs, I will sacrifice thee, as I swore before I went forth to battle; I will sacrifice thee to the god Areouski. Life and death are before thee—speak.”

Françoise calmly arose, and, sinking on her knees, she raised her eyes to heaven, pressed the crucifix to her lips, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead. Talasco’s giant frame shook like a trembling child, while he looked at her—for one brief moment the flood of natural affection rolled over his fierce passions, and he uttered a piercing cry, as if a life-cord were severed; but after one moment of agony, the sight of which made the old men’s heads to shake, and the young eyes to overflow with tears, he brandished his knife, and commanded the youths to prepare the funeral pile. A murmur arose among the old men.

“Nay, Talasco,” said one of them, “the tender sapling should not be so hastily condemned to the fire. Wait till the morning’s sun—suffer thy child to be conveyed to Genaunatenna’s hut—the call of the mother bird may bring the wanderer back to the nest.”

Françoise turned impetuously towards her father, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, “Oh do not—do not send me to my mother—this only mercy I ask of you—I can bear any other torture. Pierce me with those knives, on which the blood of my husband is scarcely dry—consume me with your fires—I will not shrink from any torment—a Christian martyr can endure as firmly as the proudest captive of your tribe.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the old man, exultingly, “the pure blood of the Iroquois runs in her veins—prepare the pile—the shadows of this night shall cover her ashes.”

While the young men were obeying the command, Françoise beckoned to Allwemi. “You are a chieftain,” she said, “and have power: release that poor Utawa’s child from her captivity—send her to my sister, Rosalie, and let her say to her, that if an earthly love once came between me and Heaven, the sin is expiated: I have suffered more in a few hours—in a few moments, than all her sisterhood can suffer by long lives of penance. Let her say, that in my extremity I denied not the cross, but died courageously.” Allwemi promised all she asked, and faithfully performed his promise.

A child of faith—a martyr, does not perish without the ministry of celestial spirits. The expression of despair vanished from Françoise’s face. A supernatural joy beamed from her eyes, which were cast upwards—her spirit seemed eager to spring from its prison-house—she mounted the pile most cheerfully, and, standing erect and undaunted, “Happy am I,” she exclaimed, “thus permitted to die in my own country, and by the hand of my kindred, after the example of my Saviour, who was nailed to the cross by his own people.” She then pressed the crucifix to her lips, and signed to her executioners, to put fire to the pile. They stood motionless with the firebrands in their hands. Françoise appeared to be a voluntary sacrifice, not a victim.

Her father was maddened by her victorious constancy. He leaped
upon the pile, and, tearing the crucifix from her hands, he drew his
knife from his girdle, and made an incision on her breast in the form
of a cross. "Behold!" he said, the sign thou lovest—the sign of
thy league with thy father's enemies—the sign that made thee deaf
to the voice of thy kindred!"

"Thank thee, my father!" replied Françoise, with a triumphant
smile; "I might have lost the cross thou hast taken from me, but
this which thou hast given me, I shall bear even after death."
The pile was fired—the flames curled upwards—and the IRO-
QUOISE MARTYR perished.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION AS IT NOW STANDS.

After years of suffering—of effort to make that suffering less—
and of disappointment which has been the result of those efforts—it
would be an affection unworthy of themselves, and of their cause,
if the Catholics should, from a mistaken feeling of delicacy, let any
inducement prevent them from urging their claims whenever an op-
portunity of doing so presents itself. It is because such an opportu-
nity now occurs, that these observations are offered. Whenever the
British nation is menaced with, not to say involved in, a war, the
situation of Ireland becomes no less critical than interesting.
The alarum of war is now sounding, and the Catholics will be called
to bear their part in a conflict, the object of which is, to insure the
tranquillity of Europe; the establishment of universal freedom; the
equal diffusion of the privileges of society; and the destruction of that
mischievous principle, which seeks to interfere with the liberty of
thought and opinion. They will cheerfully obey that call, because
these are things, the value of which they know and appreciate, not
the less because they are precluded from enjoying them:—but is not
this the moment which, of all others, should be most auspicious for
appealing to the honour and the justice of England in their behalf?
That part of the population of Great Britain which forms a distin-
guished feature,—and it may justly be said not less distinguished than
important,—in her military establishment, is entitled, at all times, to
consideration and regard. In peace, they ought to enjoy, as they do,
the respect to which their past services entitle them: in war, their ex-
ertions for the present defence of interests which are equally dear to
all the nation, ought to procure for them the sympathy and the affec-
tion of all men. As far as kindly feeling, in all the social inter-
courses of life, extends, no one can deny that the Catholics, whether
of Ireland or England, do enjoy the benefit of these feelings. There
is no society in which their general and individual merits are not readily
acknowledged; because, in society, the distinctions of religion are neither
felt nor understood. That refined spirit of good breeding, which is
nothing more than a familiar display of good sense and Christian feel-
ing, knows no difference as to the sects or classes into which the re-
ligious world may be divided:—it precludes the possibility of Roman
Catholics perceiving that any prejudice exists against them; and, but
for the prominent political view into which the question of their claims
is too often brought, the great majority of the better orders of the
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people of England would neither know nor inquire whether their friends and their guests are of the same opinion in matters of faith as themselves. The existence of this spirit of cordiality is one of the most forcible reasons why there should be extended to the Catholics all that justice, and they, demand; and a practical proof, satisfactory beyond all cavil, that such an extension would be as safe as it is just; because, if there were danger, either intended or resulting necessarily, from the admission of Catholics into the privileges (since by so odious a name they must be called) of the community, they would have been long ago felt, and a remedy would have been applied by a sort of general consent; and, as all men are interested in the preservation of their domestic tranquillity, and have the means within their own power of effecting it, an exclusion like that which is politically exercised against Catholics would have been set up in all the occasions of ordinary life. The only conclusion to which an honest mind, then, can come is, that the Catholics, having deserved, and actually enjoying without abuse on their part, and without suspicion on the part of others, the same rights and privileges as the rest of the community, in matters which are the most dear and important to all men, are also entitled to, and would exercise as wisely, and temperately, and honestly, any other trust or power which should be put into their hands.

But the opponents of the Catholics, who, few as they are, make up in malignity what they want in force, and who, having had the cunning to enlist on their side all the worst feelings, the blindest prejudices, and the most degrading suspicions, of the unthinking and uninformed—fit weapons for such hands as theirs—set up a distinction between the social and political privileges of society, and admitting, as they are forced to do, the right of Catholics to the former, deny, that, for the same reasons or for any other, they have equal claim to the latter. With a casuistry which is well enough fitted to support a bad cause, but which the advocates of a good one would disdain, they set up a principle of distinction, involving a point from which they know that conscientious Catholics cannot swerve; and being convinced, that for no good, however desirable—to accomplish no object, however dear and valuable it may seem—will Catholics be induced to abandon a fundamental principle of their religion, they say, with an inhuman coolness, which should characterize demons rather than men, "do this, which honesty and virtue forbid you to do—pay us this price, which shall beggar you in your own estimation, and in that of all the world—degrade yourselves down to the point at which our malice would be delighted to see you, and we will give you that boon which you have craved so earnestly, and so long." The indignant refusal of the Catholics to accept, upon such terms, that which they claim, and will receive as a right, or not at all, is known to the admiring and sympathizing world.

But let us see a little further, what is the nature of the condition which these Christian men propose, before they will do an act of simple justice. They do not venture to put it on the score of religion. In this nineteenth century it would be somewhat too late—too rash, even for their daring, to make religious opinion the ground for excluding the Catholics. They say, that it is inconsistent with the spirit of the British constitution—that it would impair its integrity, and destroy that nice and accurate balance by which it is upheld, to admit
to a participation in its advantages men, who, if they do not deny the authority of the king, profess only a divided or imperfect allegiance to him, because the perfect allegiance is one of the main props and principles of the British constitution. Good, pious, charitable people, as they are, they say it grieves them to the heart, to find that there is this insuperable obstacle to the admission of Catholics—they would, it were otherwise; but, parroting the bold reply of the patriotic barons of England—the Catholic barons of England, to their tyrant king, they say, they must not change the laws of the realm—a most hypocritical pretext, and as false as the hearts by which it is dictated.

—What is there, let us ask, in the allegiance which is professed by the subjects of England to their monarch, that makes it different from that of every other people? A monarchy cannot exist without an allegiance of the people to the head; a commonwealth would be destroyed unless an allegiance similar in spirit and effect should be observed to the laws and the authorities constituted by them. Allegiance, then, is rather an incident to every description of constitution, than a peculiar characteristic of that of England. The ease with which that allegiance which consists only in oaths is put off, whenever civil commotions arise in a state, is notorious; the little disgrace which follows the infraction of those pledges, when rebellion becomes successful, and is called revolution, proves the sense entertained by the world in general of them. But, if allegiance means the faithful, firm, and fervent attachment of a people to the laws and liberties of their country—a feeling so deeply rooted in their hearts, that neither vicissitudes, nor oppression, nor degradation can change it—the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who decline to pledge their allegiance in the terms dictated to them by their enemies, will point to the proofs they have given of their loyalty, and show that they have maintained, steadily, their allegiance by the sacrifice of their blood—by deeds of patient heroism and valour; and that they have resisted all the temptations and inducements which a sense of unmerited wrongs, daily recurring and increasing, have held out to them. This is an allegiance which no one can misunderstand, and which is worth all the mouth-honour and protestations which ever were, or can be devised, by human ingenuity, to bind the consciences of men.

And it is in the face of these proofs that the enemies of the Catholics set up their opposition to claims so just as those which are preferred. They say that, as the Catholics hold the pope to be the supreme authority in all matters spiritual, it would be improper to admit persons who profess a doctrine so fraught with mischief to the English constitution, to share its advantages. Do they forget that the Catholics of the United States of America, of Prussia, and other states, are as good subjects as the Protestants, and that the Protestants in a Catholic country are known and acknowledged to be as peaceable as all the other members of the community. In what part of the globe is there, at this moment, or for the last century has there been, any attempt to increase the power of the pope? How can such a question be asked, or answered, gravely? And why is not the grand Lama of Thibet as formidable, for all political purposes, as the sovereign pontiff of the Vatican? But, absurd as the objection is, the persons by whom it is invented know it is one which can never be overcome by Catholics. They know that such is the power of religious opinions
over the human mind, that, when they are once conscientiously taken up, no power of persuasion, no human force, can weaken or remove them. Are not all the histories of all the persecutions for conscience sake, which have disgraced the world from its beginning to the present time, so many irrefragable proofs of this fact? And is not the opinion of the Catholics on this point purely a principle of conscientious belief—notwithstanding the insidious attempts of their enemies to make the opposition seem less odious, by calling it only political? Is not the answer which has been given, over and over again, by Catholics, as well of the clergy as of the laity—and never more distinctly nor emphatically than in the late examination before the Committee of the House of Lords—sufficient? Do not the witnesses disclaim, in terms too clear to admit of doubt, too honest and explicit to cover any evasion, that, in all matters that involve the duty of the people of England to their monarch, the power of the pope is inferior to his? But their enemies repeat then the falsehood, often contradicted, and often disproved, that such sayings are not held binding by Catholics; and the accused point to their fetters, and ask why they are not broken, since a breath will break them—but that such breath must be fashioned into a lie, which their hearts disown.

Why should more time be consumed in stating the existing position of the question?—but that the utmost publicity ought to be given to the reasons which are alleged in support of the opposition made by the anti-Catholic party—that the truth should be exhibited as openly as possible—that men of candid minds may judge for themselves—and that misrepresentations shall not go forth unaccompanied by their refutation. If it were not for these considerations, and that further one, that no man who feels on the subject should be backward in expressing his conviction, the present labour might seem to be thrown away. The day, however, must come when the unholy bonds shall be broken; and the belief that such a day is at hand prompts the present appeal. The question is not whether this or that dogma is inculcated by priests—but whether any dogma shall have the force to exclude a large and meritorious portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain from participating in the blessings of the constitution which they help to support.

Can, then, any time be more fitting than the present for the performance of a duty which humanity and justice, not less than sound policy, dictate. Menaces are out of the question, for when the weaker party threaten the stronger, the chances of their never agreeing become greater, and the precise object in dispute is sure to seem more important than before. It is not, then, from any danger that may happen from the defection of the Catholics of Ireland in the event of a war—although that defection must be an evil seriously felt in England—that their emancipation is to be urged; but it is because the eyes of all the world are upon England—because she enters upon a war for the support of principles of general freedom—for the maintenance of old promises—and to put down the tyranny and despotism of an odious and enslaving government—that this becomes, of all others, the most fit time for her to do justice to Ireland. In what way can she more satisfactorily prove that she is earnest in her love of freedom, than by taking the unjust fetters from so large a portion of her people as the Catholics form? How can she show her honesty
and earnestness in redeeming an ancient pledge, better than by performing tardily, but opportunely, the promise, solemnly made and repeated, of giving freedom and happiness to Catholic Ireland?—How can she evince her real hatred of the government of Spain, more strongly than by renouncing the system of persecution, for the sake of opinion, which she has so long kept up towards the whole of the Catholic population. The hour has arrived for doing a great act of mercy and justice, and which can now be done with no less credit to England than with advantage to Ireland—when there exists no other necessity for it than the necessity which always exists—that right should be done; and when an applauding world will do homage to the glorious spectacle of the voluntary sacrifice of prejudice on the altar of freedom.

ROADSIDE SKETCHES, BY A WALKING GENTLEMAN.—NO. I.

The Freeholders.—A Tale of Yesterday.

"Good heavens! what sorrows gloomed that parting day, That call’d them from their native walks away; When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, Hung round their homes, and fondly look’d their last; And took a long farewell, and wish’d in vain. For seats like these beyond the western main." GOLDSMITH.

Your travellers, ancient and modern, are sad fellows. They drive along in a chaise from one city to another; talk to the coachman, while passing through the country; and converse with the waiter, while stopping at the hotels; and, having made the circuit of a certain province, return home to describe the manners and the people they have not seen. Yet the world has been apparently satisfied with this information; the inquirer, with his feet on a spungy rug, his body indolently reclining on a stuffed arm-chair, a cheerful fire before him, and sparkling champagne at his elbow, peruses the lucubrations of loco-motive machines called travellers, and, poor creature! fancies he is studying man; imagines, foolishly indeed, that he is acquiring a knowledge of foreign parts—a knowledge of his own country; and concludes, that it is quite unnecessary for him to employ his own senses, to judge for himself, or question the veracity of his informants. Perhaps, it is cruel to disturb the self-satisfaction of the world on this point, to say anything that can place it on the rack of doubt, or schismatically undermine the orthodox belief of those who are firmly persuaded that women go naked in Connaught; that Scotchmen are comfortable in their own country; that the English peasantry are the happiest and most enlightened in the world; that Frenchmen devour nothing but frogs; that the Italians are all fiddlers; that canibalism is frequent where Europeans have never been; in one word, that there is no people in the world so good, so kind, so enlightened, so pious, and so liberal as ourselves.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But still, for the soul of me, I must speak as I think; I must tell your parlour inquirers that they know nothing about the world they
live in; that the romance of real life, and its miseries too, exist in
their own as well as in other countries; and that, if they wish to be
disabused of their ignorance, they will consult the sketch-book of
one who, like me, has been a walking gentleman for the last eighteen
years, six months, and sixteen days. During that period I have been
customarily on foot; I have explored all the by-ways, the hidden
recesses of man throughout Europe; I have studiously avoided cities
(everybody knows what they are), and confined my observations and
researches to the country. I have travelled without a compass, almost
without a motive; in the words of the old song, "Where fancy led me,
I did go;" at cross-roads I never deliberated, but always took that
one which looked most inviting, which had the largest share of trees,
or opened on the most picturesque objects; I was certain it led to
human habitations, and that was enough; whether they were kind,
or disobligeing, or hospitable, or unfriendly, it mattered not. I
wanted to see the lights and shades of rural life, and I have seen
them. Attend to my road-side sketches.

My pedestrian tour commenced in the "loveliest isle of the Ocean;"
and, in a few days after quitting the town of ———, I found myself
walking along a by-way in the most secluded part of a southern
county. It was the feast of St. John, which usually takes place
about Midsummer. Every thing seemed blessing and blessed: there
was no hum of industry; the very kine seemed to refrain from lowing,
and the lambs desisted from their bleatings. The sun, glorious in
his meridian splendour, seemed poised in self-satisfaction, benignantly,
in all the expression of solemn silence, signifying approval of that
animated world to which he had given life and loveliness. The
plants, and shrubs, and flowers, sent forth in one volume of incense
their ten thousand odours, and I did feel happy, proud, grateful, in
being permitted to enjoy, to look upon, such a day, such a scene.
The smoke, blue and curling, shot up in perpendicular columns, amid
the stillness of the atmosphere, from the chimneys of the comfortably
thatched farm-houses around; while the habitations of the poorer
peasantry sent forth a less bulky indication of the culinary process
which was going on within. These tokens of human wants and hu-
man comforts bespoke a considerable population, but no human
being could I see. Now and then I encountered a spavined horse, a sleek pig, or a fettered goat, who, satiated with an abun-
dance of food, seemed moralizing beneath the shade, and a graver
animal than a cart-horse on a holy day I never looked upon. It was
impossible to pass by such a philosopher without reverentially stop-
ping to question his thoughts; but, cynic like, dreading or hating
obstruction upon his meditations, he generally averted his head, and
gave other indications of displeasure. Yet, thought I, he cannot be
a misanthrope; nothing that lives or moves could be unhappy on
such a day as this.

In obtaining a small elevation, a retired village became visible;
and, seeing a slated building in the form of a T, I rightly concluded
that I was not far from a house of prayer. Reminded thus that I,
too, had need of communing with the great Father of all, I hurried
on; but the forms, now visible, of girls and women—rustic cooks—
perched on walls and ditches, with eyes directed towards the village,
gave assurance that the hour had arrived when it was usual for mass
The Freeholders.

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to be concluded; or, rather, that it was time for the people to have acquired their appetites. There was cause of self-reproach in all this, and I involuntarily hastened my steps; but, by the time I reached the entrance-gate, the people were rushing out of the chapel, some in such haste, that the act of blessing commenced inside was concluded in the yard. Still there was no apparent cause for this, beyond the pressure of the crowd; and many of those who were forced out, eagerly returned to receive some of that holy water which some pious person showered in handfuls from the urn, like the dews of heaven, indiscriminately on all.

In a few minutes, the chapel was emptied into the grass-covered yard before the door; but there was an appearance of seriousness on the countenances of all present, at variance with the usual cheerfulness of a country congregation: there was no hearty recognition; no vacant laugh; they addressed each other, as they stood in groups, with an earnestness that bespoke an important business in which all were concerned; it spoke of calamity—of suffering; and I could see, by the glared eye, red with recent weeping, the hands involuntarily uplifted and spasmodically closed, the woe-begone aspect, and the twitching of the nerves of the countenance, that, though all felt, some felt—had cause to feel, more acutely than others. About these the remainder were collected, apparently offering consolation or services, but with only partial effect; for, in a short time, a burst of inexpressible grief, astounding and fearful, rent the air. The women shrieked dreadfully, while the clapping of the hands gave their anguish a heart-rending effect. It awakened all my sympathy, all my sorrow; perhaps, the more intensely, as it assailed me so suddenly and so unexpectedly. It was in a hallowed place, and after an act of religious resignation; and it was in a part, the only part of Ireland, where it was supposed the people were peculiarly and happily relieved from those oppressions which ground down their countrymen. I saw very plainly, notwithstanding their grief, that I was an object of some curiosity, but there was nothing suspicious or obtrusive in it; and, as I derived a certain kind of pleasure from the curiosity which the scene and the people excited within me—as it was a kind of mystery, I did not seek to unravel it immediately, by making inquiries, or soliciting explanation. I looked on in pity; I knew I could afford no consolation.

The cries of the women were continued uninterruptedly until the priest, mounted on a good horse, made his appearance through a back gate. He was a reverend-looking gentleman, somewhat above forty, tall, and well-looking; his countenance like that of most of his holy profession in Ireland, indicating a subdued but cheerful spirit, while it bespoke a large benevolence, in which the miserable might take refuge, and encounter no disappointment. He looked as if he participated in the feelings of his flock; and such was the effect of his consoling presence, that the clamours of the poor people subsided on his approach, and all followed him down the road, as I supposed had been previously arranged. I could not resist joining the mournful train; I pursued their footsteps with a curiosity highly excited.

The minute subdivision of the land on each side of the road bespoke a somewhat dense population, while the appearance of the little
fields bore evidence to the care with which they were cultivated. Their habitations were homely-looking, but, like the dress of the people, they were of home manufacture, unostentatiously warm and comfortable. There was certainly but little appearance of wealth, according to an Englishman's acceptation of the term, but then there was no indication whatever of squalid poverty, and its concomitants, sickly countenances and ragged clothes.

An hour's walk brought us to an extensive plain, bounded on one side by a large sheet of water, neither lake nor river, but partaking largely of both, and on the other by an arm of the ocean; to the right appeared a large tract of land, in a state of complete nudity. The harvest had been prematurely cut and carried off; there were no cattle grazing on the fields; and even the numerous white-washed cottages with which it was studded sent forth no cheerful smoke; they looked deserted. The land itself seemed to have been some of the very worst; and, judging from the stubble, the scanty crop owed all its value to the hand of the cultivator. Still there was something agreeable in the scene, barren as it now looked. The neat habitations, the rising trees about them, and the little bosheens, shaded with furze, that led up to them, were so many pictures of rustic plenty, which the eye loved to look upon; and "a walking gentleman," less fanciful than I was, could not fail to connect these objects with a thousand delightful associations. Unsophisticated love, the joys of happy wedded life, the pure serenity of domestic blessedness, must have found here a home; and what hand would be daring—atrocious enough, to dislodge such a mass of human happiness, to eject the deserving inmates from this comparative Eden? The thought hardly obtruded itself, the thing seemed too improbable to be dwelt upon; yet, what occasioned the novel movement of the people? Why was the harvest prematurely cut down? Why was the cheerful fire quenched on the happy hearth?

Before I could answer these queries, or make any inquiries respecting them, the crowd came to a full stop: a person was seen running in breathless haste towards them, and, when within hearing, he exclaimed, "They're comin'!" "Who?" "The yeomen, an' Sir Lucius 'imself, an' a hundred bum-bailies!" This news was electrical: the women clapped their hands, and screamed violently; many old men looked resignedly, and many a young one cast his eyes, unconscious of the pearly tears that stood tremulously in them, wishfully on the home of his childhood. "My good people," said the venerable clergyman, riding into the midst of them, "remember the words I spoke to you from the altar, and behave like obedient Christians under all your trials; offer no resistance, let the law take its course, and commit yourselves to the care of Heaven." It was pious counsel, and was instantly acquiesced in; though I could not help thinking, that many an honest heart there would rather have listened to a less friendly advice. Revenge, for an instant, seemed to hover over the curled lip; but the words and presence of the good pastor effectually prevented it from entering into the bosoms of the people.

Immediately, columns of dust in the horizon gave notice of the approach of a considerable cavalcade, and presently, an armed party, horse and foot, of some hundreds, made its appearance. The
moment they came within view, an instantaneous movement of the people took place: they dispersed in all directions towards the different houses, which they hastily entered, and as hastily left, bearing in their hands some article of furniture, generally a bed, in all likelihood the last article that could be removed, in consequence of the unwillingness of the people to sleep out of their own houses while they were yet standing. The confusion which all this occasioned seemed either to have been misinterpreted by the sub-sheriff and his party, or they wished to aggravate the misfortune of those they came to eject; for, on perceiving the movement of the people, they quickened their pace, and instantly surrounded a little cottage, evidently the most lonely and less comfortable in the neighbourhood. The peasantry, busy about their own immediate concerns, took no notice until startled by a red blaze, that now glared in the face of the midday sun. The effect was simultaneous on the whole populace, scattered as they were over a considerable district: they stood for a moment, as if petrified and inactive from astonishment; and then, at once, sent forth a thrilling cry of inexpressible horror. "Murder! Murder!" uttered with maniac force, in all the seeming impossibility of mortal strength, filled the air; while every one, as if moved by a similar impulse, rushed towards the wretched cabin, from whose sooty roof the flames now rose higher and higher.

I found myself, I know not how or wherefore, in the midst of the rushing crowd, though, at the instant, I anticipated nothing less than bloodshed. Sir Lucius and his party were of my mind; for they immediately confronted us in hostile array: the words, "Ready!" "Present!" were delivered, and the guns were levelled, when the desire of personal security, operating upon all alike, suddenly checked our progress. Still, the cry of "Murder!" continued: all pointed to the burning cottage, and all spoke at once—a perfect Babel of incoherence. I anxiously sought to make out the meaning of their frenzy; and at length thought I had discovered that some helpless object lay within the cabin, now enveloped in flames. The idea was terrible—the instinctive feelings of humanity were awakened within me; but, before I could act myself, or call upon others to act with me, a young peasant, with the swiftness of an eagle, flew past me. The cry of reproach was converted into a cheer, long and loud: the yeomanry stood astounded; and, ere they could grapple the intruder, he passed through an opening in their ranks, and in an instant had penetrated the dense column of flame and smoke, which the cabin-door, like a furnace-chimney, incessantly vomited forth.

The moment he became invisible, a prayer—needful and becoming—was on the lips of all; but the moment he again became visible, and his absence was too short to be computed, the air was literally rent with the cries of gladness. Ignorant as I was with the merits of the case, it thrilled delightfully through my frame. The adventurous youth bore a large bundle, apparently of bed clothes, in his arms, which he carefully deposited on the ground, and then hastily began to unfold them. "She's safe, thank God!" piously exclaimed an old man next me. "Who?" I inquired. "His mother—Ned Kelly's mother—the poor bed-ridden crethur;" and the emaciated figure of the mother, whom Ned had piously rescued from the flames, became now visible to all. The young man, having freed her from all incumbrances,
raised her once more in his arms, and carried her towards his friends, who now rushed to meet him; the yeomen and officers, somewhat alarmed at their own temerity, no longer opposing their bayonets. The females took the dying creature under their protection; while Ned, as if unconscious of the worth of his achievement, stood, wondering at the blessings and laudations which were profusely and deservedly heaped upon his head.

Amidst these gratulations, however, there were curses, not loud, but deep, poured upon the authors of the conflagration, who were viewed by the peasantry with looks that indicated any thing but friendly sentiments. The fire that burned within them, needed but a slight effort to be aroused into a flame, were it not for the damping presence of the priest, who sat on his horse composedly listening to a young man who was giving an account of the recent event. I listened attentively; and soon learnt that the poor woman who was so timely rescued from the flames, was the widow of a man recently dead; that her son had gone that morning to town, for medicines, and had providentially returned in time to save the life of his only surviving parent. The speaker gave it as his opinion, that the yeomanry had come to consume all the cabins in the three town-lands, and that they had commenced with widow Kelly's, unconscious of any one being within.

I should have heard more particulars, now peculiarly interesting to me, from an inquisitive curiosity for which I was ever remarkable, were it not for a loud voice speaking behind me. I suddenly turned round, and beheld the comely figure of a rather well-looking gentleman, on horseback. He held a small pamphlet in his hand, out of which he was reading; and I had not long lent an attentive ear before I was apprized that it was the Riot Act! The priest appears to have been aware of this fact about the same time; for, interrupting the magistrate with a good-humoured, but expressive smile, he said, "Sir Lucius Smallcock, you'll excuse me, but you are taking unnecessary trouble; I am here to insure a peaceable conduct amongst my flock."

"And I," retorted Sir Lucius, sneeringly, "am here to compel it."

The priest made a low bow, checked the reins of the bridle, and his horse, obedient to a well-known indication, moved on. The people followed him, but I remained contemplating the burning cottage; its frail roof did not long resist the devouring element, but, ere it fell, the fire had communicated to an ancient thorn-tree—the only sylvan object near the house. The green leaves, however, successfully resisted the flames; the branches were blackened—disfigured, but they were not burnt; and it gave me no small satisfaction to see the gothic fury defeated even in one instance. Next to human beings, I love trees best; I cannot exactly account for this partiality, but it was owing to it that I continued looking at this solitary, ill-used thorn, while Sir Lucius and his satellites were thrusting the barbarous brand into the combustible roofs of the neighbouring cottages. The business of destruction went rapidly on, and in less than fifteen minutes the whole neighbourhood presented the revolting picture of a country apparently just entered by a revengeful and hostile army. The cries of the women and children were the most piteous I had ever heard—they fell upon the ear like the last accents of despair;
and he would have been more than man not to sympathise in the misery of these poor peasants, and shed a tear at their fate.

The work of destruction was soon accomplished; the towering flame died away into a thick column of smoke; and the sooty particles settled into an opake canopy above the scene, impregnating the very air with a distaste which all around seemed to feel. Their duty performed, the sub-sheriff and Sir Lucius, with their myrmidons, departed, casting, as they passed, a look of triumph on those they had left houseless. The poor people, subdued in spirit, and hopeless of redress, dried up their tears, collected the remnants of their little furniture, and slowly quitted the frightful scene, casting many a "longing look behind." I was soon left alone on the field of desolation, the solitary spectator of this truly "deserted village."

It was impossible to quit the neighbourhood without making some inquiries respecting the cruel transaction I had witnessed, and it was not long before I had my curiosity satisfied. Only twelve months before, and the county of—— did not contain more happy or contented inhabitants than the honest simple peasantry of Ballyhearty, Mooretown, and Killscorn. The ground, to be sure, was none of the best; the rent was high, and the taxes severe; but the people were frugal and industrious, and, by application and good management, overcame not only the sterility of the soil, but the more difficult matter—a high rent. Originally, the land was a mere common, a patch here and there cultivated, but still apparently without a proprietor. Sir Lucius Smallcocks, however, had no sooner obtained possession of his estate, than he laid claim to this neglected district, and undertook to make forty-shilling freeholders of all who would undertake to pay him 30s. an acre for small portions of the ground. Enormous as this rent was, he found tenants; the career of Buonaparte had given a new impulse to agriculture; and, as high prices and small farms are composed of repelling qualities, the poor cottiers were every where rapidly being dis-inherited. The "honour" of being privileged to vote for a member to serve in Parliament had but little attraction for men who wanted land, not representatives. Sir Lucius, however, wanted freeholders, and, though he got about three times the value of his wretched ground, he affected all the assurance of a patron, and pretended to have conferred lasting obligations on his Ballyhearty tenantry. The poor people, though slow to discover the beneficence of Sir Lucius, were nevertheless perfectly obedient to his wishes. They voted at each successive election just as he prescribed, and never dreamt that they were offending against good morals or their country, by so doing, until the St. John's eve previous to that on which they found themselves on the point of being dis-inherited.

On that evening, previous to lighting the bonfire, as Billy Kelly was sitting beneath the venerable thorn which grew opposite his door, he observed a man on horseback moving down the little bosheen. Billy stood up—for the occurrence was rather unusual—and, after spying rather curiously through an opening in the bushes, he became convinced that he was about to be honoured with a visit from Master Gorman, of Grange-Gorman. This young gentleman, for he had only just returned from the lay-college, at Carlow, was heir to a long pedigree, several Irish MSS. relating to the forfeited estates of his an-
cestors, and a very tolerable quantity of family pride. His rent-roll had been sadly defaced, and even, if report spoke true, Grange-Gorman lay under the incumbrance of several lengthy parchments, fairly engrossed, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the form of mortgages. Still Master Gorman held his head as high as the best of them, and there was not a youth in the whole county, "gentle or simple," who had more of the fervent good wishes of the people. He was a fine figure of a man, full of courage, spoke the people fair; and, to complete the attributes of a popular favourite, he was one of the "old stock,"—one of the "right sort,"—he was a Catholic.

Master Edward Gorman was a great admirer—who is not?—of Ireland, and had read her annals carefully. Keating he could almost repeat verbatim; but the historian who pleased him best was that prince of national writers, the Rev. Mr. Taaffe. From his recondite, and sometimes curiously amusing pages, he imbibed additional draughts of patriotism, without at all diminishing his hatred of his country's oppressors.

This morning he had been perusing one of his favourite volumes, when the servant boy returned from town, bringing with him the County Herald. The leading article dwelt on local politics, and referred to its advertising columns in proof of the near approach of a general election. Casting his eye over the motley page, as directed, Gorman discovered that the county of ——— was to be contested. Sir Lucius Smallecock led the van, hoped the county would not be disturbed, and, after modestly dwelling on his own merits, assured noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders, that he was an unflinching champion of "church and state, as by law established." Following him, a Mr. Cockle appealed to the independent portion of the freeholders; called upon them to prevent their "fine county" from being degraded into a "Grampound," and concluded by declaring himself the champion of "civil and religious liberty."

Gorman had no difficulty in deciding which candidate was entitled to his interest. Their talents were pretty much on a par—both perfectly valueless; but, then, they announced themselves advocates of very opposite measures, and belonged to families which invariably pursued very different courses. Mr. Cockle was—and deservedly too—Gorman's favourite; and, considering his influence in that part of the country, he was a partisan by no means to be despised. So thought Mr. Farrell, Mr. Cockle's agent; for Edward had time to peruse both addresses only half-a-dozen times each, when that gentleman was announced. He was all bustle, evidently moving in a new character—a new element; but still his confident assurance supplied the want of professional tact. Fluent, like most Irish agents, and by no means deficient in "blarney," he soon settled his business with the youthful proprietor of Grange-Gorman. What passed—O'Farrell spoke so much, and so rapidly—Edward could never distinctly recollect; but, from that moment, he understood himself to be one of Mr. Cockle's committee-men, voluntary agent, and particular friend. All expenses were to be reimbursed; and, further, he understood himself as authorized to dispense some trifling innocent bribes amongst the "independent" forty-shilling freeholders.

Mr. Gorman spent the greater part of the day in devising plans for forwarding the interest of his favourite candidate; and, as his
sanguine mind anticipated nothing less than complete success, he felt himself so full of animal spirits and political satisfaction, that he wished to let his happiness overflow upon others. In a moment his horse was saddled, mounted, and turned towards Newbawn, the residence of Matthew Stafford, a wealthy farmer—a kind of half Sir, as the peasantry designated him—who had a little money, some influence, and a lovely daughter.

Martha Stafford had been known to Mr. Gorman from childhood. The claims of a relationship not very clearly made out, brought their parents frequently into contact; for, though the farmer had not quite as much gentle blood in his veins as that which circulated through the descendants of the Gormans, still, as he was, in point of wealth and intelligence, the least exceptionable acquaintance in the neighbourhood of Grange-Gorman, its late proprietor condescended, occasionally, to take Matthew by the hand, taste his whiskey-punch, dine on his ham and chickens, and chuck Stafford’s chubby children under the chin—a familiarity by no means valueless. During these visits—paid at intervals sufficiently distant to uphold dignity—Edward generally accompanied his father, and, being a year or two older than Martha, a kind of juvenile gallantry prompted him to perform numerous little acts of kindness, which begot a childish attachment between the youthful playmates. The farmer’s wife had a very proper opinion of her husband: next to Mr. Gorman, he was decidedly the first Catholic in the place; and, consequently, it was fitting that her children should hold their heads proportionably high. Matthew, good easy soul, left these things to the wisdom of his spouse; until familiarity begot in him an unavowed satisfaction at seeing his little ones dressed in clothes of a superior texture and fashion. Martha, as the eldest, was of course the first object of maternal care; and some people—inquisitive people—more than hinted that Mrs. Stafford was studiously laying a trap for the promising heir of Grange-Gorman. Be that as it may, at sixteen Martha was decidedly the most charming girl in the country: she knew it, and Edward reluctantly came to the same conclusion; but, in the innocence of their hearts, they felt nothing of an incipient passion—nothing but what a lovely and lively brother and sister ought to have felt. Contrasted with the daughters of the neighbouring farmers, Miss Stafford appeared to considerable advantage; and Edward enjoyed no small satisfaction to find that the eyes of all fell—apparently well pleased—upon himself and Martha, when, on a Sunday, they walked, arm in arm, through the chapel yard.

This feeling, no doubt, would have ripened into something more intense and delightful, had the youthful pair continued much longer to enjoy each other’s society; but, as the time had come for Edward to remove to a public seminary, and for Martha to spend—for she was, in the estimation of her mother, still young enough—a quarter or two at Mrs. Stone’s boarding-school, they were abruptly separated, without any distress or regret on either side, with the exception of

* Within the last twenty years it has become very common for the daughters of Irish farmers to be sent to a town school for a quarter or two, by way of finishing their education. This, however, seldom takes place until they are about sixteen or seventeen years of age.
that which naturally arose at the moment, and which had nothing of sentiment in it. For years they neither saw or heard of each other, and during this time Edward had lost his only surviving parent—a melancholy event, which prematurely plunged him into the cares of the world. These were so engrossing, or he had become so indifferent, that he was three months domiciled at Grange-Gorman, without having once paid a visit to Newbawn; and perhaps he had been longer forgetful of early associations, were it not for the visit of Mr. Cockle's agent. Compelled to cast his eyes about him, to number his positive and probable friends, he immediately recollected old Matthew Stafford; and, thus reminded of the happy inmates of Newbawn, a blush of tacit reproach suffused his cheek. He sought no apologies for his conduct, but became at once a penitent—determined to make atonement, swallowed the remnant of the cooling punch which remained in the tumbler, called for his horse, and in an instant was on the road of reform, as has been already stated:—but I choose to be tedious rather than obscure.

To the right of Edward's road lay the district of Ballyhearty, studied with the habitations of forty-shilling freeholders. These men, like certain fallows, are valuable only once in seven years; and the moment had now arrived when they were to be in request. Gorman thought it right to call upon them thus early, though he had some compunctionious visitings at encroaching on private property, as the forty-shilling freeholders had been too long considered. The danger, however, had charms in it; and Edward loved to provoke the anger of the partisans of the illiberal candidate. Accordingly, he turned down Mr. Kelly's bongharean, and found the patriarch of Ballyhearty sitting, not under his own fig-tree, but under a very unbragious thorn, which myriads of sparrows had long converted into a loquacious, or, if you like, a chattering bush.

Throwing his leg carelessly over the pummel, and sitting lady-like on the saddle, Edward entered into familiar conversation with Kelly. "And so," said he, "I see the boys have collected materials for a bonfire this evening."

"Och, musha! to be sure, sir," replied Kelly; "ould customs ought to be kept up, though, troth, myself can see no great use in 'em."

"They were once useful."

"Faith, an' may be so; for you know best, seein' you've the larnin, God bless you."

"Do you know the origin of bonfires, Billy?"

"No, in troth, sir; how could I? ony my father, an' his father's father, used to have one on this evenin' time out o' mind."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. When the Danes, like the Orangemen now, overran the land, and oppressed the people, it was agreed to light fires throughout the whole country, on this evening; and when the Danes ran to see what they were, the Irish fell upon and killed them every man."*

"God bless their hand for that same," ejaculated Kelly, "an' I wish we could serve the Orangemen in the same way."

"No, no, not exactly in the same way," said Edward; "we

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* This is traditional; perhaps Mr. Gorman made the statement only rhetorically, not historically.
The Freeholders.

wouldn't kill them, but we'd pluck their poisoned fangs; we'd render them innocuous—that is, harmless."

"Och! no; nor the devil a one ov 'em you'll ever render harmless, beggin' your pardon; they're too wicket for that."

"By no means, Billy; your own dog there could not injure the pig, if his teeth were drawn, though he might snarl and bite."

"Very true, sir."

"Now, Billy, 'tis bad laws give power to the Orangemen to injure us."

"Be gad you've hit the right nail on the head, sir; you're a wiser man, God bless you, boy, nor ever your father was; but how are we to have good laws?"

"By you, Billy, and every man like you, doing your duty."

Billy stared, an explanation followed, and the patriarch of Ballyhearty learnt, for the first time, that it was in the power of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders to infuse new health—a kind of life-blood—into the sickly and corrupt constitution of the imperial Parliament. The poor man became ennobled in his own estimation; rejoiced, as the "Saints" would say, inwardly, that it was in his humble power to be of service to his religion and country; and, with that political and honest independence which, comparatively, poor men only act upon, he had no sooner ascertained his duty than he resolved to perform it.

When Mr. Gorman had taken his departure, Billy repaired to the bonfire, opened his budget of news, and told how Sir Lucius, their landlord, was to be opposed by Mr. Cockle, whom it was the intention of the Catholics to return. All heard this with satisfaction; Sir Lucius was, as he deserved to be, extremely unpopular: but, when Kelly related all he had heard from Mr. Gorman, a considerable diversity of opinion prevailed. Respecting the justice of voting against Sir Lucius, there could be no doubt; but, then, was it prudent?—Could not Sir Lucius punish them for daring to act independently—for making use of the privilege which the constitution bestowed upon them in the presumption that it would not be abused? The discussion was long and animated. Some maintained that they were all independent of Sir Lucius; that they paid their rent, and could not be disinherited while Billy Kelly—whose life was the term of their leases—lived. In many, habits of subserviency had deadened the intellect to reason and independence, and the apprehension of future evil predominated over the obligations of immediate duty.

While the peasantry of Ballyhearty, for the first time, were debating on a political question in which their own interests were concerned, Edward Gorman was proceeding leisurely to Newbawn. The blaze of bonfires arose cheerfully amidst the imperfect darkness of evening, on each side. Every thing looked happy, "smiling alike, the viewer and the view;" and in this mood of mind he arrived at the mansion of Matthew Stafford. It was an ancient building moderned. The fashionable part of the house, namely, the parlour

* The former subserviency of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders has been dwelt upon as a proof that poor men could not be independent; but where have wealthy electors exercised their franchise independently? The truth is, corruption is inseparable from a system which opposes the private interest of individuals to their public duty; and there has been quite as much subserviency maintained in England as Ireland.
end, was slatted, and elevated four feet, at least, above the less aspiring roof of thatch which warmly covered the culinary department of "the big house in the trees," as certain itinerant mendicants, well known in Ireland, called the abode of Farmer Stafford.

Edward was received with the utmost kindness—kindness he had justice to think undeserved on his part; but the good people of Newbawn felt themselves honoured, and therefore appeared not to have been chagrined at his long absence. One of the little Staffords took care of his whip, another carried his hat into the parlour, with as much caution as if it had been filled with water which he dreaded to spill, and the worthy housewife herself, in matronly dignity, strutted before him into her best apartment. Here he found Martha, dressed not, like modern town belles, in "one poor robe, through fifty fashions sent," but in modest and becoming garments, put on with taste, and exhibiting a form of the most perfect symmetry, too delicate and too perfect ever to be "submitted to the rude embrace of some indecent clown." Edward was delighted to find, that his early playmate had started up into all the loveliness of incipient womanhood; blushing in ripened beauty, and glowing in charming innocence. There was nothing of country awkwardness about her. Mrs. Stone had seemingly imparted not only a polish to her person, but likewise to her mind; for she received Edward's compliments without embarrassment, and maintained the subsequent conversation with confident diffidence; by which I mean to express liveliness devoid of coquetry, and information without any little female arrogance, an arbitrary display of power, in which some young ladies of my acquaintance are, or rather were—for I am growing old, in the habit of indulging.

Were I, some twenty years ago, in Edward's situation—I should infallibly have fallen in love at first sight; and I am not sure that this was not really the case in the present instance: at all events, the disease had made considerable progress in half an hour; and, by the time he and Martha had danced together at the bonfire, to gratify the assembled peasantry, he was incurably in love. This was not to be wondered at. Edward had seen or known little of female society; for, being a Catholic, he did not mix with the Protestant gentry in the country. Therefore, it was quite natural, on seeing one he loved in childhood, beautiful as woman could be, superior to all he had been accustomed to look upon, that he should surrender his heart. I shall say nothing about that of the young lady; for, under the tuition of a mother, that is seldom resistless when the beau is at once a "pretty man," and a "good match."

Night wore away, and politics were forgotten; but, next morning, Edward recollected his duty as an elector and agent, and once more turned his horse's head towards Newbawn. Matthew was a long time before he could comprehend how his single vote could be of consequence; but Mrs. Stafford was more apt,—she knew what would please her young visitor; and therefore promised for her husband, who knew nothing about state affairs, that he should vote for Mr. Cockle, whatever Square Radford, their landlord, might think, or say, or do, when Mr. Gorman wished it. Martha, I am assured, seconded her mother's rhetoric, and poor Matthew readily yielded to their suggestions. Whether there was any billing or cooing this morning, I know not; but love and politics badly associate together.
Edward was equally as successful with other freeholders; and, as
the flame had now spread through the whole county, the Catholic
clergy enforced the necessity of each freeholder voting according to
the dictates of his conscience, having first explained the nature of the
obligation which their privileges imposed upon them. They did no
more; had they done less, they would have been guilty of a breach
of Christian duty.

At length "the great, the important day" arrived, big with the
fate of Smallock and Cockle. All available vehicles were put into
requisition; the doors of public-houses flew open at the touch of a
freeholder, and, for the first time, during seven long years, the poor
dined at the expense of the wealthy. Edward, all enthusiasm, exer
ted every nerve in the independent cause, and was chiefly instru-
mental in placing the popular candidate, on the third day, at the head
of the poll. For this Mr. Cockle expressed his gratitude, and, in the
honest feeling of the moment, vowed a lasting friendship, begged of
him to persevere in the great cause, and to spare no legal expense in
securing votes.

The Orange candidate was soon left in a considerable minority; but,
to-morrow, he was to bring up the Ballyhearty boys, and then—
but then was he sure they would support him?—He had no doubt on
the subject; they were never known to fail him at a crisis. He was,
however, mistaken; for when the "Ballyhearty boys" entered the
booth, Sir Lucius thought he observed a lurking treason about the
eyes of Billy Kelly, which greatly alarmed him. Assuming, as all
candidates know how to do, an air of confidence, he leaned over the
assessor, extended his hand familiarly, saying, "Thank you, Billy,
thank you." "For what, your honour?" asked Billy, rather coldly.
"For your vote, to be sure, Billy," replied Sir Lucius, kindly,
"Why I'ven't given it yet, your honour," said Billy. "Aye, but,
my honest fellow, I have no doubt, nor ever had, but that you'd give
it to your landlord." "Why, very true, your honour, Sir Lucius,"
said Billy, very deliberately, "there isn't a man in the wide world
I'd sooner vote for nor your honour; but these people, and myself,
want just to ax your honour a question." "Certainly," replied Sir
Lucius, affecting a smile, while all around were breathless with expec-
tation; Billy hesitated a moment, and Sir Lucius asked, "What is't,
my honest fellow?" "Och, not much, ony just to ax your honour,
if we send you to parliament, will you vote for us; that is, for 'man-
cipation, as they call it?' Twas first a twitter, then a loud laugh,
then a cheer. "Cockle for ever!" and "Well done, Ballyhearty
boys!" And the "Ballyhearty boys" did their duty—voted for the
liberal candidate.

In half an hour afterwards, the little town of ——— was emptied
into the northern road; there was crushings, and kicking, and running,
and trampling; equestrians and pedestrians mingled in dangerous con-
fusion; all was bustle and anxiety; people talked in whispers, and
every man seemed to apprehend some sudden calamity. About three
miles from town, the mob of persons turned into a large meadow,
where Sir Lucius Smallock and Mr. Cockle were standing, dressed
in black, twelve paces from each other. A gentleman, at a distance,
let fall a white pocket handkerchief, two shots were fired, and the
multitude gave a groan of horrible surprise! the popular candidate
was no more, and the unpopular one sought safety in flight. The "Ballyhearty boys" occasioned the quarrel; Sir Lucius reproached Mr. Cockle with seducing his freeholders; the other made a similar charge; an angry discussion ensued, and the fatal duel followed.

The whole county was in mourning, inconsolable with grief, and none suffered more from sincere sorrow than Edward Gorman. After the funeral, he called upon Farrell, the late Mr. Cockle's agent, but was received with a repulsive coldness. Untutored in the ways of men, Edward attributed his conduct to his anguish for his late employer, and returned home somewhat mortified, but unapprehensive of personal risk. He had advanced all, and more than he was worth, on account of the late candidate, and had given his note to some of the publicans, as a security for opening their houses to "Cockle's friends," but he had no doubt these demands would be forthwith honourably discharged. Disgusted, however, with the world, as he saw it during the late contest, he resolved to avoid the storms of political life, and seek domestic happiness in the recesses of Grange-Gorman. There was one dear object wanted—some one "to keep the keys," and need I add, that he offered to repose that trust in Martha; like mother Eve, "nothing loth. "she accepted his proposal, and the nuptial day was named. Time "limped tediously," but the long-wished for day at length arrived, and Edward was proceeding to Newbawn, in company with the Catholic priest, when their progress was interrupted by the approach of several head of cattle, followed by a dozen strangers, and all the "Ballyhearty boys," men, women, and children. The clamour was great, but the cause was easily learnt. Sir Lucius had shown his disapproval of their late conduct, by "driving" for the dormant gale of rent, and promised to be equally as punctual in demanding the ensuing gale, due in a short time. The poor people solicited the forbearance of a few days; this was refused; and their cattle—for, alas! there was then no Catholic Association—must have gone to the "pound," had not Edward borrowed the amount due, from his intended father-in-law. This act of humanity, and the blessings which followed it, would lead us to hope that his wedding-day would be a happy one; but, alas! his misfortunes were only beginning. Just as the ceremony was about to commence, he was called out of the parlour; an ill-looking personage laid his hand on his shoulder, and significantly pointed at a long strip of paper, half printed, half written on. Two hundred pounds was demanded. What was to be done? Mrs. Stafford came to his aid; advanced the money, Edward explaining that Mr. Farrell would repay the same the ensuing day. He was mistaken; the next day brought a similar demand. Mr. Farrell was not at Cockle Abbey, and, once more, he had to draw upon his father-in-law. These circumstances embittered the first days of the honey-moon, and at length, apprehensive of other demands, he paid a visit to Cockle Abbey, where Mr. Farrell had entrenched himself, since the death of his patron. He

"Was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but for fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of the deed."
Edward was received with formal politeness; and his astonishment was extreme, when asked if he had any business with Mr. Farrell. "I believe!" he replied, "you know the import of my visit." The agent expressed his ignorance; and Edward, to improve his memory, exhibited the writs under which he had been several times arrested. Farrell merely glanced at them, and then coldly asked, "What have I to do with these?" "Indemnify me, of course," replied Edward; "there are other engagements of a like nature for which I am personally responsible, and which I beg may be immediately discharged."

"Really, Mr. Gorman, you appear to have acted under a serious mistake. It is very possible you may have done much for the interest of the late Mr. Cockle; but, I fear, it is not legally in my power to afford you any recompense."

"Recompense! I want no recompense; but I expect that the debts contracted by me, on Mr. Cockle's account, may be discharged." "Had you any authority to contract these debts, Mr. Gorman?" "Authority! Do you mean to deny that I had?"

"I deny nothing that can be proved;" and then added, "from me, at least, you never had any such authority." Filled with rage, vexation; and almost with despair, Edward replied by a potent monosyllable, and the application of his whip to Farrell's shoulders. Next day, instead of seeking legal advice, he proceeded to settle the question in an Irish way, with pistols—and he fell!

The shocking news reached Newbawn just as the landlord had applied for "rent and arrears of rent." Stafford, for once, was unable to meet the demand; his stock was seized on, sold by auction, and, in six months after, the same process was attempted to be repeated. Grange Gorman had previously been disposed of, to meet the demands of rapacious creditors; and, as the money lent by Stafford to Edward was irretrievably lost, his only chance of escaping from beggary was that of carrying off surreptitiously the remnant of his stock now in the keeping of the bailiffs. The "Ballyhearty boys" lent a hand on the occasion; and, amongst the rest, Billy Kelly. He was recognised, apprehended, ordered to be transported, and died before the sentence could be carried into execution.

The death of Kelly enabled Sir Lucius to take premature vengeance on his tenantry. They were all ejected; and, as mercy was out of the question, they anticipated the worst consequence, by removing all their available stock previous to the day legally fixed for surrendering possession. I was accidentally a witness of the manner in which Sir Lucius and his own corps of yeomanry carried the law into practice; and, if ever I felt indignant at tyranny, it was then.

In three years after, I passed through this part of the country, and found Ballyhearty an uninhabited plain: no vestige of the once happy cottages remained; weeds grew on the poor man's hearth; and the fields, which so recently yielded support for upwards of one hundred and fifty peasants, now grow hardly enough of grass to feed a gaunt flock of sheep, and a few straggling heifers.

The disinherited peasantry followed the steps of the adventorous and the miserable: they quitted their native country, and removed to Canada. Among them was Matthew Stafford, his wife, and sons;
his once lovely daughter had, six months previously, been laid alongside of her unfortunate husband.

Reader, this is no fiction; the events recorded here are well known.

LETTER FROM M. DUPIN, ON THE NAPOLEON CODE.

The following letter from M. Dupin to Mr. Sampson* is an answer to one addressed to him by Mr. Sampson, an eminent American lawyer, requesting to be informed whether, as was sometimes asserted, the French codes were already nearly overwhelmed, and would soon be lost sight of, in the multitude of decisions to which they gave rise, as Mr. Sampson had an earnest desire to be set right, if he had been misled in forming a contrary opinion; or whether he was warranted in believing that the five codes of France, and particularly the civil code, were not found, upon full experience, advantageous to the nation, and generally approved by the profession and the public. Such was the substance of Mr. Sampson's letter; and we feel great pleasure in giving publicity to the free and candid reply of so enlightened and distinguished a character as M. Dupin. His letter is a brief and impartial review of that code of laws which will hand down the name of Napoleon, with those of Solon and Lycurgus, to the latest posterity.

"Paris, June 26, 1826.

"Sir,—Your letter of the 20th of April did not come to hand till the 19th of the present month, and I take advantage of a leisure moment to answer it.

"Your name, sir, had no need of any special recommendation to me. The elevated object of your letter, and the article accompanying it, are sufficient evidence of your character, patriotism, and talents.

"I shall answer, without hesitation, your questions relative to the French legislation, as I can do that from my acquaintance with the subject (connaissance de cause); I must be more reserved upon the question as it respects America, for he like reason.

"The promulgation of the five Codes of France has been productive of immense advantage. It has cleared up, simplified, and determined principles hitherto scattered, controverted, and contradictorily applied by the different tribunals.

"There were formerly with us more than two hundred written customs, feudal, barbarous, and defective.

"A jurisprudence varying with times, persons, jurisdictions, and territories, served to fill up the chasms, by furnishing, upon some points, precedents (des exemples), which every pleader laid hold of to turn to his own advantage.

"The Roman law intervened, not as law, but as written reason; non ratione imperii, sed rationis imperio. It was to us a body of doctrine, not of law.

"During the last century, many general ordinances had been passed, regulating certain branches of legislation; such as donations, testaments, substitutions, waters, and forests, &c.; but jurisprudence in itself was still a confused science, difficult and entangled; and law-suits were numerous, interminable, and expensive.

* Mr. Sampson is the celebrated American lawyer, who, with the Emmets, McEvins, and O'Connors, found a refuge in the new world, when driven from the old, by that heartless system which so long prevailed in Ireland. "Every where successful, but at home," would be an appropriate motto for Irishmen: they formerly filled the armies of Europe, reflecting the highest honour on the land of their birth; and they now crowd the intellectual professions in America. It is pleasing, however, to think, that in the midst of their good fortune, they still remember the green fields of their youth, the home of their early friendships. Mr. Sampson is foremost amongst those who take an interest in the state of Ireland."
"The Revolution cleared the ground as to many of these matters; and, but for it, in my opinion, Solon and Lycurgus, if placed upon the throne of France, would have failed in every project of reformation. They never would have had the power to silence the opposition raised by local and particular interests.

"Napoleon was endowed with a resolute mind, and was moreover placed in a favourable position; he was not called upon to demolish, but to disencumber the law. He caused the five Codes to be drawn up, decreed, and promulgated.

"The first, and best of them all, is the Civil Code. Clear and methodical, neither too much, nor too little. The language of the legislator is noble and pure; the rules well defined, and, with the exception of the difficult subject of hypothecations, it has been universally approved; and more now than ever, especially since the immoral law of divorce is retrenched.

"The Code of Practice (procédure) has simplified the forms, and diminished the costs. That part only is censured which concerns the form of alienation,—the unhappy companion of the law concerning hypothecations.

"The Commercial Code, which in great measure revived the Marine Ordinance of 1681, and the Commercial Ordinance of 1673, is also generally esteemed, with the exception of the insolvent laws (le titre des faillites), of which the insolvents and the creditors both complain.

"The Code of Criminal Proceeding (d'instruction criminelle), and the Penal Code, are the latest, and those against which the greatest discontent has been manifested. They were dictated by despotism. They have sometimes been used for political purposes, and liberty has often suffered; and their revision has been called for in the very bosom of the Court of Paris.

"But, on the whole, these codes, such as they are, have produced much good; their enactment has delivered us from a chaos of antiquated law; we are no longer tormented by varying customs, nor from diversities in jurisprudence, since the institution of the regulating and superintending Court of Cassation, to which, as to a common centre, are directed all the obloquies to judgments, or to jurisdictions.

"It is not true, sir, that the authority of precedents has at all prevailed against the texts of our codes, nor that we are threatened, in the most distant manner, with the disappearance of the letter of the law, under the heap of interpretations. In every discussion, the text of the law is first resorted to, and if the law speaks, then non exemplis sed legibus judicandum est. If the law has not clearly decided, on the particular case under discussion, doubtless, it being silent or deficient, the defect is supplied by the judges; but where is the system in which the judgments have not necessarily furnished the complement of legislation. But as I have treated fully on this subject in a little volume, entitled, De la Jurisprudence des Arrêts, which resembles your common law, it is possible that something worthy the attention of your jurists might be found in it, if made known through a translation from your hand, and I send you a copy, which I have taken from my own library.

"How far would a textual code of national law benefit your country? My opinion, generally, is, that every country would be the better for laws suited to itself, and that a single code of laws is, for many reasons, preferable to the confusion of a multiplicity or plurality of particular laws; but upon the precise point, whether your country may be ripe for such an enterprise, I cannot pretend to speak.

"I admit, that, if our codes had been drawn up in the fifteenth or even in the sixteenth century, they would have possessed in a very much inferior degree the qualities which now recommend them. It required the labours of jurists, and general experience, to bring the science to something fixed and palpable. But you must be a much better judge of all this than we are.

"I am much impressed by the reasons of your adversaries, as you state them; that an ill-conceived law would tie the hands of the judges, and prevent their melioration little by little of the system; but, on the other hand, this melioration which they suppose to result from 'the liberalty and wisdom of the judges,' what is it but the exercise of arbitrary power, and is not this a serious evil? Bacon has wisely said, Optima lex est, que minimum reliquisit arbitrio judicii; optimus judex, qui minimum sibi. And this principle would, in effect, make of your judges, legislators!

"And can your nation, so enlightened upon questions of policy and govern-
ment, be so far behind in civil jurisprudence and proceedings, in commercial and criminal legislation?

"Have you not the jury in all its freedom, and, in many states of the union, that admirable law which abolishes the punishment of death, yet contrives, by other punishments, to repress the greatest crimes?"

"From your indications, from your improved institutions of government, from the writings of your publicists, I am much deceived if the United States of America are not already at that point, that they can produce codes of laws not unworthy of the opinion which Europe has conceived of that generous nation.

"Such, sir, is the answer which I owed you. I shall have it transcribed by another hand, to save you the trouble of deciphering my bad writing."

"I have the honour to be, with high consideration,"

"Sir, your obedient servant,"

"Dupin."

Rory O'Rourke, Esq. In the Workhouse.

Be not alarmed, friendly reader; there is nothing the matter with my worldly affairs. My Connaught tenantry still pay their rents, and my labours in the London and Dublin enable me to resume the family coach, which, like sundry bank-notes, fell into disuse after the late panic. Every thing relative to pecuniary affairs goes on swimmingly; but still I have paid a visit to the poorhouse, not for the purpose of picking oakum, or unravelling the tarred layers of old cordage, but merely to see and converse with the victims of misfortune, the children of misery. There has always been an inconvenient superabundance of the milk of human kindness within this breast of mine; it overflows spontaneously at the sight of a pitiable object, blessing and fractifying, like the waters of the Nile, all that comes within the range of its wide-spreading influence. The sight of struggling poverty awakens within me an indescribable desire, not only to remove the appearance of want, but to ascertain the cause and consequence of haggard or pallid looks, tattered or thin garments, shoeless feet, or the uncovered head. I have frequently—say not unmanly, insinuated myself into an alley, merely to listen, unperceived, to the heartrending dialogue of a family of match-sellers. The speaking silence of the father, the solicitude of the shivering mother, and the lisping prattle of the little ones—doeful or cheerful as they had been successful or otherwise, in disposing of their bits of wood tipped with sulphur. To bear them express their little anxieties, feelingly speak to each other of their wants, and breath to Heaven a petition for relief, was a painful luxury—when followed by a donation, that left wisdom behind it, when suddenly emerging into the busy street, crowded with the vehicles of commerce and wealth.

At other times I have walked, on a Saturday night, through half a dozen streets, within hearing of an "unwashed artificer," and his consumptive-looking companion, when on their way to the market. It is more than instructive, to see the poor wife leaning on the left arm of her lord, while he carries the little basket—the depository for the weekly provender, in his right hand. Her affectionate closeness to his side, her asking eye cast lovingly upon his indifferent-looking face, not from principle, but habit, and her efforts to be cheerful, are so many chapters in the volume of human life, which all should attentively peruse. If you draw a little closer, you will hear him, if he be kind, detailing the little history of his workshop, commenting on the hardheartedness of the employer, for having made certain deduc-
tions, and cheering the sinking spirits of his partner, by anticipating more wages on the ensuing Saturday. Or, if the husband be a gruff bear of a fellow, as it too often happens, you will hear the miserable wife, with studied solicitude, insinuate her interrogatories in a tone of inquisitive apprehension; coming again and again to the charge, relative to the sum total of the capital in his pocket. This is a pair which sickens the heart; they ought to be loving and happy. The world is cruel enough to require being mitigated by affection, and the children of poverty stand most in need of some kind balm, to heal the wounds which the rough ways of life never fail to inflict.

But this does not deter me from persevering; I keep still in their footsteps. They stop before entering the market, reckon their money, deduct for the rent, and then consult about the Sunday's dinner. Everything good is too dear. They resolve and re-resolve, and, at length, determine to put up, once more, with liver and bacon. But, see that tall shadow of a man, leaning on the ordinance-looking post beyond the bustle: he wears the garments of an operator; but, is he in employment? Alas! no; the thinly covered-helpmate, who now approaches him, audibly declares the contrary. She looks silently into his face, opens the rush basket—looks into it; he follows her example. There is some tainted flesh there. They speak not, but walk faintly away; I must follow and relieve them.

When I turn from the contemplation of the crowd, from the vociferous cries of the butchers, and walk down a dark street, I am sure to overtake some poor woman, with a little girl by the hand. The child talks feelingly, while trudging through the mud, and it is about the price of bread, and potatoes, and cabbages; she dreams not of toys or dolls; she has grown beyond the attractions of playthings; poverty, and associations of poverty, have made her, prematurely, a woman. Life's cup comes unblessed to her lips. If she lives to a "green old age," she looks back upon the world, unable to recall one day free from heart-corroding care. Once more I find my fingers playing with the loose silver in my breeches pocket. The recollection of Mrs. O'Rourke's affectionate admonitions rush upon me, and detain my hand. I weigh well all her arguments, touching my providence and want of prudence, let fall the silver—it gingles; the little girl turns about,—her innocent looks of sobriety, and melancholy tone of her pale countenance, assail my heart. I think of the little O'Rourkes—reflect that there are no fears of their being ever like this little one, and then——; but I shall not say the amount, it would look like ostentation,—it would serve no purpose; for few, very few, would follow my instructive example.

The great Lexicographer was wrong when he said, that there was no entertainment in the anecdotes of poverty: human nature is amusing and instructive under every form; and, perhaps, the two extremes, penury and unwieldy wealth, furnish matter best calculated to awaken surprise or pity. I prefer the former. The world of fashion is a world of monotony; it is a dead sameness; for all is disguise,—nothing is real,—nothing is natural. Poverty, on the contrary, is explicit,—is open; man is there not always virtuous, but seldom in a mask. I dislike to see him wretched, and that is precisely the reason why I so often come in contact with him. Let no one suppose that arises exactly from a fellow feeling,—from an hereditary propensity.
Unlike some of the old legitimates, I believe that we are all the children of Adam; but still I am bound to say, that the aristocrat flood in my veins is without a single admixture of plebeian blood, since my ever-honoured ancestor won the favours of Queen Elizabeth, and lost his head for not knowing how to keep a lady’s secret from herself. By the by, he was not an O’Rourke, if her majesty died, as her historians say, a virgin queen.

On Tuesday morning last, beside a pile of toast, a dozen hot rolls, half a score of eggs, Devonshire cream, Carlow butter, and tea and coffee, there lay on the breakfast table the "Morning Chronicle;" the editor, as usual, was philosophizing through three pages of a leading article, and, among other things, touched on Ireland and the poor-laws,—both standard dishes with Mr. Black. Now, strange to say, I had never been inside the walls of a parish workhouse in my life; they ever frowned upon me in gloomy horror as I passed, and Crabbe’s catalogue of objections always recurred to me as I approached them:

"Your plan I love not;—with a number you
Have plac’d your poor, your pitiable few,
There, in one house, throughout their lives to be,
The pauper palace which they hate to see:
That giant-building,—that high-bounding wall,—
Those bare-worn walks,—that lofty thunder hall!
That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour;
Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power:
It is a prison, with a milder name,
Which few inhabit, without dread or shame!"

The Borough.

I had hardly got mentally through this, when a friend entered, helped me to devour the toast and one-half of the eggs; after which, he took my arm, led me over London Bridge, down Tooley Street, and into Parish Street, where stands, in venerable lowliness, the workhouse of St. Olave’s. The iron bars which guard the windows, the grated whispering-hole in the door, gave "signs of power," and the constant ingress and egress of a pauper population, through the principal entrance, apprized us of the uses to which King John’s cavalry stables (for such is the poor-house), have been converted. The genius of the place responded to our knock by undoing the bolts and bars, and stood before us in the form of a weather-beaten tar, whose face had been blanched with the suns of twenty climates. At first, I thought this Argus had but one eye; but, on closer inspection, it turned out that he actually had two, with this difference, that the left was not a right one. Notwithstanding his obliquity of vision, and that his whole cast of countenance was the very antithesis of humour, he occasionally made efforts at a display of wit, while we remained waiting for the master. He asked a poor old man, with one leg literally in the grave, and whose body promised soon to follow it, "whether he had gotten the gout in his timber toe?" and inquired of a wretched female, stooped with age, "why she came double to-day?"

How use doth breed a habit in a man, even in a pauper, to jest with misfortune in the strong hold,—the living abode of misery!

Notwithstanding an unpromising outside, the interior of St. Olave’s workhouse is an extremely cheerful-looking place. The garden and
workshops occupy a considerable extent; a row of trees peeps over the wall to the east, and, above this, the very oddly built spire of St. John's Church. To the right is a flower-garden, not for paupers, but for the master's use; and to the left, is the master's parlour and the officers' committee room. But who have we here?—The cheerful matron,—the good-humoured Mrs. Hawkins, smiling on all, and imparting a tone of happiness to every thing, and every one around her,—the very opposite of the usual air of a workhouse,—the very paupers must lose half their regrets in her presence. I never saw the good lady before, perhaps may never see her again; but I am no judge of female physiognomy, if there be the least acerbity in her breast,—if she be not the very perfection of a good manager,—the very child of regulated humanity. Be not jealous, Mr. Hawkins: I am only in love with the look—the manner of your lady; her snow-white cap, her matronly dress, and her ——; but, see! she waits not for my compliments: after a very properly regulated courtesy, her pattens go pat, pat, pat! though the yard is as dry and as clean as the chalked floor at Almack's. There was no want of politeness in this movement; she only made way for her husband, the official "master" of the place, who approached us wrapped up in a plaid morning gown, cabinet pantaloons, and blood-red slippers. Like the ancients, at least like their statues, he held a scroll—account-book if you like, in one hand, and a pen in the other; but no sooner heard the name of "Mr. O'Rourke," than he shifted both into one hand, and applied the other to his hat, saying, "Mr. O'Rourke is not unknown to me; I'm a regular subscriber to the 'Dublin and London'; it occasionally contains some exquisite poetry." More was needless; in this sentence he spoke volumes, and he seemed to have felt as much; for, without further ceremony, he proceeded to guide me through the pauper labyrinths, his observations, as he went along, forming a capital comment on the policy of the poor laws.

"Here," said Mr. Hawkins, "is Billy Halley's harem." I popped my head into a long narrow apartment, in which some thirty women and girls appeared particularly busy picking oakum. At one end sat Billy Halley, a little withered old man, despoiled, by some freak of Madam Nature's, of his fair proportion. He was in the dress of a cook, tidy and clean; for even the English pauper entertains proper notions of cleanliness. He sat demurely enough in our presence, but, no doubt, in our absence, compelled a proper respect to be paid to his authority.* On the opposite side of the way, another apartment was filled promiscuously with men and women, girls and boys, all busy unravelling old ropes; and on the same range, a carpenter's and a cobbler's shop, in which certain ancient "operatives" were employed at their respective callings. In one room we found a good-natured looking simpleton, who is perpetually laughing. "I have no money; can't pay, can't pay," said he. "There are too many like you," replied Mr. Hawkins; and the

* Since writing the above, I have learnt some curious particulars of Bill Halley's life, which will form one of a series of "Workhouse Biographies," which I intend laying before my readers.

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poor fellow laughed again. He was the happiest man I had seen in the place. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

In the passage which led to the school-room, several miserable objects were congregated, waiting their turn of admission to the "great man," the relieving warden. Some appeared absorbed in their own sad and bitter reflections; some looked sorrowfully at us, and then at their naked children; and some talked loud and angrily. They spoke of suffering—of hunger, in a tone not far removed from desperation; and the accent of my native land was easily distinguished among the din of words. The voice came from one whose face I thought I had seen before; but it was only that national cast of countenance which strikes us in a foreign land as familiar. The speaker was a young woman, hardly two-and-twenty. On her sat loosely the remnant of a black bonnet, sadly disfigured by compression; her gown hung slomenkally about her, her tail was draggled, and her feet might better have been bare, than burdened with the skeleton shoes that partially covered them. Through all its disguise of dirt and straggling locks, her face struck me as intelligent and positively handsome: but she seemed no longer conscious of female charms: to them she owed her misfortunes: and, as if in revenge for the gifts of nature, which led to her ruin, her conduct indicated very forcibly how much she despised what had once secured her many a vulgar compliment. Her eyes,—large black ones,—no longer shrunk from the obtrusive gaze; and that bosom, where Cupids once revelled unseen, in native modesty, was now but imperfectly covered with the shreds of a cotton handkerchief, through the apertures of which was plainly visible a breast not yet shrivelled, and the plump visage of a little illegitimate. "Labhrann tugaidhili?" I inquired, and the sound of her native language appeared to have awakened her to a sense of her country's modesty; for she lowered her eyes, that so recently flashed in anger, hastily adjusted her dress, and blushed, perhaps, for the first time during the last six months. She made no reply; the poor exiles do not like to speak Irish before strangers; it excites only ridicule! but, though she continued silent, what passed within her was clearly indicated by the tear in her eye, and the eagerness with which she endeavoured to conceal from a countryman the cause of her misery—the object of reproach. A few kind words elicited her history; it was short, but common and instructive. In her father's land, she had been innocent, and happy; and might have continued there, blessing and blessed, were it not for a play-mate who emigrated to London, and who, with that reprehensible vanity so natural to the Irish mind, represented, in her letters, an exaggerated picture, not only of England, but of her own good fortune. Perhaps, the writer never dreamt that her idle words would have influenced Peggy Nowlan to quit her happy home; but Peggy, all confidence in her own fortitude and purity of mind, and wishing to better her condition, took leave of her weeping, aged, parents, and came to the metropolis. The fairy visions which her heated fancy had conjured up, were far from being realized. She found those who had once been her father's religious, moral, neighbours, grown brutal and disgusting; their language all slang; and their sense of right and wrong sadly confounded. Her first impulse was to return home; but then the shame! she would wait a little longer. Time was too successful in
rendering her familiar with her new mode of life; she ceased to be disgusted; and eventually procured a situation in the house of some half-starved tradesman in the Borough; where the daily attacks on her modesty soon laid that guardian of virtue asleep; she became excite. The officers soon discovered the father of her child; the seducer paid the usual sum, and poor Peggy became dependent on the parish. After her confinement in the workhouse, she was turned out to shift for herself, on the miserable pittance of what she called "a little two-and-sixpence a week!" That she has not become a street-walker, is a proof that her early sense of virtue is not yet entirely eradicated. "Short and simple are the annals of the poor;" and Peggy Nowlan's fate has been that of a thousand others of her countrywomen.

Those profound philosophers of Scotland, and their countryman, John Black, of the Chronicle, who have monopolized all wisdom, have been, during the last six months, sounding the tocsin of alarm. England, forsooth, and the land o' cakes, have been overrun with Irish labourers! The emigration of paddies has been the cause of the depression of the English and Scottish poor! Now, though a decided friend to free trade in every thing, I would wish, with all my heart, that the exportation of live stock from Ireland was prohibited. But I cannot suppress my contempt, on hearing Sawny, alias Lord Hamilton, talk about the filthy habits of the Irish, and the former comfortable condition of the Scottish poor! Comfortable condition! Pray when was that the case? Filthy Irish! Bah! that is the pot, indeed, reproaching the kettle with its blackness. Can you wash the Ethiopian white? Why then you may have a chance of introducing comfortable domestic habits into Scotland. In the first volume of this work, will be found an accurate picture of "comforts" in the Highlands; and when Lord Hamilton and John Black produce their proofs of the "former comfortable condition of the Scottish peasantry," I beg they may not overlook Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottage of Glenbernie." But I—for I have been a traveller—have been "far north," have been an eye-witness of Scottish comforts; and must say, a more filthy beast than Sawny I never saw, in his native sty. Look at the man, and say, on your conscience, did he ever get a belly full? Paddy, indeed, must be badly off at home, when he emigrates to Scotland: but the truth is, there are at least five times as many Scotchmen in Ulster, as there are Irishmen in Scotland: and, strange as it may appear, Irish emigration is solely owing to the comparatively favourable condition of the Irish labourers, when compared with that of the labourers of these countries! This may appear a startling assertion; but it is nevertheless strictly true. From the debased condition of the lower classes in England and Scotland, and the sad and debilitating effects of premature labour, the working people are, most commonly, inadequate to employments where great activity and bodily strength are required: accordingly, we invariably find them yielding precedence in towns and cities, and even during the hurry of harvest, to their more athletic neighbours, whose firm tread, upright forms, cheerful countenances, and full flow of animal spirits, belie all that has been said respecting their condition in their native country. Go into the manufactory of an engineer—inquire of London builders—and you will soon find why Irish labourers are
employed in preference to English labourers. It is not because they work cheaper, but because they only are adequate to the work. In such employments, and scarcely in any other, are they to be found; and this fact proves, that their numbers in England, and their effects on the condition of English labourers, have been greatly exaggerated. They are not found in the rural districts, except during a few weeks of harvest-time; and even then, only in some parts of the country. I wish my countrymen, who cheer the yelping of the Scotsmen, would take counsel of those who know both countries, before they declaim about reducing England to their own condition. The poor of England cannot possibly be lower than they are, in the scale of comfort and moral being.

For my part, I never see a "Grecian," as a recently arrived Irishman is called, without the heart-ache. I see in him, as it were, an immortal soul lost—a moral man sacrificed at the shrine of vice—of iniquity. He must be peculiarly fortunate, if his fate does not resemble that of others—if he does not become a disgrace to the human species. There are, undoubtedly, many Irish labourers in London of unimpeachable conduct; but the vast majority of them are far different. How can it be otherwise? They exchange, at once, the habits of a simple country life, for those of the town; and, as they are unfortunately a marked race, they are compelled to herd together in the filthiest purlieus of the city, amidst noxiousness and thieves. A Rev. friend assures me, that, in the back slums of St. Giles's, he has frequently found eighteen or twenty beds spread on the floor, close beside each other, in an ordinary-sized room. It would be strange indeed, if, under such circumstances, they continued good and moral.

Degraded, sometimes unjustly, in the estimation of the public, and of the better ordered of their countrymen, it necessarily follows, that the poorer Irish give no small annoyance to parish officers. A gentleman, some time a churchwarden in a poor parish where paddies "do congregate," told me some anecdotes quite characteristic of their shrewdness and ingenuity. One fellow had given them infinite trouble for better than a twelvemonth: he was never, according to his own account, in employment; and always exhibited his three children in a most miserable plight. Tired, at length, in teasing the parish for one who had no legal claim on their charity, he refused all further relief. But Pat was not to be disposed of in that way: he came one morning, and deposited his children in the churchwarden's hall, saying, "If you do not relieve me, you must keep my young ones," and ran off. He was, however, overtaken, and, having committed an act of vagrancy by so doing, was sent to Brixton treadmill for a month. On his releasement he became quite a reformed character, betook himself to industry, and is now one of the most comfortable labourers in the parish.*

In the school-room, we found half-a-dozen children, whose education was superintended by a "learned" pauper. Two little girls, sisters, struck me as having something in their looks unusual for workhouse advocates. Their little faces, beautiful ones, sparkled with animation and intelligence; and their air and manner accorded

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* This is only one anecdote out of a hundred; but I shall reserve the remainder for my "Workhouse Biographies."
well with habits acquired elsewhere. "They are the daughters of a lieutenant," said our guide: The daughters of a lieutenant! and the sentimental nerves vibrated within me. I was about to moralize on the accidents of flood and field, when assured that the lieutenant himself was then a pauper in the house: only a visitor, however; for he had just arrived, a vagrant, from Colchester, and was about to be passed to some other part of the kingdom, in search of "a settlement." The lieutenant had been disgraced by a naval tribunal, and now found his once brilliant prospects confined to the cold cheerless walls of a parish workhouse. He may have deserved his fate; but the poor children——

In the committee-room—two churchwardens present—our eyes were dazzled with an appearance very unlike the blakeness we had hitherto looked upon. The apartment is fitted up with great taste, and seems well calculated for facilitating the business of the parish. The windows open upon the flower-garden; but it being now winter, a cheerful fire sparkled in a polished stove. Here they devour paupers on the principle according to which the child, in Peter Pindar, was eaten.—But the secrets learnt here must be reserved for a future occasion.

It would be very odd indeed, if the classic regions of St. Olave's did not furnish a poet—and it would be still more extraordinary if that poet was not an inmate of the workhouse. This is really the case. Gentle reader, allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Hawkins! The master of St. Olave's poor-house is really and bona-fide a poet, and if you doubt my judgment, send to Longman and Co. for a proof, in the form of a very pretty volume, price six shillings, published in 1820, entitled, "Poetical Hours." Take the "Rival Bards," as a sample of Mr. Hawkins's delicate muse:—

"The one tremendous strikes the lyre,
All wild his eye with rapture's fire—
'Tis mighty Byron,—yes,—'tis he—
The soul of thund'ring minstrelsy.
In lofty Harold's deathless lines
What thought! what strength! what genius shine!

Next comes the bard who sweetly strings
His vina, and rich music sings!
It is, it is ANACREON Moore,—
With him I could for ever soar!
He leads us in a fairy flight
Through such sweet groves! such isles of light!
Or where the silv'ry moonbeam falls
In starry lake, or porphyry halls,
And spreads beneath his almond bowers
To Moslem maids the feasts of flowers!
Of these immortal sons of song,
Say, which can breathe his notes along
To claim the brightest praise?
Hark! Justice with her balance cries,
O let the bards divide the prize,
For both deserve the bays!

Mr. Hawkins, although, as he says himself, his labours recently have been more parochial than poetical, has given an occasional hour to song, having now several invaluable MSS. by him. I state the fact for the interest of those epicure publishers, who are in the habit of supping upon the brains of authors.
To Spain.

Your poet is always a man of fine feeling—of humanity; and, in addition to the classic air which Mr. Hawkins's muse breathes around St. Olave's workhouse, there is an appearance of contentment, and a reality of comfort, not found in similar receptacles of the miserable. Were all "Masters" like our poet, there could be no possible objections to a workhouse. But let me not deprive Mrs. Hawkins of her due; for doubtless the poor of St. Olave's owe much to her management and kindness.

R. O'R.

TO SPAIN.

BY R. BRENNAN.

Ferdinand sits on the throne;
His creatures around him stand,
With a bondsman's heart, and a fawning tone,
To obey their king's command;
Is this whom ye call your king?
Make answer, ye men of Spain,
Say—is it meet that so worthless a thing,
O'er a nation so brave, should reign?

A bigot, with hand imbrued,
And heart confirmed in crime;
A vampire that wallows in noble blood,
As the sea-dog in ocean's slime;
A coward, who hates brave men,
For the despot league, a tool;
Who placed him to rule o'er your country again,
To play th' assassin and fool.

A tiger-cat in his lair
Is more merciful than he;
For the tyrant smiles, when he lays the snare,
To entrap and crush the free.
Is this whom ye call your king?
Oh, shame on ye, men of Spain!
Arise, and hurl down the cold-blooded thing,
From the throne he holds in vain.
He's a curse to the country that gave him birth,
And a by-word for crime to the nations of earth.

A false traitor to his word,
A bully, where he can brave;
A drivelling dotard at council board,
To God, a hypocrite slave.
The idiot thinks he can bribe
The love of offended Heaven,
Because he's girt round by a knavish tribe,
Who declare his crimes forgiv'n.
Then, arise—ye men of Spain,
Throw off the bondsmen's yoke;
Arise ye, and spurn the shameful chain,
And slavery's reign is broke.
Will he bend the free-born knee
To that weak perfidious one?
Aye, do it, in bitter mockery
Of the pride you trample on.

Let fickle France take heed,
Ere she meddles again with thee;
For rebellion, once more, may be her meed,
For daring to curb the free.
There are kindred bosoms there,
That with thine throbs in unison;
And a people so proud, and clime so fair,
Is not for the tame Bourbon;
For a recreant king, or a cowardly knave,
Is unfit to hold sway o'er the land of the brave.

_Currick-on-Suiz._

**AMERICAN CITIES.**

_Alas!—We have no London in America! No parks, squares, nor palaces—no Kensington Gardens—no Tower—no Westminster Abbey. No—yes, we have sundry shot-factories, "pointing at the skies." There are covered bridges over the Schuylkill, to be sure—but what are they to those of Waterloo and Westminster! And then there is the Thames—"Father Thames," as Gray very piously calls the old river, with its coal boats—its pleasure boats—its Lord Mayor's barge—its magnificent Greenwich Hospital—Richmond Hill, and Hampton Court! Sad to think! the Republican rivers of North America are content with the trees that grow upon their banks, and the birds that make music on their waters. The Schuylkill, to be sure, can boast of Pratt's Gardens, and those of old Bartram, the traveller, together with the far-famed water-works—but this is all; and even this is deprived of those magical associations that throw an indescribable charm around the humblest object that meets the eye, in wandering over the face of nature—in traversing the cities—and gliding upon the waters of "old Europe's lettered climes." I really do believe, Mr. Editor, that I shall become in the end a convert to Mr. Alison's Theory of Association, and conclude, with that ingenious and eloquent writer, that there is no beauty in objects independent of the mind's action upon them. Yet, let me do justice to nature, and particularly to nature as displayed in the wilds of the New World. She seems to have taken refuge from the encroachments of civilization in the east, to repose her mighty limbs upon the dizzy steep of the tumbling cataract, or the measureless summits of the Cordilleras in the west. You behold her there in all her moods and forms—from the blessed sunshine sleeping in her valleys, to the loud tempest flashing upon her cliffs—where he will hurl his dreadful banners, and then walk muttering, like an angry giant, over the summits of the far hills.
The influence of this nature is seen and felt even in the most crowded cities of the north. There is an air that comes breathing upon you in the busiest marts, whispering to you in the midst of the human hum—the densest haunts of men—that nature is still around you. Her rocks—her caves—her valleys, and her wildernesses, that ever and anon re-echo back the din and tumult of the city.

In New York, for instance, who is ever unconscious of being overlooked by the mighty Highlands, whose awful brows appear to frown upon you from afar? In Boston there is a perpetual bloom and fragrance hovering around the brilliant skirts of the city. Ascend to the top of the state house, on the hill near the Mall, and what a prospect opens around you! It has been pronounced by travellers one of the finest in the world; and I have sate for hours contemplating from that height a scene which, unlike those of art, never ceases to instil into the mind the spirit of its own hues—the feeling that lives and breathes in nature. From that elevation the eye discovers the cloudy summit of the Blue Hill (a distant chain of the great Alleghany), stretching far into the west—whence, I have been told, one of the naval engagements of the war of 1812 was witnessed by a number of persons, who saw the flashing, and heard the thunder of the cannon. In Philadelphia, you have the solitude of woods on every hand. You see them rising like a natural barrier—behind, and stretching along the romantic banks of the Schuylkill—not twenty yards from which is the elevated level of the water-works—whence you look back, and down upon the city, with its steps of pure white stone, its airy and elegant streets, laid out in regular squares (not such squares as you have in London), lying like a beautiful gem in the lap of nature. The approach to Baltimore is peculiarly and strikingly picturesque. There is nothing like it in this, and I doubt whether it has a parallel in any other country. The city is suddenly disclosed to the traveller, when he gets within about five miles of it, by the recession on either hand of the thickly embowered woods that rise in one uninterrupted cluster in front of it, as if for the purpose of surprising the stranger, by abruptly and unexpectedly opening, and revealing to him the city, sleeping upon the gentle verge of its beautiful bay. Richmond, in Virginia, commands, from its elevated site, a prospect of a somewhat different kind, but not less captivating. In approaching the city, the first object that strikes the traveller is its majestic Capitol, towering in the distance. You ascend the summit of this building, and the eye at once rests upon a few extended ranges of rich plantations, exhibiting their cultivated fields of rice, the vetch, and the oat, in all the bloom of the abounding harvest. You then go to Petersburg, a few miles to the south, and they take you immediately to see the rock, from the basin of which the beautiful Pocahontas was wont to quench her thirst; and around which are still existing various Indian remains, that impart a wild attraction to the spot. Such is nature. Now let us turn to art. Here she shrinks in the comparison! How little, how mean, how worthless, when exhibited in the presence of that great and glorious original, upon which she is continually labouring to improve, only to evince her own insignificance. But, truly, Mr. Editor, I forgot that I am in London, where such antiquated notions are not very current. I shall proceed, therefore, to speak of art, and artificial life.
Imagine me, then, imaginative reader, an inveterate Cockney, or some gentleman tradesman, (am I right?) or any other waseacre, from Cheapside, or the Strand, just landed on the battery of New York. I have renounced my shop, or, at all events, the manners of the shop, as far as in me lies—I put on my best clothes, (my London Sunday suit), and my very best airs and graces—assume an important look—perhaps I am booted and spurred, and, considering that I was never in such a predicament before, move with very tolerable grace of carriage—only suppose me thus equipped and deported, and you can't imagine the impression I make upon my first arrival! Aye, and what is more, I succeed in keeping up this impression, provided I don't turn either a swindler or a German baron, or some other arch impos- tor—or don't betray myself in an equally awkward way, such as commenting upon the high duties of the custom-house—or, in a luckless moment of abstraction, asking the price of Havannah cigars. This would most effectually mar my prospects—would be the very death of my hopes. No, I turn up my nose in affected scorn at the bare mention of a shop—and, perhaps, I keep the expressive feature in that retorted position to the last; thereby convincing the simple New Yorkers that I am no ordinary person. I repair immediately to the city hotel—could not think of going any where else—announce myself to Mr. Jennings, (in a tone sufficiently loud to attract the attention of the gentlemen I find stationed near the fireside), as Mr. Somebody, from London—desire that a suitable apartment may be prepared—give orders for a warm bath—drink two bottles of wine at dinner—and either sport my tilbury (not cabriolet), or give it to be understood that there is a lady under my protection. Once do this, Mr. Editor, only taking care to say nothing about the shops and if I fail to initiate myself into good company, better than I ever mixed in before, I will consent to forfeit my head. This, reader, is a fact—a melancholy fact, which I feel myself bound, in impartial justice, to record of my worthy countrymen. They are, I am sorry to say, more easily gullied by foreigners than any other set of people in the world.

Here, gentlemen, who, though well born and bred, neither drive their cabriolets, nor keep their boxes at the Opera, find themselves lost, utterly annihilated in the immense world around them—unless, indeed, they can recount "Narratives of a Captivity among the North American Indians,"—or project steam guns to kill ten or twenty men instead of one, in lieu of the common musket—or steam boats to go without wheels—or ascend in a balloon from Dover cliff's—or take wings at Vauxhall—or, peradventure, proceed to favour the world with a history, "a whole history" of their lives, "and brains that labour big with verse or prose," in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine—or become in some other equally detestable way "lions" of the capital! Whereas, a man-miller, from Cheapside, steps on board a merchant vessel—arrives at New York—and, instead of being lost in the world there, becomes all the world himself. The fact is, Mr. Editor, that in the American cities all the better sort of people, who are not either surgeons or doctors, are utterly and hopelessly idle; lounging languidly from morning to night, from one end of Broadway to the other, in New York; Cornhill, in Boston; Chesnut Street, in Philadelphia; Baltimore Street, in the city of that
American Cities.

name; and King Street, in Charleston. It is, indeed, truly melancholy to see the greater part of them, who, having nothing else to do, stick themselves at the corners of the streets, discussing the affairs of the nation, and, but too frequently, the affairs of their neighbours—or lolling on the benches of a mineral shop, not always to patronize the accommodating dispenser of soda; yet, occasionally condescending, with an air of the most exquisite ennui, to call for a glass—employed, for the most part, in criticising the dress of the ladies who happen to pass—the last sea-fight, or, peradventure, Mr. Cooper's last novel. Thus, when a stranger arrives among them, (provided he wear but a decent exterior), they seem to regard the event as a benign dispensation of Providence; he is at once surrounded—excrutiated by the most overwhelming civilities—and ultimately exalted into a sphere for which he never was intended—and from which, if he happen not to have the prudence and sagacity of the mock Duke in the play, "who, like a well-bred dog, walks down stairs, when he sees preparations making for kicking him down," he is sure, in the end, in nine cases out of ten, to be dismissed with no very particular marks of favour.

Social intercourse in the higher circles in Charleston is constrained for the most part; the very natural consequence of living secluded lives the greater part of the year, resembling the English in this respect more than any other people in America. I do not mean to say, from my personal observation, that society in London is formal; for I have had no intercourse with it whatever, nor am likely to have. But this, Mr. Editor, is the reputation they enjoy amongst foreigners. If I am wrong, I shall probably be set right. In the northern cities of America, you are presented with a very different state of things. There the people mix a great deal more; even in Philadelphia, where they are less gay and volatile than their neighbours of Baltimore, New York, and Boston. It has been said, that society in these cities is not so elegant and refined as it is at the south. Generally speaking, perhaps, it is not; and yet, what do we mean when we talk of society in general? The upper classes at the north are quite as polished as those of any other part of the world. The fact is, the extreme reserve of the south is contrasted, generally, with the more frank and easy manners of the north; and the result of the contras has been supposed to be in favour of the south. Thorough-bred Carolina ladies or gentlemen are, undoubtedly, very elegant and fascinating people; and the secret charm of their manners consists in its mildness and delicacy, those softer shades, which nothing but the most exquisite polish can impart. But does it follow from this, that elegance of manners is incompatible with a certain degree of easy frankness? I should think not. Southern gentlemen are considered at the north perfect gentlemen; while those of the north are more professedly and devotedly ladies' men; and, as if by way of reciprocating the compliment, are considered at the south as enjoying precisely the advantages which southern gentlemen at the north are supposed to possess. But it is not for me to settle these important differences. I have been living in the woods one half my life; and, perhaps, when I talk of frankness of manners, I am unconsciously influenced by my Indian associations—my recollections of the dear delectable little squaws of the Mississippi, who are
the most free and easy people in the world. In the north, young ladies "come out" at a much later period than they do in the south, where they not unfrequently marry at fifteen, sometimes earlier; becoming old women at thirty. In the south, families intermarry, a circumstance which, more than any other, according to late zoologists, accounts for the remarkable uniformity of the race of people south of the Potomac. I recollect a charming black-eyed creature, who, more than nature herself, contributed to inspire me with the romance which even now (when at six-and-twenty my head has grown gray) occasionally "sends me off upon a tangent," as Burns was wont to say, being compelled—yes, fair readers, absolutely compelled, by an inveterate mamma, to marry a man who had no one pretension to the hand of such a being, beyond the circumstance (which was all conclusive to the mother) of his being a cousin and a namesake. How often, "when boyish blood was mantling fast," have I sate delighted by her; my existence, my very soul, concentrated within her eyes, whose lustre, "dark with excessive bright," appeared to reflect back the wandering image upon myself! Beautiful creature! should those eyes ever trace this poor sad record of the feelings they once inspired, breathe a sigh, a single sigh, to the memory of those hours when thou wert all that wit, and youth, and loveliness could make thee; and I was what—I can never be again. Sad thought! To know that we must grow old, and to feel that we are no longer young. The morning of life melts from our existence even as the remorseless sun gathers the dew from the leaf, consigning it to the shade, where it withers a cold and gayless flower!

The northern ladies are great walkers, which accounts, I suppose, for their having much larger feet than the ladies in the south, who rarely condescend to what they seem to consider as nothing less than a plebeian habit. There are some blue stockings among them, as I suppose there are everywhere else; while they are indiscriminately addicted to novel-reading, and are, or affect to be, great lovers of poetry. When Lord Byron's poems first began to appear, I was a boy at school; but I perfectly remember the impression they made in America. They created "a great sensation" among the young ladies, whom I verily thought would have taken leave of their senses. The "Giaour" was read with avidity; the "Corsair" was immediately dramatized; "Child Harold," however, proved rather "a repulsive personage" there, as elsewhere; while, alas! "Don Juan" broke the spell.

The old ladies are inveterate politicians; and I shall never forget, Mr. Editor, the rapture with which, in 1819, a good old aunt of mine came thundering at the door, with the intelligence that Napoleon Bonaparte was again upon the throne of France. Not an event occurs in Europe, or in England, however unimportant in itself, which is not immediately known in America, affording, perhaps, a topic for the ensuing ten days; while, how many persons are there in England, or upon the Continent, who never think of America, or care about any thing that may transpire in that country? There are not a few people in this island, nay, in this city, who are absolutely uncertain as to what language it is that is spoken in that "New Atlantic." May we not hope that the day is approaching, when the two countries shall become better acquainted with each other;—when
the Americans shall cease to value every thing English, because it is English; and the English to despise every thing American, because it is not English. For my own part, I am free to record my conviction, that it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the more liberal and enlightened portion of the British people view the advances that are now making in that country towards the consolidation of a national character, that seems to afford a pledge for the ultimate security and prosperity of the human race.

S.

EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

"Hated by fools, and fools to hate,—
Be this my motto—and my fate."

Present, Sheehan of the Mail, H. B. Codey, Count Dryskull, Burke, Bethel, and David M'Cleary.

Sheehan. Well, Codey, don't you think I'm going on famously with the conversion stories.

Codey. Wonderfully well, indeed; 130 at Cavan; 100 at Askeaton; and 50, or more, at Adare, or the Lord knows where—but, my dear Sheehan, are you prepared for the consequences of a flat contradiction.

Sheehan. What care I for a contradiction; I, and my good patrons of Kildare Street, know well what we are about; we wish to produce a temporary sensation, before the "grant" comes to be canvassed, through the Courier, and others copying our paragraphs; we will lead numbers of Englishmen to think that the Bible is playing the devil among the Papists; thousands will read our daring lie, and but few will see the contradiction, if it comes at all. Kildare Street must have £20,000, by hook or crook, this session.

M'Cleary. Success to the good cause;—we Protestants "occupy an elevation," as Carleton, the cobbler of Castle Street, says.

Bethel. A shoemaker, Davy, not a cobbler.

M'Cleary. Keep your toe in your pump.

Codey. What did Carleton mean by saying, he now occupied an elevation.

M'Cleary. Why, he meant, I suppose, to point out Castle Street as high ground, when compared with the little stall, or bulk, that he once had in Queen Street—it is an elevation, to be sure.

Codey. They say he wants to colonize Castle Street with Protestants, in order to overawe our viceroy's; he would have every thing Protestant; he talks of a Protestant king, a Protestant constitution—aye, and of a Protestant bank. Now, I've heard, somewhere, of the speech of a club, and the address of a corporation, but I never heard, until he spoke, of the religion of a bank—ready money ought to be the only religion there.

Sheehan. So I think—but, good Lord, how galling it must be to the rich Papists, to be kept from the management of their own property;—the O'Briens, and Mahons, and others, with their one and two hundred thousand pounds, to be obliged to listen calmly to the taunts of this "bould shoemaker,"—it's a high treat.

Dryskull. It is a high treat, indeed; but these fellows require some
humiliation; they are abominably saucy and seditious. I said so at the Merchant’s Hall.

Codey. Oh! yes, we all remember your speech there—a silly thing, to be sure, but well timed; it brought you your appointment of £1,200 a year—nothing still like sticking to the old true blue system.

—Ascendancy for ever!

Sheehan. The Ascendancy folk have the ascendancy in the government of Ireland, after all—Plunkett and the marquis may talk, but the old Orange party can act.

M’ Cleary. Glory to them!—success to the good cause!—hurra!—as Cicero says, “may Protestantism live for ever!”

Bethel. By the by, Davy, the Protestants ought to carry a high head; their souls must be of a very peculiar value; it costs so much to keep them in order, and to save them.

M’ Cleary. They are of value, to be sure.

Bethel. If the country is not dear to them, they, at least, are dear to the country. Joe Hume will prove, that not a Church of Englandman dies in Ireland, but stands the Irish people in £800 for his spiritual comforts. Here is the calculation—half a million of Protestants cost the nation, between tithes and church lands, about eight millions a year; £16 for each person—they live well and live long, say, 50 years may be an average—16 times 50 is 800—so stands the account.

Dryskull. Well, we shall soon have more Protestants.

Bethel. Not at all; the Papists are multiplying like rabbits; between love, poverty, and the potatoes, the millions are still growing; but, faith, I heard a song; indeed it is my own, in praise of the potatoe; it goes in this way—

Omnes. Counsellor Bethel’s song—order!

Bethel. I can’t sing, but here goes; I call it the

“PRaise OF THE POTAtOE.”
They may sing, “I’ve been roaming,” but I’ll never roam;
They may boro us each night with their homely “Sweet Home;”
“Cherry Rape,” with the cherries of last year may lie;
And “Blue Bonnets,” for me, to blue blazes may fly.

Derry down, down.

The “Horn of Chase” can still twang through our ears;
In the “Lover’s Mistake,” something apeish appears;
“Buy a Broom” will be bleated till quite worn down
To a stump, such as scavengers shoulder through town.

Derry down, down.

But I’ve pitch’d on a theme,—aye,—and that in a minute;
A theme—that some weight and some substance has in it:
Arrah, boys,—here it is,—faith, I have it at hand,—
’Tis the thumping potatoe, the pride of our land!

Derry down, down.

[Taking a big potatoe out of his pocket.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!

Sings—Oh! bless the potatoe, and bless it again,
’Tis the mother and nurse of “six millions of men;”
’Tis the source of the spunk that our heroes have shown;
’Tis the root that has strengthened the king on his throne.

Derry down, down.
Let your lovers of "Harmony" swagger and swell,
Where potatoes are wanted can harmony dwell?
Though the bridegroom and bride in young beauty may glow,
Faith! "Beauty won't keep the pot boiling," we know.

Derry down, down.

Oh! where want pines in silence, or grief sheds the tear;
May our hearts all as soft as potatoes appear;
Then "more power" to the root, 'tis the root of our joys,
And, hurra, for the land of the murphys, my boys.

Derry down, down.

**Codey.** Very well, counsellor; very well, upon my word; the song and the singing are creditable to you; but as you speak of Cherry Ripe, and all that, tell me, have you been lately at the theatre?

**Bethel.** I had put on my best—no, Davy's best pair of pantaloons, last night, to go, and found that "Buy a Broom" was the leading temptation, and at once all ideas of a theatrical cast were swept clean away from my mind. I remained "at home," and, I fancy, I had no great loss; tho', damn it, I like a good song; there's Brough, and M'Keon, and Phillips, some of them could please you, in a reasonable way, with a song, where "sound and sense" go together; but to sit listening to a poor female, squeaking nonsense, it is, is it, "by all the gods," most intolerable.

**Codey.** You are quite right, Bethel; the trash they are now singing at all the theatres, is a disgrace to the taste of the age. Who the devil wrote "Buy a Broom?" Who wrote the "Lover's Mistake?" Why, really, it is provoking! A fellow who cannot write ten lines of ordinary poetry will attempt, aye, and do wonders with a song; the most difficult thing a poet can attempt. Tom Moore ought to feel ashamed, when he finds, as his rivals for lyric celebrity, Messrs. Noodle, Doodle and Co. Guitars and serenades, and the Lord knows what, are surfeiting the town. Love songs, too, are in great demand; I had £50 for this scrap.

"**Turn! Turn to me.**"

"Turn! turn to me, my only love,
Oh! turn those eyes upon me;—
Those eyes, more bright than the stars above,
Let them look as when first they won me.
I mark'd not then, what their hue might be,
As I saw them vividly glancing,—
Black, brown, or blue, were the same to me,—
But I felt that their light was entrancing:
I mark'd thy step,—it was buoyant and gay;
Thy shape,—it was light and slender;
Thy voice had a spell to win sorrow away;
And thy locks shone in glossy splendour.
I saw thee thus formed, the soul to enthrall;
No being of the earth above thee,—
Young blooming, beauteous, and perfect—all;
And, dearest, how could I but love thee!"

**Enter Tighe Gregory, Wm. Stephens, Major Sirr, Sir H. Lees, Geo. Kelly, and Mr. O'Flanagan.**

**M'Cleary.** Gentlemen, you are all welcome.

**Gregory.** Many thanks for your condescension, Mister M'Cleary. I should presume, indeed, that we are welcome, without waiting for your information.
Mc' Cleary. What, doctor, d'ye grumble? Don't you know I've your measure.

Srr. Yes, Mc' Cleary, and you know I have your measure. Don't you remember F. W. Conway's hints about ninety-eight?

Mc' Cleary. Well, well, there's no harm done; but, my dear major, didn't you hear of that impudent forgery that appeared in the Freeman's Journal? the scoundrels wanted to bring our guild into disgrace.

Stephens. How into disgrace? Is it by calling you "men and Christians"?

Mc' Cleary. Ah! my poor Billy! will you never get your brains taken out and well washed; the mud is thick on them. Why, you poor oaf, don't you see that all that was in the way of sneer? The rascal who wrote it, knew, in his soul, that we tailors weren't "men;" and as to our being "Christians," what did he know of that? It was a gross libel. "Men and Christians," what right has any scribbler to call nicknames?

Stephens. Davy, don't be angry! on the word of a sinner, I didn't write it.

Mc' Cleary. You write it! Who says you could? but we have taken measures to detect the libeller; I know the cut of his cloth, and I'll punish him.

Bethel. Choak him with a goose.

Codey. Give him a surfeit of cabbage.

Lees. No, no, prick him to death with needles.

Mc' Cleary. Gentlemen, be easy! I have your measure, and your measure, and may be yours too; here's yours, Mr. Warder Codey, (pulls out a book); here's a sketch of you, my lad; this is a little affair written by a friend of mine, "The Plagues of Ireland."

Omnes. The plagues! oh, Lord! oh, Lord!

Mc' Cleary. Codey is spoken of in the notes (reads)—"Mr. C—enjoys a doubtful sort of distinction, as half dust and half scribbler; half poet and half playwright; half partisan, half politician, half Papist, and half Protestant."

Codey. No, wholly Protestant; every inch a Protestant.

Mc' Cleary. Be quiet—"he has figured as a political hack; as a worker of namby-pamby rhymes; as a framer of flaming melodramas; and an inditer of a multitude of tuned, untuned, and untunable songs"—from such songs may Heaven deliver us!

"I'd sooner be a kitten, and cry, mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

Lees. Davy, Davy, I must call you to order; this is grossly personal.

Mc' Cleary. When I'm out of order, correct me; but, my dear Sir Harcourt, there's a hit at you, in the same book; here it is. (reads)—

"See Lees well paid,—ask what return he yields?
He thins your game, and scources along your fields;
He damns your priests and Prelates, great and small;
Attempts to write,—but prints and murders all;
Takes tithes and dues,—and shows you as he takes,
Ifow smooth a parson even a maniac makes."

Lees. Who is this scoundrel? Does the unbelieving rascal dare to speak of the Lord's anointed in this way? As Hangman General,
I mark him down for the rope; give me that book (snatches the book, and throws it in the fire); as a libel, let it be consumed.

Bethel. As a libel it has been condemned, aye, and executed too; "burned by the common hangman."

Lees. No, sir, "Hangman General," and that by the special appointment of the liberator, Dan O'Connell.

Codley. But, Sir Harcourt, what think you of O'Connell now?

Lees. Why, that he's worse than ever; there is something seditious in that popish air of Kerry; I thought he might have cooled, during the long vacation, but he has actually returned to us with a bran new stock of treason; and that little devil, Shiel, is still more bitter—actually a walking duodecimo of disloyal abominations.

M'Cleary. But it was a good joke, to bring in their French duke to frighten us, and to talk about his father, the girinal; why, if it goes to that,—I mean, if it comes to Handygrips, we have girinals of our own in the corporation.

Bethel. Oh! yes; you have General Gormandizing.

Codley. And General Dullness.

M'Cleary. Be quiet; we have, I say, experienced commanders; there is Justice Coombe Drury—

Stephens. And the veteran Major Sirr (the Major bows).

Gregory. And that great captain, Sir William Stamer.

M'Cleary. And Captain Bell, of the mounted pelece.

Kelly. And, "See the conquering hero comes," Colonel Blacker.

Enter Colonel Blacker, A. B. King, and his man Stoker.

Lees. Welcome, friends, welcome; worthy colonel, prince of foolscaps, pride of the tailors, jointly and severally, I bid you welcome (they sit).

M'Cleary. But, as we were saying, Sir Harcourt, if all goes to all, we can meet the traitors. We have the Orange pelece, and the loyal watchmen; and these, led on by the heroes we have named, would soon drive six millions of Papists to hell or to Connaught. Colonel Potheen, your health (drinks).

Blacker. Aye, Colonel Potteen, and I glory in the name! I paid £100 for a keg of it; but what care I for that? What care I for Sneyd's 1811, or Kingston's pet vintage? Oh, whiskey, you're the darling; or, as old Carolan sings:

"Oh, whiskey is the nostrum that can cure every ill. 'Tis the charm that will work beyond the doctor's skill. If sad, or sick, or sore, Take a bumper brimming o'er, And sprightliness and jollity shall bless thee still: Still seducing; Glee producing; Love inspiring; Valour firing: 'Tis the nectar of the gods;—it is the drink divine: Let no travell'd dunce again Praise the wines of France and Spain: What is Claret or Champagne? Be the whiskey mine!"

Codley. Very well, colonel; but where did you get that scrap? I am aware that the real receipt of Carolan is not much known, though the air is amazingly popular. Where did you get it?
Blacker. I got a peep at Hardiman’s MSS. The “Minstrelsy of Ireland” will soon appear; and, when it does appear, you will see some curious things in it.

Sirr. Refrain from such songs while I am here; they are very unbecoming; they do not suit “serious people.”

Bethel. Arrah! major, jewel, how long are you in that way? Who the devil that saw you in 98, could think of you ever being a saint?

Sirr. I have been a vile sinner.

M’Cleary. Blast the doubt of it; but what brings you here?

Sirr. I came to solicit subscriptions for the “Tract Society.” The “Harvest is ripe; the fields are white for the sickle; the land is an howling wilderness.”

Bethel. Fudge! and you’re a Bible distributor too? Were your old friend, Jemmy O’Brien, alive, he could assist you—he, you know, was a proficient in Bible work—he was most intimately acquainted with the New Testament; but he work’d to destroy the body; you’re working for the soul.

Sirr. Verily I am.

Bethel. Why, then, verily you’ve no chance here; not even Jemmy’s dagger could force a rap from me—I’m a true Protestant—I haven’t a cross about me.

Sirr. Brother! brother! I weep for thee in the spirit.

Bethel. And I’ll laugh at thee, over the spirits, when you go out. [Exit Major.

Lees. (Dreaming.) Two hundred and eleven thousand Orangemen, all ready—I draw my sword—chapels are burning—priests are hanging—demagogues beheaded:—blood! blood! ha, ha.

Dryskull. Oh Lord! Sir Harcourt, you frighten’d me, (starts up).

M’Cleary. He hasn’t frighten’d me. “Vide et crede;” as my own Cicero says.

Bethel. Devil of a bit of Cicero says that—at least I don’t now recollect the expression.

M’Cleary. It’s likely you don’t! I fancy you are just as deep in Latin, as in law—but I am obliged to study the ancients, and I’ll tell you why! My mistress is always harping at me about my politics—when we talk English, she’s too many for me, but when I squirt out a scrap from the old classic fellows, faith, it bothers her entirely.

—What ails you, Sir Harcourt?

Lees. Nothing! I am about getting a bit of supper! Doctor Gregory, will you join me?

Gregory. With pleasure Sir Harcourt.

Lees. But curse it, Doctor, what ails you? You look both cold and hungry!

M’Cleary. He always looks so.

Gregory. Why, you know, we clergymen are obliged sometimes for to fast and to pray.—I’ve been practising self-denial and mortification latterly.

Lees. So have I too—instead of three bottles of Sneyd’s 1811, I have for the last week taken but two of an evening, but here’s the supper. (A waiter enters with supper—the reverend gentlemen begin.)

O’Flanagan. (Winking at Kelly.)

“Now’s the time, and now’s the hour,
While the kidneys they devour.”

Vol. I.
Kelly. (Aside.) Aye! be at them at once,
M'Cleary. Cicero says—but oh! what's that?

(A voice near the supper table.)

"Hear, ye gormandizers, hear,
Poor 's ghost is near."

Lees. (Starting up.) Spirit of Nimrod! what's all this?

The Voice.

"I've turned from my path, in the midnight air,
On the pinions of speed I came,
And while my woes and my wrongs I declare,
Let the guilty quake at my name.
I have ventured for once, the worst to brave.
No deeper pang can I fear:
Ye ravenous pair,
Leave the kidneys there;
While the worm is feasting away in my grave,
Must you think of feasting here?
Oh! think of the suppers poor * * * gave;
Oh! think of the times gone by:
How each and all slunk styly away,
When my rent was claimed, and my bills to pay.
How those that had rioted at my cost,
When they saw that all chance of suppers was lost,
Turned off—and left me to die."

Lees. Oh dear! oh dear! I'm fainting—but, Doctor, how can you eat?—why you've devoured all the kidneys.

Gregory. Peace! Perturbed, spirit be still.

The Voice.

"Hear, ye gormandizers, hear,
poor starved ghost is near."

Lees. Oh dear! I'll faint.

Kelly. Poor spirit! Shall I question it?

Omnes. Oh, do! do! Mr. Kelly.

Kelly. Ghost! speak, and say, why art thou not at rest? why art thou wandering?

The Voice.

"Not bad enough for unending woe;
Not good enough for heaven;
Into limbo I might not go,—
For I never had grace
To believe in the place,
And away from the gate I was driven.
Let me my dreary doom declare;—
I wander far through the clouded air;
Two ghosts behind,
On the wings of wind,
My terrible track pursue,
Two burning, blazing pokers they bear;—
You knew them well—when on earth they were,
Deep, double-dyed, true blue.
Oh, hear it, Gregory!—hear it, Lees!—
And, hear it, Davy M'Cleary!
The horrible spirits that haunt me thus,
Tainting with brimstone the passing breeze,—
Amongst you once made a hell of a fuss,
And railed at papists till all wax'd weary:—
The one was Jack Gifford, our boast of old;  
The other, the captain, renowned and bold;  
Fitzsimons, surnamed Tipperary.  
Oh! think of their fate,  
Ere it comes too late,  
Lay your Protestant pride  
And your nonsense aside;  
Become liberators,  
And plain fish-eaters.  
Oh! listen for once to the voice of him,  
Who prized you all so highly,—  
To the spirit, all gloomy, and ghastly, and grim,  
Of the murdered, martyred, * * * * * *.*”

M’Cleary. Oh dear! oh dear! I’m expiring.—Cabbage and cutting and clipping, and all—all are in judgment against me—I’m lost, the room is full of brimstone. (Faints.) Kelly and O’Flanagan retire laughing.

Cody. This is singular.

Bethel. Mighty odd.

King. Very wonderful!

Stoker. Not at all, gentlemen: I’ll explain it.—But the Doctor is going to faint!

Gregory. Oh! dear, where am I,—was it a dream?

Stoker. Tye, fye, Doctor, cheer up—I’m ashamed of you, and Sir Harcourt: he calls himself protector of the Protestants—a precious protector! and you are the guide—the pole-ar star of the barbers. Verily, parson Suds, you’ve shown no luck.

Gregory. What do you mean, Mister Stoker.

Stoker. Why, I mean that your friend Mr. Kelly, has been quizzing you, as he has often done before. Do you know his companion; he that came in and went out with him?

Gregory. He introduced him as Mister O’Flanagan.

Stoker. Mister O’Bother! why, sir, that is Gallaher, the celebrated ventriloquist—a young man by the by, who has evinced very considerable talent in his various exhibitions: he possesses a rich comic vein, and, what is worse, he is a Papist; think of that; he came here to take a rise out of you, and Kelly helped him.

Gregory. Then it was not Wylie’s ghost?

Lees. Fellow! keep your distance—I know you—what right had you to pull me just now by the nose?

Stoker. To revive you, my dear friend!

Lees. Sir! never again take such a liberty when you approach a dignity of the church, do it with becoming respect—but I know you are a forward fellow—you are the free tailor that Travers Burke wrote the scrap about—I have it here, and I’m glad of it,—he calls it

Billy Stoker.

(To the tune of Alley Croaker.)

““There was a free-tailor the faction made half-crazy,  
He wielded not his needle, for his fingers were too lazy,  
At Daly’s, and at Flanagan’s, they thought him a queer joker,  
And christened him, Sir Abeys Slob, the brainless Billy Stoker.  
Oh! poor Stoker;  
Poor mutton-headed Stoker;  
The measureless free-tailor, the brainless Billy Stoker.”"
King. Why, Billy, when this goes out on you, it will be-devil you—it will make you as ridiculous as Billy Stephens himself.

Stephens. Let Billy Stephens alone. If you said as ridiculous as Tighe Gregory, or Timothy Dryskull, or Davy M'Cleary, it might do; but Mister Stephens is proof against all your attacks.

Cody. "Cas'd in impenetrable" dullness.

Stephens. Yes, Mr. Warder, there I claim kindred with you.

Blacker. Gentlemen, drop this cavilling; I've a matter to propose.

I want your names as subscribers to the "Watchman."

Cody. Aye! aye! a most watchmanly production; quite fit for the Bilkey's guard-room; it smells of the watchhouse!

Blacker. It's a Protestant publication, however, Gentlemen, subscribe!

Bethel. I'll write puns for it.

Dryskull. I'll praise it on circuit.

King. I'll give a few quills and some paper!

Stephens. I'll furnish articles on Political Economy.

Blacker. God forbid: but Sir Harcourt?

Lees. I'll do nothing.

Enter Waiter.

Gentlemen, Mrs. Flanagan says you must have the room no more, if you don't keep less noise and better hours. (Exit.)

M'Cleary. Come to the Ormond—come.

Stoker. No, we broke glasses and tumblers there; O'Neil will have no more to do with the leaders of the "Benevolent Orange Society."

M'Cleary. Come to Daly's then! (Exeunt omnes.)

DR. LINGARD AND THE REVIEWERS.*

God help the poor Catholics! It is not enough that the law lays its oppressive hand upon them;—it is not enough that they are excluded from the privileges of the subject, that they are degraded and insulted as men, but they must have their religion, their only consolation, held up as a thing of reproach, as a belief incompatible with the duties of a Freeman, as a vile code of superstition and slavery. As might be expected that portion of the press which follows, rather than leads, public opinion, has its unmeaning, (but effectual for the purposes of bigotry,) fling against Catholics, its sneer against Popery; and perhaps we should not feel surprise at finding those writers who make such specious pretension to political caudour and literary honesty following, the venal example of the venal scribes who dale out their daily lies in the public prints. "Those who live to please, must please to live," and it would in this age of trade and commerce, be too much to expect that any publication which depends upon the favour of a faction or party, promulgating any doctrine or truth at variance with the creed of its supporters; still it could hardly be expected that those writers, who have advocated the claims of the Catholics to political equality, would counteract their own apparent

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good intentions, by misrepresenting, purposely and designedly, the creed of the people of Ireland—of nine tenths of the Christian world. Such, however, is really the fact: Catholicity has to encounter the rancorous enmity of the English press, from the halfpenny tract to the six-shilling quarterly,—from the gilt and painted duodecimo to the umbrageous quarto. The cry against the religion of Rome is in full chorus,—and is heard alike in the political essay, and the critical dissertation.

Yet, if we admit the truth of Christianity, what is there in Catholicity which merits the constant reproach of Protestant writers? With the bulk of the people habit has rendered a hatred of “Popery,” a kind of physical aliment. It is a part of the constitution, if you believe the lawyers—it is a portion—the sweetest perhaps, of John Bull’s creed; he was taught it by his nurse; he transmits it to his children; it is therefore no crime of his—he is hardly accountable for it. But the conduct of those who know better will admit of no such apology. Do they believe that Catholicity is opposed to an assertion of popular rights, that it is more favourable than Protestantism to the perpetration of arbitrary power? If they do, they understand but little of the subject—they know nothing of the genius of both religions.

Catholicity, in accordance with the pure doctrine of Christ, proclaims, through all its acts and tenets, the first and most important principle of civil liberty—the equality of mankind! It goes further, and renders unqualified despotism impossible, by refusing to give kings or rulers supremacy in spiritual matters. It can exist, and has existed, in spite of temporal authority; it is the only religion which practically inculcates the necessity of leaving the conscience free—the opinion unfettered, by refusing to surrender this divine right of man, to the dictation of arbitrary power. But it is said, the discipline of the Catholic church tends to beget in its followers, abstract notions of submission—feelings favourable to despotism; and this notion has prevailed pretty generally since the Reformation. It is, however, founded on misconception, on an ignorance of that discipline upon which the charge is grounded.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, nothing can be more purely republican than the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. In every government, in every institution of men, despotism must reside somewhere. There must be an authority to hear and determine final appeals; some one authorized to act for the whole. In circumscribing this authority, or rendering it incapable of abusing its trust, is all that human wisdom, and human means, can accomplish. In England, laws and institutions are multiplied for this purpose; and in states purely democratic, there has been either a president or council to carry the laws into execution. All that could be done, by way of preserving the office from abuse, was, by making the officer elective, the term of authority to extend to a certain period, or to endure for life. Now, how can the discipline of the Catholic church, in a political point of view, inculcate slavish sentiments of abstract submission? Is the popedom hereditary? Does his holiness possess despotic power over the church of which he is the head? By no means; he is elected to the chair of Peter, and cannot bequeath it; he cannot promulgate, abrogate, or alter, a single article of
faith; and, in things of great moment, but of less consequence, nothing he does is binding on the Catholic community, unless it has the sanction of the Catholic prelates scattered over the world. These prelates are as independent of his Holiness as they possibly could be, while they perform their duties with fidelity; and this freedom from interference runs through the whole ecclesiastical arrangement of the church. The archbishops are not removable at the pleasure of the pope, the bishops are not removable at the pleasure of the archbishops, and the parish priests are not removable at the pleasure of the bishops. Despotism is removed from all its details; the whim and caprice of those in power is most effectually guarded against, while the unity of faith, and the proper discharge of duties, is provided for in a most admirable manner, by giving to each department of the governing power, that quantum of authority, and no more, which is calculated to secure a proper obedience, devoid of fear or subserviency. With temporal rulers, Catholicity seeks no alliance through principle or necessity; its teachers are best employed when unconnected with governments; and when it becomes the religion of the state, the monarch is excluded from wresting its tenets to the purposes of despotism. Churchmen may become knaves or sycophants, but the Catholic religion soars above their corruption, and asserts its native independence. Can any of these arguments be advanced, with truth, in favour of Protestantism?

But, we may be told that facts contradict our theory. We deny it; Catholicity has ever been, in a temporal point of view, the friend of man. To it we are indebted for civilization, literature, and the science, which teaches the necessity of setting limits to power. This, necessarily, arose in the minds of men from contemplating the order and utility of the government of the church; and, accordingly, we find churchmen, in the early ages, the firm advocates of popular rights; and, subsequently, the only friends of the poor, against the tyranny and exactions of the feudal chiefs, titled robbers, and murderers, who would have perpetuated bad government and barbarism, were it not for the light which the church continued to emit on the visible darkness of Europe. "Ay, but," say our opponents, "look to Spain and Italy,—see the priests and monks there, the firm upholders of despotism." In the first place, we doubt the fact taken here for granted; and, in the second place, we have to observe, that Catholics, whether lay or ecclesiastical, have no exemption from the consequences of ignorance or extreme folly. There can be no doubt that there have been some Catholic ecclesiastics, in every age, who have done no great honour to human nature; but their conduct, so far from being in unison with the spirit of their church, was in despite of the tenets it tacitly teaches. But we should not confine our eye to the spots on the sun, but, regarding its whole effulgence, admit, at once, its virtues and utility. Ecclesiastics are men, and if they do not always rise above the spirit of their age and country, we should recollect that, if Galileo was proscribed, an assembly of Presbyters, in Scotland, at a more enlightened period, prohibited the use of winnowing machines; an artificial wind being, in their opinion, contrary to God's divine word!

Of the spiritual claims of the Catholic Church, we shall say nothing here; but, in this imperfect view of its discipline, enough is
advanced to prove—demonstrate, that Catholics are not necessarily advocates, either of arbitrary power or revolution, for they are charged with both; on the contrary, the more they understand the temporal arrangements of their church, the more they must become in love with a limited monarchy, or a well-planned scheme of republicanism. But, as the most ignorant of them know that religion has nothing to do with politics—that the Pope has no authority to prescribe to them a form of government, perhaps they are influenced solely by those circumstances which act upon the allegiance of their fellow-subjects. It must be obvious, however, that there is nothing in the nature of Catholicity which deserves the reproaches daily cast upon it by the conductors of the English press. It is time, however, that they were taught to be more circumspect—that you shall not offend with impunity.

We have been induced to make these remarks, preparatory to our observations on the pamphlet before us. Dr. Lingard is an English Catholic clergyman, who has written a history, at least, equal to the best works of Robertson, Hume, or Gibbon, as to style, and very superior to them, as far as research and learning were concerned.

"It did not escape me," says the Doctor, "when I first sat down to write the History of England, that I had imposed on myself a toilsome and invidious task. I foresaw that it would require habits of patient research, and incessant application; that I should frequently be obliged to contradict the statements of favourite writers, occasionally perhaps to offend the political or religious partialities of my readers; and that my pretensions to accuracy would provoke others to seek out and expose those casual errors, which no human vigilance can totally exclude from long and laborious compositions. But the knowledge of these inconveniences did not divert me from my purpose. I have pursued it faithfully and fearlessly through six quarto volumes, and have brought down the history from the first invasion by the Romans to the death of Charles the First.

"As the work issued from the press, it gradually attracted notice. By some writers it was honoured with the meed of approbation: others selected certain portions for the subject of animadversion. To these I made no reply, intending to reserve myself till the completion of my labours, and then, in a general answer, to admit emendation, where I found myself in error, and to defend my former statements, where I thought them captiously or wantonly assailed.

From this resolution he has receded, in consequence of an article, extended over upwards of sixty pages in the eighty-seventh number of the Edinburgh Review, the import of which will be collected from the following extract, being the reviewer's third paragraph:

"Finding that, even in the history of so remote an age (Saxon-Anglo), zeal for his order had made him forgetful of his duty as an historian, we had little doubt, that, if we selected for examination a more trying period, where the credit and interests of his church were more directly concerned, we should see displayed in a stronger light the passions and prejudices of the author: and, adhering to our former rule, of not meddling with the disputes between the Roman and the Anglican church, we made choice of his account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew as the next subject for our critical dissection. If this was an event calculated to excite or imbitter his religious animosities, it was for that very reason the business of a cautious historian to be on his guard against them. If it was a transaction, respecting which the English public were comparatively but slightly informed, it became more imperatively his duty, not to take advantage of their ignorance, to mislead and deceive them. We do not deny, that, from the specimen we had already had of Dr. Lingard's talents for ecclesiastical controversy, we were prepared for many errors and misrepresentations in this part of his work. And certainly we have not been mistaken in our anticipations. The harvest has been
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ininitely more abundant than we had expected, and our opinion of Dr. Lingard, as an historian, has in the same proportion declined."

The reader might be led to think, from this swelling opening, that something extraordinary was coming—that the reviewer was about to demolish the historian’s character by proofs of delinquency; but, it appears, his ire was provoked by a short note, on a subject unconnected with English history:—

"In my history of the reign of Elizabeth," says Dr. Lingard, "I was led to notice, at some length, the Parisian massacre in 1572, not so much because it belonged to the subject, as that I might conform to the practice of preceding writers. But at the same time I ventured to depart from the common opinion, that it was the effect of a preconcerted plot, and to consider it as the sudden result of an accidental and unforeseen event. I was, indeed, aware, as old Mathieu had taught me in his narrative of the same transaction, that it is not always prudent to advocate the cause of truth in opposition to accredited error: and I readily foresaw that the statement which I should make, would excite surprise, and provoke contradiction. But the fact appeared to me a proper subject for historical inquiry; and the consideration that two centuries and a half have elapsed since it happened, that time has been allowed for passion to cool, and prejudice to wear away, determined me to commit my opinion fairly and fearlessly to the candour and discernment of my readers."

And for doing this the reviewer charges him with, first, perverting facts to serve the cause of his religion; secondly, with complete ignorance of the authors he ought to have consulted; and, thirdly, with misquoting the authors he did consult.

Now, unfortunately for the reviewer, if Dr. Lingard had been silly enough to think religion served by falsehood, he would have preferred the old version of the story, thereby throwing all the blame of the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the French government; but having discovered the truth, he states it, though it charges much of the blood that was spilt to a spirit of bigotry and revenge in the Catholic populace.

Dr. Lingard has completely turned the tables on the reviewer respecting authorities and quotations; and establishes, beyond the possibility of doubt, the truth of his original statement. After adducing his proofs, he proceeds:—

"It was this which caused me to remark in a note, that the hypothesis of my opponents was ‘unsupported by contemporary authority;’ an observation which has aroused the astonishment and ire of the reviewer. ‘Unsupported by contemporary authority!’ he exclaims, ‘why: it was maintained by Capilupi at Rome in the month of September, it was believed by the elector of Saxony in October, it was asserted by an orator in the assembly of the huguenots of Danphine in December, and it was assumed as true by the ex-jesuit Masson in 1575.’ All this I am ready to grant, and even more. But from what source did these persons derive their knowledge? As well might you appeal to the French orators and writers of pamphlets, for contemporary authority to prove that the attempt to destroy the first consul by the explosion of the ‘infernal machine,’ in the year 1800, originated with Mr. Windham and his colleagues in the British ministry. A broad distinction should be drawn between authority for a public fact, and authority for a secret design. The fact is a matter of notoriety: its truth may be easily ascertained. I would admit even Capilupi and the elector of Saxony as authority for the fact

* "The article," says the doctor, in a note in the review, "was provoked by a letter in a newspaper, which was so worded, as to have the appearance of coming from me. I, therefore, take this opportunity of saying, that I was not privy either to the writing or the publication of that letter."
of the massacre. But a design, supposed to have been formed and conducted in privacy and concealment, unless it be necessarily implied in the result, requires very different proof. Its existence can be shewn only by the confession of the parties, or by the testimony of those, who have derived their knowledge from those parties. Such confession or testimony would be authority, and contemporary authority. But does any such exist? Was any such ever known to exist? No: my opponent 'has not the hardihood' to assert it. Where then is his contemporary authority?"

"I added that I had taken a few additional circumstances from the memoirs of Tavannes, who was in the Louvre, and one of the devisers of the massacre. On this the reviewer remarks that, 'if Dr. Lingard had in reality read the book, he must have known that it was composed not by the marshal himself, but by his son John, Viscount de Tavannes.'—That the memoirs were composed by the viscount for the instruction of his family, I know: but I conceive that there is to be found in them that, which may fairly be taken for the testimony of the marshal himself, transmitted to us through his son. When the viscount comes to the summer of 1572, he gives us several papers, certainly written by his father, and details several particulars which he could hardly have derived from any other source. The reviewer, indeed, tells us 'that he was too young to be admitted into the private councils where the massacre was devised,' (which is probably true;) and that 'he had too severe a father to venture on questioning him, or attempting to penetrate into his secrets;' which is very ingeniously put forward, not because it is true, but because it may serve to parry my argument. In defiance, however, of the reviewer, the viscount tells us, that he did procure information from his father. The greater part of the marshal's political life passed before the birth, or during the infancy and boyhood, of the son: but there was one part of the facts which the viscount relates, of which he was the eye witness, and of which he derived the knowledge from his father. 'J'ai veu, j'ai sceu partie des faits de M. de Tavannes, mon pere.' Now it so happens, that this part is that which comprehends the massacre. He was then attending his father at court: he was soliciting from the king an appointment to one of the offices held by the marshal; and he was actually employed in the Louvre on the very night of the massacre. All this I did not think it necessary to explain to my readers, particularly as my limits were so confined: and I have yet to learn, that my silence was any fraud on their credulity. But, adds the reviewer, 'the father survived the massacre only eleven months, and the son, who was only eighteen years of age, passed a great part of the interval in Rochelle, at a distance from him, and did not finish the miscellaneous composition called the Memoires de Tavannes, till fifty years afterwards.' At what period he finished the memoirs, or whether he did not write them long before he made the last corrections, is of little consequence. If the reviewer means to assert that the viscount had few opportunities of consulting his father after the massacre, be it so: I shall not contradict him: but if he intend to insinuate that he had no opportunity during the period of the massacre, I shall answer that such insinuation is opposed by the very declaration of the writer, and by the several passages, in which he details his own proceedings on that night of bloodshed and horror.'

What will the admirers of the Edinburgh Review say to the following?

"In a short note at the foot of the page, I had briefly mentioned this letter (of Philip of Spain,) in proof of my assertion: and the reviewer snatches the opportunity to charge me with the guilt of suppressing some of these particulars: as if it were the duty of the historian to convert his notes into dissertations, and to fill his pages with every trifling circumstance, which a captious opponent may think favourable to his own hypothesis. Nor is this all. If we may believe him, I have suppressed the important information that 'the historian who procured this correspondence, was inclined to believe that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was concerted at this meeting.' Now I must beg of the reader to notice the very ingenious process by which this imaginary suppression is proved. 'The historian,' says he, 'adds that many have thought the massacre of the heretics at Paris,
executed seven years afterwards, was planned at this interview; id quod mihi neque abnuere neque affirmare promptum fuert, potius inclinat animus ut credam." This, at first view, has a plausible appearance; but a reference to the original will instantly expose the fraud. The words are—Id, quod mihi neque abnuere neque affirmare promptum fuert. Potius inclinat animus ut credam, et mutua Gallorum in Belgium, atque hinc in Galliam adversus religions principumque rebelles auxilia, que sepius dehinc submissa vidimus, et Caroli regis cum Elizabetha Maximiliani imperatoris filia matrimonium, quinto post anno celebratum, ab eo colloquio provenisse. Now, if this passage be compared with the quotation by the reviewer, it will be found that, to effect his purpose, he has taken the last of the two sentences, and divided it into unequal portions. Of these, the first and shorter he adds to the sentence preceding, as one of its component parts: of the second, which after the division retains no meaning, he does not make mention: he conceals the mutilated remains from the eye of the reader, though he has carefully surveyed them himself, and discovered that they include a hint of mutual assistance. The contrivance is ingenious: Strada is made to say the very reverse of that which he really said: he is made to say that he inclines to adopt the opinion of those who believe that the Parisian massacre was concerted at Bayonne; whereas, he really says that, instead of adopting that opinion, he is inclined to believe that two other things, viz. the occasional supply of aid from one crown to the other, and the marriage of Charles to the daughter of the emperor, were the real effects of the conference. To characterize this most singular perversion of testimony, I shall not borrow any of those offensive terms which are of such frequent use, in the reviewer's vocabulary. I will not call it carelessness or ignorance, bad faith or misrepresentation, indifference to historical accuracy, or an attempt to deceive the reader. Perhaps it was no more than an oversight, occasioned by precipitancy, by that eagerness for victory, which so often blinds and misleads the judgment. But, be it what it may, the detection will teach him this useful lesson, that it becomes the man, who has to crave forbearance for his own delinquencies, to view with a more indulgent eye the failings, whether they be real or only imaginary, of others."

"The reviewer concludes thus: 'We are tired, and so probably are our readers, with tracing Dr. Lingard through his numerous mistakes and misrepresentations; and, if the instances of carelessness and bad faith, which we have collected from so small a portion of his book, are insufficient to convince them that truth is neglected in his history, and that prejudice and partiality usurp its place, we despair of producing conviction.' On the arrogant and insulting tone of this paragraph I shall make no comment. The review and the vindication are now before the public; and the public must judge between us."

One more instance of bad faith in the reviewer, and we have done with the charlatan.

"To prove the existence of a preconcerted plot to get possession of the chiefs of the huguenots, the reviewer appeals to a confidential communication made by Tavannes to the king, in 1571. 'The marshal,' he says, 'there discusses in what manner hostilities are likely to be renewed. He pronounces that the war will recommence by one party attempting to seize on the chief persons of the opposite side, and recommends various precautionary measures to the king and his brothers, to guard them from sudden attack. With respect to the huguenots, he observes, that to surprise the places they possess, to extinguish their religion, or to break their alliances with foreign powers, is impossible, 'Ainsi, il n'y a moyen que de prendre les chefs tout à la fois, pour y mettre un fin.' 'Les choses,' he adds, 'sont en bon train pour venir au dessus des affaires, pourvu que l'on ne se laisse attraper: et leur faut tenir parole, pour ne leur donner occasion de prendre les armes.'"

"This passage is a most valuable specimen of the art of the reviewer. By bringing into juxta-position passages which lie at a distance from each other, and by converting the premises into the conclusion, and the conclusion into the premises, he has contrived to communicate to the memoir of Tavannes a meaning which was never contemplated by that statesman. His object was to warn the king of the danger, and to propose precautions against the possibility of a sur-
prise. In the preface he remarks, that the exhaustion of the two parties will compel them to observe the articles of pacification, though, to judge from experience, there can be little doubt that either of them will seize a favourable opportunity, if any such should offer, of putting an end to the contest at once. Now, nothing can be so likely to effect this, as for one of the parties to make prisoners of the chiefs of the other: for it is as impossible for the huguenots to make themselves masters of the whole kingdom, as for the royalists to surprise the places of the huguenots, reduce their religion, and break their foreign alliances. This, then, the capture of the chiefs of one party by the other, is the only means of putting an end to the contest for ever: now, that the royalists should obtain possession of the huguenot chiefs is out of the question: they are always on their guard. But let not the king deceive himself; it will be easy for the huguenots to obtain possession of the royal family, unless precautions are employed. For there is no place, particularly in the vicinity of Paris, where they cannot collect, within twenty-four hours, seven or eight hundred horsemen, besides their adherents in attendance on the court, or resident in the capital. After this preface, he details his plan for keeping on all occasions so large a force in the neighbourhood of the court, as may render a surprise impracticable; and then concludes by observing, that the king is now in the way of getting over his difficulties, if he does not allow himself to be surprised. He must keep faith with the huguenots, that they may not have a pretext to arm in their own defence, but that he may have time to arm before them: for if he have time, it is certain that they will be continually beaten. The only danger is in a surprise: that would be certain ruin; but against that the plan which he has proposed will prove a safeguard. "This is the substance of the memoir, and I have given it at some length, that the reader may observe the ingenuity with which the reviewer has misrepresented its meaning, in the passage which I have already quoted from him; and may admire the boldness with which he proceeds to assert, that 'the policy here recommended by Tavannes is precipitely that which the court is charged by its enemies with having followed; viz. to quiet the suspicions of the huguenots by a faithful execution of the treaty, and to take advantage of the confidence inspired by that conduct, to bring together and secure their chiefs.' Nothing can be more plain than that Tavannes anticipated no such thing as the possibility of bringing together and securing the chiefs. The advantage which he expected from the faithful execution of the treaty, was the opportunity of being the first in arms, which he was confident would give the victory to the king in every succeeding engagement. 'Car si sa majesté a ce loisir (de lever les armes premi- crement), c'est chose seure qu'ils seront toujours battus.'"

Dr. Lingard bestows two concluding chapters on a brace of critics, who have likewise assailed him—Dr. Todd, in defence of the notorious Cranmer—and the Quarterly Review, in defence of that piece of prudery, Anne Boleyn. As these are subjects which we expect shortly to come before us in a very novel and very conclusive form, we shall reserve all our gallantry and piety for the occasion.

GOSZIPIANA.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Hardiman, and his able coadjutors, have nearly finished their truly national task of collecting and translating the ancient poetry of their country. The bardic remains of Ireland are extremely rare; they lie scattered through numerous old manuscripts in private and public collections, and many of them are only to be found among the peasantry of the country, who have handed them down orally from father to son, in the same way as nursery rhymes are learnt in our childhood. It required no small degree of talent, and of patient research, to collect materials from such sources; but those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hardiman feel that the task could not have fallen into abler hands. As an antiquarian he ranks deservedly high, and we believe Sir Walter Scott, when in Ireland, complimented him very highly as such. The work, we believe, will be called, "The Minstrel of Ireland," and will
contain about one hundred songs, odes, elegies, &c. some of which are of very early date. About one third of the number are by Carolan, who has hitherto been considered as a musician more than a poet. The English versification of this portion of the work has been wholly undertaken by Mr. Furlong, whose ability for the task, we anticipate, will be universally acknowledged when the volume appears. The remainder of the pieces will be from the pens of Mr. Furlong, Dr. Drummond, author of the " Giant's Causeway" Counsellor D'Alton, and others. Some account of the Bards, and a valuable body of notes, will be appended, from the pen of Mr. Hardiman. Several embellishments will be given, one of which will be a portrait of Carolan, engraved from a picture, the only authentic likeness in existence.

The White Boy, which originally appeared in the Dublin and London Magazine, having created a great interest, will shortly be published in a separate volume. The fidelity of its pictures of national character and habits will be greatly heightened by its talented author, who is enlarging and greatly altering it, previous to republication.

Northern Discoveries—The Russian American Company are fitting out an expedition to explore the western coasts of North America, towards the Frozen Sea, and to Hudson's Bay; for the purpose of adding to the discoveries which have been made by Captain Parry and Captain Franklin.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Arlis's Pocket Magazine has got into new hands, and we feel confident that this once very beautiful little work will soon assume all its former attractions, and become as great a favourite as formerly. Its late proprietor, having from unavoidable circumstances, arising from the pressure of the times, been compelled to omit the engravings, the work in consequence suffered in sale very materially; but we doubt not it will soon revive, as a splendid series of engravings are promised, and much additional talent in the literary department.

The Annual Peerage of the British Empire, is nearly ready for publication.


The first part of Ecentric Tales, which has been some time announced, will be published early in the year. The first tale is called, The Troubadour, and is to be embellished with about five coloured etchings, by George Cruickshank, from sketches, by the author, Alfred Crowquill, Esq.

The poet Campbell has been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in the place of Mr. Brougham.

Mr. Humphreys, one of the authors of The Picture of Greece, died lately near Zante.

Mr. Northcote, the historical painter and royal academician, has in the press a volume of original fables, one hundred in number, and which will be embellished with no fewer than three hundred wood-engravings, executed, large and small, in the first style of the art. The invention of many of the designs is by Mr. Northcote himself; but the whole of the drawings, as well as the invention of the entire series of tail-pieces, &c., is by Mr. Harvey, to whose graver we owe the admirable wood-engraving of Dentatus. Fifty-six of the engravings are the work of five or six artists of established reputation; but the whole remainder of the three hundred are by a young artist of the name of Jackson.

Longevity of Animals.—A little treatise by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Gottingen, with notes by Professor Schultz. These notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M. Schultz gives an account of some very curious experiments on cercariae ephemeræ; and, although, of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a paroquet, carried, in 1633, from Italy into France, which was still living in 1743, and which, consequently, was above one hundred and ten years old. He also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish, taken at Kayserdautern, in 1497, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited two hundred and sixty-seven years before, as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which, according to Buffon, live for one thousand years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultz prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may, perhaps, have been deceived on that point.
The increasing circulation of the Ladies' Pocket Magazine, which has now finished its third year, has induced its proprietor to greatly improve its contents and embellishments; and on the first of January it appears, with its additional attractions. Nothing but an extensive sale could possibly repay the expenses of producing so cheap a publication. In the present number, for sixpence, we have a very charming engraving on steel, by Mr. H. Meyer, of the Brigand's Bride; a very neat little wood-cut of the Tomb of Abelard and Heloise, in Père la Chaise: two coloured plates of London Fashions, and some very pretty tales, poetry, &c. by various writers. Another edition is to be published at one shilling, with the addition of coloured plates of Paris Fashions, and proof impressions of the other embellishments. This is the only publication which contains both London and Paris Fashions.

The success of the Ladies' Pocket Magazine has been the means of producing a Gentleman's Pocket Magazine, printed and embellished in a similar style. The first number, for January, is to be embellished with a very exquisite engraving on steel, by Mr. Freeman, of the Dog of the Monastery, from the celebrated and interesting painting of Wafflard; a very humourous and characteristic coloured sketch of the Parish Beadle, designed and etched by the unrivalled George Cruikshank; and a wood-cut, by Mr. White, of the Beadle and Idle Boys, after Hogarth. In the literary department will be found a variety of prose and poetical articles, by various writers. And all this is published at the trifling sum of sixpence. Another edition, at one shilling, will appear, with proof plates and additional embellishments, coloured, of Gentlemen's Parisian Fashions, and a Stanhope Clothe with English Driving Costume. Nothing but an immense sale can repay the expense of getting out so cheap a publication, but an immense sale may fairly be anticipated.

The Edinburgh Review, some time since, reproached the poets of Ireland with laying the scenes of their poems in all countries but their own. If such be the case, it was reserved for Mr. Furlong to tread the unbeaten track, which he has done, by laying the scene of a poem, called The Doom of Derensie, in the county of Wexford. This, with The Misanthrope, and some other poems, will form a volume, and may be expected to appear in the course of the winter.

The Rev. Mr. Thackray has completed A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; it will form two quarto volumes, and will contain his speeches, a portion of his correspondence, &c.

Travels in Ancient Babylon, Assyria, Media, and Scythia, by the Hon. Keppel Craven, are nearly ready for publication.

Ormography.—A new art, to which the name of Ormography has been given, has been invented by M. Augueteille, of Paris, which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing, not only all that has been hitherto done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stamp, which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

The Kelso Mail states, that Mr. Veitch, a constant observer of astronomical appearances, had, on the 3d of December, discovered a new comet betwixt the head and club of Hercules. He says it was visible to the unassisted eye, and had a tail about 5° in length, pointing towards the North Pole.

Population of Naples.—By accounts which have been published of the births, marriages, and deaths, that took place in the various provinces of the kingdom of Naples during the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, the following appears to be the general result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Births</th>
<th>Deaths</th>
<th>Marriages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In 1822</td>
<td>218,525</td>
<td>150,134</td>
<td>47,490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— 1823</td>
<td>221,993</td>
<td>185,815</td>
<td>48,432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— 1824</td>
<td>233,010</td>
<td>163,432</td>
<td>42,805</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The proportion, therefore, of the births, deaths, and marriages, to the whole population, during the three years already mentioned, seems to be as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Births</th>
<th>Deaths</th>
<th>Marriages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In 1822</td>
<td>1 in 24</td>
<td>1 in 35</td>
<td>1 in 111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— 1823</td>
<td>1 — 24</td>
<td>1 — 33</td>
<td>1 — 110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— 1824</td>
<td>1 — 23</td>
<td>1 — 27</td>
<td>1 — 127</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gossipiana.
The population of the Netherlands appears to be increasing. The following is the state of the population for six consecutive years:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Population</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>5,642,552</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1821</td>
<td>5,692,322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
<td>5,767,038</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823</td>
<td>5,838,123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824</td>
<td>5,913,526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1825</td>
<td>5,993,666</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The proportion of male to female births is much the same as in England. In the Netherlands, it is as 1000 to 950; in England, as 1000 to 947; in France, as 1000 to 937; and in Naples, as 1000 to 955. This agreement, of the cause of which we shall probably always remain ignorant, is as remarkable for its singularity as for its constancy.

The author of the "Odd Volume," has in the press a novel in three volumes, called the "Busy Body," and has also nearly ready a second "Odd Volume."

The editor of the "Cabinet Lawyer" intends publishing, in monthly parts, an account of public charities, digested from the reports of the commissioners on charitable foundations; with notes and comments.

Mr. Smith, the antiquarian at the British Museum, has nearly ready a life of his late eccentric friend, Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor.

Mr. Hone's Every-Day Book ceases with the old year, but revives with the new one, under the title of Hone's Table-Book.

A little pamphlet of much interest has lately made its appearance at Montreal professing to be the analysis of a conversation between a Canadian and an Englishman, with respect to the preservation of the establishments, laws, usages, &c. of the inhabitants of Lower Canada; and which, the Canadian contends, ought to be held as sacred as their houses and their property.

New Wheeled Carriage.—We understand, says the Dunfries Courier, that Mr. Law, of Kirkcudbright, the ingenious mechanist of our Dunfries clocks, has contrived a vehicle upon an extraordinary and entirely new principle, and that he made the first trial of it a few days ago, in presence of the magistrates, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants of Kirkcudbright, when it met with the decided and marked approbation of every person present. The body of the carriage was similar to a gig, with a third wheel in front, and, though propelled neither by horses, steam, air, nor water, it went, even in its imperfect and unfinished state, at a rate of upwards of six miles an hour. Mr. Law, having now full confidence in this principle of motion, intends, we understand, to take out a patent, and, in the mean time, has entered a caveat in the proper office against any surreptitious attempts at imitation, until he completes his improvements, and enters his specifications in the office for patents.

Polish Periodical Literature.—Since the year 1819, various causes have occasioned the suppression in the single town of Warsaw, of no less than three scientific, two political, two satirical, seven literary, two ladies', one musical, one agricultural, and one Jewish, periodical publications. Those which remain are, the Bulletin of the Laws; the Transactions of the Royal Philomethic Society of Warsaw; Memoirs of Science and the Arts; the Forest Journal; the Warsaw Journal; the Polish Isis; the Children's Magazine; the Polish Miscellany; the Polish Library; the Warsaw Miscellany; the Moravian Journal; Warsaw Evening Paper; Corresponding Gazette; Warsaw Gazette; Warsaw Monitor; Warsaw Polish Courier; Gazette; the Lute; the Ceres, Agricultural Journal.

The traditions of Lancashire are being collected for publication by a gentleman of that county, whose poetical works and tales, &c. have already procured him popularity. The province of witches ought surely to supply some curious legends; and yet we do not remember that this field has been reaped at all by any previous writer.

Mr. Thompson, who has resided eight years at the Cape of Good Hope, is compiling an account of his travels and adventures in Southern Africa.

Northern Expedition.—Captain Parry has commissioned the Hecla to be fitted up for his new polar enterprise. Lieutenant Ross is to command one of the sledge-boats, for the dragging of which over the ice, neither deer nor dogs, but Shetland ponies, are to be employed.
**Gossipiana.**

*Universal Explanation of the Principles of Nature.*—M. Azais, the author of several philosophical works, has just published, at Paris, two volumes under the above title. The following is a compendium of his system.—The universe is full of beings. These beings incessantly succeed one another, and are received, by the action of a first cause, which is God. This action operates by motion, which forms and decomposes every thing that exists; and motion must therefore be considered as the second universal cause. Every material being has an incessant tendency to develop or dilate itself, which constitutes expansion. But, as in dilating without experiencing any external resistance, every body would soon end in being dissolved and destroyed, there must be, to prevent that effect, a force of compression, which emanates from other bodies, and on the same principle. Thus, that which is expansive or destructive force on the part of one material being, is compressed or conservative force on the part of beings opposed to it; and *vice versa.* All bodies thus act eternally one upon the other, producing the equilibrium worlds, and regulating the minutest details in any of them. According to M. Azais, this expansive and this compressive force are equally operative in morals.

M. Dupin has had a map of France engraved, showing the relative degrees of instruction in each department, and the relative number of crimes committed in each; by which it appears, that in those departments where education is encouraged, and the Lancetarian system introduced, the morality of the lower orders stands higher than in those where ignorance is proverbial.

Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to Sir Archibald Campbell, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava, has nearly ready, A Narrative of the Burmese War, detailing the Operations of the Army, from its Landing at Rangoon, in May, 1824, to the peace of 1826.

The Rev. Mr. Malthus has a new work in hand, entitled, Definitions in Political Economy, preceded by an Inquiry into the Rules which ought to guide Political Economists, in the Definition and Application of their Terms.

A Cavalry officer has forthcoming, A Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the late War.

A Collection of Stories of Chivalry and Romance, in one volume, are nearly ready for publication.

A Series of Views in the West Indies, engraved from Drawings recently taken in the Islands, with letter-press explanations, will shortly appear, the intention of which is to convey a faithful outline of the existing state of slavery on the plantations in the British Islands, the costume of the negroes, &c.

Mr. Cooper has a new novel in the press, entitled, The Prairie.

Dr. Baron’s Life of Dr. Jenner is nearly ready. As Dr. Baron attended his friend in his last moments, and received all his papers, to assist him in his task, we may expect a very interesting work.

An Indian Romance, by the Viscount Chateaubriand, is printing in French and English; it is entitled, The Natchez.

The Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, a Native of Italy, is in the press.

Colonel Hamilton, late Chief Commissioner from England to the Republic of Columbia, is preparing A Narrative of a Tour through the Interior Provinces of Columbia.

The literary veteran, Dr. Drake, has a new work in the press, entitled, Mornings in Spring.

Mr. Hallam has just completed his Constitutional History of England to the Death of George the Second.

A folio volume is printing, containing The Georgics of Virgil, in Six Languages, English, Spanish, Italian, German, French, and Modern Greek. The English version is by Mr. Sotheby.

The author of Pandurang Hari has a new work in hand, entitled, The Zenana.

*German and French Book Trade.*—The Michaelmas book-fair, at Leipsig, this year, has furnished a greater number of books than any preceding one. The sum total of the works that have actually been published by German houses, is 2125; the number of the houses publishing them, 338. In the mass are 222 new editions. There are in the catalogue 259 works in foreign languages, of which 160 are Latin, and 37 Greek; also 156 translations from foreign languages, among which are 54 from the French, and 65 from the English. There are no
fewer than six editions (one in English) of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. According to the subjects we find, amongst 2125 books, 337 theological; 21 philosophical; 167 historical; 116 political and juridical; 160 pedagogical; 50 grammatical; 206 technical; 68 on natural history and philosophy; 150 medical; 44 geographical; 11 epic; 59 lyric; 58 dramatic; and 27 musical; 186 romances and novels; 87 ancient classics; 69 maps. The remainder are miscellaneous.

The Bibliographie de la France gives a view of the new books published in France, as it appeared to be in the first six months of the years 1814 to 1826; i.e. since the restoration. If we compare these with the number of books announced as completed in the Leipzig Catalogue of the same years, we find the following result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>France</th>
<th>Germany</th>
<th>Michaelmas</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>East.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>979</td>
<td>1400</td>
<td>1030</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1712</td>
<td>1777</td>
<td>973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1816</td>
<td>1851</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>2126</td>
<td>2345</td>
<td>1187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1818</td>
<td>2431</td>
<td>2294</td>
<td>1437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>2441</td>
<td>2648</td>
<td>1268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>2465</td>
<td>2640</td>
<td>1319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1821</td>
<td>2617</td>
<td>3042</td>
<td>963</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
<td>3114</td>
<td>2729</td>
<td>1554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823</td>
<td>2607</td>
<td>2559</td>
<td>1751</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824</td>
<td>3436</td>
<td>2870</td>
<td>1641</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1825</td>
<td>3509</td>
<td>3196</td>
<td>1640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826</td>
<td>4317</td>
<td>2648</td>
<td>2056</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>33,774</td>
<td>32,204</td>
<td>18,099</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>32,204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>50,303</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus, it appears that far more books are published in Germany than in France, especially when we recollect that the books announced as not ready, which, with a few exceptions, have really issued from the press, without being again announced, fill 785 pages in the twenty-six catalogues, for the years under consideration; and we may reckon ten works per page: and that, among the books in foreign modern languages not reckoned here, many are published by German princes. We also see, that the production of books has augmented more rapidly in France than in Germany; the French having increased from 979 to 4,317, and the Germans from 2,529, in 1814, to 4,704, in 1826. The largest number in Germany, for one year, was that of last year, viz., 4,836 works, and the smallest, that of 1814; the largest catalogue, that of Easter, 1825, and the smallest, that of Michaelmas, 1815. If to the 50,303 books announced as ready, we add 7,350 stated to be not ready, and the works in foreign languages, published in Germany, we shall have about 60,000 works printed in Germany since 1814, (inclusive.)

A person reading on an average one work every day (whether of one volume, or, like the most amazingly cheap pocket-editions, of some hundred volumes) would require 170 years to complete the task. The number of writers may be at least half that of the works, i.e. 30,000: as thirteen years are not half a generation (reckoned at thirty years), there must exist at least 40,000 other writers; for, if to thirteen years, we reckon 30,000, we must add 40,000 for the other seventeen years. The present generation has therefore 70,000 authors, who (whether we reckon backwards or forwards), have written, are writing, or will write, in the space of thirty years.

J. A. Shea, Esq., of Cork, a poetical correspondent of The London and Dublin, has nearly ready for publication, "Rudakki," an Oriental Tale. We understand that Sir Walter Scott, when in Ireland, expressed a very flattering opinion of this work, and that Mr. Thomas Moore, to whom it is to be dedicated, by permission, holds the poetical talents of the author deservedly high.
ROBINS'S

LONDON AND DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1827.

CATHOLIC ENGLAND.

A philosophic history of Catholicity in England, if well written, could not fail to be a most useful work. It would, unquestionably, startle the preconceived, and, in many instances, the pernicious notions of Protestants, and disabuse the English mind of that prejudice and bigotry which is so artfully kept alive by interested persons; and while it would be facilitating the progress of liberality, and enlarging the boundaries of historic truth, it would be no small consolation to the professors of the ancient creed, to find that their religion—despised, misrepresented, and insulted—has been, in all ages, the best promoter of human happiness—of England's happiness—the first and only friend of the people in early times, and uniformly the friend of political liberty.

A work which would prove this—which would show that England is mainly indebted for her political institutions to Catholicity, and that our forefathers owed all their glory—all their happiness, to this despised creed—is much wanted. Dr. Milner's Letters to a Prebendary is an invaluable work; and Mr. Charles Butler's Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics is also entitled to much praise. But these writers took by far too limited a view of the subject; they did not consider it in all its mighty relations—its political tendencies; and they were—we say it, without any disparagement on their talents—not sufficiently acquainted with recent discoveries in political science, to bring to the consideration of the question minds of that enlarged calibre, without which no writer can do full justice to the temporal tendencies of the Catholic religion. The same objection, though not to the same extent, applies to the letters attributed to the late Lord Fitzwilliam; and, though Dr. Lingard has thrown new light on the annals of his country, and developed a mind stored with just conceptions of men and things, yet he has not written a philosophical history of Catholicity in England. He has, however, cleared the way, and left the writer who should undertake this task nothing to do but apply the truths which his research has established. In the absence, however, of such a work, a superficial view of the subject may not be uninteresting—may not be entirely useless. We are prepared to show, in a very small compass, that Catholicity has ever been the friend of man—of civil liberty—and that those doctrines, and that discipline, which her enemies call superstitious and abominable, had the largest share in civilizing society, and in promoting the temporal interests of the people. We shall consider the question philosophically—as politicians—as rational men—and regard the truth or falsehood of particular creeds as things with which
we have nothing to do. That religion which is best calculated to secure the happiness of society, we shall take for granted is the best.

In order that we may reduce the question to the smallest possible compass, we shall confine our inquiry to Catholicity in England. The superiority of Christianity over Paganism is no longer doubtful; and it is equally admissible that, were it not for the Church of Rome, civilization and science had fled from Europe on the irruption of the barbarians. Literature, previous to this astonishing event, was sadly on the decline; despotism could not tolerate the language or writings of freemen; Cicero's orations failed to please the Emperor Trajan; and, while he preferred Ennius to Virgil, he could not conceal his disgust at the bare mention of Homer or Plato. The royal critic was not likely to be contradicted by his courtiers, and, accordingly, public taste had degenerated, when the inroads of the barbarians completed its destruction. The savage conquerors immediately appreciated the utility of silken couches, magnificent houses, and pleasant baths; but books were their aversion, or valuable only for the parchment they contained. Mental accomplishments were despised, and the Romans placed no great value on literary pursuits.

"Living in the midst of these triumphant invaders, condemned to listen to their rude speech, and to form their organs to its sounds, few had leisure, and fewer inclination, to cultivate studies which those barbarians had no taste to admire, but which they were rather led to despise, as they had not taught those by whom they were cultivated to defend their altars and their homes."*

Under these circumstances, all vestiges of learning must have been, in a short time, destroyed; the Latin and Greek languages must have passed away, and be now as unintelligible as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, were it not for those religious institutions which Protestants indecently suppressed and generally condemned, but which the Catholic and philosopher must ever venerate as the preservers and promulgators of that knowledge, without which man had continued a barbarian—an unintellectual being. It should be remembered, that when religion rendered this service to the world, the Church of Rome—then the only Christian community—taught those doctrines which Protestants pronounce erroneous. Happily, however, for Europe—be Catholic tenets true or false—the Pope was inspired with the zeal—with the ambition, if you like—of disseminating the principles—a knowledge of the faith—of that church of which he was head; and, among other nations, missionaries were despatched to Britain. The men who undertook to convert our forefathers were monks! and they came at a time when Saxon England was sunk in the grossest idolatry. The Gospel had, indeed, been previously preached; but, amidst the barbarism of the period, it had long since degenerated, and the vestiges of Christian rites were generally performed under the same roof with heathen ceremonies. The people were then in the rudest and most savage condition; all who were not warriors—that is, robbers—were slaves, and consequently they had no idea of justice or industry. In their continual wars, neither sex or age was spared, and women were considered in no other light than that of instruments of brutal gratification: the land was disfigured by

* Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages.
crimes and cruelties; and such was the nature of the Saxon govern-
ment, that the people must have continued in their deplorable state, 
without arts and industry, and, consequently, for ever barbarians, 
were it not for the Catholic missionaries, who, in softening the fero-
city of their manners—in introducing a sense of right and wrong,—
and in regulating the sexual intercourse, by the institution of the mar-
riage ceremony, paved the way for population—the first and most 
essential thing for securing individual and national happiness. Fortu-
nately, the missionaries encountered but little opposition. The 
pomp of Catholic ceremonies, so much objected to, and the temporal 
influence of the Pope, so much misunderstood, facilitated the con-
version of the Saxons. The most virulent and unprincipled calum-
niator of Catholicity is obliged to make this admission:

"The Christian missionaries," says he *, "came with the loftiest claims, and with 
no mean display of worldly dignity. They appeared not as unprotected, humble, 
and indigent adventurers, whose sole reliance was upon the compassion of those 
whom they offered to instruct; but, as members of that body, by which arts and 
learning were exclusively possessed—a body enjoying the highest considera-
tion and the highest influence throughout all the Christian kingdoms: they came as 
accredited messengers from the head of that body, and from that city, which, 
though no longer the seat of empire, was still the heart of the European world; 
for, wheresoever the Christian religion had extended itself in the west, Rome was 
already a more sacred name than it had ever been in the height of its power.

"The missionaries, therefore, appeared with a character of superiority, their 
claim to which was not to be disputed. They spake as men having authority. 
They appealed to their books for the history of the faith which they taught: and 
for the truth of its great doctrines, they appealed to that inward evidence which 
the heart of man bears in the sense of its own frailties, and infirmities, and wants. 
They offered an universal, instead of a local religion; a clear and coherent sys-
tem, instead of a mass of unconnected fancies; an assured and unquestionable 
facts, for vague and unsettled notions, which had neither foundation nor support. 
The errors and fables with which Romish Christianity was debased, in no degree 
preceded its effect: gross as they were, it is even probable that they rendered it 
more acceptable to a rude and ignorant people,—a people standing as much in 
need of rites and ceremonies, of tangible forms, and a visible dispensation, as the 
Jews themselves when the law was promulgated. The missionaries also pos-
sessed in themselves a strength beyond what they derived from their cause, and 
from the adventitious circumstances that favoured them. They were the prime 
spirits of the age, trained in the most perfect school of discipline, steady in pur-
pose, politic in contrivance, little scrupulous concerning the measures which they 
employed, because they were persuaded that any measures were justifiable if they 
conducted to bring about the good end which was their aim. This principle led 
to abominable consequences among their successors, but they themselves had no 
sinister views; they were men of the loftiest minds, and ennobled by the highest 
and holiest motives; their sole object in life was to increase the number of the 
blessed, and extend the kingdom of their Saviour, by communicating to their fel-
low-creatures the appointed means of salvation; and elevated as they were above 
all worldly hopes and fears, they were ready to lay down their lives in the per-
formance of this duty, sure, by that sacrifice, of obtaining crowns in heaven, and 
atars upon earth, as their reward."

Their good work was soon accomplished. The people were soon 
converted to Catholicity:

"The change was beneficial in every way. Hitherto, there had been no other 
field of enterprise than what was offered by war: the church now opened to as-
piring minds a surer way to a higher, and more enviable, and more lasting, dis-

* Southey.
tection. The finest and noblest of the human faculties had hitherto lain dormant: they were quickened and developed now, and spirits which would else have been extinguished in inaction, and have passed away from the earth unconscious of their own strength, shone forth in their proper sphere. Whatever knowledge and whatever arts had survived the decay and fall of the Roman empire, were transplanted hither, with the religion to which they owed their preservation. The inhabitants of Britain were no longer divided from the whole world; they became a part of Christendom. The intellectual intercommunion of nations, such as it was, became, in consequence, greater at that time than it is now; and it is probable that more English, in proportion to the population of the country, went into Italy in those ages for the purposes of devotion, than have ever in any subsequent age been led thither by curiosity, and fashion, and the desire of improvement.

"The Anglo-Saxons were indebted to the missionaries, probably, for the use of letters, certainly for their first written laws. These were promulgated by Ethelbert, the first Christian king, with the consent of his nobles, and, differing in this respect from the laws of all the other Gothic nations, in the vernacular tongue. In the continental kingdoms, the laws were given in Latin, because it was the language of the great body of the population, and continued to be that of the law; here the Saxon was preferred, upon the same clear principle, that the laws which all were bound to obey, ought to be intelligible to all. Latin, however, was made the language of religion; there had been the same reason for this in Italy, and Spain, and France, as for making it the language of the laws; and in England, also, there was a reason, which, though different, was not less valid. A common language was necessary for the clergy, who considered themselves as belonging less to the particular country in which they happened individually to be born, or stationed, than to their order, and to Christendom; for, in those ages, Christendom was regarded as something more than a mere name. No modern language was as yet fixed, or reduced to rules, or regarded as a written tongue: of necessity, therefore, Latin, in which the western clergy read the scriptures, and in which the fathers of the western church had composed their works, and the councils had issued their decrees, was every where retained as the natural and professional language of the ministers of religion. They preached, and catechized, and confessed in the common speech of the country: and that the church service was not verbally intelligible to the congregation, was, upon their principles, no inconvenience. It was a sacrifice which was offered for the people, not a service, in which they were required to join with the lips, and the understanding, and the heart. They understood its general purport; the spectacle impressed them; and the reverent and awful sense of devotion, which was thus produced, was deemed enough.

"But if in this respect there was no real disadvantage in the use of a foreign tongue, in other respects many and most important advantages arose from it. The clergy became of necessity a learned body; and to their humble and patient labours we owe the whole history of the middle ages, and the preservation of those works of antiquity, which, for the instruction of all after-ages, have been preserved. The students at Canterbury, in Bede's time, were as well skilled, both in Latin and Greek, as in their native speech; and Bede himself (worthy to be called Venerable, if ever that epithet was worthily applied) had acquired all that could possibly be learnt from books, and was master of what was then the whole circle of human knowledge. Nor were the clergy the teachers of letters only; from them the ornamental and the useful arts were derived. Church music was introduced at Canterbury, and from thence into the other kingdoms. Churches, which at first, like those at that time existing in Scotland, were constructed of timber, and thatched with reeds, were, in imitation of the continental temples, built with stone, and covered with lead; glass, for their windows, was introduced and church architecture, in the course of a few generations, attained a perfection and a magnificence, which in ancient times have never been surpassed, and which modern ages, with all their wealth, cannot afford to vie with.

"The seed had not fallen among thorns, nor upon a hard and sterile soil; and though some tares were sown with it, the harvests, nevertheless, were for a while
abundant. Wherever Christianity has been preached among heathen or barbarous nations, women and old men have been the readiest believers; the former, because their importance in society and their happiness are so materially promoted by its domestic institutions; the latter, because needing its hopes and consolations, and desiring to pass their latter days in tranquillity, they feel the value of a religion which was announced with Peace on Earth, and which, while its kingdom is delayed, imparts to the mind of every individual by whom it is faithfully received, that peace which passeth all understanding. All ranks received the new religion with enthusiasm. Many kings, weary of the cares and dangers of royalty, or struck with remorse for the crimes by which they had acquired or abused their rank, abdicated their thrones, and retired into monasteries, to pass the remainder of their days in tranquillity, or in penance. Widowed queens were thankful to find a like asylum. The daughters of royal or noble houses, preferring the hopes of a better world to the precarious enjoyments of this, found in the convent comforts and security, which, in those turbulent ages, were hardly to be obtained elsewhere: and youths of royal blood, whose enterprising tempers might otherwise have contributed to the misery of their own and of the neighbouring states, embraced a religious life, and went forth as missionaries to convert and civilize the barbarians of Germany, and of the North. To the servile part of the community the gospel was, indeed, tidings of great joy: frequently they were emancipated, either in the first fervour of their owner's conversion, or as an act of atonement and meritorious charity at death. The people in the north of England are described as going out in joyful procession to meet the itinerant priest, when they knew of his approach, bending to receive his blessing, and crowding to hear his instructions. The churches were frequented; he who preached at a cross in the open air, never wanted an attentive congregation; and the zeal of the clergy, for as yet they were neither corrupted by wealth, nor tainted by ambition, was rewarded by general respect and love.

"They well deserved their popularity. Wherever monasteries were founded, marshes were drained, or woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in those great and most beneficial establishments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of theology, and indulging themselves in logical subtleties of psychological research which foster the presumption of the human mind, instead of convincing it of its weakness, others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, carvers, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind, which the community required."—Southey's Book of the Church, pp. 56—62.

In these extracts we find Dr. Southey, like most other Protestant writers, endeavouring to raise a prejudice injurious to the missionaries, and the institutions whose beneficial influence he has been compelled to record. But, may we not here ask, is that religion entitled to those vulgar epithets, and those insidious misrepresentations, which the laureat has resorted to? False or true, a very limited knowledge of history and human nature will enable us to assert, that no other religion—no other kind of religious discipline, or religious institutions, could then have been useful—could then have promoted human happiness—could then have laid the foundation of those institutions and of those sciences, which now bless nations, and render society civilized. Admitting, for a moment, that Catholicity was a corruption of Christianity—that the original religion was such as reformed creeds are, we are prepared, unhesitatingly, to lay it down as an incontrovertible truth, that, if it were so, the purpose for which Christ came upon earth could not have been accomplished; that He had imposed upon his disciples a fruitless task—a duty which they could not possibly perform.
Now, what were the purposes for which Christ appeared upon earth? The redemption of man, and the promotion of human happiness. Our earthly happiness must have entered into His divine contemplation, because the conduct which is to insure us endless enjoyment is precisely the one, beyond all others, best calculated to promote our temporal advantages. Men who are solely influenced by the precepts of Christianity cannot be otherwise than happy; consequently, it was a work of mercy—of philanthropy, to persuade men to become Christians; and, accordingly, we find the Redeemer enjoining his disciples to go through all nations, preaching the divine truths of the gospel. Human means were the apparent instruments by which the world was to be blessed; and, therefore, it follows of course, that God would have employed only such means as were adequate to the work. He would not have sent forth inefficient labourers; and labourers, to be efficient, must be armed with instruments equal to the operations they have to go through.

Previous to the preaching of the gospel, the nations of the earth were sunk in idolatry or superstition; and, if we except that part of the Roman empire in the vicinity of the capital, mankind were buried in ignorance and its consequences—misery and barbarism. Even the citizens of Rome were but partially civilized; education had not descended to the poorer classes; and the most enlightened of them took a questionable kind of morality from philosophers, who taught men, in many instances, both by precepts and example, to practise the most pernicious and abominable vices. Throughout the rest of the world, ignorance held undiminished sway, and Christianity had to make its way among men, rendered savage and vicious by bad Government and cruel religions.

Under these circumstances, had the first Christians been, as we are told they were—either Protestants or Calvinists, would men have been so rapidly converted to Christianity? Would barbarous nations have so quickly abandoned their false gods—their heathenish ceremonies? We think not. Their doctrines might be very good, very pure; but the best medicaments are useless unless the physician can persuade the patient to swallow them. A religion may be very rational, and have no attractions for men incapable of reasoning.—There was no Bible, and, if there were, few, very few could read it. Letters were unknown in several nations; in the most enlightened the bulk of the people were untaught.

All history—the history of Christianity itself, proves, that the understanding of unenlightened men must be convinced through the medium of the senses; and Christ himself condescended to make use of auxiliary means, which the nature of man rendered absolutely necessary, to prove his divine mission. He did not consider the abstract beauty of the sublime truths which he came to teach, sufficient to secure their immediate admission into the bosoms of the people; he established his own divinity by his miracles, and, by consequence, the importance of his doctrine; and, lest men should forget their Redeemer, when absent from their eyes, he enjoined his disciples at his last supper to do certain things in commemoration of him. He knew the necessity of religious ceremonies—religious rites, to perpetuate even the truths of the gospel; and, in the Old Testament, we find the Almighty giving directions respecting the ceremonials of the Jewish
priesthood. The nature of the human mind rendered this necessary, for, as we are all the creatures of habit, it is requisite that there should be something to fix good habits, and, subsequently, to administer to the gratification of the habits so fixed. Religious ceremonies and religious observances must co-exist with religion, and their utility stand unimpeached by the conduct of impostors, and the pomp of false creeds. In fact, these demonstrate their necessity; for their utility is made manifest from the circumstance of error, through their means, being rendered agreeable to mankind. So natural do they appear, and so consonant are they to human feelings, that the people every where, in the absence of Christianity, have mistaken the seeming attributes of true religion for the true religion itself.

We may be told, that miracles and religious rites are necessary only where people are sunk in ignorance, and, without inquiring whether the bulk of mankind can ever be so far enlightened as to dispense with religious ceremonials, it is sufficient for our purpose to observe, that, previous to conversion, nearly all the inhabitants of the earth were sunk in the grossest ignorance. A people barbarous and uninstructed were the material which the first missionaries had to operate upon; and here the question naturally arises, what success, under these circumstances, would the cold, repulsive nakedness of Calvinism have had? What attractions had the lax doctrine of Protestantism for the poor, who can admire no morality but the austere? All the reformed creeds disclaim the power of working miracles; how then prove their mission? But suppose the obstacles to success were even surmounted, where were proper missionaries to be found? Men with wives could hardly be without a worldly mind; and, if Protestant missionaries† were then as unsuccessful as in later times, the earth had, indeed, continued an “howling wilderness.”

The poor are charmed with an austere religion, and the rich with a magnificent one—both found pleasure in Catholicity; and her claim to miracles established her divine legation. If this were a mere pretension—if her missionaries were jugglers—impostors, then we must come to the conclusion, that Christ neglected to delegate to his church that power, which, beyond all others, was best calculated to make converts;—nay, which the successors of his disciples were obliged to assume before they could get the inhabitants of barbarous nations to listen to them; for no people have ever been converted where the missionaries did not work, or affect to work, miracles!—All the missionaries of Protestantism have never made a dozen converts among those whose religion had a different foundation from their own. Here is a dilemma; can the impugners of Catholicity get out of it?

But the “damnable doctrine,” respecting miracles, was not the only one of the Church of Rome, by which Christianity was diffused throughout Europe: several other of her tenets were equally as efficacious in aiding the conversion of the heathen, and none more so than those identical ones so much reprobated by Protestants. The celibacy of the clergy, and monastic institutions, were not only necessary, to provide the church with missionaries, but proved the best friends of the people, who were converted, while the spiritual supre-

* See Paley’s Philosophy. 
† See Abbé Dubois’ Letters.
macy of the Pope served to preserve uniformity, unity, and religious peace, throughout Christendom, and to give the missionaries the aid of temporal power, by his influence with crowned heads.

The first and most essential qualification of a missionary, is a total absence of temporal incumbrance. He must not only be devoted to God, but be almost enthusiastic in forwarding the great business of conversion; willing to brave death in the discharge of his holy duties, and taught to regard that death as a martyrdom, which opens for him the gates of eternal felicity. More than this, he must be possessed of mental qualifications, capable of elucidating and enforcing truth, and combating that sophistry which is not unfrequently found entrenched in uncultivated minds. It is quite obvious that, to possess all these attributes, a long course of training is absolutely necessary, and that no zeal can atone for a deficiency in any one point. Now, it is totally impossible, that a man, burdened with a wife and family, could be at once a disinterested and a useful missionary; if he discharges his religious, he must neglect his domestic duties; and will a man, bound to earth by natural and affectionate ties, be so ready to risk life and property, as that disinterested priest who has emancipated himself from all the attractions of earth, and who has nothing that he can call his own but his scrib and crucifix? The Protestant can reply, as well as the Catholic; and all who consult history must admit, that the missionaries sent out by the Church of Rome were admirably calculated to accomplish their good work. But would they have been the converters of nations, the benefactors of mankind, were it not for monastic institutions and their vows of celibacy? In the one they were schooled—prepared for their task, and, by virtue of the other, they were alone devoted to the cause of God and religion. They were taught to regard men as children committed to their pious care, for whose souls they were accountable, and thought the conversion of one man from the errors of Paganism the most meritorious of achievements.

Whether individuals regard these men as saints or impostors, enthusiasts or hypocrites—whether they consider the doctrines they promulgated true or false, the philosopher must contemplate their labours, and the effects of these labours, with mingled sentiments of veneration and gratitude. He beholds them the dispensers of blessings, the benefactors of the human race, then and for ever.

The modern Catholic feels proud, that England has been indebted, for Christianity and civilisation, to monks. They came as peaceable teachers of divine truths; and appealed at once to the sensibilities and understanding of the people.* "It has often been remarked,"

* Dr Fletcher, speaking of Augustine and his companions, says, "Not only contemporary historians attest, but several Protestant writers allow, that God rewarded them with the gift of miracles. Even the fierce enemy of every thing that is Catholic, the martyrlogist Fox, admits this fact,—a fact, which confirms both the holiness of the lives of these apostles, the lawfulness of their mission, and, by a most logical inference, the truth of the holy religion which they were labouring to establish. 'The king,' says Fox, 'considered the honest conversation of their lives, and was moved with the miracles wrought through God's hand by them.'

"Under the influence of the sanction of such authority, united to the influence of the methods by which these holy men propagated the maxims of religion, it is easy to imagine what would be the fruits and effects which resulted from them.
says Mr. Sharon Turner, a Protestant historian, "as a peculiar merit of the Christian religion, that it neither arose from ambition, nor was propagated by the sword. It appealed, unoffendingly, to the reason, the sensibility, the virtue, and the interest of mankind; and it established itself in every province of the Roman empire. When the torrent of barbarians overspread Europe, to the destruction of all arts and knowledge, Christianity fell in the general wreck. Soon, however, in some districts, she raised her mild and interesting form, and the savages yielded to her benign influence.

"Among the Anglo-Saxons, her conquest over the fierce and wild Paganism, to which our ancestors adhered, was not begun, till France, and even Ireland, had submitted to her laws; but it was accomplished in a manner worthy of her benevolence and purity."

"General piety seems to have led the first missionaries to our shores; and the excellence of the system they diffused, made their labours successful."

The dominion which they thus established, was soon perfected by the blessings which it diffused throughout the nation, and the more power the clergy acquired, the more happy the people became. In our notice of Dr. Lingard's admirable Vindication against the attack of the reviewers, we took occasion to remark, that the discipline of the Church of Rome did not tend to beget slavish notions in Catholics; and in the early ages of Christianity we find the condition of the people every where mièlorated, in consequence of men moulding their political regulations in imitation of the admirable institutions of the church. This is admitted by Millar, a determined enemy of Catholicity. "According to the early policy," says he, "of the Anglo-Saxons, each of their villages was divided into ten wards, or petty districts; and hence they were called tithings or decennaries, as their leader was denominated a decanus or tithingman. This regulation appears to have been extended over all the kingdoms upon the neighbouring continent; and in all probability it originated from the influence of ecclesiastical institutions."

"As, upon the first establishment of Christianity under the Roman dominion, the form of church government was in some respects modelled by the political constitution of the empire, so the civil government, in the modern states of Europe, was afterwards regulated, in many particulars, according to the system of ecclesiastical policy. When the western provinces of the Roman empire were conquered by the barbarous nations, and erected into separate kingdoms, the conquerors, who soon embraced the Christian religion, and felt the highest respect for its teachers, were disposed, in many cases, to improve their own political institutions, by an imitation of that regularity

The fruits and effects were striking,—such precisely as that zeal is calculated to produce, which is blessed by the approbation of Heaven. A people, hitherto rude, savage, barbarous, and immoral, was changed into a nation mild, benevolent, humane, and holy: 'Every thing,' says Collier, 'brightened, as if nature had been melted down and recoin'd.'"

* The term free-burg is sometimes applied, not to the whole tithing or village, but to each of those wards into which it was divided. [See the laws ascribed to William the Conqueror.—Wilkins, c. 32.] But more frequently a free-burg and tithing are understood to be synonymous. See the Glossaries of Spelman and Du Cange, v. Friborga.
and subordination which was observed in the order and discipline of the church.”

“Amid the disorders which prevailed in Europe,” says the same author, “for many centuries after the downfall of the Roman empire, and by which the inhabitants were sunk in profound ignorance and barbarism, the clergy exerted themselves in restraining the perfidy and injustice of the times; and, by the influence of religious motives, endeavoured, as far as possible, to induce mankind to the observance of good faith in their various transactions. For this purpose they introduced a general practice, that contracts of every sort should be confirmed by the sanction of an oath; by which means the violation of a contract, being considered as the breach of a religious duty, fell under the cognisance of the church. From the strictness observed in the decisions of the spiritual court, the private party, at the same time, found it more advisable to bring his complaint before this tribunal than that of the civil magistrate. The extent of jurisdiction, acquired in this manner, may easily be conceived.”

“It must be remembered, to the honour of the clergy of those times, that they were the friends of order and regular government; that, if they laboured to rear a system of ecclesiastical despotism, their authority was generally employed in maintaining the rules of justice; and that they discovered a uniform inclination to protect the weak and defenceless, against that violence and oppression which was too much countenanced by such of the laity as were possessed of opulence and power. From this circumstance, the extensions of ecclesiastical jurisdiction were highly acceptable to the people; and, notwithstanding the pernicious consequences which they ultimately tended to produce, were, in the mean time, of great advantage to the lower ranks of men, if not of general benefit to the community.”

“Having, thus, occasion to determine a multitude of causes, both of an ecclesiastical nature, and such as fell within the province of the civil magistrate, the church courts advanced in the knowledge and experience of judicial business. As, by their literature, the clergy could not fail to be acquainted with the ancient Roman law, they were led, in many cases, to adopt the rules of that equitable system. Their own decisions were collected, in order to serve as precedents in future questions; and from these, together with the opinions of learned fathers in the church, the decrees of councils, and regulations of popes, was at last formed that body of canon law, which obtained universal reputation in the western part of Europe.”

Now what were the pernicious consequences which they tended to produce? “The monks,” says M. Mallet, “softened by their instructions the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the despotism of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbours; on this account the government of the monks was preferred to their’s. The people sought them for judges; it was an usual saying, that it was better to be governed by a bishop’s crozier, than a monarch’s sceptre.”

Their schools were calculated to give an impulse to education, while the instruction imparted in nunneries to females, perhaps, tended more than any thing else to soften the manners of the people. But it was as members of society that the clergy contributed to promote the interests of justice and the welfare of the people; and the discipline of
their church—the result of the spiritual supremacy of the pope—preserved them pure and useful amidst surrounding barbarism and temptation. "To maintain," says Millar, "the dignity and credit of the church, it was necessary that she should pay the utmost attention to the behavior of her own members, and be careful to avoid scandal, by censuring their offences with impartiality and rigour. She found, at the same time, the least difficulty in compelling churchmen to obey her decrees; for, as soon as the Christian church had come to be established by law, the excommunication of a clergyman must have inferred a forfeiture of his benefice; since a person, who had been cast out of the society of Christians, could not consistently be permitted to hold any ecclesiastical dignity or employment. From the severe discipline, which the church exercised over her own members, it became customary to exhibit complaints against them before the ecclesiastical, rather than before the civil judge, and to prosecute them in the church court, either for private debts, or for public offences."

Here, then, we have the testimony, not only of Catholics and Protestants, but of a philosophic infidel, in favour of the beneficial influence of the Church of Rome in Anglo-Saxon times; but, if we wish to appreciate fully all its effects, we should take a view of the condition of the people previous and subsequent to the conquest, and, having ascertained the degree of ferocious ignorance which then prevailed, we must be prepared to admit, that those institutions and ordinances of Catholicity were productive of incalculable advantages to the world.

The people, at this period, as we formerly observed, were divided into two classes—slaves and tyrants. The one lived hopeless of redress until religion proclaimed the equality of mankind; the other, even for centuries after this event, considered themselves born for nothing but slaughter and rapine. War, then, admitted none of those mitigations which civilization has introduced—it was ruthless and sanguinary; and, from the multiplicity of independent chiefs, and the perpetual provocation of pride and cruelty, the work of death went on incessantly. Feuds and enmities were every day springing up; and where there was no law but the will of a military despot, justice was entirely out of the question. The state of society which then existed, may be imagined; and it was precisely that state of society which would have become perpetual, were it not for Catholic institutions. Men had just civilization enough to prevent their total extinction, but, at the same time, were so barbarous that any increase of numbers was impossible: the demon of war devoured the growing population.

To obviate the effects of warlike habits, and soften the hostile propensities of men, what so likely as the meek precepts of Christianity? and what form of Christianity could have done it so effectually as the Catholic church? A spiritual head was absolutely necessary to give effect to the tenets of the gospel. Were the Christian community divided into sects—into as many religions as now disfigure Protestantism, what was to preserve Christianity itself? What was to prevent the priesthood from degenerating into the barbarism that surrounded them? We know, that the church of Rome had much difficulty to counteract the propensity to decay—we know that, in many
instances, the crosier was exchanged for the sword; but what would have been the result, were those institutions of Catholicism, which preserved religion and generated religious teachers, annihilated?—What was to prevent the horrors of religious fanaticism and religious divisions from being added to the evils of barbarism and war, but the spiritual supremacy of the Pope? * At such a time, the unity of Christians was necessary to the very existence of Christianity; and Catholicity, being uniform throughout Europe, begot a universal brotherhood among men, while it armed the church with authority to preserve the utmost decency and propriety, both in faith and morals, amongst its ecclesiastical members. The grandeur of its ceremonies, the attractions of its rites, secured the attendance of the feudal chiefs at church, while they gratified and informed the poor; and we all know the force of habits. Paley thought religious observances useful only in this respect. Men who came to listen to the precepts of the gospel, gradually lost the ferocity of barbarous manners.

But it was not the spiritual supremacy of the Pope alone, which aided the progress of religion and civilization. The institution of marriage had the most beneficial effect, by enlarging the dominion of good feeling. It tended to do away with domestic hostilities, by compelling men to seek partners beyond the limits of their own kindred; it sent the lover into the camp of the enemy. It begat a national brotherhood among the aristocracy. Yet, the prohibition of marriage among certain degrees of kindred has been attributed to the cupidity of the clergy, just as if decency and morality in such an age did not prescribe it. Whatever were the causes, the effect was beneficial.

It has been objected against the clergy, that their possessions were

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* "Voltaire observes, that, in the dark ages, there was less of barbarism and ignorance, in the dominions of the Popes, than in any other European state. Much, unquestionably, was done by them, in every portion of Christendom, to dispel ignorance, to spread the faith and morality of the gospel, to protect the lower ranks against their oppressors, to preserve peace among princes, and to alleviate the general calamity of the times. Their exertions, during the middle ages, to compel the monarchs of Europe to respect the sanctity of marriage, have not been sufficiently observed. Had it not been for these, royal incontinence, even of the worst kind, would probably have become common, and might, perhaps, have been generally imitated.

"Persecuted and plundered in England, France, Spain, Germany, and every other European state, the Jews were uniformly protected by the Popes. Great exertions were made by them for the redemption of captives, and the amelioration of the condition of the slaves: in 1167, Pope Alexander III. solemnly declared, in council, that all Christians ought to be exempt from slavery. The Popes were always in favour with the lower classes: a certain sign of the protection which that portion of the community received from them. Mr. Sharon Turner observes, 'that no tyranny,' (I wish he had used another word), 'was ever established, that was more unequivocally the creature of popular will; nor longer maintained by popular support;' and that, 'in no point did personal interest and public welfare more unite, than in the encouragement of monasteries.' Nothing contributed more to elevate the third estate into notice, or give it importance, than the assistance which the Italian republics, in their contests with the emperors, received from the popes. Their exertions for the conversion of infidels were unremitted. Few nations can read the history of the introduction of Christianity among their ancestors, without being sensible of their obligations to the tiara."—Butler's Book of the Catholic Church, pp. 97, 98.
too large; and these, ultimately, wrought their overthrow in England. But wealth is a comparative term; and, when riches are usefully employed, they are instruments of great utility. In the hands of the church, originally, they produced nothing but good; the landed acquisitions of the monks and clergy mainly facilitated the emancipation of the people. On the estates of the barons, the peasantry were either slaves or soldiers. The one class was necessarily oppressed, and the other was necessarily immoral, while their respective conditions afforded their chieftain every provocation to oppress his neighbours, and seek aggrandisement in war. The church, by encroaching on the feudal domains, and, ultimately, by gaining possession of a large proportion of the country, weakened the influence of the barons, while she mitigated the evils of bad government; for it is agreed on all hands, that the tenantry of the monks and clergy were supremely happy. To forward still further the interest of the people, and counteract the injustice of the nobles, she opened her sanctuaries, and secured the oppressed from royal and feudal vengeance, while her religious houses were so many asylums for distress and poverty. The modern discoveries of political economists show, that rent paid to the church, was not injurious to the nation. Common sense will tell you, that it must, under the circumstances, have been beneficial.

The influence, therefore, which Catholicity exercised on the fate of England was immense. By founding schools, she enlightened the people; by procuring honour for ecclesiastics, she opened a field for the enterprise of poverty and the promotion of literature; by her clergy ascending the judgment-seat, she infused mercy and justice into the laws; and by her bishops undertaking the duty of legislators, she moulded the constitution agreeably to the best models of antiquity. For all this she is, unquestionably, entitled to our praise. Did she ever forfeit her claim to our gratitude?—We shall inquire in our next.

DUNLEARY.

Who is there that has seen Ireland's beautiful metropolis, and omitted visiting Dunleary? He that has not witnessed the gay and joyous scenes which that spot exhibits during the Sundays of summer, has, as yet, seen nothing of what I shall emphatically call "Irish Life." Dunleary, with its rakes, rogues, and ranters, its rocks and its rurality, its jingles and jaunting-cars, coaches and caravans,—Dunleary, bustling Dunleary, is, of all places, the place for one who delights in excitement. Of such a disposition am I: and my last visit there, during the last summer, was one that afforded me some harmless pleasure; and that, as times, or rather as the world goes, is saying a good deal. In proceeding to the place, through Merrion, and the Blackrock, you are constantly led to ask, "Where are all these persons driving to?" without reflecting that you happen yourself to be one of those persons whose business upon the road appears inexplicable. The jaunt is altogether a cheering thing: the multitude and the variety of the vehicles; the dressy air of those who fill them; and, above all, the look of cheerfulness that animates every countenance, as countless salutations are given and returned; all these,
taken together, form a spectacle that might almost tempt a misanthrope to be merry. For my part, I will say that I love to look upon a collection of happy faces; I delight in beholding a cluster of smiling eyes, and can be pleased in hearing a loud burst of even unmeaning laughter. Well, suppose yourself fixed in one of the snug covered cars, with only six full-grown gentlemen or ladies crammed about you, with the trifling addition of a pet son or daughter between the knees of a couple of them; not to speak of a bundle containing a cold collation, or some cheering cordial. Suppose yourself fixed in one of those cars, on a glowing day in June; you start briskly; the dust comes in through different crevices, to the serious annoyance of your best black coat; an old lady, beside you, growls about being squeezed; a pair of friends chatter away about matters interesting only to themselves; cars and coaches come rattling behind you; suddenly comes a crash, and all your fellow travellers are huddled on top of you: "It's only the wheel fell off, bekase the inshpin was out." No danger, however, of a runaway horse: the animals are usually of the most tranquil temper; perfectly quiet and manageable. Some acquaintance of the careful driver's is at hand, and gets the job, so that at last you reach Dunleary. On dismounting, you are probably obliged to wait some time, while your carman seeks for change; a sun-shiny shower falling gently on you: while, to give full effect to the dust and the rain, two or three "gallers," with old stumps of brushes, assail you behind, without even waiting to be called on. Woe to the black coat upon which they fall: woe to the pocket that contains a silk handkerchief; and woe to the wight who refuses to pay for being robbed and dirtied! Such scenes I have frequently witnessed: but I will not say that every traveller will meet with them. The pier is the place of general resort—the leading promenade: it is the place where acquaintances have their weekly meeting; where friends enjoy "a dish of chat;" and where lovers sometimes keep their assignations. The rail-road, leading to the pier, exhibits a strange and busy prospect. Here strolls the spruce shopman, well dressed and pert, determined upon playing the gentleman, at least for one day in the week: after him, comes his master, driving slowly in his comfortable inside car, with the mistress and all the little ones around him: next, appears the man of quality, well mounted, with a train of sisters, or daughters, all following in full gallop. I hate the sight of a woman on horseback; it is, in my eyes, a most unbecoming position for her: there is something quite unfeeminine in the act of whipping or reinning in a charger. I can forgive the Tory who works for Blackwood, nearly half of his political sins, for the opinion that he has lately given on this subject: a female may be stared at while managing a steed, but she will be seldom sincerely admired. I have said, already, I was at Dunleary, last summer. I went there on Sunday, of course: the day was very fine, and every thing about the harbour, and the town, wore an air of sprightliness; the vessels were all in their gayest rigging; various boating parties were out; and sailors and citizens were mingled together in an agreeable sort of confusion. A steamer had just arrived, and the passengers were all hurrying for the beach; the boatmen, however, to whose charge they were committed, in their excessive attachment to them, seemed more likely to drown them, than to place them safely on shore. Among
the passengers came a tribe of Mayo men, who had been reaping the harvest in England; these were troublesome customers,—at least, they proved so at the moment of disembarking. In order to preserve the peace, the captain had found it necessary to disarm them when he took them on board; he intended, of course, to give their weapons up to them, upon arriving at Dunleary. They had some suspicion of him, however, and not a man of them would stir from the vessel, until he had culled from the heap "his own shackle and his own stick." This took up a great deal of time, and created a great deal of confusion: but the "boys of the West Countrie" were not to be got rid of; they appeared to be formed into different bands, each under some leader; and, as they landed, they kept up a tremendous noise in calling their various comrades together. "Aren't you there, Jonny M'Inerney?" "Yesh, agrah." "Whereabouts are you, Paddy Dillon?" "Here." They went on in this way for nearly an hour, to the great annoyance of the other passengers, and the great amusement of the crowd. There was one vessel in the harbour, that offered a singular contrast to the lively and showy appearance of the others: this was the Hulk, stationed there for the reception of the convicts. Well indeed was its appearance suited to its ominous destination: large, ugly, and black, it lay like a mis-shapen monster upon the waters, shedding a disagreeable gloom around it; yet, even on board this dismal ship, there were thoughtless ones, that, in guilt and disgrace, could affect to be merry. I, and a few friends, happened to stand on the pier, nearly opposite to the Hulk: some relatives of the convicts were beside us; they were not allowed to approach the vessel; but they could keep up a conversation, though in rather a loud tone. An old hard-featured woman, one of the party already mentioned, called out, "Tommy Delinour."

"Here, mother," said a young voice from the ship.
"Tommy, jewel, how d'ye get on?"
"Oh, elegant! elegant!"
"Tommy?"
"Ma-a-m.
"Och, aye," said the old one, in a low tone, "my poor boy was always mannerly; though he'd give me the lie, or spit in my face, and call me an ould strap, still he was always mannerly. When I call'd him he never sed 'what?' No, no, it was always 'ma-a-m.'"
"Tommy?"
"Ma-a-m."
"How is Owney Doyle, and Johnny Ganey?"
"Oh, elegant! elegant!"
"Tommy, jewel, will they let me send you any bakky?"
"Oh, aye, mother, as much as I can smock; any thing but ballets or whiskey; but how's my aunt Judy, and my aunt Nelly, and my aunt Betty, and my uncle Jack?—Is Jenny Doyle out yet?"
"No, Tommy, not yet." The aunts and the uncles were, probably, names for some brother thieves,—at least, I thought so. Tommy called out once more.
"Mother, how's Davy Carroll?"
"Oh, bad luck to Davy Carroll," said the old woman, again lowering her tone; "it was he, and the likes of him, brought my poor
boy to this; but, Tommy," raising her voice, "why don't you axe for Mary Jones?"

"Oh, mother, let me alone! Tell her not to buckle herself to any body till I come home; do, mother, and we'll have one merry night; go home now, mother, do, and don't get drunk." Here the conversation ceased.

I and my friends proceeded through the town to the great car stand, and there, for the first time, the thought struck us, of taking our dinner in Dunleary. Burton at that time kept a sort of table d'hôte; at five o'clock you were sure of getting an excellent dinner, at a moderate charge; the guests usually amounted to twenty, sometimes more; on this day we found the muster rather strong; the company already assembled appeared respectable enough, but varied wonderfully in their characters and ideas; this was what one might naturally expect in such a place; with one gentleman, in particular, I felt rather amused. While dinner was preparing, he undertook the edification of us all, by forcing an ugly-looking little boy of his, to spout some theatrical scraps. "Here, John, my dear, John Philip—we called him John Philip, gentlemen, after the great Kemble; come, give us Hamlet's soliloquy." Forth started the young tragedian, raised his right arm, turned out his toes, and, "Thoby, or not Thoby, d'hadh is the custion." I could not stand this; I burst out laughing, and in the laugh I was uproariously joined by all present, with the exception of the admiring but disappointed father. The owner of the house at length entered the room, "and dinner was served, as he came." He took his seat at the head of the table, and went through the ordinary task of helping and carving, in a very passable manner. After the removal of the cloth, the "materials" were introduced, and it struck me that, at their introduction, our host should have disappeared; it is an awkward thing, for a man to preside at his own table, giving the word to drink, while those who follow his direction are obliged to pay for their complaisance. This personage, however, seemed not overburdened with delicacy; he had none of these punctilious scruples; he sat steadily, drank freely, and called boldly upon those around him to follow his example. I was rather disappointed in the evening's entertainment. I had been at houses of this kind already, and found some of them rich in social attractions: toasts, sentiments, sayings, and songs, have gone round and kept us all in sprightliness and good humour for many a long winter's evening. Here, however, there was nothing of the kind; deep drinking seemed the business of the hour, and the little conversation that arose was quite of a common-place character. Politics were introduced, and I soon perceived that we had amongst us several red-hot ascendency men; between some of these, and our host, a few signs (Orange signs, as I supposed), were occasionally interchanged; they were gradually thrown off their guard, and, as the 'whiskey-punch operated, they spoke out more freely; to any Catholic present, to any temperate Protestant, to any liberal individual, their language and sentiments must have been not merely ridiculous, but disgusting. I felt, indeed, that to be angry with such creatures would be mere folly; in me they excited nothing but pity and utter contempt, "We are the conquerors of the land"—"The Papists
Anatomy and Physiology considered, &c. 129

are naturally an inferior race.” “We could subdue Ireland over again.” “Popery is the creed of slaves.” They indulged boldly in sentiments like these, though occasionally interrupted; but, at last, our chairman grew bold, and called on us to fill for a toast; this was, the “glorious and immortal memory,” with all its offensive accompaniments. This was the signal for confusion; angry words arose, blows were exchanged, and I left the house before anything like order was restored. From that day, however, our True Blue host could never muster more than five to dinner; the consequences may be anticipated; the matter ended in insolvency.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY CONSIDERED AS BRANCHES OF GENERAL EDUCATION.

The object of the following essay is to prove, that a competent knowledge of anatomy and physiology is a desirable thing, and one of practical utility, to other persons than those who are devoted to them as a profession; whilst, to the general student, they form an interesting branch of philosophical inquiry.

The term, anatomy, though originally confined to the act of the dissector, is now frequently used to designate the science of organization, and, of course, includes both physiology and natural history, particularly that of the human species.

Physiology is the science of life. The physiology of man considers him as a living being, investigates the laws by which his vital actions and processes are governed, traces their causes, and examines their effects. The natural history of man regards him as one among animals, and points out his characteristic distinctions in regard to form, habits, customs, and the varieties of his race. These sciences are nearly connected: the former regarding rather the internal economy; the latter, the external characteristics of their subject.

One of the first remarks, that occurs to us, in considering these sciences, is, that the public are remarkably, and, we may add, unnaturally ignorant of them. And this is the case, not only with the public in general, but even with many who are not, in other respects, deficient in general knowledge. There is scarcely any science which is so completely confined to a single profession. We hear gentlemen talk of the law; and who is without some knowledge of theology, controversial theology at least? Our periodical publications, our every-day reading, our parlour-window books, are loaded with long essays on the former subject; while the latter is only excluded by the common consent, which appropriates to it a particular class of publications, as widespread as those merely literary. The public have some knowledge on both subjects, and naturally seek for more. But how seldom does a straggling physiological essay find its way into our journals. And what is the reason? The public do not understand the subject sufficiently to be interested in it. They have not learned the first principles of the science, and it is all darkness to them. The few notions they have are generally derived from, or coloured by, the traditional lore, which has descended from the sages of a darker age, to the sages of a nursery. How many are there, who, while they would be ashamed of the same ignorance on any
other subject, hardly know the meaning of the names of the sciences of which we are speaking, and would be puzzled, if called on to define either the one or the other.

We have applied the term unnatural, to this general ignorance and neglect on these subjects, because it seems at variance with the common results of the most powerful impulse of our nature. We are eager to pry into every thing else, and our efforts are frequently successful. A degree of knowledge of the other sciences is widely diffused. The phenomena of eclipses are now generally understood, and comets no longer, "from their blazing hair, shake pestilence and war." But our knowledge has neither begun nor ended at home; since we are better acquainted with the motions of bodies, separated from us by millions of miles, than with those far more wonderful motions, which are continually going on in our own. We flock to see, and are delighted to understand, the machinery of a cotton factory, or a steam-engine. But what are these to the machine, for which, and by which, these noble engines were constructed. Even if we had no more immediate personal interest in this, than most of us have in the machines of Birmingham or Manchester, one would think, that it would attract and fix our attention. How much more, when it is considered, that upon the well-being of this depend the happiness and comfort of every moment of our lives, all that moralists have said, and all that poets have sung, of the blessings of health:

"See the wretch that long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Can we contemplate these glorious results of the well-ordered action of our systems, and yet be content to remain in ignorance of their structure, and the laws which govern their actions?

The general ignorance on this subject is to be referred to two principal causes. The first is its intrinsic difficulty. The internal structure of the human body is completely concealed from observation, and the opportunities of examining any part of this, during life, are rare. They can, therefore, only be studied after the subject has ceased to be a living being. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that a condition like this is a sufficient bar to the study, with the majority of individuals out of the profession of medicine. The power of curiosity is neutralized by that of disgust and abhorrence; and the natural feelings on this subject, strong as they are, have been strengthened in almost every age and nation, by motives of a moral nature. The acquisition of physiological knowledge from books is attended with many difficulties. In the first place, there are no proper elementary works on this science. In this respect, many other sciences have greatly the advantage over it. Astronomy, geography, botany, have all their guides and compendiums. We have "Conversations on Chemistry," "Conversations on Natural Philosophy," and even
"Conversations on Political Economy;" but we have no physiological works, except those which are intended for professional students, and suppose a considerable amount of previous knowledge. The science itself, indeed, supposes a good deal of such information; and some acquaintance with many of the natural sciences, and even with the learned languages, is necessary, before the student can understand a physiological work. The solitary reader is stopped on the very threshold, by barbarous names, barbarous doctrines, or, what is worse, allusions to doctrines, which have long ago been consigned to partial oblivion.

These difficulties are avoided by popular lectures, which seem to afford the easiest, if not the only way, in the present state of things, of diffusing some physiological information through the community. The lecturer can often explain, in a few words, an allusion, or a doctrine, which would have cost an unassisted inquirer a day's, or even a week's labour. A course of lectures may, moreover, excite a taste for this science in the community, which would soon bear down the present obstacles.

Another reason, why the public do not learn more of this science, is, that they are not sufficiently aware of the ignorance. There is a great deal of false knowledge abroad, on this subject, which has taken the place, and prevented the progress of the true. The natural consequence has been, that people have not been eager to obtain what they supposed themselves to be already in possession of.

The advantages to be expected from the diffusion of some general knowledge of physiological science, are such as belong to scientific knowledge in general, and are connected with this in an eminent degree. Physiology is among the noblest of the sciences; and the common consent of all who are acquainted with it, declares it to be inferior to none in point of attraction and interest. It possesses, moreover, some peculiar advantages. It may, frequently, afford to the individuals of a community, opportunities of preserving or prolonging their health and lives. Many instances might be pointed out, and many will, probably, occur to our readers, in which some information of this sort would be advantageous. But, supposing the knowledge thus acquired to be never, or rarely, applied in practice, it has a tendency to raise the standard of excellence in a profession, which all are ready, practically, to admit to be of the utmost importance to society. Under how many delusions do the public labour in this particular, and what gross impostures are they not liable to!—What absurd and wicked empiricism is not continually practised even in this enlightened age and country; and how feeble are laws and statutes against these things! The light of science, it is true, is gradually chasing away these shadows, and effecting what legislation has laboured for in vain. But what can call louder for encouragement, than an attempt to promote this desirable end? and what more likely to produce this effect, than a diffusion of a general knowledge of the laws by which living beings are governed? That cankers, and wart-doctors, and quacking practitioners, will ever be entirely banished from society, is not indeed to be expected, as long as there are so many cases where learning and judgment must pause and hesitate, and as long as "fools will rush in where angels fear to
tread;" but their ranks may be thinned, and the number of their vic-
tims diminished. Surely, every new test which the public can obtain
of the capability of those, to whom they are to trust their health and
lives, must be valuable. The simple fact, that some knowledge of
this subject is common in society, will tend to keep up attention, cir-
cumpection, and a desire of real excellence among the members of
this important fraternity.

There is another point of view, in which this subject may be con-
sidered. In a concern so generally interesting as the knowledge of
the vital actions and processes, if men cannot get right notions, they
will have wrong ones. They neither can, nor will, remain in utter
ignorance. Every man, woman, and we had almost said, child, pre-
tends to some knowledge on this subject; and the consequence is,
that the world is filled, and the physicians are embarrassed and an-
noyed, with superstitious and idle fancies. The practitioner is some-
times met by presumptuous confidence, and sometimes by ill-grounded
timidity, where it would be as hopeless to argue as to talk Greek,
not because his opponents are foolish, but simply because they are
incapable of appreciating his arguments. We remember to have seen
an old man, of good common sense in regard to the ordinary con-
cerns of life, who resented, as an insult to his understanding, an at-
ttempt to prove to him that the world was round, which he saw to be
flat; and we are told, that the "inhabitants of a certain island, vi-
sited by Captain Cook, were alarmed by his cows and horses; but
the sheep and goats came within the narrow bounds of their compre-
hension, and they gave him to understand, that they knew them to
be birds." It is even so with too many domestic physiologists, who
have not yet learned their own ignorance. But there is enough to
operate upon the feelings, and bias the decisions of physicians, with-
out the influence of such pernicious prejudices. We may here be
met with the common objection, that instruction in this particular
would be injurious; that it would lead people to criticise and embar-
rass their physicians; and, perhaps, we may have arrayed against us
the threadbare quotations, "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and the like. We
shall be told, that people will be too fond of inquiring into the nature
of their complaints, and too apt to imagine disorders which never
existed.

But, in the first place, we are not disposed to admit the soundness
of an argument, which leads to the conclusion, that ignorance is ever
bliss, at least in regard to any subject which the Deity has rendered
accessible to our faculties. Our minds were formed for exercise, for
activity. We were born to learn. And must we never begin to in-
quire into a subject, because we cannot understand the whole of it
at once? Shall we avoid the water, with the simelton of Hierocles,
till we have learned to swim?

Who does not perceive, that this is the same reasoning that has
been repeated over and over against the communication of informa-
tion of any kind to the community. It stands upon a sandy founda-
tion, and will be destroyed by the power of knowledge, as the prisons
and fetters of Eastern fable vanished at the touch of the benevolent
enchanter. The abode of science is as fatal to every kind of seclu-
sion, as the grotto of Corrinan-shian is represented to have been to the fabrics of mortality:

"Errors warp, and errors woof,
Cannot brook her charmed roof;
All delusive art has wrought
In her cell returns to naught.
The fancied gold returns to clay,
The mimic diamond melts away;
All is altered, all is flown,—
Naught stands fast but truth alone."

It requires but little observation to show the absurdity of this doctrine; all the evils which are feared, exist now. It would be as reasonable for a man, who had spent his life amidst the horrible din of a cotton-factory, to object to the introduction of an improvement in its machinery, that it would make a noise. People will judge, as they ever have done, of the different degrees of merit among physicians; but their judgment will be more frequently according to knowledge. The same inquiries will doubtless continue to be made. The difference in the case of the inquirer's possessing some physiological knowledge would be, that he might obtain an answer couched in language which was neither unintelligible nor necessarily connected with horrible associations. As to the sensitive and nervous, they will be sensitive and nervous still, whether they learn any thing of physiology or not. If they have no well-grounded causes of alarm, they will always create them; and since such fears and anxieties must, and will exist, a change, of course, is of little importance: if some new bugbears are created, as many old ones will be destroyed; and, lastly, these groundless anxieties may be opposed by reason, instead of the only method possible at present, repeated assertion.

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**A BIBLE MEETING.**

**A POETICAL SKETCH.**

"Redentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"—Horace.

**WHILE hypocritic cant usurps the throne,**
Where once the light of true religion shone,
And fell fanaticism's faithless brand,
An ignis fatuus, glimmers to the land,
Through joyless mazes leading on the mind,
Till not one sense of virtue left behind,
In atheism's gulf, or passion's night,
It leaves the followers of its cheating light;
While, swollen with victims on its native shore,
The monster licks its jaws, and pants for more;
On green-clad Erin casts its evil eye,
Sends out its slaves, and bids religion die—
Thee, Biblomania, most prolific spring
Of all this varied misery, I sing.
Where sedgy Thames, of countless streams the sire,
Rolls on his waves in majesty of mire;
Where London, like an o’ergrown porpus, stands,
Or giant, stretching out her hundred hands;
A hall there is, where once, as poets sing,
The sons of dulness met to choose a king;
Fit emblem of the night, that reigns inside,
Eternal mists around the mansion ride,
And birds obscure, above, in circles fit,
Or, croaking sentries, on the chimneys sit.

Not many months have rolled their swift career,
Since Dulness called a second synod here,
Not now, in grave debate, to fix whose skull,
Of all was most impenetrably dull,
But, to decide—a project mighty civil!—
How Eaux might be freed from Popery and the devil.

Instant the goddess’ faithful slave, the press,
In blazing letters forwards the express;
Swift o’er the town the gathering notice flies,
And each fond drollard to his mistress flies;
Tithe-eating parsons, bottle-loving lords,
Come conning o’er their big unmeaning words;
The plodding sons of trade forsake their tariffs,
E’en turtle soup, fat aldermen, and sheriffs;
Like the small snowball, gathering as it goes,
A motley group to Dulness’ palace flows,—

So strong the power which moves each leaden head,
By gravitation’s laws, to kindred lead.

Wide gaped the portals of the dark abode,
As slowly on the long procession strode;
Fast by the door, his garb embrowned with blood,
On either side a ghastly porter stood:
His eye of pride, and sternly cruel glance,
Showed the one the genius of intolerance;
While, by impunity of crime grown bold,
His fellow-fiend, dark Orangeism, scowled;
Joy in their eye, and triumph in their grin,
With conscious pride they led their votaries in.

High on a throne, whose brilliancy far surpassed
The brightest stall that ever cobbler pressed;
Beneath that cloak,—now canopy of the state,—
Which clad the ghostly Jocelyn so late,
Amidst a crowd right reverend and fat,
In drowsy majesty the goddess sat;
Well pleased she seemed, as on each duteous child
She cast a vacant look, and almost smiled.
The assembly met, and, seated every man,
The secretary hemmed, and thus began:

“My worthy compers, words can ill express
What joy I feel in stating our success;
The heathen read,—Oh! happiness sublime!—
The book of books, and leave each wonted crime;
The copper-coloured sinners of the south
Receive the goodly word with open mouth;
Our strength increases, as our gold abounds,—
We’ve spent in books eight hundred thousand pounds;
A Bible Meeting.

From such a sum, advantage must be gained,
Which, if unseen, by time will be explained;* What though each other aid should perish,—why One potent means is left us,—we can buy;† To poverty extend the golden bai, Our subjects purchase and enlarge our state. But, while our efforts thrive on distant fields, A paltry crop our Irish harvest yields; Uncivilized, uneducated, wild, Hibernia still is Superstition’s child; Through the dark clouds of her Egyptian night, Ne’er broke the splendours of the gospel light. Rouse then, my friends; let Bibles arm each hand, Be each a Moses to this captive land; So o’er the isle shall reason spread with ease,
As the vast waters cover all the seas."†

Thus spake this leather-pated wight, and ran Applauding murmuring through the dark divan; The goddess, slowly bending from her throne, With poppies, crowned the champion as her own; His proper heaviness this wreath o’erpowered,— He yawned, he nodded, dropped asleep, and snored. Once more the goddess laboured from her breech, And formed her lips in attitude of speech; Lest the huge ball, her goody shape that crown’d, Its balance lost, should topple to the ground, A fair-fed parson, long at propping tried, Bolstered the deity on either side. Thrice she essayed to state her mighty plan, And thrice her rhetoric flashed within the pan; Once more she tries,—her train of words explodes, And leaden showers descend in heavy loads. Her slaves she lauded for their active zeal, By bible-mong’ring, to promote her weal; In terms pathetic, showed her great regret, That Erin’s children spurned their empire yet; Renewed their hopes, and bade them straight prepare, To choose two chieftains for the Irish war,—

* Vide any report of a Bible meeting, which you may chance to have at hand. † Vide Cavan Conversions. Among the witnesses examined by the Catholic prelates, relative to this affair, were the following:—

Catherine Fitzpatrick, of the parish of Kilmore, school-mistress, offered to swear, that George Kildre, one of Lord Farnham’s moral agents, proposed to give her £5 in hand, and £4 annually, adding, that her brother should receive £10 in hand, and £10 annually, on condition that they would read their recantation in the church of Cavan.

Bryan Smith, of Durham, in the parish of Killineare, proposed to swear, that he was a Roman Catholic; that Brennan, who had lately abandoned the Catholic Church, and a preacher, named Jackson, called at his house on the 7th instant, and endeavoured to prevail on him to become a Protestant, as Brennan had done, promising that they would procure for him £12, and a farm of land, on such terms as would make him comfortable during the remainder of his life; and that, when they were unable to induce him to join them, they left two books with him, one of which was entitled “Andrew Dunn’s Conversion.”

† This celebrated metaphor (Dean Swift would say, such a one as I never met afore) of a celebrated Bible orator, is fresh in the recollection of every one.
A Bible Meeting.

Heroes unawed by Popery's Gorgon head,
To spread the reign of Bibles and of lead.

The goddess ceased: in three successive roars,
The meeting's loud applause re-echoing scars;
But chief the sombre-coated tribe were seen,
With out-stretched necks, to celebrate their queen;
Could they, by Bibles, Ireland's madness cure,
They thought,—most sapient souls!—their tithes were sure;
And who, when tithes or dinners lead the throng,
E'er heard the parsons backward to give tongue?

Full long and weighty now was the debate,
Which racked the brains of each exuding pate;
To choose two missionaries, their care employs,
Who best might venture on the high emprise.
Various the votes, at length the fateful lot
Fell on a parson's wig and captain's knot;
Capricious choice!—sweet muse, I pray thee, tell us
The high pretensions of these godly fellows;
The one, who, when perchance by fortune thrown,
Felt a vocation for a tithing-gown,—
(A sovereign cure, when worldly matters go ill)
Was whining, canting, methodistic N——l.
Forward he stepped, his face lit up with joy,
And, scraping, thanked them for the great employ.
The other wight, a doughty son of Neptune,
In preaching tactics, with the parson kept tune;
Like the young hawk, just fluttering from its nest,
His ardent soul for something was in quest;
No matter what, provided he might find
Some venthole for the ferment of his mind;
And thus, by art and nature formed, to lord on
Old ocean's briny serges, Captain G————n;
(Propitious name!—the very sound's replete
With fire and butchery, havoc and defeat);
In the long absence of more glorious scars,
Welcomed the dangers of the Bible wars.
Once more their reverenda stretched their guzzles out,
And all their bellies laboured in a shout,
Till the fond goddess, fearful for their lungs,
With their own works their roaring muzzles bungs;
No-Popery tracts, and other lies as heinous,
Were seen, half-buried, in their wide volcanos!
Her chosen two the deity now calls,
Her mandate gives, and in their work instals;
A folio Bible puts in either hand,
And sends them forth to evangelize the land.
Then, as a woolpack, by the groaning crane,
Is slowly lifted from the labouring wane;
In clouds of mist she mounted from her chair,
Burst through the roof, and vanished into air:
The wondering bible-men, with upcast eyes,
Pursue the goddess till in mist she dies;
In silent thought, then bend their homeward way,
Full of the mighty business of the day.

Oscothensis.
ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES, BY A WALKING GENTLEMAN, NO. II.

The Poachers.

Your common-place observer, your traveller for a week, would prefer England; but a deep thinker, a constant pedestrian, as I am, would willingly walk for ever through the highways and byways of Ireland. There society is thrown as it were into irregular forms; you stand on the crater of a moral volcano; and, while the scene around is strewn with evidences of recent convulsions, every thing awakens your curiosity—arouses either your admiration or your sympathy. At every turn you encounter a new character, all cast in the same mould, but each but features peculiar and interesting, provoking inquiry, and compelling you to think. In England, however, the eye is generally pleased with the look of nature; the land is mostly shaded with trees; the mansions of greatness start up on every side, either in the venerable form of antiquity, or in all the richness of modern architecture; while parks and meadows, groves, woods, and pasture, give the country an appearance of delightful prosperity and happiness. You walk forward with one sense at least gratified; but you cannot proceed far without feeling the fatigue of loneliness; you move onward through a cultivated desert; the work of man seems to have survived him, for amid scenes of loveliness and rustic beauty, the living forms which could give them interest are wanting—there is a paucity of inhabitants. I have frequently walked for hours, through agricultural districts, without encountering a human being; and though, at a distance, the shirt-covered forms of farm-servants might be descried, the sight could give me no pleasure—there was nothingline about them indicative of rural felicity; the expansive fields which they lazily cultivated clearly indicated that they were the slaves of the monopolist—that they subsisted not on their own rood of ground—that they were neither a bold nor an independent peasantry. Still I love England, though by no means a blind admirer of every thing English; and there is about the character of her people a great deal which commands respect; but they are neither the happy nor the comfortable population which the world have been led to suppose.

About seventeen years ago I landed at Bristol, and immediately proceeded to explore the adjoining counties. Throughout Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorset, the people are marked with pretty much the same features, and, from their manners, language, and habitations, it strikes you at once that they belong to the original stock from which the people of Leinster sprung. They make use, in many instances, of the same phrases; have a tolerable brogue; and are lively, boisterous, and kind-hearted. Every thing was at variance with my preconceived notions of England; the houses were built of mud; the people were rather badly dressed; and the women invariably worked in the fields. The country was even then filled with paupers, and the deteriorating effect of such a state of things was beginning to be felt in this remote district.

One evening in October the night overtook me on a lonely road in the west of Dorsetshire. The wind howled fearfully over this level district, and the trees along the side of the highway yielded their leafy
honours unreluctantly to the fierceness of the blast. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the loneliness I then felt; there were no habitations near—no sound but the moaning of the wind, and the rustling of the leaves as they drifted along; and, to add to my other unpleasant feelings, the dense blackness of the clouds in the horizon intimated a coming storm. I neither knew where I was, nor where I was going to, but, as east, west, north, and south were all one to me, I pursued the straight road, careless about where it led to, provided it brought me to some place where I could take shelter for the night. Just as the rain, in heavy drops, began to fall, I rejoiced to see a light at some distance before me; and, on coming closer, I observed that it proceeded from a small cottage, which stood at some distance from the road-side. The benighted traveller never fails to connect comfort with fire or candle, and, if obliged to proceed on his journey, cannot help giving way to feelings of envy while contrasting his own situation with that which he supposes is enjoyed by the inmates of the poorest and rudest cottage. On the present occasion my heart leaped within me on seeing the friendly light, and, with hurried steps, I approached the humble abode from which it proceeded. The cabin—for such literally it was—stood on the side of a common, and, even in the imperfect light, I could plainly see that it ranked amongst the most wretched. I knocked cautiously, for, though by no means timid, or wealthy, I had some misgivings respecting the propriety of seeking shelter in such a lonely house, certainly the abode of misery, and, perhaps, the habitation of crime. But the rain began to fall in torrents, the wind to increase; and the utter impossibility of finding the road across the common, brought me to a determination of knocking once more. At first no one answered; the screeching of a child within, and the howling of the storm without, might have prevented my being heard; and accordingly I again applied my closed hand to that place where a rapper might have been. "Who's there?" at length demanded a female voice, and, without waiting for an answer, she pulled open the door violently, and stood before me with a countenance indicative of anger, a small lamp in the left hand, and a young child on her right arm. Her dress was ragged and slovenly, and a fearful man's fancy would instantly have taken her for the mistress of a bandit. But I had heard of the activity of the English police, and consequently I had no very decided apprehension, though, to confess the truth, I would as soon, at the moment, be searching, amidst the darkness and storm, for the high road, which intersected the common. There was, however, no retracting, and of course I made my best apology for obstructing, pleaded the severity of the night, and proposed to pay amply for the shelter of her roof. The last item seemed to disarm her severity, the lines of anger disappeared from her brow, but she could afford me no relief. Her husband was absent, perhaps needlessly given to jealousy; and, besides, there was but one apartment and one bed. This was a critical case; what was to be done? A gush of wind had nearly blown me into the cabin—it blew out the light—but I sensitively retreated—the idea of but one apartment and one bed kept me back; and I was about to inquire if I could procure a guide to the nearest inn or change-house, when a dark form stood on my right, and kept inquisitively looking into my face. He had on a dark shirt, a slouched hat, and, still more appalling, he carried a
gun under his right arm. By the lamp, when relighted, I could mark his countenance, and, though there was a grin on his face, there was nothing about it decidedly bad—it spoke not of ferocity—of blood; but then I bethought me of men who, like Richard, "can smile and smile, and murder whilst they smile;" and the apprehensions his appearance gave rise to were not diminished by his familiarly nodding at me. I instinctively drew back; he took no notice of the movement, but, turning to the child, which he took by the hand, said, in accents which were honey to my ear, "Morrow, lad; where's your fadhur?" "You know'd very well where he is, Pat, without askin'," was the reply of the housewife; and I needed no more to be convinced that I stood in the presence of an Irishman. The revulsion of feeling was sudden; I felt secure—happy; and the why must be explained by a reference to those sacred associations which, in a foreign land, bring us to recognise a friend in the person of a countryman, whatever may be his condition, and however personally unknown.

Paddy, having received his answer, averted his head occasionally, but still kept shaking the child's hand familiarly. I saw plainly that I was the object of some curiosity to him, and I might have enjoyed his confusion, but the time and place were ill adapted for such an idle indulgence. "Friend," said I, "could you procure me a guide to the next village?—I shall pay him handsomely."

"Troth, may be I could, ony the night is as dark as pitch; but I could do more nor that for a countryman, an', beggin' your pardon, you talk very like one, any how; so come along a-vick;" and we quitted the cabin.

"Are you a native of Ireland?" I inquired as we walked on.

"Musha, faith an' I just am, an' I'll never deny it, for why should I? Ear our country, after all, the finest bit o' ground in the wide world? an' bad luck to myself if I 'nt sorry in heart an' soul that ever I left sweet Tipperary to come peachin' an' shootin' in England. Och! musha, little my poor mother thought that I'd cum to this when she was rearin' me tinderly."

"And why don't you go home?"

"Hem! there's two words to that; in the first place I can't, an' in the next place I daren't—that's all."

"You are married here, I suppose?"

"Troth I am, sur, an' a cozy little woman I've got as any poor man in the seven counties; an' though we're as poor as church mice, I wouldn't have the heart to leave her an' the little one in the workhouse, behind me."

"A laudable feeling; but is not work plenty here?"

"No, in troth, sur, no more nor among ourselves; it's now three years last haymakin' since I left home, an' since that time I've been livin' from hand to mouth, an' durin' winter I'm runnin' my neck every blessed night into the halter, shootin' pheasants, an' snarin' hares and rabbits wid the boys. God help us! we've no other way of makin' out the cause at all at all, for the parish, as they call it, wont give us as much a week as it would fit in the heel of your stockin'—but see, yonder is the Plough and Harrow."

I looked up at a sign-board which swung pendant over the road, but could discover neither plough nor harrow; but, from some empty casks before the door of a whitewashed house, I judged rightly, that
we were about to enter the village alehouse. My guide led the way, and, on his entrance, was greeted with "Welcome, Paddy," from about a dozen flock-covered peasants, who lay listlessly about the kitchen, some smoking, and others sipping beer. "You've been late to-night, Pat," said one of them, who sat opposite an excellent wood fire.

"Not Pat, if you plaze," answered my guide; "it might be Andy Callaghan in your mouth."

"Oay, oay," said the other, "Oandy Callaghan, who shot the parson in Cloheen;" and they all laughed.

"There you're out agen, George," said Andy; "it wasn't the parson, but the proctor."

"Sorry for't," rejoined George; "I wish you had shot Parson Gross tother noight, instead of Sandy Thistle, the domn'd Scotchman—but who have we here?" and he looked as if apprehensive of having said too much in the hearing of a stranger.

"No one at all," replied Andy, "but a real gentleman."

"Will he peach?"

"Bother," said Andy knowingly, "ent he a countryman o' me own?"

"O, domn your countrymen; an honest Englishman con't live for 'um, they come over in such swarms."

"Why not," said another, "since they've nothing at home but cold potatoes."

"And besides," said a third, "the half on'em are woild beastises, with tails as long as colts."

"Och I ay," answered Andy, shrugging up his shoulders, "we're the worst in the world, ony we're not hanged an' transported for shooting 'woild beastises,' nor sent to gaol for picking 'woild nutseses;" and he laid a particular emphasis on the words which he spoke in mimicry.

"Domn it, don't be angry, Pat," said the first speaker; "we know you for a domned honest fellow, but domn me if I likes your country; though give me an Hoirishman any day instead of a Scotchman."

"Never mind 'em," whispered Andy, as he stooped over me to light his pipe; "they're decent boys, though they hate poor ould Ireland."

Having by this time taken my seat by the fire, I ordered some refreshment for myself and guide, which we partook of, while the process of drying was going on. Opposite to me sat a grey-headed villager, who seemed to enjoy his pipe and tankard, in silence; for he never spoke but in monosyllables, and next him the goodly person of the landlord was employed in absorbing his own bepraised "home-brewed," while his wife and daughter were busy, "on house affairs intent." Judging from the gentle frowns which occasionally overshadowed the round, pretty face of the latter, she was not particularly flattered by the rude compliments of her father's guests; and, to tell the truth, I liked her the better for it: their manners were particularly vulgar, and, judging from the nature of their conversation, their morals were very different from what we usually associate with the simple lives of rusties. Religion, they evidently had none; and they talked that kind of slang, which betrays a vicious course of idleness, crime, and vulgar debauchery. The man who sat opposite to the fire, and
who first addressed my guide, appeared to hold a marked ascendency over the others; they listened to his opinions with deference, and paid him that respect which superior bravery, and more general knowledge, seemed to demand. He was about thirty years of age, of a tall, athletic form, and had a countenance at complete variance with the sentiments which were perpetually on his lips. In expressing these, there was a reckless boldness in his manner, and, from the first, he arrested my attention, without my being able to account for the curiosity he excited.

About twelve o'clock one of the boors arose, and went to the door, but returned in a moment to his companions, assuring them that the storm had subsided, that the moon was up, and that it was time to proceed to business. Of what that business was, I had a vague notion; the hints my countryman had let drop, together with the recollection of something I had heard since my arrival in England, led me to suspect that the party before me were a gang of poachers. I was confirmed in this opinion when they stood up to depart. They called their dogs from under the tables, and several of them drew their guns from a retired corner. Andy Callaghan was one of the first prepared for the sport; and, as if conscious of the prejudice which existed against him, he exerted to the utmost his amusing powers to beget in his comrades a more favourable opinion. They appeared by no means insensible to his merits; and while they considered him merely a good-humoured butt for their vulgar sarcasm and ridicule, he was converting them into tools of self-interest, and frequently, by implication, expressing his contempt for their understanding.

On their departure, the landlord raised the pot of "home-brewed" to his head, and took rather an unusual draught, while the ancient, in the corner, averted his head, as if to see were they gone, and, having ascertained that fact, he ejaculated something between a deep groan and a protracted hem! "Bad business, neighbour, bad business," pronounced the landlord, taking for granted that they were both indulging in similar reflections. "Ay, ay," was the laconic reply. "But still," said mine host of the Plough and Harrow, "what can the poor fellows do? they must live." "Very true," responded his taciturn neighbour. And here the subject would, in all likelihood, have dropped, had not I put in a word, in the form of a query. The landlord rejoiced at an opportunity of unburdening himself; poured out volumes of words in his own verbose style, and was about communicating to me the history of George Andrews, whom he called the captain of the poachers, when interrupted by the galloping of horses along the road. Perhaps he expected a customer, perhaps it was only curiosity, but certainly he ran to the door; and, I know not why, I followed him. "'Tis all up with them," said he. "With whom?" I inquired. "With the poachers," he replied; for there goes 'Squire N——, and the chaplain, and three or four other gentlemen. "There will be terrible work," he continued, "but I must mind my own business; it won't do for me to know any thing about poachers, or, perhaps, I should lose my license next quarter's-day." And he was about to shut the door; but I demurred, and, slipping by him, I ran as fast as I could in the direction taken by the horsemen. While they continued on the road, the noise occasioned by their galloping served as a guide, but when they turned into the fields, I was, as
huntsmen would say, at fault. I stopped for a moment, and listened, in the hope of hearing something to direct me; when, suddenly, the report of fire-arms, discharged within a short distance, alarmed me.—At once I concluded, 'Squire N—— and his party had encountered the poachers, and, accordingly, made straight for the place from whence the firing proceeded. In a few moments I found myself in the midst of a plantation, and was directed by another discharge of fire-arms, and the angry shouts of men, to the place where the contest was raging. With some difficulty I made my way through a thickly planted hedge, but had not time to reach the scene of action, when five horsemen rushed by me. They were the 'squire and his friends, who had, probably, mistaken the place of rendezvous; for the poachers were now, evidently, engaged with the gamekeeper and his assistants only. Though the moon shone rather brightly, its beams were intercepted by the tall trees which stood scattered over the preserve; and, as they threw their shadows on the ground, a sombre hue was imparted to the scene. But there was no time for comments on the natural beauty of the place; for the flashing and firing of pistols, the yelping and snarling of dogs, together with the confusion and hollering, and calling of the combatants, gave a fearful interest to the proceedings now imperfectly within my view. I ran forward, not without some apprehension of personal safety; and, on gaining a little eminence, could see distinctly that some had fallen, and that the poachers were making a desperate stand against the auxiliaries recently arrived. In the struggle, the conflicting parties came near to the place where I stood, and, with a very natural desire of preserving my person from the pellets of the assailants, I retreated to a neighbouring clump of trees, but had hardly gained this ambush, when I was joined by four of the poachers. "Load, boys, load," was uttered in a familiar accent; and when the process of ramming down powder and shot had been gone through, Andy whispered, "Now boys, honey, a shout, an' whin the 'squire an' parson, bad luck to'em; gallop forenint us, fire all at once, an' the day is our own."

These commands were literally obeyed, and the effect was such as my countryman anticipated. The 'squire and his chaplain rode briskly up to the place, and, on receiving the fire of the poachers, quickly discharged their pistols. One of the bullets whizzed past my ear; the other flew idly by; and Andy and his comrades, at the instant, darted from behind the trees, and attacked their opponents. The parson, being either unable to manage his horse, or unwilling to face so unequal an enemy, galloped down the preserve; and Mr. N—— was quickly dismounted by a blow from the butt-end of a gun. One of the poachers stood over him as he lay on the ground, and, judging from his position and his upraised gun, he seemed determined to despatch his victim. Urged by an impulse of humanity, I ran towards them; but, before I could fulfil my intention of staying the blow, a well-directed bullet, from one of the 'squire's party, pierced the poacher's heart: he dropped his gun, reeled forward, and, with both his hands clasped on his breast, fell lifeless across the prostrate body of Mr. N——. On seeing this the peasantry fled; not, however, before they had poured upon their assailants the remainder of their fire. Fortunately, it proved abortive.

The face of the dead man, as he was turned upon his back, shone
ghastly horrible in the pale moonlight, and one glance convinced me
that in it I beheld George Andrews, the leader of the desperate gang.
At a short distance lay the mangled bodies of a gamekeeper and a
poacher, and no doubt could be entertained respecting the probability
of many more being dangerously, if not fatally, wounded. The 'squire
soon recovered, but the chaplain was no where to be found, "The
coward has run home," said Mr. N—. "No," answered one of
his friends, "for here comes his horse with an empty saddle." Had
he fallen into the hands of the poachers, or was he thrown? No one
could reply, and accordingly search was made, and, after half-an-
hour's hunting, he was found, lying in a hedge, a corpse—having
been deadly wounded in the affray. The reflection of the 'squire was
not dissimilar to that of King William, at the Boyne, when told of
the Rev. Mr. Walker's death.—"What the devil had he to do with
fighting."

Assistance having been procured, the dead bodies were removed
to the Plough and Harrow; and, the scene I had just witnessed not
being calculated to dispose me to sleep, I sat up the remainder of the
night, listening to the observations and reflections of the crowd, who
filled the kitchen of mine host. The game laws were condemned by
all, and the humanity of the 'squire was questioned with much free-
dom. His conduct towards Andrews on a former occasion was
hinted at significantly, and, as the obscure and frequent allusions to
this subject excited my curiosity, I contrived to elicite the particulars
from the landlord, who communicated them to me under the seal of
secrecy. I hope I am not disobeying his injunction by inserting them
here.

The unfortunate George Andrews was the only son of a once
happy, though small farmer, who rented his little holding from
'Squire N—. George was one of the most industrious young men
in the county of Dorset, and excelled in all those athletic exercises
which are still held in repute in the west of England. Conspicuous
thus among his rustic companions, he was not long without a "sweet-
heart," and all applauded his choice; for, though the female pea-
santry of England are, perhaps, the handsomest in the world, Hen-
rietta Parry was decidedly the most lovely, where all were pretty.
To her George paid his devotions in all the sincerity of an unsophis-
ticated heart, and his affections were returned, not without a little
display of that coquetry so natural to a handsome woman, whether
in high or low life. It were enough, however, that he was admitted
to be the most favoured of her lovers, and, after much procrastina-
tion, Henrietta consented to unite her fate to his. Previous, how-
ever, to the wedding-day, the young 'squire arrived from the contin-
ent, and, with his host of gold-laced lackeys, settled in the country.
With that reprehensible subserviency which is more remarkable in
the English yeomen than in any other set of men in Europe, Farmer
Andrews went to consult the wishes of his landlord respecting an act
which concerned only the private economy of his own family. The
youthful aristocrat assumed all the airs and consequence of a patron,
and begged to be introduced to the wooing pair. This was regarded
by all but George as a very distinguished honour, and accordingly it
took place at the farmer's house. All were charmed—for greatness is
always pleasing—with the vivacity and condescension of the
'squire, and the rustic coquets smiled through their blushes at his rather familiar caresses.

The 'squire seemed well pleased, and undertook to provide for the future welfare of the young couple. George was to become his steward, and Henrietta was to become his housekeeper, pro tempore, at the hall. This last arrangement pleased only one of the lovers. George frowned, but Miss Parry smilingly accepted the proposal, and was forthwith inducted into authority, as superintendent of Mr. N—'s domestic affairs. In a few weeks, she spoke rather coldly to her lover, and appeared at church in such gaudy plumage, that a whisper went round not at all to the advantage of her character. George felt more than jealous, and was by no means displeased that the 'squire found one excuse or other for protracting the wedding. After three months' delay, however, Mr. N— and Henrietta became, all at once, very pressing for the fulfilment of the contract, but George, with sturdy independence, declined the honour intended him. Henrietta wept, the landlord stormed, but the young farmer was inflexible. His obstinacy, however, was not allowed to interfere with the happiness of his former mistress, who sought consolation in the arms of the 'squire's valet, and having, in six months after, presented the man of bows and lace with a little one, the good people of the village winked at each other significantly.

Previous to this last event, the family of Farmer Andrews was thrown into the greatest dismay. His only daughter had disappeared: no one knew where she had gone to, though all mourned her unaccountable absence. At length it was whispered that she was an inmate of the hall, and subsequent inquiries served to confirm this opinion. George, enraged at this second outrage on his happiness, went to the hall, and forced his way to the apartment of the fugitive. He was, however, soon dislodged; and, next day, the 'squire and his attendants quitted the country, leaving Sandy Thistle as locum tenens in his absence.

Whether this underling received instructions respecting the persecution of the Andrews's, my informant knew not; but certain it is, the poor farmer was soon ejected, he, like most others of his class, in England, not having a lease of his tenement. A journey or two to London, in pursuit of his unhappy daughter, exhausted his little purse, and, partly with grief, partly with age, he died, soon after, in the parish workhouse. George's fate was still less fortunate. A woman in the village, of equivocal character, became pregnant, and swore the child to young Andrews; the poor fellow spurned the accusation, but the poor laws have no compassion for conscious innocence; he was thrown into prison, and, not being able to procure bail, he was obliged to negotiate for his freedom, by marrying the wretch who had compelled him to father her illegitimate child. Though forced into a degraded alliance, George determined that it should not bind him, and therefore, on obtaining his liberty, quitted that part of the country. Here again the poor laws proved too strong for him; he was advertised, detected, brought back, and compelled to support the woman and child, who now legally called him husband and father. Naturally enough, the unfortunate man sought to drown his sorrows in dissipation. Compelled to labour for his daily bread, when that labour was not to be procured, he joined the poachers, who
The Nameless Ruin.

BY THOMAS FURLONG, AUTHOR OF "PLAGUES OF IRELAND," &C.

Scene—The Banks of the Slaney.

Stay! weary wanderer, rest awhile;
Stop! ere you sunbeams sink,
And view, with me, this time-worn pile,
Rear’d on the river’s brink.

These courts, these towers, all mouldering
In sad solemnity—might bring
E’en thoughtless ones to think.
They seem, while echoing to our tread,
Tokens transmitted from the dead.

And where is he at whose command
This massive pile arose?
Rots he amidst his kindred band,
Or rests he with his foes?
Oh! could a voice come from the tomb,
Through all its ghastliness and gloom,
What might that voice disclose?
Thence truth’s dread echoes might arise,
And woo us—win us, to be wise.
The Nameless Ruin.

What, now, to him who rear'd these walls
Is frolic, feud, or fray?
The deep intrigues—the plots—the brawls,
That darken'd every day?
What feels he now for friends or foes?
What thinks he—cares he, now for those
Who clear'd, or cross'd, his way?
The good achiev'd—the evil done,
Is all that may be dwelt upon.

Was he who pil'd this stony heap
A man, within whose heart
The cherub mercy deign'd to keep
Unto herself a part?
Oh! was he one, in whose mild eye
Pain's thrilling shriek, or sorrow's sigh,
Could cause the tear to start?
It boots not how he strode, or stood—
Say! was he number'd with the good?

If good he was, it matters not
How lonely looks this scene;
These towers may vanish from the spot,
As though they ne'er had been.
But there are works of his on high;
Things—whose remembrance may not die,
Though ages intervene.
Pride, pomp, and power, will pass away;
But Heaven guards goodness from decay.

Or, was the chieftain dwelling here,
Too prompt to tread the field?
Did he the slaughtering sword or spear
For pride or plunder wield?
Was he the slave of blood and strife?
Did the mild charities of life
To him no pleasure yield?
Did he, by taunt, or beck, or frown,
Put misery back, or merit down?

If such he was, how lost his lot—
How limited his sway;
His fields of fame are here forgot,
His flatterers past away.
Low lies in dust the fawning throng;
But there's a place where right and wrong
Wait for the settling day;
Where each his long-earn'd meed shall share—
Woe to the proud oppressor there!
MEmOIRS OF MRS. SIDDONS.*

"Does envy seize thee," at the plaudits which greet the favourite performer? Then "crush the boding joy," and repair behind the scenes. There the actor is seen without his tinsel and his foppery; he sinks into his natural proportions, and takes the hue and aspect of his profession. If he be successful, he is enyied by the whole of the mimic tribe; if unsuccessful, he encounters nothing but sneers and ridicule. The green-room becomes a moral pandemonium, where all the bad passions are generated and cherished, and where there is seldom found much redeeming virtue to atone for innumerable delinquencies. We are told, the theatre is a school of morality; if it be, it must be after the Spartan plan; and we fancy it would be still more instructive, if the audience were permitted to peep, for once, behind the curtain. It could not fail to gratify modesty, to behold a booby lord toying, in a dark corner, with some fascinating syren; and virtue itself would receive additional strength, at beholding a tragic queen lavishing her caresses on a tinselled footman. Mrs. Cox putting on Kean's small-clothes, would be an edifying sight; and the romping and obscene gestures of the chorus girls must fill with gladness the heart of a decent mother, surrounded by her daughters, in a side box.

Look to the right, as the showman says in Bartholomew fair, and you will see the manager, surrounded by the heroes of the sock and buskin, quarrelling about "parts;" and, a little farther on, behold what a number of noble sparks irradiates the train of a vocal courtesan. On the left, you will find, we were going to say, a bevy of authors, administering flattery to the Kemble and Siddons of the theatre; but, thank Heaven! the public patronage has rescued talent from this humiliation. This dirty work is now left to the Poolees, the Planches, and the Moncrieffs, who are exactly qualified, by a want of genius, for toiling in their talentless vocation. But the curtain will not be withdrawn; the secrets of the green-room will not be exposed to the vulgar gaze; and there will still be found fools to admire, and a press to applaud, the conduct and actions of those poor contemptible creatures, who form what is called the dramatic corps. Still it is gratifying to find, that players and playwrights have taken to the writing of reminiscences and memoirs. They print all they have heard and seen, and, as the success which has attended the literary labours of the Kellys, O'Keefes, and the Reynoldses, may stimulate others to imitate their example, it is hoped those who are not altogether lost to shame, will be more circumspect in the society they keep, lest themselves and their families shall blush, by and by, at the publicity given by their questionable guests to the private acts of their domestic lives. One good, however, such publications have done: they have laid open the heartlessness, the vanity, and the vice, of all connected with theatres; and persuade us that those divines† who

† The Catholic church has been sneered at for her hostility to theatres, but hear the intelligent author of "Four Years in France."
"I know not whether it may have been remarked that, in my chapter of
condemn scenic representations, as immoral in their nature and tendency, are not altogether mistaken.

Nothing is more disgraceful to the literati of this country, than their

Paris, I have said not a word of the theatres. The fact is, we never once were present at any of them. The opinion of Catholics as to the lawfulness of attending the theatrical representations of the present day, is by no means uniform. The English Catholic clergy in general advise to abstain from them: the pious and excellent priest at Paris, to whose counsels Kenelm owed so much, gave the same injunction. Our kind and prudent director at Avignon rather requested than required us to abstain from attending the theatre at that place. 'It is no great loss, considering the merit of the performance: when you shall be in Italy, I give you up to my successor.'

"Following the lights, such as they were, of my own common sense, I had occasionally, even after becoming a Catholic, assisted at theatrical representations both in Bath and London, when the inducement was in accord with good taste and good morals. I could see no harm in allowing these "purifiers of the affections," terror and pity, to be administered by those masters of the scenic art, Kemble and Siddons. There were others, second to these, but of great merit, whom I saw with pleasure: amongst them Cooke, when he was sober; Elliston, at all times. Arrived in France, I refrained from going to the theatre, as the safer line of conduct, seeing I was now no longer alone. Besides, I was told that comedians, so they call all actors, were in a state of excommunication; that they could not accomplish the sacrament of penance without promising to renounce their profession; and that, if they died comedians, their right to Christian burial was at least disputable.

"I cited the example of the capital of the Christian world. 'In Rome itself there are theatres.' 'The holy Father is under the necessity of permitting, as sovereign, what, as head of the church, he condemns.' This reminded me of Sir Jonathan Trelawney, sometime Bishop of Winchester, who was much given, according to the custom of his time, to profane cursing and swearing—a custom which he adopted, perhaps, to show that he was no puritan, as men neglected days of fasting and abstinence to prove that they were no Papists. This reverend prelate, being reproved for this mal-practice, declared that he swore as Sir Jonathan Trelawney, not as Bishop of Winchester. He was asked how he would hereafter make a distinction in his personal identity, or divide what Sir Kenelm Digby calls 'a man's numerical self;'—a phrase which my friend Sir —— was so good as to translate for me into 'number one.'

"In fact, the argument drawn from the double character of the Pope, to justify the permission of what was bad in itself, excited my indignation. 'The Pope,' said I, 'is no hypocrite.' 'True: the Pope is no hypocrite; but sovereigns are in some cases obliged to permit evils which they palliate and diminish by superintendence and regulation.' I understood the allusion, but felt a strong repugnance to class actors, many of them persons of exemplary morals, and none of them necessarily otherwise, with those unfortunate outcasts so well watched in France and Italy, and so piously allowed to roam at large in London: neither could I be at once persuaded that stage-plays were of the nature of a violation of one of the ten commandments. I alleged the example of all, or almost all, the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, who assisted at them without scruple. I was answered, that the example of sovereigns could not justify what was wrong in itself. The great Bossuet was quoted, who replied to Louis XIV., by whom his opinion was asked on the lawfulness of stage plays, which the monarch himself frequented, 'Sire, il y a de grands exemples pour, et de grandes autorités contre.'

"'Reste à savoir,' said I to myself, with the disputant at Nismes. The question did not press: we abstained from plays in France. I resolved, if possible, to reconcile these contradictions in Italy.

"In Italy I was instructed, that there exists no excommunication of actors by the universal church, but only by the decrees of some particular dioceses, in remote ages, when the scenic art was reputed infamous on account of the representations, then almost always contrary to good morals: that they who exercise the
unmeaning lamentations over the fallen state of the drama amongst us. Why, the very fact is, the highest compliment to the country; for tragedy can please only a rude and semi-barbarous age, and comedy can delight a people only imperfectly civilized. The decline of the drama, therefore, is not owing, as has been supposed, to the misconduct of managers, or the paucity of dramatists, but simply to the extent of education, and the progress of refinement. We shall write a treatise on the subject; at present, we must attend to Mr. Boaden.

This gentleman is one of those danglers at the tail of actors and actresses, whose circumscribed vision could never see beyond the precincts of a theatre. Players and playwrights, in his estimation, are the only people in society worth admiring; and, accordingly, his book, as might be expected, is one of the dullest we have ever read. His very absurdities cannot provoke a smile, they are so excessively stupid; and Mrs. Siddons’s fame will most certainly not owe its perpetuation to her self-satisfied biographer, though his work is dedicated, by permission, to the King. Of his heroine’s private life, he gives no details; and of her professional career, his information is drawn solely from newspapers and magazines. We shall extract all that is readable in the two volumes:

“Mrs. Siddons, I have always understood to be senior to her brother, Mr. Kemble, by two years. She was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, in the year 1755, and was named after her mother, Sarah. From her she derived that exact and deliberate articulation, the ground of all just speaking. In her youthful acquirements, she had probably few aids beyond those of her parents, and could have none superior, as far as education conducted to professional excellence. In music, she attained a degree of vocal perfection, seldom heard among those comedians who travel; and, as early as in her thirteenth year, sustained the heroines of our English operas, and sang any incidental music, that either the play itself, or the copious attractions of the play bill in those days demanded.”

Her father was a Catholic, and educated his sons in his own religion; but the mother being a Protestant, her daughters were brought up in the religion of the established church:

“We are often compelled to admire the fortunate occurrence of events attending particular persons. It was a happiness for the subject of these memoirs, to have been born in the exact position of life, and at the precise time she was—

profession of actors are guilty of great sin, if they exhibit on the stage any thing shameful or obscene, but not otherwise: that there exist, indeed, sentences of the holy see, and of general councils, against scenic representations, but that they refer always to such as may be indecent, and contrary to sound morality: that the Fathers condemn the theatres of their time, not only because of the indecencies there represented, but also because, as the pagans acted plays in honour of their false gods, the Christians could not assist at them without the stain of idolatry: that a decent play cannot be called absolutely a proximate occasion of sin, but may become such relatively to certain individuals on account of their personal fragility; and that such, admonished by their own experience, are bound to fly a danger which, though it may be remote to others, is to them proximate: finally, that there cannot be any positive judgment, nor any fixed or constant rule, respecting theatres; since the lawfulness or unlawfulness of them may vary at every moment, according as the scenic representations are agreeable or repugnant to good morals.

“Priests go to plays in Italy, generally retiring before the ballet. I have seen a cardinal at a private theatre: that it was a private theatre, was a circumstance of some importance in point of decorum, but of none in point of morality, concerning which it is fair to presume that his eminence entertained no doubt or scruple.”
Somewhat earlier, her correct feeling might have kept her from the stage, though the true sphere of talents like hers: it indeed affords the only public display of female eloquence. She started as an actress when the profession did not disgrace a woman of virtue. Becoming early attached to a man of the most honourable and steady character, the incense offered to her beauty did not disturb her peace. The talents of this great woman are said to have been slowly developed, and the growing claims of her family seem to be the only unresisted calls upon her genius. At length fully kindled, it burst forth with a brilliancy that, in her own sex, had never been witnessed, and rivalled in its charm the spell of the great enchanter, Garrick, in all but his universality."

For some time she continued to play in her father's strolling company:

"It is reported by an old and respected friend of the family, that in her 15th year, Miss Kemble excited an affection, which at a different, though not a very distant, period led to her union with Mr. Siddons. He was, when I knew him first, in the prime of life, a fair and very handsome man, sedate and graceful in his manners; and in his youth was capable of inspiring a passion quite as ardent as his own.

"Mr. Siddons, as an actor, was valuable chiefly from his versatility,—he could do any thing from Hamlet to Harlequin. The parents of Miss Kemble probably expected that their daughter would look beyond the precarious profession of the stage; and, at all events, thought the age of fifteen too early a period to fix a destiny that must be irrevocable. As, however, the youthful lovers were deeply and sincerely engaged to each other, the parents tried the effect of a temporary separation, and for, I think, two years Miss Kemble resided under the protection of Mrs. Greathead, equally removed from her lover and the stage.

"In this retirement she probably regretted the loss of her profession, something for itself, more as it seemed identified with her lover. A degree of impatience

* The mixed appeal of vanity and poverty has been seldom better displayed than in the following invitation to a performance of Theodosius:

"At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May, 1758, will be represented (by particular desire, and for the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love, with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

"Varianes by Mr. P., who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, &c.

"Theodosius by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

"Athenais by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

"Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the nobility or gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with.

"As the coronation of Athenais, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, &c., it is hoped no gentlemen and ladies will be offended, at being refused admission behind the scenes.

"N.B. The great yard-dog, that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of King Richard the Third, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and, on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the stable will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the granary open for the same purpose, on the other."

"Vivat Rex."

Alas! and human hearts have beat high with hope from temptations such as this; and a mother has thus uneasily struggled, to obtain future comfort for the ripened fruit of her womb! The smile on such occasions hurries to the eye; but finds that tender observer of life already admonished and in tears.
manifested itself in an application to Mr. Garrick. She privately informed him who she was, and solicited first his judgment, and secondly, his protection. The reader is to be informed, that in all the charms of her youth, Miss Kemble repeated some of the speeches of Jane Shore before him—he knows, too, by what an eye the music of her speech was heralded. Mr. Garrick seemed highly pleased with her utterance and her deportment; wondered how she had got rid of the old song, the provincial Ti-tum-ti; told her how his engagements stood with the established heroines, Yates and Younge, admitted her merits, regretted that he could do nothing for her, and wished her—a good morning.

"But that I suppose these initiatory mortifications to be a branch of the profession, I should dissuade the youthful candidate for dramatic honours from an experiment productive of nothing but disappointment. I would not question the knowledge of the art in those who ably profess it; but the only unfailing approach to a London manager is a high provincial reputation, aided here by a death in his company, which leaves a chasm, or a dispute with a performer so important as to require a check. The expressions used at these interviews appear to be a prescriptive formulary, suited equally to Garrick or Rich, Colman or Harris; and the candidate is only obliged by the complaisance which led the manager to lose so many minutes of his most valuable time.

"On such occasions, the advantage is considerable on the side of the male candidate for theatrical honours; the great man, if himself an actor, after patiently enduring the nervous sensibility or impudent noise of the debutant, may indulge, at least, his own ear, by showing the young man how the speech should be spoken. My friend, John Bannister, gave me the following accurate detail of his own reception by Garrick; and even in the narrative veneration of the actor, the reader may indulge a smile at the vanity of the manager.

"'I was,' says the admirable comedian, 'a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage then flourished beyond all former example. 'One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.'

"'Ah! well—what, young man—so—eh! You are still for the stage? Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?'

"'I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir.'

"'Ah! what, Hamlet the Dane? Zounds! that's a bold—a—Have you studied the part?'

"'I have, sir.'

"'Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak your speech, the speech to the ghost—I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble.' (A phrase of his often used to express a probationary specimen.)

"'After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' I supposed my father's ghost before me, 'arm'd cap à pie,' and off I started.

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us! (He wiped the razor.)

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd! (He stopped it.)

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell! (He shaved on.)

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet!

King, Father, Royal Dane!—O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance.' (He lathered again.)

"'I concluded with the usual

"'Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?'

"but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was booby enough to fancy was only to be equalled by himself. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and, thrusting his half-shaved face close up to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I showed more
natural symptoms of being frightened at him, thou at my father's ghost. Angels and ministers! yaw! whaw! maw! However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, he took me by the hand. 'Come,' said he, 'young gentleman,-eh, let us see now what we can do.' He spoke the speech—how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. 'There,' said he, 'young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more passion, and less mouth.'

"Bannister's reverence for his great master might not lead him to inquire how often this scene had been played in the same place before? But he could hardly fail to perceive, that the tutor, on the present occasion, was at least as fond of exhibition as the pupil."—Vol. i. pp. 21—25.

Mrs. Siddons, after her marriage, obtained an engagement in London, but, the higher walks of the drama being occupied, she had no opportunity of developing her talents, and accordingly quitted the metropolis at the termination of the season, and continued her professional course in the country. At length her provincial fame reached the ears of a London manager, and, once more, on the 10th of October, 1782, she reappeared on the boards of the metropolis. Her success is well known; those who witnessed her performance need no description of her powers, and those who have never seen the tragic actress could form no idea of her merits, from the most laboured description. At all events, nothing but laudations is to be found in Mr. Boaden's work. The following account was written at the time of Mrs. Siddons' reappearance:

"'There never, perhaps, was a better stage figure than that of Mrs. Siddons. Her height is above the middle size, but not at all inclined to the cm-bon-point. There is, notwithstanding, nothing sharp or angular in the frame; there is sufficient muscle to bestow a roundness upon the limbs, and her attitudes are, therefore, distinguished equally by energy and grace. The symmetry of her person is exact and captivating. Her face is peculiarly happy, the features being finely formed, though strong, and never for an instant seeming overcharged, like the Italian faces; nor coarse and unfeminine, under whatever impulse. On the contrary, it is so thoroughly harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is. So great, too, is the flexibility of her countenance, that the rapid transitions of passion are given with a variety and effect that never tire upon the eye. Her voice is naturally plaintive, and a tender melancholy in her level speaking denotes a being devoted to tragedy; yet this seemingly settled quality of voice becomes at will sonorous or piercing, overwhels with rage, or in its wild shriek absolutely harmonizes the soul. Her sorrow, too, is never childish; her lamentation has a dignity which belongs, I think, to no other woman; it claims your respect along with your tears. Her eye is brilliant and varying, like the diamond; it is singularly well placed; "it prics," in Shakspeare's language, "through the portal of the head," and has every aid from brows flexible beyond all female parallel, contracting to disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy, or pity, or anguish. Her memory is tenacious and exact—her articulation clear and distinct—her pronunciation systematic and refined.

'Nor has nature been partially bountiful—she has endowed her with a quickness of conception, and a strength of understanding, equal to the proper use of such extraordinary gifts. So entirely is she mistress of herself, so collected, and so determined in gestures, tone, and manner, that she seldom errs, like other actors, because she doubts her powers or comprehension. She studies her author attentively, conceives justly, and describes with a firm consciousness of propriety. She is sparing in her action, because English nature does not act much; but it is always proper, picturesque, graceful, and dignified; it arises immediately from the sentiments and feeling, and is not seen to prepare itself before it begins. No studied trick or start can be predicted; no forced tremulation of the figure, where the vacancy of the eye declares the absence of passion, can be seen; no laborious
straining at false climax, in which the tired voice reiterates one high tone beyond which it cannot reach, is ever heard; no artificial heaving of the breasts, so disgusting when the affection is perceptible; none of those arts by which the actress is seen, and not the character, can be found in Mrs. Siddons. So natural are her gradations and transitions, so classical and correct her speech and deportment, and so intensely interesting her voice, form, and features, that there is no conveying an idea of the pleasure she communicates by words. She must be seen to be known. 'What is still more delightful, she is an original; she copies no one living or dead, but acts from nature and herself.'—Vol. i. pp. 287—289.

In 1812, after a most brilliant career, crowned with fame and fortune, she quitted the stage, and wisely sought retirement. She had previously separated from her husband, but her moral character stands unimpeached; this is the more deserving of record, as she was continually assailed by temptations and detractions.

Mr. Boaden's work has been rather improperly entitled "Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons," for nine-tenths of it consists of stupid criticism on damned plays, and such details as the following:—

"Mr. Colman, this summer, produced a comedy, called Separate Maintenance; it was one of his weaker efforts."—Vol. i. p. 95.

"I am here reminded of a very amiable lady, who for a series of years honoured me with her friendship. On the 13th of January, 1779, Mr. Henderson married a daughter of Mr. Figgins, of Chippenham, in Somersetshire. One sister of Mrs. Henderson's became the wife of that accomplished scholar, Dr. Henley, and another died recently unmarried."—Vol. i. p. 177.

"On the 20th of January, 1779, Mr. Garrick expired at his house in the Adelphi. Mr. Pott, the surgeon, pronounced the immediate cause of his dissolution, a palsy in the kidneys."—Vol. i. p. 179.

The following is a particularly lucid and well-turned paragraph:—

"Nor was any rest allowed our charming actress. On the 9th of June, in company with the Brerons, she set off post for Ireland; the party took up P. Aickin by the way, and pursued their journey to the sister kingdom. She was now anxious to join her brother, Mr. Kemble, who had already signed an article for three years with the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre."—Vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

Again,

"On the 1st of February, 1777, a tragedy was acted at Covent Garden Theatre, called Sir Thomas Overbury. That, at all events, unfortunate man, Savage, with a perseverance that indicated very limited powers for the drama, had written a second tragedy on this his favourite subject."—Vol. i. p. 93.

How perseverance indicated limited powers, we leave the reader to guess. Hear all about Jack Dunstall, however:

"Jack Dunstall, as everybody termed him, was an actor of comedy, as it lies between the rustic and the splanetic—-not reaching to the highly voluptuous in character. Of Foresight and Sir Sampson Legend, he must have been the latter. He could not get nearer to Falstaff than the Spanish Friar. His companionable qualities led him into numerous societies, of which he was the admired songster. As I have sat, when young, listening to my father, who would sometimes sing at my entreaty, that glorious old sea song—-

"'Thursday in the morn, the nineteenth day of May,
For ever be recorded the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did espy, at break of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing to,'"

"He always concluded by saying, 'Ah, boy, you should hear Jack Dunstall sing that song!'"—Vol. i. p. 176.

The Lord Chancellor himself, after this, could not doubt, for an
instant, but that the son is worthy of the sire. Now for a bit of politics:

"In the summer of 1778, he (Henderson) went to Ireland, but universal distress and poverty had withdrawn the public from the theatre. The lord lieutenant's presence afforded a harvest of only fourteen pounds, three shillings—-to his Hamlet. His Falstaff brought the distressed manufacturers of the country, a house of about seventy pounds. Shylock did not produce expenses, and consequently could not bestow a pound of flesh upon the most wretched claimant. Such a state of things occurred under the beloved lieutenantcy of the Duke of Leinster."—Vol. i. pp. 170, 171.

This is the first time we have heard of the lieutenantcy of the Duke of Leinster. If we mistake not, the Earl of Buckingham was lord lieutenant in 1778. Blunders like this, however, may be excused in a politician like Mr. Boaden, who makes such profound reflections as the following:—

"The few last seasons of the Dublin Theatre have, in recent times, attracted every theatrical charmer to the spot, as the great mart of talent. The present house will hold, and sometimes docs near five hundred pounds; and yet, with such a sign of prosperity in the capital, the disqualification of about twenty leading Catholics is convulsing a flourishing nation to its centre; and threatening, perhaps trying to provoke, a civil war. The only wise measure has been abandoned—a provision for the Catholic Clergy. Have they kept the people quiet? Reward them for conduct so truly Christian. May they stimulate them secretly to excesses? Remove from them at all events one motive, sometimes finessed, never acknowledged,—to obtain the pasture necessary even to the Pastor himself."—Vol. i. p. 171.

Unfortunate Ireland! a blundering playwright considers himself qualified to prescribe remedies for thy misery!

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GREECE.

BY J. A. SHEA.

LAND of the sword—the shrine—the lyre—
The artist's skill—the poet's fire—
Land of the many glorious fights—
Land of the thousand hero-lights
That shone through many a weary age,
Unquench'd, undimm'd by tyrants' rage;
What though in chains thou long hast slept;—
What though thou'st wak'd and only wept;—
The day of infancy hath pass'd,
And thou art "living Greece" at last!
Awake! awake through mount and glen,
The war-song of your mighty men;
'Twill cheer the free—'twill chill the slave—
'Twill charm from out the very grave
The spirits of the buried brave!
Yes! give again to cliff and shore
The shouts they answered to before,
When Salamis' victorious water
Was purpled with the Persian slaughter.
Louder awake!—louder still:
By plain and altar, hearth and hill!
Have ye not yet the Doric Mothers?
And are ye not the heirs of those
Brave few, whose battle-crash arose
More fiercely than a million others?
O! there is nothing—nothing now, 
That brings the soul-flash to the brow, 
Sooner than that almighty shout 
Returning liberty flings out! 
Aye! let it make the very wave 
Echo defiance to the slave. 
You did not, Greeks, the spell forget! 
'Tis burning in your bosoms yet, 
And, if it hath not bade ere now 
The dawn of triumph gild each brow, 
And wake you from that shameful sleep, 
'Tis that your slumbers were too deep, 
Too vile the chains you sank, to seek 
For aught but heaven itself to break! 

And heaven hath wak'd you from your trance, 
And burst your chains,—arise! advance! 
Remember all the classic plains, 
On which your fathers fought; 
Their blood is boiling in your veins— 
Then seek the fields they sought; 
And let the present world behold 
The deeds that shook her heart of old, 
And where her farthest billow roll'd, 
Your name—your fame—your freedom told. 

* * * * * * * * *

Alone your purple path you trod,— 
Alone you pray'd unto your God; 
Alone ye bled—alone ye won— 
While laughing kings look'd coldly on:— 
Then, Greece! if thou canst pray to heaven, 
For strength restor'd—for fetters riven— 
For the proud step—the iron hand— 
The burning soul—the onward brand— 
Oh! by thy bright unbending brow, 
By all thou hast been, and art now:— 
Yes, now: for he who strikes the blow 
Boldly against his country's foe, 
Hath half redeem'd her.—Oh! by all 
Thy hope restor'd—thy foeman's fall, 
Renounce! renounce th' ambitious slave, 
Who'd o'er thy sons a sceptre wave.*

Grecians, be Greece your own! 
No aiding monarch deign'd to stand 
Between you and the Turkish brand; 
Then live without a throne: 
For you have darkly felt the frown, 
That lowers for Greeks beneath a crown.

Hellas! thy freedom is but young! 
Thy olden days are not unsung! 
Cast not that freedom, or that fame, 
Upon the board for royal game: 
Thou need'st a purer monarch far, 
Than any yet have been, or are, 
Yes—if our modern monarchs be 
Like him whom foes would give to thee, 
Oh! be as thou hast been,—unsold, 
'Till time shall make a worthier mould! 

* These lines were written when it was intended to give a monarchy to Greece.
THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK,
AND ITS PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

The hand of death has scarcely smitten the late Duke of York, when the inquiry rushes on the lips of every Catholic—What effect will this event produce on the question which involves our existence? Animosity is at an end—party feeling, as against the illustrious individual by whom it was provoked, is extinguished; but the anxiety which never ceases—the desire to put an end to the feverish suspense, the undeserved oppression, in which the Catholics of Great Britain are held, rouse them to make this inquiry with a trembling earnestness.

Nothing could be more strongly pronounced than was the determination of the Duke of York, never to accede to the emancipation of seven millions of people, who obeyed the same laws as himself—who had made as great and as costly sacrifices to preserve the integrity of those laws as he could have done, and who had proved to the conviction even of their enemies, that, as individuals, they were, and are, without taint or suspicion. While he lived, then, and possessed influence or power enough to prevent the long-sought emancipation, the Catholic cause seemed to be a hopeless one. But he is dead; and what now will be the position in which the question will present itself to the next Parliament? In order to ascertain this accurately, it is necessary to consider the inducements which the late Duke of York had, to make the avowal of his determination to which we have alluded; and which, for obvious reasons, we forbear to characterise by any of the epithets which, if he had been alive, we should have thought ourselves justified in applying to it.

His late royal highness had forborne, in a singular manner, from taking any share in almost all the discussions respecting questions of general policy which have taken place in the country. The duties of his office were certainly sufficient to occupy his attention; and, as he always discharged those duties incomparably well, there was no room either for complaint or surprise, that he did not take a more active part as one of the nation's counsellors. On a sudden, he appeared in the House of Lords, and made a declaration of eternal hostility against the whole Catholic population. He was not a capricious, nor a violent, nor an ill-tempered man, nor did he appear, in any other passage of his life, to be tinctured even with fanaticism; and the wonder was not, therefore, less than the sense of injury which the Catholics experienced, when they saw this attack made upon them.

A slight consideration of the circumstances attending this singularly violent explosion, sufficed to show that his royal highness had been instigated by some less bold, but more artful personage, to do that which, most unhappily for his memory, he ventured upon.

Providence has bestowed, variously, the qualities by which its creatures are enabled to preserve their various existences. To bulls, horns; to reptiles, stings;—to cowards, cunning; and, unfortunately, in almost all cases, these means of defence to the possessors may be converted into means of assault upon others. Imagine, then, in the councils of the kingdom a man, who has grown old in the occupation of investigating the worst feelings, and the most fraudulent contri-
vances, which the state of society in which we live engenders in the heart of man,—one whose natural propensity to guile and that small cunning, which is the scorn of wiser and better men, has been confirmed beyond the possibility of change, by long practice in them,—one who, from their frequent success, is inclined to worship them with as much of reverence as his superstitious nature is capable of—to whom their daily use has become necessary, and to whom they are as the salt which seasons life. Fancy such a man who, by sins of omission and commission, and wrongs that call aloud for redress, has brought upon himself the hatred of a whole people, and the contempt and suspicion of his colleagues; and who yet will part with life sooner than he will relinquish his grasp of the power, and the wealth that the use he makes of that power, brings with it. Pledged to the opposition of that question, which the great majority of the virtuous and thinking part of the British empire have long declared to be no question at all, and which he refuses to set at rest, with a vicious superstition and a most bigoted prejudice; and perhaps, too, because, by one of the inscrutable decrees of divine Providence, he is minister of evil in this world, and can work nothing but woe and misery in the community which he torments;—imagine the consternation with which such a man contemplates the advance of truth and knowledge—the dispersion of the fogs and errors which have beset men's minds. Convinced that, in the common course of events, and by the most natural result, a tolerant, and generous, and reflective people, would not long be persuaded to withhold from their fellow-subjects the rights in which all free men ought to participate, or be cajoled by words without meaning, and threats without power, to do a daily act of wrong and oppression, such a man as he whom we described (alas, with no draught upon the imagination, but painted from the very life!) would set to work all the devilish engines and the subtle contrivances that his refined cunning could suggest, to thwart so holy a consummation.—Such a man was in the nation's councils—such a man was pledged to oppose the Catholic claims—such a man did find the means to throw back for a time (we trust not for a long time), the concession which would else have been granted.

Those means were engaged in the cruel purpose which he had planned one who had personal weight enough to influence many more, and who might, one day, have the power to do still more extensive mischiefs to the victims who had thus been marked out for destruction. Unfortunately, the temper of his late royal highness fitted him exactly for this purpose. He was sanguine, warm-hearted, and frank—wholly superior to any guile himself—not suspecting it elsewhere, and too much in the habit of surrendering his judgment to that of others. Upon such a person, it was not difficult for a crafty and accomplished contriver to make exactly the impression which he wished. Superstition was made to overcome generous and manly feeling; and the duke was induced, by special pleading tricks, and by the terror of empty words, to swear eternal hatred and oppression to the great body of Catholics of the united empire.

The inventor of this scheme saw, that by once gaining this point, his own object was secure. The heir to the throne—the King, it might be, was pledged to the support of that faction, of which this arch-contriver was the head. To remove him, or to diminish his
power, would be impossible; because no foe so stanch and implacable could be found. Then ministers might swerve. Political expediency might compel them to do that which reason and humanity already inclined them in favour of—some sense of justice might assail their bosoms, and influence their conduct; but he who had planned this deep and infernal scheme was not to be touched by any such considerations. While life, which is singularly lengthened in some persons, should be left to him, he was certain to remain the same on this subject to the last; and this certainly would, in the event we have imagined, have become a main prop to the honour of the throne. The heir apparent had sworn a deep and irrevocable oath—solemn as it was rash and cruel; that by his most earnest hopes he would never consent to the emancipation of the Catholics; and, the first ebullition of mistaken feeling being past, and the rashness of his conduct being then apparent, it was necessary to his honour that he should cast about for the means of avoiding the necessity of retracting. Thus that was brought about for which the scheme had been formed, and the power of its inventor was affirmed while his life should last.

And for this it was, then, that the hopes of seven millions of people were to be disappointed! For a scheme of political intrigue; for the base and sordid desire of an old man, to perpetuate the enjoyment of power and the receipt of wealth; the anxious and earnest aspirations of a brave and deserving people were damped and extinguished in the moment that seemed fairest and most favourable for them. For this it was, that a reproach must be stamped on the fame of a prince, who was kind, generous, and brave; who, if he had some of the weaknesses which are inseparable from humanity, possessed, also, most of the virtues which do honour to and exalt it; and of whom, when history shall tell of his own personal achievements in the field, of the skill and power with which he directed the warlike energies of his country, and contributed (as the public voice of the nation warmly testified) to its brightest glories; when it shall speak proudly of his impartiality and honour in his public, and of benevolence in his private life, it shall be compelled to add, that he was, alas! the opponent of the claims of the Roman Catholics for justice and mercy.

In the grave which has received His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, let the memory of the wrongs done, and threatened to be done by him, lie buried; the pardon which erring nature claims, may be freely extended to them: but, for him who was the cause of those wrongs, very different feelings exist—feelings, bitter, deep, and burning; too acute for words, and which heartfelt groans cannot express. The hand of death has stricken from that person the support which he had made for himself, at the expense of a fame which otherwise would have been spotless. This hour of his weakness, then, is that in which the claims of the Catholics should be most vigorously urged. For this reason it is, that we express openly and sincerely our opinion, that, much as the necessity of repeated and indefatigable exertion has been insisted on, in urging those claims, it has never been more urgent than at present. Already the power of the arch enemy is shaken; the public voice is loud in complaints against him; the eyes of the country are opened to the abuses of which he has so long been the fostering parent and perpetuator; inquiry is every where insisted on; and he who until this time has been the active enemy, the daring
Mr. Frank Fegan's Familiar Epistles.

assailant, must in his turn find occupation enough in defending himself from the attacks of others. This, then, we repeat, is the moment in which the Catholics ought to stir themselves, and, by a loud but temperate repetition of their grievances, seek to obtain that which, if justice prevailed, they would not, at this time, have to ask for at all. Death has dispensed the oath, which, like an enchanter's spell, seemed to bind them: other considerations, to which we have alluded, have weakened the power of their adversaries; and this is the moment for demanding that, the possession of which is so important to them, that the motives which occasion its concession should not be too critically scanned.

MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES, NO. II.

My dear Editor,—When I sat down to write you my former letter, I had little notion of the interest it was destined to excite. I had no idea that it would be the cause of many well-dressed groups stopping suddenly in the street, to have a gaze at me as I passed, all crying out "That's Fegan, that's the great Fegan that wrote the letter." "What a damn'd sheek-looking shrewd fellow he is." Tell me, candidly, how did it operate in London? Here, I declare, it produced quite a sensation. I fancy I shall have applications for articles from several of your brother periodicalists, but I intend standing out stiffly; to them I shall give nothing under twenty guineas the sheet. Where is the use of a man having genius if he does not appreciate it fairly, and make others appreciate it highly also? Here I am, literally one of the "lions of the town." It is cursedly troublesome to be stared at, to be sure, but it is one of the penalties we pay for greatness.

Your opening number of the new series has delighted me; the more serious articles are ably written, and, what is a great matter, not too long; as to the lighter ones, I know not what to say; let Colburn or Blackwood match them, if they dare. How have you contrived to muster together such a variety of talent; tell the truth, you old rogue, are all the articles your own? Faith, I suspect it. You have very judiciously discarded everything of a make-weight character—marriages, deaths, bankrupts, and promotions. In your magazine there is no wasted paper; there is no chaff; all is of value; the grain, the kernel of political information and general literature. Proceed in this course, and you must succeed.

You were, of course, greatly shocked at hearing of the death of our poor friend, Bric. In him a powerful, an intelligent, and an aspiring spirit, has been extinguished. His place in the association will not be easily filled; he was a clear and ready debater, with a turn for business that few of the members there appear to possess; after O'Connell, he was, probably, one of the most useful committee-men among them. With regard to the unfortunate transaction which cost him his life, little now need be said; he was originally to blame, and if he had applied, at first, to a firm and prudent friend, all might have been quietly settled; his antagonist, I believe, conducted himself throughout the business, with perfect propriety; but there is a story told of the part taken in the affair by a certain editorial renegade, that, though quite characteristic, is still revolting. Good heavens!
a heart like the heart of Frank Fegan throbs with a maddening in-
dignation at the bare idea of such cold-blooded deliberate atrocity.

The Cork election has terminated in the way that you, and every
other friend to liberty, desired. A desperate rally appears to have
been made by the intolerants, but to no purpose; they have been
crushed, struck down, never to rise again. It is curious to observe
the tone in which the Orange journals speak of this contest; they do
not, as in other instances, accuse the priests of any improper inter-
ference—Oh no! it is the base, the cowardly Protestants, who de-
serted the "good cause;" it is on them that they vent all their abuse;
it happens that this "base and cowardly" class comprises a large
share of the wealth and respectability of the beautiful city. Calla-
ghan, however, overacted his part; he was so violent, that even the
most thorough-paced Orangeman looked on him with distrust; the
affair is supposed to have cost him £20,000; but, for this trifle, he
will have the honour of being invited to the "consolation dinners."
In the north his name will shine out among the Leslies, Beresfords,
the Verners, and the other murmuring candidates; by the by, Leslie
made a most alarming admission at one of these dinners, a few weeks
ago. Talking of the Popish interest, he says, "it will soon form the
entire landed interest of Ireland; and the Catholic Association, if not
crushed, will soon return all the Irish members of Parliament."
Hear this, ye Derry Dawsons and ye Ogle Moores! I think of it when
ye talk about Protestant wealth and Protestant superiority! Indeed,
my dear friend, the "faction" are not only contemptible in number
and in point of intellect, but they are, one and all, nearly penniless;
their little pickings and sinecures have been going gradually, and will
go entirely, if they do not change; there are not now the snug births
in the custom-house, or stamp-office, or castle, that were once to be
had, for giving an Ascendancy toast; for this, as well as many other
salutary changes, the country has to thank the Marquis Wellesley.

The account of the Duke of York's death has not produced any
great sensation here; we were all, in some degree, prepared for the
event. The Catholics, certainly, do not affect sorrow on the occa-
sion, nor is it reasonable they should; neither do they indulge in any
expression of pleasure, as has been insinuated by some of your lying
journalists. The speeches of Sheil and of O'Connell, on this subject,
are before the world, and in these speeches they express the senti-
ments and feelings of almost every Catholic in Ireland; this I say
without hesitation. Indeed, I felt rather angry with my friend
Staunton, when I saw the "Register," which announced the Duke's
death, without the customary lines of black; the thing was too
marked; there was a sort of Popish Orangeism about it.

The country, at this moment, is remarkably tranquil, notwithstanding
all the teasing provocations which the people have endured, and
are enduring; the fact is, that even the peasantry have become too
keen, too intelligent, for their oppressors; they see thoroughly through
the designs of the parsons, the preachers, and the Peelers; indeed,
these good folks must think the patience of the multitude altogether
provoking. A few snug "outrages" have been got up, but, after all,
they have not produced the desired effect. That stupid compilation
of bigotry and balderdash, "Saunders's News Letter," is most assi-
duous in copying from all the provincial papers, their exaggerated
horrors. The veracious "Mail" pursues the same course. The "Warder," too, sounds his note of loyal alarm, but all won't do. My talented friend, Barrett, the editor of the Patriot, has, in a late number of that journal, given a full and able exposure of the tricks practised by these scribbling calumniators; he has vindicated the character of the country, and defended the conduct of the Marquis Wellesley, in an admirable style; you will like the article when you read it.

May heaven protect the poor old church of Rome; there is a terrible storm gathering over her. It has been formally announced that, in the course of the spring, a series of lectures on the abominations of Popery will be given in every town throughout the south of Ireland; these lectures, for the accommodation of the lower orders, are to be delivered in the open air. Socinians, Unitarians, Jumpers, and Methodists, are united in the crusade. Are the people never to be delivered from these sanctified agitators?

I have not had time to look through either the English or Irish periodicals, for the last month, your own, of course, excepted; I believe there is not much that is interesting, to be found in them.

There is not much doing in the publishing way in Dublin; a few controversial letters, a few bitter pamphlets, and some long and bigoted "charges," have appeared. You have probably heard of the course pursued by the new Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Brinkley; he, instead of teasing his diocese with the idle parade of a "charge," thought it better at once to take charge of humble merit; he has generously doubled the allowance of his curates, and thereby enabled them to enjoy comfort and respectability; this is what Frank Fegan will call "vital Christianity." Imitate him in this, ye mitred demagogues! ye theological wranglers! ye Magees! and ye Trenches!

It is said, that the poor Catholics of Cavan are about to be burdened with the expense of erecting a new church; this is one way of explaining the object of the late "conversions." There is a story told here, of some conversions, that took place about a year ago, in one of our prisons:—Three young fellows, who had received sentence of transportation, suddenly took the notion of becoming pious; they attracted the attention of the governor and the inspectors, who are red-hot Biblicals; after receiving some religious instruction, the prisoners absolved the errors of Popery; their pious patrons interfered in their behalf, and their sentence was changed to six months' imprisonment. All went on admirably, while they remained in confinement, but they had been hardly a week at liberty, when they wheeled round, and once more became what they were always, "unworthy members of the Church of Rome."

You have been with me at the "Dublin Library," in D'Olier Street; you know the value of that excellent institution. Well, sir, would you believe, that for the paltry advance of five shillings per annum, there were persons who were willing to let the establishment be broken up; the more liberal, and certainly the more rational portion of the members, have, however, prevailed; they have succeeded in establishing the additional subscription, and securing the existence of the society.

I have not condescended, latterly, to visit the theatre; consequently, I have missed Miss Paton and Mrs. Waylett. I am quite sure of
my passion for theatricals; and, indeed, the managers of our theatre are contriving to cure many others beside me, of that failing. Luke Plunkett figures away as Richard; he appears in the cause of charity, and ought to be supported; he is, perhaps, after all, just as good a Richard as Kean or Kemble. They may talk about the "points" of these actors, but it is mere nonsense! Will any man convince me, that they have looked, or walked, or talked, just as Richard did, in the scenes that are introduced? The thing is, in reality, but children's play, and the mere actor is likely to give you any thing but a natural representation. All this will be deemed a sort of histrionic heresy. I care not.

The last series of the O'Hara Tales, are excellent; the progress of John Nowlan's guilt is depicted with the most touching effect; Peery Connolly is a genuine sample of what we, in Ireland, call a "queer fellow"—a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity. Banim, and your friend, the author of the Whiteboy, have done something like justice to the character of the vulgar Irish. The sketches given by Lady Morgan and Miss Edgeworth are, comparatively, but ill-drawn caricatures.

On Sunday, the 14th January, Doctor Tighe Gregory appeared in the pulpit of St. Paul's, where he delivered a sermon of two hours' continuance, on occasion of the death of the Duke of York; the discourse was garnished with a number of for to's, and other choice Gregorional embellishments. The members of the "Benevolent Orange Society" were in attendance, dressed in black, with their ribands and medals ostentatiously exhibited. The text chosen by the doctor, was from Luke 23, chap.—"Weep not for me, ye daughters of Jerusalem, but for yourselves and children." I sat in an obscure corner, at a distance from the preacher, for I felt unwilling to disconcert him by coming directly before him. The mourning for the Duke of York is by no means general; I have mounted a glossy suit of black, however. I am, my dear sir, your's,

Mount Street, Dublin.

FRANK FEGAN.
struction of our dramatists; and, as a further piece of service, must tell
them that a new field now expands before their vision in Ireland.—
There, every man laughs at his neighbour. The people of one little
town ridicule the people of another, and the dress and carriage of
a Connaughtman excite the risible muscles of all who live on this
side of Tuam. Nay, this folly exists in Connaught itself; the good
people of Galway keep up the hereditary prejudice of their ances-
tors; and, not ten summers since, I was gravely assured by an ho-
nest attorney there, that the inhabitants of Connemara were down-
right barbarians. This, contrary to his expectation, was to me de-
lightful news. I had never seen barbarians in my life, and, as I love
strange faces, I set off immediately for Duthaidh Sheochhaigh (Joyce’s
country)*, and, strange to say, I found the inhabitants such as the
Galway men were described in the bull of Pope Innocent VIII.,
“modest, civil people.” The Irish Patagonians are neither cruel

* The following account of the Joyces is from a modern writer of unquestionable
talents and research, but is, I apprehend, not altogether quite correct:—“This
old Galway family is of ancient and honourable English descent, and was allied
to the Welsh and British princes. Thomas Joyce, the first of the name that came
to Ireland, sailed from Wales in the reign of Edward I., and arrived with his fleet
at Thomond, in Munster, where he married Onorah O’Brien, daughter of the
chief of that district; from thence, putting to sea, he directed his course to the
western part of Connaught, where he acquired considerable tracts of territory,
which his posterity still inhabit. While on the voyage, his wife was delivered of
a son, whom he named Mor Mor, son of the sea. He extended his father’s acquisi-
tions, and from him descended the sept of the Joyces, a race of men remarkable
for their extraordinary stature, who, for centuries past, inhabited the mountainous
district in far Connaught, called, from them, Duthaiitl Sheochhaigh, or Joyce’s
country, now forming the barony of Ross, in the county of Galway, and for which
they were formerly tributary to the O’Plaherties. Walter Jorze, Jorze, or Joyce,
brother of Thomas, Cardinal of Sabina, of this name and family, was Archbishop
of Armagh; he resigned in 1811, and was succeeded by his brother Rowland. The
former was confessor to Edward II., and was author of several works. The fami-
lies of Joyce-grove, in the county of Galway, Oxford, in Mayo, and Woodquay,
in the town of Galway, with that of Mervue, near the town, are the present de-
scendants of this old family.”—Hardiman’s History of Galway.

Mr. Hardiman subjoins to this account the following note, which will show that
Orangemen were not the only worshippers of William:—“Several individuals of
this name have long felt grateful to the memory of William III. from the follow-
ing circumstance, on the accession of that monarch to the throne of England;
one of the first acts of his reign was to send an ambassador to Algiers, to demand
an immediate release of all the British subjects detained there in slavery: the Dey
and council, intimidated, reluctantly complied with this demand. Among those
released, was a young man of the name of Joyce, a native of Galway, who, four-
teen years before, was captured on his passage to the West Indies, by an Alge-
rian corsair; on his arrival at Algiers, he was purchased by a wealthy Turk, who
followed the profession of a goldsmith, and who observing his slave, Joyce, to be
tractable and ingenious, instructed him in his trade, in which he speedily became
an adept. The Moor, as soon as he heard of his release, offered him, in case he
should remain, his only daughter in marriage, and with her, half his property; but
all these, with other tempting and advantageous proposals, Joyce resolutely
declined; on his return to Galway he married, and followed the business of a
goldsmith with considerable success, and, having acquired a handsome inde-
dependence, he was enabled to purchase the estate of Rahoon (which lies about two
miles west of the town), from Colonel Whaley, one of Cromwell’s old officers.
Joyce, having no son, bequeathed his property to his three daughters, two of whom
only were married: one, to Andrew Roe French, ancestor to the late Andrew
nor immoral; and I owe it to their fair reputation to say, that I was both delighted with their country, and pleased with their inoffensive manners, while I brought away with me, on my departure, horseloads of legendary lore.

Say what you like, Connemara is a delightful place to ramble through—in summer. The Atlantic, like a measureless monster, basks in the sun at a distance, while mountains piled on mountains arise in the opposite direction. The very ground you tread on, has something romantic about it; the hills—innumerable ones, seem to have been once amusing themselves at leap-frog, when arrested by some magic hand, which transfixed them as they were in the act of bouncing over each other. You sympathize with those of larger growth, by just imagining their chagrin when balked of their sport.

After a delightful day spent in walking through this forest of hills, I was returning to my humble inn, when my eye was dazzled with blazing fires in every direction. It was St. John's Eve, and, without puzzling my brain then about the origin of this venerable custom, I "blessed the useful light," and took my seat by the first bonfire I came to. It was composed of faggots, turf, and old bones; and, while it ascended in crackling majesty, out-vieing in height and splendour its neighbouring flames, the younger branches of the peasantry amused themselves in leaping through it. When the fuel has been exhausted, and the blaze sobered down, the people stretched themselves very leisurely on the side of the road, where the grass is allowed to grow. The calamet of peace circulated freely; the heavens looked placidly down upon us; and, though no nightingale designed to sing for us amidst the neighbouring bushes, the less harmonious corn-crake sent forth its unmusical notes from an adjacent meadow. A summer's sky is a glorious spectacle: studded with stars, it seems less a lovely canopy than a beautiful carpet, set with diamonds for the Majesty of Heaven to move upon. This was the remark of long Jem Joyce; for the untutored peasant of Ireland, as my Lord Byron said, speaks poetry! Jem was a traveller: he had been not only as far as Galway, but had seen Dublin; he had read men and books, and was deeply versed in all the mystery of Columcille's prophecy. Naturally enough, Jem, from contemplating the Heavens, reverted to the earth; for we cannot, for any length of time, divest ourselves of mortality; and, after a long prologue in Irish, he condescended—a proof of his politeness—to speak to me in English—such as it was.

"Arrah, isn't it," he asked, for the Irish peasantry are always talking of their wrongs, "a pity that poor old Ireland, wid such a blue sky as that over her, should ever be cursed wid the tread of a sassenach (stranger)?"

French of Rahoon, to whom, in addition to their own, the unmarried sister left her third; the second daughter was married to the ancestor of the late Martin Lynch, a banker, who, in her right, inherited the remainder of the estate. In gratitude for this act of King William, this family long after solemnized his accession to the throne by bonfires, and his victories in Ireland by exhibiting Orange lilies, on the 1st and 12th of July. Some of Joyes' silver work, stamped with his mark, and the initial letters of his name, are still remaining. A very curious pedigree of this family is recorded in the Office of Arms, Vol. 10."
"Och! their day is near come, Jesu agrah," replied Ned O'Flaherty; "for, troth, Balldearg can't stay away much longer."

"Is't Balldearg O'Donnell you mean?" inquired an old woman.

"Him, the parishen coward," returned O'Flaherty; "he was a cheat, an' hadn't the real red mark nether. No, faith, the real Balldearg, I hard my grandfadher, rest his soul! say, often an' often, was to be an O'Flaherty; for didn't one o' the family see 'im in the palace of the sheeoge."

"Arrah, who was that?" asked an old woman, who spoke English badly.

"Who was't? Musha, who wud he be, but Hugh Ruadh O'Flaherty 'imself, who often made the sassenachs of Galway quake wid fear, an' made 'em write over the gate o' the town, ' From the fero-cious O'Flaherties, Good Lord deliver us.'"

Here the younger part of the assembly eagerly begged to hear the story of Hugh Ruadh O'Flaherty; and Ned, for the fortieth time I suppose, commenced the narrative. I listened attentively.

"Hugh," said he, "was the son of a great chieftain, in those days, an', you may be sure, was a warrior to boot. Brien Boru called 'im the flower ov his army, an' well he might, for at the battle o' Clontarf he kilt more Danes nor any hundred of the Irish sogers—ooh! that was the glorious day for ould Ireland—an' when 'twas over the young O'Flaherty turned about, to come home to his own

* "A persecuted people will grasp at every shadow in expectation of deliverance. Of this truth the career of this Irish adventurer is strongly illustrative. He was descended from one of the branches of the Tyrconnel family, and was born and educated in Spain, whither his ancestors fled from persecution in 1607. The Irish, who at all times were fond of listening and paying attention to old prophecies (particularly such as predicted relief from the oppressions of England), had an idle prediction, for a long time current amongst them, that a descendant of that old family, who was to be distinguished by a red mark (Ir. Balldearg), would restore their broken affairs, and, by his conduct and gallant actions, free his country from the yoke of the English. The coincidence of his name and family induced many to apply this prediction to Balldearg O'Donnell, and he was accordingly sent for to Spain. He arrived in Limerick in September, 1690, and several thousand flocked to his standard. Their expectations, however, failed; he achieved nothing worth noticing, nor does it appear that he was possessed of any one qualification for command. During the battle of Aughrim he remained inactive at the house of a Mr. Miller, at Ballycushan, six miles from Tuam; having a party of about one thousand men at Headford, Ballinrobe, and other parts of the country, who, when they heard the result of the battle, were for retreating to the mountains; but the English army not coming up as soon as they apprehended, Balldearg, at the instance of Doctor Lynch, titular Dean of Tuam (instead of marching to the relief of Galway, being the only point in which he could be then serviceable to his party), sent a body of troops to Tuam, who, under pretence that the people were making preparations to receive the English army, pillaged and burned the town. He then marched to Cong, in the county of Mayo; but by that time, if he had ever intended it, he was rendered unable to relieve Galway, for his followers dwindled away to about six hundred men. He remained among the mountains until after the surrender of the town, when he joined the English army; and, having the meanness to accept of a commission from Ginckle, assisted at the taking of Sligo. Thus ended the career of this pretended deliverer; from which it may be concluded that the prophecy was either false or misapplied in his person. What became of him afterwards has not been thought worth the trouble of inquiry."—Hardiman's History of Galway, p. 156.

† Fairy.
people. Weary one night wid walkin’, he just stept over a ditch, into a green field, an’ lay himself down to rest himself, may be just as we are doin’ now. Well, aroon, he wasn’t long there neither till he hard the most enchantin’ music in the world, an’ it was in praise ov the O’Flaherties, for that time a-veck,” turning to me, “the whole world was filled wid our fame. Well become the young prince; he cocked his ear like a sow in stubble, an’ seein’ that the sound came from a cave near him, he bounces up, an’ runs over. Still the music played on, an’ though he knew ’twasn’t his father’s Harper nether, nothin’ wid serve his turn but to go see from where it came. At first the mouth o’ the cave was very narrow entirely, an’ when he had got his body in, the place was as dark as bogs; but still he hard the music, and out he holl ooded, but no answer, oyn the music played on betther nor ever; so he had no notion of turnin’ back, but groped his way as well as he could. At last he thought he hard people talkin’, an’, begad, by and by he sees a light. ‘Neck or nothin,’ said he, ‘for an O’Flaherty, an’ on he went till he came to a most beautiful country, where the trees bore nothin’ but goulden fruit, and where the rivers run wid honey. There was no hunger there any how, for every body took what they like, an’ no one said ill you done it. The prince was astonished, as well he might, for who wad’t, I wonder. ‘Welcome, O’Flaherty,’ sed a tall gentleman, afore he could half look round ’im; you have come to the land o’ the livin’, an’ the queen wants to see you in her palace; an’ away he led the prince through trons ov troops ov sigers, who kept shouldherin’ an’ shouldherin’ their guns as he past; an’ the drums an’ fites beat for the dear life, all in honour ov ’im.’

“O, but ’twas the palace,” proceeded Ned; “that was the fine beautiful place, sure enough; ’twas built ov precious stones, an’ the moghogony chairs an’ tables were made ov gould that looked as bright as silver. But the queen! oh! if you’d seen ’er! she looked a diannah, for all the world like an angel, an’, well become O’Flaherty, he fell in love wid ’er widout more ado; an’ she, seein’ ’im a fine dashin’ young fellow, consited, an’ they lived like man an’ wife. The first day he was shown all the palace, an’ the next day all the gardens. The third day he walked into the meadows, where grew nothin’ but flowers; an’ on the fourth he was taken out to look at the army. The sigers marched afore ’im; an’ when he axed, ’Who is that, wid the red hand, that commands ’em? I think I’ve seen his face afore’—

“The queen smiled, an’ sed, ‘Troth, an’ so you might, for that’s one o’ you’re own family, Baldearg O’Flaherty, who’s to free Ireland from the mundherin’ sassenachs. He ony wants for the proper time ma-boughal.’

“At this news the prince’s heart leaped into his mouth, an’ he cried out, ’I must go an’ tell my father!’ for he was real true-blue; none o’ your wishy-washy fellows, like the Frenches an’ O’Haras, who are ony half Romans.

“At this the queen burst into tears, an’ sed, ‘Sure you wunt leave me?’ ‘Ony for a little while,’ sed he, an’ he gave her, you may be sure, a slap ov a kiss that reconciled her. She contrived, however, wid one excuse or another, to delay ’im for a week longer, an’ at last she ordered out ov ’er stable a most beautiful horse, as white as the
driven snow, an' sed, 'Now, O'Flaherty, be sure you'll be back to-
morrow, an', as you value your life, don't dismount; if you once
touch the earth, you'll never see me again.'

"He promised to stick as close as a pocket to the horse's back, an'
away he rode. When he came to the mouth o' the cave, he was sur-
prised to see the place kivered wid castles an' ramparts, as they call
'em, an' several towers in ruins; for sure 'twas no place in the world
but Dunamase where he was. Well, he thought all this mighty
strange; but what made 'im wunder more nor any thing, was the
people, who ran away from 'im, screaming as if they'd lost their na-
thural senses. When he got on the road, a mail-coach passed 'im,
an' the guard cried out, 'Who'll you vote for?' while all the others
were burstin' their sides wid laughin' at 'im. 'Who'll I vote for?'
thought the prince; strange question indeed; an' then he began to
think that it wasn't in Ireland he was at all. Still, the sky was the
same, the sun was the same, as he left 'em; an', though the cabins
hadn't undergone any altheration, the gentlemens' houses were palaces
compared wid what they were afore the battle o' Clontarf; an' be-
sides, the fields were fenced in, there were no forests, an', above
all, the people weren't drest in the ould way, wid beards on their
upper-lip as long as my arm.

"After goin' a little farther, he met a man drivin' a pig to the fair,
an' the pig, like a woman, beggin' your pardon, genteels, would go
every road but the right one. O'Flaherty, seein' the man bothered,
was for lightnin' an' helpin' 'im; but, recollectin' the words of the
queen, he kept his toe in the sturrup an' rode on. By and by he sees
a horse an' car overturned in the ditch, an' the garsoon who was
driven it axed 'im for help; but, sore aginst his grain, he couldn't
give it, bekase the queen had bid 'im not. Not long after he sees a man
beatin' his wife, while she was cryin' meelah murchur, an' the prince
was for lightnin' now in earnest; but agin he recollected what the
queen sed, an' turned a boddhered car to the woman's balhour, an'
r ode his ways; an' so he ought, for it's a mortial bad thing to inter-
fere 'tween man an' wife.

"As luck would have't, what should there be in Galloway just as
he reached it but an election, an' the boys were shoutin' 'Martin, or
somebody else, for ever,' an' there was the greatest fun in the world.
But, begad, by and by there was a bit of a decent fight kicked up,
an' there was the puck to pay among the voters an' the town's-people.
O'Flaherty sat on his horse, wondherin' at all he saw, when one man,
id his head in his fist, an' he all over blood, cried out, 'O, where are
the O'Flaherties; will they see one ov 'emselves kilt by the spal-
peens o' Galloway?' The prince, poor fellow, couldn't stand this;
his blood flew into his heart, an', forgettin' the queen an' all she sed,
he jumped upon the ground to assist the O'Flaherties; but he hadn't
well touched the earth, when, from a fine young fellow, he turned
into an ould, ould man entirely, an' in a few minutes died up; not,
however, afore he had told 'em that Ballideary would be wid us in a
jiffey.

"So you see," continued Ned, "O'Flaherty had been wid the
'good people;' an', though he thought 'twasn't a fortnight, 'twas
more nor a thousand years; an' he might have staid there for ever,
oney he wanted to see his father; an' he might have gone back again, ony he couldn't stand by an' see an O'Flaherty insulted."

"Och ay," said an old woman, "the O'Flaherties were always fine fellows."

"Fine fellows, indeed," said another; "I wonder what were they to the Joycees. Didn't M'Mara, after bein' a slave in Algiers wid the murderin' Turks, travel through Spain till a great big eagle flew over 'im, an' tould 'im where he'd get oceans of money buried in the earth; an', whin he took it up, didn't he come home an' build all the walls an' castles in Galloway?"

"Faith an' that's as true as you're sittin' there," said long Jem; "an' what was it, after all, to what Margaret na Drakide* done? Didn't she build in one week all the bridges in the county Galloway? an' didn't the same eagle let fall in her lap, as she sat over lookin' the men, a ring, the bare touch of which would restore a dead man to life? an' weren't these Joycees? Och! O'Flaherties weren't bad in their way, but, troth, they were nothin' to Joycees."

"Musha tatteration to you an' your Joycees, Jem; ent we to have nere a bit ov a dance to-night."

This indirect challenge was immediately accepted, and all the young fellows present sprung on their feet; with equal pleasure, but with less agility, the elders followed their example, and in a few minutes partners were ranged opposite to each other, preparatory to a country dance. There was neither fiddler nor piper present; but an old woman supplied the place with a jig—a kind of oral music, which I am unable to describe. We—for I was one of the dancers—moved gallantry enough up and down the road for about an hour and a half, and, when we had pretty well fatigued ourselves, we piously fell into the train of a venerable old man, who marched round the fire, each person holding a stone to his right ear, and saying such prayers as he thought proper. On the ninth revolution the master of the ceremonies stopped; so did we; and, turning our faces to the fire, we flung into it, all at once, the stones we had held so religiously to our ears. This done, every one present snatched a "brone" from the embers, and, as they passed their "patch" of potatoes, corn, or flax, on their way home, they flung it in, to preserve the fruits of the earth from "blast."

Idolatrous! psha! What I witnessed only proved to me the simplicity of their lives and the antiquity of their race. I could live for ever among them.

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

["On the first of the month a warrior died, and was burnt in a well: his wife, prior to his death, told him she would go with him, and the same night dreamt he came to her, when asleep, and asked her why she was not coming. Upon this she arose, and, giving her child to the family, proceeded to the tank near the village, where her husband had been burnt: she broke from her father and brother, and plunged into the pit, when, dreadful to relate, oil, ghee, and wood

* Margaret of the Bridges. For an account of this lady see the excellent history already quoted in the notes.
The Hindoo Widow.

where thrown upon her by a few people. In a few minutes all was consumed to ashes, without a groan or a shriek. The poor creature was only thirteen years of age, and had one child."—From the Calcutta Journal, 1822.]

In the pit was the warrior laid,
   And the funeral service past o'er;
Soon a handful of cinder and ashes display'd
   What was human and manful before.

Does he sleep in his fiery grave,
   Unwept, un lamented, unsung;
Or does tearful hypocrisy publicly clave
   The tomb where his relics are flung?

No, no,—there's a sorrow untold,
   Deep, silent, and gushing with woe,
Which the breast will not breathe, nor the bosom unfold,
   While the heart lies breaking below.

Such, such is the sorrow that eats,
   Sad widow, thy delicate frame;
And vainly thy pitying sire entreats,
   And vainly thy brother may blame.

'Tis night—and thy desolate bed
   Is silent and lone as the tomb,
And deep in the silk hast thou buried thy head,
   Lest thy fancy should people the gloom.

And haply thy wandering thought
   May recall when, with all thy charms,
Rich-laden with beauty and love, thou wert brought,
   And resigned to thy warrior's arms.

But why dost thou start from thy dream?
   What fixes thy watery eye?
Does some loved apparition enlighten its beam,
   And another that anguished sigh?

"I come to thee" (hast thou cried,
   And thy black eye flashing with fire);
"To follow thee, Kaspa, thy sorrowing bride
   Will encounter the funeral pyre!"

'Tis morn—and thy little boy
   To thy brother thou hast resigned;
But his tears are all naught, for a frantic joy
   Pervades thy whole soul and thy mind.

"Oh! sister beloved, delay—
   Oh! imagine the scorching shroud—
Live, live, and I'll bring thee a happier day,
   And blue skies undimm'd with a cloud."

"No, no,—I must haste to my love—
   He chid me last night as untrue;
I must haste to the lawns of the spicy grove—
   Dear father—dear brother—adieu!"

She flies to the deep-yawning hole—
   What power of love can prevent her?
Oil, ghee and wood down the cavern they roll,
   And the black flames burst from the centre!
ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.*

ITALY, during the last half dozen years, has been so often described by the ignorant and malevolent, so often wilfully misrepresented for sinister and religious purposes, that it was with no very high expectations we took up the little volumes before us, which purpose to give a genuine picture of the "actual state" of the country. On opening them, however, we were somewhat startled at the following preface:

"The MS. of the work now offered to the public, I had submitted to the perusal of a Catholic friend; and on asking his opinion of it, I was astonished to hear him say (alluding to the manner in which I had spoken of some of the religious ceremonies and customs commenanced or permitted by the Italian clergy), that 'I should be supposed to have written for the Protestants, with a view to obtain their approbation.' No: such motives cannot be attributed to me. Throughout the whole work I have, I trust, shown myself sufficiently independent of received notions and generally accredited opinions, to avoid any similar imputation. What Catholic can deny that abuses have existed, and do still exist, in Catholic discipline? Against the doctrine of the church I have said nothing. In the title-page I have announced myself to be an English Catholic; that I hold to be a sufficient declaration of my belief in all the doctrines of the Catholic church. No man declares himself to be an English Catholic, unless he conscientiously adopts the creed of that religion; and in that creed seeks consolation for the loss of those civil rights—the proud inheritance of every Englishman, but from which he is debarred by his 'tolerant' fellow-countrymen."—pp. xv. xvi.

Is he an infidel in disguise? Is "English Catholic" merely a nom de guerre, the better to shoot his shafts with more effect at popes, cardinals, and monks? We think not: for our author is a lively, intelligent, harmless, traveller, very much in love with France, and French men, and French ladies, for which partiality he may be pardoned, when it is understood that he has got a Gallic education, not having been at his native country since childhood. We have no doubt whatever, that he is, what he professes himself to be, an "English Catholic;" and we are glad to find him speak with becoming independence of religious and political abuses. His strictures on the Papal church are sometimes fanciful, sometimes correct, but, on the whole, will serve to show that there is, in Catholic countries, much less "scandal" than might be expected from the close alliance of church and state. As we are on the subject of religion, we shall give here our author's remarks on the clergy of Rome, and, first, of the Pope:

"On the feast of S. Charles, the Pope officiated at high mass in the church dedicated to that saint. This was the first time I had seen Leo XII.; his countenance appeared to me severe, but his features had in them nothing marquant or extraordinary. He seemed to suffer greatly from illness, and had, indeed, been confined ever since his election: he had, at that time, told the cardinals, that they were placing a corpse on the chair of S. Peter. As the custom of the Pope's being carried on men's shoulders was not, at the time I am speaking of, present to my mind, I did not at first perceive him as he was borne into the church. Indeed, a lady, who had been unable to discover him as he passed down the aisle, exclaimed, when I afterwards described to her what had been his situation, "And

* Transalpine Memoirs; or, Anecdotes and Observations, shewing the actual State of Italy and the Italians. By an English Catholic. 2 vols.
pray how should any one think of looking up there for him?" Such, however, is the custom, and it must be supposed that it cannot be deviated from.

"I, two days afterwards, met his holiness going to ride out: six carriages preceded, and six followed, that of the Pope, which was drawn by six white horses, bearing white plumes. On each side of the train of carriages were running footmen, drest in livery, and carrying staves."—Vol. i. pp. 58, 59.

His holiness is a great stickler for ancient customs:

"Leo XII. is supposed to be a great admirer and advocate of the ancien régime—of ancient manners and customs—and of wishing to bring his subjects to a great severity of morals and appearance. Thus, according to the plan of reform, he has published edicts, by which he forbids drinking in wine-houses: those who are dry are obliged to buy, through a grate, the measure of wine; and either to drink it standing in the street, or to carry it home. You may conceive the discontent this ordinance could not fail to cause amongst the lower classes: one or two shirri have been stabbed in a late contest in a Transvester wine-shop.

"A woman announced to me the other day, in great agitation, that an order was about to be published, commanding the different classes of subjects to wear particular dresses, by which they might be distinguished: my informer lamented, therefore, at the prospect of being obliged to cast aside all her present wardrobe, and considered how she should look when dressed in yellow stockings and a blue cap; for it had been settled what was to be the dress of each order. The whole, however, turned out to be a fudge; a Roman laugh against themselves and their condition.

"The promoter and encourager of these dispositions that are lent to the Pope, is said to be the Cardinal della Somaglia, the secretary of state. He is reported to have bad the intention—but to have been deterred from it by embassies from the different towns—of diminishing the public expenditure, by abolishing the charge of lamp-lighting; 'because,' he is related to have said, 'in his youth no streets were ever lighted at night, and that, nevertheless, all went on just as well.'

"I now hear that the committee for vaccination has thus been lately suppressed, as an innovation."—Vol. i. pp. 124, 125.

Some of his ordinances, however, are entitled to praise, though his holiness is by no means popular:

"Great alarm had been excited by the Pope's known hostility to ladies,—whom he had refused to admit into his private chapel, or to receive at all, except in his garden,—and by his presumed intention of not reserving places for foreigners, to the exclusion of his own subjects. Under the administration of Cardinal Gonsalvi, seats were, in every church, set apart for the English; while the Romans were unable to witness the offices of their religion. I have, therefore, scarcely ever met with a native who had seen the ceremonies of Holy week; while I am assured that the English then took the liberty of carrying into the places partitioned off for them, cold meat, fowls, and bread, which they eat during the time the offices were performing; throwing the bones and waste pieces on the floors of the churches.

"These matters were, this year, arranged more justly; and tickets of admission were indiscriminately given to Romans and foreigners: the latter of whom behaved more decently than their reported wont."—Vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

Respecting the manners and dress of the cardinals, we have the following account:

"The scarlet cloaks and ermine mantles of cardinals look grand and rich; but their ordinary dress—scarlet stockings, scarlet caps, and scarlet-bound coats—is far from being a dignified apparel. The wearers of this attire are, for the most part, quiet old men, careless of etiquette, and with easy, friendly manners. From different circumstances I see more of them than most English, and have experienced civility from many. I have heard a guardia nobilis—when a Roman lady laughed at him for being an officer of the Pope's army—assert, in order to prove the majesty of the government for which he bore arms, that all the cardinals were
princes of the blood, since out of their number the sovereign was chosen. This was just in point of fact, and might serve a guardsman to repel a too-true jest: their way of living is not, however, very princely. Their carriages are generally red and gilt, and, on particular occasions, each cardinal is attended by three, drawn by more or fewer horses. At the foot of their stairs is a letter-box, fixed against the wall, but which is now never made use of. In their ante-room—in which stands a throne, with a canopy above it, a privilege enjoyed by the ante-rooms of most or all Roman princes—in their ante-room is found a man—generally a tailor—who sits at work over a large pan of lighted cinders, invariably used by the servants of Rome. This man either desires the visitor to walk on, or points to a large book and inkind, requesting him to inscribe his name. If his eminence receives, livery servants, in the next room, announce the name to the secretary, commonly a young priest, or to the waiting gentleman, who, drest in a black court coat, sword, buckles, &c., leads the visitor through a suit of apartments, generally hung with old-fashioned tapestry, to a small cabinet at the other end, in which the cardinal is usually found seated behind a huge desk, covered with appropriate materials. His eminence then comes forward, holds out his hand, expecting it to be kissed, but, in case such should not be the taste of the visitor, he receives a respectful shake with more humility and courtesy than the "Author of Waverley" attributes to the cardinal of "Redgauntlet;" but the cardinal of "Redgauntlet" was, in fact, a prince of the blood; whereas it requires the arguments of modern Romans to prove that the cardinals are so en masse. I say en masse, because one prince of a sovereign house has doined the purple—whether from humility or ambition I do not pretend to judge. If for the latter reason, the plan is well imagined; but the other cardinals are supposed to be sufficiently resolved against compromising, even in appearance, the independence of the church."—Vol. i. p. 47.

The author, of course, visited St. Peter's:

"It was not without a presentiment of disappointment that I lifted up the heavy screen that closed over one of the doors of the church; as it fell back from my hand, unaccustomed to its weight, it struck against my hat, which I disembar-rassed from it with no small difficulty. This event would have been sufficient to put to flight all expectant enthusiasm, if such had oppressed me. Nevertheless, I could not walk down the centre of the building, without being overpowered by the majesty of the whole; I had not sufficient sang-froid to examine the details. I proceeded to pay my devotions at the tomb of the apostles; when I knelt down, my mind was too much exalted, too much overwhelmed by admiration, for me to be able to collect my ideas into any distinct form of prayer; but, on rising up, I found that I had been repeating, without intending it, without being conscious of what I was doing, the hymn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," the last verse of which still lingered on my lips. I mention this as a proof of the effect that the first sight of this temple cannot fail to produce."

He finds fault, however, with the building, and subsequently with the music performed in Italian churches, as well as the kind of vocal performers which are to be found in the Papal states. We agree with him here; the thing is really and truly scandalous. "A short time since," he observes, "Lady — , mentioning that a friend in England had requested her to bring back some Italian church music, asked me, as a Catholic, what she had best procure. I recommended some waltzes, and Rossini's opera of Semiramis, as being the sort of music most frequently performed in Italian churches. In France, at military masses, I have heard the band strike up, immediately after the consecration, the well-known air Di piacer mi balza il cor; and, at other times, play the music of the Trionfo di Bacco, a ballet I have seen at St. Carlo. Would not the purging the Catholic worship of these abuses, which itself condemns, but which render it ridiculous in the eyes of the undistinguishing and narrow-minded philosophers of the age, a class in which, unless the clergy look better to it, the
whole Christian people will, before long, be comprehended,—would not, I demand, this be as effectual a means of inspiring respect for the religion, as the forbidding of certain books, and the making a certain number of Papal singers?"

Although under no apprehension for Christianity from the attacks of philosophers, we admit that there is some apprehension of "scandal" from the unnatural practice here alluded to.

On Christmas morning our author went to church, and saw none of that confusion and scandal which Protestant authors have described as existing at midnight mass:

"You have probably heard," says he, "of the midnight mass, which, in Catholic countries, is usually celebrated on the night of Christmas-day. This custom I had often heard blamed, as giving rise to much confusion and scandal in the churches. Wishing to ascertain whether this report were true or not, I attended on the 25th, at the midnight mass, performed in the church of S. Luigi de France. It was full of people of all classes; mass was sung by the Abbe Due de Rohan, and the greatest order and decency prevailed: the assembly behaved full as devoutly as they would have done had the hour been mid-day instead of midnight.

On the morning after, I was at the church of S. M. Maggiore, to see exposed, under one of the altars, what is said to be a part of the ciborium in which the infant Jesus was laid. A crystal case, ornamented with gold, too closely wrought for anything to be distinguishable within it, was pointed out to me. For the identity of such relics we have the continued belief of successive ages; these ages may, it is true, have been deceived; but many of the objects exposed to their veneration may also, with great probability, have been preserved by the primitive Christians of Syria, who were à portée to judge of their merits, and who could not easily be imposed upon. With the spread of the Christian religion these objects were transported into other countries, and received on the evidence of the faithful of the East. When, however, there is any reasonable cause of incredulity, it should be attended to, in defiance of popular belief. Thus, in the case of the scala santa—holy staircase—said to be the same that our Saviour passed over in the House of Pontius Pilate. But after the entire destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, after a plough had passed over the line of its walls, how did S. Helen, the mother of Constantine, recognize these steps? The devout ascend them on their knees; and many English Protestants do the same, and then glory in the feat they have performed. It happened the other day, that two young Englishmen passed before the place at the same moment when an old man and woman were kneeling down on the lowest step; they arrested the attention of the Englishmen, who immediately laid a bet on the two performers; who, unconscious of the importance of speed, quietly ascended the staircase, repeating the accustomed prayers. The wager turned, therefore, on which of the two should first reach the top of the steps. They—the English—stood below, each loudly exulting, and doubling his wager, as his protegé or protégée gained the advance."—Vol. i. pp. 83—85.

And he very properly observes,

"It is by these manners that the English alienate the minds of the people of every country they visit: there was not, I believe, in Rome, a single cardinal but had heard of this wager; it was related even to the Pope himself; for when it had been told to one, it was naturally repeated as a further proof of the insular and impertinent spirit of English travellers. These English have lately run in great numbers to witness the professions of various young women on their entering convents. The sight is, indeed, interesting and affecting, and the pity of our countrymen is greatly excited on seeing the hair of the victim (as they term her) cut off; but, as the sacrifice is at present voluntary,—the abuses which existed in this matter before the French revolution having been corrected,—the compassion of the beholders is, probably, uncalled for. In France vows are made for a limited time only; and if any member of a religious order chooses to break these vows,
and quit his convent, the affair rests with his own conscience, as the government very properly declines to interfere."—Vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

The following will appear curious and gratifying to many of our readers:

"The Epiphany, was a feast at the Propaganda. I went, in the morning, to the chapel of the College. On entering, I was at first astonished at seeing mass performed by a black priest—an Ethiopian; but I soon perceived an Assyrian priest, an American bishop, and an Arabian archbishop, each celebrating the sacrifice in the dress, language, and according to the rites used in his country. For the church, to prevent the frequent changes to which the modern languages are subject, allows in her office only the Chaldaic or modern Hebrew, which is the ancient sacred language; the Greek, the language of the philosophers and all the Oriental schools; Latin, the language of the learned in the West; and the Sclavonian. This measure you Protestants find great fault with; and would wish that the office had been translated into the dialect of every barbarous horde that successively made its appearance, and was converted to the Catholic faith; and that a committee of 'maestri di lingua'—teachers of languages—had been appointed to vary and correct the newly translated prayers, in proportion to the changes and ameliorations made in primitive language during its progress and gradual refinement into polished Bohemian, Moravian, Polish, Muscovian, and half a dozen others, all different dialects of the Sclavonian tongue. But, at the same time that you blame this restriction of the Catholic church, you yourselves preach to the Irish in a foreign, an unknown, and unintelligible dialect, against the intolerance of the Papists, who refuse to pray in the language of the people.

"The different rites and ceremonies performed in the chapel of the Propaganda were, however, more impressive than any thing of the sort I ever witnessed; and strikingly displayed the triumph of the Christian religion; justifying its application of Catholic, by recalling one of the proofs of its truth—a proof, or at least a strong ground of probability, which secondary causes cannot destroy."—Vol. i. p. 86.

What follows is not less interesting:

"In the afternoon, all the College was assembled together; and one student of each country pronounced his translation, into his own language, of an ode suited to the occasion; the which ode was thus repeated in twenty-six different dialects. Of all these reciters, a fine Irish youth—for there are in the College schools of Irish and Scotch, whom the party-spirited policy of England banishes from their country, to which they are afterwards to return in the character of missionaries—an Irish youth seemed the most patriotic; for, after ending his declaration, he sent forth a shout of 'Erin go bragh!' which drew down the applause—but it was an applause mingled with pity—of the assembly."—Vol. i. p. 88.

Bravo! When this "Irish youth" is on his way home, we beg that he may honour us with his company to dinner. Real mountain dew shall supersede the juice of the grape, and a host of our contributors shall meet him to drink, "Erin go bragh." Paddy is the same all over the world—a patriot from his cradle.

In his eighth letter our author says,

"I yesterday visited many curious—but which are at Rome second-rate—antiquities. My tour commenced with the church of S. Anthony: it was the fête of that saint. As I drove up to the door of the church, a priest appeared, dressed in a gown and stole, and accompanied by a clerk holding a vase of holy water: he pronounced a few prayers, and then besprinkled my horses with the water: he performed the whole ceremony with the greatest discretion and devotion. "But," said an old Scotch general to me, 'what a d—d mummery it is! Why they drive their asses and pigs to be blessed,' 'Well, and why not? You yourself think it very right and proper to say grace over a good ham, when you sit down to dinner; here they bless the ham when alive. What is the difference?' Au reste, this same custom exists in some parts of Auvergne in France."
Now for the carnival:

"Have late tourists given descriptions of the Carnival at Rome? I am, from the reasons I have already mentioned, unable to answer to myself this question; and shall, therefore, send you a short account of this gay season. It was not, however, the first of the sort I had witnessed: walking, two years before, on the terrace of Nice, to view the ugly, ill-sustained masks below, I heard an Irish lady ask the person she was walking with, 'Don't you think they are the greatest fools on earth?' 'Why, madam,' replied the gentleman she addressed, 'I was going to make a very unpolite speech, but what do you think of us who are looking at them?' Though perfectly agreeing with the opinion of this cavalier, I have again been a spectator of some of these rejoicings, and wish to make you participate in the environs they cause; though it is not necessary to descend to the festivities of masquerading to be convinced that man is more to be pitied in his pleasures than in his misfortunes, according to the sentiment of Pascal.

"The space of time known by the appellation of Carnival, is included between the 6th of January—the feast of the Epiphany, or Twelfth Night—and Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. But the masquerading, and other public amusements of the people, do not commence till a few days before Shrove Tuesday. At Rome, the scene of these follies is the Corso,—the rendezvous of all the world, masked or unmasked, in carriages or on foot. On one of the days of the last week, I proceeded to the Piazza del Popolo, and took my place in the file of carriages. Two hours after, I had nearly reached the Piazza di Venezia, at the other end of the ugly, ill-built street of the Corso, a distance of three quarters of a mile. The pleasures of this drive were derived from the crowds of people who, disguised in various manners, paraded up and down the street; for the most part in perfect silence, and none of them in the least endeavouring to support the character proper to their garb. Boys ran through the crowd and offered for sale large papers of bonbons—sugar-plums—made of sweetened lime: all actors in the scene bought of these bonbons, and threw them, with greater or less force, at their passing friends and acquaintance. As these sugar-plums are not small, and as furious battles—in which they replace other shot—are often carried on, particularly by the English, eyes are sometimes knocked out, and less material damage is often given and received. In the mean time, children run between the wheels of the carriages, and the feet of the horses, and collect into other papers the bonbons that whiten and conceal the pavement. But it is a positive fact, that, without the English—who are, by most foreigners, thought to be so grave, so serious, so thoughtful—this bonbon pelting would, long since, have been discontinued: the Romans patronise it but little, while the English carry it on, with all the fury and boisterousness of school-boys, to the very great annoyance of most of the Italians."—Vol. i. pp. 109—112.

And this is the humour of the carnival! Oh! there is also horse-racing, but very uninteresting, for there are no riders.

Though evidently a man of taste and discernment, our author felt disappointed with the exhibitions and antiquities of Rome. Many of the pictures which he had heard praised so much were not calculated to heighten his enthusiasm; the celebrated library of the Vatican is not open to the public—hardly to any one; and admittance is denied to several of the depositories of paintings and statues; even those exhibited publicly, once a week, are huddled together without taste, and are left without any one to take care of them. The "eternal city" itself is not exactly what our school-boy dreams have depicted it. The following will sound harshly to the admirers of Roman literature:

"From S. Maria Maggiore I passed au hazard through a number of dirty streets, which brought me to the point at which I most wished to arrive—the Forum Romanum. I need must say, that here disappointment was the prominent feeling: and what a disappointment! Though well acquainted with every monument I was to meet with, I walked over the ground, astonished at finding
them so much ruined. Columns falling from the ravages of time, but braced up with modern iron work; walls tottering for want of this very iron work, torn away by the ancestors of those who now replace it; one half of a building destroyed to construct palaces for those whose successors now prop up the remaining half with the greatest care and attention; one race of men building altars in veneration of the victims slain for the amusement of a former race; the triumphal monuments of one age destroyed to adorn those of another—to barbarous to suffice itself to itself,—while other arches, raised to record other victories, are mutilated by the shabby and parsimonious attempts made at this moment to preserve them; in short, 'admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here there is much matter for all feeling.' The best description of the Roman Forum is contained in that simple, historical, and, at the same time, prophetic line—

‘Passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque Foro, et laulis mugire carinas.'

More than this can be told you by a guide-book only. The Forum, though still used as an ox market, has in a great measure lost the denomination of Campo Vaccino.

"I returned along the Via Sacra, and went out at what is now the northern end of the Foro Romano. How much I had lost, but how much also I had acquired, during the short hour I had passed within its limits! All my ‘sixth-form notions,' all my enthusiasm, all my dreams, were broken in upon and vanished. I had entered it, exalted by the very thought of where I was; I had passed between the trees as if intruding on a ground sacred to classical recollections; I had hurried, with a feverish impatience, from one ruin to another; and I left it, myself and every thing else lowered in my own opinion; discontented with myself for having conceived such high notions of the place; discontented with the place for not having equalled the ideas I had been taught to form of it; regretting that I had come to Rome, since the knowledge of the reality had deprived me of my enthusiastic and more pleasing suppositions; yet pleased with being bereaved of them, and with being now unable to give way to others on the future; for the Roman Forum was the death-stroke to my curiosity, but gave a just level to my expectations."—Vol. i. pp. 37—40.

Subsequently he confesses—

"I was satiated with religious ceremonies, antiquities, and galleries of paintings; but, above all, I was tired of being enclosed in a dirty town—and I know none more filthy than Rome, in every street of which ‘immondessaro—dunghill' is inscribed on a wall, while on the pavement below a large reeking heap of stinking rubbish attests the attractive powers of the spot.—I was tired of a town surrounded by an abandoned desert, as uninteresting as the sands of Arabia, and more distressing from the absence of past and possible fertility."—Vol. i. pp. 144, 145.

And again—

"You are doubtless shocked at the epithet of sights being applied to the monuments of Rome? So should I have been six months ago. A short time before I arrived at Rome, and when my mind was exalted by the usual expectation, a person, who had visited the ruins of Greece and Palmyra, offended my enthusiasm by assuring me that it would be entirely extinguished before I should have passed three months in the centre of what then excited it; but when the same person added, that there were, in Italy, very few objects of antiquity entitled to admiration, I listened to him only as to one indulging in the contemplation of the wider circle through which his own curiosity had impelled him. Such were, at that time, my ideas; at present I am more inclined to do justice to his opinions, and adopt the same sentiments. Vasi, in his Guide of Rome, allows eight days for visiting all the ancient and modern monuments; he of course mentions many things that can present little attraction to the ordinary spectator; and were a man to select from his enumeration those objects only which are interesting to most travellers—well-informed, but not blinded by the love and admiration of every thing ancient,—he would then find eight days fully sufficient for him to be well acquainted with ancient and modern Rome.
"For a longer residence, Rome is most uninviting: besides the dreariness of the country around, the tristesse of the place must gain upon the stranger, however unwilling to give way to it; and, instead of insinuating itself into his affections, it will daily appear to him more repulsive. I now persuade myself, that the common people, the beasts of burden, even the dogs, have a peculiar appearance of melancholy and ennui; and such I really believe to be the case."

In May, 1824, he removed to Naples, and considers the climate much preferable to that of Rome. But, alas! the paternal government of the pious Ferdinand had rendered the Neapolitans as miserable and discontented as it was possible for subjects to be. We have some disgusting anecdotes of this holy legitime; his amusement, on coming to the throne, was tossing those whose forms displeased him in a blanket; and, in after age, he delighted himself with shooting black pigs! Cobbett would be quite charmed with his anti-liberal principles in trade and commerce; for Ferdinand manufactured every thing himself, except silk, the fabrication of which was committed to the superintendence of the queen. As might be expected, the people are truly miserable; the fertile plains are left uncultivated, whilst the peasantry are starving on the mountains. The following is our author's description of a village:—

"Though in the month of May, I found the weather too hot for promenades à pied: I therefore turned back, and entered the small village on the Pozzuoli side of the Grotto. This village—of Fuori Grotta,—although similar to all those in the environs of Naples, is not, however, less curious on that account, and will serve to give an idea of the others. Narrow, dirty, irregular, ill-paved streets, are bordered by houses one story high, raised about twelve feet from the ground, and the gray walls of which are daubed in every direction with white crosses; surrounded by children—the younger of whom are dressed in a small shirt, or often without any clothing at all—are women who, covered with rags, either spin before their houses, or, seated on the threshold of their doors,—at the imminent risk of being overturned by the pigs that pass in and out of the house—house the heads of their female companions, who kneel before them, and rest their faces in their laps; while their husbands, with red caps on their heads, and brown great-coats thrown carelessly over their shoulders, form themselves into circles, and make the streets resound with their noisy game of la mora; near them, a post of ten or fifteen Austrian soldiers, all drest with the most minute cleanliness, some of whom lie asleep on benches, others play at bowls, and mix their German exclamations with those of the Neapolitans; and hard by, a sentinel, overpowered with ennui, pacing to and fro before his box, looking on the scene before him—so different from those of his native country—and 'wondering how the devil he got there:' such is the exact appearance of this village."—Vol. 1. pp. 178, 179.

It is gratifying, however, to know that the Neapolitans are not, no more than the other Italians, satisfied with the existing state of things; they look forward to better times; and, notwithstanding all the sneers which have been cast upon them, they seem able to regain and retain liberty:

"The religious belief of the Italians is like that of the greater part of the world; with this difference, however—it is free from scepticism. They receive, and profess to believe, all the articles of the Catholic faith; they question nothing, they doubt of nothing, they deny nothing, they admit every thing; but this admission, this belief, alters nothing in their morals or conduct; they themselves never think on it; they have been brought up so; they have been told that this is the religion they are to belong to; they see it professed by all around them; none do, none ever have, arraigned its truth; they have never been called upon to decide between adverse opinions, and they therefore allow those they found to continue as a matter of course. Although many adopt the modern spirit of philosophy,
yet the generality seem to think their easy and inconclusive manner of professing the established religion to be less troublesome than would be a philosophical opposition."—Vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

This, be it observed, relates to the higher classes; the poor are more decidedly religious:

"The common people of Naples are, I think, devout; their behaviour in the churches is particularly decorous, and contradicts the assertions I have heard to the contrary. It is a striking sight to observe, when the Host is carried to sick persons, all the people in the street fall on their knees, the military posts turn out, and present arms at the sound of the drum, the carriage stop short, and the occupiers incline their heads, or even kneel within them."—Vol. ii. p. 110.

Respecting Neapolitan preachers, we have the following: they are not, it seems, all Keogh's:

"Much has been said by tourists about Italian preaching; that of Naples has, in particular, been held up to ridicule. It is true that it is very different from that of other countries; so much so, that, before reaching this place, the method followed by Italian preachers did not strike me as extraordinary. Here, I own, it is sometimes truly astonishing; but if the priests find that their violent gestures, their hallooing, their howling, their sobbing, and all their other extravagancies, produce the desired effect on the audience, why should they not employ them? Is not their only aim directed at the hearts of their hearers? It is to be lamented that their only hearers should be of that class of society, and so educated, as to find this sort of eloquence most persuasive; but, such being the case, I like and approve of their method. It is, however, not generally followed: on more ordinary and quiet occasions, I have heard my cure stand before the altar, and talk very reasonably in good Italian. When he reached any argumentative passage, which he particularly wished to inculcate on his parishioners, he would say, 'But, in order that you may understand this perfectly, I will repeat it to you in Neapolitan.' When he quoted his text, or any sentence, in Latin, he added, 'Direte, Padre, cosa vuol dire? You will say, Father, what does it mean? Ashpetta, ma velo dico—wait, I'll tell you directly'—mox. This style may be found too familiar? He was preaching to the fishermen of the Chiaja."—Vol. ii. pp. 121—3.

A word or two about monks and miracles:

"I believe that the remarks of English travellers on the 'dirty, lazy monks,' apply generally to these Capucins, one of whom now stood on the rock before me. As to their dirtiness, poverty is the spirit of their order; before the institution of which, all convents, if not exclusively reserved for nobles, required of those admitted into their communities, at least a good education and a dowry more or less considerable. St. Francis, therefore, founded his order chiefly for the reception of the poorer classes, of working men and peasants, who are certainly capable of as much devotion as the higher ranks of society; and, owing to the strictness of its rules, and to its being unable to possess any landed property—its members subsisting only on voluntary charitable contributions—this order is mainly supplied by poor men. Then, as to their laziness, these Capucin convents have generally very large parishes attached to them, which are served, with great zeal and attention, by their priests. Yet an Italian secular priest remarked to me— for the secular have a sort of enmity against the conventual clergy—that St. Francis was very 'astuto—cunning,' in not having allowed his order to possess landed property; as, on that account, no one had any interest in dispersing it, and, when dispersed with others, it was always the first to re-establish itself. One would, however, have expected 'cunning' to be the last epithet applied to the founder of this useful order of self-denial.

"Being now on religious subjects, I must speak of one which I ought to have before mentioned to you—namely, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarins.

* "At Rome, on such occasions, people dismount from their carriages, and kneel beside them."
This liquefaction—or, at least, the prayers for the liquefaction—takes place for eight successive days in the month of May; from the 19th to the 26th of September; and on the 16th of December—the fête patronale. On one of these days I was present at the church, the Cathedral. I was before rather inclined to credit the suppositions usually made, in order to account for the melting of the substance without having recourse to supernatural interference, for which, in this enlightened age,' a particular dislike is manifested. Yet the greatest proof against the miracle which I have heard brought forward, is the story of the blood having melted owing to French influence: this story, of which so many different accounts have been profusely given and eagerly believed, is related as follows, in a work*, the authors of which have probably transcribed what was supposed to be the true version of the occurrence. 'Several minutes had passed, without the liquefaction taking place; the president of the government then approached the Cardinal, and told him in a low voice, showing a pistol; he held in his hand, but so that the Cardinal alone could see it, "My Lord, be quick, let the blood melt, or your Eminence has ceased to live." The miracle took place immediately, and the Cardinal, addressing himself to the multitude, who displayed their joy, said to them, 'You see it, my brethren, our great Saint wills the revolution.'

"This anecdote has been often brought forward as an indisputable proof of the non miracle. But where is the proof that the liquefaction would not have taken place without the interference of the French pistol, which, as the officiating Cardinal must have been well assured, the French were too good politicians to make use of, at the risk—or rather with the certainty—of exciting an insurrection, the very thing they were afraid of? So much for proofs from French intervention. Three different keys of the place in which the blood is preserved are kept by three different orders—of the Canons of the Cathedral, of the other priests of the town, and the Cavaliere—nobles: these three corporations have often had serious quarrels and controversies amongst themselves, during which the secret, if there had been any, must have transpired. When the blood is to be brought forth, a deputation is sent, by each of these three orders, to present its key: it, the blood, is then approached to the head of St. Januarius, which is kept in a rich case; litanies and other prayers are sung by the priests and by the anxious and deafening voices of the Neapolitan people, and, after a greater or less length of time, the liquefaction does, or does not, take place. As the people are scarcely ever near enough to the altar to be able to see themselves if the miracle has taken place, it often happens that the bells are rung, the Te Deum is chanted, and they are told that the blood has melted, when the contrary is the case: this may be seen from the journal of the miracle, kept in the Cathedral, and in which all the particulars of each melting or not melting have been noted for the two last centuries.

"When I witnessed the liquefaction, the people were admitted near the altar; the blood, when first brought forth, was shown to them congealed; and, after it had melted, the bottle was carried round to them to kiss; which they did quietly, and without any of those scenes of confusion and disturbance so often described. But as the form of the bottle which contains the blood is of importance, from the impression it may be supposed to receive from external application or atmosphere, I will endeavour to delineate it to you. A glass case, about eight inches long and three broad, ornamented with silver, and the lower end of which terminates in a perpendicularly projecting silver handle, contains two small glass bottles, each of which is about half full of a purple liquid—or congealed substance—on the surface of which dust and small bits of straw are seen to float. The warmth of the priest's hand, or of lighted tapers, could, therefore, have no effect through this double case.

"I had myself little curiosity to behold the liquefaction; but I attended at the request of a good Protestant friend, who had witnessed it the day before, and who, though unwilling to profess a belief in miraculous interposition, yet allowed that he could in no other manner account for what he had seen. You guess before

* "Victoires et Conquêtes, Désastres et Révers, des Français, depuis 1792 jusqu'à 1815."
now that I am more inclined to see the performance in this light, than to endeavour to explain it by reasoning: this you will attribute to the religion I profess; and, when I tell you, that, except those of scripture, no miracles, however well proved, are received as of faith by the Catholic church, you, a Protestant, will answer, that you are better acquainted with the religious belief of the Catholics, than any member of that religion can himself be. This is the usual way in which those of your 'persuasion' argue these matters. But now that I have related in what manner the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius takes place, I leave it to yourself to determine, if any thing can account for it more easily than supernatural interference; unless, indeed, frost and thaw can be brought to bear on the question. But it is now so long since I have seen either of these, to me, strange phenomena, that I have almost forgotten their effect on water; I am, therefore, still less able to say what it would be on blood.

At Pozzuoli is a stone on which fell some drops of the blood of St. Januarius: these are said to dissolve, whenever that of Naples melts.

I shall conclude this subject with a quotation from Butler's 'Lives of the Saints'; a work which—known and esteemed all over the Continent—you are, of course, unacquainted with, although it does as much honour to English literature, as any in which learning and assiduous inquiry are chiefly demanded.

The standing miracle, as it is called by Baronius, of the blood of St. Januarius liquefying and boiling up at the approach of the martyr's head, is likewise very famous. The fact is attested by Baronius, Ribadencira, and innumerable other eye-witnesses, of all nations and religions, many of whom most attentively examined all the circumstances. Certain Jesuits, sent by F. Ballardus to Naples, were allowed by the Archbishop, Cardinal Philamarini, to see this prodigy; the minute description of the manner in which it is performed is related by them in the Life of F. Ballardus. It happens equally in all seasons of the year, and in variety of circumstances. The same is done on extraordinary occasions, at the discretion of the Archbishop. This miraculous solution and ebullition of the blood of St. Januarius is mentioned by Pope Pius II., when he speaks of the reign of Alphonso I. of Aragon, King of Naples, in 1450: Angelus Cato, an eminent physician of Salerno, and others, mention it in the same century. Almost two hundred years before that epoch, historians take notice, that King Charles I. of Anjou coming to Naples, the Archbishop brought out the head and blood of this martyr. The continuation of the Chronicle of Maraldus says the same was done upon the arrival of King Roger; who venerated these relics in 1140. Falco of Benevento relates the same thing. From several circumstances this miracle is traced much higher; and it is said to have regularly happened on the annual feast of St. Januarius, and on that of the translation of his relics, from the time of that translation, about the year 400.

Some English tourist has published, that, in one of the churches of Naples, was kept a feather, 'mouled' or plucked, it seems that it was not decided which, from the wing of the Angel Raphael. Anxious to ascertain the truth of this assertion, I made inquiries, and was assured that no such relic existed. I then demanded the meaning of figures, representing the Blessed Virgin, being dressed in clothes said to have been worn by her herself: I was answered, that these clothes had been taken from particular statues of the Blessed Virgin, kept in any particular place. Of how much amusement would the English public be deprived, if English tourists would make these inquiries, before inserting their sneers at what they themselves do not understand, but the which sneers will, they are well aware, interest their equally ignorant readers! Adieu."—Vol. ii. pp. 63—77.

Being in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, our author paid a visit to the crater of the volcano; but, as it was not active, his description is not very interesting. On his way he stopped at the celebrated hermitage where two monks have turned publicans. Trade, however, seems to have extinguished their humanity, for they thought very bad of keeping for a night or two, under their roof, an Irish Catholic clergyman, who had suffered severely from a fall on the lava, and whom they thought had not wherewithal to defray the expenses.
In closing these volumes, we cannot bid the author farewell without expressing our gratitude for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us. Although his English is not, on all occasions, quite pure, he has contrived to communicate the impressions and reflections of a refined and thinking mind, in a most agreeable form: there is wisdom in his anecdotes; and his work, on the whole, is one of the most delightful tours we have read for some time: it comes nearer to Captain Head's "Rough Notes," both in spirit and manner, than any book recently published.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE'S SEAT ON THE DELAWARE.

What a world of strange vicissitudes we live in! The ci-devant King of Spain exchanges a crown and throne for so many acres of humble earth, upon the uncultivated and comparatively unknown banks of a North American river, and, in lieu of claiming and exacting obedience from refractory subjects in the old world, is content, or, at least, appears to be content, with the simple and voluntary allegiance of a few lazy sons of the soil, who, being well fed and well clothed, are as happy and content as the fat, good-humoured, and most unmilitary count appears to be himself. Joseph arrives at New York, takes the oath of abjuration—renounces "principalities and thrones," and becomes a settler in the Indian wilds of East Florida. The grounds cultivated by the ex-king extend for several miles along the banks of the river, near Bellevue, taking a northerly course; and are possessed of all that variety which the most exquisite cultivation, and the freest and wildest developments of nature, are capable of affording, when rendered mutually subservient to the prescriptions of a taste not wholly artificial. An inlet of the river intervenes between the main land and a woody bank on the cast, which has the effect of completely intercepting the view of the grounds from the water, with the exception of a portion of the upper part of the dwelling-house, which has, or had, (before it was burned down) the appearance of a rotunda arching the imperious cluster of woods that exclude the view from the river. The post road, however, which runs in the direction of the grounds as they lead to the north, affords a prospect with which travellers appear in general to be perfectly satisfied; although it is but a sort of profile view, giving no adequate idea of the more interesting features of the interior, yet, even upon this heavysandy road, where, in summer, the heat and dust render travelling any thing but an agreeable relaxation, the eye is attracted by the graceful appearances of elegant statues, thrown into various attitudes, and as variously disposed of, that seem to woo and beckon you through the shadowy prospective of trees, like so many wood nymphs inviting you to their cool retreats. In the solitude of this sylvan seclusion reposes the individual upon whose brows once sate "a kingly crown;" and who seems to have lent himself, with a timid subserviency, to the measureless views of that extraordinary and unrivalled man who wielded, for years, the destinies of half the world. I have no doubt that the count finds his simple citizen's hat better suited to the dimensions, as well as the temperature, of his cerebral hemisphere, than the crown of Spain; and Bellevue a far more agreeable place than was Vittoria, in 1813. Joseph Buo-
naparre is a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, of a
full face and very prepossessing countenance, slantly savouring of
the Napoleon caste, with a fund of good humour, strongly con-
trasting with the thoughtful melancholy of the latter. Not many
miles from Bellevue is the establishment of Miss Anne Savage, the
cher amie of the amorous count; consisting of a house, said to be very
elegantely furnished—out-buildings, with their various accompaniments
—a handsome equipage—servants—in short, a perfect establishment.

It was in the capacity of an humble little shop-girl, in North
Street, Philadelphia, that this young lady first attracted the attention
of the gallant Frenchman. He happened to be residing in the same
street at the time, it appears; and, whether it was the charms of the
little Savage, or those of the cakes and ices which she dispensed, that
first caught the eye, and stimulated the dainty propensities of King
Joseph (who is any thing but a Joseph), far be it from me to insin-
uate,* but, certain it is, that, from relishing the cakes, he seems to
have acquired a relish for the lady. The innocent girl, and her more
innocent mama, did not, at first; appear to suspect his designs; until
the frequency of his visits at length opened their eyes to the truth.
They now discovered, that whatever may have been his predilections
in favour of the creams and cakes, they had evidently transferred
themselves to the lady, who, for certain considerations, contrived to
appear "nothing loth;"—and nothing loth she was, so far as those
considerations went, and they usually go a great way. The conse-
quence was, as may have been foreseen, that in a short time the
luckless neighbours, who had been accustomed to regale their eyes,
at least, if not their appetites, with the lascivious contents of Miss
Anne's shop, had the mortification to discover, that the patronage of
their presence and their purses had not been able to keep pace with
the assiduities of the count. Miss Anne had actually "shut up
shop;"—the lady, with her mother, cakes, creams, and ices, had ab-
sconded!

Now what remains enigmatical to me, is the circumstance of the
godly-given descendants of old Penn—that strange compound of
pious precept and hard practice—looking upon all this with an eye of
the meekest and most indulgent toleration. It is true, there have
been many backslidings and abominations in the land of "brotherly
love;" still, in the main, their ethies are as righteous as needs; for
equally true it is, that the said pious descendants of William Penn
do plume and pride themselves upon the possession of a more than
ordinary degree of godliness. Now, when I come to consider of these
things, my faith waxeth weak in ye, people of Philadelphia! and ve-
rily I say unto ye, "Ye are blind guides, who strain at a gnat and
swallow a camel." Had a gentleman of ordinary pretensions done
this thing, he would have been proscribed—ejected beyond the pale
of the moral virtues—society had placed its ban upon him—matrons
had scowled, and maidens shuddered at his approach! Whereas,
how many young ladies are there, to my certain personal knowledge,
who appear to derive no mixed satisfaction from being, and from
knowing that they are considered as being, favourites with the count!

* Insinuate, according to Walker; but it is now, I believe, more fashionable to
err with Mrs. Mallaprop, than consult the formal notions of that exploded pedant.
He is so agreeable—so polite—so hospitable; Belleveu is so charming a spot—every thing so elegant—'tis quite enchanting! Buonaparte carried over with him, to America, a collection of very choice paintings, prints, and busts; and, among the latter, a head of Napoleon, which is considered a fine likeness, and a model of art. He does not mix much in society; which accounts, I suppose, for the very imperfect acquaintance he is said to have with the English language, but is considered an unassuming, gentlemanly, and humane man. He regularly visits the springs of Ballstown and Saratoga, in the summer months, although I heard a lady say that she was convinced he had been cured of what appeared to be his penchant for those places, by a circumstance of which she was an ear-witness. This was neither more nor less than his having been bored almost to death, upon one occasion, by sundry impertinent questions of a very silly gentleman from South Carolina, who, having never before travelled beyond the immediate precincts of his native state, seemed resolved to profit by his tour; and to pick up as much knowledge as might enable him to answer the many curious and trying interrogatories with which he knew his gaping acquaintance were prepared to assail him on his return. This man, whose extraordinary conversation with Joseph Buonaparte may, perhaps, be given in a future number, may very justly be considered, I think, as one of those monstrous varieties of the human species noticed by Linnaeus and Erxleben. S.

THE BARBER OF PARIS.

BY M. CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK, 1827.

The poverty of French writers in works of imagination, at the present moment, is very remarkable, when their former excellence in this respect is considered. There is certainly no language in Europe so well adapted for narrative and dialogue, that is to say, conventional dialogue, as the French. The more northern nations, particularly England and Germany, surpass them infinitely in force and profundity; and are, therefore, not only better adapted for all the graver purposes of science, but are able to express intensity of thought and feeling with an energy which the French language is utterly incompetent to reach. For memoirs, letters, and novels in prose, and for songs in poetry, the French have been unrivalled, until within somewhat more than half a century. The tales of Hamilton and of Voltaire (to mention only two eminent ones, amidst a crowd of similar writers) have never been equalled, and probably never will be, while the world lasts. Latterly, however, the romance-readers of France have seemed to be so fascinated by the works of Sir Walter Scott, that they read nothing else; and the romance-writers, from the best to the worst (for Paris has its Minerva press), have refrained from writing. However flattering this may be to the national vanity of Englishmen, it is extremely injurious to the general interests of literature, and we could be better pleased if our illustrious countryman's talents excited the emulation, as well as the admiration, of our neighbours. The age which has produced Pigault Le Brun, who, with all his faults, possesses the rare qualities of humour and invention, in a very high degree,
ought to supply light writers in abundance, and that it has not done so in France, excites our astonishment. Now and then a good novel makes its appearance; but, as it is seldom followed up by another effort, the impression produced on the public mind is too slight to have any result.

*Le Barbier de Paris* is one of the clever productions which form the exceptions to the general dearth and dulness of the light literature of France. It is by M. Paul de Kock, of whom we have, in the former series of this magazine, given our readers some account. This present work is decidedly superior to all that have preceded it, and the improvement has been so rapid, as well as decided, that we are induced to hope for still better things from him. Amusing as the book is in itself, it is not less curious, nor less useful, for the opportunity which it affords of examining into the difference between the successful English writers, and those of the French school, who have essayed the same line of composition. These points of difference are preeminently displayed by M. de Kock, and, without attempting a lengthened critical dissertation in this place, we think they may be shortly enumerated. The most material difference is, that the French novels are rather like a play put into a narrative, than, as are the English, a series of events and adventures, which tend to a particular termination, but the scope of action of which is extensive enough to take in a multitude of collateral circumstances. Thus, the nature of the French plan precludes all those details and incidents, those picturesque descriptions, and touches of character, which form the great charm of the best English novels, and confine the reader instead to a sort of plot, the actors in which have only to play just the part which the exigencies of the drama require.

One of the most potent charms of the Waverley novels is the frequent allusion to past events, which are associated with the liveliest national feelings. History is familiarised, and brought before the eyes of the reader so much in the light of an old acquaintance, that every body is instructed and amused at the same time. Somebody said all he knew of the History of England was from Shakspeare's plays. It was not very wisely said, nor very good cause for boasting; but we believe that many persons who talk about history, must, if they told the truth, confess that they owe more to the Great Unknown than to Hume and his brother writers. Then there is a very antiquarian relish about the personages; there is that old and gallant spirit which commerce and politics (the gulf that swallows up all things in an age) have now quenched and driven out. There is a quaintness of speech which savours of the golden time of English literature, where, like a young eagle, the national genius took its boldest and loftiest flights. There is, besides, much genuine wit, that is to say, wit which, as it is purely intellectual, may be translated into any language; and there is that rich broad humour which is purely English, and which cannot be translated at all, nor even felt, but by such as are "to the habit born." All these qualities, good in themselves, characterize the Scotch novels; and, as they are, moreover, connected with recollections and early associations, the mere mention of which thrills to a Briton's heart's core, they have acquired a power and popularity here, which was previously unknown in the annals of literature. In most of these qualities it is that the French are generally
deficient. Either they do not understand or they do not value them; and, if the latter is the case, there is nothing to be said. It is impossible to create a general taste for such subjects; if it does not already exist, the author would lose his pains who should try to make the public like that which they do not understand.

M. de Kock has, however, made an attempt to get a little beyond the trammels of his times. He has talked of Paris, not as it is now, but as it was in the reign of Louis XIII., and has touched but with a slight and trembling hand on the prevailing customs of that period. We regret extremely that he did not go further. In an historical point of view it would have been curious; and, for the interest of his narration, extremely desirable. M. de Kock is, probably, better acquainted with the subject than he seems to be; and yet, if he is, we wonder that he could persuade himself to refrain from dilating upon it. The commencement of the French theatre must be traced at this time. The pantomimes of the Hotel de Bourgoyne are among the first specimens of comedy, properly so called, that the French metropolis ever saw. The buffoons who are introduced, Turlupin, and Gautier Garguille, were the inventors of that description of farce which has now become so popular. The excesses of noble and privileged persons, the weakness of the police, the disregard of the government to the domestic economy of the state, and the general laxity of morals, would have formed picturesque and striking points, if they had been raked up. M. de Kock is not insensible to their value, but he has touched them very lightly, in order to give greater weight and coherence to the plot of his romance, which is shortly this:

The Marquis de Villebelle is a sort of Don Giovanni, who has reached a certain age without having corrected any of the profligacy which, in his earlier years, has gained him the reputation of a most notorious libertine. His chief agent in all his excesses has been the barber, whose character will probably disappoint the ideas which most persons have formed of him from the title to the work. He is a morose, cruel villain, who appears to be trembling under the recollection of some crime "unwhipped of justice." At the time that the novel opens, he is living in good repute for his professional skill, but avoiding all intercourse with his neighbours. His household consists of an old superstitious servant, and a young girl of sixteen, Blanche, who was thrown upon his protection in consequence of her father, who lodged in the barber's house, having been mysteriously murdered. Touquet, the barber, has educated her carefully, but has kept her always secluded, and the young girl is a model of beauty and innocent virtue. At this moment the Marquis de Villebelle, who has long been absent, appears again on the tapis, and engages his old ally, Touquet, to assist him in the prosecution of an intrigue with a young Italian, who has caught his fancy. Touquet employs a sub-agent, one Chaudorrielle, who is the buffo of the story. He is one of those personages to whom such frequent allusion is made in the old French writers—a Gascon by birth, and, as the prejudices of the people of France say, therefore of necessity a bully, sharper, coward, and gamester. Vain and rash, he is for ever getting into scrapes, with no means of extricating himself from them but by lying, and this he does unsparingly. He succeeds in effecting the introduction of the marquis to the Italian, who knows much more of the nobleman, and of his

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agent, the barber, than they imagine, and who flatters herself that her charms will have the power of fixing as well as fascinating the marquis. Chaudoreille, who has eaten (a matter always of rarity and uncertainty with him) on the strength of this affair, is reduced to his accustomed poverty and starvation now that it is finished.

Touquet's ward has been seen by a young student, who, having little else to do, falls desperately in love with her, and tries in vain to get introduced to her by Touquet's sanction. At length the passion, which, no less than necessity, is the mother of invention, suggests to him a means of accomplishing this object. He disguises himself as a country wench, makes acquaintance with Marguerite, Touquet's old servant, who, although she suspects all mankind, has no misgivings respecting Urbain, because his disguise is complete, and, by dint of perplexing and delighting the old woman with stories of spectres and demons, gets introduced to the beautiful Blanche. The innocent child conceives a strange affection for the supposed peasant-girl, which is increased by Urbain's frequent visits, all of which are unknown to Touquet. Poor Urbain meets with some curious adventures in his walks to and from the rendezvous, owing to his female habiliments. On one occasion he is stopped by the Marquis de Villabelle, and some of his rakehelly companions, and is obliged to fight, in order to extricate himself, in which he wounds the marquis. At another time he is assailed by Chaudoreille, the Gascon, whom he rewards with a box on the ear, which leaves no doubt of his sex. The little scoundrel watches him to Touquet's, and thus his incognito is discovered. On this night, however, Urbain is prevented from going home by a violent tempest, and by the sudden return of the barber. Marguerite and Blanche persuade him to stop all night, and to share Blanche's bed. He complies, Marguerite retires, and his situation becomes somewhat embarrassing. He, however, discloses himself to Blanche, who, in the innocence of her heart, does not know how to act. She sees no harm in his staying, although he is a man, and yet has some indistinct notion of its impropriety. Her heart, full of sensibility, now finds an object for its affections, and she loves with all the intensity of a first passion. The whole of this scene is managed with extraordinary delicacy and skill. Urbain resolves to conduct himself like a man of honour—wavers—strengthens his resolution—wavers again—but is ultimately triumphant, when the danger is removed by the entrance of the barber, whom the meddling Chaudoreille has informed of his suspicions. Instead, however, of the violence which might have been expected from the barber, he listens to Urbain's explanation, and, as he sees the opportunity of getting Blanche off his hands, consents that they shall be married, on condition that they go immediately from Paris, to reside on a small estate which Urbain possesses in the country.

The happiness of the lovers now seems complete, but by the interposition of the mischievous Gascon, it is utterly thwarted. In the hope of making himself useful to the marquis, he tells him that Touquet has a beautiful girl secluded in his house, and, having roused the marquis's curiosity, proposes to carry her off; the plan is laid, and succeeds, and Blanche is spirited away to a chateau belonging to the marquis, the barber having been bought over by gold, the gaining which is his ruling passion. Urbain is distracted, and the agitation
of his mind, added to the exertions which he makes for the recovery of his mistress, bring on a fever, and he lies sick time enough to enable the marquis to conceal the place of his retreat. The Italian woman, whom the marquis has deserted to gratify his new passion, seeks vengeance for the wrong that has been done her. By the assistance of Chaudoreille, whom any one's money can buy, she learns the spot to which the marquis has gone, and, knowing the barber's early history, and having discovered proofs of his guilt, in an affair which is only obscurely hinted at, sets off with the Gascon for the chateau.

Urbain, having recovered, has reason to believe, from the manner of Blanche's disappearance, that she has been carried off by some nobleman, and, as he knows none but the Marquis de Villebelle, whom he wounded in the recontre we have mentioned, and who, upon that occasion, was so pleased with his conduct, that he promised him his protection, if it should ever become necessary, he repairs to the chateau, where the marquis is, wholly unsuspicious of his guilt. The marquis misleads him, and persuades him to seek Blanche in Italy, giving him, at the same time, money for his journey. By an accidental meeting with the Italian, this part of the plot is discovered, and Urbain stays, in the hope of effecting his mistress's rescue.

Poor Blanche, in the mean time, has resisted the marquis's attempts, and has succeeded in inspiring him with respect and regard, for which he is wholly at a loss to account. This infernal agent, the barber, mocks his scruples, and urges him to resort to violence. He enters Blanche's chamber by night, but her virtue is again triumphant, and he retires. He is sitting in his closet, with the barber, meditating a new attack, when the Italian, who has evaded the vigilance of his servants, appears before him. She openly avows that she is there for the vengeance which her soul thirsts after. She produces proofs which neither of the parties can doubt that Blanche is the daughter of the marquis, by a lady whom, through Tonquet's means, he had seduced, and who alone ever made an impression on his heart; and she follows up this appalling intelligence by convicting the barber of the murder of his own father, in whose care Blanche, then an infant, had been sent to Paris.

The marquis, in the first impulse of rage and horror, shoots the barber dead, and then flies to Blanche's chamber. She hears his footstep, and, fearing that he is come to renew his attacks upon her, resolves to prefer death to dishonour, and throws herself from the window of the chamber in which she is confined, to the lake. Urbain, who was watching in the park for the return of the Italian, hears the noise, rushes to the lake, and plunges in. The marquis comes round by another door. They succeed in bringing the body to the shore, but the spirit of the ill-fated girl had fled for ever.

With this event the novel ends, having excited a very powerful, but a very painful interest. The final blemish is, as we have before remarked, that the personages are made to act too little for themselves, and too much to bring about the plan of the author. He also sacrifices hastily, and even clumsily, any personage who happens to be in his way; but, notwithstanding these faults, we should say that, in this work, he has made the most successful attempt that his countrymen have yet witnessed, to emulate the style and manner of our own Scotch novels.
CAPTAIN HALL'S INTERVIEW WITH BUONAPARTE.*

The economists are right; the demand produces the supply; but, as M'Culloch says, woe to the speculator who is misled by unsupported statements. The cotton importers were recently a melancholy illustration of this truth; and we apprehend much, that our aristocratic bibliopoles, in turning number publishers, have taken the frothy declamation of national sycophants for candid expositions respecting the spirit of inquiry, or rather of reading, which is abroad. Undoubtedly the people are growing wiser—but still they read, we fear, much less than they might and ought to do. How can we help coming to this conclusion, since we find the number of cheap publications—deserving of support—which started so recently, now reduced to a solitary few, and even most of these few hardly paying, some of them absolutely losing concerns. The truth is, the determination of the "great houses" to become cheap number publishers, is another illustration of that axiom of economists which says, profits have an uncontrollable tendency to equalize.—Not long since, Mr. Kelly, of the "Row," held an office high in civic dignity; set up his coach, aspires to an aldermanic gown, and appears every way capable of giving turtle dinners and champagne to the city epicures. Yet Mr. Kelly is a number publisher, and it is very well known—and Mr. Kelly has good sense enough to pride himself, as he ought to do, upon it—that the ex-sheriff commenced business not many years since, in a very unpretending way. He has made, it would appear, comparatively speaking, "a fortune," by the number trade. Ergo, thought Mr. Murray, Mr. Longman, and Mr. Constable, the number trade must be more lucrative than publishing these never-to-be read dusty tomes; and, accordingly, each of those houses is entering upon the publication of cheap numbers. Mr. Murray and Mr. Longman's are to be sold for sixpence; but Mr. Constable, who is first in the field, charges a shilling, but gives certainly adequate value. Will they succeed? We can only say they ought; and the public may now see that nothing can prevent the diffusion of knowledge but an apathy among the people themselves—a refusal to read. Constable's Miscellany commences with Captain Hall's voyage to Chili; and, in the third number, we find the following original narrative of his interview with Buonaparte. Perhaps it is one of the best "notes" of conversation with that extraordinary man hitherto given to the public:

"Of course, nothing could engage our attention on arriving at this island so strongly as its wonderful inhabitant, Napoleon Buonaparte. For many weeks before, the probability of seeing him had engrossed the thoughts of every one on board in a degree which it is difficult to describe, and would hardly be credited by those who, from distance or other circumstances, never by any possibility could have been admitted to his presence. Whatever prejudices or opinions we might previously have entertained respecting his character, every former sentiment was now overwhelmed by the intense anxiety to see a man who had exercised such an astonishing influence over the destinies of mankind. The vivid interest recently excited in our minds by travelling into remote countries, and being the first to contemplate unknown nations, and a totally new state of manners, high though it had been, and universally felt, was feeble in comparison to what we now expe-

* Constable's Miscellany.
rienced, when conscious of being within so short a distance of such a man as Napoleon. I say this without the least affectation, but simply as a curious fact in the history of curiosity, if I may use so quaint an expression; by which every individual on board, high as well as low, was infinitely more occupied about this one man, than he had been with all the incidents of our singular voyage put together. Even those of our number who, from their situation, could have no chance of seeing him, caught the fever of the moment, and the most cold and indifferent person on board was roused on the occasion into unexpected excitement. If this were true of others, it was ten times more striking in the case of those who had any expectation of being admitted to an interview; and I landed with two gentlemen, who were passengers in my ship, in a state of greater anxiety than I ever experienced before or since.

"As I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the governor and his family, and had received an invitation to live at Plantation House, I calculated with some confidence on the assistance which this acquaintance would afford in forwarding the object in view. Before taking any steps, however, I waited upon the admiral to receive his orders for my further proceedings. He had no objections to my attempting to see Buonaparte, but gave me very slender hopes of success; and, on reaching the governor's country-house, I was much disappointed by finding that Buonaparte and he were on terms which rendered it impossible for him to request an interview for any stranger. He was kind, however, undertook to do all that was in his power; and immediately wrote a note to Captain Blakeney, the officer who was at that period in charge of Longwood, to say that I had just arrived from the Eastern Seas, and was desirous of waiting upon General Buonaparte, to whom my wishes were to be made known in the manner most likely to succeed.

"No answer came that evening; and I did not sleep a wink all night. A positive refusal would probably have had a different effect—the disappointment must have been submitted to; but this uncertainty was harassing and agitating in a degree which, though it surprised me a good deal at the time, I have since learned to consider perfectly natural: for I see abundant explanation of my anxiety and want of rest, on comparing what I feel now on the subject with the lasting regret I should inevitably have experienced had I failed, when so very near, to see the most remarkable man of the age.

"This night was succeeded by a still more anxious morning. After breakfast an answer came from Longwood to say, that my name had been mentioned to Buonaparte, as well as my desire of paying my respects to him; but it seemed he had not taken the slightest notice of the communication. Captain Blakeney added, that he thought it might be as well for me to come to Longwood, as Buonaparte might possibly choose to receive me if actually on the spot: I accordingly rode over, accompanied by my two companions.

"Dr. O'Meara and Captain Blakeney received us as we entered the grounds of Longwood, but gave us no hopes. Buonaparte, they were sorry to say, was not in a humour to see any one; he had not even mentioned my name; and in all probability did not choose to have the subject spoken of again. It was a pity, they said, that we had not been a few minutes sooner, as he had been walking in the garden, and we might at least have had the satisfaction of seeing him. Here was a fresh mortification, and we felt that we could have gone away contented and happy had we got but one glimpse of him, and have had it to say, or rather to feel and recollect, that so prodigious a meteor had not shot across the political sky of our times without arresting, if only for an instant, our actual observation.

"I have often heard this description and degree of curiosity called unreasonable, and have even known some people who said they would have cared mighty little to see Buonaparte; that in short they would hardly have crossed the street merely to see him. With such persons I can acknowledge no sympathy in this matter; and without fearing to lay myself open to the charge of trifling, I can assert with confidence, that no exertions I have ever made, have been nearly so well repaid by subsequent reflection, as those which have had for their object to get even a momentary view of distinguished men. This is most especially true in the case of Buonaparte; and it would be easy, were it not tedious and out of place, to explain, and, as I think, to justify all this.
Meanwhile we proceeded onwards to Count Bertrand's house, at the bottom of the gently sloping bank, on the western brow of which stood the dwelling of Buonaparte. Between the two houses lay a neat flower-garden, intersected by gravel walks, and enclosed by a low hedge: the immediate vicinity was distin-
guished from the surrounding bleak and desolate country by a few trees, dropped as if by accident in the desert. The Countess Bertrand received us in the midst of her family, in a small, low, uncomfortable apartment, which was rendered still more incommodious in consequence of some repairs in another part of the house, from whence the furniture had been removed; so that sofas, beds, and tables, were huddled together where they had no proper places. The good lady herself seemed to be suffering from toothache; the day was cold, and the scanty fire scarcely warmed the room; a little child was moaning in its mother's arms, and, in short, everything wore an air of discomfort. The person most concerned, however, appeared to be the least sensible of anything being wrong, and received us with smiles and kindness, and spared us all apology for the disorganized state of her establishment. Several very pretty children bearing the voices of strangers, came running in, and played merrily round us during all our stay, unconscious, poor little things, of the strange reverses of fortune under which their parents were suffering. The Countess appeared a remarkably lady-like person; and what was more to our purpose, spoke English perfectly well, and soon gained our good-will by the active interest she took in the object we had so much at heart, and on which alone we could think or speak. In a short time she had wrought herself into so much anxiety about our seeing the Emperor, that a stranger coming in might have thought she was one of the party who were endeavouring to see him for the first time. Her husband was also very obliging, and seemed willing to forward our views as much as lay in his power; but he partook little of the vi-
acity of his wife, and seemed upon the whole rather out of spirits, and not alto-
gther pleased with his situation. He described himself, indeed, as having suf-
fered considerably in health from the confinement and the insalubrious air of the climate.

After sitting for about half an hour chatting on various topics, but always coming round to the original subject which filled our thoughts, Count Bertrand caught some portion of the interest we felt, and in which his wife so strongly par-
ticipated. He said it was just possible the Emperor might admit us at all events he would wait upon him, to communicate our wishes, and return presently to let us know how he had fared in his mission. The interval was passed in a state of the utmost anxiety, and at every casual sound which we thought might be Count Bertrand's footstep, we started up, in expectation of a summons. Ma-
dame Bertrand meanwhile alternately consoled us, and rallied us upon our taking the matter so much to heart. Half an hour at least elapsed before we heard anything of his success; at length the door opened, and instead of the Grand Marshal himself, a servant entered and said he was desired to tell us, that the Emperor, on returning from his walk, had thrown off his coat, and lain down on the sofa: in short, that he did not choose to receive any visitors.

Here, then, was a termination to all our expectations; and we rose to take leave with a mixed feeling of regret at having lost the pleasure we had promised ourselves; some degree of provocation at Napoleon's cavalier treatment of us; and perhaps a little dash of self-reproach, for having given the whole affair such immense importance.

After mounting our horses, and riding away for about a quarter of a mile, it was recollected we had not seen Dr. O'Meara on leaving the grounds of Long-
wood; and, having heard that this gentleman was intimately acquainted with Buonaparte's disposition and habits, we turned our horses' heads back again, and found the doctor at the gate. He gave us little or no hopes of accomplishing a sight of Buonaparte by any means he could think of; and we were just coming away, when I chanced to mention my regret at not seeing the emperor, as I wished to ask about Brienne, where my father, Sir James Hall, had passed some time at the very period he was a student at the Military College there. Dr. O'Meara said, this materially altered the case; since Buonaparte took great in-
test in every circumstance relative to Brienne, however minute, and might very possibly have admitted me, had he known more particularly who I was. He
added, that Buonaparte had already made some inquiries respecting the Lyra's voyage to the east, but was not sufficiently interested by what he had heard to see me on that account alone; and that some further motive was wanting to induce him to afford me an audience. It was now, however, long past his usual hour of seeing company; and Dr. O'Meara recommended us to go away for the night, promising, if an opportunity occurred, to speak to him on the subject; and, if any thing encouraging took place, to inform the governor of it by telegraph. With this slender hope we again left Longwood: my friends took the direct road to James's Town, while I re-crossed the hills to Plantation House.

"We were greatly surprised next morning not to receive any telegraphic message, favourable or otherwise; but I kept my horse at the door, saddled, and all ready to start at a moment's warning. At one o'clock it was discovered that a signal had been made and duly received, more than an hour before, at the gate of Plantation House, to the following effect:—'General Buonaparte wishes to see Captain Hall at two o'clock.' The signal-man, knowing nothing of me, naturally conceived that I must be in James's Town, and repeated the signal to the fort, near the anchorage; so that it was not until the message had been transmitted back again from the town to Plantation House that I knew any thing of the matter.

"It was as much as I could now do to save my time, by galloping at the risk of my neck over the hills to Longwood; at the gate of which I found the other gentlemen, who had hurried from the ship on hearing of the signal. The Countess Bertrand, to whose house we were conducted, was unaffectedly delighted to hear the news. Her rooms were now all in order, the tooth-ache gone, and every thing wore a more smiling aspect than on the day before.

"The count informed us it was the emperor's desire that I should be introduced first, alone, and my companions afterwards. together. As I had been told of his impatient manner to those who understood French imperfectly, I requested General Bertrand to be present, in case I should happen not to understand what was said, or, from want of familiarity with the language, not be able to make myself understood. He assured me that there need be no difficulty on this head; and observed that I was quite mistaken in supposing the emperor at all impatient on such occasions; since, on the contrary, he was extremely considerate, and always ready to make allowances. Thus re-assured, I proceeded to an anti-room, where I waited for about ten minutes, till a servant announced that his majesty the emperor was ready to receive me.

"On entering the room, I saw Buonaparte standing before the fire, with his head leaning on his hand, and his elbow resting on the chimney-piece. He looked up, and came forward two paces, returning my salutation with a careless sort of a bow, or nod. His first question was, 'What is your name?' and, upon my answering, he said, 'Ah.—Hall—I knew your father when I was at the military College of Brienne—I remember him perfectly—he was fond of mathematics—he did not associate much with the younger part of the scholars, but rather with the priests and professors, in another part of the town from that in which we lived.' He then paused for an instant, and as he seemed to expect me to speak, I remarked, that I had often heard my father mention the circumstance of his having been at Brienne during the period referred to; but had never supposed it possible that a private individual could be remembered at such a distance of time, the interval of which had been filled with so many important events. 'Oh no,' exclaimed he, 'it is not in the least surprising; your father was the first Englishman I ever saw, and I have recollected him all my life on that account.'

"It may be right to mention here, that, although the conversation was carried on entirely in French, I prefer reporting it in English, as I can be certain of conveying the correct meaning in a translation, while I could hardly pretend to give the precise words in the original language—certainly not the exact turn of expression; and a false conception might therefore be formed of what passed. The notes from which this account is drawn up were made within a few hours after leaving Longwood, before I slept, or was engaged in any other occupation. But, in fact, the impression left upon my mind by the whole scene dwelt on my thoughts, to the exclusion of almost every thing else, for many days afterwards.
Capt. Hall's Interview with Buonaparte.

"In a few seconds after making this remark, Buonaparte asked, with a playful expression of countenance, as if amused with what he was saying, 'Have you ever heard your father speak of me?' I replied instantly, 'Very often.' Upon which he said, in a quick, sharp tone, 'What does he say of me?' The manner in which this was spoken seemed to demand an immediate reply, and I said that I had often heard him express great admiration of the encouragement he had always given to science while he was Emperor of the French. He laughed and nodded repeatedly, as if gratified by what was said.

"His next question was, 'Did you ever hear your father express any desire to see me?' I replied that I had heard him often say there was no man alive so well worth seeing, and that he had strictly enjoined me to wait upon him if ever I should have an opportunity. 'Very well,' retorted Buonaparte, 'if he really considers me such a curiosity, and is so desirous to see me, why does he not come to St. Helena for that purpose?' I was at first at a loss to know whether this question was put seriously or ironically; but as I saw him waiting for an answer, I said my father had too many occupations and duties to fix him at home. 'Has he any public duties? Does he fill a public station?' I told him, none of an official nature; but that he was President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the duties of which claimed a good deal of his time and attention. This observation gave rise to a series of inquiries respecting the constitution of the society in question. He made me describe the duties of all the office-bearers, from the president to the secretary, and the manner in which scientific papers were brought before the society's notice: he seemed much struck, I thought, and rather amused, with the custom of discussing subjects publicly at the meetings in Edinburgh. When I told him the number of members was several hundreds, he shook his head, and said, 'All these cannot surely be men of science!' When he had satisfied himself on this topic, he reverted to the subject of my father, and, after seeming to make a calculation, observed, 'Your father must, I think, be my senior by nine or ten years—at least nine—but I think ten. Tell me, is it not so?' I answered, that he was very nearly correct. Upon which he laughed and turned almost completely round on his heel, nodding his head several times. I did not presume to ask him where the joke lay, but imagined he was pleased with the correctness of his computation. He followed up his inquiries by begging to know what number of children my father had; and did not quit this branch of the subject till he had obtained a correct list of the ages and occupation of the whole family. He then asked, 'How long were you in France?' and, on my saying I had not yet visited that country, he desired to know where I had learned French. I said, from Frenchmen on board various ships of war. 'Were you the prisoner amongst the French,' he asked, or 'were they your prisoners?' I told him my teachers were French officers captured by the ships I had served in; he then desired me to describe the details of the chase and capture of the ships we had made prize of; but soon seeing that this subject afforded no point of any interest, he cut it short by asking me about the Lyra's voyage to the Eastern seas, from which I was now returning. This topic proved a new and fertile source of interest, and he engaged in it, accordingly, with the most astonishing degree of eagerness.

"The opportunities which his elevated station had given Napoleon of obtaining information on almost every subject, and his vast power of rapid and correct observation, had rendered it a matter of so much difficulty to place before him anything totally new, that I considered myself fortunate in having something to speak of beyond the mere commonplace of a formal interview. Buonaparte has always been supposed to have taken a particular interest in Eastern affairs; and from the avidity with which he seemed to devour the subject I gave him about Loo-Choo, China, and the adjacent countries, it was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his oriental predilections. A notion also prevails, if I am not mistaken, that his geographical knowledge of those distant regions was rather loose—a charge which, by the way, Buonaparte probably shares with most people. I was, therefore, not a little surprised to discover his ideas upon the relative situation of the countries in the China and Japan seas to be very distinct and precise. On my naming the island of Loo-Choo to him, he shook his head as if he had never heard of it before, and made me tell him how it bore from Canton, and what was the distance. He next asked its bearing with respect to Japan and
Manilla, by the intersection of which three lines, in his imagination, he appeared to have settled its position pretty accurately, since every observation he made afterwards appeared to imply a recollection of this particular point. For instance, when he spoke of the probability of the manners and institutions of the Loo-Chooans having been influenced by the interference of other countries, he drew correct inferences as far as geographical situation was concerned. Having settled where the island lay, he cross-questioned me about the inhabitants with a closeness—I may call it a severity of investigation—which far exceeds everything I have met with in any other instance. His questions were not by any means put at random, but each one had some definite reference to that which preceded it or was about to follow. I felt in a short time so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to have concealed or qualified the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalized the few points of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story."

"Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people, surprised even him a good deal; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much as their having no arms. 'Point d'armes!' he exclaimed, 'c'est à dire point de cannons—ils ont des fusils?' Not even muskets, I replied. ' Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au moins, des arcs et des fleches?' I told him they had neither one nor other. 'Ni poignards?' cried he, with increasing vehemence. No, none. 'Mais!' said Buonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch, 'Mais! sans armes, comment se bat-on?''

"I could only reply that, as far as we had been able to discover, they had never had any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace. 'No wars!' cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun without wars was a monstrous anomaly."

"In like manner, but without being so much moved, he seemed to discredit the account I gave him of their having no money, and of their setting no value upon our silver or gold coins. After hearing these facts stated, he mused for some time, muttering to himself, in a low tone, 'Not know the use of money!—are careless about gold and silver!' Then, looking up, he asked sharply, 'How, then, did you contrive to pay these strangest of all people for the bullocks and other good things which they seem to have sent on board in such quantities?' When I informed him that we could not prevail upon the people of Loo-Choo to receive payment of any kind, he expressed great surprise at their liberality, and made me repeat to him twice the list of things with which we were supplied by these hospitable islanders."

"I had carried with me, at Count Bertrand's suggestion, some drawings of the scenery and costume of Loo-Choo and Corea, which I found of use in describing the inhabitants. When we were speaking of Corea, he took one of the drawings from me, and, running his eye over the different parts, repeated to himself, 'An old man, with a very large hat and long white beard, ha!—a long pipe in his hand—a Chinese mat—a Chinese dress—a man near him writing—all very good, distinctly drawn.' He then required me to tell him where the different parts of these dresses were manufactured, and what were the different prices—questions I could not answer. He wished to be informed as to the state of agriculture in Loo Choo; whether they ploughed with horses or bullocks, how they managed their crops, and whether or not their fields were irrigated like those in China, where, as he understood, the system of artificial watering was carried to a great extent. The climate, the aspect of the country, the structure of the houses and boats, the fashion of their dresses, even to the minutest particular in the formation of their straw sandals and tobacco-pouches, occupied his attention. He appeared considerably amused at the pertinacity with which they kept their women out of our sight; but repeatedly expressed himself much pleased with Captain Maxwell's moderation and good sense, in forbearing to urge any point upon the natives which was disagreeable to them, or contrary to the laws of their country. He
Capt. Hall's Interview with Buonaparte.

asked many questions respecting the religion of China and Loo Choo, and appeared well aware of the striking resemblance between the appearance of the Catholic priests and the Chinese bonzes; a resemblance which, as he remarked, extends to many parts of the religious ceremonies of both. Here, however, as he also observed, the comparison stops; since the bonzes of China exert no influence whatsoever over the minds of the people, and never interfere in their temporal or eternal concerns. In Loo Choo, where every thing else is so praiseworthy, the low state of the priesthood is as remarkable as in the neighbouring continent; an anomaly which Buonaparte dwelt upon for some time without coming to any satisfactory explanation."

"With the exception of a momentary fit of scorn and incredulity when told that the Loo-Chooans had no wars or weapons of destruction, he was in a high good humour while examining me on these topics. The cheerfulness, I may almost call it familiarity, with which he conversed, not only put me quite at ease in his presence, but made me repeatedly forget that respectful attention with which it was my duty, as well as my wish on every account, to treat the fallen monarch. The interest he took in topics which were then uppermost in my thoughts, was a natural source of fresh animation in my own case; and I was thrown off my guard more than once, and unconsciously addressed him with an unwarrantable degree of freedom. When, however, I perceived my error, and, of course, checked myself, he good-humouredly encouraged me to go on in the same strain, in a manner so sincere and altogether so kindly, that I was in the next instant as much at my ease as before.

"What do these Loo-Choo friends of yours know of other countries?" he asked. I told him they were acquainted only with China and Japan. 'Yes, yes,' continued he; 'but of Europe? What do they know of us?' I replied, 'They know nothing of Europe at all; they know nothing about France or England; neither,' I added, 'have they ever heard of your majesty.' Buonaparte laughed heartily at this extraordinary particular in the history of Loo-Choo, a circumstance, he may well have thought, which distinguished it from every other corner of the known world.

"I held in my hand a drawing of Sulphur Island, a solitary and desolate rock in the midst of the Japan sea. He looked at it for a moment, and cried out, 'Why, this is St. Helena itself.' When he had satisfied himself about our voyage, or, at least, had extracted every thing I could tell him about it, he returned to the subject which had first occupied him, and said in an abrupt way, 'Is your father an Edinburgh reviewer?' I answered, that the names of the authors of that work were kept secret, but that some of my father's works had been criticised in the journal alluded to. Upon which, he turned half round on his heel towards Bertrand, and, nodding several times, said with a significant smile, 'Ha! ha!' as if to imply his perfect knowledge of the distinction between author and critic. "Buonaparte then said, 'Are you married?' And, upon my replying in the negative, continued: 'Why not? What is the reason you don't marry?' I was somewhat at a loss for a good answer, and remained silent. He repeated his question, however, in such a way, that I was forced to say something, and told him I had been too busy all my life; besides which, I was not in circumstances to marry. He did not seem to understand me, and again wished to know why I was a bachelor. I told him I was too poor a man to marry. 'Aha!' he cried, 'I now see—want of money—no money—yes, yes!' and laughed heartily; in which I joined, of course, though, to say the truth, I did not altogether see the humorous point of the joke.

"The last question he put related to the size and force of the vessel I commanded; and then he said, in a tone of authority, as if he had some influence in the matter, 'You will reach England in thirty-five days;' a prophecy, by the by, which failed miserably in the accomplishment, as we took sixty-two days, and were nearly starved into the bargain. After this remark, he paused for about a quarter of a minute, and then making me a slight inclination of his head, wished me a good voyage, and, stepping back a couple of paces, allowed me to retire.

"My friends, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Harvey, were now presented to him. He put some civil common-place questions; and, after an audience of a few minutes, dismissed them.
"Buonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square; larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though at this period it was generally believed in England, that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct: he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions; and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It was impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health and a mind at ease."

THE ORANGEMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITEBOY."

"Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd;
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's---an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."—LALLA ROOKH.

On St. Patrick's day, 1798, the congregation had just turned out of their neat chapel at Bree, when two youthful travellers, well mounted, passed through the village, and held their course down the lonely and uninteresting road, which traverses the bleak district that intervenes between the towns of Enniscorthy and Taghmon, in the county of Wexford. Mine host of the "Brien Boru," perhaps displeased at their not stopping to taste his viands, shook his head significantly, and observed, with a peculiar expression of gravity in his countenance, that they were no friends to Ireland; for they showed a marked contempt for St. Patrick, inasmuch as they carried neither shamrock in their hat nor whiskey in their stomachs.

"Troth, an' your just right, Jim, a-vick," said a bystander; "for the spalpeen on the bay mare, who sits on his saddle like a garson riding a stick, is no other than Silly Sparrow—Limping Sil, as they call 'im, of Enniscorfy, the biggest Orangeman in the county Wexford, barren Archy Jacob 'imself, an' is, to boot, as great an enemy ov us Romans as ' Tom the devil "imself."

* Thomas Honan, a sergeant in the North Cork militia, remarkable for the atrocious cruelties committed by him on the peasantry in '98.
"Ugh! then, if that's the case," ejaculated the landlord, "I wish I had 'im on top o' the hill yonder, an' nobody by but our own two selves; troth, I'd make prashogh ov 'is bones, the thievin' villain. But who's that along wid 'im?"

"Oh! musha, who wud't be but a chip o' the same block; a nur-therin' Orangeman, to be sure!"

"Faith, an' if that's the case," said the landlord, "I hope they won't overtake the gentle man who's gone afore 'em; for he looks as if he'd as soon not meet any body. Betune ourselves, I'm thinkin' he's somebody any how, for he axed me mighty odd questions."

"Hold your tongue, you booby!" exclaimed mine hostess, "an' keep your secrets to yourself; and may be, you'd be taken your body out o' the way, and lettin' the people be after commin' in to drown their shamrock."

This was prudent counsel and politic advice; and, as the proprietor of the Brien Boru stood in respectful awe of his spouse, he obeyed, and withdrew to a sunny corner, to indulge his garrulity with men as idle and as talkative as himself.

In the mean time, the friendly travellers were proceeding leisurely along the road. The absence of picturesque views, and the stillness of the scene through which they passed, occasioned by the day being kept holy, had but little effect upon minds unaccustomed to derive pleasure from any thing but those tangible objects, which the vulgar and the learned are in the habit of discussing pretty much alike. Mutually pleased with each other, they talked and laughed boisterously and incessantly, cut with their whips at the boys whose hats were ornamented with the trefoil, and threatened to shoot a sturdy peasant, who refused to remove that emblem of Ireland from the buttonhole of his coat. Having, at length, exhausted what they considered to be wit, they pushed on rather smartly, and soon overtook a solitary equestrian, apparently travelling in the same direction as themselves. The stranger was wrapped up in a great coat, his hat pressed closely down upon his forehead, and a large handkerchief concealed the lower part of his face; still, enough of his countenance was visible to impress our travellers with respect,—it looked cheerful and dignified, and indicated a man of some two score years.

"You travel our road, sir?" said Mr. Sparrow.

"So it appears," replied the stranger; "but I am too indifferently mounted, that is, my horse has travelled too far this morning, for me to expect the honour of your company."

"By no means," returned Sil; "the day is young, and loyal men, at a time like this, ought to keep together. Did you come far, sir?"

"Somewhat more than twenty miles," replied the stranger, casting an inquisitive look, mingled with disdain, at the interrogator.

"And how far have you to go?"

"Less than twenty miles more," was the reply.

"And how far more have we to go, Jachan?" he inquired of his companion.

"Why, let me see," responded Jachan, "Taghmon is five miles off; Dunmore five miles below Taghmon." After a pause, "About nine miles and three quarters."

"Then, sir," said Sil, turning to the stranger, who had embedded
his chin still deeper in his cravat, "if you take our road, we shall be glad of your company."

"You are extremely obliging, gentlemen," the stranger acknowledged with a bow, "for, to a traveller, company is highly desirable on a road like this."

"True, sir, true," returned Sil; "the times are dangerous."

"I alluded not to the times, but the scene."

"Oh, as for the scene," rejoined Sil, "twould do very well to shoot snipes in, only loyal men have now enough to do in shooting croppies, the rascals."

"Do you indulge much in such pastime?" inquired the stranger coolly.

"Oh, by the gingo, he does," replied his companion: "we were out every night last week, down in the Macamores."

"Tut tut," said Sil, "you saw nothing; we burned, last week, only three chapels, a score cabins, and flogged—how many croppies?"

"Fifty, I think," replied Jachan.

"You deserve well of the present government, gentlemen," observed the stranger; "and the country, I hope, will learn wisdom from your proceedings."

"Why, hang it," said Sil, "the government must feel grateful, and, as for the country, 'twill never do any good till the Papists are routed out of it. Only look round you, and see the dreadful effects of Popery."

"Of Popery!"

"Of nothing else in the world; like a mildew, it turns everything it touches into butter-milk, as Matt Crosha says."

"Why," said the stranger, "surely it did not impose sterility upon these stony fields, on each side?"

"There can be little doubt of it," rejoined Sil; "for wherever you see a good bit of ground in the country, you are sure to find a loyal Protestant living on it. Ergo, as the boys say in school, Protestantism must be the best religion, since it makes men prosperous. That is Mat Crosha's opinion."

"A logical conclusion, truly," said the stranger, smiling, "then it follows, of course, that there are no loyalists living on each side of this road."

"Why, I can't say," replied Sil. "What think you, Mr. Lett?"

"I should think not," was Mr. Lett's reply; "for there is very little else than Popery from this to the Ladies'-island."

"What a pity!" ejaculated the stranger; but whether in seriousness or jest, it was hard to tell.

"It is, indeed, a pity," rejoined Mr. Lett, "though," he continued, in the honest sincerity of his nature, "I thought them all loyal, until I lately visited my friends in Enniscorthy."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, with some earnestness; "and may I inquire what caused you to alter your opinion?"

"A thousand things. I was introduced—"

"We inoculated him," interrupted Sil Sparrow; "we made a loyal man of him at widow Sly's."

"And persuaded him," said the stranger, "that every one of his Catholic neighbours have sworn to cut the throats of all the Protestants in the country."
“Oh, I’m quite convinced of that,” said Jachan Lett, “and, on my return home, I shall take measures to guard against their machinations. I’ll open a club at Dunmore.”

“Then you live near Dunmore?”

“At Narristown, half-a-mile on this side of it.”

“Then you know Captain Meyler?”

“Well: he’s an honest, warm-hearted, harmless Papist; but his brother, Robert, who is to be a priest—when I’m Pope, is a very different kind of fellow. There’s a Jesuit in his kin, and a rebel in his very nature; but we’ll settle him—won’t we, Sil?”

“You may rest assured of it, Jachan, the Enniscorthy Scaler,* will be a match for him.”

“I wish you the success your cause merits, gentlemen,” said the stranger.

By this time the travellers had ascended the hill which overlooks Taghmon, and Sil Sparrow, who had never ventured five miles out of his native town before, was filled with a delightful kind of amazement. The scene which here burst upon their sight was at once picturesque and grand. A highly cultivated champagne country, now clothed in the lively livery of spring, studded with happy habitations, and surrounded by trees, extends from Taghmon to St. George’s Channel. The borough of Ballytiege rose like a white barrier, prohibiting the nearer approach of the ocean, while the twin islands, called the Saltees, appeared to float upon the surface of the waves, which, in their neighbourhood, was covered with the white sails of the Kilmore fishermen. To the right was seen, through a transparent haze, the white town of Featherd, apparently rising out of the bosom of the waters, while many a merchantman in the distance, was to be seen scudding away before the breeze. Sil, who for the first time beheld the ocean, could, like the Grecians, on a similar occasion, have indulged in boisterous transports of delight, for, though neither painter nor poet, he had, in common with other men, a soul which, true to the Divinity who formed it, never fails to intimate its undefined pleasure, when it may be said to stand, for the first time, in the presence of nature’s magnificent creations. The sight appeared also to gratify the stranger, but not in an equal degree; and Jachan Lett was pleased with the prospect of speedily reaching his home.

The stranger, having intimated his intention of dining in Taghmon, his fellow travellers bade him good day, and rode on.

“Do you know,” said Silly Sparrow, as they passed Coolcull, “I didn’t more than half like that fellow—he looks like a Popish priest.”

“Oh, nonsense!” returned Lett; “he is a gentleman, at any rate.”

“The devil may care” said Lett, “we are loyal men, and don’t care a brass farthing about him, only you should have said nothing about the lodge; but that’s true,—we’re loyal men, and on the right side.”

“Very true, Sil,” said Jachan Lett.

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* A term of reproach, applied to the natives of Enniscorthy.
CHAP. II.

Narristown, which our travellers were now approaching, stands upon a gentle elevation above the winding river that waters and ornaments the little village of Dunmore, before it is lost on the wide-spreading piece of water which covers several thousand acres inside of that noisy aperture, in the borough of Ballyteige, called the Bar of Lough. The grounds were highly cultivated; and, judging from the quantity of trees that enveloped the dwelling-houses—for there were two—a stranger would be inclined to suppose Narristown the residence of more consequential proprietors than Joss Lett, and his sister-in-law, the widow Lett. But, on closer inspection, it would soon appear that Narristown was the residence of a higher order of Bargie farmers only. This was indicated by more than one object. There was, evidently, more comfort than generally surrounds the lordly habituation of the mere country gentleman, who, in spite of his annual thousands, and his anxiety to support his rank, is too often beset with the attributes of poverty. There is a cold splendour—a gaudy grandeur—a kind of theatrical opulence, far less estimable than the less refined, but more substantial possessions of a "Barney forth" or Bargie farmer. To support his title to superiority in this honourable rank of yeomen, was the business and ambition of Joss Lett's life. Mere show he disclaimed; but still he found it either necessary or desirable to retain in his "haggard" many a stack of wheat and barley, whose black and often-repaired thatch bespoke an endurance of some six or seven years. The lime-kiln was built on the road side, perhaps for convenience, but apparently from a pardonable ostentation; for in it the fire was never extinguished, and it was observed by more than one of Joss's neighbour's, that his ditches in the same quarter were far better planted, and the fields far better fenced, than those in the less conspicuous part of the farm. Still, a narrow beaghareen—not because Joss was parsimonious, but because he was homely—led up to the farmhouses. The entrance was by no means devoid of rural beauty. A stately bolting-mill, embosomed in trees, stood on the opposite side of the river, that is, on the road side; and, to obviate the want of a bridge, a large oak plank spanned the stream, and served to expedite foot passengers, without wetting their feet. Those on horseback, it was observed by Joss, with a self-satisfied smile, could ride across—or let it alone. On either side towered here and there a rugged elm, while the thickly-planted crab-trees, as they leaned over the road, showed the influence of the sea-breeze. At the termination of this little avenue, if it can be so called, stood the out-offices, loaded with thatch; and a gate on either hand, led to the dwelling-houses, very similar in their appearance and construction, both being slated. That on the right conducted you to the widow's, and that on the left to Joss's, where, in the perfection of Irish hospitality, every one was welcome, without invitation. The bawn presented a heavy but not very picturesque sight. The dunghill, it is true, was ordered to the rear; but still, as the cows were milked before the door, certain indications of uncleanness remained, in spite of the white-washed walls and the sentinel-like pump.

The proprietor was to be seen at home and abroad in the same dress, and with the self-same staff in his hand. It had been a heir-
loom in his family, and showed, in its variable colours and polished ivory top, that it had seen service. It was often debated over the public-house fire in Dunmore, whether Joss loved his staff or snuff-box best, and always without the discussion being satisfactorily concluded. Both were now become necessary to his existence; and, judging from the fashion of his clothes, they appeared, like his staff, to be hereditary habiliments. His hat had a certain dimension of brim, very friendly in its appearance, but rendered quite convenient by the number of cocks time and the collar of Joss's coat had given it. Beneath it appeared a grisly and fox-coloured wig, unconscious of the barber's superintendence; but still it corresponded admirably with the remainder of the good farmer's dress. His coat, breeches, and waistcoat, were all of one colour—a sooty brown. The latter garment had a pair of flaps that descended upon the wearer's thighs, and, if they served no other purpose, preserved his indispensables from the showers of Landyfoot which were perpetually descending, from the carelessness with which he administered the pungent gratification to his olfactory organ. Over all these fell the loose great-coat, the sleeves of which dangled carelessly on each side like those of a modern hussar: and, not to forget what Joss was very partial to, a pair of pumps, half brogues half shoes, concealed and comforted his ample feet. Such was Joss Lett—externally a very fair sample of the Bargie farmers, thirty years since.

Joss had a very proper opinion of his own wisdom. In politics he bordered upon the radical; for he hated tithes and taxes, and cared little what king reigned. But in religion he was particularly liberal: apparently, unable to judge which creed was best, he professed no one; but allowed his children, Jachan and Sally, to attend church, though his family were originally Quakers, and he had, on one or two occasions, himself gone to a meeting of friends at Eniscorthy: perhaps he might have done so more frequently, had there been a place of assembly nearer home. Though on the most friendly footing with Catholics and Protestants, he liked the priest better than the minister; and, though he never paid his tithe but in kind, he always filled father Colfer's bag; when that venerable and eccentric friar came into the country to collect alms for his very opulent convent at Wexford. In return for this liberality, Joss always found a welcome reception, and good "home-brewed" ale, whenever he visited town, which was about once in every six months: the friars vied with each other in doing him honour.

Joss was a very wise man, though he had forgotten all he had ever learned in school: he could write his own name, and that he found quite enough of penmanship for all the business of life. Still he valued education highly, but thought quite enough of "larning" was to be acquired at a village school; for it was with much difficulty he could be persuaded to let Sally spend twelve months at a boarding-school, with her cousin, Rebecca Lett, the daughter of the widow, who was just as much of a Quaker as her brother-in-law. Jachan's education was, consequently, very imperfect; but his intercourse with the better sort of young men in the neighbourhood had imparted to his mind a large portion of that polish, which, about this time, made its way into the rural districts of Ireland.

Joss, like other men, had his liking: and his partialities. Mon
White brought him the foreign and domestic news once or twice a week, and, in return, absorbed a reasonable quantity of the farmer's ale. But the guest who pleased him most, was Captain Meyler, who, since his return from America, had been an every-day guest at Narristown, without ever having excited Joss's apprehension for the heart of his lovely daughter. The neighbours thought him wilfully blind, as to the probable consequences of an intimacy between a gay young soldier and a sprightly unsophisticated girl of nineteen.

On the evening in question, the captain had returned from the village of Dunmore, with Sally under one arm, and Rebecca under the other, just as the heir of Narristown, and his friend, Silly Sparrow, had arrived. Joss welcomed the stranger in his usual language, being a mixture of that spoken in the barony of Forth, and vulgar English, "Ich (I) am glad to see thee by (boy)," said he, "get in the cuineal (corner) and heat (warm) thy sill (self)."

Sil did not exactly comprehend his meaning, but as he was always in the habit of "making himself at home," he took his seat, very politely, by the side of the fire, in the neatly sanded parlour. In a few minutes tea and slims were ready, and the evening was spent in making enquiries respecting friends in Enniscorthy.

About nine o'clock Captain Meyler stood up to depart; but, before he had bid his friends good-night, two horsemen were heard galloping into the bawn. Instantly the parlour-door flew open, and the Rev. Mr. Horseshaw entered in the utmost agitation.

"Mr. Lett," he said, "you are a loyal man."
"Umph!" said Joss.

"I charge you, in the king's name, to aid and assist me, one of his majesty's justices of the peace, in apprehending a traitor."

The ladies were alarmed, and Sally drew near Captain Meyler; while Sil Sparrow was poised upon his left leg, it being the longest and best.

"I say a traitor," continued the reverend magistrate.
"Lourd bless ous!" ejaculated Joss.
"One Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said Mr. Horseshaw.
"Lord Edward Fitzgerald?" repeated Captain Meyler, in surprise.
"The same, sir. Being in Wexford to-day, I learnt that he has absconded, and that a large reward is offered for his apprehension."
"Good God!" said the captain; "my worthy friend!"
"If he be your friend," returned the magistrate, sneeringly, "perhaps you will be glad to see him; he is not far off; for myself and servant encountered him not ten minutes since, a little beyond the mill. Being unprepared, he made his escape, by knocking me off my horse, and shooting my servant through the head."
"Gude bless ous!" again ejaculated Joss.
"Did he wear a large great-coat?" inquired Jachan and Sill, in the same breath.
"He did."
"And a handkerchief over his chin?"
"Precisely."
"Then," said Jachan, "tie the very man we travelled with; he rode a grey horse?"
"Exactly."
"What sized man might he be?" inquired Captain Meyler.
"Of large stature, full six feet and a half high," replied Jachan.
"Then rest assured it is not Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said the
captain, in exultation.
"Allow us," said the magistrate, "to believe our own eyes, in
preference to the testimony of a friend, on such an emergency. I call upon
you," he continued, "to aid and assist me in executing my duty."
"Umpf!" said Joss; "if it would place you equally as well,
we'd as soon let it alone. Mon White, in the kitchen corneal, may go
if he likes; but what harm if this Lord what-you-call'im would save
his neck from the gallows?"
"Shame, father," said Jachan; then, turning to Mr. Horsseshaw,
he continued, "I've been made a loyal man in Enniscorthy, and will
aid and assist."
"Whust, you blaggard!" cried Joss, "and let us have none o'
your nonsense."
"I tell you, father," answered Jachan, "I am an admitted
Orangeman, and will aid the loyal cause against Papists and traitors."
Joss raised his hands in amazement, the young ladies trembled,
and Captain Meyler smiled.
"Wont you come, sir?" inquired the magistrate of Mr. Sparrow.
Sil replied in the affirmative, and accordingly the three left the
parlour.
"I must follow," said Captain Meyler; "perhaps this affair con-
cerns me personally."

THE CRITIC.—NO. 1.

BY RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ.

GENTLE reader, I am no snarling critic—no Zoilns, who would
find fault with an Iliad. There is no gall in my composition—no
raking discontent within me, to make me look through a false me-
dium at the world, and the genius which ennobles and delights it.—
"Whatever is, is best," with a slight qualification, is my creed; for
I every day see good proceeding from evil, like mushrooms spring-
ing up from the filthy odours of a heated dunghill. Could I print
my face, you would at once recognise me for a hearty good fellow;
while the amplitude of my forehead, and the stern intelligence of my
eye, could not fail to impress you with a very great deference for my
opinions. My countryman, Mr. Shee, has painted my portrait,
and, in his wonted fashion, he has pictured the mind in the face;
but, if you cannot call upon the artist, I shall state one fact, which
must convince you, that authors have nothing to fear from my ill-natu-
re;—I never sit down to write until I have first dined. Is not this
a good guarantee for the impartiality of my criticism? Who could
give pain to a human being with half a dozen of port—next to whis-
key, I like port best—beneath the lining of his waistcoat? Not one.
The Quarterly articles may be classed anti and post dinner ones. The
first betrays the state of the writer's digestive organs, and the others
evince a bloated stomach; the former is irascible, the latter inflated.
Ergo—the censure of the Quarterly is abortive, and its praise ill-
judged.

The operation of physical causes is likewise observable in the
Edinburgh Review. The Rev. Sydney Smith's articles are always
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distinguished by an excess of good-nature, created by good wine;—it
is quite evident that the writer had dined; and the same may be said
of Jeffrey's Literary Essays; but you cannot peruse a single page of
M'Culloch's Repetitions without being fully persuaded, that they were
 penned before breakfast—before the worm was satisfied. There is
all the narrowness of Scotch economy about them; while they betray,
from beginning to end, that disagreeable littleness of mind which is
found only in men who are in the habit of practising self-denial. I
would bet a round dozen, that M'Culloch was never drunk like a
gentleman a dozen times in his life!

There are circumstances, however, beside an empty stomach,
which dispose men to ill-nature—to be hypercritical—to evince the
quantity of bile that threw them into the critical fever. Such, for
instance, as a gadding wife—or, may be, a school. Your schoolmas-
ter is always an irritable animal—vide the article in the Edinburgh on
Dr. Lingard's History of England, written by Doctor Allen, of Dul-
wich College.

But still, the stomach is the critic's barometer. Look at the West-
minster Review. The writers are all radicals—all water-drinkers!—
Does not this fact prove my theory. Here, then, Pat, you scoun-
drel, tell Mrs. O'Rourke to send me another bottle. Now let me go
methodically through this pile of new books before me. Plenty of
trash amongst them, but let me select the best.

The Golden Violet. *—Sweet songstress of Cockney land, thou
art young, beautiful, and talented—be-praised, but not spoiled; for,
dear girl, thou hast already learned how insubstantial is that praise
which the silly and the selfish administer,† and, no doubt, thou art
by this time persuaded, that wreaths of laurel are neither as becoming
nor as graceful as those clusters of natural curls which play upon
thy thoughtful brow. But be not dismayed,—the age of chivalry has
not departed; there are bright swords and warm hearts that would
still assist the cause of innocent women; but the reptiles who have
hissed at thy fair fame, owe their security to their insignificance.;
Were they gentlemen, I should chastise them myself.

† Now, although Mr. Jordan, editor of the Literary Gazette, has been the
most copious in his panegyrics on Miss Landon's poetry, it does not appear that
his encomiums were sincere. He certainly assigned her a pre-eminence to
which she was not entitled; but, unlike many of his cotemporaries, his opinions
have been consistent, and, if he erred, it appears to be only in judgment; and it
must be admitted, that here his error has the merit of being amiable. Of Mr.
Jordan I know nothing personally. He once damned a little work of mine; but
still, I must say, that there are as many good qualifications about Mr. Jordan as
ever I knew a critic to possess; he has uniformly been the first to do justice to
obscure merit, and I could, from my own knowledge, enumerate many instances
of his disinterested services in this respect. The talented Irishman who wrote
under the nom de guerre of Fitzadam, found in Mr. Jordan a warm admirer,
when none other would notice his productions; and, I believe, the Literary
Gazette was the first to bring the author of Dartmoor honourably before the
public. Such conduct is entitled to praise; and I have yet to learn, if the Exa-
miner newspaper, whose enmity to Mr. Jordan is personal, has done as much.
† I am grieved to say, that one of the most conspicuous of Miss Landon's
L. E. L., alias Miss Landon, is a very young girl, who writes pretty poetry, but—no; I shall not find fault; I once described her style as "sing sang song," but then the article in which this occurs was written before dinner. It was not just. Her poetry is at least full of images, beautiful and poetical; and, though her muse is not under the constraint of Moore's, nor so sedate as Hemans's, be it remembered, that L. E. L. is not twenty years of age! Only think of that while you are perusing the volume before me, and you are a clay-cold-hearted mortal if you do not admit that the lovely authoress is an extraordinary girl—a talented girl, and one from whom much may be expected. With the exception of a little fatiguing monotony in her style of versification, the poetry of her Golden Violet will be perused with much delight, by those who have souls capable of appreciating that beautiful imagery which Miss Landon's muse scatters around with graceful profusion.

"The title of the Golden Violet," says Miss Landon, "is taken from the festival alluded to in the close of the Troubadour. There are various accounts of the origin of this metrical composition; the one from which my idea was principally taken, is that mentioned by Warton." To Warton, therefore, I refer the reader for further particulars, merely observing, that the Golden Violet is the prize for which the minstrels of the different nations contend, at a festival held on the 1st of May, in Provence. The court is filled with troubadours from Italy, minnesingers from Germany, minstrels from France, and bards from Ireland and Scotland:

"Sunny and blue was the minstrel's eye,
Like the lake when noontide is passing by;
And his hair fell down in its golden rings,
As bright and as soft as his own harp-strings;
Yet with somewhat wild upon lip and cheek,
As forth the enthusiast spirit would break,
To wander at times through earth and air,
And feed upon all the wonders there.
A changeful prelude his light notes rung,
As remembering all they had ever sung:
Now the deep numbers rolled along,
Like the fiery sweep of a battle song;
Now sad, yet bold, as those numbers gave
Their last farewell to the victor's grave;
Then was it soft and low, as it brought
The depths of the maiden's lovelorn thought:—
Harp of Erin! hath song a tone
Not to thy gifted numbers known?—
But the latest touch was light and calm,
As the voice of a hymn, the night-falling balm;
Holy and sweet, as its music were given
Less from a vision of earth than of heaven."
A very pretty description of an Irish bard; but let us listen to his Legend of O'Donoghue:

"Rose up the young moon; back she flung
The veil of clouds that o'er her hung:
Thus would fair maiden fling aside
Her bright curls in their golden pride;
On pass'd she through the sky of blue,
Lovelier as she pass'd it grew;
At last her gentle smiles awake
The silence of the azure lake.
Lighted to silver, waves arise,
As conscious of her radiant eyes.
Hark! floats around it music's tone,
Such, when the sighing night-wind grieves.

Amid the rose's ruby leaves,
Conscions the nightingale is nigh.
That too soon his reluctant wing
Must rival song and rival sigh
To his own fair flower bring;
Such as the lute, touch'd by no hand
Save by an angel's, wakes and weeps;
Such is the sound that now to land
From the charmed water sweeps.

Around the snowy foam-wreaths break,
The spirit band are on the lake.
First, a gay train form'd of the hues
Of morning skies and morning dews:
A saffron-light around them play'd,
As eve's last cloud with them delay'd;
Such tints, when gazing from afar,
The dazed eye sees in midnight star.
They scatter'd flowers, and the stream
Grew like a garden, each small billow
Shining with the crimson gleam
The young rose flung upon its pillow;
And from their hands, and from their hair,
Blossoms and odours fill'd the air;
And some of them bore wreathed shells,
Blush-dyed, from their coral cells,
Wherein the gale at twilight brought
The earliest lesson music caught:
And gave they now the sweetest tone,
That unto sea-born lyre was known;
For they were echoes to the song
That from spirit lips was fleeting,
And the wind bears no charm along
Such as the shell and voices meeting.
On pass'd they to the lulling tune,
Meet pageant for the lady moon.
A louder sweep the music gave:
The chieftain of the charmed wave,
Graceful upon his steed of snow,
Rises from his blue halls below;
And rode he like a victor knight
Thrice glorious in his arms of light.

But, oh! the look his features bear
Was not what living warriors wear;
The glory of his piercing eye
Was not that of mortality;
Earth's cares may not such calm allow,
Man's toil is written on his brow;
But here the face was passionless,
The holy peace of happiness,
With that grave pity spirits feel
In watching over human woe;
An awful beauty round him shone
But for the good to look upon.
Close by his side a maiden rode,
Like spray her white robe round her flow'd;
No rainbow hues about her clung,
Such as the other maidens flung;
And her hair hath no summer crown,
But its long tresses, floating down,
Are like a veil of gold, which cast
A sunshine to each wave that past.
She was not like the rest: her cheek
Was pale and pure as moonlight snows;
Her lip had only the faint streak
The bee loves in the early rose;
And her dark eye had not the blue
The others had clear, wild, and bright;
But floating starry, as it drew
Its likeness from the radiant night;
And more she drew my raised eye
Than the bright shadows passing by;
A meeker air, a gentler smile,
A timid tenderness the while,
Held sympathy of heart, and told
The lady was of earthly mould.
Blush'd the first blush of coming day,
Faded the fairy band away.
They pass'd, and only left behind
A lingering fragrance on the wind,
And on the lake, their haunted home,
One long white wreath of silver foam.
Heard I, in each surrounding vale,
What was that mortal maiden's tale:
Last of her race, a lonely flower,
She dwelt within their ruin'd tower.
Orphan, without one link to bind
Nature's affection to her kind!
She grew up a neglected child,
As pure, as beautiful, as wild,
As the field-flowers which were for years
Her only comrades and compères.
Time pass'd, and she, to woman grown,
Still, like a wood-bird, dwelt alone.
Save that, beside a peasant's hearth,
Tales of the race which gave her birth
Would sometimes win the maiden's ear;
And once, in a worst hour of fear,
When the red fever raged around,
Her place beside the cooeh was found
Of sickness; and her patient care,
And soothing look, and holy prayer,
And skill in herbs, had power sublime
Upon the sufferer's weary time:
But, saving these, her winter day
Was pass'd within the ruins grey;
And ever summer noons were spent
Beside the charmed lake, and there
Her voice its silver sweetness sent
To mingle with the air.
Thus time pass'd on. At length, one
day
Beside her favourite haunt she lay,
When rush'd some band who wish'd to
make
Her prisoner for her beauty's sake.

This, surely, deserved the prize; and, as the fair minstrel has left the decision to her readers, my countrymen, no doubt, will allot the golden violet to the Bard of Erin.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor.*—How disagreeable, after having parted with a young lady all smiles and loveliness, to meet with that personification of male misery, an old bachelor. Nothing could warp this fellow into even a momentary happiness; nor wine, nor any thing else, could ever make him gay; he moves about, a kind of living knome—unhappy himself, and endeavouring to destroy the happiness of others. He Comes like a blight upon the pastimes of the young, and a shadow upon the enjoyments of the old. He is of a class sui generis, and can hardly be said to claim relationship with either sex,—both abhor him; and, why not? Just hear how the bear grows:

"Why is it that I am pensive in the heart of gaiety, dull amid all the bustle and energy of life, isolated among thousands? The answer is plain, easy, and intelligible: I am an old bachelor in the middle of London. I live on from day to day, and from year to year, in a horrible monotonous routine, without possessing one single human object of solicitude, and as little cared for myself as I care about others. In my time, I have liked many, disliked more, and despised more still; hated one, and loved one. Those whom it is customary to call friends I have long ago lost; and I now stand alone in this wide reckless region of humanity. I have no friend—I pay attention to few—for none do I entertain affection. I am solitary, morose, eccentric, peevish, nervous, envious, sensitive, censorious; in truth, a strange and unhappy being. Some excuse might be alleged for the contraction of so many unfortunate qualities: I might with justice attribute them to the effects of disappointment—to habits, too, of procrastination. On these peculiar heads I shall enlarge more hereafter: the statements I make at present are but preliminary, roughly advanced, and conceited. In fact, the awkwardness which, to a certain degree, I feel, in laying before the world the career of my life, and the nature of my disposition, is yet to be broken; and what I utter, I utter shyly, and with a feeling of repugnance. I am exactly in the condition of a peevish patient, who is about to swallow his medicine: he nauseates the draught, yet feels himself necessitated to drink it."

* Colburn, London, 1827.
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This simile, by the way, is as old as Tasso at least, but good enough in an old bachelor. Modern improvement, which enables a cockney to visit Greenwich or Highgate once a year without being stopped by a footpad, fills the bachelor with horror:

"Uh! people talk of the nineteenth century being so superior to the eighteenth; I hate to hear such nonsense;—no such thing—don't think so. They prate about modern improvements, while so many ancient prejudices are still suffered to exist, ay, and strengthen every day. I hate to hear such stuff! Let them talk of improvements when the barbarities and absurdities of their laws are abolished; when the quackery of their systems of public education is at an end; when their illiberality in sundry political tenets is exploded.

"O, heavens! what a din! what a rattling those odious stages make! There never was any thing so bad as this in my time; none of these shoals of vile lumbering vehicles, charged and surcharged with their greasy cargoes of tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuffmongers, rumbling everlastingly to Greenwich, Putney, Acton, Camberwell, and Lambeth. No, no!—there were no short stages then to stun one at this rate; no! things were much better, I say, in my time. Uh! this comes of the horrid population that spreads so every day; and with it, the progress of building: why, both the one and the other are the greatest nuisances in the world, if they are to entail on one the pest of these vile rattling stage-coaches. Then they talk of Macadam's roads! fools; why, they run a chance of having their necks broken every time they travel over one of them. What coachman, I should like to know, can stop a carriage, can pull up four tearing horses, over one of these boasted 'smooth as bowling-green' roads? Pshaw! nonsense! he can't do it: they might as well talk of being able to check a man at full speed in the middle of a slide. They must have their necks broken: and they deserve it—it is all their own fault. Then they talk about being able to cross Hounslow or Blackheath, without being robbed as formerly. Addle-headed boobies! why do they only look on one side of a question?—don't they see, that if there is less thieving in the open way, there is more in private dwelling-houses. And this is one of the mighty blessings of modern improvements! this is the superiority of the nineteenth over the eighteenth century! A pest on such nonsense, and on the buildings, and population, and coaches, and Macadam and all!"

Good meat can't stop his mouth, it appears, unless it be served on trenchers:

"What has become of the plain, thick, yellow dishes of delf, from which we used at one time to dine? gone! gone! A man's attention is called from the food before him, to gaze upon the green and gold, or blue and white service upon which it is placed; to abandon the contents of his plate, in order to discuss the beauties of the Wedgwood ware, or Flight and Barr's china, in which they are placed. There are no quietly-burning, oil-fed lamps in the streets, but flaring, flashing, gas-lights, to dazzle one, enough to occasion blindness or distraction, and almost to roast the meat in the butchers' shops."

A man like this is incurably miserable, and his ravings form no bad comment on the Political Economy of Parson Malthus. He to the church, my young readers, and get married as fast as you can: there may be some fighting and scratching in wedlock, but celibacy has not even the advantage of such domestic excitation. The work is well written, and evinces a mind of much acuteness and observation, but I cannot pronounce it either useful or entertaining.

The Burmese War.*—Heaven bless the monk who invented gunpowder! The "villainous saltpetre" has done more for civilization than the mariner's compass itself. Friar Bacon, it is said, and

said by way of culogy, was acquainted with the process, but kept the
discovery, from motives of humanity, a secret. Short-sighted hu-
manity! Why, every thing that elevates the civilized above the barba-
rous man, is a blessing—a two-fold blessing; it preserves the inde-
pendence of the one, and ultimately liberates the other from savage
pursuits and savage likings. Had the Romans known the uses of
gunpowder, the Goths and Vandals had never overrun Europe. The
"villanous saltpetre" has made war a science; it renders success
more dependent upon art—upon discipline, than upon physical
force; it no longer gives a decided advantage to bone and sinew,
for mind alone can secure a triumph. The dominions of civilized
man are thereby rendered invulnerable. No Goths shall ever again
banish peace from our homes, religion from our altars, nor science
from our schools. Gunpowder has made knowledge imperishable,
while it has given a new impulse to humanity. Strange as it may ap-
pear, it is, nevertheless, quite true, that gunpowder has proved the
best friend of humanity; for more men were killed in the wars of Cæ-
sar and Pompey, during a brief period, than fell during several years
on the peninsula. In one word, the barbarians were generally victo-
rious over civilized man previous to the invention of gunpowder.
Blessings on you, therefore, for a "villanous saltpetre!"

Whoever wishes to estimate fully the blessing of gunpowder,
should carefully read the well-written volume before me. They will
learn, with astonishment, that two thousand soldiers, Europeans and
Asiatics, commanded by a British officer, penetrated several hundred
miles into a country, defended by nearly one hundred thousand of the
best troops of the oriental world, and, after encountering unheard-of
difficulties, compelled the monarch, who styles himself "Lord of
earth and air," to sign an inglorious peace. Nothing I ever read
displays, more forcibly, the omnipotence of mind over brute force;
and, be it remembered, the Burmese understood the use of gunpow-
der, but they wanted science. Let it not be supposed, that the
Burmese are imbecile worshippers of an atrocious Brama. Hear
Major Snodgrass:

"Unshackled by the caste of the Hindoo, or the creed of the intolerant Mu-
sulman, but free from religious prejudice, and proud of himself and of the land
that gave him birth, the Burmese is ready to receive any change which would
 tend to raise him in the scale of civilized society: so slight, indeed, is their regard
for their present code of worship, that it has often been remarked, and not with-
out strong and weighty reason, that the king of Ava could, by a simple order,
change the religion of the nation without a murmur being heard. Five months
of uninterrupted tranquillity gave us, for the first time, an opportunity of forming
some acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people of Ava; and, al-
though some allowance may fairly be made for the restraint which the presence
of a victorious enemy may be presumed to have imposed upon the development
of the national character, our experience, at least, warrants the assertion, that in
his private and domestic habits and deportment, the Burmese evinces little of the
arrogance, cruelty, or vice, which have made him so justly an object of fear and
hatred to the surrounding nations, to whom he is only known as a sanguinary and
ferocious warrior, carrying havoc and destruction into free and unoffending
states, at the command of a grasping and ambitious tyrant.

"Born a soldier, the Burmese is accustomed, from his earliest years, to consi-
der war and foreign conquest as his trade, and the plunder of the countries he in-
vades as the fair and legitimate reward of his toil: he seldom gives or receives
quarter from his enemies; and while on foreign service, is ever but too ready to
execute the cruel orders of his chiefs, whose policy it is to extirpate all who are likely to be troublesome, and to impress those whom policy leads them to spare, with a wholesome and deep-rooted terror for the Burman arms. Guided by leaders, whose barbarous ideas of successful warfare consist in laying waste an enemy’s country, and whose fame and rewards are measured by the numbers of the enemy that are slain or carried into bondage, it too frequently follows, that the soldiers, leaving the best and kindest feelings of their heart in the cottage that contains their family, and forgetting every feeling of humanity, as a duty, pursue, with reckless indifference, every species of cruelty and excess, among the unfortunate people who have experienced the awful visitation of a Burmese army. When engaged in offensive warfare, which in their native quarrels has generally been the case, the Burmese is arrogant, bold, and daring: possessed of strength and activity superior to all his neighbours, and capable of enduring great fatigue, his movements are rapid, and his perseverance in overcoming obstacles, almost irresistible: possessed, too, of superior science and ability in their peculiar system of fighting, he had seldom met his equal in the field, or even experienced serious resistance in the numerous conquests which of late years had been added to the empire, until the increasing arrogance and aggressions of his government brought him, at last, in contact with an enemy of a very different description from any he had yet contended with, and presented his military character in a different light, divested of the glare which victory and success had long shed around it."

When the battle is over, they seem to resume the characteristics of their country, gentleness and indolence:

"Our previous opinion of, and limited acquaintance with the people, certainly had not prepared us to anticipate the tranquil and quiet conduct which now distinguished them in their domestic character; nor was the Prome population exclusively composed of the quiet and unwarlike part of the nation: many, indeed, a great proportion of the men, had borne arms against us; and it was not until satisfied of the folly and vanity of contending longer, that they had escaped from their chiefs, and retired, with their families, under our protection."

"At home, the Burmese, probably owing to his military habits, is decidedly lazy, and averse to work—to his shame, allowing, or rather compelling his wife, to toil hard for the support of his family, while he passes his time in idleness, smoking or chewing betel, the favourite pastime of natives of all ranks; his wants, however, are few and simple; rice, and a little pickled fish, constitute the chief articles of food, while water is his only drink: naturally good-humoured and contented, he seems happy and resigned, bearing all the oppressions, to which he may be subjected, with apathy and indifference; and in his own house he is kind and affectionate to his children, seldom evincing anger or ill-treatment to any member of his family. It must, however, be allowed, that the Burmese are little guided or restrained in their conduct and actions by any moral principle; selling their daughters, even to strangers, is a common practice among them; nor does the transaction reflect either disgrace or shame on the parties concerned. Government, upon political grounds, strictly prohibits any woman from being allowed to leave the country; and the unhappy females, who are sacrificed to this disgraceful custom, generally return to their families, in no way slighted or degraded, but more frequently as objects of envy, from the little stock of wealth they bring back with them."

"It has often been objected to the Burmese, that they are given to pilfering, lying, and dissimulation, as well as insolent and overbearing to strangers; but the remark may be, in a great measure, confined to the numerous government functionaries and their followers, with whom every town and village in the kingdom abounds: they are, indeed, a vile race, who exist by fraud and oppression, and who, upon numerous pretences, no matter how frivolous, are always ready to rob and plunder all who come within the influence of their authority: the poor people, on the contrary, by far the best part of the nation, are frank and hospitable, and by no means deficient in qualities which would do honour to more civilized nations. They, very generally, can read and write; are acute, intelligent, and observing; and, although frequently impressed with high notions of their own
sovereign and country, show no illiberality to strangers or foreigners who reside among them. In a word, to sum up their character, their virtues are their own, and their faults and vices those of education, and the pernicious influence of a cruel and despotic government."

The Burmese will one day, and that ere long, be a great people. The visit of the British troops will eventuate in their becoming a polished nation.

**The Present State of Colombia.**—This volume contains nothing new, except the following remark upon Captain Head’s beef-and-water diet:

"In a late interesting and amusing publication, I have observed that its gallant author is a great eulogist of his beef-and-water diet, and imagines that it enabled him to support a more than ordinary degree of fatigue; I have myself tried it for some months, but have, by no means, formed so favourable an opinion of it. Being of a tolerably good constitution, it never produced any injurious effects upon me, but I have seen hundreds die under it; and I must confess, that I myself feel in better health, and more invigorated, when I have taken a good beefsteak, with all its regular appurtenances, and a pint of wine, in a coffee-house in London, than I ever did after having partaken of the finest bullock, or the purest stream, which ever fed or flowed in the forests of South America."

**Eccentric Tales.**—We have lately been inundated with German tales, surfeited with German horrors, and posed with learned critiques on German writers, and why? Because it was the fashion; it looked critical and learned to admire the gloomy imagination, the unnatural productions, of the German school; and, accordingly, the press has been active in propagating the drunken conceptions of writers who, unable to paint nature as she is, have had recourse to nursery melodramas, and, for a time, has succeeded in acquiring the admiration of children of a larger growth. But these giants and demons cannot much longer keep possession of the usurped field in literature. Good sense must rout them, and the author of Eccentric Tales, Alfred Crowquill, Esq., has called in the most powerful and sarcastic ridicule, to the aid of common sense. The better to effect his purpose, Mr. Crowquill, has had recourse to that great enemy of ennui and blue devils, George Cruikshank.

Put your hands to your side, gentle reader,—fix your person firmly on your chair, unloosen your waistcoat and cravat, and, if there be any viands on the table, withdraw three feet at least, lest you upset it with an excess of visibility and its consequent motion of the limbs and nerves, while I point out to you one or two of the inimitable illustrations in the work before me. Look here!—behold Tunbelly and Knitting-needle in the act of dreaming; what complacency is seated on their contented visages! What a length of leg the Troubadour has gotten! What a fat, squat, well capon-lined junk of a fellow our Tunbelly is! But see the personification of the vision in the clouds! The interior of the moon in the Drury Lane pantomime is nothing to it; the wood-cuts in poor Robin’s Almanack are not half as ominous.

But turn over six leaves, and lo! you see the said Tunbelly and Knitting-needle serenading a German castle—for no lady appears:

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The Critic.

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the one, breathing his very soul in melody; and the other keeping
time on an old guitar! Again, you have only to turn over five
beautifully printed leaves, and you come to the duel—and then to
the—here, take the book yourself, I cannot describe it. The illus-
trations are the very perfection of burlesque; and the tale is—take
the first chapter of the fifth book as a specimen:

"* *! * *! * *! * * *? * *! * * *! * * *! * * *! * * * *! * * * *!

There! did you ever read any thing half so eloquent. The work
is only three and sixpence—send to your bookseller.

Rev. Mr. Smyth's Sermon. On Christmas morning last,
with Mrs. O'Rourke on my left, and a string of young O'Rourkes on
my right, I left Bedford Square; and, after winding my way through
Soho Square, found myself, in a quarter of an hour, seated in the
beautiful tribune of St. Patrick's Chapel. The service, on this day
of the world's redemption, was more than usually impressive; and I
little suspected that we should have been treated with a novelty in
St. Patrick's Chapel—a good sermon. About twelve o'clock I
raised my eyes from my missal, and, turning towards the pulpit, was
not displeased to see, instead of poor Mr. Norris and his MS., a young
clergyman, pallid with study, and a look indicative of the sincerest
piety and goodness. In a confident and pleasing manner, he pro-
nounced his text; and then, without hesitation, plunged into his
subject, the nativity of Christ. I soon recognised, in his accent,
a priest of the sister kingdom; and had not waited long, when con-
vincéd that I was listening to no ordinary preacher. His language
was fluent, eloquent, and correct; his voice loud, but pleasing; and
his manner forcibly impressive. He reminded me much of the Rev.
Mr. Keogh; but is perhaps more graceful, and not much less eloquent.
That this praise is not undeserved, all may convince themselves; for
the reverend orator has been persuaded to give his sermon to the public,
in the form before me. It is published by Cash, the Catholic book-
seller, in High Street, Bloomsbury; and is got up in a respectable
manner. The following passage, towards the conclusion, is not more
eloquent than just:

"Yours is a religion planted in Ireland, by St. Patrick, fourteen hundred years
ago; and which, notwithstanding the hand of the persecutor, and the unholy
zeal of the bigot—notwithstanding ages of suffering, and centuries of oppression,
still continues the pure, spotless faith, of our common country. The grandeur
and magnificence which characterise the Catholic Church, and which the sacre-
ty of religion justly demands, are not visibly supported in your country; the
desolating hand of relentless persecution, which, with fierce fury, levelled both
your altars and your temples, has left the Irish Catholic Church but a miserable
remnant of her former splendour. In the general wreck, however, thank God,
the purity and substance of religion remain in your island; and, notwithstanding
the cruel indignities of infuriate bigotry, implacable intolerance, and absurd
fanaticism, of the Bible Societies, faithful Catholic Ireland holds fast the sacred
deposits of her faith, and preserves, uncorrupt, the religion of Patrick. If the
intercession of the blessed St. Patrick has preserved your religion, in the land of

The Symbol of Sertorius.

your birth, in all its primitive holiness, is it possible that his intercession will not still be employed in your behalf, though now the inhabitants of a strange land; But, do you deserve it? Behold his chapel in ruins—in want of repairs! You dispensers of blessings—you rich—you Irish—I call upon you this day, in the name of Charity, to extend your liberality, to put down your contributions; manifest a becoming zeal for religion—for Ireland—and for the Chapel of St. Patrick."

The reverend orator, it appears, belongs to the convent of Esker, county of Galway; and his order has reason to be proud of such a brother, and Ireland of such a preacher.

THE SYMBOL OF SERTORIUS.*

To battle!—the furious Iberian cried,
But silent Sertorius remained by his side,
And with sorrow perceived that, like headlong waves,
His adopted compatriots would rush on their graves.

"Young Pompey has passed o'er our Pyrenees,
And his legions are swarming, thick as bees;
They sweep over mountain, and river, and plain,
And like locusts devour our fields of grain:
Then, shall we stand thus, while the foemen flock,
And not rush in our might to the battle-shock?
No! we scorn the craft of the wavering Roman;
Let each gauntlet then grapple the neck of the foeman,
For patience was never the Spaniard's pride,—
So, on, and let fortune the rest decide!"

They rushed to the fight, like young bulls to slaughter,
Then the blood of the Spaniard flowed like water,
And conviction came late on the headlong horde,
From the keen sharp tooth of the Roman sword,
Though it failed from Sertorius's eloquent word.

And now dismay on the vanquished fell;
Sertorius saw it, and marked it well,
For he knew that this was the fairest hour
To show to his people a great man's power.
Out come his bands at the trumpet's call,
And he moves himself in the front of all;
To the earth each soldier hangs his head,
And clenches his sword as he thinks on the dead,
Who fell where they stood, as the valiant fell,
And now sleep, free'd from this mortal thrall,
The furrow their grave, and the vapour their pall.
He sees the field with their best blood swim,
And each gaping wound with its festering rim,
Calling for vengeance aloud to him.
No martial rejoicings rend the air,
For on every brow sits the fiend Despair,
But Sertorius alone is free from care,
And his joy and his spirit are but mounting the higher,
As fate frowns more stern, and danger comes nigher.

A steed is led out on the verdant plain,
Placed full in the view of the wondering train,
Whilst a dwarf and a giant behind remain.

* See Plutarch, in his Life of Sertorius.
The Symbol of Sertorius.

And Sertorius speaks—"Try which shall avail
To deprive yon horse of his flowing tail."—
Then the giant would first, in his barbarous strength,
Tear from the charger his tail’s rich length;
Long he laboured, but laboured in vain;
He strove till the sweat flowed down like rain,
And he strained each nerve till it ached with pain;
But naught of his task had the huge man done,
When the evening came with the setting sun;
So he fell to the earth and buried his face,
And was borne away in defeat and disgrace.

The next day, the dwarf to the trial came;
"And slight," cried the Spaniard, "shall be his blame,
If he fail, for a giant has failed in the same."
But he looked around with intelligent eye,
And bid the trump speak, and the flag wave high,
As if conscious of triumph and victory.
Then to his task he advanced with ease:
What the giant had tangled he smoothed by degrees;
Through the steed’s thick tail his small fingers ran,
And hair by hair* the diminutive man,
The wavy mass from its sockets drew,
And, ere on the grass fell the evening dew,
The steed’s flowing honours were craftily shorn,
And crowned with green laurel the weak man borne
In triumph and noisy rejoicings along,
To be noted in story and chanted in song.

"Here," cried Sertorius, "fellow warriors, you see
Perseverance and wit bear off victory
From huge brute force and stupidity.
And many the beauteous and fair communion,
Invincible while in a state of union,
That will yield like the weak grass you trample under,
If once disunited or torn in sunder.
Thus time, who is feeble, and palsied, and old,
Wears out the flint and the adamant hold,
Moulders the castle, the palace, the tower,
As if ’twere a shed, or a lady’s bower;
Humbles the mighty, and mows down the strong,
And will reign the sole monarch on earth ere long.
But time is the best of allies and friends
To those who will look to his real ends,
Who will * bide their time,* and not rush into action
With hurrying tide of a blinded faction,
When the issue must prove but defeat or retraction."

Thus, by such symbols and mild discourses,
Did Sertorius turn from their headlong courses
"The Helots of Rome"—those "barbarous hordes"—
And taught them to triumph against their "lords."
And oh! if the Helots of this our day
Had but a Sertorius to point them the way,
To curb their wild passions, and check their rash speed,
And prune their best friend in the greatest need,
Their cold-blooded masters would bite the sands,
Like the Roman, when smote by th’ Iberian bands.

* "Caudae pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum."—Hor. Ep. lib. 2.
THE POLITICIAN.—NO. II.

The world has been going round in the usual way since last month. Ferdinand of Spain has been labouring between two minds—he wished to fight, but, on consideration, appears willing to let it alone; and he gets out of the scrape like a braggadocio, with a profound reflection on his own courage. In Portugal, the rebels have been beaten—and that's all we know positively about the matter; but, judging from appearances, there does not seem to be any well-grounded apprehensions for the new constitution, and the Portuguese deserve it; for Southey, speaking of the battle of Busaco, in the second volume of his "History of the Peninsular War," just published, says, "Victories of greater result at the time have been gained in Portugal, but never a battle fought there of more eventual importance to the Portuguese nation; for the Portuguese troops, whom the French despised, whom the enemies of the ministry in England reviled, and whom, perhaps, many of the British army, till then, mistrusted, established that day their character both for courage and for discipline, and proved, that, however the government and the institutions of that kingdom had been perverted and debased, the people had not degenerated. Lord Wellington bore testimony to their deserts; he declared that he had never seen a more gallant attack than that which they made upon the enemy who had reached the ridge of the Serra; they were worthy, he said, of contending in the same ranks with the British troops in that good cause, which they afforded the best hopes of saving."

The affairs of Greece still wear a hostile appearance; and, though we are told of negociations between the Porte and European powers respecting that ill-fated country, the Christians still continue to be butchered by the merciless Turk. How long shall this continue?

In France, a considerable sensation has been produced by a proposed law to gag the press. The French people, to their credit, have manfully stood up for the privilege—the most essential of all privileges—that of free discussion; and what is still more creditable, several literary bodies in that country have lent their aid to the national cause. The liberty of the press! What profound nonsense has been written and spoken on this subject; what well-grounded fears have been entertained by kings and tyrants; but, truly, the press, like a pistol, is an instrument of attack as well as of defence; and Mr. Peel, I think, once said in the House of Commons, if government is assailed by quills, let them purchase quills to repel the attack. There is always a superabundance in the market. "We may accumulate penalties," says a Tory paper, "as much as we please; this is not to prevent excess, but to punish it. We may establish a censorship; but this is merely to exchange the judgment of one set of men for the judgment of another. There is no way of diminishing the number of libels—or what judges and juries may choose to term libels—but by limiting publication; and this, a tax on publication will effect, but it will effect nothing else. While, however, it narrows the dissemina-

* Some of the Portuguese, charging a superior force, got so wedged in among the French, that they had not room to use their bayonets; they turned up the butt-ends of their muskets, and plied them with such vigour, that they presently cleared the way.
tion of falsehood, it narrows also the dissemination of truth. If a ministry will have fewer revilers, it must content itself with fewer panegyrists. The press, in short, like every thing else in this imperfect world, has its good and its evil indissolubly combined; we must take both or neither. At the same time, the good, as usual, greatly predominates. For one alleged libel, the press gives us ten thousand pieces of useful information; and the only question is, shall we, to get rid of the inconvenience of the one, give up the advantage of the ten thousand. There is no middle course. There is a fact connected with the projet of the French ministry, which cannot be too deeply impressed upon Englishmen. The adoption of it has been advocated from the conduct of juries in the recent trials for libel here. There is nothing that is done by England, whether in her senate or in her courts, that has not a deep and lasting influence, not on her own subjects only, but on all the nations of the civilized world. When example reaches so far, and where its effects are so important, the responsibility of those who set it is fearfully enhanced. If the liberty of the French press is to be fettered by the proposed law, as those who are most interested fear it will, the Englishmen whose verdicts have contributed to its adoption, will have but little, we should think, whereon to congratulate themselves."

But, it is said, the Jesuits and the clergy dread the press. If they do, they are very silly; for they have nothing to apprehend from unprincipled assailants, and every thing to hope from free discussion. The shallow infidels of France can be effectually put to the rout only by full, fair, and impartial inquiry. I have not, however, seen any proof to convict the French ecclesiastics of a willingness to fetter or extinguish the press.

In England the last month has been a dull one; the death of the Duke of York served to show that the people are as loyalty-loving as ever. A friend of mine—a genuine radical—has declined taking in the Examiner newspaper, because it did not go in mourning for his royal highness!! There are habits of thinking—of seeing, &c. &c.—and to such metaphysical facts we must refer for an elucidation of the interest taken in the affairs of the royal family by a people who are continually complaining of excessive taxation—of too many royal dukes, &c. Cobbett himself has expressed his grief at the recent calamity!!

The Church of England is the only tolerant church on earth—if you believe the English press. Alas! there is no truth in the assertion, for it is restrained from persecution only from inability to enforce penalties. Whenever it can show intolerance, it never fails to exhibit it; and, to this hour, it compels Catholics and Dissenters to resort to the established church to have the marriage ceremony performed. Some free-thinking Christians (what a denomination!) within the last month, showed, in a very marked manner, what they thought of the law and the establishment; and the Globe has the following judicious observations on the transaction—it exhausts the subject:

"Another of those squabbles about the marriage ceremony, which some persons think contribute to uphold the dignity of the established church, has recently attracted some notice. Two persons, who disbelieve in the doctrine of the Trinity, and who consider marriage merely as a civil contract, have presented them-
The Politician.

...tells us) the Rev. Mr. Simpson seemed particularly anxious to obtain on the occasion.' As all the clergy have not the benefit of such advice, we lament that they should be exposed to occurrences well calculated to puzzle them. What the established religion can profit by forcing any sect of people to deride it, or to declare their disbelief in it as a preliminary to their entrance into the marriage state, we cannot conceive. The late Lord Ellenborough laboured hard to persuade jurors, on Hone's trials, that the adoption even of the form of the Church of England service to a jocose subject, was libellous; that a mere application to irreverend purposes, of sounds which called to mind that service, was mischievous, and should be punished. This was carrying scrupulousness too far; but, on the other hand, we do not see the benefit of forcing to repeat the service, people, who you know, beforehand, must repeat it with a sneer, even if they do not accompany the ceremony with some more explicit declaration of their scorn. In short, though it is too much to punish people for parodying the church service, it is worse also, on the other hand, to entice them by law to do so. To oblige people to accompany the conclusion of such a contract as marriage with words expressive of some particular religious belief, is one of the absurdest conceivable demonstrations of religious intolerance. It would be really much more expedient to entice the Jew orange boys, or any other needy unbelievers, to repeat the Athanasian Creed at a shilling a-head."

The Duke of Wellington has been appointed commander-in-chief, and all agree that he is qualified for the situation, because he has been triumphant in the field—that is, a chess-player should be able to carve his men. We are becoming profound thinkers.

Trade is, alas! still dull, though the revenue is improving. The last quarter presented an increase of £142,990; but the revenue of 1826, compared with that of 1825, presents a deficiency of £1,923,148. The following extract from the return for the year will show in which branches of the revenue the deficiency arises:

``DECREASE ON``

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Excise</th>
<th>£775,347</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stamps</td>
<td>792,219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Post-office</td>
<td>21,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxes</td>
<td>287,395</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| £2,803,962 |

``INCREASE.``

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Customs</th>
<th>£57,2508</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneies</td>
<td>308,306</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 880,814 |

Decrease in the year | £1,923,148."

In the list of bankrupts there is a fearful increase. The number of docket:- struck in 1817 was 2,480; in 1818, 1,338; in 1819, 2,054; in 1820, 1,903; in 1821, 1,773; in 1822, 1,592; in 1823, 1,361; in 1824, 1,340; in 1825, 1,340; in 1826, 3,549.

'England is, and ought to be, proud, in being the first to give an impulse to liberal notions respecting trade and commerce; and the Americans ought to be ashamed in being among the last to entertain them. Mr. President Adams, in his recent Message to Congress, sneers at the English ministers; but the Yankey must learn better, or deserve to be kicked from the chief seat in a great and free nation. The dispute between this country and the United States pro-
ceeds from some misunderstanding respecting the trade of the West Indies, but is likely soon to be adjusted; for the business is in adequate hands—those of Mr. Huskisson.

The approaching adjourned meeting of Parliament promises to be most important in its discussions. The corn laws and the Catholic question are, I hope, to be finally adjusted; and the subject of emigration is to undergo consideration. The *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, in the numbers of these journals just published, contain much stupid trash on this question. M'Culloch is as proisy and uninteresting as usual; but Mr. Mills, in the *Westminster*, out-herods Herod in *judge*. Take the following specimen of his regard for modest decency and truth:

"But here a most serious consideration occurs. An Irish population, wretched and degraded to the last degree, is pouring into this country. Suppose that we should succeed in implanting that high-toned morality in the minds of our people, whence an English labouring man should feel it as a crime, and a turpitude, more to be shunned than death, to be the means of bringing children into life without the means of maintaining them; what would be the consequence? Such conduct, if left to its own natural effects, would speedily raise the condition of the labourer, and place him in those circumstances of physical well-being which are essential to his existing in a state of intellectual and moral well-being. It can have no such effect if a perpetual influx is permitted of starving Irish. This may be sufficient, and there is the strongest probability that, unchecked, it will be sufficient, to keep wages down to the starving degree, whatever the prudence and morality of the English population. If so, the continued prudence of the English population would have no other effect than gradually to diminish their number, and increase that of the Irish, till our own superior population would be wholly rooted out and supplanted by the Irish, a misfortune with which no other which can be dreaded for this land, is at all to be compared. Here is an evil, against which a wise and beneficent legislature would lose no time in seeking a remedy. If a cordon against the ordinary plague is an expedient measure, a cordon against the most dreadful plague that ever infested human nature cannot be regarded as too much."

And again:

"Many of our readers are already aware, either from the evidence which was given before the parliamentary committees upon the state of Ireland in 1824 and 1825, or from the general notoriety of the fact, that the rapid and enormous increase of the population in Ireland has exhibited itself, of late years, in many striking forms, and in one among others not the least striking, in the minute subdivision of the land: that this subdivision has proceeded to such an extent, or, in other words, farms have become so small, that the landlords now find themselves unable to obtain so large a rent from their estates as they could have done if the subdivision had been less minute, and the farms larger. In order, therefore, the more easily to consolidate their farms, they have become extremely desirous to get rid of the redundant portion of their peasant-tenantry. Whether the Irish landlords would have discovered that the population of Ireland was redundant, unless the redundany had affected their rental, we will not inquire. But it has somehow happened that the emigration scheme has closely followed the manifestation of a desire on the part of the landlords to clear their estates of the superabundant tenantry."

It is such cuckoo politicians as these who have attracted ridicule to the science of political economy. The herd of English writers are sure to repeat the same note, and nothing else, until some other become fashionable. The *Morning Chronicle*, some time ago, stated that the emigration of Irish labourers had depreciated the condition of the English poor; and the anti-Irish prejudice caught at the foolish sentiment with avidity. Lord Hamilton repeated it in Scotland, and
now M'Culloch and Mills, in the very teeth of their own recorded opinions, have adopted the same tone. Now they have put themselves into this dilemma:—either the emigration of Irish labourers is not an evil, or the fundamental axiom of political economists is wrong! Free labour—free ingress and egress, and freedom from legislative interference, are the conditions, and the only conditions, on which the science promises happiness to the nations; yet these boobies who have repeated these truths after Ricardo, now call upon the legislature to interfere to prevent people from getting children (your fool is always obscene), and to prevent labourers from seeking the best market for their stock in trade—their skill and hands. If the legislature ought to prevent Irish labourers from coming to England, on the same principle they ought to prevent the produce of Irish labour from coming to the English market. Thus, free trade is erroneous in principle, if the emigration of Irish labourers is detrimental to the poor of England. The self-satisfied reflection of the danger of the Irish peasantry supplanting the English is mere balm. All the world knows there is no comparison between the two classes. John Black himself has admitted, that the Irish are the more moral and the more efficient of the two; and, notwithstanding all the cant about Irish wretchedness, perhaps there is not more in the land o' hogs than in the "envy of surrounding nations and the admiration of the world."

But if the Irish people are miserable, their misfortune in this respect does not arise from their numbers. "No!" cries Mr. Mills, "no!" I repeat it does not; and, strange as it may appear, the Westminster Review is my authority for saying so. Aye, and, what's more, my evidence is drawn from the identical number (the last one) from which the above extracts are taken.

In a review of books on Italy, the following passage occurs:

"We are surprised that Lord Normanby has not introduced more of the country life of Italy, which bears a peculiar stamp, and which is pregnant with interest and beauty. Generally speaking, our countrymen see only the surface of the country, and are unaware of the minuteness of the peasants' life, and their mode of agriculture. They are connoisseurs in paintings, and frequenters of drawing-rooms; but the inferior classes of their fellow beings possess no interest for them: and yet it is in the country of Italy that you see most of the true Italian character, and most enjoy the exhaustless delights of that sunny clime. The very aspect of the country to a cursory observer will prove this assertion. The use of oxen in their agricultural labours is seemingly a small, and yet, in truth, a great improvement to the picturesque of the rural scene. The oxen of Italy surpass, in beauty of form, in the sleekness of their dove-coloured skin, and the soft expression of their large eyes, all other animals of their species. In every part of Italy we encounter, during our walks, in lanes bordered by elms and sallows, to which the vines are trained and festooned, frequent wains drawn by these animals, yoked by the neck; and the dark-eyed driver, with his sun-burnt limbs, in no manner detracts from the beauty of the picture. It is curious in Italy to observe the great advantage the peasants possess as to personal appearance, over the town's-people. The inhabitants of the cities, whether rich or poor, are for the most part low in stature, sallow-complexioned, bent-shouldered; but if, while you are induced, by the appearance of the citizens, to lament the degeneracy of Italian beauty, you wander in the country, or enter the market-place, to which, on certain days, the country people resort, you are immediately convinced that you now behold the models of the Italian painters. You are struck by groups resembling those fine fellows represented in the paintings of the Adoration of the Shepherds. Their very occupation adds to their pictorial appearance. They are employed among the vines, or following the oxen-drawn plough, whose rough mechanism is such
as Virgil describes; frequently in summer they work merely in a shirt, and the white colour of the linen contrasts well with limbs whose veins seem to flow with dark wine. The women, less hard-worked than the French paysannes, perform the lighter labours of the farm, and, notwithstanding the shade of their large straw-hats, soon acquire a deep but healthy hue; in an evening they are seen returning from fetching water at the spring, bearing their pitchers of an antique shape on their heads, stepping freely under the burden. Of course, we do not pretend to say that all, or even that the greater part of them, are handsome; but they have, for the most part, pleasing expressions of countenance, and the beauty you do encounter is of a high character; their brows are finely moulded, their eyes soft and large; the cheeks sink gently towards the chin, and their lips remind you of those chiselled by the Greek sculptors. Such we have seen in the evening; emerging from the trellised pergola, or vine-walks, singing in perfect tune, and with clear, though loud voices, the simple but beautiful melodics peculiar to the Italian peasantry.

Oh! what a terrestrial paradise! Oh! what a contrast to poor unhappy Ireland, where the British constitution, and the memory of the great and good King William, is drunk standing. Surely there is not here a superabundant population, and a sub-division of farms. Oh! but there is thought, according to Scotch ideas on these subjects; for the farms there seldom exceed EIGHT ACRES, and the land does not produce larger quantities of substantial food than the land of Ireland. But hear the reviewer, who speaks from personal knowledge:

"It is true that, in thus eulogizing the country of Italy, our remarks must be understood as being principally confined to Tuscany. In Lombardy, the abundance of pasture-land is iminical to the happiness of the peasantry: nor are we sufficiently acquainted with the rural districts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, to speak with precision concerning their inhabitants. In Tuscany, the farms are usually small, and held at long leases; the rent is often paid in kind, and the landlord receives, as his share, one half of the produce. The expenses are also shared between the landholder and the cultivator, the former providing heavy stock, cattle, ploughs, out-houses, wine-presses, &c.; the peasantry the lighter utensils, and repairs of hedges, sluces, &c. The smallness of the farms renders the farmer almost always the labourer; a hired workman is rare among them; and the cottager, we should almost call him, with a farm of twelve acres, whose family is sufficiently large to cultivate the land, and whose share of corn and wine suffices to maintain that family without extra purchase, considers himself rich; for, then, the superfluous money he obtains by the sale of vegetables, fruit, and the better kind of wine, clothes his family, and keeps his farm and house in repair. Their lives would be deemed, and justly deemed, hard in England, for our unbending climate would render painful the continual out-door work, which is light to them.

"The Tuscan name for their small farms is podere, and in appearance they resemble what we imagine to have been the first attempts at agriculture, everything being cultivated in patches. A podere generally contains six or eight acres; they are hedged in; in the neighbourhood of Leghorn the hedges are of myrtle, which, like all evergreens, are fragrant even when out of bloom; and when in flower, their spicy odour gives a taste of Indian climates. Little hay is raised, for the Indian corn is much used in its stead; so, after the spring-labour of pruning the vines, the wheat is the first harvest. The wheat-fields are planted with rows of trees, to which the vines cling; and the shade, far from being detrimental, is considered a shelter for the crops. When the wheat is gathered in, and threshed on the threshing-floor, constructed in the open air, with all the care Virgil advises, the land is again sown with Indian corn. This is a beautiful harvest. The men cut it down, and the women and children sit round the threshing-floor, taking the grain from the pod, loosening it from the stalk, and spreading it in the
The sun, till its paler orange hue deepens to a fiery glow. The vintage follows—an universal feast. The men pluck the fruit from the trees, which is received and deposited in the vats by the women and children. The plucking of the olives brings up the rear of their raccolte. But it is not the mere sowing, and the harvests, that demand labour; the long droughts force them to construct sluices through every part of the podere, and the water-wheel is ever at work to irrigate the land; nature the while is busy and noisy. During the day the loud cicale, with ceaseless chirp, fill the air with sound; and in the evening the fire-flies come out from the myrtle hedges, and form a thousand changing and flashing constellations on the green corn-fields, which is their favourite resort. Meanwhile the contadini cheer themselves with songs, either singly, in harmony, or in response.

One of the favourite games among the Tuscan peasants (we have forgotten the name of it), especially during the time of the vintage, is singularly poetic. A man, on one tree, will challenge another, perched afar off, calling out the name of a flower; the challenged responds with an extempore couplet, sometimes founded on the metaphoric meaning attached, of the flower’s name, sometimes given at random, and then returns the challenge by naming another flower, which is replied to in the same manner.”

I must stop; reluctantly indeed, for I could willingly transcribe the whole picture of rural happiness; but enough is here given to show, that Irish misery cannot, and does not proceed from sub-division of farms and dense population; for, on an average, there are twenty acres of cultivated land in Ireland to every family in the country. Suppose—and it is certainly the extent—that there are five million acres waste, there would still remain sixteen million acres, English measure, for a rustic population of five millions: and, allowing six to a family, we have twenty acres, on an average, for each family!

So much for the stupid reviewer.* I now turn to a more pleasing subject, Irish politics. On the 15th of January commenced another fourteen days’ meeting, at which the following clear, forcible, admirable petition, from Mr. O’Connell’s pen, was adopted:

“To the Right Honourable and Honourable the Knights, Burgess, &c.

The humble Petition, &c.

“Showeth,—That the Church of Ireland, as by law established, is the richest provincial church in the world.

“That the people of Ireland are the poorest and most wretched people in any country in the world.

“That the number of the persons who profess the faith of the Established Church in Ireland is, comparatively, the smallest of any country in the world burdened with an Established Church.

“That it is calculated that the Established Church in Ireland is seized in fee of upwards of two millions of acres of arable land, exclusive of mountain and bog.

“That the Established Church in Ireland is entitled to the tenth part of the gross produce of the soil of Ireland, in which, however, is included the monstrous anomaly of tithes in lay hands.

“That, in addition to this mass of wealth, with which the church by law established is endowed in this country, an act of Parliament was passed in the last session, which, your petitioners have every reason to believe, will add one million

* Mr. Mills, in this review, has altered his opinion upon tithes, and the amount which high prices put into the pockets of landlords. He has abandoned M-Culloch’s doctrine on this, which he adopted, he says, too hastily, and has fallen into the opinion so clearly pronounced in “Captain Rock’s Book of Political Knowledge.” It would be more satisfactory to his readers, had he quoted the “Captain’s” own words.
sterling, at the least, to the burdens of the Irish people, for the sustentation of the Established Church.

"That, at common law, the repairs of the church fell upon the parson of the parish, and that the revenues of the church were in part appropriated to the support of the poor, as well as to the repairs of the church and the expenses incident to divine service.

"That the Established Church in Ireland possesses all the revenues, large as they are, above mentioned, yet in nowise contributes to the support of the poor, and has succeeded in throwing on the people all the expenses of building, enlarging, repairing, and ornamenting the churches of the establishment.

"That all the expenses of divine service in the Established Church, are in like manner thrown on the people by the late statute.

"That the recent statute, called the 7th Geo. IV. c. 72, introduces one distinct new head of parochial assessment of great extent, namely, the building, enlarging, repairing, and defraying, all the expenses incident to Protestant chapels, or chapels of ease, in any or every parish.

"That this is but one instance of the increased power of taxation given by the said statute to the vestries in Ireland; but your petitioners beg leave deliberately to assert, that it is impossible to define, and that there are, in truth, no rational limits to the power of taxation, given to vestries by the said statute.

"That these powers of taxation would not be only oppressive, unjust, and un-constitutional, as your petitioners respectfully submit, even in a country exclusively Protestant; but the new law has, in Ireland, this double characteristic of oppression:

"First—That it has committed these powers of taxation to vestries, who have already been convicted on the face of their own accounts, as returned to Parliament, of the gross peculation and the most flagrant imposition.

"And secondly—That such powers are committed to the Protestants exclusively, although the Catholics are the occupiers of at least nineteen-twentieths of the lands subject to such taxation.

"That taxation without representation is a gross injustice, illegal, oppressive, and unconstitutioonal.

"That where there is no species of representation, actual, or even virtual, the enormity of the power of taxation amounts to a despotic control over the property of others.

"That to give the Protestant vestries this power over the property of the Catholics of Ireland, is a grievance so unjust, unconstitutional, and oppressive, that it ought to be redressed by the wisdom and humanity of this Honourable House, without any delay whatsoever.

"That in any other country but Ireland, it would be thought incredible, that the evil of which we complain, could be carried beyond the statement herebefore contained, but we respectfully assert, that there remain still greater grievances arising from the said statute, and the laws relative to church rates in Ireland.

"For it is not only that unlimited powers of taxation over our properties are given to Protestant vestries, without our concurrence, or any representatives of us, real or imaginary, but that such powers are given to the extremely few over the properties of the many; and to those few in cases where they are to put into their own pockets the produce of such taxation;—thus giving them personal and individual interest, to assess our properties to the greatest possible extent.

"That, in addition, if addition were wanting, there is this further circumstance, that the wretched policy of the state has raised a spirit of religious animosity, between the various sects in Ireland, which will give to the interested taxation of some Protestant vestries, an additional stimulant to burden our properties.

"That the act, of which we complain, has this further title to the reprobation of this Honourable House, that it purported to be an act to amend the former law, and to redress evils which were proved to exist.

"That we most humbly and respectfully submit, that such a system as we have described, is not a system of law or justice, but is a plan of injustice and peculation unparalleled in the history of the world, and which this Honourable House will, we are convinced, in its wisdom and humanity, put an end to as speedily as possible.
A very tasteful little volume is on the point of appearing, entitled The Literary Wreath, consisting of upwards of two hundred articles, by numerous eminent writers of the day; partly selected and partly original. It will be embellished with about fifty engravings on steel, copper, and wood, and will form one neat portable pocket volume.

More Mornings at Bow Street.—This long-expected volume may very shortly be expected, Mr. George Cruikshank having finished the whole of the drawings, and Mr. Wight having furnished the whole of the "Reports." The illustrations are spoken of as some of the inimitable artist's happiest conceptions.

Trade of Liverpool.—The number of vessels reported at the Custom-house at Liverpool, for the last six months, is 4,771, exclusive of 236 that have passed up the river to the port or Runcorn. Of these, 1,717 were from foreign parts; 1,317 from Ireland, 1,737 coastwise, tonnage 628,187; 236 to Runcorn, tonnage 13,906; making, in all, 642,093 tons, which is a decrease in the present year, as compared with the last, of 313 vessels, and 60,947 tons. The decrease is much less than might have been expected, when the wide difference between the two periods is taken into consideration—the immense importations of all descriptions of foreign produce in the over-trading year of 1825, and the unprecedented depression of 1826. In the single article of cotton, the decreased importation of the present year would have employed more tonnage than appears in the above deficiency, as it only amounts to 488,170; whereas, in 1826, the quantity was 703,400 bags.

Duke of York's Property.—His Royal Highness the Duke of York has left behind him a library containing about forty-five thousand volumes, including, besides a number of valuable illustrated books of ancient days, nearly every publication entered at Stationer's Hall, and every novel and pamphlet printed in the United Kingdom during the last forty years. In the library is a valuable and extensive collection of maps and charts. His royal highness has also left nearly three tons' weight of plate, of the most costly description; the largest portion of which is in the hands of Messrs. Coutts, the bankers. Much of his furniture is of a rich and costly character; in mere articles of vertu, more than £120,000 have been expended. All these things will be sold by auction.

About two thousand letters to and from Garrick, and, of course, comprising the correspondence of the most eminent characters of his age, are on the point of publication. They were purchased of the late Mrs. Garrick, a short time previous to her death.

Mr. Theodore Hook has a third series of Sayings and Doings, forthcoming.

A second volume of London in the Olden Time, illustrating its manners, customs, and superstitions, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, is nearly ready to appear. In this volume, the state of the minstrelsy, the form and proceedings of taking sanctuary, and the superstitions relating to talismans and astrology, will be discussed; together with some notices of Froissart, Chaucer, Caxton, and others.

Every day the use of cast-iron (says a Paris journal) is becoming more general: bridges are made of it; steam-boats; in England it is used for roads; and at Liverpool churches are built of it. In Paris we have, lately, pianos, the framework of which is formed of cast-iron. The instruments have been brought to such perfection, by MM. Pleyel and Co., that not only do they rival, but in many respects surpass, the best English instrument. The solidity of the frame-work is so great, that they seldom get out of tune; and the sound-board, relieved from
those enormous pieces of wood with which it was formerly encumbered, in order to resist the strain, possesses much more elasticity, and seconds the vibration of the strings much better. The tone of these instruments is wonderful, both in power and mellowness; and the mechanism is so perfect, that it admits of the most delicate, as well as the strongest touch. Indeed, we have no doubt that, when they are known, they will put an end to the importation of foreign pianos.

Mr. Buckingham, the editor of the Oriental Herald, has a volume forthcoming, of Travels in Mesopotamia. The author's journey commences at Aleppo, from whence he proceeds across the plains of the Taurus, at Urjah, a large Turkish city, scarcely at present known, although hardly inferior in size to Smyrna or Aleppo, and containing the interesting remains of the Edena of the Greeks, and the Ur of the Chaldees, near Haran, the place to which the patriarch Abraham repaired from Ur, the city of his birth, at the command of God. From Urjah Mr. Buckingham journeyed to Diarbekr, a Turkish city in the heart of Asia Minor, from thence to Mardin, and across the plains of Semdjar, through the ruins of Nisibis, a celebrated station of the Greeks, and the great Mosul; visiting also the remains of Aerbela; the ruins of Nineval on the Tigris, and those of Babylon on the Euphrates, the Tower of Babel, and other objects of ancient celebrity and interest. The journey ends at Bagdad, the most renowned among the cities of the East.

A translation of Dr. Lingard's History of England, is announced for appearance in Germany; a portion of the same work, commencing with the reign of Henry VIII., is also being translated into Italian.

Mr. Bowring has very nearly ready for publication, a volume on the Literature and Poetry of Poland.

Mr. Stephen Reynolds Clarke has a work nearly ready, entitled Vestigia, or, Observations on the more interesting and debateable Points in the History and Antiquities of England, illustrative of Events, Institutions, Manners, and Literature, from the earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor.

The author of "Gilbert Earle" has in the press a new work, called Tales of Passion.

Mr. Richard Burdekin announces the Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence, (late bookseller at York); with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the neighbourhood.


The History of the Glorious Return of the Vaudois to their Valleys in 1689.—By Henri Arnaud, their Pastor and Colonel. Translated by H. D. Acland, and embellished with original sketches of that singular country.

Nearly ready for publication, Holland-Tide; or, Minuter Popular Tales. Mr. Murray announces—Crockford House, a Rhapsody; with Rhymes in Rome. 1826.

Dame Rebecca Berry; or, Court Scenes and Characters in the Reign of Charles the Second, is nearly ready.

Arthur de Capell Brooke has nearly ready, A Winter's Journey through Lapland and Sweden; with Observations made during a Residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape.

Colonel Trench purports publishing a collection of papers, illustrated by explanatory plates, relating to the Thames Quay; with hints for some further improvements in the metropolis.

It is in the contemplation of the French government, to establish light-houses upon all the coasts of that country. Grinez and the Pointe d'Apreck are said to be two of the sites already fixed upon.

A pamphlet, purporting to be a Posthumous Letter of the Duke of York, has been published. The thing is a vile cheat; and we are surprised how any bookseller could lend himself to so mean and despicable a method of endeavouring to impose upon public credulity.
Died.—A few days since, the Right Rev. Dr. Plunkett, Catholic Bishop of Meath. The venerable deceased was one of the oldest bishops in Ireland, having been born on the 24th of December, 1738, and was consequently in his 89th year. For very near half a century, he presided over one of the largest bishoprics in Ireland; and he had the reputation, amongst all parties, of uniting as many of the qualities of a Christian pastor, as ever were concentrated in one individual. Dr. Plunkett was born at Kells, in the county of Meath. His father was a respectable inhabitant of that town, who gave him an excellent education, in spite of the laws then existing to prevent the instruction of Catholic youth. It is a singular fact, that he was articled to a respectable trader, residing in Pill-lane, Dublin, as a precaution, without which he could not venture into a foreign land, in quest of that instruction which was denied him in his own. By this artifice, the young ecclesiastic was suffered to go into France, on pretence of attending his master's affairs, in the year 1759, a period at which the talents and patriotism of Dr. Curry and Mr. Charles O'Connor had just begun to exhibit the first feeble symptoms of returning life in the Catholic body. At the close of his academical course, in the celebrated college of Trente-trois, founded by the Duke of Orleans, he was promoted to the priesthood, obtained a professorship in the Irish community, and the place of chief almoner in one of the first families in France. He, subsequently, took the degree of Doctor in Divinity with unboundedly appraising, became an associate of the illustrious and royal Navarre, and one of the four provincial superiors of the Irish college called the Lombard. After six and twenty years' absence he returned to Ireland, and was, in 1778, appointed successor to Dr. Cheevers, who was, for many years previously, Bishop of Meath. His first visitation was made towards the close of that year, and, for forty-eight years subsequently, a similar duty was annually performed, with the zeal and spirit of a primitive bishop. Being a zealous patron of the domestic education of the Irish clergy, after the devastating revolution in France, he took an active part in the deliberations of the Catholic prelates in 1794, having for their object the establishment of Maynooth. Being named one of the original trustees, he was present in that capacity, together with the late primate, and the Most Reverend Dr. Troy, when his Excellency, Lord Camden, laid the foundation of that college, in 1796. His growing infirmities compelled him to resign his trust in the summer of 1825. One who knew him well, in recording the melancholy event of his death to a friend, thus writes, in allusion to an incident in the life of this prelate:— "It cannot be dissembled that Dr. Plunkett was one of the ten bishops who, in the beginning of 1799, signed the preliminaries of a Royal Veto. It is the only spot upon his memory. He was led into this single oversight by a too great anxiety for the emancipation of his Catholic countrymen, and by a rash confidence in the servants of the Crown, which subsequent experience taught him to retract. When the council of his Holiness had considered and condemned the dangerous resolve, he was amongst the first to abandon it, and joined cordially his brethren in the opposition to it. His letter in 1824, to the Catholic Association, evinces principles of the most unbounded patriotism! It is a singular fact, that the late Dr. O'Beirde, Protestant bishop of Meath, was once a pupil of Dr. Plunkett, during the time that the latter filled a professor's chair in the Irish community in Paris. Dr. O'Beirne, on his return homeward from college, for the recovery of his health, conformed in England to the religion of the state, and rose rapidly in his dignities and emoluments. Doctor O'Beirne was not trusted by the communion he had joined, and was despised by that he had abandoned, and died without a regret beyond the circle of his immediate family."
GEORGE HOME.

GEORGE HOME is one of the most extraordinary individuals in Ireland: the lowliness of his original occupation, his subsequent prosperity, the singularity of his fortunes, the exaggeration and mystery with which the story of his success in life has been involved by the gossipping propensities of a great portion of the inhabitants of Dublin, and the qualities of the man himself as a citizen, render him and his history a subject of curious inquiry to the stranger who visits the Irish metropolis. My inquisitiveness into the circumstances of this individual, arose out of my presence at a public meeting, held in Dublin in May last, in the buildings called "THE NATIONAL MART," of which he alone is the founder, for the purpose of arranging the permanent establishment of that undertaking. On that occasion Mr. Home developed, in an elaborate statement, with much energy and apparent sincerity, the advantages likely to result to the manufacturing classes of Ireland from the proposed institution. My attention was withdrawn from the speaker, in the progress of his development, by the declamatory narration of an artisan standing in my immediate neighbourhood, who, surrounded by a group of bellowing auditors, and evincing most ineffable satisfaction, unfolded to them the entire history of Mr. Home; which, if he related with fidelity, nearly reached that consummation of miraculous achievements to which the Baron Munchausen notoriously attained! There were various causes assigned, by this amusing biographer, for the elevation of Mr. Home, from his humble occupation of a journeyman pastry-cook, into the architect of more than one national institution; but, with the exception of being possessed of certain powers of alchemy, which, according to the same veritable authority, enabled him to transmute bits of gilded gingerbread into golden ingots, the orator of whom I have spoken decided, that the finding of a Queen Anne farthing, by Home, had been the agent in elevating the possessor into his present pre-eminence amongst the citizens of the Irish metropolis. Every word which fell from the communicative biographer of Mr. Home increased my desire to discover how much of truth had entered into his narration; and my anxiety was not at all diminished, as I heard, at all sides of me, as the multitude dispersed at the conclusion of the proceedings, ejaculations upon the waywardness of fortune, and the strangeness of Mr. Home having risen to wealth and respectability "by his good luck in finding a Queen Anne farthing!" The facts relating to the life of this singular man have been brought within my knowledge by means of a laborious inquiry,
George Home is a native of Berwickshire. He is a descendant of Home, of Benton, who himself, as appears by the records of the Lion Office, was descended from the Earls of Home, the representatives of the ancient princes of Northumberland. The celebrated Lord Kames, who flourished in the seventeenth century as one of the judges of the Court of Session, was also a member of this noble family. It would be tedious to enter into a relation of the vicissitudes that reduced the immediate ancestors of the subject of this memoir, to a station in society beneath that which their hereditary rank conferred upon them. George Home, who, it will be seen, had endowments for an higher office, was apprenticed to a confectioner, and, having served his term of apprenticeship, repaired, about fourteen years since, to that great market for genius, London. He pursued, in that great metropolis, the avocations of his trade with the perseverance and industry for which his country is remarkable—"sunt quos curriculo;" but I shall not be classical,—I mean to say, that nature has conferred upon each of us peculiar habits and attributes, and that, while some men are remarkable for their powers in destroying, by a voracious appetite, the creatures which grow under the forming hands of a pastry-cook, other men are gifted with a creative genius, that renders this epicurean devastation of no injury to those inclined to indulge in similar enjoyments. Of this latter class was George Home. His excellence in his art at once revealed him as belonging to the first order of the trade, and the skill and nicety of his devices—and if, under the circumstances, I may say—the taste, which his work exhibited, rendered him speedily an artist of celebrity in his line. About this period, he was met in London by Millar, a person of his own trade, living in one of the principal streets of the Irish metropolis, and a negotiation between them terminated in Home accepting a situation in the establishment of this person, and coming to reside in Ireland. It is proper, at this period of the narration, to record the circumstance of Mr. Home being the first introducer, into Ireland, of that species of architectural confectionery, which may now be seen gracing the supper-tables of the fashionable gourmands of that country. The salary which Mr. Home received was a proof of his cleverness, since it was considered unusual and extravagant by his associates. His provident disposition soon exhibited itself, and he began to lay by a portion of his earnings. At this time it occurred, that some coins were brought from the shop of a Mr. Ennis, a baker, residing in Grafton Street. Home was engaged in looking over these coins, and his eye was quickly struck with the beautiful appearance of one of them. His taste in the arts, and a fancy for the inspection of curiosities, had brought him acquainted with that rare produce called farthings, to which the reign of Queen Anne gave birth. The wife of his employer was present, and to her Home descended upon the prettiness of the farthing, and his willingness to give her for it more than its nominal value. He offered her twopence in exchange for the coin, which she, with a generosity only to be accounted for in her ignorance of virtu, magnanimously refused, and pressed Home to receive the coin as a gift. He hesitated to receive it without giv-
ing a consideration for it, and at length prevailed upon the mistress to accept twopence in lieu of the farthing. As soon as the bargain was made he smiled and exclaimed, that his fortune was already made: "This is," said he, "if I do not mistake, a Queen Anne farthing!" The woman thought, with Hamlet, that "this was the very coinage of his brain!" and, in the course of that day, the discovery of Home was treated as a jest. Moore, the baker, from whose shop the farthing was brought, became acquainted with the circumstance, but attached no more importance to its result than those many others, who smiled at the credulity of the young Scotchman, who, notwithstanding the provoking gibes of his acquaintances, retained his opinion as to the authenticity of the coin, as well as a watchful possession of it; and, in due form, communicated to the Royal Society of London the fact of his having, in his keeping, what was considered so rare and valuable a production. Moore, perceiving the pertinacity with which Home adhered to his original opinions, then began to express a regret that he had ever yielded up his right to the farthing. Home, at once, declared the uncertainty of the farthing being of the reign of Queen Anne, but promised, that, if his conjectures were realized, he would give half the produce of the sale of the coin to this individual; which undertaking seemed more than satisfactory to Moore, who extolled the liberality of the Scotchman. In due time the answer from the Royal Society arrived, confirmatory of the hopes of the lucky finder; and, at once, regret sprang up in the family of his employer, that to none of themselves was belonging so much sagacity as enabled Home to find out this precious treasure. Much trickery was put in operation to recover the possession of the coin, although it was not for a moment implied, that the parties would recede from the terms agreed upon between them. Many efforts were used to seduce the coin from the careful depository in which Home had laid it, but they were ineffectual. Home, being a stranger, and observing many suspicious symptoms, declined surrendering the possession of his treasure. Now the thought seized them, of using forcible means, alleging, that Home originally possessed himself of the coin by dishonest means,—that it was their property, and that they were best entitled to its proceeds. Home speedily counted amongst his enemies many of those low mechanics, who were then concerned in the retail distribution of Irish justice. Some of his adversaries were vulgar corporators, common councilmen, and such cattle who have, or had, a predominance in the Court of Sessions. Many of them, too, were on visiting terms at the Sheriffs' Office, where, if we are to believe the Parliamentary records, any "accommodation" to a party could be had at a fixed price, or could be had, if Alderman Nugent be not an utterer of fobs, for nothing, when the party chanced to possess political principles of the proper hue!* A

* See "The Fifteenth Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Duties, Salaries, and Emoluments, of the Officers, Clerks, and Ministers of Justice, in all Temporal and Ecclesiastical Courts, in Ireland," in the Office of Sheriff, passim. The following extract, page 64, may be read with some interest, as illustrative of the system:—

"A flagrant instance of a jury, packed in the Sheriffs' Office, occurred within the last four years, on the trial of an indictment for an assault, at the quarter ses-
warrant of search was, without difficulty, obtained, which enabled
the trusty and well-beloved enemies of Home to rifle his trunk;
which process was rendered nugatory by the precautions of Home,
who then manifested the obstinacy of the Scotchman, and vowed he
would suffer death rather than yield to so base an expedient. Hav-
ing failed in the search to recover the coin, a warrant of committal,
on a charge of robbery, was had against poor Home, who was forth-
with transmitted to Newgate, there to be, without bail or mainpulate,
until tried before a jury of his citizens. In his passage to the prison
from the place of his capture, he threw the coin, which, at the time,
was hidden, in his pocket, into one of those mountains of street-or-
dure, with which Major Taylor had then contrived to render the air

sions. The traverser, who is a practising attorney, residing in the city of Dub-
lin, with a view to procure a jury likely to acquit him, appears, with the assist-
ance and advice of his professional partner, his clerk, and a relative and particu-
lar friend, to have formed a list, containing the names of about twenty persons,
some of which were suggested by himself, some by his clerk, and also by his
friend. The formation of this list is directly proved by the traverser and his clerk,
who framed it, as also by the evidence of some of the persons named in it, and
who were subsequently placed on the panel; and its delivery to some person in
the Sheriffs' Office, is proved beyond doubt by the official panel, in the hand-
writing of the clerk, Mr. Mansfield, with which we have been furnished, and at the
head of which are placed almost all the names contained in this list." The report
proceeds to say, "Of the twenty-four names first on the panel, some had never
been served, or been summoned to serve, on a jury, on a former occasion;
and others, from the circumstance of their vending spirits by retail, it was improper,
and contrary to the usual practice, to place on panels. The traverser's clerk ap-
ppears to have applied to some of those persons in order to secure their attendance,
requesting that, if any circumstance should take place at the trial favorable to
the traverser, they would avail themselves of it in his favour. His friend and rela-
tive also appears to have made personal application to insure attendance; and
the traverser, according to the evidence of the bailiff, applied to him in the Sher-
iffs' Office, and pointed out several names of individual jurors, whom he requested
he should be particular in summoning, for which service he remunerated him with
one guinea. Of the names contained in the list conveyed to the Sheriffs' Office,
four appear to have been sworn on the jury that tried the case. The result was,
that, in opposition to the clearest evidence, and the recorder's charge and remon-
strance, one of these four jurors, the relative and client of the traverser, to whom
he appears also to have been a debtor, held out against the other eleven, and the
prosecution proved abortive, a juror being withdrawn. In a previous stage of
the trial the jury had been more divided, until, upon the cross-examination of the
traverser's own witness (a person who was his clerk and cashier), it appeared that
he had confessed to him the fact of the assault!

"It is not unusual, in criminal cases, for the prisoner or traverser, by resorting
to the Sheriffs' Office, to obtain a copy of the panel previously to his trial. In
one case of this description, we find a sum of five guineas paid to the clerk." Un-
der the head Jury Process, when the commissioners bear testimony to the im-
partiality and correctness with which this duty is discharged in the counties, they
say, "With respect to the impaneling and summoning of jurors in the city of Dub-
lin, we cannot express a similar opinion. Much public impression has prev-
ailed, that the influence of the corporation, in the Sheriffs' Office, has been used to
corrupt or bias the administration of justice through juries." Under the head Nisi Prius, and Petit Juries, we find the following:—"There appears to us to be no department of the Sheriffs' Office, of the city of Dublin, more loudly call-
ing for correction, than that connected with the summoning of juries. The whole
of this duty is committed to one individual, from whom no security is required
odoriferous.* To trial for the "robbery," was poor Home brought before the Recorder's Court, and, with all due formality, he was there convicted of the offence laid in the indictment!!! The present recorder of Dublin, Sir Jonah Green, was the leading counsel against him, and excited no small share of laughter by the strange expedi- dients, in the shape of arguments, which he used to convict "the cul- prit!!" The most irrefutable doctrine which the learned counsel pro- pounded, with the customary reiteration of the advocate, was drawn from Hudibras—

"The value of a thing
Is the money it will bring!"

On this sagacious dictum it was necessary to lay great stress, for, when the facts were disclosed to the court and jury, the affair was made more a subject for laughter than for grave inquiry. However, the matter proved at length to be one of a most serious character to Home—a jury—a Dublin jury, the constituent materials of which have been already analysed by the Parliamentary Commissioners—found a verdict against the stranger, and, upon Sir Jonah Green's principle, the recorder sentenced him for the robbery to TWELVE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT IN THE JAIL OF NEWGATE, although the

for his good conduct in its performance, and in whom a discretion is vested to em- ploy such persons as he may select to assist him, who are not restrained by the check of any responsibility. He admits the practice of receiving bribes from par- ties, for what he calls carefully summoning particular juries; which can mean nothing but making the attendance of jurors favourable to the party bribing him more certain than that of others. He admits, also, that he has allowed himself to be tampered with by parties in trials at the Commission Court; and he recollects one case, in which he received a bribe for endeavouring to change the situation of names upon a panel (on the occasion of a trial for perjury), by placing those which were at the bottom of the panel at the top; in which attempt, however, he failed," &c. &c. &c.

These little extracts afford no more than a slight idea of the dreadful system of the Sheriffs' Office in Dublin, as developed in the course of this parliamentary commission. From what has been adduced, however, it is not difficult to de- cide, that a jury, to convict Mr. Home of "robbery," was procured without much difficulty!

* No man cleaves with more pertinacious adherence, even to the prejudices of his early habits, than a Scotchman. Thus, Major Taylor, a thorough Caledonian, holding for many years a leading office in the municipal authority of Dublin, fancied, from his early predilection for the old town of Edinburgh, that heaps of filth, tastefully laid down in the various streets of the metropolis, were essential to their picturesque appearance; and I question whether he would not abominate the look of the wheelbarrow which would remove them, unless from the same in- ducement to tolerate their approach that fills the poet, who kisses the vase in which roses have once been distilled! The odour (de gustibus non, &c.) alike clings to the vase and to the wheelbarrow! Some years since, the inhabitants of Mark's parish presented a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant, praying that he would interpose his authority to protect the mere Irishery from the mountains of Scotch perfume, which were permitted to remain upon the streets. The memorial was referred to Major Taylor for his report, and he manfully vindicated his favourite theory, as to the salutary influence of the ornaments complained of; and showed cause against the memorial by assuring the Lord-Lieutenant, that those who were blessed with the longest lives on record, either lived in the immediate neighbour- hood of the public temple of Cloacina, or devoted themselves to her service, by frequent descents into those regions over which she presided! The reader may depend upon the accuracy of this fact, however incredible it may appear.
prosecutor admitted the farthing was given to Home, but not returned by him, thus, even according to the statement of the prosecutor, determining the offence, at the worst, as no more than a breach of trust. The legend amongst the vulgar from that day, as has been proved by the introductory part of this sketch, is, that the Queen Anne farthing was the convertible source of the present prosperity and station of Mr. Home. Than this notion, nothing can be more erroneous. The farthing contributed to Home nothing but whatever of temporary shame it had brought upon his reputation, which might have been the ruin of a spirit less capable of reaction than his. During his imprisonment, the exemplary conduct of Home procured him the friendship of several gentlemen, with whom he occasionally came into contact, they being inmates of the same dreary abode. One gentleman, particularly, evinced feelings of sympathy and regard towards him; and to this individual does Home attribute his subsequent success. This gentleman had been, under some process of civil law, an inmate of Newgate for upwards of five years, and was allowed by his family an annuity, sufficient in amount for his respectable maintenance. He had often expressed a strong friendship for Home during the period of his captivity, and took, as all persons who know anything of the man, an extraordinary interest in his fortunes. On the liberation of Home, this gentleman insisted on his receiving from him, as a trifling testimony of his regard and belief of his unjust imprisonment, a present of five pounds, which the high-minded Scotchman objected to receive unless on the terms of a loan. With this sum of five pounds, a manuscript on some subject that has not been disclosed, and a few tools pertaining to the trade of a carpenter (for, during his imprisonment, he employed his time as a means of support in the manufacture of musical instruments, particularly violins and Eolian harps), did George Home, with a character sullied in the estimation of some, but elevated, immeasurably, in the opinions of others, commence his “second career of life.” With this miserable capital, did this enterprising man, in the field of his humiliation, resume his trade as a confectioner. He hired an obscure lodging in Capel Street, and in the purchase of an utensil necessary for his art, he expended nearly all his funds, merely reserving the sum of one pound and fourpence halfpenny sterling! Under these disheartening circumstances he proceeded. Industry seems to have been always a leading characteristic of the man. In his humble abode, he racked invention to supply innovation upon the old system of cookery. It is mentioned as an instance of his indefatigable perseverance, that, during this probationary period of his fortunes, he habitually expended of his time sixteen or seventeen hours in laborious occupation! At the end of the first year, he not only found himself enabled to doubly repay his Newgate benefactor, but also to emerge from his abode in Capel Street, from which he supplied with articles, made by him, the people in his trade residing in the fashionable parts of the city, and to become the tenant of a shop. To his new residence his good luck followed him; and, at the end of the second year of his industry, he felt that his funds warranted him in removing his establishment to one of the most stylish streets in Dublin, which soon became the resort of all that portion of the beau monde, who breakfast at an early hour, and feel the suggestions of a craving appetite between the time of break-
fast and of dinner. "The great King himself," as Shakspeare says, "did woo him oft for his confections!" A certain viceroy was observed, on more than once occasion, satiating his appetite by a plebeian indulgence in the luxuries of "Banqueting Hall." This at once decided the character of this Apician edifice, upon which Home had expended, when he took possession of it as a tenant, the entire of his capital in brilliant decorations, that at once exhibited him as an individual of more classic endowments than are usually conferred by nature upon mere pastrycooks. The seductive brilliancy of Banqueting Hall, which almost seemed to exhale into Sackville Street a kind of gastrick vapour, that persuaded the appetite into downright hunger scarcely able to eat a luncheon, soon realized an annual net profit, for the proprietor, of more than one thousand pounds.

With this accumulating property, a man of less laudable ambition would have rested satisfied; but he was not content with such an income. The success attending his exertions in Sackville Street gave rise to various alterations and improvements in his establishment, that eventually infused into him a taste for architecture, and in a few years directed his attention to a much more comprehensive field for improvement and speculation. In consequence of the erection of that splendid edifice, the new General Post Office of Ireland, the building formerly occupied by the Postmasters-General, situated in College Green, in front of the Irish House of Commons, became vacant. For a period of two or three years, that huge pile of buildings was represented in the public prints as a nuisance, deserving of abatement, by presentment or some other compulsory process. Mr. Home entered into treaty with the owners for the tenancy of it; and, after a formal negotiation, was declared the successful purchaser for a sum of eleven thousand pounds, under the condition, that he should proceed immediately to the outlay of a large sum of money in the improvement of the premises! Many of those good-natured people who are to be found every where in abundance, whose occupation it is to sit in council upon all the affairs and transactions of their neighbours and acquaintances, were sadly puzzled to discover the drift of the new speculation of the man who was designated, par excellence, "the lucky Scotchman!" No one, not even one of the class just described, could form any satisfactory suspicion of his project.—Before speculation had tired itself, the public eye was astonished by the erection of The Royal Arcade upon the site of the old Post Office. With so much secrecy and composure did Mr. Home carry his intentions into effect, that it is a fact incontestable, that the very residents about this beautiful and extensive concern were ignorant of its being in progress of erection, until the gates of it were thrown open to the public visitor! It was rather extraordinary, in the opinion of the good easy men who so kindly assume the function of sitting in concclave upon the business of George Home, and all such men, that upwards of thirty shops and warehouses could be erected, occupied, and opened at once in the very centre of the city, to the surprise even of the contiguous residents! The ingenuity and taste displayed in the erection of this edifice, and the sensation created by its establishment, stamped upon Mr. Home the character of the man of talent in more than the pursuit in which he had hitherto appeared. The confectioner seemed to migrate into the architect. Many bene-
ficial consequences resulted from the establishment of the Arcade, of which the three we shall mention may be considered as of paramount importance. 1st. The improvement of the shops and warehouses of Dublin in external appearance. 2d. An increase of attention and activity from vendors to their customers, as well as a decided change for the better in the internal arrangements. 3d. The opportunity afforded by opening, for the occupancy of industrious individuals in trade concerns, where, contrary to the usual practice in the Irish metropolis—a practice which acted as a complete check to the speculation of those whose means were limited, fines were not exacted from the tenant entering on possession. This concern has been now established for a period of seven years, and still is a source of attraction to the citizens of Dublin as well as to those strangers who visit that city. The value of the Arcade to the proprietor has been estimated at 40,000l.; the gross income which it yields amounts to no less than 3,500l. annually, from which are to be deducted the expenses of maintaining the premises, which, from the uniform splendour and regularity with which they are conducted, must be considerable. It was supposed that a rich money-lender, who stood merely in the relation of law agent to Mr. Home, had been in reality the source of all this expenditure of moneys which has been described. It is just as true, to attribute to him one particle of the prosperity of Home, as to assign it to the farthing. Home has been the unfeigned architect of his own fortune. The first mark of favour which could be considered an approval of his industrious exertions, Mr. Home received in 1823, after the erection of the Arcade, from that patriotic and excellent baronet, Sir Capel Molyneux, who transmitted a letter, which appeared at the time in the public journals, a splendid testimonial of his respect for him. Having recovered from corporate rascality and oppression—having founded "Banqueting Hall," and erected The Royal Arcade, the attention of Mr. Home was directed to a new speculation—to nothing less than giving to Ireland a National Market, which the "Patriots" said she wanted very badly for a century. More than three years ago, one of the first lords of the soil, and most of the great mercantile personages of the city of Dublin, voted, at a public meeting held at the Royal Exchange, the following resolutions:—

"Resolved—That, being satisfied that the establishment of a weekly market in the city or liberty of Dublin, for the sale of the produce of domestic manufacture, particularly in the linen, woollen, and cotton branches, both in the raw and finished state, and also for linen and cotton yarn, would greatly tend to encourage and promote industry, and consequently improve the condition of the working classes in the metropolis, and its vicinity—

"Resolved—That a committee be appointed to ascertain what, in their opinion, would be the proper site, the extent of ground that would be required, the nature and extent of the buildings, and also to suggest the best means of raising the necessary funds for the accomplishment of the proposed market."

When those resolutions had been passed with all due formality, and thanks were voted to the noble chairman, for his dignified and impartial conduct in the chair, and when the different speakers retired to their respective houses, in the delightful anticipation of seeing their influential names, titles, and speeches, set forth in the morning papers of the next day, in the flattering relief of longprimer type, and when
the said speeches, appearing in such manner, were duly read, seen, and admired, there was a communication made, from a committee appointed at the meeting, to the Irish government. The government agreed to advance one-half of the necessary funds for the purposes stated, provided the lords, merchants, and patriots, would put their hands in their purses, and supply the other half. The contributions of the patriots consisted of mere talk—a shilling was not subscribed by them, and, therefore, sixpence was not advanced by government!

Upon this hint of the utility of such an institution as that described in the foregoing resolutions, did Mr. Home proceed in a new undertaking. Whimsical and speculative, he did that which no other person would do; and, without the assistance of the lords, merchants, and patriots, and owing just as little to the "benign and parental government of Ireland," he has been able to erect a pile of buildings, which, in their magnitude, resemble a little town! At a public meeting, convened by himself at this National Mart, was my attention, as I before explained, drawn to inquiry into his extraordinary history. On that occasion he addressed, in plain and intelligible arguments, the immense assemblage which he had convened, and expatiated, with the argumentative energy of a professional orator, on the benefits likely to result from the institution. It would be quite impossible to condense into reasonable propositions his elaborate statistics. He urged, on the faith of his own practice and experience, the advantages of industry, and the benefits which were likely to accrue to the manufacturing classes of Dublin, and the country in general, if markets were established for the sale of domestic manufactures, and loan funds instituted to supply the poor artificers with small sums of money to assist them in their respective trades. To this really benevolent plan, there was opposed a host of adversaries. Some of these were corporators, who detest Mr. Home, from the circumstance of, on more than one occasion, his having wrestled with corporate monopoly—others were individuals, whose decided interest lay in preventing the accomplishment of the project—a third, and the most numerous class of opponents, was those meddling worthless persons, with brains just sufficient to achieve a public injury, who infest the Irish metropolis, and who are continually exhibiting themselves in the affected guise of benevolence, while, in reality, they contribute no more to the cause of charity than very tiresome, very stupid, and, generally speaking, very mischievous speechification.—Mr. Home, despite of opposition, continued to press his project on the public attention, both by letters in the public journals, and by a development of his plan at public meetings. Many converts were won over to his opinions, which are now about to be acted upon. The best proof of his sincerity in the project may be gathered from the fact, that he has expended in the erection of "the National Mart" a sum considerably exceeding 15,000l. From what has been said

* The National Mart is an edifice of great extent, as well as splendour. It is a quadrangular pile, forming an area of 300 by 200 feet, surrounded by a double row of building. The first and second stories are supported by Doric and Grecian Doric columns. Then four spacious corridors, intended for the exhibition of various sorts of Irish manufactures: along these corridors are chambers or offices for the purposes of trade. The third and fourth stories contain about two hundred apartments, the precise object of which has not yet transpired.
it may easily be inferred, that Mr. Home is a most valuable member of society, and a citizen of great worth: nevertheless—and it is a fact illustrative of the baseness of the vulgar corporations of Ireland, that he, although having conferred valuable benefits upon the Irish metropolis, and being, in every respect, a most deserving subject for public respect, has never received the freedom of the city! During the mayoralty of a certain soi-disant liberal lord mayor, there was an intimation given to Mr. Home, that he would speedily receive the honour of the franchise; but an unlucky accident deprived him of this distinction, and nipped, in the bud, the municipal laurels destined for his use. One of those carnivals, called lord mayor's dinners, was given about this time. Generally speaking, some Catholics and liberal Protestants, who may be amongst the personal acquaintances, or customers, of the ephemeral nobleman, find their way into the list of invitations; as it is expressly requested, that until a reasonable time shall have elapsed after dinner, so as to give the well-behaved portion of the company an opportunity to retire, the brutality, of which these places are generally the scene, may be deferred. Invariably, it is true, some obstreperous members of the loyal mob, unused to the distracting medley of good things, of which they make their bellies the receptacles on these occasions, do exhibit their disgusting excesses; and, their mouths stuffed, ad nauseam, with an amalgamation of meats, pastry, and vegetables, utter an inarticulate exclamation, and, in an effort, by standing up, to do honour to the toast of "The Glorious Memory," the anxious movers of these extended jaws fall prostrate, in acknowledgment of the more potent and irresistible sovereignty of strong liquor! However, such lapses of decorum occurring before the cloth is removed, must not be taken as indicative of a general want of decency at so early a period of such festivities. This little digression has been indulged in to account for the appearance at one of those dinners, to which Mr. Home had been invited, of a Catholic gentleman, who, at the moment that Mr. Home entered the reception-room, advanced towards him, and continued with him in familiar converse until "the work of destruction" was announced. It was decided from that day, that Home was a man whom it would be dangerous to trust with his freedom; and, accordingly, he heard nothing more of the matter. Insolvent tax-eaters—pauper Protestants of "undoubted loyalty," from the Coombe or the parliaments of Werburgh Street—birds of passage, in no matter what capacity—army ensigns, "for their gallant conduct in the Peninsula," might, with safety, be enfranchised; but George Home, who literally is the founder of various public buildings, whose money has been expended in the employment of the famishing tradesmen, whom corporate capacity, along with other causes, mulct of their miserable earnings;—who, in a word, is a citizen of reputation and stability, has not been conceded that which is bestowed, indiscriminately, upon the most worthless and idle persons in the metropolis!

Mr. Home, notwithstanding the various vicissitudes of fortune which he has undergone, is a young man. To all appearance, his age does not exceed thirty-four or thirty-five years. He is a thin Scottish-looking person, and exhibits in his countenance that perfection of intellect and benevolence of disposition, for which he is so eminently distinguished. His habits are frugal and regular in the extreme; but his frugality by
Dublin Distiches.

no means diverges into penuriousness or want of generosity. His frugality is the caution and providence of a man who knows the value of money; and to the circumstances which made him skilled in this very occult science, is probably attributable his readiness, on all occasions, to do a kind act, and aid a deserving individual who may want his assistance. He was evidently designed by nature for pursuits different from the occupation to which he has been bred; and from the great taste and judgment which he has displayed in architectural designs, it is not a visionary speculation to say, that other circumstances might have made him an architect, surpassing most of his cotemporaries in scientific conception. Probably, to Mr. Home, originally, did not belong more attainments than were necessary to render him a proficient in his trade; but he is at present in possession of great tact in literary composition, and powers that enable him to communicate his thoughts on all subjects, with a strength and propriety far surpassing those who have not made such subjects their peculiar study and profession. Altogether, he is a most singular individual, and occupies so much of public attention in the Irish metropolis, and has been the subject of such curious speculation, and extraordinary and fabulous representations, that it is hoped this sketch, conveying as it does, authentic information, may not be considered too elaborate or unnecessary.

DUBLIN DISTICHES.—NO. 1.

THE "SAINTS."

"His coat was black, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through."

The Devil's Walk.

I LATELY was told, on authority grave,
By one who in truth is veracity's slave.
A fact, to relate which my modesty quails;
For, wondrous to say, 'tis that "saints" have got tails!
And he swore at the time by his honour and fame,
That the following receipt would demonstrate the same.

RECEIPT.

"Catch a 'saint' by hook, trap, or aught other means,—such
As you snare other vermin, it matters not much;
Then grasp him behind by his 'brachio' of sable,
And hold him down fast on a bench or a table,
And cut him and slash him, and hack him and hew him,
And run a great butcher's knife through him and through him,
Then you'll find in a trice that your art will prevail,
For the creature will flourish a monstrous long tail!
This receipt, I protest,—may, I swear,—is not spurious,
And is well worth a trial, at least from the curious."

Your "saint" has indeed been most truly compared
To Mahomet's coffin, of which all have heard,
How it doubtingly dangles and hovers betwixt
The earth and the sky, but on neither is fixed:
And the likeness will still be more wittily true,
If you call to remembrance, that of feet but a few
Divide it from earth, while from Heaven, good lack!
It is myriads of miles of a measureless track!

A friend of my own, an old parson of Norwich,
Who abominates "saints" much as Johnson did porridge,*
Tells the following hit with much "gusto and gout,"
And, though parsons may joke, yet their jokes must be true.

In the parish of——— lived old farmer Ruxkins,
Who was famous for wearing the toughest of buckskins;
Now Ruxkins had got an old wife, who was curious
To fathom the doctrine the "saints" preached so furious;
So she said to her husband, "Dear John, do you know
That my conscience of late has been very so so.
I can't tell what it be, but that sometimes a pang
For my sad worldly life will come on with a twang,
And I mourn in secret and bitterly sigh,
And think on the day, I'll be called on to die;
And my soul hath grown thin, and my spirit waxed sparse,
For I hunger and thirst after spiritual fare;
So I prithee, dear spouse, just to make me all right,—
Do let me partake of the 'love-feast' to-night."

"A love-feast!" cried he, "What! a meeting of Swaddlers?
Non! I hate the vile cant of those sanctified pedlars,
Who hoak round the country their counterfeit wares,
And gull foolish pidgeons with poppies and tares."

"Oh! fie, Mr. R., you're the shamelessest carper!"
Cried his wife, looking savage, whilst bluer and sharper
The point of her nose every moment became,
And just in proportion poor Ruxkins grew tame.
He feared, should a storm matrimonial take place,
And so deemed it the best to give up with good grace.
So she thanked him and smiled.—"For in cases like these
You know, dearest John, I do just as you please."
"You're the best of all wives, that I know," replied Ruxkins,
"So I'll lend you a pair of the best of my buckskins,
For the evening is coolish, the day was but foggy,
And you're subject to cramps and rheumatics, dear Moggy.
And Thady shall go and attend you all through,
For I don't like the place,—I'll be domn'd, if I do."
So she took his advice; quickly mounted the leather,
And set off for the "feast" in despite of the weather.

But what gallant youth did old Ruxkins rely on?
Oh! faith and indeed 'twas on Thady O'Brien,
A youth full of fun, from that isle of the ocean,
So famed for potatoes, pottage, and commotion;

* A Scotch lady, in London, asked Dr. Johnson to breakfast with her shortly after his return from his "tour," and, among other Scotch dainties, she had a mess of oatmeal porridge; she asked him how he liked it, to which he replied, "Very good for hogs." Here, however, the lady had the last word (as witty ladies generally have with witty gentlemen), for she retorted with "Oh! then pray allow me to help you to a little more of it."
Dublin Distiches.

Who close by his mistress established his stand,
"To defend her till death, with his fist in his hand."
Having got very close to the sanctified preacher,
When Thady was sure that no evil could reach her.

And what did ensue at this meeting so grave, I
Will give you on Thady's own sworn "affidavy,"
Who was questioned by Ruxkins in tone confidential
To tell all the sayings and deeds consequential
To their very first sight of the "banqueting hall,"
Not omitting one jot, but to "oot with it all."

Then Thady looked knowing, and wagghish and munn;
First twisted his button, then twirled his thumb,
And, then taking courage, "Well, masther, I'll tell ye,
Though I trimble in troth like a bag of could jelly;
But it was not my fault, "twas the Missis would go"—
"Oh! domn thee," cried Ruxkins, "tell what happened or no"—
"Now be asy, yer honour," just give us some patience,
And you soon shall have knulidge in plenty and lashings.
Then yer honour must know that the service began,
And the preacher himself was a fine comedy man;
Around us indeed were the best of the quality,
But each looked as sad as a cow on a holiday.
And the minister soon did proceed to his duty,
And his sermon began about 'heavenly beauty,'
And 'heavenly bridegrooms,' and 'love all celestial,'
Unlike that of men, which is earthly and bestial;
But soon in the midst he got furious and frantic,
And knocked out one candle with a caper and antic.
Then, quite unconcerned, without no intimation—
Which just means on purpose, as I'm going to mition,
Bang, smack went the other;—and then we were left, Sir,
Of candle-light, day-light, and new-light, bereft, Sir.
And now began squalling, and squealing, and squeaking,
And 'saints' with 'saintesses' sad liberties taking.
But, to make a short end of a very long history,
Myself caught a glimpse of this very dark mistery,
And determined to make out the sinse of the riddle,
And, not caring to stand like the fool in the middle,
But do as the others were doing, I laid
The fiderest of hands on the next willing maid;-
When oh! tear-an-ounty! 'twas enough to confound
My seventeen senses, dear masther, I found
She had got such a tough pair of buckskins upon her,
I'd have sworn on my soul they belonged to yer honour!"

"Out! monster, begone! O! my woife, O! my woife,"
Cried Ruxkins, half mad, "though 'tis past all beloif,—
You shott neer gang againe to a 'luva-least' my loife!"
And such is the tale of the Parson of Norwich,
A funny old cove, whose abode rhymes to "porridge."

R.
KEPPEL'S JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.*

"ONCE mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen! She quarrels with you,—marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand canaille Cossacks and others, and England loses India!" So said Napoleon with the privilege of a dashing politician, and his words are not entirely devoid of meaning. Perhaps, however, Russia may advance upon India without disturbing the slumbers of the sublime Porte, and we are greatly mistaken if Persia do not become a Russian province long before the Czar mounts the throne of the Constantines. Man turns to the South with nearly as much celerity as the needle to the North Pole, and may be classed among those winged tribes who are eternally migrating in pursuit of summer. Some one, or more than one, have prophesied, that Europe would one day be overrun by the modern Goths and Vandals from the banks of the Wolga; but there can be little apprehension of this, when warmer and more interesting climates offer a readier attainment in another direction. The progress of Russian conquests all tends this way. Nicholas's arms are now reflected in the waves of the Caspian, and he needs only give orders to advance, and, almost unresistingly, possess himself of the land of romance—Persia, and its adjoining provinces. Were not our oriental kingdoms endangered by such a movement, we should rejoice at such an event. The Russians, though neither a polished nor a scientific people, could not fail to carry along with them more than an incipient civilization, and a purer faith than that which irremediably condemns the followers of Mahomet to permanent ignorance and atrocious bigotry. Whatever might be the danger to English monopoly, the result would, eventually, be beneficial to Persia, while, instead of augmenting the resources of Russia, it could not fail to render her less formidable to her European neighbours; for despotic power, like sundry bodies, is weakened by expansion.

Much difference of opinion exists, respecting the possibility of a Russian army being able to reach the borders of our Indian possessions. But the alarm now generally entertained in England, respecting the dispute between the Czar and the Persian monarch, shows that many entertain very decided opinions on the subject. There can be little doubt of its perfect practicability; the country they would have to traverse is three parts inhabited by hordes of independent banditti, who are likely to be friendly to those from whom they have most to fear and to expect; and let it never be forgotten, that a Cossack would carry nearly as much black bread—his only food, on his back, as would subsist him on the journey.

Two thousand years ago, a few hundred Greeks marched, sword in hand, through these regions; and the character of the people, and the nature of the country, have since undergone little or no alteration. Local forces could offer no resistance of moment to a Russian army; every thing, therefore, connected with Persia, becomes of interest to

the British public; and, though Mr. Keppel's journal affords but little not hitherto known, it will be perused with pleasure.

Our author is the son of Lord Albemarle, and, though a very young man, he seems possessed of a clear judgment, many attainments, and considerable talents. He does not aim at an ambitious style, but describes what he saw in a clear correct manner; we only wish that he had been less in a hurry home; much more than he has given us would be acceptable from his pen.

On the 27th of January, 1824, Captain Keppel, in company with Messrs. Hamilton, Lamb, and Hart, sailed, in his majesty's ship the Aligator, from Bombay to Bussorah. They had for a fellow-passenger his Highness Fluteh Ali Khan, an eunuch in the seraglio of his brother-in-law, Abbas Meerza, the prince royal of Persia:

"The principal person of the prince's establishment, was a Persian Syyud, a man of some information, and not deficient in humour. As I could speak Persian with tolerable fluency, I used frequently to amuse myself by asking his opinion respecting the improvement of our nation in different branches of science. Amongst other subjects, I tried to explain to him the properties of a steam-boat lately established in Calcutta, which, from its power of stemming wind, tide, and current, had been called by the Indians 'Sheitun koo noo,' the Devil's Boat.

"Wishing to pay a compliment to our nation, the Syyud replied, 'When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the devil himself.'

"January 29.—This morning (Sunday), divine service was performed. As soon as it was over, I went up to the Syyud, who had been watching our motions, and, to observe his reply, asked him why he had no said his prayers this morning? His answer was very laconic, Huftee mun, rooze shiana. 'Daily I, weekly you.'

"The Mahometans believe not, with the Syyud, that we pray once a week, but that we never pray at all; and, to say the truth, the general conduct of our countrymen in the East rather favours this supposition.'"

The prince was extremely polite:

"Captain Alexander being confined to his bed by a severe fall from a horse while at Bombay, deputed me to do the honours of the table. The prince would sometimes favours us with his company, though, except for the honour, we could willingly have dispensed with his visits. On some of these occasions he would describe, with true Persian minuteness, those particulars of health which we generally reserve for our physician. At other times he would sop his long skeleton fingers in all the dishes most suitable to his palate, thrust them into his mouth, and then, while wet with saliva, into the plate of some wondering midshipman beside him. His highness had one more habit which, though contrary to our opinion of good breeding, is reckoned in Persia the greatest proof of politeness, as it intimates a compliment to the host's good cheer. I mean eruption. In this sort of ventriloquism, his highness was so well bred, as to give us daily specimens of his powers to the disgust of our naval friends, who, not aware such a custom was fashionable in Persia, thought it 'more honoured in the breach, than in the observance.'"

They touched at Muscat, a colony of Ichthiophagi, fish-eaters. The sea literally swarms with the finny tribe. Muscat is the seat of a sovereign Arab prince, whose title is that of Imaum. He is particularly partial to the English, from interested motives, and his subjects are of the sect called Bee-asis:

"The patriarchal simplicity of the Arab character is strongly marked in every thing connected with this court. In the daily divan held by the Imaum, every
one seats himself without any reference to priority. Even beggars can demand this audience, and may be sure of having a patient hearing given to their complaints.

"I have said that the natives of Muscat are of a sect called Bee-asis. Before I notice them, it may be as well to mention, that the two principal sects of Mahometans are Sunnis and Shihas. The Turks are of the former, and the Persians of the latter persuasion. The Sunnis recognize Aboo-beker, Omar, and Ottoman, the three first successors of Mahomet, as lawful Caliphs. The Shihas consider them as usurpers of the caliphate; which they affirm belonged of right to Ali. — The Sunnis receive the Sunna, or book of oral traditions of Mahomet, as canonical authority. The Shihas reject it as unworthy of credit.

"The Bee-asis differ, in some respect, from Sunnis and Shihas: both of which sects have a kind of veneration for the descendants of Mahomet. The Bee-asis, so far from granting them a pre-eminence, maintain that all who are Mahometans by birth, are eligible for any employment in church or state. For this reason, the sovereign prince of Muscat is called Imaum; which title, amongst other Mahometans, is given only to princes lineally descended from their prophet.

"All Mahometans are forbidden the use of strong drinks. The Bee-asis are more rigid than the other sects, both in precept and practice. They not only abstain from all fermented liquors, but also from tobacco, and from every description of pomp or magnificence in their dress, their houses, or their mosques. They worship no saints; and have neither convents nor dervishes. They have a great regard for justice; and an universal toleration for other religions."

The following account of the mode of extracting toll, may be useful to Irish corporators:

"At the custom-house we observed a curious mode of extracting toll. A negro slave, standing on a mat at the gate, had in his hand a long sharp grooved instrument, on the principle of a cooper's bung-tap. With this he perforated every bag of rice that was carried past him, and extracted a small portion from each."

What will Mr. Wilberforce say to the following:

"In visiting the slave auction, I felt almost angry with myself, for not experiencing more disgust at witnessing so disgraceful and unnatural a traffic."

"The market was held in an open space near the landing-place. Some twenty or thirty fat little negresses, from twelve to fourteen years of age, having their woolly locks neatly plaited, and their bodies well oiled, to give them a sleek appearance, were ranged in two rows, on some logs of timber. Too young to trouble themselves with their degraded state, they sat giggling and chattering with the utmost nonchalance. Our uniforms appeared to afford them much merit. One dingy little coquette, by significantly pointing to us, set the rest in a roar of laughter. In the meantime the slave-merchant was leading by the hand one of the party, and calling out her price. As for herself, she seemed more intent to catch the joke of her companion, than to ascertain any thing respecting her future destiny."

February the 20th, they anchored within ten miles of Bussorah, a dirty nasty town, and were received by the Pacha with every possible honour:

"March 1.—We went this afternoon into the desert to a horse-race; an amusement, of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused, than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the Great Desert, which commences immediately outside the town; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course; and the stakes consisted of a small subscription raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize, were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse
loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal; the prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages, nor fair ladies to grace our sports; but what we lost in splendour and beauty, we gained in novelty; and though, when occasionally gazing on some wearer of gaudy silks, the bright smile of woman did not repay our curiosity, we almost forgot the disappointment in beholding the animated countenance of a turbaned Turk, who, bearded to the eyes, would be seen scurrying past us with jocund in hand, to challenge a comrade to the contest; and, spurred on by his favourite amusement, would lay aside the gravity of the divan, in the all-exhilarating air of the desert.

"Such an exhibition was amusingly set off by the performances of our shipmates. Every youngster of the Alligator had provided himself with a horse, and, as much at home here as on Southampton Downs, was to be seen scampering across the desert on Arabs, scarcely broke. One of these, zealous for the honour of his cloth, challenged me to ride a race with him: off we both set in gallant style, but in his anxiety to get to windward of 'the soldier officer,' he ran foul of a comrade, whom he capsised, as well as himself, at the same moment; the palm was consequently adjudged to me, though my rival competitor swore 'he should certainly have won, if the lubber had not come athwart his hawse!"

They also witnessed a betrothment between two Armenians, who had never seen each other:

"We were admitted into a long narrow apartment, fitted up in the Turkish style, where we found, seated with their backs to the wall, fifty Armenian ladies, who rose on our approach. At the top of the room was the nishawn, or betrothing present, consisting of a bottle of rose-water, sugar-candy, and oranges covered with gold leaf; over the nishawn were thrown two or three embroidered scarfs. The Armenian bishop, accompanied by two priests, now entered the room, carrying wax-candles, ornamented with gold-leaf. Their dress was simple and uniform, being merely loose black robes, clasped in front with a small silver crucifix. Their heads were shaved, with the exception of the crown, thus completely reversing the mode of tonsure practised by the Roman Catholic clergy. An officiating priest brought in a glass of wine, over which the bishop waved the crucifix, and dropped in a diamond ring. Chapters from the Old and New Testament were then chanted by the bishop and priests.

"This ceremony of betrothing only takes place when the parties are at a distance from each other. In this instance, the nishawn and ring are to be forwarded to the betrothed at Baslin. When the ceremony was over, we retired to another room to dine. Among a great variety of dishes, I recognized many of those mentioned in the Arabian Nights in the imaginary feast of Hindbad the Porter, with the merry Barmecide Lord.

"After dinner one of our party proposed the health of the bride elect, which was drank with 'three times three;' to the astonishment of our host, who did not know what to make of our noisy civilities; but as we were rulers of the feast we had it all our own way, and amused ourselves with joking the future bridegroom on the fertile subject of matrimony. In this we were joined by his relations, while the subject of our merriment sate blushing and smiling with all becoming modesty. In the course of the evening, one of the relations sang a song, with a loud nasal twang, to our national air of 'God save the King.'

"In the midst of this revelry, attracted by the sounds of music, we stole on to a terrace, where we found all the ladies assembled. They were dancing in a circle with a slow measured step, with their little fingers linked together. This dance is the Romaic, which I have myself frequently danced in the Ionian Islands, and which is accurately described by Lord Byron:—

'A group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Linked hand in hand and dancing.'
"Two very pretty girls, with their hair neatly plaited down their backs, then danced a *pas de deux*. The step, though slow, was not deficient in grace. The females that we saw were handsome. Their hair, from the straggling specimens which escaped from out the handkerchief, appeared to be generally of a beautiful auburn. Of their figures, no correct opinion could be formed, from the disadvantageous shape of a dress consisting of loose quilted robes, open in the front, so as to leave the chest quite exposed, and a large scarf tied negligently about the hips.

"As the evening advanced, we Europeans took share in the performances in a merry real, to the music of the drum and fifes of the marines. After this, we witnessed the curious ceremony of a Turk and a Jew dancing together, to celebrate the betrothment of a Christian—a circumstance remarkable in a country so distinguished for religious rancour to those of a different persuasion. The exhibition was truly pantomimic and highly entertaining, as it served to contrast the bustling activity of the European with the steady demeanour of the Asiatic. The dance was meant to represent a fight for a fair lady. It commenced with divers gliding movements, and at last ended in an open-handed sparring match, in which both turbans were discomposed; not so the gravity of the wearers, who, during the dance, which lasted upward's of a quarter of an hour, moved not a muscle of their features. At a late hour we retired to rest, attended by a numerous host of servant's carrying linea lanterns, which, reflecting on the mingled group of Europeans and Asiatics, had a very picturesque appearance; so, not having, like the inhabitants, the fear of a hollow before our eyes for keeping late hours, we placed the drummer and fifer in the van, and returned to the factory singing and dancing all the way, our sounds of merriment breaking in upon the dead silence of the streets."

Determined to visit the celebrated city of Bagdad, our travellers hired an Arab boat, and an Arab guard, and proceeded up the Euphrates:

"Leaving the Euphrates to the west, we proceeded up the Tigris, where we soon found ourselves in a current running between six and seven knots an hour, which fully proved to us the appropriate name of Teer (arrow), which the ancient Persians gave to this river on account of the rapidity of its course.

"Two miles above Koorna, the plantations of date trees, which had hitherto covered the banks, ceased, and the country on both sides was overflowed. We landed in the afternoon on the west bank to shoot, and walked several miles; the ground was very wet, and the state of the vegetation indicated little fertility. This destitute place, which is called Il Jezerah (The Island), is generally held to be the seat of Paradise. If such be the case, it certainly is not what the garden of our first parents is described to have been. Only a few shrubs have been visible since we left the vicinity of Koorna. The whole country is a dead flat; and so much flooded in many parts, that we could hardly pass through it. The few dry patches of soil were covered with salt.

"If the present barren appearance of this spot be the only reason for rejecting it as the site of Paradise, the same objection would apply to the surrounding district, which, though now a sandy desert, has been celebrated for the richness of its soil. Pliny calls it the most fertile of the East (*solum Orientis fertillusimum*), and who does not remember the vivid descriptions, in the Arabian Nights, of the delightful gardens of Bagdad and Balsora?

"Half an hour before sunset we arrived at a village of wandering Arabs. One of the men, a wild-looking savage, on seeing us approach, ran forwards in a frantic manner, and, throwing down his turban at our feet, fiercely demanded Buxis (a present.) He was made to replace his turban, but continued screaming as if distracted. This fellow's noise, and our appearance, soon collected a crowd of men, women, and children; the greater number had evidently never seen an European before. The men advanced close to us with aspects far from friendly. The commander of our guard expressed a wish that we should not enter the village; but so ardent was our curiosity in this our first interview with the Arabs of the desert, that we disregarded his advice. Seeing us resolved, he let us have our
own way; but would not allow any of the people to approach, being doubtful of their intentions towards us.

"The village was a collection of about fifty mat huts, with pent roofs, from thirty to sixty feet long. The frame of the huts somewhat resembled the ribs of a ship inverted. It was formed of bundles of reeds tied together; the mat covering was of the leaves of the date tree. An old Mussulman tomb stands on a mound at the south end of the village, and is the only building in which any other material than reed and date-leaves have been employed."

"The scene to us was of the most lively interest. Around us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trackless desert; to our left was the rude village of the wanderers, and immediately in the foreground were their primitive inhabitants, unchanged, probably, in dress, customs, or language, since the time of the 'wild man,' Ishmael, their ancestor. There was little variety in the dress of the men—a large brown shirt with open sleeves, extending to the knee, and bound round the loins with a leathern girdle, formed their principal, and sometimes only habiliment; a few wore the handkerchief or turban. They were armed either with long spears or massive clubs. The dress of the females was also a loose shirt, but not being bound at the waist, it left the person considerably exposed. Some of the women had rings in their noses, others wore necklaces of silver coins, and the hair of several of the girls was divided into long plaits, and completely studed with coins: they were all more or less tattooed on the face, hands, and feet, and some were marked on the ankles with punctures resembling the clock of a stock ng.

"This village is called Goomruk, and its inhabitants are notorious robbers."

These wandering tribes of the desert are all robbers by profession:

"March 11.—At nine in the morning, we passed a station called Munjamail, from an Arab Sheikh of that name, which, from the time of Ishmael, has been the general origin of names borne by different places in these countries.

"We have not met with any habitations that could be considered permanent, nor any formed of more substantial materials than mats and reeds. The liability to inundations, and the habits of these wanderers, would prevent them from erecting buildings which could not be moved.

"We passed in succession on the right bank, the usual station of Thuyn II Swyah, and Mohumud Abool Hassan, Arab chiefs of note.

"We saw numerous encampments of Arabs on both sides, all of whom, as our boat approached, loudly demanded who we were. We always answered them by mentioning the name of Mohumud, a powerful sheikh of the Montefeech tribe, whose protection our boatmen claim. This question was repeated night and day, and men frequently started up in the jungle, where neither habitations nor any appearance of population were observable.

"We were given to understand, that a boat was in no danger of being attacked when any number of Arabs were collected on the banks, as there was then no premeditated intention of robbery, but when only one or two made their appearance, there was reason to suspect that the remainder of the gang were at no great distance; and we frequently observed that Aboo Nasir and the boatmen were always more on the alert on these occasions. Indeed, the circumstance of our boat having to make its way against a rapid and tortuous stream, through a treeless desert, gave to robbers, who might be disposed to molest us, a great facility of observation, as well as ample time to make every necessary preparation for attack. Jeremiah alludes to this mode of lying in ambush, in his denunciation against the wickedness of Judah. 'In the ways hast thou sat for them, as the Arabian in the wilderness.'

"At two p. m., off Chisheff. Here we fell in, for the first time, with the Illyants, another description of wandering Arabs. Instead of the mat huts we had before seen, they occupied black tents, probably of the same description as those of their earliest ancestors. We have a curious illustration of this in the Songs of Solomon, where his bride compares the blackness of her complexion to the tents of Kedar.

"We made frequent visits to these encampments, which were all extremely
wretched. The tents were about six feet long and three high, and brought strongly to mind the habitations of the English gipsies. A large stud of blood horses were grazing near the tents, which being well cased in body cloths, formed a curious contrast with the miserable appearance of the Illyants themselves."

Every village has its buffoon, and the desert can furnish a dandy:

"His turban and robes were adjusted with the greatest neatness, his eyelids were stained with antimony, two or three rings graced each finger, and he conversed with an air of the most amusing puppyism."

"Shortly afterwards, we came upon some extensive ruins on the left bank of the river, which we landed to examine: indeed, from hence to Bagdad, this now deserted tract bears the marks of having once been covered with large and populous cities. Previous to entering upon a description of this place, a few general observations are necessary respecting the appearance of all ruins of this once populous region.

"The soil of ancient Assyria and Babylon consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which, as the waters of the river retire, the shores are covered. This compost, when dried by the heat of the sun, becomes a hard and solid mass, and forms the finest material for the beautiful bricks for which Babylon was so celebrated. We all put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery, by taking some of it while wet from the bank of the river, and then moulding it into any form we pleased. Having been exposed to the sun for half an hour, it became as hard as stone. These remarks are important, as the indication of buildings throughout this region are different from those of other countries, the universal substitution of brick for stone being observable in all the enormous ruins we visited, including those of the great cities of Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and of the mighty Babylon herself, for which we have the authority of Scripture, that her builders had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar."

Bagdad has been two often described to render any details, respecting this celebrated city, necessary. The streets are filthy and narrow, and the magnificent ideas we form of the buildings, from oriental romance, have no foundation in reality; even the gardens on the banks of the Tigris, though fruitful, are very uninviting. The author of the Arabian Nights has sadly deceived his readers.

Our travellers visited the ruins of Babylon, respecting which we have the following remarks from Captain Keppel:

"The place in question is still called Babel by the natives of the country. The traditions of Oriental writers, and those of the neighbouring Arabs, assign the highest antiquity to the ruins. The accounts given by ancient authors agree with the Oriental traditions. The appearance of the place answers the description given by those authors, and the position agrees in the relative distance of Babylon from other great cities: the city of Seleucia, for instance, to the north-east, and that of Is to the north-west. The ruins seen by me correspond with all ancient accounts, both in their geographical relation to Babylon, and to the peculiar description of building. The appearance of the fallen city is precisely that which the divine writings predict Babylon should exhibit after her downfall. The geographical accounts convince me, that Babylon could not have stood elsewhere than on the spot I visited; and the prodigious remains are conclusive evidence, that they could have belonged to no other city.

"The next point for consideration is, the reason why greater remains of Babylon are not to be found? Remembering the circumstances under which this city was built, there will be no difficulty in accounting for the deficiency. It is the vast size of Babylon, and not the want of durability in its materials, that ought to excite our wonder. I have before stated, on the authority of Scripture, that the builders of Babylon substituted 'bricks for stone, and slime for mortar;' a peculiarity which is mentioned by Herodotus, and various ancient authors; and I have also remarked on the ready adaptation of the wet mud on the banks of the river for the making of bricks. When we consider the sandy nature of the soil on
which Babylon stood, the perishable materials of which the city was composed, and the many large cities that have been built of the ruins; when it is remembered, that workmen have been constantly employed in removing the bricks; that for two thousand years the ruins have been subject to the operations of the weather, and that in consequence of the Euphrates periodically overflowing its banks, they are for two months of every year in a state of inundation;—we ought the rather to be surprised, that such vast masses should have withstood so many concurrent causes for total extinction. From these circumstances, I take it for granted, that all the ordinary buildings are crumbled into dust, and that only the remains of the largest exist.

"Whoever has seen the mud habitations of an eastern city, will readily accede to this suggestion. If any further argument were wanting, the fact mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, that the greater portion of the place within the walls was ploughed up in his time, would be, in my opinion, conclusive evidence.

"After stating upon what grounds I rest my belief in the identity of these ruins, it is fair to add, that our party, in common with other travellers, have totally failed in discovering any traces of the city walls."

The mounds, which are yet standing, afford asylums to wild animals. So true have been the predictions of the Prophet, that "wild beasts of the desert should lie there; that their houses should be full of doleful creatures; that wild beasts of the desert should cry in their doleful houses."* Speaking of the Tower of Babel, which stands six miles S.W. from Hillah, our author says:

"Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at the Mujillebê. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indications that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present: that she should 'never be inhabited;' that 'the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;' that she should 'become heaps;' that her cities should be 'a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness.'†

In the beginning of April, our travellers left Bagdad, and proceeded towards the Persian frontier, and, on the 12th, they passed the famous Diald:

"On regaining the road, we arrived at the lowest range of the Hamerine Mountains: having so long been accustomed to traverse a dead flat, we were much gratified at being relieved from the usual monotony of our march, though the change was only from desert plains to barren hills.

"This chain of mountains, which formerly separated the empires of Assyria and Media, was called Mount Zagros, and, distinctly marking the limits of these once splendid rivals, seemed to form a kind of neutral barrier between them. The chain, commencing in Armenia, and extending to the Persian Gulf, may still be considered as fixing the boundaries of the same countries, distinguished in modern language as Arabian and Persian Irak.

"It will doubtless be remembered, that the mountains of Kurdistan have, from time immemorial, been inhabited by wandering tribes, who, though formerly in the immediate vicinity of Media and Assyra, led, unwaved by their civilized neighbours, a lawless, predatory life. This people, who, beyond a doubt, formed one of the tribes of Ishmael, are mentioned in the Carduchi by Xenophon, who had good reason to remember them, from the reception they gave him, and the

* Isaiah, chap. xiii. ver. 21, 22. † Jer. chap. li. ver. 37, 43.
Keppel's Journey from India to England.

They subsequently visited the tents of some of these banditti:

"The tents of these Coords were ranged in one long street, and disposed as booths at a fair: there appeared to be abundance of cattle, but arranged in no kind of order; horses, cows, and sheep, being indiscriminately mixed with men, women, and children. We were shown into a spacious tent. A carpet was spread for us, on a raised platform about three feet high, where, after taking off our capacious red travelling-boots, we were desired to seat ourselves in the manner most convenient. A breakfast of warm milk, eggs, and bread, was placed before us; and the whole camp turned out to see the Ferunghees at their meal, which, to amuse them, we ate in the English fashion.

"Delighted as all around us appeared to be with the novelty of our costume, we were not less gratified than they, in beholding the varied group of heads, forming an amphitheatre in front of us; the children standing in the foreground, behind them the women, and, towering over all, the bearded faces of the men, exhibiting a collection of countenances lighted up with a variety of expression, in which curiosity was predominant.

"Our hosts talked much of the excellent sporting the mountains afforded. I asked them if they busied themselves much in cultivating the land; to which they replied, that they only tilled just sufficient for their own immediate wants. Mr. Hamilton's servant, Mohumud Ali, who never lost an opportunity of becoming the spokesman, finished the sentence by saying, 'What do they care for cultivation, when their principal trade is robbery?' a remark to which the Coords smilingly nodded assent."

Who would expect a living Venus among such a horde:

"Our attention to the general group was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young female, about seventeen years of age, whom we thought the most beautiful woman we had ever seen. She was leaning against the pole of the tent, with her head supported by her left arm, and was glancing at us with the most fixed attention: her jet black hair flowed about her in unconfined luxuriance; the brilliancy of her eyes, heightened by the dark stain of the surmeeh, seemed riveted with a curiosity not the less gratifying to us, from knowing that we excited it; her half-closed mouth displayed teeth of the most regular form and perfect whiteness. Her person, almost entirely exposed by the opening of her loose shirt (the only covering she wore), displayed a form of the most perfect symmetry: no sculptor could do justice to such a model."

On approaching Kermanshah they were met by several Europeans, among whom were two French military officers, now in the service of Persia. They behaved with the utmost kindness and politeness to Captain Keppel and his party:

"As mention has been incidentally made of the pursuits of these officers, it may not be amiss to state a fact, perhaps not generally known, that a number of military men, of different nations of Europe, are at this moment wandering over Asia, offering their services to the Asiatic princes. Seven or eight European officers were at one time employed in this remote province (Kermanshah), the greater part of whom are now dispersed over the East. To what point they have shaped their course, Messrs. Court and De Veaux could give us no account, though of themselves, their past history, and their future prospects, they scrupled not to talk in the most unreserved manner. They had at one time, they said, intended to have gone up the Indus, for the purpose of offering their services to an Indian prince, who, they understood, wanted European officers to conduct his forces
against the English; but they had been induced to abandon their design on hearing the great impediments likely to be thrown in their way by our Indian government."

The following is too instructive an illustration of the way in which despots progress to be omitted:

"April 26.—The French officers accompanied us this morning on horseback, to make a survey of the town. We were attended by a considerable number of servants, armed with sticks, who led us through a succession of narrow streets, and at length brought us into the bazaar, which was at that time exceedingly crowded: here we were shocked to observe the use to which these batons were applied. Whenever our progress was in the least impeded by the crowd, the servants called out, 'Make way for the gentlemen!' and enforced their desire with the unremitting application of the stick, regardless of whom they struck, or where the blows fell. As we had reason to believe that this barbarous ceremony of Oriental despotism was intended as a compliment to us, we earnestly begged that the practice might be dispensed with on our account, as we could not but feel distressed at being the innocent instruments of such wanton barbarity. Our hosts ridiculed our scruples, upon the plea that it was the custom of the country, and our precursors continued to belabour the inexpressible multitude as before. In the course of the ride, our consequence suffered a slight interruption. In turning one of the corners of the bazaar, we came suddenly on the retinue of the young Prince Tamash (Thomas) Meerza, governor of Hamadun, and a brother of Mohumad Hosein Meerza, who were pursuing the same measures to clear the way for his Highness; but so blind was the zeal of our licitors for the consequence of their masters, that the presence of royalty failed to arrest their attention, and the foremost of the Prince's attendants were favoured by a few marks of their unsparing regard. Our servants were thunderstruck on discovering their error; but our manifestations of respect to the Prince superseded the necessity of an explanation. The passengers enjoyed a momentary truce from this rencontre; the operation of clubs on both sides were suspended for the time; but the parties had no sooner got clear of each other, than hostilities upon the unfortunate crowd were again commenced with redoubled vigour."

Intolerance is as strong here as among the orange rabble in Ireland:

"The Rabbi informed us that the number of his people amounted to four hundred houses. The tombs of Mordecai and Esther are cherished here, amidst their misery; and the expectation of the promised Messiah is the hope that enables them to sustain the load of oppression which would be otherwise insupportable.

"Every circumstance connected with the state of the Jews of this place is of important interest. Ecbatana is mentioned in Scripture as one of the cities in which the Jews were placed at the time of the captivity, and it is possible that the present inhabitants may be the descendants of the tribe who occupied the city under the Babylonian yoke.

"While our interest was strongly excited by this account of a scattered remnant of Israel, the chief of the Armenians came with an offering of two large flasks of wine, which this Eastern Christian had brought to insure a favourable reception from his more fortunate brethren. His detail was equally affecting with that of the Rabbi; here the unbelieving Jew and Christian dog are alike subject to the oppression of the intolerant Mussulman."

Our author and Mr. Hamilton next proceed to Teheran, the capital of Persia:

"May 23.—We accompanied Major Willock this morning on a visit to Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, the late Persian Ambassador to the English Court. This gentleman is more portly than he was in London, and may be said to have grown fat on the pension which the India Company has granted him—for what services the Meerza probably knows as little as any one else; for, if common re-
port be true, there are few men more hostile to our interests than himself. Notwithstanding all this, he is a very agreeable companion, and received us with much politeness.

"After smoking a pipe in the common hall of audience, the Meerza conducted us into one of the rooms of his harem. The women had been previously warned to withdraw themselves; but, whether by accident or from design, one or two lingered so long that we had a good view of their faces. They wore large turbans, and one of them seemed a pretty girl. The room we now entered partook of the European and Asiatic styles. The walls were hung with prints, which, for the honour of my own country, I am glad to say were not English. If the Meerza speak true, he has not been unsuccessful with the English ladies; if not, their civilities to him have been shamefully misrepresented.

They next had an interview with his Persian majesty, which was particularly uninteresting:

"The dress of the modern Persian has undergone so complete a change, that much resemblance to the ancient costume is not to be expected; still there are some marks of decoration, which remind one of the ancient monarchs. The eye-lids of the king, stained with surneh, brought to our recollection the surprise of the young and hardy Cyrus, when he viewed for the first time a similar embellishment in his effeminate uncle, Astyges; and in that extraordinary chapter of Ezekiel, wherein Jerusalem is reproached for her imitation of Babylonian manners, the prophet alludes to this custom, when he says, 'Thou paintedst thine eyes.'"

"A bracelet, consisting of a ruby and emerald, worn by the king on his arm, is a mark of ancient sovereignty. It will be recollected that the Amelkites brought David the bracelet found on Saul's arm, as a proof of his rank; and Herodotus mentions a bracelet of gold as a present from Cambyses, King of Persia, to the King of Ethiopia.

"I must not omit the mention of a circumstance connected with our interview, as it illustrates a piece of etiquette at the court of a despotic monarch. A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of sticks towards the audience chamber. Curiosity led us to ask the Meerza what was the meaning of this. 'That machine,' said he, 'is the bastinado; it is for you, if you misbehave. Those men are carrying it to the king, who never grants a private audience without having it by him, in case of accidents.' The pole we saw was about eight feet long: when the punishment is inflicted, the culprit is thrown on his back, his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles, and made fast to the pole with the soles uppermost; the pole is held by a man at both ends, and two men, one on each side, armed with sticks, strike with such force that the toe-nails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted by order of the king upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money. If Persia was not so fond of illustrating the use of this emblem of power, she would have as much right to the 'Bastinado,' as we have to the 'Black Rod.'"

Our author, having stopped a short time at Tabriz, proceeded alone towards the Russian frontier, and, after a most fatiguing journey through Tartar countries, arrived safe at the capital of Russia, and soon after landed on his native shores.

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* Ez. chap. xxiii. 40.
TALES OF LOW LIFE, BY THOS. FURLONG.

NO. IV.

THE ORANGEMAN.

"No help,—no hope,—no joy for me!"
The drooping mother cried;
"Why was I left through life to pine,
Where none around give word, or sign
Of feeling or of sympathy?
Why, when I lost my only pride,
Why liv'd I when my William died?"

"Poor soul!" said I, "thy words are wild,—
Thy looks are strange and sad."
"It was not always so," said she;
I once could join in others' glee,
I once could smile when others smil'd,
But grief has made me mad.
My boy!—my boy!—my darling child!—
To see him by their bayonets fall,
And get no justice after all;
A curse upon the Orange crew,—
Curse on the purple and the blue.
I weep, though two long years have pass'd.
Since my poor William breath'd his last.

"I heard the drum—I heard the fife,
I mark'd not what they play'd,
 Till near me, arm'd for feud and strife,
 In orange and in blue array'd,
 With flags preserv'd from days long gone,
The grinning yeomanry walk'd on.

"Fresh were their knots of purple hue,
The wearers all look'd gay,—
The ugly tune struck up again;
I listen'd for a time,—and then,
By what they play'd, I quickly knew,
 It was their walking day:
That bitter fife—that drowsy drum,
Told that July the Twelfth was come.

"And shouts arose and signs went round,—
Mischief was in each eye;
My boy and I had walk'd along,
We ventur'd through that noisy throng.
I saw that William turn'd and frown'd,
 I bade him pass them by;
We pass'd,—by laugh and jibe assail'd,
We pass'd from 'midst our foes;
We went where holier thoughts prevail'd,
Where gentler sounds arose;
Calmly upon our way we trod,—
We sought in peace the house of God.

"We reach'd our little chapel soon,
We knelt as mass went on—
The yeomen play'd their ugly tune—
Close by the chapel door they play'd;
We blam'd them for the noise they made,
And wish'd that they were gone:
Oh! many wish'd it, but in vain,—
They play'd it o'er and o'er again.

"The bell rang out,—the sacred host
The priest had rais'd on high,
Throughout the place the pressin' crowd,
In reverential homage bow'd,
But in that hour, rever'd the most
By every soul assembled there,
What met each outrag'd ear and eye,
When all were bent in silent prayer?
The ribbon'd ruffians ventur'd in,
And dar'd their mockery to begin,
By beating up each filthy air,
And laughing loud at all they saw,
At all that we beheld with awe.

"Close by the door my William knelt,—
His colour went and came;
I trembled, for I saw and felt
That anger shook his frame.
Just at his side the drummer stood,
And loud that drummer play'd;
My boy did bear it as he could,
He bore the noise he made.
At last one sound, more loud than all,
Did crown the wild uproar:
My William rose,—I saw his hand
Stretch'd forth to dare that taunting band
I saw the scoffing drummer fall
Beside him on the floor!
What followed next, can I recall?
Oh, heavens! I must remember all!

"I mark'd the bayonets as they shone!
I heard a ruffian cry,
Here's one that will not flinch or start,—
Here's for the sneaking Papist's heart!
I heard my William's parting groan,—
I stood and saw him die!
I saw his murderers march away,
Pleas'd with their frolic of the day.

"Then, start not, if my words are wild,—
What words can woe supply?
I know the murderers of my child!—
I see the gang with blood defil'd!—
I meet them,—see them every day,—
They boldly cross me on my way,
And swear as they pass by.
No justice here will juries give;
But let me try in hope to live,—
Let me my cause to heaven resign,—
Aye! 'Vengeance, saith the Lord, is mine!'"
Faith, Ireland don't want them at all, for she has a snug little army of some five hundred thousand of her own; cozy and warm, well armed and well mounted, under the Black-Stairs, and only just waiting for the word of command to gallop forth, and emancipate the country! Only think of that, Mr. Plunkett, and don't be after filing an *ex-officio* against me; for, sooner than lie two or three years in Newgate, I would deliver up my authority for the fact: and troth it's no other than Kit Kavanagh himself, the queerest fellow in the whole county Carlow, and who is, beside, lineally descended from the celebrated M'Murchad O'Kavanagh, who makes so fine a figure on horse-back without a saddle, in the rude embellishment of Froisnard.

I think it was in the year 1812, that I paid a visit to the good, kind, pious, but eccentric Dr. Staunton,* of Carlow College; and I put up at an hotel in Tullow Street, kept by one Cullen (I believe), who had a smart house, a pretty garden, and still more pleasing daughters. One of the latter had a pair of roguish eyes that, doubtless, have done execution before this time o'day; and heaven knows what they might have made me do, only she chanced to mention, in the first ten minutes' conversation, something about the well of St. Lasarien. The Well of St. Lasarien! Whereabouts is it? Why, quite close to one end of the old church at Old Leighlin; and Miss Cullen and her mother were going there on the following day, to get (the latter only) cured of the dropsy.

Early next morning the college gate was opened for me by a little withered old man, not much bigger nor taller than a full-grown Luprechaun; and, in ten minutes after, there was nothing to prevent me from proceeding to the holy well. The road from Carlow to Leighlin is one of the most agreeable in Ireland; and, though the old town lies up in the mountains, the place is not devoid of picturesque beauty: and, to tell the truth, there is little else charming about it but the view. Part of the Queen's County was seen to the northwest, and sliev-bloom mountains were easily enough distinguished in the distance, while, nearer home, the white-washed villas of the more fortunate inhabitants of Carlow seemed to repose happily in the morning gloom of Black Stairs and Mount Leinster, which yet partially intercepted the sun's first rays. As yet there were but few collected about the holy fountain; a pilgrim who made a living by the exhibition of a horribly lacerated leg, and an old woman in a tattered red cloak, were all I found in attendance. The man of beads and beard was relaxing on a green bank, and ever and anon raised a glass, the bottom of which was composed of wood, to his lips; and,

* The doctor's eccentricity continued to the last. When on his death-bed, a particular favourite of his—and he had but few favourites—the Rev. Mr. Doyle, of Liffey-Street Chapel, Dublin, paid him a visit: "What brought you to Carlow?" was the doctor's first interrogation. "To see you, doctor," was the reply. "Then you had very little to do," rejoined the expiring divine; "don't you think I can die without you?" and he averted his head, refusing to hold further conversation with one of his most esteemed pupils.
ere she of the red cloak replenished it, an old stocking was carefully
unfolded, and some talisman drawn from its many-ribbed folds, which had the quality of uncorking a green bottle that stood upon a white
cross-legged table, adorned with jugs and jars, naggis and noggins.

"'Eh then, sur," inquired the vender of pothecary, making a low
courtesy, "may be you'd give me hansel this mornin' afore the pattern
begins; troth 'tis real Parliament, an' your honour is too fine a lookin'
gentleman, God bless you, to be a guager like."

My reply to her indirect quere seemed to give her no small satis-
faction, inasmuch as it did away with all apprehension respecting her
illicit wares; and, though I refused to swallow any of her highly re-
commended potations, she did not hesitate to answer my inquiries
regarding Leighlin and the Well of St. Lasareen. Our conversation,
however, was soon interrupted by the presence of a fourth person,
who, disdaining the legitimate entrance by the stile, sprang actively
over the quickset ditch, and, doffing his felt, popped down upon one
knee, near a newly-made grave, where he continued for about five
minutes, perpetrating an Ave-Marie, and then, hurriedly blessing him-
self, stood up and approached us.

"Arrah, bad luck to ye, Judy aroo!" said he, "but you are
here early any how. Come now, give us a corn crake."

"'Eh then, an' I will," said Judy, "an' thanky for axen, Mr.
Kavanagh."

"Slanthaya ma boughal," said Mr. Kavanagh to the pilgrim;
and then, elevating the remnant of a glass within an inch of his mouth,
he nodded at me with "Yur sarvice, sir," and dropped the aqua
pura into the gaping aperture, which, like the gnome in the Oriental
tale, seemed to cry "More!" (this simile, by the way, is not my
own) as Kavanagh smoothed his lips, closed his eyes, and betrayed
the other indications of a gratified tippler.

"Oh, then!" said he, averting his eyes towards the grave at which
he so recently knelt, "there yeu lie, Luke Larkin, in yur could bed
this day, an' may I never do an ill turn if Kit Kavanagh ever had an
honester nor betther comrade; troth, poor fellow, he was the good
warrant to stand by a boy when other spalpeens would run away
like hares, an' hide themselves, for fear of a broken head, or the like
o' that. Poor Luke! the Lord be merciful to his soul in glory."

"'Eh then, I say amen, Kit;" said Judy, "but is't true that he
found a four-leafed shamrock?"

"Troth an' it is true enough, Judy alannah, an' a sorrowful doin'
'twas for 'imself."

Here I drew nearer to Kit, and soon prevailed upon him to sit
down with me on a green bank, and relate the misfortunes of Luke
Larkin, who found the four-leafed shamrock. The pilgrim, too,
went a willing ear, and Judy stood abstracted with her arms across,
devouring the narration.

"Luke's father, you must know," said Kit, "was a decent far-
er as any who frequented Carlow on a market-day; an', being a
pious man to boot, he intended his son for the church, an' had 'im
taught Latin an' Greek, an' Lord knows what, though, betune our-
selves, 'twas a mortal sin aginst the Holy Ghost to think of makin'
a preest of 'im. Oh! man alive, he was as darhin young fellow as
you'd see at a hurin'; an' could play ball bether nor e'er a man in
the barony. He an' I were always together; an' it went to me heart when he entered college; for thinks I to me self, he'll be sayin' nothin' by an' by to me, but 'Kit, honey, mind yeur sowl, and don't be aither runnin' yeurself gallavantes about the country, dancin' an' sportin'."

"Well, aroon, poor Luke didn't like college no more nor meself, for Doctor Stamton is a very quere kind of a man entirely; he feeds all his own mutton, an', what's worse, never eats it till it creeps, seavin' your presence; an' then he used to sit at the head o' th' table, an' when full 'imself, would tap the plate, an' make 'em all give up, though nabay as hungry as hounds. Well become Luke, however, he used to get at the marrow when the doctor's head was turned, by makin' one o' the students hould his knife underneath the bone, while he cracked it wid another; an' that set the docthor mad, while it made all the collegians laugh, like so many minagowers. Troth, poor Luke then was the life an' sowl o' the place, an' every one o' the students loved 'im as if he was their born brother.

"One day the mate was—oh! terrible!—no Christian could eat it—an' one student looked at another, but they were all afraid to budge, or look a yard afore 'em, except me poor Luke, who stuck his fork into the leg o' mutton as a man would stick his pitch-fork into a cock o' hay;—he marches up to the head o' the table, where the doctor was sittin'. 'Plaze your reverence,' ses he, for Luke knew what manners was, 'is this fit for people to eat?' 'What ails it, yeu blaggard?' sed the docthor, 'tis better nor ever you got at yur father's table.' An' as Luke knew well what to say for 'imself, he gave fit for tat, an' behould yeu next day he was expelled, as they call it: that is, he was turned holus-bolus out ov college, an' never, from that day to the hour of his death, darkened its doers (doors) agin.

"When he came home 'twas all hubbabub; his father thought his family scandalized for ever; an' the neighbours, God forgive 'em, whispered somethin' about Luke that he didn't deserve; for the sake cause of his leavin' college was nothin' in the wide world, as I toold you afore, but the stinkin' leg o' mutton. Poor Luke was sorrowful an' broken-hearted enough, as well he might, an' used to spend his time groppin' about the ditches, till one day what should he find in a three-cornered field but a four-leafed shamrock! At first he thought nothin' at all about it, an' ony sowed it up carefully in the waistband of his breeches, an' soon forgot he had it at all. 'Shortly after this, as God would have it, ould Larkin died; an', havin' no son but one, Luke came in for the farm. There war, you may be sure, great givens out at the birn; an' afore the corpse was har'ly could, poor Luke came, one moon-shiny night, to pray over his father's grave, an' hadn't been long here neather, when, what should he see comin' over the stile beyond, but hundreds ov the 'good people.' Half frightened out o' his life, he ran a-hind a head-stone an' listened. 'What news?' sed one, 'Och the newest an' the best,' sed another, 'is, that Finvar is going to be married, an' that ould Larkin have died, an' left his hard earnins to his umdhaun ov a son, who couln't eat good mutton in college.'"

"'Well, an' what o' that?' axed the first.

"'What ov that!' sed t'other, 'why I be bail we'll now get
plenty o' Larkin's corn, an' pork, an' bacon, an' every thing else in
the house, for sure the young preest don't know how to take care
ov it.'

' 'Bethershin,' sed Luke, from a-hind the head-stone, 'troth, an'
I'll disappoint you, my chaps.' An' whin he came home, he set
about makin' every thing as comfortable an' as snug as a bee hive,
an' turned out a most industrious man, ony now-an'-agin when he
used to break out, an' the best ov us will do that sometimes.

' Luke was a great man for horses, an' had a most beautiful bay
for sale, that would think nothin' of leapin' over a five-barred gate,
wid a sixteen-stone man on his back. Hearin' that 'Squire Carew,
down in the county Waxford, wanted a hunter, Luke mounts the
baste, an' went to show him his horse. Whin he was crossin' Scol-
loghes-gap, where the win' blows in yur teeth whatever way you
turn your head, he met a gentleman elegantly mounted on a gray en-
tire. ' Where a' you goin', ' sed he. ' To Mr. Carew's,' sed Luke.
' What to do?' axed the gentleman. ' To strive to sell this baste,'
sed Luke. ' What do you ax for im?' sed the gentleman. ' Fifty
pounds,' sed Luke. ' Take forty,' sed the gentleman. ' No I won't,'
sed Luke, an' rode his ways.

' It so happened that 'Squire Carew wasn't at home, an' Luke be-
gan to get sorry that he didn't take the forty pounds which the gin-
tleman offered 'im; an' wished he could meet him agin, as he was
passin' the gap comin' on the evenin'. Begad, the word wasn't well
out ov his mouth when who should be ridin' cheek to jowl wid 'im
but the very gentleman he met in the mornin'. ' So, young man,'
sed he, ' you have sowld the horse.'

' 'No, sir,' sed Luke.

' 'Well, an' will you take forty pounds now?' sed he.

' ' Troth, 'tis too little,' sed Luke, ' but if you'll give no more, why
I had betther.'

' 'Very well,' sed the gentleman, ' come this way.' An' he led
Luke down a most beautiful road, though no one ever saw a road
there afore. At length they came to the gate ov a great town, an'
the sentries let 'em pass widout axen a word, an' after ridin' down
through this street, an' up that street, they reached a huge buildin' as
big, twenty times as big, as any castle you ever laid yeur two looken
eyes upon. Within Luke found stables on every side, an' in every
stall stood a horse ready saddled, an' beside 'im stood a horseman
clothed in green, an' armed as if goin' to battle. What surprised
Luke, none ov 'em ever turned round as he passed, or offered to say,
' God save you,' or ' Where are you goin'? or any thing, but looked
for all the world as if they war asleep; an' faith so they war, as
you'll hear.

' Luke thought the gentleman was never goin' to stop, he kept
goin' so far; an', by the light ov the lamps, he thought he couldn't
have passed one soger less nor five or six hundred thousand, all
standin' by their horses, an' fine horses they war, as any in the king's
dominions. At length they stopped afore an empty rack an' manger;
the gentleman bid 'im fasten his horse there, an' whin he had done so,
bid 'im walk into a great grand room, where you could see yur face
in the floor, 'twas so clean, an' every thing looked so grand; but no-
thing pleased Luke so much as a beautiful sword that lay on the table.
'Eh, then,' said Luke, takin' it up, 'if I had but this in the year ninety-eight, how I'd have chopped off the heads ov the Orangemen,' an' he drew the blade out o' the scabbard two inches, when, thunder and turf, you'd think twenty thousand bugles were sounded together. 'Hollo!' cried Luke, somewhat frightened, an' he gave the sword another pluck, an' had it almost out, when he heard the sogers all mountin' at once, an' wheelin' their horses about in the stable.

"'Here!' cried the gentleman in a great flurry, 'take an' pay yourself;' an' he pointed to an inner room, where stood heaps of goold and silver. At the sight o' the money Luke forgot the sword, an' ran to fill his pockets."

"Oh I the fool!" interrupted the pilgrim, "had he only pulled the sword out entirely, the whole army would have been freed from enchantment; an' would be alive agin, to drive the Sassanachs out o' the country."

"Troth, I've hard so often an' often," said Judy; "but Kit, honey, don't think to go down our backs wid that story, for I hard it afore you or Luke Larkin was born."

"Faith an' may be so," said Kit; "but Luke was there for all that: an' next day, when he went into town to get bank-notes for goold, what should he see but crowds o' people runnin' after a play actor, who could perform slagt-o-hand tricks bekase he had sould 'imself to the ould boy, the wretch. The first thing he did was to make a cock drag along the street, a great big deal plank, an' the people really thought they saw the thing done afore 'em, for the fellow had put kippeens on their eyes; but Luke, havin' the four-leaved shamrock about 'im, couldn't be deceived, an' consequently saw nothin' but a straw tied to the cock's leg, and sed so to the juggler himself.

"'You have got a four-leaved shamrock,' sed he to Luke."

"Faith, an' so I have,' sed Luke, 'though I had nearly forgot it.'"

"I'll give you a hundred guineas for it,' ses he.

"'You must have it,' sed Luke, 'an' steppin' a one side, ripped it out o' the waistband ov his small clothes, an' gave it to the juggler for the hundred guineas; but had no sooner parted wid it, than he thought, like the others, that he saw the cock drag the deal plank along; an' so the play actor made his fortune, bekase no one could then say he was a cheat.

"But poor Luke!" continued Kit, "havin' now got so much mo- ney, thought it would never be day wid 'im, an' accordingly grew a little too fond o' the bottle, till it laid 'im where he is."

The pilgrim seemed highly edified, but Judy was incredulous. The story, she said, was true enough; but it happened when her mother was a child. Kit only smiled in reply; and, seeing a tent or two raised on the side of the road, twirled his staff in his fingers and bounced over the stile. The pilgrim also withdrew, and I repaired to view the well. There were but few votaries, and I was surprised at the fact, for the place was calculated to beget devotion in an in- fidel.

* Whoever possesses a four-leaved shamrock is more than a match for the professors of the black art, and has, beside, the privilege of seeing the "good people," whenever they appear, without becoming visible to the tiny tribe. It also confers many other advantages.
HOLLAND-TIDE.*

Although Mr. Plunkett's absurd ex-officio has thrown some of our Irish friends in despair for the ultimate fate of their country, we willingly confess, our hopes on the subject were never more decided, or more sanguine. Her young blood is pure and patriotic; and the last and surest instrument of self-emancipation is actively employed in her behalf. The press puts forth its irresistible strength, and, though politics are all-engrossing, we question if the inquiries before the parliamentary committees have done, or will do, one fourth of the good some recent publications in the walks of fiction have and must effect. They are gilded pills, which the fashionable and the influential, the indolent and the powerful, swallow reluctantly: and it is morally impossible, that even one of those fluttering variegated butterflies, who seek to kill ennui at Almack's, could lay down the works alluded to, without being fully persuaded that the wild Hibernians are deficient in that horrible appendage—a tail; and that, like themselves, they have got the powers of digestion, whatever the parson may say to the contrary, when he fattens—not himself, but his hogs, on the decimal portion of the fruits of their con acre. Those whose character amuses us, we love to see happy; we learn to sympathise with them: and, without going into the never-to-be-ended argument on the metaphysical tendency of pity, we think these publications are eminently calculated to bring the best portion of the English public—the fair and the learned—intimately acquainted with the state of Ireland.

Omitting, though we have evidently given a tone to Irish literature, all mention of ourselves, and our contributors—for we are exceedingly modest—we cannot allude to Mr. Banim, Mr. Croker, and the author of "To-Day in Ireland," without demanding for them the applause and gratitude of their country; while, en passant, it is but justice to say that, next to the "great unknown," they hold decidedly the first place in the republic of letters, as writers of fiction: and the author of "Holland-Tide," with the privilege of genius, takes his place, sans ceremonie, by their side. Mr. Banim himself does not possess a greater consciousness of literary powers, and is not, certainly, better acquainted with what may be called rustic life in Ireland. Further it would not be just to carry the comparison; because the nature of the tales before us would not admit a delineation of those fiercer passions which Mr. Banim loves to portray, and which he exhibits so inimitably. There is in the work, however, an evidence of great talent, somewhat prone to humour, and certainly of a considerable and commanding grasp: our author's range of thought is extensive; his knowledge of human nature considerable; and his tale is evidently neither superficial nor incorrect.

The volume before us contains several tales: the first, "The Aylmers," occupies rather more than half the volume, and, had the author done himself justice, it would have extended over many more pages. It wants, if we may so express it, fulness: too much is left to the reader's imagination. Still, it contains much fine writing; accurate descriptions of local manners and scenery: but the author

should have recollected, that thunder and lightning are rather rare phenomena, even in Kerry, on a frosty night in November; and that, even in Ireland, a man cannot be tried twice in a court of justice for the same offence. A knowledge of this latter fact destroys the interest the reader must otherwise have taken in the sufferings of Cahillerw-dharug, and his lovely daughter. We must also apprise the author, that Bunthee is the woman of the house, and not the warning sprite, known as the Banshee. We never knew the two names to have been con-bounded before; and a Kerry man, now by our elbow, assures us, that the "crying fairy wid the long bony arm is a banshee, and not a banathee, or banthee."

The remainder of the tales are mostly illustrative of local superstitions, and, with the exception of the "Brown Man," which is too diabolical, are highly entertaining. We select for a specimen, "The Persecutions of Jack-Edy:"

"The person whose name is prefixed to this little tale, was the smallest and most celebrated, or, to speak antithetically, was at once the least and the greatest man about the village of Ballyhalil. He was just a bundle and a half high, that is, some six or eight inches above the far-famed Borowsly, of Poland; or, as near as may be, to the stature of Bébé, his predecessor at the court of Stanislaus. His notoriety, and still more his accidentally falling into contrast with a neighbour whose dimensions ran into the opposite extreme, had elevated him to the rank of a very useful member of the community; the antiperistasis, so far, however, being of equal advantage to both, as they thus became standards of the minimum and maximum in the way of human admeasurement. Indeed, independent of his long neighbour, our hero might be said to stand as a kind of zero, admitting of an immense range of comparison above or below him. No expressions were more common than 'smaller than Jack-Edy'—'about the height of Jack-Edy'—'bigger than Jack-Edy.' Sometimes one might hear, in the description of some rustic Falstaff, a fellow 'that would put Jack-Edy in his pocket;' or a farmer grumbling about the appearance of his wheat-crop, delivering himself by an oath, that Jack-Edy could see 'clear and clean' above the waving ears, from one end of the field to the other."

"It may be well imagined a person of such general consequence was a great favourite; indeed, if one were inclined to probe a little, and could feel assured the patience of his readers was perfectly inexhaustible, he would find subject enough in the constant association that connects the dwarf with the droll and humorous; while every other vagary of nature, whether in the shape of giant or monster, seems usually linked in the mind with the terrific or disgusting. From the flood (not to go unnecessarily far back), to the close of the last century, they have afforded nearly equal amusement to the king and the mendicant, and, strange to say, even—

"Those demi-puppets that,
By moonshine, do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites—"

of whom it is more to our purpose here to talk, have shown, by every account, nearly an equal passion for their contemporary diminutives of the human race. We need scarce refer to the family jars between Oberon and Titania, about a little fellow, whom the latter, with the usual fairy-like indifference to all sense of morality, 'stole from an Indian king;' or to the well-known fact, universally admitted by Irish story-tellers, that their little lords and pignies are, of late, more to be pitied than ever, to such an extent has the kidnapping system spread among 'the gentlemen."

"Whether, with them, this curious fancy originated in a desire to select for their vassals such as were least likely to bring their own Lilliputianism into contemptible contrast, or that they found them more 'smart and handy,' quicker at"

"A bundle measures two feet."

2 L
work, and more commodious at doubling up in a buttercup when occasion served, or what, perhaps, might seem a still higher consideration, that they proved more merry and mischievous, it is difficult to determine. If such qualities were in any degree tempting, dwarfs, without doubt, have been ever remarkable for the perfection in which they possessed them; and, perhaps, none more so than the subject of our tale, whose cleverness, and, in sooth, good fortune in foiling all the attempts on his little person, which his natural attractions suggested, became the subject of universal admiration in his neighbourhood.

"It could not be said that Jack-Edy's exterior, although striking and expressive, was decidedly beautiful; there were many points in his figure which, perhaps, could only be duly estimated by natures essentially congenial with his own. He was lame, high-shouldered, and short-necked, had a nose by no means approaching the happy mean, slightly ascending, and, as it were, turning back again towards the extremity, and a pair of eyes, as his companions used to express it, placed corner-ways; which, with the continual leer in his look, gave him a comical, and sometimes half-malicious air. His gait and manner corresponded with his appearance; and, taken altogether, he was one whom a person of the slightest penetration would at once select for sport or for mischief. From childhood up, he had himself a kind of instinctive feel that he would be considered a perfect gem among a race to whom these seemed almost the end and aim of existence; and hence he, at a very early period, became suspicious of any advances. By constant observation, their ways became so familiar to him, that he could seldom, if ever, be taken unawares; and, indeed, eventually, his information and vigilance seemed so extraordinary, it was by many shrewdly suspected he must have derived them from other sources than his natural genius could afford.

"Be this as it may, it was evident to the country, no pains were spared on the part of 'the good people' to out-general, and by hook or crook decoy or trap him to their rats or castles. At one time wrapping him up in a whirlwind of dust, until he became so blinded as scarce to find his way home; at another, tempting him from his road with the most delicious music, now beguiling him with the voice of some absent friend, and now laying spells upon such herbs or flowers as he might chance to pluck. But Jack's old grandmother had instructed him too well how to act, in all such emergencies, for him to feel the slightest apprehension.

"Of all the perils that encompassed him, there was only one that was real and alarming, the great demand he was in among the mountaineers, in consequence of the exquisite judgment he was found to possess in a certain ethereal nectar, which had been, time out of mind, manufactured in his neighbourhood, far from the evil eye of the gauger. Ballyhahil, the village in which we have said he resided, is situated in a glen on the banks of the wild and romantic river Ovaan. Far up the windings of this tortuous stream, where it babbled through a dark wooded ravine, a light stream o'erleaping the trees, and curling and condensing in the cool mist of the morning, was ever sufficient signal to Jack-Edy that his opinion was required as to the strength and flavour of the doublings; and although the ramble was long, and the winter's-day short, from which he might often infer the probability of a night journey home, he was seldom known to flinch from his duty to friends on such occasions. So perfect was his taste, indeed, that one cupful might frequently have satisfied his mind, and so precluded the necessity of much delay: but however convincing such evidence might have been, he held his reputation much too sacred to pronounce an immediate judgment. A second cup was essential, and sometimes a third; nay, he frequently found it expedient to delay his final decision until the day was well wasted, or even to the subsequent morning.

"Jack always observed that his intellects became much clearer during his sojourn in the mountain; even his senses seemed to partake of the improvement, as he invariably found, when returning from it, he could see farther, and much more, than when on his way to visit it, sometimes twice as much as any one else could. Yet it was upon such occasions, especially, the plots and ambushes of the

* "The second distillation."
good people were most cunningly laid to intercept him. Of his escapes, the two following have reached our ears: 

"On one of those days when his senses had attained a higher degree of perfection than usual, it waxed late before he sat out on his return to Ballyhalil; and as he was anxious to overtake his friend Thady Hourigan, who had started a short time before him, he pushed on at a merry rate. Sometimes he thought he heard the tramp of Thady's huge brogues on the road before him, sometimes that he saw his shadow on the next ascent; but he ran or called to no purpose; the person before neither returned an answer, nor bated his speed. 'Od rot you, for a Thady Hourigan,' says Jack, 'I never knew your ayquils for deafness at any rate.' "

"Night had now fallen, but so far from obscuring the pathway, his only difficulty arose from the multiplicity of them that diverged in every direction before him. He had got into the fields for the sake of a short cut, and was just thinking within himself which direction he should take, when, all on a sudden, he heard at a little distance on his left, Thady Hourigan whistling the Fox's Sleep. Jack pushed on to the left with fresh spirits."

"But though he sprang like a greyhound over hedge and ditch, and the heavy drops of perspiration began already to run down his temples, he did not seem to gain perceptibly on the provoking Thady. Now and then, indeed, the whistling seemed louder and nearer, but the next moment it died away in the distance, inso much that little Jack at last began to despair, and then, for the first time, recollected the danger of following a voice or sound in the night-time, and bethought him, if it was Thady himself that was there, he'd hardly make so bold as to be whistlin.' "

"Jack-Edy now looked about him. It was all still and dark, except in the south, where he saw the moon rising over the moors above Ballyhalil, but at what distance, or at which side of the village he was, he didn't know at all. At length, putting his ear near the ground, with his hand over it, he heard low, drowsy, monotonous sounds, which evidently came from no great distance. 'There isn't a cotter in Cork,' cried Jack, to himself, jumping on his legs, 'if that isn't Davy Fouloo's mill; but sure, for what should it be going this time o' night, and Davy gone to Askerton yesterday? E'then, may be, 'tis my own little handful of whate they'll be grinding; but Monom-on-gloria if it isn't close upon the Loughill-leap I've got, instead of my own little cabin in Ballyhalil.' "

"Jack found his surmises about the mill perfectly correct—it was at work, hard and fast, but he could see no light within. When he came to the door, it was fast shut, and on peeping through the keyhole, what was his astonishment to behold, by the beams of moonlight that broke in through a chink, serving for a window, in the top of the building, poor Thady Hourigan himself tackled to the machinery, instead of Davy Fouloos, and a little fellow in a brown jacket and sugar-loaf cap lashing him round with a huge cart-whip. He saw others, in different habits, as busy as bees, in all corners of the house—some feeding the hopper—some receiving the flour—some filling the bran into bags—and, in short, nothing could be equal to the bustle and industry with which the business went on."

"'Ho there, below,' cried a fellow from the upper part of the building, 'stop work, there's enough for to-night, and lavins. I've just word that Davy Fouloos's on his way home, and, moreover, it's a long way we have to go.' 'But the bag wants odds of half a stone of being full yet,' returned a grey-coated wrinkled old man, who was engaged in packing the flour. 'No matter for that, Donald Bawn,' cried the voice above, 'we can't stay here any longer; but if you look in the corner below, you'll find two little bags belonging to lame Jack-Edy; fill your plenty of the one that has the fine flour in it, and put a handful of bran into the other, to make up the weight.' 'Why, then, high hanging to ye for sworn rogues,' says Jack, altogether forgetting himself in his indignation, 'is it meanin' to serve me——.' He was here cut short in his address by a loud screech, and on the instant he received a blow from behind, that, to the best of his conception, must have been inflicted by the trunk of a ten-year-old holly. He tumbled headlong from the little parapet before the door of the mill, and, rolling down the adjoining cliff, plumped with a loud splash into the deep pool below. When his senses
Holland Tide.

returned, he found himself kicking and plunging on the surface of the water, and an inexpressible weight on his shoulders perpetually tending to sink him. On looking up, what was his horror to see, between him and the broad moon that was shining down upon him, old Donald Bawn, sitting upon his grag, with his two feet pressed on his chest and collar-bone, and a hand upon each shoulder endeavouring to keep him down. All around were a set of furious little fellows, aiding him in every possible way—some splashing the water in Jack’s face to suffocate him—some making huge waves—and some watching to cramp his toe or foot, if it chanced to get above the surface; and in this desperate struggle, they all floated down the stream together.

“IT happened, that night, the good man, Father Dooley, parish priest of Loughill, had a sick call, up towards the mountains, and, as luck would have it, he was jogging over the bridge on his old fawn-coloured mare, just at the moment poor Jack-Edy was plunging under the archway below. The fairies, afraid of discovery, and of the worthy priest’s interference, raised a high wind, and a huge cloud of dust, to deafen and blind him as he passed; but such were the ways of Providence, it was to this circumstance alone poor Jack owed his escape. Tired of struggling, unable to rid himself of the vindictive old monster ‘that was for murthering him entirely,’ and half suffocated already, from the quantities of water splashed into his mouth whenever he attempted to open it for breath, he at last resigned himself to his fate, and allowed himself to sink quietly. Already the moonbeam was taking its last farewell of his slanting eyebrows, and the yet aspiring tip of his motionless nose, when a loud sneese was heard above, from Father Dooley—*Chee, chee,* and the usual exclamation, ‘Wisha, God bless us.’ Instantly a loud scream, ten-fold more terrible than that which had concluded the work in the mill, echoed from the archway. The wind and dust disappeared above, and Jack-Edy rose above the surface of the waters below. Finding himself disengaged from the weight of old Donald, he now put forth his strength again, and, with two or three desperate lunges, found his foot touching the firm rocks, and without more ado he scrambled out of the bed of the river. Great was Father Dooley’s surprise to see a man escaping out of the depths of the waters at that hour of night, and more especially one so proverbial for keeping good hours as little Jack-Edy; but on learning the whole story, he took him, dripping as he was, up behind him, on the fawn-coloured mare, and though it was a good step out of his way, *landed* him safe and sound at his own cabin-door, in the village of Ballyhalil.

“On another occasion, Jack had been at the fair of Glin, and having met a few friends there, whom he was obliged to treat, he tarried over long, and plodded his way home at night in a somewhat merrier mood than usual. The night was so pitch dark that he took the wrong road; but after travelling for some distance, found his mistake, and turned back. He began at length to feel very tired and drowsy, and coming by an old church, eastward of Glin, which was in a dismantled and ruinous state, and now no longer used for the services of religion, he turned in and stretched himself; down underneath the ivied wall, where he had good shelter from the cold north-west wind which had been blowing in his teeth for the last half-hour. Hardly had he settled himself *smyg and comfortable,* with his great frieze coat wrapped close about him, and his hat pressed down on his head, so as nearly to cover his eyes, when he saw light all about him, and the brass buttons at the knees of his old corduroy, shining as bright as the day he bought them, *spick and span now,* at Judy O’Flanagan’s shop, in Shanagolden; and all the tombstones were lit up about him, and long white bones stuck up against them here and there, half covered with the tangled grass. Right before, the eyeless sockets of a bleached skull, which some one, out of idleness or mockery, had stuck upon the iron railing of an old vault, seemed to stare from the mid sky upon him. *Why, then, murder an oun, Jack Edy, where is it that you’ve got to?* thought he to himself, ‘or what will become of you at all this blessed night?’ for, when he turned him in for a rest, he never knew ‘twas to the berrin place he was going.

“What seemed very remarkable was, that not a glimmer of light fell on any thing outside the church-yard wall, and it had something singular even in its own
nature, for it was neither like sun-light, nor moon-light, nor the light of the stars, nor fire, nor rush-light, nor indeed like any light that Jack had ever before beheld; and now and then he thought he could distinguish shadows passing and re-passing before his eyes, and presently he heard the sound as of bees buzzing above and about him. On looking up, he saw a host of little beings flying about in the air, as if they were looking for some one. 'A long life, now, and an asy death to me, instead of the murther that's threaten,' whispered Jack inwardly, 'but it's my own self they're sarching for,' and he involuntarily gave a deep sigh. In less than a minute, down popped one of them on his shoulder, and there was a shout that rang through the whole church-yard, 'We have him!' 'We have him!' 'Erah, then, my booleen,' cried the little hunch-backed animal that had fixed himself on his shoulder, 'is it here that we have found you at last, and to be hunting you night and day, in wind and in rain, for a good three years, and, moreover, to no purpose atall.' 'Never mind that,' says another, 'isn't it himself that'll pay for it, may be 'tis little of the life he'll have in him by this time to-morrow.' 'That's throue for you agra,' says a third, 'they have it in for him, for the trick he played 'em in the mill-stream, and here comes old Donald Bawn himself, that was made such a fool of, when he had him all but smothered in the water,' and Donald was heard bustling through the crowd that had gathered round him, exclaiming as he pushed his way, 'Smah a boohil Liam, cudh-thene noath a will shea a vehoonig beg, cudh-thene noath a will shea, that's a good boy, Bill, where is the little vagabond, where is he?' and with many other consoling expressions, that made the perspiration run down Jack Edy's forehead and temples, as he was himself in the habit of expressing it, 'faster than the strames that run down the chapel walls on a Sunday at mass time;' but he shut his eyes all the time, that they mightn't think 'twas awake he was.

"'Come, come, lads, there's no time to be lost,' says one of them, who was better dressed than the rest, for Jack sometimes took a peep between his eye-lashes, 'you know we can't have him out of this in his clothes.' With that half a dozen of them fell about stripping him; one dragging off his great brogues, another un-buttoning the knees of his corduroy, a third dragging down his Conenamara stockings, a fourth ridding him of his frieze coat; till, in a word, he was reduced to shirt and waistcoat; and he making believe all the time that he was fast asleep, though so unmercifully pulled and mauled about. Old Donald himself was now busily engaged in drawing off the waistcoat, which Jack endeavoured, by a thousand sly manoeuvres, to prevent; such as shrugging his shoulder up to his ear, or advancing it forward, or pressing his fore-arm close on his breast; when a little fellow, that was stooping forward to assist Donald, gave a start backward, exclaiming, in the greatest agitation, 'a needle, a needle,' and true enough in the breast of the waistcoat that hung down on Jack's arm, a huge darning needle was sufficiently evident. There was a general pause for some moments, when the well-dressed fairy who had before given orders for stripping him, stepped forward, and desired them to examine whether the needle had ever been made use of. It was immediately inspected by those of the greatest skill among them, who one and all as instantly declared, a thread had never been drawn through the eye of it. 'Then,' said the leader again, 'we might as well have staid at home in Knuck-fierna to-night, for anything we have to do with Jack Edy;' and Jack laughing at the same time to be listening to him.

"'Erah, is it to let him off so asy as that?' says Donald, 'and we all but having him, as I may say. Whaist, I have it. Love him there, fast asleep as he is, there's an herb grows in the bogs of Tubbermurrin, that'll melt the needle out of his coat in no time. I'll pluck a bunch of it, and be back in a jiffy.' To this they all whispered assent, and then they arose so softly, and took their way so silently through the air, that their departing forms seemed like vanishing shadows, or clouds rising towards the moon on a midsummer's night. 'Eh then, God's blessing on the backs of ye,' cried little Jack, as he sprung upon his feet, with a half-chuckle, 'they're what I was longing to see this half-hour; and as it by magic, the way home came into his mind in an instant, and off he cut without

* "Little boy."
stop or stay, through mud and mire, until he reached his own door. 'Arrah Joaneen, Joaneen eroo, open the door, hurry, a colleen dhas, or I'm a dead man, hurry. Granny Keane, aga, Granny Keane, get up and open the door, or you'll never see Jack Edy again. Wisha, munther! if they'll open a door to-night; I'll be caught like Thady Honogan himself;' and so he continued knocking and calling and swearing, until his little sister Joan threw open the wicker-door to him. He rushed in, and elapt it to in a moment, and placing a spade with the top of the handle in the wicker-work, 'and the steel sunk fast in the earthen floor, made all tolerably secure. Then brushing back his hair, and wiping his forehead with the skirt of his coat, he turned to the little girl who stood shivering and looking down at him, with nothing, save her grandmother's old cloak about her, and a dying rushlight in her hand. 'Wisha Joaneen, honey, what's become of the feet-water?' 'Tis there in the keeler,' returned little Joan. 'Upset it at the door-way, aga.' 'And, Joaneen, what's become of the reapen-hook and the wheel?' 'The reapen-hook's on the hob, and the wheel's in the corner,' said Joaneen; and so while the little girl was pouring out the feet-water, Jack put the reapen-hook in the thatch, and made fast the hand-reel with a rush. 'And now,' says he, tumbling into bed, 'it's odd if I'm not in the wind of old Donald.'

'His head was scarce well on the pillow, when a thumping was heard at the door, and a loud calling, 'Jack Edy, eroo, Jack Edy!' 'Twas for all the world the voice of a near neighbour of his, Larry O'Donnel, the tailor; but Jack knew very well how that was, and he began to snore aloud. Presently he hears another knocking at the door, and the voice of Darby O'Flanagan, the cooper. 'Are you awake, Shawn Edy? Open the doore a boohil, 'tis the keg I'm bringing, that you were wanting for the whiskey.' 'Wisha the dikens carry you, Donald,' said Jack to himself, never making an answer all the while, but only snoring the louder.

'Darby soon got tired of the knocking, but he wasn't long gone when a whining began under the little window, like that of a young child, and sometimes it died away, and he heard as it were the low huzhoin of the mother, and then it came to blow and rain, and there was tapping at the casement. 'Who's that there?' says Granny Keane, raising up her head. 'The widow's blessing on you and yours, granddaughter,' said a piteous voice outside, 'and give a poor woman and her child shelter from this bad night.' 'Stay where you are, mother,' whispered Jack Edy, 'tisn't herself that's there at all, as good right I have to know, in regard of what has happened me this night;' and so they both lay quiet in the bed, till at length the woman and her child went away.

'The wind and rain had just subsided, and all was calm again, when Jack heard the same buzzing sound at the wicker-door, as he had heard in the church-yard, and presently the voice of old Donald in a low tone saying, 'Feetwater, Feetwater, get up and let me in.' 'I'm under your feet at the doorway,' returned the Feetwater, 'and how can I let you in?' 'Reapenhook, Reapenhook,' said Donald Daw, again, 'come to the door and let me in.' 'My nose is fast in the thatch,' replied the Reapenhook, 'and how can I let you in?' 'Handreel, Handreel,' said Donald, a third time, 'come here and let me in.' 'I'm tied fast with a rush,' said the Handreel, 'and how can I let you in?' 'E'then, bad look to you, Jack Edy,' roared out Donald at last, 'there's no one from this to Dingle fit to hold a candle to you any way;' and giving the door a kick that almost knocked the spade from behind it, he departed, never troubling little Jack at home or abroad, or late or early, from that hour to this.'

There is some pretty poetry scattered through these tales:

* "The feet-water, reaping-hook, and hand-reel, are, from some cause which I have not traced to its origin, supposed to be treacherously-minded inmates in a cottage, and are in consequence looked to with a peculiar jealousy by Irish housewives. Perhaps the superstition was first suggested by some enemy to domestic negligence. The precautions adopted by our pigmy hero are seldom omitted at bed-time."
the two following specimens exhibit no mean powers in our author:

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane;
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate—
I can but think on mine, and sigh,
For I am desolate.

"There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light;
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night,
I've closed the door—and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate!

"I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasped my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him,
—My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain,
—His child was left me yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!"

"The priest stood at the marriage board,
The marriage cake was made,
With meat the marriage chest was stored,
Decked was the marriage bed.
The old man sat beside the fire,
The mother sat by him,
The white bride was in gay attire,
But her dark eye was dim,
Ululah! Ululah!
The night falls quick—the sun is set,
Her love is on the water yet.
"I saw the red cloud in the west,
Against the morning light—
Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
From evil chance to-night.
The door flings wide! loud moans the gale,
Wild fear her bosom chills:
It is, it is the Banthee's wail
Over the darkened hills,
Ululah! Ululah!
The day is past! the night is dark!
The waves are mounting round his bark.
"The guests sit round the bridal bed,
And break the bridal cake,
But they sit by the dead-man's head,
And hold his wedding-wake.
The bride is praying in her room,
The place is silent all!
A fearful call! a sudden doom!
Bridal and funeral!
Ululah! Ululah!
A youth to Kilfeheira's ta'en
That never will return again."

WHAT IS THY NAME, REALITY?

ANALYZE life.
Not one of all those things,
Shadowy and vague, that flit upon the wings
Of dim imagination round thy couch
When slumber seals thine eyes, is clothed with such
An unreality as human life,
Cherished and clung to as it is!—The fear,
The thrilling hope, the agonizing strife,
Are hollow there, and unavailing here.
To him who reads what nature would pourtray,
What speaks the night? A comment on the day.
Day dies: night lives; and, as in dumb derision,
Mockst the passed scenery with her own vain vision.

Man buries the departed Passed for aye:
A blind slave to the all-controlling Present,
He courts debasement; and, from day to day,
His wheel of human toil evolves incessant,
And well may earth-directed zeal be blighted!
And well may Time laugh selfish hopes to scorn!
He has lived in vain whose reckless years have slighted
The humbling truth, which penitence and gray
What is thy Name, Reality.

Hairs teach the wise, that such cold hopes were born
Only to dupe, and to be thus required.
How many such there be! in whom the thorn,
Which disappointment plants, fester in vain,
Save as the instrument of sleepless pain:
Who bear about with them the burning feeling
And fire of that intolerable word,
Which, inly searching, pierceeth like a sword
The breast whose wounds shall thenceforth know no healing.

Behold the over-teming globe! Her millions
Bear mournful witness. Cycles, centuries roll,
That man may madly forfeit Heaven's pavilions,
To hug his darling trammels. Yet the soul,
The startled soul, upbounding from the mire
Of earthliness, and all alive with fears,
Unmothered by the lethargy of years,
Whose dates are blanks, at moments will inquire:
And whither tends this sluggish struggle? Hath
The visible universe no loftier path
Than that we trace out? Is the illumining eye
Of hope to light but barrenness? Shall the high
Spirit of enterprise be chilled, and bowed,
And grovel in darkness, shorn of all his proud
Prerogatives? Alas! and must man barter
The eternal for the perishing, but to be
The world's applauded and degraded martyr,
Unsouled, enthralled, and never to be free?

Ancient of days! Triune! Adored! Unknown!
Who wert, and art, and art to come! The heart
Yearns, in its lucid moods, to Thee alone.
Thy name is Love! Thy word is Truth! Thou art
The fount of happiness,—the source of glory,—
Eternity is in Thine hands, and power:
Oh! from that Heaven, unrecognised by our
Slow souls, look down upon a world, which, hoary
In evil, and in error though it be,
Retaineth yet some stamp of that primeval
Beauty that bloomed above its brow, ere evil
And error wiled it from Thy love and Thee!
Look down! and if, while human brows are brightening
In godless triumph, angel eyes are weeping,
Publish Thy will in syllables of lightning
And sentences of thunder, to the sleeping;
Look down! and renovate the waning name
Of goodness: reillumine the paling light
Of truth and purity;—that all may aim
At one imperishable crown, the bright
Guerdon which they, who by untired and holy
Warfare shall overcome the world, inherit;
The self-denying,—the clean of heart,—the lowly,—
The merciful,—the meek,—the poor in spirit.

So shall the end of Thine all-perfect plan
Be ultimately realised by man.

February, 1827.
THE UTILITY OF POPULAR LECTURES CONSIDERED.

In these latter days, when a blind reverence for the opinions of our predecessors on the earth, has given place to the opposite extreme of sceptical scrutiny; when men are more than half inclined to regard an established opinion and practice, as the result of the prejudice, rather than of the wisdom of ages, and readily give their assent to the proposition, that the world is growing wiser and better, as well as older, every day; in these days, we repeat, of free thinking and free speaking, the practice of oral instruction, or lecturing, has not been able to escape the ordeal to which all things, new and old, are subjected.—The institution of public lectures, so venerable for its antiquity, and so long regarded as an essential ingredient in the constitution of the highest order of seminaries, the universities, has found some among thinking people who deny its necessity, and impugn its utility. It is maintained, that the knowledge thus obtained can be better gained from books; that a lecturer, after all, is but an unpublished author, who has the fear of the public less before his eyes, and is, therefore, less to be depended on; that the knowledge thus acquired is superficial, general, and often inaccurate, for the same reason that we remember and repeat conversations less correctly than we quote and recollect written opinions; that a lecture-room is a Procrustes' bed, which is never fitted but to a small portion of its occupants; that the mind is hurried on without pausing either to understand or weigh; and that there is no medium between pinning our faith upon the professor's sleeve, or denying his whole doctrine; between swallowing his opinions whole, or rejecting them altogether. From such premises has been drawn the conclusion, that public lectures are altogether useless. A sweeping opinion, whose general incorrectness, however, is qualified by some grains of truth.

Before the invention of printing, and even for a long time after it, the deficiency of books was necessarily supplied by oral instruction. Men heard of the name and fame of a celebrated professor, and found it easier to travel to the focus of knowledge than to collect its divergent rays. The literature of foreign climes was as difficult to import as their more perishable commodities. The learning of Italy could be acquired only at her universities, as her grapes could be eaten only in her vineyards. A bookseller was rarely seen, and a reviewer never. Times are altered, when a new discovery, a new thought, or even the new expression of an old one, traverses the whole literary community with the rapidity of wildfire, and when a man may sit in his elbow chair, and have the wisdom of the world laid upon his table. The advantage of public lectures, therefore, to the students of any profession or science, is much diminished. In some branches, indeed, they are entirely useless, if not worse. In others, however, they possess a certain value, which they can never lose, because the knowledge thus acquired can hardly be gained from any other source. This is the case with those sciences which cannot be taught, either by written description, or the art of design alone; when the objects, or the tools, if we may so speak, must be seen to be understood. It will be long before it will be as easy to bring a steam-engine, or a spinning-jenny, into our studies, as to go where they are to be found.
The Utility of Popular Lectures considered.

One such object must serve for the instruction of many, as the 'squire's newspaper, formerly, enlightened the whole village.

But, though the demand for lectures, as a part of the apparatus of a strictly professional education, is much less than in former times, the importance of them, as connected with any system of general education, is vastly increased. It is a singular thing in the history of human affairs, that two opposite causes should have produced a similar effect. The scarcity of books made lectures necessary two centuries ago; their abundance makes them still more so now. The diffusion of knowledge, and the existence of free institutions, are mutual re-agents, which require and create each other. Wisdom and liberty go hand in hand, and when either languishes the other is in danger. What would be the duration of a republic of which the citizens were barbarous; what is the amount of useful knowledge among the mass of the subjects of a despotic regime? He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is admitted to be a public benefactor; he who introduces two ideas into a mind in the place of one, is a greater; and any contrivance, by which such a result is accomplished, is to be considered valuable. Now this is precisely the light in which lectures are, at this day, to be regarded: they are a labour-saving invention; they are to the minds of a community what the power-loom is to their bodies; they are the results of a glorious application of the principle of division of labour to intellectual wants.

The value of such an application has become more obvious, since we have ceased to regard the mind of any human being as a vessel of limited capacity, which can hold only a certain quantity of knowledge, and in which the introduction of new ideas must necessarily drive out the former occupants; since we have learned to consider it, correctly, as the subject of indefinite improvement, whose power and capacity increase with every addition to its stores. "For the desire of knowledge," says a popular writer on this subject, "spreads with each effort to gratify it; the sacred thirst of science is becoming epidemic, and we look forward to the days when the laws of matter and of mind shall be known to all men; when an acquaintance with them shall no longer be deemed, as heretofore, the distinction of a few superior minds, any more than being able to read and write now constitutes, as it once did, the title of scholarship." The bugbears, which alarmed the theorists of other times, are losing their power. — The notion of the danger of instructing the people, lest they should criticise their rulers, and leave their proper business to keep the world in an uproar, is now classed with that of the most judicious Jack Cade, when he charged Lord Say with having "traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, by erecting a grammar school; and that, whereas their fathers before had no other book than the score and tally, he had caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, had built a paper-mill; and that he had men about him, who usually talked of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian could endure to hear." Experience continually shows, that ignorance alone is mother of presumption, error, and mischief.

Not only does the spirit of modern liberality desire to spread knowledge among all ranks, but among the individuals of both sexes. The absurd doctrine which influences the savage, who degrades his wife
to the condition of a menial, and which has made its appearance in more refined society in such aphoristic form as this, that "the best learning for a lady is to learn to make a pudding." It has been ascer-
tained, that knowledge of various kinds is not incompatible with this important manufacture, and that many other branches of knowledge may be superadded to this essential one. It is admitted that pudd-
ings, though admirable things in their way, are but indifferent sub-
jects of conversation; and, as it is the fashion now-a-days to converse a good deal, it is desirable that there should be other subjects, not only than puddings, but even than ribbons, gauze, bobbinet, or, per-
adventure, the last new novel. We are growing democratic in this matter—believers in equality of privileges, and begin to be persuaded, that the whole notion of resistance to the diffusion of knowledge any where has no better foundation than the detestable maxim, that "might makes right." The ladies of the present day are taught some-
thing of chymistry, geography, astronomy, natural philosophy, and the modern languages; there are some who have not refrained from Latin, and some, it is said, have even meddled with Greek; still it is devoutly believed that they are neither worse housekeepers, nor less agreeable companions, than the potters, preservers, comfit-makers, and diligent embroiderers, of times that are gone by.

There are two classes of knowledge in society: one, of the prin-
cipal profession and employment of the individual, and to be acquiring and perfecting of which, his labour is, and ought especially to be de-
vo ted. Very few are so situated as to be without some main object of this sort, and the situation of these few is rarely to be envied. Another class of acquirements is sought as a source of amusement or occasional advantage. The mason devotes himself principally to acquiring skill in the art of working in stone, brick, and mortar, and must, in the first place, provide himself with the necessary tools, the guage, the square, and the trowel; but, besides these, he finds occa-
sional convenience in possessing a chisel, a plane, or a hammer, and in understanding the use of them. The mechanic finds it useful to be able to compose a note of hand without going to an attorney, while the attorney, in his turn, may find it more convenient to drive a nail or a screw than to be at the trouble of seeking a mechanic. Even where one never intends actually performing any particular operation, it is advantageous to know the best manner of doing it, in order to appreciate the skill of those by whom it is performed for us.

By the diffusion of this supplementary knowledge in society, the standard of excellence is raised in every employment. The best workmen in every department will necessarily be found where skill is best understood and rewarded, and the competition will be between rival excellence instead of rival mediocrity. All the subjects of human knowledge have, moreover, connexions more or less remote, so that one is often assisted in his principal employment by hints drawn from others. But, though this subsidiary class of acquirements thus often proves advantageous, we are most commonly led to it by the desire of temporary gratification; the gratification of that natural curiosity, which was plainly implanted in us for the express purpose of enlarging our intellectual faculties and our capacity for happiness.

The desire of investigating causes is one of the earliest and most constantly operating impulses of the mind. This impulse people
the groves and streams of ancient times with deities, and printed the green sward of modern days with fairy rings; for, when real causes are not apparent, the mind will rather task imagination for fabled agents than rest unsatisfied. Every addition to this second class of knowledge, which can be made without prejudice to the peculiar and most important pursuit of each individual, answers one of the ends of his being, and opens new sources of enjoyment. But it is impossible for any one continually to pursue a single object; the bow cannot always be bent, or the cord for ever strained, without losing their power, and many hours of necessary relaxation may be employed in adding without much effort to our subsidiary stores.

This is effected, first by observation, which, however, is, when unassisted, but a limited source of improvement. The eye of the mechanic sees one thing, that of the merchant another, and that of the man of science a third, till, mutually instructed by conversation, each sees the whole. Conversation, then, is another source of acquirement, a sort of intellectual barter, in which each changes his private stores for those of others; though, unlike the barterer of material treasures, he gives without losing, and receives without taking away. But conversation can only take place between neighbours and contemporaries. The arts of writing and printing communicate the wisdom of distant ages and nations, and reading is therefore another abundant source of knowledge. But this partakes in many instances of the nature of toil, rather than relaxation, and occupies the time and energies which should be sacred to one's principal vocation. This is avoided by employing one to read for many, and adding a new one to the list of peculiar vocations. Of this nature is the system of lecturing, by which hundreds may obtain, with little or no effort, and at the same time, the accumulated and corrected results of the labour of years.

In all these ways, may what we have termed subsidiary knowledge be acquired. They all work together and mutually assist each other, and the sum of knowledge in civilized countries is thus advancing in a cumulative ratio, of which attentive observers are every day perceiving the progress and admiring the results.

Those of our readers who have followed us through this explanation of the different classes of knowledge, will anticipate our reply to an objection sometimes made to miscellaneous learning. It is objected, that it is apt, after all, to be merely a smattering; that a complete knowledge cannot be obtained of many things; and that he who knows a little on a variety of subjects will know nothing well.

It is no doubt true, that great excellence cannot usually be obtained by any individual in more than one pursuit; but, having done his duty in this particular, he is certainly right to spend a part of the remainder, and, as it were, superfluous time, in acquiring other sources of advantage or knowledge. The question is not between books, conversation, or lectures, and a man's principal duties; but between these and idleness, or unprofitable and hurtful amusements. It is certainly better to have a little knowledge than to have none; and all that can be gained in one department, without preventing or even diminishing acquirements in another, is clearly valuable.

Popular lectures, again, may be considered in the light of sources of mere amusement, and much may be said in support of them in
The Recollections of a Waiter.

The view. In the first place they are innocent, which is more than can be affirmed of many other amusements commonly to be met with in a populous city. They endanger neither the health nor the morals of the community; they produce no unnatural and feverish excitement, nor leave behind them depression and languor.

Moreover, their efforts are more or less permanent; they extend far beyond the hour specially given to them, and the mind acquires a new stock of materials for occasional amusement. The common enjoyment of books and conversation is enhanced; the individual is better enabled to impart pleasure, and better fitted to receive it; much that was once dull and unintelligible to him, becomes clearer and interesting; and he remarks now some of the thousand things which were before continually passing without a notice.

Lastly, popular lectures, considered in the light of an economical mode of diffusing scientific knowledge, tend to raise the religious and moral character of the community. The first and greatest commandment is enforced by every lesson in the sciences; the seal of wisdom and benevolence is on—

"Every star the sky does show,
And every herb that sips the dew;"

and the farther we penetrate into the temple of nature, the nearer we approach to the Holy of Holies. The second commandment is also written on the book of nature; for knowledge and charity go hand in hand. Every increase of the former adds new links to the chain of intellectual sympathy, and shows a new society of minds to claim kindred with, and have our claim allowed." We are continually taught that the knowledge upon which we prided ourselves in solitude, is but a small part of the sum which is in the world. We are taught to be slow to despise that ignorance in one particular pursuit, which may be more than compensated by knowledge in another. We learn that there is no one who cannot teach us something that is valuable, and become gradually, in the best sense, citizens of the universe.

The Recollections of a Waiter.*

Being the Private Memoirs of Joe Coming Sir.

We have said, in a former number, that this is the age of auto-biography—our table is at this moment groaning beneath a pile of memoirs, confessions, reminiscences, lives, and sketches. How to dispose of them we know not; indeed we are half inclined to make rather a summary task of it, by reviewing them in a lump. We might say of them, in a general way, that they contain a quantity of pompously-detailed incidents, interesting only to the relaters of them.—Probably an exception ought to be made in favour of the volume entitled the "Recollections of a Waiter." Our friend, Joe, is a plain sort of character, who describes, in a simple way, every matter that came under his immediate observation; there are many of these matters, to be sure, that are hardly worth recording—but he is not the

* Tomkins and Co. London.
only writer that has swelled out a volume with "mighty trifles"; his book, moreover, is moderate in its price, and unassuming in its appearance. We shall pass over an account of his schooling, and of his adventures after leaving school;—his details relative to his family, and to the misfortunes which obliged him to become a waiter, are touching enough; but they have nothing peculiar in them. In turning through the work, we make the following extract at random:

"After all I had suffered, I felt pleased and proud at being engaged in such an establishment as Morrison's: to those who know any thing of Dublin, it will be unnecessary for me to say much as to the style and elegance of that splendid hotel and tavern. As I stood dressing myself, previous to the commencement of business, I went on indulging freely in the pleasant task of castle-building,—'Who knows, thought I, but that I may, in a few years, be the owner of an establishment like this. Morrison is a man now wealthy and greatly respected. Yet, some years ago, he wore the livery of a footman. What is to hinder me from being equally successful; if I copy his manner, his industry, and his general good conduct, I may get on—yes, and will get on.' I thought not then of Shakspeare's expression—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune."

To me this full tide never presented itself. I might save a little money, to be sure—but I never had an opportunity of making a fortune."

The following passage will show that Mister Coming Sir is unlike the ordinary class of waiters—he liked good eating and drinking, but he could also relish an intellectual treat:

"I was one of those who attended table at the public dinner which was given to Mr. Thomas Moore. I need not say, that the company comprised all the talent, and a considerable portion of the rank and respectability, of the Irish capital; the grand object of attraction to me throughout the evening, was the distinguished guest—the illustrious poet. In my own fancy, I had previously invested him with a character, almost bordering on divinity; and my readers may judge what my feelings were when I saw him, and heard him speak: his speech, on returning thanks for himself, was forcible and eloquent; but I thought he never appeared in a loftier light than when he stood up to speak on the part of his father; the old gentleman, plain but venerable in his appearance, was seated on the left hand of the chairman; he seemed, in reality, overwhelmed with the honours conferred on him; he was, of course, unable to return thanks, but for this deficiency all present had an ample compensation in the few words spoken by his highly gifted son. There was so much feeling, so much of simple energy and of filial attachment in the short address, that even I, though an humble and almost illiterate waiter, was melted into tears. Other speeches followed, and some of them were excellent. Charles Philips was present—he was then in the hey-day of his oratorical reputation. Why has this reputation faded? Poor Maturin, also (whose 'Bertram' I had just read), was among the company, and delivered a very eloquent harangue. Shiel was animated and happy, as usual, and O'Connell more than usually so. Altogether, it was an evening that I would like to live over again."

Who has not heard of the gormandizers of the Dublin corporation:

"Those who have not witnessed the achievements of the corporation folk, when assembled at dinner, can form no idea of their capabilities as trenchermen. A Dublin common councilman is, of all others, the man for performing a solo on the knife and fork. A London citizen is generally well fed, and enjoys plenty at home; but the civic heroes of Dublin are mostly needy, half-starved things, to whom a good dinner is a novelty, and, of course, a matter not to be trifled with. The first question usually put to the candidate for city honours is, 'Will you give the station dinners?' I have stood near some of these gentlemen,
and I have been really puzzled to know what they did with the quantities of meat that appeared, or rather disappeared, before them; they pay so much attention to what the Puritans would call 'creature comforts,' that they appear, generally, to neglect the improvement of the mind; indeed, a blunderer is mostly the favorite among them—for such a person commonly makes up, by loyal violence, for what he wants in point of information. The blazing red-hot bigots, the true blues, the ascendency men, are fortunately those who are incapable of giving expression to the bitter and envenomed feelings that actuate them. They constantly show their teeth, but to bite is beyond their power. I have often, while waiting on them, been highly amused by the specimens of grammar and of historical research, that were occasionally exhibited. I was present when Mr. Sheriff Thorpe made his grand speech in praise of the constitution; when he declared that he 'was ready for to die for ever for it;' and I also heard that great city luminary, Dixon, state, that the glorious and immortal memory of William the Third had been the charter toast of the corporation for more than three hundred years.' To me this interesting historical fact was entirely new. It would make the reader laugh, if I could describe the remarks or the sneers of the castle folks on the military characters who attend these dinners, as a matter of course; the poor creatures who invite them think they are doing wonders, while they are really the butt of their fashionable visitors.

The following passage is in Frederick Reynolds's best style:

"The witty Lord B——, with a friend, had ordered dinner; he rang the bell several times before I could reach the room. 'Why, Joe,' said he, 'are all the waiters gone?' 'No, my lord,' said I, 'Your lordship and your friend seem to be waiters just now.' 'Very well, Joe,' said his lordship; 'hem!"

Other lords, it appears, didn't take poor Joe's remarks in so friendly a way:

"I was in attendance at one of the dinners given by the 'Beefsteak Club.' The company was highly respectable, if we except the poor creatures who came there to 'squeak for their bit.' Waiter, as I was, I must own, that I looked down with a proud feeling of superiority upon those 'professional gentlemen,' who, if they gave 'no song,' would certainly get 'no supper,' nor dinner either. I pitted them, for I saw them on that night admitted to a certain degree of familiarity by persons, who, the next day, passed them in the street, without deigning to notice them. I appeared as a waiter; there was no hollow politeness in question; I was paid for what I did, and I felt independent. There was a great deal of eating and drinking—a great deal of good singing; after this came 'toasts and sentiments,' and then began the mischief. Some of the toasts were of the deep, double dyed, true blue school; the Chancellor and the then Attorney-General were present, and I felt surprised that they didn't interfere—they only smiled, however, or gave an occasional shake of the head. It appeared strange to me, that in an assembly whose professed object was 'harmony,' so much of what was likely to create 'discord' should be allowed; but I was then green and inexperienced. The potato-faced lordling in the chair seemed to warm as he proceeded, and at last came a toast that indeed startled me—'My lords and gentlemen, fill high,'—he reeled as he spoke; 'I give you—the pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devil pelting priests at him.' 'A blister on your tongue first, my lord,' said I, in a voice that echoed through the large room. The toast, however, was drunk uproariously; and, in the silence that followed, I had full time for reflection. I saw that I had acted foolishly—but what could a poor, insulted, and irritated papist do in such a case; the dye was cast, however, and I felt no surprise when Morrison, on the next morning, told me that we should part."

With one extract more we shall, for the present, conclude:

"On the very day that I left Morrison's, there was a kind of rumpus that shows, to a certain degree, the needy and niggardly character of some of the corporators; one of the sheriffs had ordered a dinner; he was by trade a beer brewer; and, in order to save a little, he insisted upon supplying his own drink
for dinner. It was said also, that to save gratuities to the waiters, he proposed
the introduction of his draymen, as attendants at table. To this Morrison ob-
jected in a most decided tone; he told the economical sheriff to order dinner
elsewhere; and, after inviting a party of friends, he took care that the good
things intended for the 'man of grounds' should not go to waste. I remained
for that evening, and a jolly one it was."

Mr. Coming Sir, after remaining for some time unemployed, was at
length engaged by Mrs. Flanagan, of the Dolphin Tavern—a tavern,
that we have rendered more celebrated than Ambrose's of Edinburgh.
With what he saw and heard there, our readers shall become ac-
quainted in a future number; indeed we must say, that we suspect
our friend Joe to be the writer of the "Evenings at Flanagan's."—
What other person could supply these articles?

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EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

"Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be this my motto and my fate."

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Present, David M'Cleary; Carleton, of Castle Street; Sir
Harcourt Lees; Codey, of the Warder; and Sheehan, of
the Mail.

M'Cleary. Well, Carleton, didn't I tell you what speaking out
boldly and aboveboard would do,—that it would make a man of you.
Carleton. I was a man before that, Davy,—not all as one you
know: a tailor is but a piece of a man.

M'Cleary. That's but cobbler's wit, after all; but, indeed, Carleton,
I knew that your speech at the Bank would serve you.

Carleton. Arrah! how, Davy? Is it, by having my work trampled
on by every true Protestant in Ireland? ha! ha! but, indeed, I do
think that speech of mine was of use to me; the Beef-Steak Club, and
the clergy, and the serious people, are giving me their orders. Last
week I measured the right reverend calves of three bishops; I had
in my hand the right honourable feet of five evangelical ladies; and
the chancellor and the secretary, and all the orange leaders, declare
that they would scorn to creak in any other work but mine. "Say
what you please, there is nothing like leather."

Lees. Bravo! my lad of wax! But, Davy, I don't think that the true
Protestants patronise you, as you say they do our friend Carleton.

M'Cleary. Why, Sir Harcourt, the plain truth is, that I don't
count them much,—I am too independent for that; I am a thinking
man; tailor, d'ye see, —no cringer; I look beyond my lapboard; as
for Carleton, poor devil, he would not only measure their feet, but ac-
tually kiss them, if desired. Between you and I (half whispering), I
laugh at his Bank speech: we are scholars, Sir Harcourt; you
know what my own divine Cicero says,—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

Hem!

Codey. That is not Cicero's, Davy!

M'Cleary. Not Cicero's! not my own, my divine Cicero's! I'll
hold you an old breeches to five volumes of the Warder, that it is
Cicero's! Lord! such ignorance!! But you say, Sir Harcourt, that
that the Protestants don't patternize me; what care I.—I've established
a character as a coat-cutter, but I'm the very devil at hitting off a
breeches. 'Dye know, that I've engaged "a live man" to stand
three hours a day at my door to show off my work;—a tight fellow
he is. Oh! it is his thighs that can display my close-fitted pantaloons in all their glory: Carleton is to have the use of his calves, in
the early part of the day, to sell off a lot of Hessian or Wellingtons,
I forget which. Dallas has had his head already in his wigs.

Carleton.—You didn't tell me his name, Davy, but bid me guess;
sure it can't be our little acquaintance, Paddy Now—

McClary.—Order! order! Carleton! no names! he's to wear a
mask at the door, you know.

Codey.—There's an old exciseman, that's some time on the town,
Davy: if you could catch him, he'd make a good pantaloone-stand!

McClary.—Not better than the one we speak of.

_Enter Burke Bethel (singing)_

The cobbler boy to the Bank is gone,—
In the midst of the merchants you'll find him;
An impudent grin he has just put on,
And all modesty left behind him.
"Old Protestant pie," cried the lad of the last,
"See the true blues clinging together;
Aye, all for one end shall like wax stick fast,
Then, Hurra! sure 'there's nothing like leather!"

Who'll taunt me hereafter with being the son of a cobbler? Carleton
has redeemed the character of the "gentle craft;" he has given a
gloss to the profession, and fairly sewed up the mouths of their calum-
niators.

Codey.—Well done, Bethel! why, you are becoming quite poetical
of late! You are probably not aware of the close union existing be-
tween poetry and shoe-making. In our own day there have been
three or four cordwaining poets.—Blackett, Bloomfield, and Gifford!
You know the Quarterly Gifford, lately dead.

Bethel.—I do? But where are all our friends? Where is the elo-
quent lisper of "forto's," Gregory the Great?

Lees.—Oh! he's busy in preparing for the press a second edition of
his Sermon on the Death of the Duke.

Sheehan.—Who is it that has to answer for the sin the poor doctor
committed, in getting that queer thing put into type?

Codey.—Some idle wags belonging to Paul's parish; they had
plotted to quiz the doctor.—They got up a sham deputation,—made
the request with all imaginable gravity, and the preacher conde-
scended, in the most gracious manner, to waste his money, and ex-
pose his lack of brains, by appearing in "gude black prent."

Lees.—But, Codey! you puffed the sermon in the Warder, and gave
a hint about the doctor's promotion!

Codey.—No, no, Sir Harcourt! That hint shows plainly from what
quarter the critique came! I was regularly paid for the advertise-
ment, though it didn't appear in that form.

Lees.—Well, well! there are wheels within wheels! You people of
the press manage these things adroitly; to be sure, in articles that
_Vol. I._
were anonymous, I used to call myself the "great Protestant writer."

Bethel.—And who'd a better right to speak well of you than your-
self! Now, when I give a pun or a squib to the newspapers, I always
begin thus:—"The witty Counsellor Bethel observed," or, "The fa-
cetious Burke Bethel said." But, Sheehan! have you seen my last,
in contradiction to Blackstone's "Farewell to the Muse;" I call
this my "Farewell to the Law." I am about to get a borough; tho',
since my last attempt at Newry, I am somewhat shy. This poetical
scrap is "an Address to the Four Courts," being a portion of my
"Farewell."

Air—"Adieu, thou dreary pile."
Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The teasing sound of quibbles, oaths, and lies.
Ye brother bearers of each lonely bag,
Inur'd your limbs around the hall to drag,
For prouder scenes I fly this noisy sphere,
For curse the good an honest man does here!

Ha! ha! isn't that very well?

Enter Tighe Gregory, Sutter, Sir A. B. King, and Mr.
Emanuel H. Orpen.

Welcome, friends! welcome! you lost a right good thing of mine
just now!—right good, faith! shall I repeat it?

Omnes.—No, no, no!

M'Cleary.—Well, Doctor Gregory, how does the sermon sell? I
am afraid you will be out of pocket.

Gregory.—No, no! tho' I am unwilling for to boast, the church-
wardens and parishioners of St. Paul's have ordered a copy,—the Kild-
dare Place people have bought one, on account of my note about Ho-
henloe, and the Benevolent Orange Society have offered the trade
price for another! Peter Daly will give sixpence for one.

Cody.—Why, this is encouraging; but didn't you present the
Dublin Library with a copy?

Gregory.—No, no! the fingers of the radicals there are unworthy
of handling such a gift!

Bethel. (Sings.)

Air—"Dulce Domum."
In Crampton Court a cloth-shop stood,
Oft sought by wanderers weary,—
A corner shop—the snug abode
Of loyal old M'Cleary.
'Tis there you soon might mount a coat,
If in Bank notes abounding,
There Davy moved to spout or quote—
Explaning by confounding.
When evening came—
Unto his dame,
A decent worthy woman,
He call'd for light,
And half the night
He shunn'd his bed,
As loud he read,
Of Cicero, the old Roman.
Sheehan.—A very fair parody that, upon my word.

M'Cleary.—Fair, d'ye call it? Why, then, by my honour as a man—I mean a tailor, he'll not fare the better for giving it! What's my reading or quoting Cicero to him? (Takes out a paper and reads.) J. B. Bethel, Esq., in account with D. M'Cleary:

Superfine Black pantaloons, £1 15 0

Mending, do.

Turning, do.

Bethel. Oh, Davy! Davy! stop,—but here's the great modern reformer of the discipline of the Romish church—the enemy of excommunication, Emanuel Hutchinson Orpen, attorney! Why has this great illuminator been allowed to sit among us so long unmo-mented?

Lees.—He must excuse us; it is his dress and general appearance that are to blame! A loyal man should seem well fed and well clad!

Gregory.—Mr. Orpen should not have meddled with theological matters—he should have left that to you and I, Sir Harcourt.

Lees.—Right, doctor, right!—He only exposed himself, and George Ogle Moore, to the sneers of the British senate. Poor Moore, I am told, appeared like a dog that had lost his tail, when he found Peel turning on him.

Sheehan.—And well he might!—but what are we to do with all the converts, Sir Harcourt?

Lees.—Let me alone, Sir! Before three months are over, you will find it easy to reckon them; they will take all you give them, but when you stop giving, there's an end of your "second reformation." But, gentlemen, you are all neglecting your wine; send the bottle round.

Bethel.—For my part, I would prefer punch!—I must have a little of the native; where's Blacker to-night, with his whiskey song of Carolan's? No matter, I'll sing a song—(sings.)

Air—"Oh, then dearest Ellen."

When Lees his old port is on Jesuits bestowing,
    When Daly sends Orangemen dry from his door,
When Manners as fat as big Green shall seem growing,
    Oh! then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more.

I'll love, &c.

When parsons shall cease their old pickings to cherish,
    When saints shall their hatred of Papists give o'er,
When truth shall prevail, and hypocrisy perish,
    Oh then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more.

I'll love, &c.

Lees.—Why then, Bethel, what the deuce ails you? What has put the singing fit on you to-night? Your song, however, is a song of improbabilities. I'll never give my old wine to the Jesuits, while I can handle a double-barreled gun—that I swear to.

Sheehan.—No! Sir Harcourt; nor is there any chance of Lord Manners ever growing to the size of Bumbo Green.

Codey.—Lord Manners and Bumbo Green! who names them togeth— the most frightful contrast in nature.

Lees.—Well, my dear Sir Abey, how d'ye feel just now? What about your claim on St. Andrew's parish, for the work of "the unknown murderer and incendiary," as your friend, J. H. Moore, calls
him; take my word for it, the Jesuits were at the bottom of this affair, too!—Oh, what will become of the country?

King.—I know not what to say, Sir Harcourt; my long friend, Sutter, here, promises me plenty of pipe-water, if a fire ever occurs with me again.

Lees.—That's poor comfort; but, Sheehan, I forgot to ask you, if the packet brought any thing strange or new?

Sheehan.—Yes! our popish Protestants in Parliament are preparing to take the field in the cause of the Irish Romanists; Lord Clifden has sung out in the House of Peers, and Sir Francis Burdett blows his trumpet of alarm among the Commons. Heaven defend the cause of Protestantism—and Heaven defend me at the commission! I struck for the cause!—the good old cause; but the blow may cost me something.

Sutter.—Pshaw!—O'Connell will make nothing of it!

M'Cleary.—Draw up a memorial, and send it to him, representing your asthmatical and bloated condition, and begging mercy; and my word as a man—a tailor, for it, that he will take pity on you, and drop the prosecution!

Sheehan.—Drop your jibing, Davy!—I wish, however, that I was as sure of getting off as Shiel.

Codey.—I'm not so sure of Shiel getting off, after all!

Sheehan.—Well, well, wait;—time, they say, is a tell-tale.

Bethel.—Why, Codey, there are men in Dublin—I don't say they will be jurymen, but men belonging to a certain party in Dublin, who would declare his satanic majesty, if they tried him, "not guilty," sooner than humour the Marquis or the Attorney-General!

M'Cleary.—Devil a doubt of it, my friend!

Sheehan.—We Protestants—stanch Protestants, ought to be glad of this kick up between the Papists and their quondam advocates; but, Sir Harcourt, I had nearly forgotten—I saw, last night, in an English paper, an account of Wolf's marriage.

Lees.—Wolf is it, the wandering Jew?

Sheehan.—The same; and he has married a person of rank, too—Lady Something.

Lees.—Oh! by the ghost of Nimrod, that's rare; the fellow knew what he was about, with a vengeance—it was not for nothing that he left Rome, where his lot would have been poverty and celibacy—it was not an idle whim that led him through the country to bible meetings, where he could, like another Othello, soften the hearts of the fair, by recounting his exploits and his dangers! Well, well, Gregory, think of that!—Think of this wanderer picking up a wife, a title, and a fortune, with his foreign face, his wonders, and his broken English.

Bethel (sings)—

"When truth shall prevail, and hypocrisy perish,
Oh then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more."

Here, waiter, materials for punch.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter.—No more, Sir! we are closing up for the night.

Lees.—And my ogles are closing, too—let us be off.

Omnes.—Aye! away, away. [Exeunt.]
PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

In our last number, we endeavoured to point out the benefits which Catholicity conferred upon mankind in general, and upon Englishmen in particular; and we shall now proceed to show that Protestantism possesses no claims to superiority in a political point of view, over the "religion of our fathers"—that the "Reformation" was not an event to be proud of—and that the reformed creed is not more favourable to civil liberty, than the oft-belied and calumniated religion of Rome.

Our predecessor—than whom no man saw deeper into human nature or scanned more accurately the motives of human action—has advanced, in the former series of our work* two novel opinions: first, that Catholicity could not advantageously connect itself with temporal power; and, secondly, that there never could be a secession from the Church of Rome, where the people were enlightened. His arguments in support of these assertions are, in our opinion, unanswerable, and his obvious conclusions were, that Catholics, above all men, should practise the utmost toleration, and that Catholic divines, when uninfluenced by kings or princes, had every motive, human and divine, to encourage and promote the progress of knowledge and civil liberty.

The history of the Christian church singularly illustrates each and every one of these positions: until the beginning of the fifth age, the church teemed with learned men: the necessity she was under of repelling the attacks of the heathen philosophers, compelled the early fathers to qualify themselves for the task by study—to arm themselves with weapons similar to those made use of by their opponents; and, as they had, in addition to literature and eloquence, truth and justice on their side, their triumph in every contest was decisive. The Christians multiplied, the churches were crowned with converts, while the morality and purity of the doctrine promulgated, were producing their happy consequences, when, unfortunately, Catholicity was taken under the protection of the emperors of the west. The want of toleration now began to produce its evils: "Arcadius and Honorius," says the Rev. Mr. Bell, in his excellent "Epitome of Universal History,"† "who reigned in the early part of the fifth century, convinced that Theodosius owed his glory and prosperity to the fervour of his piety and zeal,—without attributing any thing to his civil and military talents, enacted laws against heretics and pagans, still more severe than those of Theodosius; and their example was followed by Theodosius II., by Marcian, and succeeding emperors. Thus did learning and the sciences, which had produced at the commencement of the fifth age an abundant harvest of great men, sensibly decay; nay, almost totally disappear at the close of the same century: and, in fact, a government which can imagine it a sacred duty to extirpate error with fire and sword, confines its liberality to vile informers and executioners, while it abandons literary merit and the sciences to starve, and even looks upon them with an eye of jealousy, as innovations, dangerous to the state."

† Introductory to his "Wanderings of the Human Intellect."
These persecutions and their consequences—mental darkness, be-
got, as intolerance ever must, innumerable heresies. The church was
torn with the teachers of "new lights;" and, during this age of imbe-
cility, the barbarians began to make their inroads on the domains of
civilized man. Fortunately, literature still lingered in the monaste-
ries; and the pious inmates of those religious houses undertook to
diffuse knowledge among the Goths and Vandals of this period; but
the interference of crowned heads in ecclesiastical affairs continued
to counteract, in some measure, the labours of the good and wise, and
fill the world with persecutions and fanaticism. One result of this
was to drive all the literature of the Christians into the east; for it is
a well-known fact, that the early Mahometans excelled, for some
centuries, in every branch of human knowledge.* During the eighth
century, the eastern Christians could reckon only one writer of em-
dition or method. In the west, the case was little better. Ireland
only, amid the nations of the earth, could boast the possession of
learning and learned men; and to her the Christian world is indebted
for the revival of letters in the next and following centuries. Europe,
however, continued to be involved in war, and the great mass of the
people in ignorance; and, though the tenth century produced no schism,

* At the birth of Mahometanism, the Mussulmans declared war indiscrimi-
nately, against all that refused to embrace their superstition: the vanquished
then barred the door to die. But, after the first transports of their enthusiasm had sub-
sided, they mitigated the excessive cruelty of so impolite a maxim, and, for fear
of changing their newly-acquired territories into one vast wilderness of destruction,
they granted a kind of toleration to all religions, with the exception only of gross
idolatry. This indulgence gave rise to great multitudes of Christians, Jews, and
other persons, instructed in the arts and sciences, to settle in the dominions of
the califs; where they continued, in secret, to improve themselves in learning,
during the reign of the Ommiades, till the accession of Almansor. This prince,
and his immediate successors, encouraged letters and learned men; while the
emperors of Constantinople were wholly employed in compelling their subjects
to adopt their respective innovations relative to faith, or in reconciling systems
of belief absolutely inconsistent with each other.—"Wanderings of the Human
Intellect."

† The Rev. Mr. Bell, speaking of the tenth century, says, "In the Constan-
tinopolitan empire, Bardas, encouraged by the example of the Arabians, and by
the exhortations of Plutarch, had begun to revive the study of literature and the
sciences, towards the close of the last century: his views were seconded by
Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who invited from all quarters, philosophers, geo-
metricians, and astronomers, to come and teach at Constantinople. But from
the depth of ignorance to the perfection of science, the progression is but gra-
dual; and we do not find that the Greek empire produced any celebrated writers
during the tenth century. An undiscerning relish for the marvellous was the
order of the day; and this, perhaps, it was, that determined Metaphrastes to
compile his Legends of the Saints; a publication replete with the most extraor-
dinary prodigies, ill authenticated at the best, and often supposititious.

Europe, as already observed, was agitated with perpetual wars. The fury of
arms had produced a general licentiousness; inflamed the passions; extinguished
in many almost the light of reason itself. Still, however, there were many that
retained impressions of religion even in their greatest excesses. Virtuous per-
sons availed themselves of these precious remnants of faith, to represent to them,
in lively colours, the dreadful chastisements reserved for wicked actors, in a fu-
ture state. Often the agonies of remorse compelled these latter to adopt the
severest methods of expiating their crimes; and frequently, too, their consum-
mate impiety hurried them into the superstitious practices of augury, and every
Protestant England.

it sowed the seed of one, which is yet flourishing; for the imperfect light which the limited diffusion of knowledge afforded, only served to lead the people astray. It is a singular fact, that, subsequent to the few first centuries, secession from the church of Rome never took place but in those periods of mental twilight, when darkness was beginning to disappear, and the light of knowledge to revive; from which we may draw the obvious conclusion, that the Catholic church has a decided interest in encouraging education—not that kind of stultified pedantry, which preceded the reformation, but useful literature and science, in the most unbounded extent. If Christianity be of divine origin, Catholicity has nothing to apprehend from the progress of knowledge.

At length, in the plenitude of folly, Gregory the Seventh arrogated to himself, as the successor of SS. Peter and Paul, the dominion of the earth, and undertook to dispose of crowns and principalities, with as much facility, and with much less right, than the late emperor of the French. Previous to this time, the bishops of Rome had been more than the advocates of humanity: armed with the cross, they stayed the progress of the barbarians, and more than once compelled the monsters, who then ruled kingdoms, to respect the laws of religion and justice. That they did much good, by culminating excommunications, and interfering in the temporal affairs of princes, is unquestionable; for, "were it not for them, the inhabitants of Europe, at this day, might be as far removed from civilization as the Scythian hordes." It is, however, true that, subsequent to the eleventh century, the pretensions of the Roman pontiff did considerable mischief;†

species of divination, and other vain observances, which had been in use with idolaters in preceding ages. Some ignorant and simple people had strange ideas with reference to the other world, and imagined, for instance, that it was a part of St. Michael's office to sing high mass in heaven every Monday. The tenth age, notwithstanding so fruitful in other evils of every description, gave not birth to any new heresy. — "Wanderings of the Human Intellect."

* Dr. Doyle's Essay on the Catholic Claims.
† In these perplexing circumstances, the Bishop of Rome must act in a double capacity—as temporal prince, and as spiritual head of entire Christendom. Unhappily, the obligations annexed to his character as head of the church—obligations which have no other object than the interests of religion, the general peace of Christendom, and, consequently, the good of Europe; no other laws than those of charity, justice, and truth; sometimes, by a dereliction of duty incident to human nature, were made subservient to the politic and selfish views of the sovereign. Nor can it be denied that there have been popes, who prostituted alike their temporal and their spiritual power, to promote the interests of their family, or, what is still more scandalous, the gratification of their passions. Such were, undoubtedly, Alexander VI. and Julius II. at the commencement of the sixteenth century. On various pretences taxes had been levied upon ecclesiastical property throughout the west; and the sovereign pontiffs had thus been enabled to draw considerable sums from almost every province throughout Europe. The clergy murmured at this abuse; and, whenever it appeared notorious, that the pope converted the money, thus raised, to purposes merely temporal, France and Germany were in the habit of withholding the supply.

The sovereign pontiffs, moreover, enjoyed many privileges, burdensome both to the people and the clergy, and which, while they filled the treasury at Rome, drained very much those countries whence they flowed; and this at a period when commerce did not supply the deficiency. These odious and oppressive
but let it not be concealed, that they did also some good. Learned themselves, they became the patrons of literature; and the arts, under their influence, obtained their highest state of perfection. Their very zeal, in promoting the interests of the church, tended to the benefit of mankind; and in nothing more so than the encouragement they gave, about this time, to the augmentation of the regular clergy. "With the introduction and astonishing propagation of the orders of Citeaux, Cluni, the Carthusians, and regular canons, multiplied, prodigiously, academies and schools; and, with the diffusion of education, civilisation and somewhat regular forms of government sprang up in most nations of Europe. "When the monks," says Collier, "were settled here in the reign of king Edgar, they promoted a general improvement. They were very industrious in restoring learning, and retrieving the country from the remarkable ignorance of those times. Their labours were answered with success: insomuch, that whereas before scarce any secular priest could write or read a Latin epistle, (Elfric Prof. ad Gram. Sax.) the face of things was so changed by the endeavours of Dunstan and his master Ethelwold, that in a short time learning was generally restored, and began to flourish. From this period, the monasteries were the schools and seminaries of almost the whole clergy, both secular and regular. For the universities (if we had more than one), were then very slender societies, and the muses were confined, as it were, to the cloisters. The monks, thus rising in their figure, made a considerable progress in the restoration of learning. They bred their novices to letters: and to this purpose every monastery had a peculiar college in each of the universities. — And even to the time of their dissolution, they maintained a great number of children at school for the service of the church. And, a little before the reformation, many of the great monasteries were nurseries of learning. Their superiors were men of distinction this way, and great promoters of their own sufficiency in others. From hence it appears, that the monks deserved a fairer character than is sometimes given them: and that, in the darkest and most exceptional ages, they were far from being enemies to learning."

England participated in the universal good; and men, having beheld with astonishment and gladness the blessings shed upon the country, were not slow to imbibe unlimited gratitude towards those who were the immediate instruments of such a benign reformation. The sanctity of their lives—the purity of their morals—the excellence of their counsels, and the utility of their labours, secured for the monks the veneration and respect of all classes. Individuals vied with the state in pious liberality, until, at length, the religious houses became almost too wealthy to be useful. Riches superinduced indolence; and the good the monks had effected, led to their own future inefficiency. Religion and education having somewhat softened the manners of man, the barbarous pastime of war ceased to be the business and purpose of life. The sword was transformed into a ploughshare, and the great had to seek other ways, than through human carnage, to fame and opulence. They became cour-

privileges operated the decline of papal power in the west, where it had numbers of determined and very formidable adversaries.—*Wanderings of the Human Intellect.*

* Rev. Mr. Bell.
tiers and politicians; and, as the aristocratic institution of entail had now sprung up, the younger branches of noble houses had, through prudent motives, recourse to a profession now honoured and honourable—namely, the church. The pious monks and nuns felt proud of the admission of aristocratic brothers and sisters; and the circumstance was regarded as the triumph of religion, and an indication of its all-subduing influence. The interested acts of the great were mistaken for pious zeal and holy fervour; for, to parody a profane allegory, when ladies and gentlemen entered the doors of monasteries, religion may be said to have flown out at the window. The advocates of the people, and the friends of humanity, became suddenly aristocratic in all their views—they became, in too many instances, aristocratic in their manners; and it is a remarkable fact, that, for two centuries preceding the reformation, the writings of the English monks, at least in the department of polite literature, betray—contrary to the very spirit of Catholicity—an anti-democratic principle. They almost everywhere speak of the poor with lordly contempt; view them, in fact, as the West India proprietors now view their sable helots. Perhaps the author of Pierce Plowman may be regarded as an exception; but let it be remembered, that he draws no very edifying picture of the habits of his brethren. Indeed, satires on monks and nuns were, at this period, highly popular; a very unanswerable argument to prove that the religious had lost the regards of the people.*

Cobbett has lauded the monasteries on political principles, because they served as aristocratic asylums for the undisposable portions of the nobility; and he has here the merit neither of wisdom nor originality, for Collier* has said as much before him. "The advantages," says that Protestant writer, "accruing to the public from these religious houses, were considerable upon several accounts. To mention some of them:—The temporal nobility and gentry had a credible way of providing for their younger children. Those who were disposed to withdraw from the world, or not likely to make their fortunes in it, had a handsome retreat to the cloister. Here they were furnished with conveniences for life and study, with opportunities for thought and recollection; and, over and above, passed their time in a condition not unbecoming their quality. The charge of the family being thus lessened, there was no temptation for racking of tenants, no occasion for breaking the bulk of the estate to provide for younger children. Thus, figure and good housekeeping was maintained with greater ease, the entireness of the estate, and, by consequence, the lasting of the family better secured. "Tis true, there was sometimes small sums given to the monasteries for admitting persons to be professed; but, generally speaking, they received them gratis. This they thought most advisable, to cultivate an interest with persons of

* It is to be remarked, that Henry's destruction of the monasteries does not seem to have produced any very strong expression of disapproval among the people; and when distress and suffering drove some counties into insurrection during the reign of Edward VI., the discontented did not require, though nearly all Catholics, the restoration of the religious houses. They only complained of privations, and an alteration in the religious ceremonies they had been accustomed to.—See Lingard, vol. vii. pp. 57 and 63.
distinction. By this means, they engaged great families to appear for them upon occasion, both in court and in Parliament.

Nor was this the only good monasteries rendered the nobility—they served as asylums not only for the younger children, but for the cast-off servants also. "Lastly," says Collier, "the founders had the benefit of corrodies; that is, they had the privilege of quartering a certain number of poor servants upon the abbeys. Thus, people that were worn up with age and labour, and in no condition to support themselves, were not thrown up to starving or parish collections, but had a comfortable retreat to the abbeys, where they were maintained, without hardship, or marks of indigence, during life."

Whatever were the cause, it is unquestionably true that the monasteries had, for some time previous to the reformation, ceased to be as useful as they ought to have been. In England there were about seven hundred religious houses, splendidly endowed; yet the people were sunk in gross ignorance, and immorality prevailed to a tremendous extent. "I grant," says Dr. Milner, "that there was an increasing spirit of irreligion and immorality amongst different nations, and in none more so than our own, during a considerable time previous to the reformation." The simple question decides the merit of the monks.—Had they, numerous as they were, done their duty—had they acted up to the spirit of their orders—had they continued to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors—would this have been the case?

Protestants err considerably when they suppose—and it is a prevalent opinion—that Catholics are either responsible for, or obliged to defend the conduct of any particular body of religious men; and some Catholics have been too sensitive on this point: it may be excusable, but is injudicious; for Catholicity cannot be disserved by truth, though its establishment should prove injurious to the moral character of monks, priests, or pontiffs. Unassailable in her faith, the church has nothing to apprehend from historical disquisitions. On

* Dr. Lingard has admitted, with respect to Scotland, that the cause here assigned was the real one. "Of all the European churches," says he, "there was, perhaps, not one better prepared to receive the seed of the new gospel than that of Scotland. During a long course of years, the highest dignities had, with few exceptions, been possessed by the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families, men who, without learning or morality themselves, paid little attention to the learning or morality of their inferiors. The pride of the clergy, their negligence in the discharge of their functions, and the rigour with which they exacted their dues, had become favourite subjects of popular censure; and when the new preachers appeared, they dexterously availed themselves of the humour of the time, and seasoned their discourses against the doctrines, with infective against the vices, of the churchmen."

And he subjoins in a note, "James V. had provided for his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood House, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham, and St. Andrew's. It may be proper to observe, that these commendatory abbots and priors received the income, but interfered not with the domestic economy of the monastery. Though they seldom took orders, they ranked as clergymen; and, by their vices, contributed to throw an odium on the profession. They became, however, converts to the new doctrines; and thus contrived to secure the lands of their benefices, or an equivalent, to themselves and their posterity."

† Letters to a Prebendary.
the contrary, as we grow worldly wise by experience, a knowledge of
former facts must prove of the utmost utility to us, in our progress to-
wards the future.

The Protestant reformation was an event superinduced by the cir-
cumstances we have already mentioned, and was matured, with all its
hateful consequences, by the temporal power undertaking to protect
Catholicism. Were it not for the misconduct of popes and princes,
there had been no secession, at least of any moment; and had Ca-
tholicity been left to stand by itself, we should not at this day have
to plead with English Protestants in behalf of seven million subjects
who profess the old religion. Catholics and Protestants should act
towards each other with more candour and moderation. There were
faults on both sides; the principle of persecution was adopted and acted
upon by the professors of the old and new creed; they emulated each
other in atrocities; and the reformers, perhaps, out-did their rivals in
the bloody work, only because they had the power longer to inflict
 cruelties. We shall make this apparent. Recrimination is sometimes
a work of necessity—of utility; and the hood-winked people of Eng-
land should be taught, on all possible occasions, that “bloody”
Queen Mary was not the only monster who wore an English crown; and
that there is no truth in the pretensions so ostensibly made by Pro-
testants to superiority in toleration, in learning; and civil liberty.—
Disquisition of this nature must lead to good. Catholics and Pro-
testants must learn alike from them that there is no security for liberty
or opinion, as long as governments blasphemously undertake to pre-
scribe creeds for nations. With religion they should have nothing
whatever to do; where no religion is prohibited, that which is most
conducive to human happiness will be eventually preferred.

The existence of “irreligion and immorality” was enough to
make the poor eager for a reformation—not a “Protestant,” but a
virtual “reformation,” in the discipline of the church. The great, as
usual, thought very little about the matter, unless when their own

* This appears to be Dr. Lingard's opinion. Speaking of the aristocracy in
the reign of Mary, he says: “There were two classes of men from whom he
(Gardener) had to fear opposition; those who felt conscientious objections to
the authority of the pontiff, and those who were hostile to it from motives of in-
terest. The former were not formidable either by their number or their in-
fluence: for the frequent changes of religious belief had generated in the higher
classes an indifference to religious truth. Their former notions had been un-
settled; and no others had been firmly planted in their place. Unable or un-
willing to compare the conflicting arguments of polemics, they floated on a sea
of uncertainty, ready at all times to attach themselves to any form of religion
which suited their convenience or interest. But the second class comprised al-
most every opulent family in the kingdom. They had all shared the plunder of
the church.”

He subjoins in a note, “This is the character of the English gentry and
nobility at this period, as it is drawn by Renard, Noailles, and the Venetian am-
bassador, in their despatches. The latter represents them as without any other
religion than interest, and ready, at the call of the sovereign, to embrace Ju-
daism or Mohammedanism. Il medesimo furiano della Macometana, ove della
Judæa, perché il re mostrasi di credere e volere così, e accommodaransi a tutte,
ma a quella più facilmente della quale ne sperassero over maggior licentia e li-
bertà di vivere o vero qualche utilità. MSS. Barber. 1208.”

And he remarks that, among the victims which Mary and her atrocious coun-
sellors condemned to the stake, it would be useless to seek for a single indivi-
interests were concerned; and in such cases religion was either altogether forgotten, or conveniently made a stepping-stool of for personal advantage or promotion. But the great bulk of the people can never be indifferent to religion and morality, and accordingly they listened attentively to the preaching of the early reformers. They refused to let the metropolitan bishop imprison Wickliffe, who preached, amongst other things, against tithes; and the versatile Latimer, at first, was the most popular divine of the day: he lashed the vices of the great with an unsparring hand, mingled politics with his prayers, and consequently never wanted numerous auditors. The very boys in the streets were in the habit of following him when on his way to the pulpit, vociferating, "Have at them, Father Latimer—have at them!"* The Catholic clergy, however, had no need to oppose zeal to zeal; the law usurped the duty of the priest, and the absurd persecution of the Lollards laid the foundation of the reformation. It is said that these men held immoral and treasonable tenets, and the same was said of the Albigenses; but those who urge these facts as an apology for the persecution they underwent, are not aware that they are stating that which clearly demonstrates the folly and atrocity of the measure. Religious innovators must draw their proselytes from among the poor; and they can have but very partial success, if their tenets are not both austere and moral: unless this be the case, their doctrine is not for this world—notthing but persecution could prolong its existence beyond a year or two. A good laugh would extinguish it—an act of Parliament would make it immortal. Besides, if the doctrine of the Lollards was so mischievous—and we believe it was only absurd—its disciples would soon be brought to their senses at the Old Bailey. There was no need whatever of originating statutes against heresy.

The people, however, though desirous of a more efficient clergy, continued faithful to the church, until they were completely entrapped in the meshes of the first reformers. They were singularly deprived of their religion against their better judgment, and became Pro-

* The following is a sample of his pulpit eloquence at a later period:

"Without too much we can get nothing. As for example, the phisition. If the poore man be diseased, he can have no help without too much: and of the lawyer, the poore man can get no counsel, expedition, nor helpe in his matter, except he give him too much. At marchesants' handes, no kind of ware can be had, except we give for it too much. You landlords, you rentraisers, I may say, you steplodes, you mmaturall lords, you have for your possessions yearly too much. For that heere before went for 20l. or 40l. by yeare, (which is an honest portion to bee had gratis in one lordshippe, of another man's sweate and labour), now it is let for fifty or one hundred pounds by yeare. Of this too much cometh this monstrous and portentous deearth made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruities of the earth mercifully, contrary unto our deserties. Notwithstanding too much, which these rich men have, causeth such deearth, that poore men (which live of their labour) cannot, with the sweate of their face, have a living, all kinde of victuals is so deare, pigs, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, &c. These things with other are so unreasonably exhaused: and I think verily, that, if this continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pigge a pound."
testants because they relied too much on the fidelity of their teachers. The shepherds completely delivered up their flocks unwittingly to be devoured by the wolves. Undoubtedly there were then some excellent men amongst the clergy; but these form only an exception; and there was but little complaint heard when the ecclesiastics agreed to recognise Henry VIII.'s new title, and acknowledge "his majesty to be the singular protector, the only supreme lord, and also supreme head of the church and clergy of England." It is true they added the qualification, "as far as is consistent with the law of Christ;" but it is equally true that this was cheating the tyrant, and misleading the people: there was but little virtue, and less religion, in the country at the time. The right divine of kings to govern wrong was admitted to its fullest extent, and consequently the principles of toleration and civil liberty were alike unknown.

On the accession of Edward, the interested reformers commenced their work with policy; they laboured to undermine and unsettle the religious belief of the people gradually, knowing that, in the confusion of ignorance, those who have the privilege of giving most tongue would have the most followers. They succeeded, "notwithstanding," says Heylin, "his (the king's) great care to set forth one uniform order of administering the holy communion in both kinds; yet so it happened, that, through the perverse obstinacy and froward dissembling of many of the inferior priests and ministers of cathedral and other churches of this realm, there did arise a marvellous schism and variety of fashions in celebrating the communion service, and administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the church. For some, zealously allowing the king's proceedings, did gladly follow the orders thereof; and others, though not so willingly, admitting them, did yet dissemblingly and patchingly use some part of them; but many, causelessly commending them all, would still continue in their former popery."—And Father Parsons still more explicitly says, "What a Babylonial confusion, in the two first years of this reign, ensued, upon the innovation in all churches, is wonderful to recount. For some priests said the Latin mass, some the English communion; some both, some neither; some half of the one, and half of the other. It was very ordinary to say the introitus and confiteor in English, and the collects and some other parts in Latin; after that again, the epistles and gospels in English; and then the canon of the mass in Latin; and, lastly, the benediction and last gospel in English. But that which was of more importance and impiety, some did consecrate bread and wine, others did not, but would tell the people before-hand, that they would not consecrate, but restore to them their bread and wine back again; only adding to it the church's benediction. And those that did consecrate, did consecrate in divers forms: some aloud, some in secret; some in one form of words, some in another. And, after consecration, some held up the host to be adored, after the old fashion, and some did not. And of those that were present, some did kneel down and adore, others did shut their eyes, others turned away their faces, others ran out of the church, crying "Idolatry!"

Still the great bulk of the people were Catholics; and, on the accession of Mary, the line of demarcation between the new and the old creeds was more distinctly drawn. The moment, however, of
reconciliation was lost; law, and not persuasion, was resorted to; and, as persecution never convinced men, the seceders were only more strongly confirmed in their new doctrines, which even then bore a remarkably close affinity to those of the church of Rome; for the reformation was not the work of a moment—the people were actually cheated out of their religion, and confirmed in their spiritual wanderings by a want of toleration among the Catholics. It is quite true that Mary received many provocations; but all of these which her apologists have enumerated, were cognizable by the civil magistrate, and punishable, as we formerly said, at the Old Bailey, or at the cart's tail. The queen's council, however, thought well to exalt the "preaching cobblers" of the day into the altitude of martyrs, and lost the opportunity of establishing peace in this distracted kingdom. We shall not here repeat the arguments of our predecessor, to show that a separation from Catholicity is not only improbable, but impossible, if men are left to the free exercise of their reason, uninfluenced by resentment or worldly advantage. Whoever weighs dispassionately the events which marked the progress of the reformation, must be convinced, that our Catholic forefathers were not free from blame; and, though their want of toleration, and deficiency in judgment, form no palliation of the hypocrisy and baseness of the chief actors in that great drama, it must beget in the breasts of modern Catholics any feeling but that of hatred or resentment towards their Protestant brethren; while seperatists should be candid enough to acknowledge, that Catholicity is not accountable for that conduct which she has uniformly condemned, and which it is her interest to execute and discomfiture. In all ages, Catholics have been found to act upon the principles, we are endeavouring to elucidate; and when Henouy, Bishop of Lisieux, was solicited to execute the atrocious orders of Charles IX. on the Huguenots, his apostolic reply was, "It is the duty of the good shepherd to lay down his life for his flock, and not to let them be slaughtered before his face. These are my sheep, though they have gone astray, and I am resolved to run all hazards in protecting them."

Unfortunately, too few have been actuated by such a spirit as this; and, at the time of the reformation, all parties agreed in the abominable doctrine of persecution. "It was the lot of Mary," says Dr. Lingard, "to live in an age of intolerance, when to punish the professors of erroneous doctrine was inculcated as a duty, no less by those who rejected, than by those who asserted the papal authority."—"I will not enter," says Mr. Howard, "in an excellent pamphlet just published,* "into the remorseless cruelties which dis-

* "Historical References in Support of the Catholic Religion." We have perused this publication with general satisfaction, and regret that the venerable author has been led to make an admission in the very first page which, if true, would destroy the admirable tendency of the whole work. He labours, and labours successfully, to prove the necessity of unlimited toleration, yet sets out by acknowledging, that "It is no doubt the duty of every good government to preserve and enforce morality in the conduct of its subjects, and to punish the breach of it. Now, if this were true, all the religious persecutions which have ever taken place were laudable, and all that ever may take place will not be without their justification; for all the innovators in religion have ever been stigmatised as preachers of immorall doctrines, &c. &c. Such, we are told, were the Albigenses, the Lollards, &c. &c. The truth is, morality is not very easily defined,
graced Mary's and Elizabeth's reigns: the Protestant and Catholic historians are full of the disgusting details; each seeing the mote and overlooking the beam in the other's eye;—in matters of persecution those two ladies may fairly pair off."

"To proceed," says the same author, "to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Immediately on the death of Mary, Nicholas Heath, archbishop of York, and chancellor, summoned the lords and commons; she was proclaimed, and her accession greeted by the acclamations of all parties: of her title there could be no doubt; it had been decided by the statute of the 31st Henry VIII., and she had been acknowledged by her sister as her heir, who sent to her her jewels just before her death. One of the first steps the queen took, was to notify her succession 'by hereditary right and the consent of the nation,' to foreign powers; and Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, had her directions to acquaint the pope that she had succeeded to her sister, and had 'determined to offer no violence to the consciences of her subjects, whatever might be their religious creeds.' Most unfortunately, Paul IV., a man of haughty and aspiring disposition, who was persuaded of the validity of those claims which had occasioned so much mischief to the world, was still alive; and, though he had, in justice, no more business with Elizabeth's genealogy, and the proceedings of the English nation, than Sir Peter had with Tiberius, he returned, at the instigation of the French ambassador, the meddling and unjustifiable answer—'That he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock; that the Scotch queen claimed the crown as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII., but that, if Elizabeth were willing to submit to his arbitration, she should receive every indulgence from him which justice would allow.' It was in vain that Pius IV., who succeeded to the tiara very soon after, attempted to retrace these steps so offensive to her and the nation; it was too late, and the die was cast. From this deplorable and unjustifiable provocation, all the woes felt by the Catholics to this day derive their source, and to the support of those claims Mary Queen of Scots also owed her misfortunes. I do not believe that Elizabeth was deluded by the same inconsiderate zeal as her sister, though she had imbibed a partiality to the reformers from her infancy; but this most condamnable provocation decided her conduct, and riveted her by interest, wounded feelings, and self-defence, to the reformation; it infused into her mind suspicion and doubts respecting the allegiance of her Catholic subjects, and, by their gradual workings, fixed in it a rooted hatred to their religion, and a determination to extirpate it. Had this happened otherwise, though it appears likely that she would have established the Church of England, she would also probably, and in good policy, have adhered to her promise,—and Catholics would have been left in the undisturbed exercise of their religion, and the possession of their civic rights."

And, had this been the case, Protestantism must, beyond all

and any breach of it will always be sufficiently punished by public opinion, without any interference of government. The great error is in expecting government to do too much. Had we less legislation, the world would be infinitely happier.
doubt, have gradually disappeared; for the clergy by this time had become zealous and efficient.

Having now traced the causes which produced the reformation, and having seen it established in the kingdom, it becomes our next duty to inquire how far the actions of Protestantism correspond with their perpetual boast of being the most tolerant and liberty-loving people in the world. The very first act of the reformers was a virtual abandonment of a great national principle. "Hitherto," says Dr. Lingard,* speaking of Edward's coronation, "it had been the custom for the archbishop, first to receive the king's oath to preserve the liberties of the realm, and then to ask the people if they were willing to accept him, and obey him as their liege lord. Now the order was inverted: and not only did the address to the people precede the oath of the king, but in that very address they were reminded, that he held his crown by descent, and that it was their duty to submit to his rule. 'Sirs,' said the metropolitan, 'I here present king Edward, rightful and undoubted inheritor, by the laws of God and man, to the royal dignity and crown imperial of this realm, whose consecration, inunction, and coronation, is appointed by all the nobles and peers of the land to be this day. Will ye serve at this time, and give your good wills and assents to the same consecration, inunction, and coronation, as by your duty of allegiance ye be bound to do?' When the acclamations of the spectators had subsided, the young Edward took the accustomed oath, first on the sacrament, and then on the book of the gospels. He was next anointed after the ancient form: the protector and the archbishop placed on his head successively three crowns, emblematic of the three kingdoms of England, France, and Ireland; and the lords and prelates first did homage two by two, and then in a body promised fidelity on their knees. Instead of a sermon, Cranmer pronounced a short address to the new sovereign, telling him, that the promises which he had just made, could not affect his right to sway the sceptre of his dominions. That right he, like his predecessors, had derived from God: whence it followed, that neither the bishop of Rome, nor any other bishop, could impose conditions on him at his coronation, nor pretend to deprive him of his crown on the plea that he had broken his coronation oath. Yet these solemn rites served to admonish him of his duties, which were, 'as God's viceregent and Christ's vicar, to see that God be worshipped, and idolatry be destroyed; that the tyranny of the bishop of Rome be banished, and images be removed; to reward virtue, and revenge vice; to justify the innocent, and relieve the poor; to repress violence, and execute justice. Let him do this, and he would become a second Josias,' whose fame would remain to the end of days.'"

By the way, his sacred majesty was nine years of age, and the historian adds, "The ceremony was concluded with a solemn high mass, sung by the archbishop!!†

† Subsequently the reformers compiled a book of common prayer. "The principle differences," says Dr. Lingard, "between this and the present book of common prayer, are to be found in the prayer of consecration (it contained, in imitation of all the ancient liturgies, these words: *Hear us, we beseech thee, and with thy holy spirit and word vouchsafe to bl x esse and sancti x fie these
His little highness soon began to show his zeal for the new church, by burning some poor devils that dissented from it; and in the Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticorum, we find the principle of religious persecution fully recognised. In this code, excommunication is said to cut off the offender from the society of the faithful, the protection of God, and the expectation of future happiness, and therefore consigns him over to everlasting punishment, and the tyranny of the devil. It was under Elizabeth, however, that the reformers showed the estimation in which they held civil liberty and individual opinion. The Inquisition was now first introduced into England, under the title of High Commission Court;* and, what still casts a greater stigma on the reign of the "virgin queen," was the use of torture—a mode of punishment unknown to our ancestors,† while presumption was allowed to supply the place of evidence.

The Catholics are reproached with intolerance and cruelty! Have the Protestants been more liberal or humane? Mary's counsellors hanged and burned, but Elizabeth's government refined upon the system of the preceding reign; they emulated the conduct of the worst barbarians; and that man must have the heart of a savage, who does not pity the victims of Elizabeth's execrable penal laws. Twelve hundred English Catholics, at least, perished in this horrible persecution; and, of these, one hundred and twenty-six were priests, whose only crime was the exercise of their spiritual func-

thy gifts and creatures of bread and wyne, that they may be unto us the bodie and blood of thy most dearly beloved sonne," theunctions in baptism and confirmation, the sign of the cross in matrimony, the anointing of the sick, and prayer for the dead. The rubric also, in the communion service, ordered that the bread should be unleavened, that the communicant should receive at the hand of the priest with the mouth, and that one individual at least in each family should communicate every Sunday in person or by proxy, and pay his share of the expense."

* See Rymer, Strype, Hume, Lingard, &c. &c.
† Sir John Fortescue, chancellor and chief justice in the time of Henry VI., addressing the king, his former pupil, says, "The common law knew of no such engine of power as the rack or torture, to furnish the crown with evidence out of the prisoner's mouth against himself or other people." This, therefore, does not belong to Catholic times.—See Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliae, and Foster's Crown Law, p. 224.—Lord Coke also says, that it was "directly against law;" (3rd Institute;) and the Judges in the time of Charles I. unanimously declared it to be so. Lord Burleigh, in his Execution of Justice, defends the practice, but says, that "The wardens, whose office and art it is to handle the rack, were specially charged to use it in a charitable manner." Campian, however, when brought to trial, required assistance to enable him to raise up his dislocated right arm when he pleaded not guilty. See his trial, and remark, that the torture was applied not only before conviction, but often long before trial, and also without bringing the sufferer to any trial, whilst our laws deem all persons so situated innocent: thus using it as a means of extorting answers to be turned into accusations "against themselves or other people." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person called Norton had a regular appointment under government, by the name of Rackmaster. See manuscript Life of the Earl of Arundel. Privy councillors attended and directed its use, and were also regularly deputed to attend the execution of priests and other Catholics, who were often quartered alive. Daniel Barbaro, in the report he makes to the Senate of Venice, on his return from his embassy to Edward VII., in 1551, states also, that in England torture is illegal.—See Lansdowne Manuscripts.
tions. On these unfortunate divines fell the heavy vengeance of the Protestants: they were nearly all first tortured,* then hanged, and embowedled before life had been extinguished, sometimes before they had been deprived of the use of speech. Among these, was Father Campion, who wrote a sort of History of Ireland; and the amiable Father Southwell, a man who must have escaped the fangs of the tyrants, had they any feelings of reverence for virtue, or admiration for decidedly the sweetest poet of the age. His merits have at length caused even Protestants to do him justice. Mr. Ellis has rescued some of his minor pieces from oblivion; and a writer in the Retrospective Review has done justice to his genius, and stigmatized his persecutors. A Protestant bookseller, not long since, republished his "Tears of Mary Magdalen."

But did the persecution cease on the death of Elizabeth? Alas! no; nor has it yet subsided. Protestant intolerance is yet the disgrace of England, and Catholic disabilities her greatest reproach. Yet "it is," to use the words of Dr. Milner, "carefully concealed from the knowledge of the public, that Catholics have suffered persecution in this very country to a much greater degree than they have inflicted it; and that even the various sects of Protestants have persecuted each other on account of their religious differences, to the extremity of death." And, he very properly adds, "I complain

* The following were the kinds of torture chiefly employed in the Tower:

1°. The rack was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it, on his back, on the floor: his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frame: these were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put; and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more till the bones started from their sockets.

2°. The scavenger's daughter was a broad hoop of iron, so called, consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of his back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half; during which time it commonly happened, that, from excess of compression, the blood started from the nostrils; sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet. See Bartoli, 250.

3°. Iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by the aid of a screw. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood, piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. "I felt," says P. Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my finger ends. This was a mistake; but the arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted: and when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms: they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet; but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times." Apud Bartoli, 418.

4°. A fourth kind of torture was a cell called "little ease." It was of so small dimensions, and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, or lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained during several days.
much more of the information that is withheld from the public, than of that which is communicated to it, even through a false and magnifying medium. For, if they knew the whole truth,—I mean the violence that has been exercised on both sides, it would be impossible to excite their indignation exclusively against one party; and the most prejudiced and inveterate persons would be obliged to enter into those terms of mutual forgiveness, which the Catholics do and must so sincerely wish to see established; for the most avaricious creditor is forced to cancel his bond, when he finds that his debtor has a legal demand upon him to the full amount of it.

If any good has resulted from the Protestant reformation, the advancement of civil liberty is not one of them. "I will show," says Mr. Howard, "by numerous and illustrious examples, chiefly taken from Protestant historians, that there is no country that either does now or has enjoyed any freedom, that has not derived it from a foundation laid in Catholic times. As for our own constitution, if we extract from it what is of Catholic origin, we shall see how little remains to the Protestants' share, beyond some statutes to enforce the execution of pre-existing laws.* As Catholics, we claim, in England, a right to our liberties as the founders; we owe to our patriotic and most popular kings, when in the plenitude of their power, the establishment of our municipal laws and free institutions. Alfred organized our common law, the trial by jury, and the subdivision, internal polity, and jurisprudence of our counties; the government of those is nearly republican, and forms the great security and bulwark of our liberties: to him and to our Saxon ancestors we are indebted for that admirable system of election,† of requisition and of obligation to perform gratuitously, and under responsibility, such offices as are required in a civilized state of society. By

* "The Habeas Corpus Act, and the Petition of Right and Declaration of Rights, as the debates of the times will show, are nothing more than declaratory laws, supporting by statute that which was before the known law of the realm. The act to prevent the judges being removable at pleasure, of the 13th of Wm. III., was certainly a very great good then obtained, which had been left short at the revolution. Counsel allowed in cases of high treason, and greater decision as to the rights of juries, appear to me to be the principal improvements of more modern times. I admit that our most valuable institutions have been more permanently secured by the revolution, and under the Protestant government of this country, but it is also true that the great downfall of those free institutions, and the most effectual steps taken towards arbitrary sway, were also made since the Protestant religion became that of the country. When it is factually asserted, that danger might arise to our constitutional rights by the admission of Catholics to the free enjoyment of them, I would ask any one, what steps a Catholic could take against our liberties, that he would not know and feel were in direct opposition to all the institutions of his Catholic ancestors? See Blackstone's beautiful eulogium on our ancient constitution and municipal laws, vol. i. c. i., and vol. iii. pp. 120 and 123; and Grey's debates on the Petition of Right, and Habeas Corpus Act; also Coke's Institutes.—Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliae, &c. &c."

† "It will be recollected that even the sheriffs and the justices of the peace were elected by the freeholders, as the coroner now is, till the close of the reign of Edward II.; and, when we reflect that the lords lieutenant of counties formed no part of the constitution, and were only introduced by Edward VI., we may judge how much more democratic our internal government then was."
their judicious foresight and generous nurture, the seed of genuine liberty and of free law was so deeply set in this soil, that, notwithstanding the barbarous state of the world, the conquests of the country by the Danes and by the Normans, and our civil wars and disputed successions, the plant could never be entirely smothered or rooted out, but ever burst forth, in calmer times; and, though sometimes cut down, and often stunted, withstood all storms, and grew into that glorious civic oak, which now protects and shadows the Protestants of this country.

"Three centuries later than Alfred, our barons, with all ranks of the people, headed by Archbishop Langton and the clergy, compelled King John, though supported by the Pope of that day, to confirm those ancient laws and rights, and sign the great charter.* They stood to it afterwards, notwithstanding the devastation of the whole country, the blood that was shed, and the tortures that were inflicted by the foreign mercenary introduced by the king, till they were reduced to the desperate remedy of calling in the French; but this, by the death of the tyrant, and the concessions of his successor, was fortunately never carried into full effect.—Had these Catholics no feeling for civil liberty? did they not know how to distinguish between the tenets and duties of their religion, and the arrogant pretensions of Innocent III†? Do not our hearts beat high, and join with those men in their shouts of exultation on the plains of Runnymede? Yet were they to return to life, that exultation would now give way to the forlorn feelings of the proscribed;‡"

And in his excellent pamphlet he demonstrates, from historical facts, the truth of the opinions we have published within these two months. "When we look," says he, "to the history of other countries, we cannot fail to observe, that the power of sovereigns was more circumscribed throughout Europe before the sixteenth century, than it has been since the reformation; and this, at least, proves that the love of civil liberty was not particularly infused by the change of religion."

* "By the most tenacious perseverance, this famous record of our liberties, aided by every sacred rite that could be devised to give it force, permanence, and respect, was confirmed in thirty-two different Parliaments, from anno 1215 to 1300.—See Coke, Hume, Blackstone, &c."

† "It is singular that though all the writers of the time belonged to the clergy, not one word of approbation is given either to King John or the Pope by any of them, notwithstanding his alliance with the holy see."

‡ "In the reign of Edward III. (1366), Urban V. demanded the arrears of the sum granted by King John to the Pope as an acknowledgment that he held the crown in fealty of the holy see. The king referred the subject to Parliament, and the prelates having, by permission, consulted in private, returned for answer, 'That neither King John, nor any other person, could subject the kingdom to another power, without the consent of the nation.' This was readily adopted by the king, the temporal lords, and the commons, and the question was settled for ever.—See Parliamentary Rolls, 11, 289, 295; and Parliamentary History."
MR. FRANK PEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—NO. III.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In this page you behold me at work again. It is strange that my own feelings, at the present moment, have strongly impressed upon my mind the truth of an observation, that I have heard some person make with regard to the Irish people. Some of those homebred calumniators, that are to be met with in every mixed company, had been abusing my poor countrymen, and charging them with every imperfection under Heaven, more particularly with the sin of idleness:—"They are idly given," said the person alluded to. But, why should they be industrious? They have no encouragement,—no motive!" So has it been hitherto with your friend Fegan. I was a mere literary drone; my great powers—my vast intellectual stores, were running to waste, and, with the exception of my laboured philological work (which I intended leaving in MS. for posterity), I would have passed away from life without achieving any thing worthy of note. Your publisher, however, has given me a motive for labour—an excitement to industry; the roused giant puts forth his strength;—the literary leviathan is afloat in his own proper element; and—the world shall wonder at the result!! "Fifteen guineas a sheet!" said Mrs. Fegan; "think of the matter, my dear Frank! It would defray the extra expense of a summer's lodging at Dunleary!" "By the powers!" said I, "Mrs. Fegan, you are right!" and to work I went.

Before this reaches you, our glorious little agitator, Shiel, will know his doom. At the present moment, when every thing is unsettled, he stands, calm and determined, prepared to meet the worst. Persecution may add to his well-earned popularity; but God defend him from the fate of Hugh Fitzpatrick, and of John Magee. Some of his enemies are busy in anticipating an exhibition in the pillory, or degradation from his rank as a barrister: in both these points I trust they will be disappointed. The public, or the reading portion of the people, literally idolize him;—I don't speak of the mere mob: they, in truth, hardly know him (except by name), for he has scorned to court them. In a late number, you speak of Shiel as compared with Curran. I, for one, love the memory, and admire the splendid remains of that great genius; but, at Shiel's age, what had he achieved? Think of the variety of the topics touched on by the latter; bear in recollection the frequency of his exhibitions, and then draw a parallel. He is, in reality, an extraordinary being; his pen has enriched the dramatic literature of our times, and his eloquence has shed a sort of melancholy brilliancy around the fallen fortunes of his country. He appears to have embraced the cause of the oppressed with a species of desperate enthusiasm;—he stands, at this moment, before the world as a living reproach. On the insane and abominable system that degrades the millions of Ireland, we hear him—we view him—we catch his "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" and the reflection comes—it must come, that, to brand a creature, so gifted, with aught of inferiority,—to say that such a man is unfitted to enjoy the privileges of a free citizen, is, to speak in the mildest manner of it, a libel on the character of the age, and an insult to common sense.
The saints of Kildare Place have had their annual meeting. Of their report I cannot speak, because I scorned to read it; and why? Actually from a strong belief of these reports containing, in general, any thing but the truth. I place no reliance whatever on their statements or their calculations. This opinion of mine is not founded upon a mere idle prejudice,—it comes from my recollection of some of their former transactions. The speeches, however, were of the usual length, and, as usual, characterized by bigotry, calumny, and falsehood. Good heavens! what a farce it is, to behold these saintly ones affecting a regard for the welfare of the Irish people, while, in the face of the world, they stand forth to "fitch" from them that which is the most precious of all things in life,—I mean their "good name." No, my dear editor! never be weak enough to let one of these specious hyper-philanthropists impose on you; they do not like the Irish people;—they do not love their country;—they detest the old religion of the land; and they detest the people, because they appear attached to this religion. Their country is their gloomy meeting-house, and their feelings of kindness are confined to those who frequent it. A wool-brain'd being, a Captain Connolly, alias Packenham, a sprig of nobility by the way, piously condescended to expose himself at this meeting. After repeatedly exhibiting what he called his "moral standard," he proceeded in sober seriousness to trace the deterioration of character, which, he says, the butter of Ireland has recently sustained,—to what? Could you guess it? Why, verily, to the influence of Popery!! Butter and Popery! Churning and Catholicity! Dairy-maids and Divinity! Lord! what an incongruous combination. I would not quarrel, however, with this doughty captain, for being merely silly! that is the fault of the creature's head! but the stuff that followed this buttermilk episode showed the bitterness of the heart. In one sweeping sentence he describes his countrymen as a brutal, immoral, and degraded race,—the most immoral and degraded race in existence!! Oh! my good captain! could your sire, Admiral Packenham, only speak out, he would have told you, that it was to this immoral and degraded set of men he owed his rank and his fortune! It was a portion of this degraded race that guided his ship through and through the French line, in (I believe) the year 1794! Let not these personages, however easy and impudent, as they are, be mistaken; the terms, ignorance, and brutality, and darkness, when introduced by them, are not to be taken in their ordinary acceptation,—they are, literally, what I call sanctified slang. These "serious people," my dear editor, would mark even you down as a "poor benighted creature," because you chanced to be unacquainted with their holy technicalities! If you happen to be ignorant of the laws of "regeneration,"—if you are not deep in the puzzling doctrine of "election and reprobation," you know nothing. They have marked out a little corner of the spiritual world for themselves,—a sunny spot,—a Goshen, and, beyond the line of demarcation which they have drawn, there all is horrible; "an howling wilderness,"—a place of desolation!!

This impudent and ridiculous cant brought to my recollection a story that is, at least, one hundred years old,—a story that you must often have heard:—A Greenland chieftain once visited London; he was a lion for the time, and was run after, and courted, and stared at,
and entertained. He returned, at last, to his native land. He described what he had seen: the splendour of the modern Babylon; the palaces he had entered, and the feasts that he had shared;—but he concluded by saying, that, amidst all this luxury, the Londoners had never tasted blubber! "Poor creatures!" cried the Greenlanders; "wretched beings! how can they exist without blubber!" In this way do the saints decide on the character of others.

You have read the proceedings of the Catholic Association, with regard to the expulsion of Cobbett's Register;—you have, no doubt, read them as I have done, "more in sorrow than in anger." Where? where is public consistency? Where is prudence? Where is common sense? Not to be found, certainly, in the majority of public assemblies. O'Connell's heart was bent upon carrying this silly question; and, in every meeting of Catholics, he is sure to carry any question. But, indeed, he ought to have left this mischievous motion in the hands of the person with whom it originated, and under whose management it would have died quietly. By the way, it were to be wished, that the same anxiety had been shown about poor Bric's life, that is now evinced with regard to his memory. The leader has, in this transaction, given a proof, if any fresh proof were wanted, of his utter unfitness for the station that he has assumed in the direction of Catholic affairs. He is a powerful partisan—an indefatigable promoter of local excitement; but he is not, by any means, the person to be entrusted with the management of a great national question. The grasp of his intellect is (notwithstanding the possession of positive talent) too narrow;—his feelings, like the feelings of ordinary men, are too easily wrought upon. Soothed, elated, or irritated, by passing trifles, he allows self, and the ideas connected with self, to mingle too deeply with the principles and feelings that ought to actuate him, in his public capacity, as the chosen advocate of a nation. Mr. O'Connell might, with good reason, feel angry and disgusted at the tone of heartless ferocity assumed by the old bone-grubber, in speaking of his friend. He might quarrel with Cobbett, and cease to read his Register, but what right had Mr. O'Connell to involve the whole Catholic body in the quarrel? What right had he to insist on their adopting all his likenings or aversions. I know that, even these calm observations, coming as they do from a friend, will be displeasing and unpalatable; for, let him say what he will, he is not the man that can bear censure, take advice, or endure opposition. His motto is, "He that is not for me (through thick and thin), is against me." He and his knot of followers are too ready to hunt down any one who dares to differ with them even on minor points. But Frank Fegan's hands will not be bound up: he will boldly advocate the cause of his country and his countrymen; but he will not bind himself to any peculiar point, or subscribe to the political creed or the temporary vagaries of any man, or set of men. Where the association has a regularly pensioned servant or agent writing for them,—such, for instance, as Eneas M'Donnell, they have a right to insist on his publishing nothing that they could disapprove of. But what right have they to control Cobbett, or the Morning Herald, or the Times, or the Morning Chronicle. The papers in question owe but little to the Catholics; the obligation, in fact, is entirely on the other side. Yet Cobbett and others, forsooth, must measure their expressions, or the "leaders"
will become pettish. This is the extreme of political silliness. Let the Catholics take the advice of a well-wisher; let them be thankful when an English journal gives them a good word; and be good-tempered and patient, when they meet with any thing of the contrary description: the latter may often proceed from ignorance or mistake, but it should never be made the ground of a quarrel.

The dinner given to Dawson, of Louth, by the friends of freedom; was a cheering and splendid thing; the viands and the speeches were all of the first order. To be serious, however, I do like these direct manifestations of public feeling in favour of those individuals, who have little else beyond their innate love of what is right, to support them in their struggle with rank, wealth, corruption, and bigotry.

You have heard of the almost sanguinary affair between Mr. Sheriff Yates and Mr. Ex-perpetual Sub-Sheriff Mansfield. The quarrel, when announced, produced a most awful sensation; but, after all, the pluck shown by the quarrelling parties was, as Mathews would say, "awful small." Each of the great functionaries seemed to be playing the part of the countryman in the fair, crying, "Who'll come, hould me! who'll hould me?" Their mutual friends were apprized of their deadly object—thei rid ladies were alarmed, and all the police had a day's notice of contemplated bloodshed.

The English periodicals for February are rather entertaining, particularly the old and new Monthly; the Monthly Review, I perceive, has got into the hands of an Irishman—of an Irishman, who is equal to the task of conducting it. A new organ of bigotry has been started in Dublin—a saintly magazine; Westley and Tyrrell are the publishers. I have as yet only seen the table of contents.

In the musical way, things are going altogether to the devil. The success of "Buy a Broom," and "The Lover's Mistake," has drawn forth from their hiding-places crowds of candidates for lyrical celebrity; where will this nonsense end? Creations, who cannot write half a page of endurable verse (I don't say poetry), are dabs at a song. I have been looking through the music shops, and what do I see—

"Hurray! for the Emerald Isle."—By Butler Donners, Esq.
"Be wise, and never take a Wife."—Ditto. ditto.
"Woman, with three times three, in a bumper."—Empson, Esq.


Now, who, in the name of wonder, ever heard of any of these good folks before? If any of them possessed talent, they have concealed it with most miraculous address. I've a huge mind to beat out "Buy a Broom," by another cry that annoys me here—I mean the cry of "Black Turf." Your Cockney readers, and your publisher, will allow me to sound it tuff:

Oh! who hasn't heard of the peat
That the ragged ones cry through the street,
In basket or kish;
Faith it makes a good dish—
It's a dish that the wild Irish eat.

It's a dish that the wild Irish eat.
In a voice that's all husky and gruff,
The barrow-men roar out "Black Tuff!"—(turf.)
But twenty a penny,
For dinners, too many;
For me just the half is enough—enough.
For me, &c.

—I've been interrupted by a damned good friend, whom my maid, Ann, let in without my permission; so here my letter must end.

I have this moment perused a rigmarole scrap of Sir H. Lees, in the Saunders—he says, "No jury can, on their oaths, accuse Shiel of sedition;" this, from the father of the ascendancy-men, is satisfactory.

Your's, as usual,
Mount Street, Dublin.
FRANCIS PEGAN.

BUTLER'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. CHARLES BUTLER, the Catholic conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, is one of those amiable septuagenarians, who are happily well pleased with themselves, and who, are perhaps, not a whit too well pleased with the world, whatever their good nature may say to the contrary. The reminiscent—by which title Mr. Butler designates himself throughout the work before us, is a remarkable instance of what incessant study can accomplish, without the aid of any considerable quantum of talent; and, perhaps, the possession of greater abilities could not have made him more useful as a member of society, or more deservedly esteemed as an author. The English Roscius himself was not fonder of giving and receiving flattery. "What a commerce was his whilst he got and he gave." Were we to draw our conclusion solely from Mr. Butler's writings, we should, inevitably, be compelled to say, that he dislikes nothing in this world but radicalism and Ireland. Brougham and Eldon are alike treated to a compliment; while the Duke of Wellington, as in duty bound, receives a large portion of unmeaning laudation. Pitt and Fox are described as entitled to equal gratitude, and, in short, all public men appear to be, and have been, favourites with our "Reminiscent."

Though not quite as old as our author, we have lived long enough, however, in society, to be convinced that your super-civil gentleman is not always sincere; and Mr. Butler himself, we suspect, ought to know, before this time, that the praises of a general panegyrist are not much esteemed by any. His Reminiscences betray the secret: the counsellor is not satisfied with the return he has received for his studied commendations; and, perhaps, with an excusable vanity, he prints some fulsome letters from Dr. Parr, for no other apparent purpose than to show, that a self-satisfied pedagogue preferred the "Reminiscent's" talents and writings to those of Dr. Milner!† He has also, lest the world should forget his merits, taken care to remind us

† "Oh! Mr. Butler," says the doctor, "it pains me to associate your ILLUSTROUS NAME with that of Milner." Now turn to Parr's letter to Dr. Milner, and say, whether he was not a hypocrite.
of his literary labours, by devoting a chapter or more to each work in the volumes before us. The aged love to talk of themselves.

It was the misfortune of the conductors of the former series of this publication to differ with Mr. Butler, or, rather, to accuse him of certain omissions in his epitome of the literature of the middle ages;* but let not the Reminiscent, or his friends, suppose, that we are therefore angry or insensible to Mr. Butler’s merits as an author or a man. We, in common with his cotemporaries, bearing willing testimony to his amiable manners and inoffensive life; and, perhaps, value more highly than many among the Catholic body, the vast utility of his writings. We believe that his religious brethren of England are more indebted to him than to any layman living; and there can be no doubt, that his different and numerous publications have greatly contributed to disarm the prejudices of Protestants. They are read, we know, where no other Catholic work finds admission; and it is an undoubted fact, that they are indebted for this privilege to the estimation in which the author’s character is held, and the excellent style of controversy in which they are all written. We would, in preference to any other in the English language, or in any other language, put his “Book of the Roman Catholic Church,” into the hands of Protestants. It is, decidedly, Mr. Butler’s ablest production.

Mr. Butler, with the exception of the celebrated jurisconsult, Jeremy Bentham, is the most vigorous old man living. At Catholic meetings he is to be seen restless and active; a good joke throws him into risible convulsions; and, though his articulation is impaired, he speaks with zeal, and with somewhat of animation. The accusation of a patriotic “counsellor” not long since, at the “Crown and Anchor,” threw him into a fit of virtuous indignation; and we confess we liked him the better for the good solid thump he gave the table opposite the accuser, as he pronounced the word “false!”—The look and language of hoary wisdom confounded the intemperate “barrister,” and really, however pardonable, we thought Mr. Butler seemed a very different man from the mild Christian controversialist, which our fancy had pictured him. On that day we thought he walked with more than wonted dignity to his chambers in Lincoln’s Inn.

Mr. Butler is, and we lament it, the worst gossip we ever listened to; for, though a public man for more than half a century, he has given us, in these “Reminiscences,” very few anecdotes of his cotemporaries, and, what is still more strange, he has said hardly anything of himself. In fact, the two volumes are filled with essays—some very interesting, on various subjects, and with very modest critiques on his own works. We have read all these, but confess we would have been much more pleased, had the contents of the work corresponded with its title—had the “Reminiscent” let us a little more

* In the second volume of the Reminiscences, he has alluded to his life of Erasmus; but has shown no disposition to atone for the shameful omission we pointed out—and which has since been ably pointed out, by Mr. Eneas MacDonnell. Mr. Butler’s antipathy to Ireland is singular; he extends it to Irishmen. Grattan he ranks only in the secondary class of orators; and, in enumerating the living poets, he makes no mention of Moore! Perhaps this was from want of poetical taste; and he has evinced how deficient he is in that, by preferring Scott to Byron! Gray, he says, is a greater favourite than Goldsmith.
into his "secrets." He has left us completely in the dark respecting his public and private life; and, though his domestic hearth ought to be secret from inquisitive intrusion, we should like to get a peep at the happiness that ever meets him at home, on his retiring from his chambers. But, as we have no right to this gratification, we must be content with the intellectual dishes before us, and we invite the reader to partake of the feast, assuring him that he shall be helped to the very few tid-bits that the literary table of the "Reminiscent" can furnish.

The first volume appeared in 1822, and the second has only just been published. In the former, we learn that the "Reminiscent" is a student con amore:

"It is pleasing to him to reflect, that, though few have exceeded him in the love of literature, or pursued it with greater delight, it never seduced, or was suspected by his professional friends of seducing him, for one moment, from professional duty. M. Teissier, in his account of one of the French jurisconsults, noticed in his Eloge, mentions, that 'he was so absorbed in his literary pursuits, that his wife was frequently obliged to drag him from his library to his bureau.' To this necessity, the loved and revered person, to whom the Reminiscent owes thirty-seven years of happiness, was never exposed.

"Very early rising,—a systematic division of his time,—abstinence from all company, and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly,—from reading, writing, or even thinking, on modern party politics,—and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed,—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules:—to direct his attention to one literary object only at a time;—to read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible;—where the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side;—to find out men of information, and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk.

"The produce of his literary labours has appeared in the publications, which these pages, opus senile, will be found to mention. It is a great satisfaction to him to reflect, that none of his writings contain a single line of personal hostility to any one."

At an early age he evinced a passion for literature, and received the rudiments of education at a Catholic school, which then existed, by connivance, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; after which, he went to Douay, one of the English Catholic seminaries on the Continent:

"The design of all these institutions was to educate, for the ecclesiastical state, a succession of youths, who might afterwards be sent on the English mission. The Catholic gentry availed themselves of them for the education of their children. They were excellently instructed in their religion; the classics were well taught, but the main object of them being to form members for the church, they were not calculated to qualify the scholars, either for business, the learned professions, or the higher scenes of life. Writing, arithmetic, and geography, were little regarded in them; modern history was scarcely mentioned, and little attention paid to manners.

"But every care was taken to form the infant mind to religion and virtue: the boys were secluded from the world; every thing that could inflame their imagination or passions was kept at a distance; piety, somewhat of the ascetic nature, was inculcated; and the hopes and fears, which Christianity presents, were incessantly held in their view. No classic author was put into their hands, from which every passage, describing scenes of love or gallantry, or tending, even in the remotest degree, to inspire them, had not been obliterated. How this was done, may be seen by any person, who will inspect father Juvenal's excellent editions of Horace or Juvenal. Few works of English writers were permitted to
be read; none, which had not been similarly expurgated. The consequence was, that a foreign college was the abode of innocence, learning, and piety."

The following is one of those mischievous clap-traps which Mr. Butler ought to be above resorting to. He must know in his heart that the cooconcluding assertion is absolutely false: it is unworthy of a man pretending to information:

"It should be mentioned, that, notwithstanding their exile and persecutions, the hearts of the English scholars, educated in these foreign colleges, remained truly English. This was frequently observed by those, among whom they were domiciliated. During the war, which was closed by the peace of Paris, every victory, which the English gained over the French, was a triumph to the English boys; their superiors were, more than once, admonished by the magistrates and their friends, not to make their joy on these occasions too noisy. The salutary and incontrovertible truth, that one Englishman can, any day, beat two Frenchmen, was as firmly believed, and as ably demonstrated, at Douay and St. Omer's, as it could be at Éton or Winchester."

On his return from college, the inns of court exclusively occupied his attention; until he became, we believe, one of the most expert conveyancers in England. His first literary essay was on "Houses of Industry,"* and the next, on "Impressing Seamen," in which he justifies the measure on the principles of the constitution. Happy constitution! He also became editor of some law treatises, and published "Horne Juridice Subservia;" which was followed by "Horne Biblia;" and a "History of the German Empire;" these all evince an extensive acquaintance with books. But his best known work was, "Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics." His Memoirs of Bossent, Fenelon, &c. are very well in their way. Following these, came his "Reminiscences," which was to be his last; but Southey's Book of the Church having provoked him to a contest, he again appeared in print, and, certainly, never with greater advantage: his "Vindication" followed; previous to which, he favoured us with the life of Erasmus; and, within the present season, with one of the volumes before us, and a life of Grotius, to which we shall endeavour shortly to do justice. Having now laid before the reader all the particulars which Mr. Butler has chosen to reveal of himself, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from the second volume of Reminiscences, the author having transported into it all the good things which were to be found in the first. Speaking of Mr. Fox, Mr. Butler says:

* The following will illustrate all we have recently written on the English peasantry. Then, as well as now, the "informed" part of the public knew little or nothing about the state of the English poor:—"The success of the plan," says Mr. Butler, "appeared to him problematical; he recollects that he then began to entertain an opinion, which now seems general, that, in the whole system of the poor laws, there is something radically, but incurably wrong. A gentleman, on whose authority he can depend, told him, that Mr. Pitt, being on a visit in Essex, despatched, with great satisfaction, on the prosperous state of the country, and particularly on the comfortable condition of the poor. His host let the discourse drop, but contrived that, on the following day, Mr. Pitt should walk into the adjoining town of Halsted. It presented a spectacle of the utmost poverty and wretchedness. He surveyed it for some time in wonder and silence, and then declared, that he had no conception that England presented, in any part of it, such a scene: he made a liberal donation to its distressed inhabitants, and soon afterwards brought into Parliament a bill for the relief of the poor."
Butler's Reminiscences.

"On one occasion he desired the Reminiscent to attend him, for the purpose of conferring, as he condescended to say, on Catholic emancipation. He asked the Reminiscent, 'What he thought was the best ground on which it could be advocated?' The Reminiscent suggested it to be, that 'it is both unjust and detrimental to the state, to deprive any portion of its subjects of their civil rights on account of their religious principles, if these are not inconsistent with moral or civil duty.'—'No, sir!' Mr. Fox said, with great animation, 'that is not the best ground; the best ground, and the only ground, to be defended in all points, is, that action, not principle, is the object of law and legislation; with a person's principles, no government has any right to interfere.'—'Am I then to understand,' said the Reminiscent, wishing to bring the matter at once to issue, by supposing an extreme case,—'that, in 1713, when the houses of Brunswick and Stuart were equally balanced, a person publishing a book, in which he attempted to prove that the house of Hanover unlawfully possessed the British throne, and that all who obeyed the reigning prince were morally criminal, ought not to be punished by law.'—'Government,' said Mr. Fox, 'should answer the book, but should not set its officers upon its authors.'—'No,' he continued, with great energy, and, rising from his seat, 'the more I think of the subject, the more I am convinced of the truth of my position: action, not principle, is the true object of government.' In his excellent speech for the repeal of the test, Mr. Fox adopted this doctrine in its fullest extent; and enforced and illustrated it with an admirable union of argument and eloquence.

"On a further occasion, the Reminiscent took the liberty,—he hopes his readers will believe he did it with the utmost respect,—to renew the conversation. 'Does not your doctrine,' he said to Mr. Fox, 'turn on the much agitated question of Matter and Spirit? If you impel the hand of a man, who holds in it a knife, into the side of another, and the knife enters it and kills him, you are guilty of murder; if you write a book, which induces a man to thrust a knife into the side of another, are you not equally guilty?'—'You are,' replied Mr. Fox; 'but the jury must find,—first, that the act was done; secondly, that your book was written with an intention of inducing the person to do it; and, thirdly, that he did the act in consequence of your book.'"

The superiority of Fox's mind is here very apparent: his principle is unassailable. In the following, however, he appears to less advantage:

"It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to have the honour of spending a day tête-à-tête with Mr. Fox, at St. Ann's Hill. The Reminiscent mentioned, what certainly was of no consequence, that 'he had never read Adam Smith's celebrated work on the Wealth of Nations.'—'To tell you the truth,' said Mr. Fox, 'nor I either. There is something in all these subjects which passes my comprehension—something so wide, that I could never embrace them myself, or find any one who did.'"

Had he studied Smith a little, however, he would have avoided those blunders in legislation, which Mr. Moore has so eloquently commented upon in his life of Sheridan. And, speaking of Sheridan, our "Reminiscent" has the following:

"No compositions are less formed, than those of Mr. Sheridan, to be compared with the character of the Panthéon; but some * domes of modern hands—some idle toils of state;* are exquisitely pretty and brilliant. With the best of these, some compositions of Mr. Sheridan, may be justly thought to bear an analogy. The Reminiscent once read to Mr. Sheridan the finest specimen of his poetry, his Epilogue to Semiramis. 'O! why did I not,' he exclaimed, 'uniformly addict myself to poetry; for that I was designed!'—But then,' said the Reminiscent, 'would you have been the admiration of the senate? Would London have emptied itself to hear your philippic on Mr. Hastings? Would you have been the intimate of Mr. Fox? Would you have been received, as doing honour to it, at Devonshire House?'—What,' he replied, 'has all this done for
Mr. Butler relates the following bon-mots of poor Sheridan:

"Mr. Sheridan's bon-mots were not numerous; but, when he was in good humour, the subject pleased him, and he liked his company, he sometimes displayed a kind of serious and elegant playfulness, not apparently rising to wit, but unobservedly saturated with it, which was unspeakably pleasing. Every thing he then said or did was what delights Englishmen so much, and what they understand so well—in the style and manner of a perfect gentleman.

"Occasionally, however, he had brilliant sallies. On one occasion he and the late Mr. Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, supped with the Reminiscent. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sate in two parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him, 'he was quite disgusted at the pitiful, lowly manner, in which Catholics brought forward their case: why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into our house, and say,—Here am I, Sheldon, of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you: but, because I am a Catholic, you shut your door against me.'

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, 'I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country; and, therefore—' 'You quitting,' said Mr. Sheridan, interrupting him, 'the errors of Popery, and became a member of a church which you know to be free from error? I am glad of it; you do us great honour.' The subject then changed, but it was evident that Mr. Sheldon did not sit quite easy. At length, the third of the morning hours arrived; Mr. Sheldon took his watch from his pocket, and, holding it forth to Mr. Sheridan, 'Sec,' he said to him, 'what the hour is: you know our host is a very early riser.'—'Damn your apostate watch!' exclaimed Mr. Sheridan; 'put it into your Protestant fob.'

"It has not, I think, been mentioned by any of his biographers, but the fact certainly is, that Mr. Sheridan was very superstitious,—a believer in dreams and omens. One sentiment of true religion the Reminiscent has often heard him express, with evident satisfaction; that, in all his writings, and even in his freest moments, a single irreligious opinion or word had never escaped him.

"Frequently, he instantaneously disarmed those who approached him with the extreme of savageness, and a determined resolution to insult him. He had purchased an estate, at Surrey, of Sir William Geary, and neglected to pay for it. Sir William mentioned this circumstance to the Reminiscent; and the English language has not an expression of abuse or opprobrium which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off in a passion, but had not walked ten paces before he met Mr. Sheridan. The Reminiscent expected as furious an onset as 'if two planets should rush to combat'; but nothing like this took place.

"In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming, 'Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with; I will tease him no more for money.'

"Lord Derby once applied, in the Green Room, to Mr. Sheridan, with much dignity, for the arrears of Lady Derby's salary, and vowed he would not stir from the room till it was paid. 'My dear lord,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for a little dust she had left behind her.'

We have also some notice of another celebrated Irishman:

"Mr. Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' raised him in the world, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank.
or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining, and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive; if the person with whom he conversed had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful; it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty, and pleasantry; it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But, if a person wished for information upon any particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: 'What a beautiful animal is this!' said Mr. Burke; 'observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes.'—'How can you,' said Sir Philip, 'lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?'—'Yet Socrates,' said Mr. Burke, 'according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see.'—'My dear friend,' said Sir Philip, 'I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you.' Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a paused ensued.—'I think,' said Mr. Burke, 'that naturalists are now agreed, that locusta, not cicada, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?'—'My opinion,' answered Sir Philip, 'saving his papers, and preparing to move off, 'is, that, till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India.'

'It may be added, that, when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared to speak rather from the reflections that were working in his own mind, upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or to make a direct observation upon it.

'It might be perceived, that those who constantly heard Mr. Burke's conversation, sometimes exhibited, when he spoke, symptoms of wearisomeness. *Tous jours perdus, partridge every day——* tires in the end. Some thought themselves entitled to be heard oftener than Mr. Burke's unceasing flow allowed. Mr. Fox's general habit of ruminating made Mr. Burke's conversation a treat to him; but among Mr. Fox's followers, several excelled in conversation; they wished to be heard, and many wished to hear them. This occasioned Mr. Burke's being sometimes listened to with impatience; this impatience was not always concealed; and something like a respectful quiz was sometimes offered. Here, Mr. Sheridan too often offended;—daily experience shows, that this is an offence not always pardoned.'

The following anecdote, we believe, is new:

"In 1793, an act was passed for the relief of the Irish Catholics. It was principally owing to the exertions of the Irish delegates, Mr. Devereux, Mr. Edward Byrne, Mr. John Keogh, and two other gentlemen, who had been appointed to negotiate with Mr. Pitt. They were directed chiefly to insist upon five objects: the elective franchise, the admission of Catholics to grand juries, to county magistracies, to high shrievalties, and to the bar. Mr. Keogh was the soul of the delegation: he possessed a complete knowledge of the subject, uncommon strength of understanding, firmness of mind, and a solemn imposing manner, with an appearance of great humility. These obtained for him an ascendency over almost every person with whom he conversed. On one occasion he was introduced to the late Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. That eminent statesman was surrounded by several persons of distinction, and received the delegates with great good humour. A long conference ensued; the result of it was unfavourable to the mission of Mr. Keogh. After a short silence Mr. Keogh advanced towards Mr. Dundas, and, with great respect, and a very obsequious but very solemn look, mentioned to him, that 'there was one thing which it was essential for Mr. Dundas to know, but of which he had not the slightest concep-
tion.' He remarked, 'that it was very extraordinary that a person of Mr. Dundas's high situation, and one of his own humble lot (he was a tradesman in Dublin), should be in the same room: yet, since it had so happened, and probably would not happen again, he wished to avail himself of the opportunity of making the important disclosure; but could not think of doing it without Mr. Dundas's express permission, and express promise not to be offended.' Mr. Dundas gave him the permission and promise: still, Mr. Keogh was all humility and apology, and Mr. Dundas all condescension. After these had continued for some time, and the expectation of every person present was wound up to its highest pitch, Mr. Keogh approached Mr. Dundas in very humble attitude, and said, 'Since you give me this permission, and your liberal promise not to be offended, I beg leave to repeat, that there is one thing which you ought to know, but which you don't suspect:—you, Mr. Dundas, know nothing of Ireland.' Mr. Dundas, as may be supposed, was greatly surprised; but, with perfect good humour, told Mr. Keogh, that 'he believed this was not the case: 'it was true, that he never had been in Ireland, but he had conversed with many Irishmen.' 'I have drunk, he said, 'many a good bottle of wine with Lord Hillsborough, Lord Clare, and the Beresfords.—*Yes, sir,' said Mr. Keogh, 'I believe you have; and that you drank many a good bottle of wine with them, before you went to war with America.'

Mr. Butler thinks Pitt sincere in his advocacy of the Catholic claims. After praising the Bishop of Winchester's stupid memoirs of the "Heaven-born Minister," he says:

"Of the other parts of the bishop's work we shall say nothing, except to notice, that, in his account of the bill, which was passed for the relief of the Catholics in 1791, he does not render justice to Mr. Pitt. From the first, Mr. Pitt declared himself explicitly in favour of the measure. In order to attract the attention of the public mind to it, and to prevent the effect of prejudice against it, he devised the plan of obtaining the opinions of the foreign universities, upon the three points submitted to them. When the opinions were obtained, he readily declared that they satisfied him. An unfortunate division having taken place among the Roman Catholics, Mr. Pitt, so far from availing himself of it to impede, or even retard the success of the bill, generously exerted himself to compose the difference; he watched over the bill, during its passage through the house, with the greatest assiduity: sometimes by energy, sometimes by conciliation, he removed the obstacles which opposed it, and he unfeignedly participated in the joy of the Catholics, at its ultimate success. For this, they were indebted to none more than to him. The Catholic desires nothing more, than that all who glory in his name should inherit his principles, and imitate his conduct in their regard."

We have room only for one extract more: it will show, in the words of Massillon, "Dieu seul est grand," God only is great:

"The Revolution of 1688 necessarily divided the nation into two parties; those who supported the settlement which was then made of the crown, and those who sought to restore the proscribed family. The latter, in proportion as

'Mighty William's thundering arm prevailed,'—Pope.

insensibly decreased.

'Still, the Stuart family had many adherents; their numbers, and the constancy and warmth of their attachment to it, present almost a singular phenomenon in history. The bad success of the enterprise, in 1745, should have terminated their hopes: yet the Reminiscint is old enough to remember, when the prince's cause was celebrated, both by some Catholics and by some Protestants, with all the sincerity and ceremonies of wine, and to have witnessed tears shed and ejaculations offered for the prince and his family. These the Reminiscint could not but contrast with the rigid loyalty of the French nobility and gentry, whom the horrors of the French Revolution drove to our shores.

"One of the secret conditions of the peace, made between England and France
The Orangeman.

in 1748, was, that the prince should be obliged to quit the French territory. These were at first kindly, and afterwards formally signified to him; but he continued to remain at Paris. He was at length informed, that, if he did not leave it of his own accord, constraint would be used to expel him. But he could not be induced to believe that France would have recourse to these extremities: *French monarchs,* he said, *have often boasted that France was the refuge of unfortunate princes. This Lewis XIV. himself said to James II. Can the great grandson of Lewis say the contrary to the grandson of James?*  But the court of Versailles resolved upon the measure. It was entrusted to the Duke de Biron, the colonel of the regiment des Gardes Françoises. He charged M. de Vaudreuil, the major of the guards, with the execution of it. Both the duke and the major were enjoined to show, in the conduct of it, the utmost respect and attention to the unfortunate prince. It was known that he always carried pistols, and that he had both publicly and confidentially intimated, that, *if any violence should be offered to his person, he would make away with himself.* The French monarch personally apprised the duke and major of these facts, and charged them with the consequences. The opera was chosen, which was thought very strange, for the scene of the exploit. M. de Vaudreuil, accompanied by some gardes, entered the box in which the prince was, produced to him the royal order, searched his clothes, seized his pistols, and disarmed him of his sword. He was carried to the castle of Vincennes; he remained in it three days, and was hurried from it to the Pont de Beaumosin.—Standing upon it, he bade an eternal adieu to inhospitable France. Great indignation was expressed by the French at the conduct of their monarch.

*"Il est Roi, dans les fers,—ques vous sur le trône;"

was one of the many verses composed on this occasion. All remarked, that much publicity of the indignity shown to the prince might have been spared.

He never recovered from the shock it gave him. One of his attendants, when the event took place, mentioned to the Reminiscent, that, from this time, his spirit was broken; that he was thoroughly altered; and that, in evident bitterness of mind, he frequently exclaimed, *My sword was taken from me; my person insulted; I am a degraded man.*

"Still he had some partisans, both among Catholics and Protestants in England. The Memoirs of the late Dr. King show, that, till the year 1760, a considerable portion of Jacobinism remained in some respectable English and Scottish families; but that, about this time, a final separation took place between the prince and them."

The second volume also contains an Essay on Mystical Devotion, reprinted from the Retrospective Review, not very erudite, and a correspondence between the author and Dr. Parr, particularly uninteresting. There are also some remarks on the Chancery dispute, which we do not mean to read, and recommend the same course to our readers.

THE ORANGEMAN.—CHAP. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE BOY."

The magistrate and his loyal assistants were disappointed in their expectation of finding Mr. White in the kitchen; *Mon, it appeared, had taken a premature departure,* and it is but justice to add, that he felt himself urged to this course by, to him, two very cogent reasons: — in the first place, the presence of Mr. Lett's recently arrived guests would doubtlessly prevent the honest farmer from honouring the kitchen with his presence during this night of national festivity; and the absence of Joss, and the engagements of the domestics, gave but
indifferent promise of what was to be expected. Mon had just arrived at this disagreeable conclusion, by a process of mental reasoning, when the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Horseshaw, and his wounded servant, gave an additional impetus to his desire of seeking, on this evening, a more hospitable hearth. Mon, though a man of acknowledged prowess with his hands or stick, had a mortal antipathy to gun-powder, and relished, even less than most of his peaceable neighbours, the sight of a sword or bayonet. Hating the justice who had frequently threatened him with incarceration for his riotous propensities, he apprehended being somehow implicated in the affair of the night, and therefore took occasion to slip out unperceived, and shape his course, with his doodeen in his mouth, for the residence of the Meylers, where he hoped to find a more attentive host and less danger of magisterial interference.

Mon White was a man of gigantic stature, being full seven feet six inches high, and, though admirably proportioned, his form indicated more of sinewy, or rather boney strength, than masculine beauty. Being of a meditative disposition, his shoulders were somewhat stooped and rounded; for, however others might like to contemplate the spheres above them, Mr. White was satisfied to bend all his thoughts upon the world beneath him; and, truly, he had need to make himself thoroughly acquainted with mundane affairs; for his success in life mainly depended upon the information he was supposed to possess almost exclusively; and a new story, or the new version of an old tale, was sure to procure him a welcome reception where, from the frequency of his former visits, his presence had created certain dislikings, which were generally communicated to him in a very intelligible though indirect way. It could not be said that Mon had any place of residence; he was said to live amongst his friends: the frequenters of the alehouse had much of his society; a farmer's barn served him not unfrequently in place of a more fashionable chamber; and when neither farmers nor publicans chose to be no longer civil or hospitable, he was sure to be found in the house of his brothers, Jackeen and Neckeen Mon—a patronymic, for which they were indebted to their celebrated relative. Here, indeed, he ruled with despotic sway, and, though his title was very questionable, he assumed and exercised the authority of a master, until the sale of a cow, pig, or a few barrels of corn, enabled him once more to commence under better auspices his vagabond mode of life. With his landlord, Sir Edward Loftus, of Loftus Hall, he was a particular favourite; he gave useful information respecting the solvency of tenants and the value of farms, and in return was supposed to live rent free. This, though circulated by Mon's enemies, was not, perhaps, altogether devoid of truth; for, notwithstanding his improvident habits, he always dressed decently, in a frize coat, blue stockings, corderoy small-clothes, and good felt hat, though it was well known he had no visible means but an annuity of ten pounds, derived from land cultivated by Joss Lett, and the occasional foceys which he succeeded in carrying away from his brothers. At this period, however, ten pounds, punctually paid once a year, was no contemptible sum in a country where no one need pay for dinner, and most certainly Mon never paid for one in his life.

Mon, be it remarked, like many other great men—and Mon was
famous in his generation—was more feared than loved. His countenance was decidedly bad: his under lip protruded considerably, and his eyebrows completely overshadowed his face; the contour of the whole was far from agreeable. Although by no means of a quarrelsome disposition—some accused him of actual cowardice—his superior prowess and overwhelming strength excited the envy of the "buffers," a title bestowed in this country on those who are perpetually exhibiting their skill at fairs and patterns; and these sometimes calculating on impunity, or considering themselves, according to the modern phrase, more scientific than they were, provoked Mon's wrath, and felt themselves all but extinguished in his gigantic grasp. In addition to this, there were other circumstances which begot a rather unfriendly feeling towards him; he sided with neither faction which kept the neighbouring fairs in a roar, and was known to pry rather too curiously into the affairs of his neighbours, and retail very willingly all he knew, supposed, or heard, respecting all who happened to be absent at the moment. From these causes, Mon might be said to live amidst smothered resentment; but he had two decided enemies in the parish, Father Codey and the minister, Mr. Horseshaw: the one disliked him for having encouraged the farmers to litigate his reverence's claim to the tithe of potatoes; and the priest had publicly reproached him with the irregularity of his life. Still Mon went to chapel, but seldom entered it, looked in during the celebration of mass, and showed his respect by kneeling, though only upon one knee. In winter, he prevented his corderoy from injury by prudentially placing a stone between it and the earth.

Such was the history of the man who now sought the residence of the widow Meyler. This habitation belonged to the superior order of bargie farm-houses; it had two chimneys—one in each end—upper windows, which bespoke a second floor, and, though covered with thatch, indicated the home of comparative comfort, if not rustic opulence. Surrounded with trees, and standing on an eminence above Dunmore, it added to the beauty of this very picturesque little town, which a modern traveller has compared to the most sightly villages in Wales.

On entering the bawn, Mon, whose ear had acquired great acuteness from long practice in the process of listening, heard the his-s-s! pho-o-o! of Munster Paddy, alias Pat Roony, who was busily employed in rubbing down a horse, in a stable on the right.

"Morrow, Pat," said Mon, as he approached the occasional ostler.

"Morrow kindly, ma boughal," replied Pat; and then, averting his head from the animal whose side he was belabouring with two handfuls of straw, cast a keen piercing glance on his visitor. "Ha! mun," he continued, "there you are; faith, I thought you were down at Jack Cullen's, drowsing the shamroge."

"Why, Pat, agrah," responded Mon, "I've drowned it too often for the good o' me pocket; but, whust! is that the ould bahar yur whispin' that way, as if he was a race-horse?"

"The bahar, indeed! Sheashin a bahar; faith, that poor base never had a hide like this, for he's as great a stranger to oats as you are to port wine, Mon aroon; an devil a much o' that same crosses yur lips no more nor me own, since I left Tipperary, and that will be two snug years come May-day next, plase God we all live an do well
till then,—his-s-s, pho-o-o.” And he then proceeded to bestow his care upon the animal, which appeared somewhat fatigued.

“Will he kick,” inquired Mon, as he wished to take a nearer view.

“Tis hard to say! his-s-s, but never fear; he’s used to decent people, for I am mortal sure he’s a preest’s horse.”

“Preest, did you say, hem! who rode ‘im.”

“A fine lookin’ gintleman, amost as portly as yourself, but much better lookin’ by odds.”

“So he ought, Pat, since he’s a lord.”

“A lord! tear-an-ouncy,” cried Pat, ceasing to apply his wisp.

“Troth, he’s nothin’ else, an have just shot the min’ster an his man down at the Mill-o-rags. The survant told me all about ‘im, up at Narristown.”

“Whoo!” exclaimed the ostler, and, darting past his informant, sprang across the dunhill, kicked the pigs out of his way, bounced over the half-door, which served to keep the swinish inhabitants of the bawn from obtruding into the kitchen, and in an instant had whispered the important secret in his mistress’s ear. Mrs. Meyler checked Pat’s glee by indicating a slight displeasure at her servant’s apparent want of his usual deference, and paid no attention to his communication, but continued to mix the family jug of punch for her humble dependants, who were this night, in accordance with old cus- tom, assembled to partake of her hospitality. The kitchen had been prepared for the occasion, the hearth bore an ample pile of blazing turf, the floor had been levelled by paring, the lengthy dinner-table had been scoured, and the settle and forms were occupied with happy guests; the apartment looked peculiarly comfortable; and the bacon which lined the chimney, and the fitches which reposed on the rack beneath the loft, did not at all tend to detract from the agreeable feeling other objects were calculated to inspire.

“Well, ma’am,” said Pat, somewhat abashed, and perhaps piqued at the reception of his information, “if you don’t believe me, here’s Mon White, who knows all about it.”

“Faith, Mrs. Meyler,” said Mon, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, “tis true enough, he’s a lord.”

“A lord!” said the widow, “who’s a lord?”

“Why, ma’am,” answered Pat, “the gintleman in the parlour.”

“Nonsense,” said Mrs. Meyler; “the stranger has only called to see the captain, and I wonder Andy, who went to look for him, hasn’t returned. What in the world, Mon, put it into your head that he’s a lord, I’m sure he don’t look like one; and when I was in Dublin, before the death of my poor husband, rest his soul! at my brother’s, in the Liberty, I’ve seen many a lord.”

And Mrs. Meyler having by this time brought the jug of punch to a proper strength and flavour, she walked out of the kitchen with her wonted dignity, for she had a proper idea of her own consequence; and, though she assumed an importance and gentility very uncommon in her sphere of life, she excited neither reproach nor ridicule, because the character became her.

As she entered the parlour, Mrs. Meyler cast an inquisitive glance at her stranger guest, but thought she could discover nothing about him indicative of high birth or noble breeding: he had disincumbered himself of his greatcoat, and exhibited a manly figure, and a counte-
nance that bespoke intelligence and good humour. He was dressed well, in a black coat, velveteen breeches, and a pair of boots, with tops hardly distinguishable from the uppers. He was in serious conversation with her son, Robert, who sat opposite to him at the fire; and the state of the decanter showed that they had drowned the shamrock to some effect.

"May I inquire," asked the stranger, when he became sensible of the widow's presence, "if the messenger has been successful in his search for Captain Meyler."

He was answered that the messenger had not yet returned.

"Excuse my impatience, madam," he continued, "but on my journey hither, at about a mile distance, I met a gentleman and his servant, who wanted to put me under arrest. In the rencontre, a pistol of mine went off accidentally, and I fear wounded one of them."

Mrs. Meyler and her son looked at him with surprise, but, appearing to take no notice, he continued in the same tone. "I should be exceedingly sorry that either should be injured; but, having several miles to travel to-night yet, I did not think well to submit to the tedious interruptions of an Orange magistrate: and for the same reason, though without any personal apprehension, I am desirous of proceeding onward, lest this unhappy affair should lead to unpleasant consequences."

"I regret the circumstance much," said Robert Meyler, "but you need not have dreaded meeting an Orange magistrate,—we have only one justice within half a dozen miles of us, and he is a parson; Orangeism has not yet found its way into these parts, and, I trust, never will."

"That it may not fructify," rejoined the stranger, "would be a pious prayer, for it has been introduced this evening. You smile, sir, but I had a brace of the precious brethren for companions, a considerable part of the road with me to-day. They are domiciled at a place called Narristown."

"Narristown! You surprise me, sir. Pray by what road did you travel?"

"From Enniscorthy to Taghmon. The name of one of the gentlemen was Lett, if I mistake not."

"You must be right; for there has been on a visit at Enniscorthy, a friend of mine—"

"Friend, do you call him? Then heaven preserve you from your friend!"

"Why truly, sir," said Robert, "perhaps, properly speaking, the word was inappropriate. The young man has not of late been particularly partial to me; but I trust he has not become an importer of Orangeism."

"The wish has come too late," returned the stranger; "he is, I dare say, a purple man, and will immediately treat you to a lodge in Dunmore. One of the initiated accompanies him; so henceforth bid adieu to domestic peace and public tranquillity. One Orange-man, like the fabled monster, is abundantly sufficient to fill a whole region with despair. He can subsist only on human victims."

"I have heard much of their atrocities in the north."

"Your friend, Mr. Jachan Lett, can treat you with some of their more recent exploits nearer home.—But, sir, the time is approaching for
Irishmen to destroy these enemies of God and man. The sword must be drawn, and the scabbard flung to the ground."

"I hope not, sir," was Robert's calm reply; "the remedy would be worse than the disease."

"Worse! impossible! what can be worse than to live in dread of hourly assassination, to be committed to the tender mercies of a Jacob—a White—a Hunter Gowan, to be flogged, imprisoned, shot, and tortured. Go, sir, to the Macamores, and ask, can men—can Irishmen any longer submit to all these atrocities?"

This was pronounced with considerable vehemence; and the stranger's whole manner, as he spoke, indicated much indignation.

"We are not," he proceeded after a pause, "what we ought to be—united, but—"

The return of the messenger here interrupted him; and, on being informed of what had taken place at Narristown, he intimated a wish to depart instantly, and accordingly the horse was brought forth saddled. Before mounting, he inquired the road to Bridgetown, and delivered Robert a letter for his brother, Captain Meyler.

"Shall I not have the pleasure of acquainting my brother with your name, sir?" inquired Robert.

"He will doubtless find it in the letter," was the reply, as the stranger mounted. At that instant the widow stood in the door, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. "Dough a dhurris," said the stranger, smiling, "a good old custom, and shall not be lost on me." And he took the glass filled with whiskey. "There are more fugitives to-night than one," he continued; "so, Mrs. Meyler, with your permission I'll drink, 'May the Orange blood-hounds be a day's march behind them, until the hour of independence arrives.'"

Mrs. Meyler, who did not exactly comprehend his meaning, answered, in the language of the parish clerk, "Amen," and the stranger put his horse in motion. "No occasion," said he, as he turned out of the Bawn, "to mention my having called."

"God speed you," was Mrs. Meyler's parting benediction.

CHAPTER IV.

The traveller had departed not more than ten minutes, when an armed party rushed into the house. Mr. Horseshaw was at their head; and Jachan Lett and Sil Sparrow seemed to hold distinguished authority over about half a dozen loyal assistants, being the sum total which Dunmore could furnish on such an emergency. They were armed with cutlasses, pistols, muskets, and blunderbuses, and made a considerable display and confusion on their entrance. Mrs. Meyler was alarmed at the presence of such unusual visitors, and her guests in the kitchen felt peculiarly uncomfortable in consequence of Munster Paddy having only just concluded a terrific narrative relative to Captain Rightboy, in Tipperary, when that "useful shadow" kept magistrates in pay some few years before.

"Guard the door," said Mr. Horseshaw with great emphasis, "and let no one move on the peril of his life. Excuse me, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Meyler, "but I have received positive information from those who saw him enter your house, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for whose apprehension a large reward is offered, is now under your roof."
"Then, sir," replied the widow with great composure, "I can as positively assure you that you are mistaken."

"Faith, an' that's true," interposed Mon White, from a corner, "for he's just gone about his business,—we are all innocent."

All the efforts of Robert and his mother to interrupt Mon without discovering their own secret proved unavailing, and the magistrate soon learned from that garrulous sojourner all he knew about the matter. As that all, however, was very unsatisfactory, Mr. Horseshaw turned to Mrs. Meyler and her son, and begged to be informed respecting the road the fugitive had taken.

"It is true, sir," said Robert, undertaking to speak for his mother, "a traveller did call here, refreshed himself, and departed without leaving his name." "Very improbable," said the magistrate, "but did he not say what road he intended to take?"

"I am not in the habit, Mr. Horseshaw," replied Robert indignantly, "of affording information to those who my veracity into question; you will, if you please, ask me no further questions."

"Not so hot, young man, not so hot," rejoined the magistrate; "you must know, that, as a justice of peace, it is my business to interrogate you on this now very serious affair: perhaps you are not aware of the powers given me by a recent act of the legislature?"

"I am no lawyer, sir; your authority I do not call in question, but I am yet to learn that it exonerates you from the obligations of politeness."

"The cat's out o'the bag," cried Sil Sparrow as he walked down from the parlour with an open letter in his hand. "Treason, sir," he continued; "here is outlandish writing."

Robert Meyler started, and, recovering from his surprise, sprang towards Sil with the intention of depriving him of the letter, which he had no doubt was the one left by the stranger for his brother, and which was placed on the chimney-piece. Jachan Lett, who had watched the movements, interrupted him, while Sil in the meantime deposited the epistle in the hands of the magistrate; Robert, with a single effort, released himself from his detainer, and in a moment confronted Mr. Sparrow.

"You scoundrel!" said he, "how dare you break open the seal of a private letter?"

"Hold! Robert," said his alarmed mother, going between him and Sil, and instantly the magistrate, who had spent some minutes endeavouring to decipher the letter, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "You are my prisoner, sir," said he; "you are clearly implicated in rebellious practices, as this outlandish letter testifies; here, men, bring him along."

"Oh! no, no, for God's sake, no, no," cried Mrs. Meyler; "he is guiltless of the contents of that letter; it is not directed to him."

"I am sorry, madam," said Mr. Horseshaw, "to have a disagreeable duty to perform; but this affair must be inquired into. Robert Meyler, you are my prisoner; make no resistance, or—"

"I'll blow your brains out," interrupted Sil Sparrow.

"And I'll do the same," said Jachan Lett, placing himself alongside the prisoner with a pistol in his hand.

"And this from you, Mr. Lett," said the widow with a look of
scorn. "Oh, no, it cannot be Joss Lett's son—the companion and schoolfellow of Robert Meyler."

"The young man is only doing his duty," said the magistrate, who perceived that Jackan looked rather foolish. "You are very kind, sir," returned the widow; "the young gentleman stands in need of some one to apologize for him."

"Come, come," interrupted the magistrate; "we lose time, we must pursue the fugitive; but, first, Mr. Meyler, I must beg of you to accompany me to my house, at Grange."

"If necessary, certainly," was Robert's reply; "but first be kind enough to tell me upon what charge I'm deprived of my liberty?"

"You shall know that to-morrow," said the magistrate. At this instant Captain Meyler entered, and, on learning the cause of his brother's arrest, requested to see the letter, which Mr. Sparrow had surreptitiously obtained. The magistrate refused to let it out of his possession, but permitted the captain to glance at it, while he held it tightly and jealously in his hand. "It is written in a treasonable gibberish," said Mr. Horseshaw, "but there can be no doubt of the nature of its contents."

"None in the world," said the captain, laughing; "tis from a lady in Canada, who once deemed me a pretty fellow; why, look at the superscription: it is directed to me,—can't you read French?"

"Lord aye," said the magistrate, unwilling to be thought ignorant of French; "so it is indeed a love letter," and he pretended to be reading it. "I can see," said he, "but badly without my glasses by candle-light. Mr. Robert, I beg your pardon; Mrs. Meyler will excuse me; captain, here is your letter; mind and answer it speedily; and now, boys, let us pursue the outlaw,—he can't be far off."

Sil Sparrow did not appear to relish this decision; and whispered something in the magistrate's ear, to which the only reply he received was, "Tut, tut! nonsense," and the whole of the party withdrew.

"A narrow escape," exclaimed Captain Meyler, thrusting the letter into the parlour fire. "Ignorance is bliss, for had the stupid parson understood French, he would have got a clue to the retreat of my old colonel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and perhaps have found an excuse for sending us both to Wexford Goal. It was a lucky thought about the Canadian lady; say what you like, Robert, I am a clever fellow after all."

"I never questioned your ability, brother, but what about that letter?"

"Why it was from Lord Edward, who is now, unhappily, an outlaw, soliciting me to go up to Dublin as a delegate, and, in the meantime, to exert myself here in promoting the good cause. He wrote in French, for fear of the letter falling into vulgar hands; and, as a further precaution, he did not sign his name."

"Does he say anything respecting the bearer of the letter?"

"Not a word. What sort of man was he?"

"A tall, cheerful-looking man, very like a clergyman."

"Very possible," said the captain; "but come, Bob, let us drown the shamrock."

"Excuse me, Henry, I can drink no more—I am a little agitated, having suffered that limping stranger to provoke me."
"And why not? I wouldn't belong to one mess with a man who couldn't get angry—into a towering passion; but never mind, Bob; I'll be the bearer of a message from you to-morrow morning; the scoundrel must be chastised."

"You forget, Henry, that the time is past when I could countenance such a proceeding."

"Hem! and so you will become a priest—seek a heaven hereafter by refusing to partake of one here. Why, Bob, there is an angel already in your path, whose morning orisons you could avail yourself of."

"Such dreams of unsubstantial good have long since ceased to torment me; I have devoted myself to a higher and a nobler purpose."

"Come, come, Bob, you must banish such folly; send your books to the Chandler's shop, and betake yourself to the business of the world. Here is house and lands well worth delving for."

"I am happy you estimate their value—they are your's."

"Mine!"

"Certainly, by right and birth; you are the eldest son."

"And therefore was particularly provided for.—I got a good sword, and an honourable rank in a noble profession; and, though used harshly and unjustly, I still expect the decision of the War Office to be in my favour. Tired of inactivity, and considering this no time to decline pressing my services, I intend setting off to-morrow morning for Dublin."

"So sudden, and so hastily. Is there no one you regret leaving behind?"

"I know what you mean," returned the captain; "she is perfectly easy on that head. She has consented that I should win more laurels before I place her within the circle of the golden fetter—that's all."

"She is very indulgent," said Robert. "I thought she disliked war—But," he continued, alarmed at the sudden illumination of the parlour from reflected light, "what is this? some of the outhouses are surely on fire."

"No," said the captain, looking through the window, "but hold! as I live, it is the cabin of poor 'Bodder Fanny.' Come, let us call on the servants and try to extinguish the flames."

And he rushed out, followed by his brother, Munster Paddy, Mon White, and half a dozen others.

**MR. SPRING RICE ON EMANCIPATION.**

We should betray the cause we have undertaken to advocate, if we did not, at this crisis, make every possible effort to disabuse the English mind on the nature of those claims which, in a few days, must, once more, and, we trust, for the last time, come before the legislature. For this purpose we have devoted an unusual portion of our pages to subjects closely connected with the great question of Catholic Emancipation, and we believe that we have not laboured

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* Catholic Emancipation, considered on Protestant Principles, in a Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, K. G. From an Irish Member of Parliament. London: Ridgway, pp. 34.
in vain. There are empirics in legislation, who, ignorant of the social system, would prefer healing visible lacerations in the body politic, in preference to adopting measures to invigorate the constitution from the diseased nature of which all these unsightly sores, that offend and pain, proceed. Such short-sighted politicians are continually explaining, that Emancipation would not redress any of the grievances of Ireland; and, as their logic is admirably adapted to capacities like their own, they want neither listeners nor proselytes. Now, we unhesitatingly admit, that much must be done for Ireland before the people shall attain that place in comfortable tranquility;—to much all men are entitled: but we also unhesitatingly assert, that no redress, of any moment, can take place, until the great principle of civil equality is established in that kingdom. Catholic disability is the main spring which irrigates the land with evil; and, until this fountain of mischief and miseries is dried up, there can be no rational hope of national peace or improvement. The very means taken to promote these must, in the event of non-emancipation, only aggravate the evil. This, we think, is demonstrated by that excellent statesman and good patriot, Mr. Spring Rice, in his admirable letter to Lord Liverpool. The very arguments made use of by the opponents of Emancipation, are precisely those which prove the necessity of the measure:—“My lord,” says Mr. Rice, “there is no one single object you have in view, which you are not unconsciously counteracting. There is no one principle to which you cling, no one duty you seek to perform, which is not endangered and impeded by your lordship’s conduct. You wish to maintain British connexion—you bring that connexion into peril. You are unwilling to add to Roman Catholic power, yet you augment it a thousand fold. You seek to uphold the constitution, yet you have raised upon its ruins a republic of agitators. You decry the interference of the priests in secular affairs, yet you render their interference not only legitimate, but unavoidable; and you make their authority supreme. You are a friend to the Established Church, yet you expose it to manifold risks, and increase the number and inveteracy of its enemies. You anticipate the extension of wealth, and the investment of capital amongst us; you make both the sources of new discontent and danger. You wish well to education, and yet check its progress. You contemplate, with hope, the possible diffusion of the principles of the Reformation, and yet you confirm the opinions you oppose, and arrest the progress of that truth to which you are attached.”

Elsewhere he says, with equal truth and sound policy, “I arraign you, my lord, as the enemy of the Established Church, and as endangering its stability and existence more than Mr. Hume, Captain Rock, or the Catholic Association. I admit that your lordship, in this as in the former instances, is acting in ignorance of the consequence of your own measures; but you are not acting the less certainly and decisively on that account. I am aware how much, in other branches of your policy, the Irish Church is indebted to your lordship. The old jobbing system, of ecclesiastical promotion, has been by you overthrown; and men of piety, worth, and learning, are now the successors of the Ushers, Bedels, and Taylors. Your conduct in the House of Peers neutralises the good consequences of your congés d’Élire; and, while you promote primitive saints, you risk immortalising them
as political martyrs. I need not point out to your lordship the pecu-
liar and anomalous situation in which that Church is placed; its
wealth, in the midst of surrounding poverty, and the disproportionate
number of its ministers to the professors of its creed. I do not join
the vulgar cry, that, on this account, it is to be despoiled of its reve-
nues, or deprived of its splendid endowments. My notions of
church reform do not extend beyond an enlargement of the sphere
of ecclesiastical utility, and a strict performance of ecclesiastical
duty. I only allude to these facts for the purpose of suggest-
ing the inference, that it is desirable to augment the zeal and the
number of the friends of the Church, rather than to increase the acri-
mony of its enemies. What is your lordship's favourite argument?
'I resist Emancipation,' you assert, 'because I think that measure
would be productive of danger to the Establishmmt.' In other
words, you inform every Roman Catholic in the land, that the Church
is the great obstacle to his freedom, and that churchmen are his in-
veterate enemies; you teach him, further, that the confiscation of
church property, and the abolition of tithes, are necessary conse-
quences of his political enfranchisement. Is this a salutary lesson,
either whist Emancipation is withheld, or when it is conceded?
Acting thus dangerously on the Roman Catholic, what effects does
this suggestion produce on the Protestant part of the community?
Your lordship is aware how numerous and powerful are the Protes-
tant proprietors, who attach as much importance to Emancipation as
the Roman Catholics themselves. I need only refer to the majorities
in the House of Commons, and to the resolutions of the peers, signed
at the Duke of Buckingham's. Does your lordship wish to persuade
us Protestants, that it is to our church that we owe our repeated dis-
appointments; that all social order is disturbed—all cordiality be-
tween man and man destroyed; our properties reduced in value—our
repose and safety risked; and all for the sake of the Established
Church. The suggestion is dangerous. We are as much attached to
that church as your lordship can be; but do not drive us to a choice of
difficulties; do not call upon us to admit your principles; do not
persuade us, that the church is the mound which keeps the waters up
to an artificial height, threatening, in their overflow, ruin and devas-
tation. We might be tempted in such a case. But I deny your lord-
ship's premises and conclusions. I believe the danger to the church
to be produced by exclusion, and not by concession—by irritating
and exasperating party violence, and not by soothing and allaying it.
The safety of our Protestant Establishment becomes, with me, an
additional argument in favour of Emancipation.
"Your lordship will reply, that the hierarchy of Ireland entertain
a very different opinion, and that such a judgment is more authorita-
tive than mine. Cuique credendum est in arte sibi. My lord, no maxim
is more questionable; and, in this case, I can prove it to be inconclu-
sive. My witnesses are the bishops themselves. Every argument,
now employed by them against Emancipation, was used against the
Tithe Composition Act. From that measure they anticipated evils
incalculable—the downfall of ecclesiastical property—the destruction
of ecclesiastical title. The Irish prelates, with three exceptions, com-
bined against the measure. Now, the same parties are equally ear-
nest in support of a reform, the greatest introduced in Ireland since
the Union. Profit by this example, my lord, and do not trust, un-
reservedly, the judgment of the right reverend bench. I do not impute insincerity, or want of candour, to the Irish church; but I believe that its dignitaries are deceived, and that your lordship is the victim of their mistakes and prejudices."

But John Bull now hears nothing but glad tidings of a new reformation in Ireland, and Lord Farnham's tinker-apostles are adduced as proofs of a growing predilection for Protestantism. The thing is adroitly enough got up, to serve a certain and sinister purpose; but its fallaciousness cannot escape the most unobservant eye, who gives the question a moment's consideration. For our own parts, we believe, and we do so on philosophic grounds, that there can be no accession to the ranks of Protestantism in Ireland under any circumstances, but still less while one party has to complain of religious grievances, and the other refuses to redress them.

"Admitting it," says Mr. Rice, "to be a matter of regret that so vast a majority of the people of Ireland differ from us in religious opinion, it is impossible for a Protestant not to feel solicitous that the principles of the Reformation should extend among them: to this happy consummation your lordship is the grand obstacle; you attach those to their church, from a feeling of honour, who might be disposed to abandon it on conviction. The man of the world hesitates to acknowledge the change he recognises in spirit, lest subsequent elevation at the bar, or rise in public life, should be considered the wages of apostacy—not the reward of genius and industry; the highest class of proselytes thus escapes you. To all, our religion is presented in its least attractive form; it is hostile, it is Saxon; the mind becomes closed against its truths; investigation is impeded; rational inquiry checked; our tenets are nos only rendered less attractive, but they are degraded. The inference to be drawn from the present laws is, that Protestantism cannot support itself without artificial aid. We seem to admit, that the church requires lines of defence to protect its natural weakness; we, at the same moment, quarrel with our opponents for not entering into the body of the place, when we have dropped each portcullis, and raised every drawbridge. This is surely unfair. Let our religion cease to be exclusive, and it will acquire new votaries; let it rely on its inherent strength, and it need not dread attack. As a system of proselytism, the old penal code failed; the existing disqualifications have not been more successful. A knowledge of human nature, motives, and feelings, points out that all hope of diffusing around us our opinions, depends on our taking an opposite course. In proportion as we indispose the Roman Catholics to our faith, do we attach them to their own. If our's be the religion of an enemy, their's is the religion of a friend; if our's hold out the corrupt rewards of the world, their's promises the deathless palms of the martyr. As exclusive Protestantism is hated, exclusive Catholicism is beloved. The religious enthusiasts we thus create, unsatisfied with the opinions of the present day, go back to the middle ages in search of all that is marked and distinctive. We send them to the days of the Gregorys; and their scholastic pedantry seeks out and defends antiquated doctrine, as a member of the Roxburgh Club covets a Wynk de Worde or a Caxton. If a few, whose imaginations are less easily excited, and whose reason is stronger, take a contrary course, and are disposed to abandon black-letter polemics, your lordship's zeal rejects all explanation. You assure them,
that you are better acquainted with their doctrines than they are themselves—you unfold before them the bulls of ambitious popes, or the unintelligible decrees of councils—you bind them limb by limb, and then condemn them for being motionless—you ridicule their credulity, and despise the pretensions of their church, yet you act upon a belief of its invariableness. Rejecting the claims of my countrymen, as Roman Catholics, you compel them to become Papists; and you admit every interpretation of their opinions but that which their divines offer for your acceptance. Your lordship and your friends, not satisfied with making the Roman Catholics abjure theft, murder, and all the deadly sins, call for further declarations against many of the acts of their church in early and barbarous times. If the Roman Catholics of the present day do not sanction these doctrines, you triumphantly ask—why should they hesitate in publicly condemning them? Why does not a council, in 1826, disavow the pretensions of the council of Constance and Basil; and reverse the sentences against Huss and Jerome, of Prague? Why does not Leo XII. anathematize the memories of Gregory, Sextus, and Pius? How little does he know of human nature to require such a sacrifice? Is there no such feeling as pride, and a mistaken, though respectful deference for those who have preceded us? Is not a single renunciation in deed worth a thousand renunciations in word? Louis XIV., in the insolence of superiority, never quarrelled with his crowned tributary of England for his absurd pretension, in assuming the title of king of France. Though that title was gratuitously laid aside in 1800, would your lordship have advised his late majesty to abandon it at the bidding of a powerful and threatening enemy? Again, does your lordship doubt but that, in spirit and principle, the king’s government, at present, differs from that of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Vansittart? Yet, would you consider it either politic or generous, to compel your lordship to make a solemn declaration, that you utterly detest, abhor, and abjure the faith of the holy alliance, and the sacrifice of the mass at the treaty of Vienna? or that you consider the doctrine, of the real presence of gold in an inconvertible bank-note, to be superstitious and idolatrous? Your lordship very properly thinks, that Parliament, and the people of England, should be satisfied with your practical conversion, without imposing upon you any test implying a sacrifice of your dignity, or conveying a reflection on your former friends and opinions.”

Oh! but the priest and the Pope! Why, aye, there is something in that; but pray, John Bull, did you ever see the Pope? If not, it is very ungentlemanly of you, as the celebrated Teige O'Regan, when governor of Colerain, under James II., said to an enthusiastic Protestant divine, to abuse his holiness; and you ought to recollect that the poor priests are men like yourselves, with feelings of pride, honour, and patriotism; and that men who boast of the land of their birth should not be angry with Irish clergymen if they also have the virtue of loving their country. “The greatest alarms,” says the author before us, “are those which have been excited by the conduct of certain Roman Catholic priests. Your lordship attaches peculiar importance to this part of the case. Examine it fairly, and do not judge by the mere surface of things, nor decide upon the reports of those who have interest in deceiving. It is easy to account for the
interference of the priests, by a reference to past history. Within the memory of men now living, the priests were, as individuals, marked out by law for persecution and punishment. Can these events, though now passed away, be wholly forgotten, whilst religious distinctions still exist on our statute book to perpetuate their remembrance? Above all, can those who refer, in argument, to the massacre of the Albigenese, the judicial murder of Huss, the slaughter of St. Bartholomew,—can such persons, after exhausting the annals of six centuries in their uncharitable researches, condemn the less retentive memories which preserve the recollections of a penal code not yet wholly repealed? But I am not driven to justify the one feeling by the other: present times, existing laws, living statesmen, you yourself, my lord, are the chief cause of this priestly interference. View the other classes of mankind; consider the principles on which all act, and are justified in acting. Let Mr. Huskisson name the iron trade in the House of Commons, and every furnace in Staffordshire sends forth its deputy; meetings, resolutions, and petitions follow as quickly as the strokes upon an anvil. Let Mr. Robinson reduce the duties on foreign silks, and Parliament Street and Palace Yard are filled by the pigmy weavers from Spitalfields. Dismiss but a drummer of the Irish militia, and a conspiracy is formed of those colonels who were called by Curran the wooden walls of Ireland. Print Mr. Jacob's report, Sir T. Lethbridge and Sir J. Sinclair, two notorious agitators, take the field;—throughout all England the farmers and country gentlemen combine;—Boodle's Club rivals the Catholic Association;—the constituent body, throughout the empire, divides itself into the opposite factions of growers and consumers. Raise the cry that the church is in danger,—all our ecclesiastics, from the rural dean to the metropolitan, labour in their calling; or, assembled in their houses of convocation, carry to the foot of the throne their prayers and their alarm. My lord, if our clergy are right in interfering to prevent the admission of Roman Catholics, are not the priests justified in combining to obtain that admission for their countrymen? Can you, in common justice, lay down a different rule for the one class and for the other? Is everything allowable on the part of those who are in possession, and nothing excusable on the part of the excluded? Reflect upon the cause of that exclusion,—it is religious belief. In the contest which this exclusion produces, the ministers of religion necessarily become parties. If the exclusion were upon any ground not religious, the priests would not be brought into action. The esprit de corps would not be touched. A declaration that the Roman Catholic religion is idolatrous, its professors dangerous subjects, combined with civil disqualifications, on these grounds, compels the priests to come forward as political partisans, as well as champions of their faith.

"It is impossible that, admitting the interference of the priests to be natural and excusable in the abstract, your lordship may consider it unjustifiable in the mode in which it is said to have taken place, and the violence with which it has been attended. Priests at the hustings, and declamations from the altar, may be considered modes of warfare new and dangerous. I do not mean to enter into the subjects of the Irish elections, neither shall I pause to defend the state of the Irish franchise. The first of these questions is
at issue in the petitions presented to the House of Commons. Before the committees on the Waterford and Monaghan cases, the charges against the priests will be proved, if capable of being substantiated. For the state of the franchise, your lordship and some of your colleagues are responsible. Propositions were offered to your acceptance two years back, which you were pleased to reject—the opportunity may not again return. Without disavowing the Irish elections, I beg, however, to refer your lordship to the stratagemata of ecclesiastics elsewhere. Inquire whether a clergyman of the Church of England did not attend on the hustings at Lincoln, and note down publicly every vote given against his inclination. Read a clerical production, published at Retford during the election, and proving, from the horns, phials, and trumpets of the Revelations, that the supporters of Messrs. Wrightson and Dundas were doomed to eternal damnation. Study Mr. Vaughan's Leicester Sermon.—But I will not degrade the dignity of my cause, by carrying recrimination further. I need not the aid of such a weapon, and I cast it by with disdain. If any class of men were to be condemned for the indiscretion or the incapacity of one of its members, would either House of Parliament—would the Cabinet itself, be safe from attack?

The poor Irish are reproached, unjustly indeed, with ignorance. Will education, under present circumstances, make them better subjects? Mr. Rice thinks not:

"Your lordship," says he to the earl, who is not likely ever again to hold the reins of government, "+ professes your attachment to a well-ordered system of instruction, and you are desirous of facilitating its progress; but it is in vain that persons associate—vainly they subscribe—fruitless are all missions—worse than inconclusive the efforts of itinerant orators and preachers, so long as an exclusive system prevails. The religious enthusiasm which assails, will be met by a more than equal enthusiasm acting on the defensive; jealousy and distrust will be excited even by the exertions of benevolence; alarm will be felt where no danger exists; and suspicions will arise where no indirect attempt is intended. The wheat is rooted up with the tares, and every effort to improve the condition of the people is frustrated by the evil spirit of the penal code.

"Nor is this all,—your lordship becomes the founder of all the schools established on principles exclusively Catholic; the education monks, numeraries, and confraternities originate with you. Education, in place of removing the landmarks which separate sects, becomes, through your agency, the cause of new divisions; the lines are more strongly drawn, and are traced at a period which insures their duration through life; the associations of youth become arrayed against your country, its constitution, and religion. The Catholic learns, in youth, to consider your lordship as his bitterest enemy; your country, as continuing his oppression; its constitution, as excluding him from its blessings; and its religion, as the distinguishing badge of his oppressors.

"Again, let me entreat your lordship to consider the effects which education must produce, in teaching men to estimate the rights they claim, and the wrongs they suffer. Upwards of half a million of Roman Catholic children are now in a course of education; each of these will become fully instructed in the former history of his country, if your lordship does not teach him to forget the cruelties of the past, in the tardy justice which you may yet extend towards Ireland. The exclusion of a horde of savages might have been safe; but when wealth and intelligence become more diffused, it cannot be continued without danger, as well as injustice."

Nor can industry, Mr. Rice thinks, be promoted, whilst the evil disabilities of the people continue:

"Reasoners of all classes agree in wishing to encourage the production of
wealth and the investment of capital in Ireland. Whilst five-sixths of the people are prudent Englishman establish himself among us? If he agrees with your lordship, he must consider an Irish Papist as an unsafe neighbour; or, differing from you, he must admit that six millions of people have a just ground for discontent. In either case, the flow of English capital is checked; it may go to Mexico and Chili; to Poyais and to Greece; amongst half-recognized governments, or half-civilized nations; but you teach the enterprising speculator, that to Ireland he must not turn. Whilst you thus prevent a blending of interests which might cement and consolidate the union between the two islands, my Catholic countrymen are advancing in wealth; they are becoming our capitalists; they are the purchasers of lands; they are our principal merchants. This progress, which ought to lead to unmixed good, becomes, thanks to your lordship, a source of evil,—of evil, not indeed permanent, though active in its present operation. In proportion as the Roman Catholics advance in wealth, so much the more deeply will they feel their exclusion, and more bitterly resent it. Fiat experimentum in corpore vili, is the proverb; but it is no longer in corpore vili that the experiment is made: you may try your knife upon a dead subject, but it is dangerous to attempt a living dissection: the greater our wealth and industry, the more acute will be our discontent, the more angry our resistance. If your lordship is determined to persevere, you should endeavour to drive us back into the state from whence we have emerged; your policy would not then be more cruel towards us, and would become less dangerous as respecting yourself."

Reducing the question to what Paley subjected all questions of morals and policy, namely expediency, the advocates of exclusion will find themselves still less able to support their opposition. If ideal evils are to be apprehended from Emancipation, real and dangerous ones threaten the kingdom on the refusal of that measure. 

"Your lordship," says Mr. Rice, "dreads adding to the power of the Roman Catholics. I do not claim that, to them, as Roman Catholics, power should be granted. My claim for them is, as citizens of a free state, and not as members of a sect. Assuming, for argument, your lordship's principle, may it not be suggested, that exclusion furnishes more real and more dangerous power than could ever flow from Emancipation: the one, a power without the pale of the constitution, undefined, and acting upon passions and prejudices—the other, a power within constitutional limits, governed by known laws, and flowing through legitimate channels. View the actual state of affairs in Ireland, my lord! Look back, and profit by experience! What was the state of the Roman Catholics in 1800, and what is it at the present moment? At which period were they the more powerful, or, if you will, the more dangerous? They are now bound and consolidated in one mass, without dissentients or seceders; their increase of strength, in this interval of twenty-six years, can scarcely be expressed by any combination of numbers. By what has this strength been produced?—by concession or by refusal? Alas! the Catholics have known nothing of concession; your lordship's system has raised the dwarf into the giant. It is now your lot to struggle with a danger greater than any statesman could have anticipated; a danger which, if any statesman can contemplate without awe and dismay, it can only be from a lack of wisdom or an absence of feeling which I neither respect nor envy. This danger, and the tremendous power from which it springs, are of your lordship's creation: you are their parent,—shrink not from the deformity of your own offspring; you have placed the fulcrum under
the lever; you have given to the agitators that other world, from whence they can move this; you are the colleague and the confederate of those whose excesses I condemn, but do not wonder at, so much as at the delusion under which your lordship is acting.

"It may, however, be asked, whether these evils might not survive Emancipation, and the disposition and power still continue to produce calamitous consequences? I answer in the negative. Is it not inconsequential reasoning to suppose, whilst Catholic power has augmented from a repeated rejection of these claims, that an opposite cause, concession, should produce the same effect? The question may be answered by further and more forcible arguments. If Emancipation were conceded, would the nobility, who confer grace and dignity upon the cause, remain in a state of discontent and agitation? and does not the co-operation of that nobility add to Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, would the gentry, who might then claim rank in the legislature, continue their complaints? and are not those gentlemen a source of Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, and the offices of the law open to Catholic knowledge and ability, would the lawyers, the chief agitators, possess the same means or disposition to indulge their exciting eloquence? and do not these lawyers, both in Dublin and on their provincial missions, create and multiply Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, and the stigma obliterated, which the priests consider to be so cruelly affixed on their religious faith, would those priests stimulate to organized and combined effort! and does your lordship doubt that the Catholic clergy add to Catholic power! Withdraw, then, all these elements of discontent, and where will your lordship find the means of re-creating Catholic power? Is it among the peasantry?—No! the sting which now inflames every local grievance becomes innoxious. I am not so vain a political empiric as to suggest that, after Emancipation, much of evil and of suffering might not still subsist: but the danger would cease, and a foundation be laid for a new and a better order of things. So long as it can, with truth, be asserted, that the powers of the state are combined against the Roman Catholics, so long will the Catholics necessarily combine against the powers of the state. The exclusion is against the Roman Catholics as such; the discontent is therefore Catholic, the union Catholic, and the power Catholic. Their exclusion forms their power, and for both your lordship is deeply responsible."

Elsewhere he says:

"Warmly attached to Ireland, I am but the more warmly attached to British connexion. I consider it the source of all real strength, the security to all property, the only pledge of constitutional freedom. Law, justice, wealth, knowledge, morals, and religion, are all, with us, dependent on British connexion. England, 'in teaching,' as Milton says, 'the nations of the earth how to live,' has that duty to perform first and chiefly towards Ireland. This high prerogative is forfeited by the conduct of your lordship. The feeling which that conduct excites, is hatred; you teach us to look upon England as an oppressor. The measure of Emancipation, carried triumphantly so far as the votes of Irish peers and commoners are concerned, is rejected—and by what influence? By your lordship's influence in the House of Peers. The refusal is that of England; the demand being that of the Irish nation. The Union is naturally considered as

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having afforded the means of this refusal; and England and the Union are fast becoming words of reproach amongst us. But whilst Great Britain is thus considered in the light of a cruel parent, who refuses to a child his birth-right, third parties are not idle. There are, who express, though they may not feel, a sympathy for our misfortunes. There are, who affect to love us, because they deeply hate you. The eyes of foreigners are turned towards Ireland, and voices are raised as if real sympathy was felt for our afflictions. France tells us, that she detests the intolerance that excludes, and respects the public spirit that claims admission. America maintains the same language, prompted and made more inveterate by the suggestions of the exiled republicans of 1798.

Multi nos populi, multæ (ne temere quod ullo Praefirimus manibus vittas ac verba pacentia) Et petiere sibi, et voluere adjungere gentes.

"Your lordship's text to Ireland is, View in England your inveterate enemy—look abroad for your sympathizing friends. My lord, this is a dangerous lesson; and, if it acts upon hearts but too much disposed to receive the impression, its consequences may, at some future time, be not only seen, but felt. The manufactories of Pittsburgh may yet change angry discontent into armed resistance; and the steam-boats of Havre and Brest may prove dangerous visitants upon the Irish shores."

And Mr. Rice concludes his Letter with the following energetic appeal; which we hope will not be lost upon those in whose hands are now the destinies of the empire:

"I am fully aware that, from other quarters, your lordship may receive accounts of a different character; but let me entreat your lordship, as you value your reputation as a statesman, and as you seek to preserve the empire united, to press the persons who cry out 'No Surrender,' to declare their arrêe pensee. Is there one among them who conceives that the present state of things in Ireland can last? I do not believe there is. If a change is then to take place, force these men to explain their anticipations. Their course of remedial measures leads through insurrection, and a subjugation of the Roman Catholics to a re-enactment of the less odious parts of the penal code. I do not mean that they would venture to call for those laws at which human nature now recoils, but they would suggest a repeal of the privileges granted in 1793. This would never be endured—the very proposition would convulse the country—insurrection and massacre are the measures towards which your lordship is invited. Should you doubt the fact, I refer you to the somewhat too candid evidence given in 1825, by Messrs. Irwin, Vernier, and Waring. Granting to men of these opinions the unqualified use of the knife and cautery, do they conceive that, till Ireland becomes a solitude, they can secure their atrocious and abominable peace? No: if the struggle begins, it will be awful—it will be prolonged. It will not be an ordinary war, but a gloomy and determined resistance; the resistance of an omnipresent, though an almost invisible enemy. The military possession of all defensible posts may be yours, but your authority will not extend beyond your garrisons. No battles will be fought—no consolidated force will appear; but the social system will be destroyed—the rights of property will be overwhelmed; agriculture will decline, and commerce fly the land. This is the alternative which is presented to your lordship's acceptance; and, if you prefer it to Emancipation, doubled garrisons, an augmented debt, increased taxation, lavish waste of British blood and treasure, will, sooner or later, be the invariable consequences. Sir W. Petty computed that, in his time, the loss of human life, during eleven years of war, exceeded 600,000. At that period, the population of Ireland amounted to 1,466,000; it has now swelled to 7,000,000. The forces then employed in Ireland (80,000) were four times the military strength now stationed there, and their expenses reached the sum of £13,200,000. The destruction of property, in houses alone, is calculated to have exceeded £2,000,000; and the total loss, in wealth, to have amounted to £37,000,000. I shall not alarm your lordship, by calculating what might be the loss of lives and property, supposing similar events
to take place at present. My lord, Sir William Petty concludes his summary of this carnage by stating, 'For this blood somebody should answer to God and to the king;' do not let this awful responsibility rest with your lordship; avert, whilst there is yet time, these horrible calamities; secure the happiness of Ireland, by doing her people justice; secure the strength of Britain, by preserving the integrity of the empire. Yet a moment is given for reflection and for repentance: 'the night cometh, when no man can work.'"

With this extract we conclude. We could say much more, but those who could remain insensible to danger, and averse to justice after this, would not be convinced by the tongue of an angel from Heaven. Let not Englishmen deceive themselves by listening to those who have an interest in the misfortunes of their country, who represent the people as indifferent to the measure of emancipation, for the reverse is precisely the case.

THE POLITICIAN.—NO III.

DURING the last month we have had nothing but the overture to the—shall I call it farce? which is to be played within a week or two. The West India question is to be discussed; the Corn Laws are to be revised; and Emancipation is surely—for God knows it is time—to be granted. The last question I leave in the hands of the Editor, as peculiarly belonging to him; and respecting the other two, it is unnecessary to say much. The condition of the blacks will not be much meliorated; and the British helots will receive no relief from the proposed measure respecting the introduction of foreign corn. A duty will be imposed which leaves the price of the loaf where it is—far beyond what it ought to be, and what the poor artisan can badly afford to pay for it. Your landlords are the most impudent men in the world; for the very arguments by which they attempt to defend the Corn Laws, are precisely those which demonstrate their mischievousness. They tell us a free trade in corn would reduce the price of wheat something like one half—forgetting that, were their statement true, the impolicy of restrictions was proved; for what occasions distress among the manufacturing poor, but dear bread. Had we a cheap loaf, all the working people could find employment; they could work for lower wages; and thereby supersede, in many instances, the use of machinery: while the manufacturer could go into foreign markets without the dread of being undersold by continental competitors.

But the "great" are super-eminently wise; and so is Lord Lorton, who calls loudly for a new penal code. I suppose his lordship is a "saint," and, speaking of "saints," Lord and Lady Farnham are worthy of a better age. They are truly zealous: they go into the highways and byways, and compel the travellers to eat, in order that they may feast upon vulgar and spiritual food. Her ladyship's sermons we hope will shortly be published; and I am quite serious when I say that I have no doubt they would read as well as some of the cantiug balderdash in the "Irish Pulpit," the pious contributions of Murthough, O'Sullivan, and Co. Truly I should wish to be an auditor in the great hall of Farnham House, when this evangelical lady addresses the new converts—the pipers, tinkers, pedlars, and
the other lazaroni of Cavan. I wonder does her ladyship display much action? No doubt, she adopts her language to the capacity of her auditors, and speaks of heavenly love and the new Jerusalem.

In the meantime, Lord Farnham has published a religious manifesto; which I have not seen: but his lordship may be assured that it will render his name immortal; for it has drawn forth the following eloquent reply:

"My Lord.—A speech, reported to have been lately delivered by your Lordship on the occasion of your establishing 'A Cavan Association for promoting the Reformation,' has just reached me. I pass by the local, and personal, and religious portions of that speech. Those portions of it which may be called local, and which treat of conversions lately wrought in your neighbourhood, are even now sufficiently elucidated by the letters and other documents published this day in The Dublin Weekly Register—documents of which I hope to see the substance embodied in a petition, and presented to that House of Parliament, of which, owing to the distracted state of Ireland, your Lordship is a member. The personal attacks made in that speech on the Catholic Prelates, who lately disturbed the order of proceedings in Kilmore diocese, will, no doubt be warmly repelled, by 'Him of Maronia,' as one of those Prelates is styled by your Honourable Relative. The Religious Essays in which your Lordship has indulged, may, and probably will employ the pen of some caustic polemic. I shall, therefore, take to my account only that portion of your speech which is purely political, and discuss it with that gravity and freedom due to the deliberate opinions of a distinguished leader of a party.

"Your Lordship's political opinions, when disengaged from extraneous matters and superfluous words, are these:—First, that the claims of the Irish Catholics must be conceded, if they continue in their present strength of numbers. Secondly, that if these claims be conceded, the Church Establishment must fall. Thirdly, that a consequence, not remote, of such concession would be, the separation of the two islands one from the other.

"Let us examine each of these propositions separately, before we notice that preventive of evil, 'The Cavan Association for promoting the Reformation,' just instituted by your Lordship.

"First,—'The claims of the Irish Catholics must be conceded, if they continue in their present strength of numbers.' The truth of this proposition is undeniable. It arises from causes over which even Parliament, though said to be omnipotent, has but little control. Grattan once said, it was as easy to stop the movement of the sun, as to impede the progress of that other sun—reason and justice—which had arisen to liberalize the Protestant and liberate the Catholic. The cause of the Irish Catholics has now progressed so far—it is carried onwards by such a force, external and internal, foreign and domestic, that, to arrest it, would be as much beyond the power of any body of men, as it would be beyond the power of your Lordship to stem the cataract of Niagara. The Catholic cause cannot be defeated in this empire; for now that its merits are known, it is aided by the genius of the Constitution, the spirit of the British Law, the immense power of Literature and Commerce—may, as bearing on the security and value of property, it has allied itself with the most influential part of the community, whilst it has only to combat with coarse and vulgar prejudices—with an establishment useless, burdensome, and corrupt—and with a pride and selfishness which every occurring death diminishes. This cause, then, must, beyond doubt, prevail, if public opinion be the supreme regulator in this empire—and the anticipations or apprehensions of your Lordship will be verified within a short space of time, if the Catholics continue temperate, firm, and united. In forming this judgment on the proposition deduced from your Lordship's speech, I have left out of calculation those events which might cause the passing an Emancipation Bill, as abruptly as an Order in Council has been sometimes issued.

"Your second opinion, or prediction, is substantially this, 'that if the Catholic claims be conceded, the Church Establishment must fall.'
"Were a Catholic to speak as freely on this subject as you have done, when treating of the Irish Catholic Prelacy, he might wring the heart of persons very dear to you—he might even gratify those feelings of his own, which it is the duty of every wise man, at all times, to repress. But it is not permitted 'to return railing for railing,' nor even at all times to defend justly those who are unjustly injured. When indignation burns within the breast of an Irish Catholic, he should endeavour to humble himself under the powerful hand of God, and say with the heroic and patient Maccabees, when enduring indignities, and offering up his life before a sacrilegious tyrant, for the divine religion which he professed, 'We, indeed, suffer these things on account of our sins, but you will not escape the judgment of God.'

"But to our purpose. The Church Establishment will fall if the claims of the Catholics be conceded.

"I think the Church Establishment must fall sooner or later; its merits in Ireland are too well known—it has been brought to the light, and its works being such as do not bear the light, it will, it must suffer loss as soon as an impartial judgment can be passed upon it. Clamour, bigotry, enthusiasm, and a spirit of selfishness, constitute its present chief support. It derives no aid from reason, justice, or public utility. Its old connexion with the Crown, and that wise avarice to experimental innovation which characterises every wise government, unite to defend it; but, if the passions of the people were calmed, some man with the spirit and power of Burke, who arranged that chaos 'the Civil List,' and purified, without injuring them, the revenues and prerogatives of the Crown itself—some such man would arise and free the nation from the reproach of the Irish Temporal Establishment; he would relieve religion from an incubus, and the land of the country, with its proprietors and cultivators, from an intolerable pressure. The concession of the Catholic claims would hasten this desirable result, not by any revolutionary movement, as your lordship seems to apprehend, but by removing an immense barrier, which the agitation of those claims now opposes to the progress of reason and justice, and by uniting all classes of Irishmen in labouring to renovate their country, and to restore her, divided and almost lifeless as she is, to a state of health and vigour. Can your Lordship, laying your hand on your breast, appeal to your conscience or honour, and then say, that the Irish Church Establishment requires no reform? It is impossible that you could, my Lord; because it is monstrous to think that an annual income, amounting to several millions sterling, being appropriated, in such a country as Ireland, to the maintenance of the pastors of less than one thirtieth part of the population—laying aside all notice of the laws by which this revenue is protected and collected—their partial nature, the mode of administering them, and the character of the agents by whom they are executed. The English people are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted with the nature or viciousness of this establishment. We, in Ireland, have been accustomed to view it from our infancy, and when men gaze for a considerable time at the most hideous monster, they can view it with diminished horror; but a man of reflection, living in Ireland, and coolly observing the workings of the Church Establishment, would seek for some likeness to it only amongst the priests of Juggernaut, who sacrifice the poor naked human victims to their impure and detestable idols.

"It does not appear, my Lord, to be either just or useful to preserve the Irish Establishment by oppressing the Irish people, or to embarrass the empire, extinguish peace, and prepare the way for appalling evils, by withholding rights, the concession of which might be the occasion, but not the cause, of correcting abuses, of which every honest man's conscience must disapprove.

"If, therefore, the Reformation of the Church Establishment were even a necessary consequence of the concession of the Catholic claims, those claims ought, not, on that account, to be withheld—and your Lordship would, in my opinion, act much more wisely, by inviting

'Tories and contending Whigs'

to settle the great national question which troubles the public repose, and agitates the empire, than you do by calling on them to enter with you upon what a little more experience will show you to be a perfectly useless crusade against the
religion of the Irish people. "Fruitless," I mean, of such conversions as you contemplate, but probably fruitful in results far and widely different from those which you would have the public to believe you expect.

"Tis true, my Lord, that I find it extremely difficult to give you credit for sincerity, when you appear in the same ranks with such men as Mr. Pope and Mr. Gordon, and express an opinion, that the Church of Ireland, purified by so much persecution, can be moved by the fulsome declamation of itinerant enthusiasts. Your Lordship, indeed, whilst you wish to convey this impression to others, and thereby excite that movement in Ireland, which you are well satisfied would aid the efforts of your party, seek to guard your character by confining your prediction to some thousands of converts. But admitting that all you anticipate may occur—and I am convinced from what I know, and see, and touch, that the reverse will happen—are you, my Lord, prepared to increase the public danger—to risk the public safety, and that for an indefinite time, whilst all the passions of an ardent people are to be excited to a state of phrensy? Is your Lordship prepared to brave all this, that some thousands of the vilest rabble may be added to the numbers of the Protestant Church? When this supposed addition of some thousands, taken from between six and seven millions of Catholics, will have been made to the, at present, small number of Protestants, what approach will your country, which should be more dear to you than life, have made to a state of peace or improvement? Will the expected change in the relative proportion of numbers diminish the disposition, should it exist, of both parties measuring their strength one with the other? Will it restore confidence, promote harmony, increase wealth, augment the revenue, or bind the people in affection to the throne? Will it render us less a by-word to the nations, fit objects for contempt, or scorn, "to point its slow and moving finger at." Should England listen to the invitation of your Lordship, and a portion of her people join you in a religious crusade against your countrymen, can she lift her head among the states of Europe, or not rather seek an alliance with the Cham of Tartary, than with any Christian nation of the present age? If her treatment of Ireland, already subjects her people, when abroad, to insult, her ministers to taunting retorts, and her government itself to much vexation and embarrassment, how will she feel, when her Catholic subjects will be compelled to invoke the sympathies of mankind, to quit their country and their homes, and seek for liberty of conscience in distant climes?

"But, my Lord, when your crusade awakes, and it has already awakened, the polemic energies of the Catholic Church in Ireland—when her ministers undertake to expose the nakedness of Protestantism, to discuss her titles, to analyse her history, and what they call her errors and her crimes—when these men paint in that language which religious zeal alone inspires, the great apostacy (as they consider it) of the sixteenth century, and warn men from that gulf of infidelity into which the swarms of Protestant sects are precipitating themselves, does your lordship suppose that such appeals, proceeding from the priesthood of the people, will be fruitless? If I can judge from an experiment which, from my own knowledge, has been already tried upon a small scale, and within a narrow circle, I would suppose that the Catholic Church will become doubly secure in Ireland, and that some thousands of the few Protestants which your church now numbers, will pass over to her rival. Many Catholics, be assured, my lord, anticipate, and not without cause, that a number of those trees which, as they say, are now twice dead, will be enlivened and take root again, that many wandering stars, which now travel unrestrained by any law, will be fixed again in their orbit—that great numbers of men, who are now tossed about by every wind of doctrine, will come to bend in the temples and adore before the altars which their fathers deserted. Your lordship may be prepared to find that the Catholics are ready for the conflict; and though they will have to contend against fearful odds—the wealth, the power, the influence of this world—yet, will they gird their loins for the combat, and will inflict upon the legal creed many a deadly blow. I doubt, therefore, whether the public, or even the church, will be satisfied with the responsibility of your lordship, as to the consequences which may result from your projected crusade. But the apprehended danger of the church establishment is not the most fearful consequence which appears to your lordship as likely to result from the concession of the Catholic claims. You predict that
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such concession would lead, at no remote period, to a separation of this country from Great Britain. If Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan had concurred earnestly with Mr. Flood, at the time the Irish Convention first met in Dublin, this separation would have been then attempted. And by whom, permit me to inquire of your lordship?—Not by Catholics, but by men who would not give to them any of those rights of citizenship which were shortly afterwards conceded to them at the instance of the crown. When a jealousy of British influence, or a dislike to the connexion, produced, at a subsequent period, the league of United Irishmen, whose avowed object was separation—who were its framers, its propagators, its supporters?—They were not Catholics—the Catholics were only its victims. When this country, its laws and privileges, and its distinct national existence, were afterwards brought to market and made matter of traffic, who were they, who, swayed by a thirst of gold, sold their conscience and their country? Were they Catholics?—No; the Catholics were even forced to take refuge under the shadow of the throne, from the bigotry of men, who, rather than confide in their own flesh and blood, gave their country to the winds of Heaven, and concurred in the last act of legal power which instituted an inquisition into the testimonies of the dead. Were the Catholics the first to raise their voices against the Act of Union—the repeal of which is deemed by all a necessary antecedent to any attempt at separation? No; the first and loudest cry raised against the Union proceeded from that body without a heart or soul—the Dublin Corporation—which has no god but its belly—no country but its impost, and no conscience but the spirit of exaction. Why, then, does your lordship suffer your patriotism to take a wrong direction, and lend the influence of your name to be employed in supporting a party which has no country—no conscience—no regard for the safety or happiness of their fellow men? Why are you blind to, or affect to be blind to, the loyalty of the Catholics, so long maintained—to their fidelity so often tried—to their love of country so often proved? And why do you prefer to them a dishonest party, whose vices are unredeemed by any virtue? The question for an Irish patriot to consider is—first, would separation from England be practicable if the Catholics were emancipated? Next,—would it be useful if it were practicable? If the present balance of power in Europe can be maintained, every attempt to separate these islands would be abortive; and, until a revolution more extensive and violent than that which has lately terminated, shall again pervade this hemisphere, every Irishman of sound views will labour to cement the existing union. If the Catholics, therefore, were emancipated, and Ireland governed justly, there is no portion of her inhabitants would labour more zealously, or with fairer views for the prosperity of the united kingdom, than these Catholics. Supposing, again, that the present European system continued, and that the Catholics were emancipated, and enabled, in conjunction with other denominations of Irishmen, to attempt a separation, would it be useful to Ireland that it were effected? No; certainly—for if Ireland were truly identified with England, she would have more power, more commerce, internal and external—more glory, wealth, and fame, than she could expect in any new situation wherein she could be placed. Her interests, then, manifestly, are in union with her duty; and though some ardent and speculative spirit may speak or declaim of separation and independence, they will never be enabled to arouse the people to a state of war against the government, nor will they gain over to them the reflecting part of the community. This, however, is said, on the supposition that the just claims of the Catholics are conceded, and the country governed, not by compromise, indecision, and petty intrigue, but by a just, and frank, and straightforward policy.

"We have seen that side of the picture—now let us look at this.

"Your lordship fears separation if the Catholic claims be conceded. Has your lordship no fear if they be withheld? In reasoning on this hypothesis, I do not take into calculation the increased irritation, heart-burnings, hatred, and dissatisfaction, which your new crusade will produce, and produce, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. No; I argue only on the data already before us of the existing state of things. The peace of Europe is, confessedly, in jeopardy. Austria, though silent, holds the balance in her hands: even she could be forced into action, if France, Russia, and the United States, cordially coalesced. We all
know the temper of this last-mentioned power, and how eagerly she desires the dismemberment of our western empire. Every person of knowledge feels how much she would be prompted to attempt it before the states of South America are enabled to become her rivals, and ally themselves with us to curb her power. We also know of their views on Ireland, and how many of our exiled countrymen burn beyond the Atlantic with a spirit of revenge. Let us turn to Russia. What stands between her and the occupation of Constantinople, but England? Austria alone could not oppose her. Moreover, Austria could be secured and indemnified, as it were, for the acquisition of power by her neighbour. Russia is impelled by her geographical position, and the genius of Peter and Catherine, to desire our humiliation. France is said to be our natural enemy. We have raised up a barrier to her ambition in the Netherlands; but a barrier which a campaign of three months would pull down. We have given to her Spain—a country with resources but little known, and placed her, by our Irish policy, at the head of all the Catholic—call it, if you will—bigotry which is found in Europe. And will not the state of Ireland, my lord, urge her, and urge the other states which I have mentioned, to calculate whether the power and even name of the British empire, may not now be taken away? May not France and Russia and the United States deliberate on the separation of those islands—the dismemberment of our empire—and the eternal humiliation of the haughty mistress of the sea? Alas! my lord, we seem to confide too much in our own power, to estimate other nations too lowly; to look too superciliously on our own people—the nerves of our body politic. We are still intoxicated with the recollection of our late victories; we forget our debt—our currency—our manufactures—our discontented people.

"Our domestic feuds and jealousies contract our views, distract our thoughts, embitter our feelings; they drive our peers back to the thirteenth century, and cause them to deliberate, at a time of the utmost difficulty, if not of peril, about undertaking a religious crusade.

"I would say, my lord, to you—every Catholic should say it to every Protestant—every Liberator should say it to every Orangeman—every priest to every parson, InGaumus dexteris: let us unite our right hands: let us rally round the throne; and, inviting our sovereign to govern us by just and equal laws, enable him to exclaim, in defiance, before the face of all the world, the words of Christian fortitude engraved on his crest—Dieu et mon droit.

"I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s faithful and obedient servant,

J. K. L."

Every body knows that J. K. L. are the episcopal initials of the Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: but, even were there no signature, we could not mistake this vigorous and luting production for any other than Dr. Doyle’s pen.

Shiel’s trial, it appears, is postponed to some day in April, and in all probability will never come on. The Irish government cannot be so silly as to imagine that the aspirations of seven million of high-minded men can be kept down by state prosecutions.

Cobbett has at length been treated as he deserved—kicked out of the Catholic Association: it is only surprising that he was endured so long."

The Earl of Liverpool, prime minister, is politically dead. Who shall succeed him? Verily I know not.

O’S. B.

* Our two friends, O’Sullivan Bear and Frank Fegan, take a different view of Cobbett’s expulsion from the Association. We shall, in all probability, have a few words to say in our next, why we are inclined to concur in the opinion of O’Sullivan, in preference to that of Fegan.—Ed.
ERRONEOUS OPINIONS ENTERTAINED BY ENGLISHMEN ON IRISH AFFAIRS.*

It is not easy, at a moment like this, to bring a calm mind to the dispassionate consideration of those momentous questions, in which are involved the welfare of the empire, and the happiness and freedom of an ill-used and outraged people. The new Parliament has given a practical proof of the disregard in which justice, wisdom, and policy, are held by the majority of the national representatives. They have remained inaccessible to the progress of right thinking, and, in defiance of the warning voice of history—the eloquence of the purest and wisest statesmen of this and past ages, they have offered a grave legislative insult to one-third of his majesty's subjects;—they have said to an irritated, oppressed, and sanguine people, "You have nothing to hope for but events that may paralyse and render impotent the faction, and the men, and the laws, that now perpetrate the miseries that madden you into desperation." Unlike Festus, who promised to listen to his suppliant at a more convenient time, though that time never came, the Imperial Parliament holds out no hope whatever that the Catholics may ever find redress. It will not grant their prayer;—it has decided, that there is no necessity of inquiring into the truth of their allegations;—it has shut the door of the constitution in their face.

Nations resemble individuals in more features than one,—the greatest egotists are least deserving. England, we are told, is the eighth wonder of the world; and this has been repeated so often, that it has become, not only an article of the popular creed, but has received cedence on the continent; yet few people endure more prac-


Practical Views of the Principles and Conduct of the Catholic Clergy and Laity of Ireland, &c. By Eneas Macdonnell, Agent to the Catholics of Ireland. London: Ridgway, 1827.
tical tyranny than those of England; few nations, in Europe, are less enlightened on those questions in which are involved the happiness of mankind. Our game laws—our criminal code, are worthy of the most despotic kingdom of feudal times; but our intolerance is all our own. Spain and Portugal are exclusive; but even there—in no country, do we find one-third of the people persecuted for opinion; and what are civil disabilities, on account of religion, but the worst—the most intolerable of persecutions? In vain the whole intelligence of the country advocates liberal sentiments—the just principles of civil equality; they are opposed—they are overwhelmed by Vandal numbers, marshalled and tutored by the ministers of a church which designates itself "Reformed," and which is, we are perpetually reminded, the friend—the only one among Christians, of civil liberty and popular rights; like Beza, it protests against the imputed intolerance of the church of Rome, and tacitly—more than tacitly, advocates persecution for conscience sake. It is in vain for Protestants to deny this doctrine—to rebute this charge, while Catholics are excluded from their just rights—their proper and natural station in the country, merely because they are Catholics,—because they will not swear that their religion is damnable and idolatrous.

The late decision on the Catholic question has, we confess, filled us with melancholy, but not with despair. It was not possible to avoid being chagrined, at seeing reason, justice, and eloquence, defeated in the most—it is supposed—enlightened assembly in the world, by prejudice, bigotry, and ignorance; it was humiliating to those, who, like us, proclaim the omnipotence of mind—of intellect, to see the cause which Canning advocated, and which Brougham and Plunkett defended, defeated by the no-arguments—the special pleading, of the Master of the Rolls, by the mere verbal assertions of Peel, and the frothy declamation of his brother-in-law, the Callistratus of Derry. But the truth is, argument or eloquence had nothing to do with the vote of the Commons;—the question had been pre-judged;—the members were pre-determined. Bigotry and ignorance, and the legislative Vandals, triumphed; but was their victory complete? Does it not carry with it a conviction that emancipation must and will be granted—in time, it is hoped, to avert the consequence which might flow from an insulting denial? Every thing persuades us that there is no cause to despair—nothing to damp the expectations of a speedy redress. The intellect of the country is on the side of liberality—its brightness is no longer a fitful coruscation, but a steady body of mental brightness, consuming those whom it cannot enlighten. Those who would despair of its ultimate triumph, have attended to the facts of history with but little industry. "In 1780," says the eloquent and forcible author of the Letter to Viscount Milton, "Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason, for the extravagance of his Protestantism.—1801, Mr. Pitt, in all the plenitude of his power, was unable to make good the undertakings by which he had brought about the Union.—In 1807, an administration was driven from office, because they had the courage to act with spirit and unanimity on this question. During this whole period there has been a party in the state stronger than the government, by the influence of which all concession has been negatived; and, as long as the people emulated this section in their opposition, your lordship's party could only entrench
yourselves in the great truths of which you had the keeping; in expectation of better times. Those better times are, I think, now come. The great towns have ceased to be inflammatory on this question; and, out of thirteen cabinet ministers, seven are against, and six in favour of the claims. The 'graduates of the hustings' will find their spell broken; and I think the day is not far distant, when it will be considered as absurd to call out 'No Popery,' as it was comfortable last June to hear 'No History' given for an accompaniment. Still, however, the majority of the government perseveres in the continuation of the disabilities, and the government patronage is disposed of, and the state machinery employed, with reference to exclusion. How far the liberal Tories should have come into these measures, and have converted their activity against the Catholics into nothing better than a speaking and voting alliance in their favour, is a question I will not discuss. Much may be said on both sides. Though a more inexorable course might have brought on an earlier crisis, the thanks of the empire are due to them, for having so far disentangled themselves from the old system.

"The feature, however, that you have the most reason to rejoice at is, that the popular change is even greater than the ministerial desertion is epidemic upon the enemy. His best troops are mutinous. Wherever there is a love of liberty, however nascent—wherever there is strong English sense, however Oxfordized—if that man is under forty, the 'No Popery' offices will not insure him. He is sent into the House of Commons with the memory of Dr. Duigenan for his model, and the exhortations of a few constituents to be 'very Protestant.' For a session, perhaps, like Caesar's wife he is beyond suspicion; the talisman has nearly all its power; the committee have more than half their influence, when, in an evil hour, Mr. Canning speaks. This leads him to suspect, that others may understand the world as well as his own Gamaliels. Then he hears Mr. Brougham; and, somehow or other, this makes him think, that there may be sense out of an ascendancy club; till, getting on from worse to worse, not merely moving, but leaping into heresies, the monstrous idea occurs, that Lords Eldon and Liverpool do not monopolize all modern wisdom, but have left a little for Mr. Plunkett and Lord Lansdown. So he becomes a convert. The genius of his country's cause has appeared to him unobscured, and without a veil. He forgets his pledges to oppress—he gives up his sureties to be intolerant; and may the cause of Ireland and of England ever thus see her ranks recruited by the triumphs of the understanding—not tempting, but convincing—not calling for their blind support, but making itself worthy of being supported.

"I do not exaggerate when I say, that nearly every instance of a change has been from them to us; indeed, I know of no instances to the contrary, except where reward has been so close a consequence on conversion, as to leave doubts how far the tongue is an index to the mind. It has been proved too; that, in the House of Lords, the support of the Catholics varies universally with the age of the peers. The old are, to a man, almost against it—the middle-aged more equally divided, but among the young our strength lies. All this tends to show the wonderful change that has taken place in the public
mind. Twenty years ago, on the early discussion of the subject, almost all, but strong thinkers and a few party men, were in the negative. The long existence of disabilities had connected the idea of civil tyranny and Catholicism; from long habit, exclusion was considered part and parcel of our system, and those only who thought afresh perceived the fallacy. The constitution of England is free, and in its spirit breathes only freedom. The disabilities originated under a particular pressure of events, and are an exception to the spirit of our system; yet, as many persons are more enamoured of deformities than beauty, so there are not wanting those who take the exception for the rule, and, unworthy of our freedom, cling to our intolerance wherever they can find it. But as soon as this conjunction of ideas was found to be more nominal than real,—when the master spirits of the day had pioneered away prejudices, and opened afresh the avenues of thought, then the world began to contemplate the disabilities, not with the eyes of men contemporaneous with the causes, but with modern feelings. There was a great deal to be unlearnt: the mists of prejudice had become so strong as scarcely to be seen through; we had got so accustomed to live in cobwebs, as to take alarm at their removal, and, like him of London to whom fogs are dear, we enjoyed and did not quarrel with our twilight. But thanks to truth, and to the able men who have discovered and developed it, a new order of things has arisen, and if the object still remains only in the distance, without our having yet attained it, the greatest point is gained; for we have cleared away obstructions, we have macadamized the road, and our course is now as simple and as irrepressible as the descent of a river is to the sea.”

The proceedings of the no-popery faction during the last twelve months justify these consolatory conclusions. Instead of meeting the people in public,—instead of openly avowing their hostility, they, the getters-up of petitions, have had recourse to intrigue, to deception, to hole-and-corner conclaves. We do not recollect a single meeting in public convened for this purpose;—the parsons knew it would not be endured;—they knew, at least, that it would be interrupted;—they knew that John Bull’s good sense, and manly independence, would defeat their interested machinations, if he were afforded the opportunity, and accordingly they resorted to trick;—they deceived the legislature by the multiplicity of petitions: but to these there was, indeed, a paucity of signatures—there was, after all, a beggarly account of intolertants. For once, however, the invincible scheme has succeeded—a mighty show of opposition was deceitfully got up—but will this do at another time? Will not their weakness be seen through? And then what is to shield them from public contempt—from public indignation? In Ireland the same drama was played by the Orangemen; and Lord Farnham, the new apostle of Paddy’s land, did not think his dignity compromised by practising the lesson taught him by the veriest bigots in the community: he sent forward a petition as the petition of some place—one of his three-cornered fields, we believe—and, prob pudor! attached to it the signature of “Farnham!”

That this “weak invention of the enemy” betrays the progress of one cause, and the rapid decline of the other, is, we think, too ob-
Erroneous Opinions entertained on Irish Affairs.

Two years ago, on commencing our labours, we besought the people of Ireland to forego their common topic—Irish misery; we called upon them to take a more manly attitude—to cease supplying their enemies with invectives against their country, and arguments against their claims, and not to be deceiving themselves and misinforming foreigners. We told them that the evil which goaded them to madness was a want of civil rights; and that, though suffering under many grievances, they were not a whit more miserable or distressed than the other nations of Europe. Knowing that this doctrine was in direct opposition to received notions— to popular prejudices, we adduced our arguments—we advanced our facts. We did more: we laid before our readers the condition of the peasantry in every state of Europe, and demonstrated the truth of our allegations. We have been, we admit, but partially successful; the Catholic leaders drew arguments and facts* from our pages, but they profited little on this most important point: they continued to exaggerate the miseries of Ireland, and to defeat the very object for which they were so sincerely and so earnestly contending—they were furnishing their enemies with very potent reasons for denying the beneficent tendency of Catholic emancipation. From these statements, so erroneously made, proceed that baleful indifference in England to Emancipation, and that unhappy success which the exclusionists have so recently obtained.

"The evils," says the Courier, "which afflict the sister kingdom, spring not from a want of Catholic emancipation. To improve her condition she must be lifted from poverty and ignorance, and these can only be secured (he means removed) by repressing that tendency to outrage which forbids the capitalist to venture on Irish ground, and the annihilation of that frantic and brutal intolerance which rejects

* To which they were exceedingly welcome, though they did so without acknowledgment. A man's mind, being the produce of labour, is as much his property as the fields he cultivates; and, therefore, he should not be deprived of the fruits of either, without receiving an equivalent. This truth, we hope, will not be lost upon the conductors of the provincial press, no more than on some of our friends in the Catholic Association. Not long since, Mr. O'Connell defeated the Rev. Mr. Daly, by facts drawn from our pages, as was evident from the inaccuracy of his reference, and the letter which subsequently went the rounds of the newspapers, denying his statement.
even the benefits of proffered knowledge in connection with English or Protestant association."*

This is the opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred men in England; and this opinion is correct: and the conclusion which is drawn from it, unfavourable to the Catholic Claims, is natural, if the statements and opinions of the Catholics themselves, respecting the condition of the peasantry, and the causes to which they attribute that condition, be founded in fact!

It has been asserted in Scotland, repeated in England, echoed in Ireland from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, cheered in the Catholic Association, and solemnly averred in St. Stephen's, that there are two things, above all others, which Ireland wants—and which two things only can make her people tranquil and prosperous—namely, the introduction of capital, and the return of absent proprietors. In this the friends and enemies of emancipation are agreed—to the want of these two things all the grievances of Ireland are attributed. Considerable difference, however, continues to be entertained respecting the cause and the remedy. Some attribute the absence of landlords and capital to Catholic disabilities, while others maintain, and justly too, that the granting of emancipation would not occasion the return or introduction of either. The truth is, the dispute resembles the doubts of the Academicians in the reign of James I., who, in accordance with the wish of his majesty, were gravely deliberating on the subtle query, "Why are fish dead heavier than fish alive?" It never struck them that there was a necessity of ascertaining the truth of the premises—philosophy, and experiment, and reason, and argument, were exhausted before they bethought them of a pair of scales!

It never strikes the Catholics themselves—it never occurs to their advocates—it never is supposed by their opponents—that Ireland has more capital already than she knows how to make use of; and that, after all, absenteeism may not be quite so mischievous as is generally imagined.

Now we assert, without the fear of contradiction, that this is really the case; nay, more, that the forced introduction of capital, and the return of the absentees, would be the greatest misfortune that could befall the people of Ireland, with the single exception of the re-enactment of the penal laws.

We do not make this assertion hastily. We are prepared to prove—to demonstrate it; and we beg the reader will do us the justice to observe, that we use plain legitimate argument in defence of our proposition. Appeals to popular prejudice and national feeling, is the resort of empty declaimers; and some good men have misled themselves and others by having recourse to such a mode of advocating measures in themselves essentially mischievous, though considered for the moment, by the people, as identified with their rights and happiness.

Those who assert—and they are numerous—that capital is much wanted in Ireland, take two things for granted: first, that all the capital in Ireland is employed, and found inadequate; and, secondly,
that new capital could be employed advantageously, that is, with profit to the capitalist. Both these facts stand in need of proof; they are not founded in truth.

So far from all the capital in Ireland being employed, it is well known that it is being every day invested in the English funds. An intelligent merchant of Dublin, not many months since, asserted, at a public meeting—and he was not contradicted—that within his knowledge SEVERAL MILLIONS of Irish capital have been so disposed of, during the two last years! But there is not a less conclusive method of negativing the question: wherever capital is deficient, there are large profits; are profits greater in Ireland than in England? Every one who knows any thing of commerce is prepared to answer "No." Consequently, there is as much capital in Ireland as can be employed; while there is no great inducement for an English capitalist to speculate on the other side of the channel. The whole error lies in the popular notion, that operatives are paid worse in Ireland than in England; the reverse is the case:* and none but operatives, comparatively speaking, are useful to a manufacturer. The weavers of Lancashire are certainly paid as low wages as Irish weavers possibly could subsist upon; and, what is of great importance, in this consideration—there are thousands of operatives in England who are eager to work at starving prices, and cannot procure employment. And this has been the case, with the exception of short intervals, for the last fourteen years.

This melancholy fact proves two things: first, that the English capitalists have no pecuniary inducement to transfer their manufactures to Ireland; and, secondly, that the existence of capital—superabundant capital—does not, per se, secure ample employment for the people.

We have heard, until our ears have ached with listening, about the anxiety felt by merchants, by the diurnal visitors to the Royal Exchange, for the success of the Catholic question; nay, some have sworn to the fact, while an argument, constantly in the mouth of the advocates of emancipation is, that the disturbed state of the country prevents the influx of English money. But all this is extremely silly; it is worse than childishness. The merchants of Change Alley do not allow the phantom of Ireland, or the ghost of the Catholic Association, to haunt their slumbers; they have other dreams—golden ones—and it would be doing injustice to their speculative chivalry to suppose, that they have been deterred by Captain Rock, when they have not shrunk from the Turk in the Morea, nor from the Spaniard in Peru. Their millions have been sent to Greece and South America, though both these countries were, at the moment, a prey to civil war. Is it rational, then, to suppose that occasional outrages in Munster have prevented them from making commercial experiments in Ireland? The plain truth of the matter is, there was not, in Ireland, even a chance of high profits. The English merchants know full well that property is as secure in Ireland as in any other country; they give a practical proof of this belief by their confidence in Irish merchants and traders. Did capital yield a profit of three per cent.

* See the evidence of Anglo-Irish manufacturers, in the Report of the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry.
more in Kilkenny than in Manchester, you would have half the manufactories of Lancashire crossing the channel before this day twelve-months, even though emancipation were not granted.

But would the introduction of ten or twenty millions of capital serve Ireland in her present circumstances? In what way could it be employed? In the production of manufactures? Impossible. Men will not employ their money unless with a view of reaping a profit; and there are now more goods produced than can find a market—than yield a reasonable rate of interest for the sums expended on them. Vent, and not capital, is wanted. Resident manufacturers have, at this moment, more money than they can profitably employ. Monopolists could not create a market—they would not enable the people to consume. What, then, could be done with the suddenly imported wealth? Would it be invested in agriculture?—and, if so, would it create employment? Would it not, in fact, increase the number of the unemployed? Would it not add to existing distress?

A sudden influx of wealth has ever proved destructive of the interest and happiness of the poor. We have shown the when and where in a former article;* and to prove, in the present case, that it would be the destruction of the Irish peasantry, it is only necessary to observe two things: first, that existing distress is found in the greatest abundance in towns; and, secondly, that the man who has got a bit of ground is, comparatively, happy and independent. He is at least better off than the man who has got none.

Now, in case of a sudden accession to the capital of Ireland, a large portion, if not the whole, of the amount of the increase, would run into agricultural channels; it could not be otherwise employed: and it is well known that capital is generally applied to land on a large scale, and this, in the present instance, would unquestionably be the case. What would be the consequence? Farms would be consolidated and amplified. The peasantry would be driven into towns to increase the too extensive misery; and the market for labour would be overstocked; for the domain which, in the hands of poor men, would feed and employ three hundred persons, would afford subsistence to not more than twenty. In spite of expenditure on improvements, and the introduction of new systems, this would undoubtedly be the case. Would this English or Scottish plan promote national happiness? View its effects where it has been in practice.

The sudden introduction of capital, therefore, into Ireland, could be of no utility—it would produce mischief. In fact, it is not wanted. No doubt the people are greatly distressed; are miserable: but distress and misery are not peculiar to Ireland, whatever well-meaning individuals may say; both exist now in England and Scotland, certainly not less severe or less deplorable. Consequently, distress in Ireland does not necessarily flow from the absence of those things—capital and landlords, to which mistaken men have attributed them.

In saying this, we trust no one will accuse us of a want of sensibility for the sufferings and privations of the Irish poor. It is because we wish to see these removed, that we have endeavoured to

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* Vide Vol. II. p. 433.
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disabuse them respecting the cause, in the hope that we shall thereby make the remedy more obvious.

We have argued this question of capital in reference to those narrow principles on which uninformed minds are in the habit of regarding it, without taking into consideration the intimate connexion and reciprocal interests which now subsist between all parts of the empire. The truth is, a single additional loom cannot be put to work in Lancashire without proving equally as beneficial to Ireland as to England.* Ignorant of this very obvious fact, the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews, and after them a host of talkers and scribblers, have loudly called for some provision against the immigration of Irish operatives. We should—though opposed to it on principle—have no objection to such an enactment, conscious that it could do neither good nor harm. In fact, it might be favourable to the Irish artisans; for they would then be quite sure of obtaining that employment at home, which they are now compelled, in some measure, to travel for. Let the Irish spinners and weavers do what they ought to do—work for somewhat less wages† at home than they do abroad, and they will not want work, if work is to be had in the empire.‡ Manufacturers in England look out for cheap methods of fabricating commodities, or, in other words, for augmenting their profits. For this purpose they encourage improvements in machinery, and for this purpose they send the cotton spun in Manchester to be woven in Belfast. If people would inquire a little into facts like these, they would be able to speak with more accuracy on international questions. English operatives, it is very true, are badly paid, and not half of them employed; but their case would not be a whit better if the revenue officers had orders to prohibit the landing of illicit Paddys on the quays of Liverpool, Holyhead, and Bristol. The miseries of the poor are owing neither to superabundant population, nor to the immigration of Irishmen; but solely and exclusively to that vile commercial code bequeathed us by the wisdom of our ancestors. Governments, in taking the interests of individuals under their protection, provided amply for long years of national suffering.

Having now shown that an accession to the capital of Ireland would do no good, and might do mischief, we proceed to notice the subject of absenteeism.

It is not necessary for us here to enter upon the debatable ground whether an Irish landlord, spending his income at Florence or Rome,§ does or does not injure the interests of his native country.

† The rate of wages at home may be too small. That, to be sure, is a lamentable case: but, still the relative prices of provisions would render it just as beneficial to the Irish operative to do that for ninepence in Ireland, for which he obtains one shilling in England. Marts, such as Mr. Home is endeavouring to establish in Dublin, and the diffusion of existing capital, would do more good to the Irish poor, than a thousand and one commercial laws, and millions of capital.
‡ See the evidence of Mr. Willan, and the other Irish manufacturers, before the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry.
§ There is twenty times more English than Irish money spent on the Continent. Ergo, if absenteeism be an evil, England suffers more from its effects than Ireland. But, the truth is, if it be an evil, both nations suffer alike.

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That is not the present question; but whether an Irish landlord, spending his income in Bath or London, is or is not contributing to the interests of his country equally as if he were a resident in Dublin, or on his hereditary domain; because, the fact is, nine-tenths of the Irish absentee reside in England. We have formerly proved the affirmative of this question,* and shall not now repeat our arguments. The reasoning was certainly of an abstract nature, and, therefore, the less satisfactory, though not the less true; a practical view of the subject will, however, lead to precisely the same conclusion.

It is agreed, on all hands, that three millions is the utmost amount spent by non-resident Irish proprietors. Let us suppose that, on an average, each absentee spends four thousand pounds; and this will give us two hundred and fifty, as the number of absentees. Suppose, then, that every one of these returned; that they spent the three millions at home which is now spent abroad; and supposing that nothing foreign was used which could be fabricated at home, and how many would the spending of this sum give constant employment to? Why, not to a thousand operatives, independent of domestic servants. A large portion of a gentleman’s income is, generally, spent in foreign luxuries. Wines, brandies, teas, sugars, and other palatable materials, in addition to the raw material used in articles of dress and furniture, would run away with at least two-thirds of their incomes; and, when we deduct for food, which is grown just as well in their absence, a very inconsiderable sum will remain, out of the annual three millions, to pay labourers. But, recollect, even this is but a supposition. A thousand additional operatives would not be employed in consequence of the return of the absentees! Would there be even a single dozen? We hardly think there would be a solitary one!

Much misconception exists on this head; people forget that the rapid intercourse between the two kingdoms now may be said to annihilate space, and that even the resident gentry of Ireland are now clothed in silks and stuffs—in cloths and cottons, for the most part manufactured in England! Would the absentees do otherwise? would they not still wear fine coats and shawls? would not their return be marked by a larger importation of English fancy articles? Unquestionably it would; for, to tell the truth, we have no dependence upon patriotism when opposed by interest and fashion. We are sorry for it, but facts force the conclusion upon us; and, in all conscience, we could not expect a greater love of country from lords and ladies than from Irish democrats and Irish tradesmen. God help the Irish public, they are sadly gulled, not intentionally, but through ignorance, by those who undertake, occasionally, to direct and advise them. There is not, in the whole thirty-two counties, a man who loves Ireland, in the abstract, better than our friend, Dick Ronayne, the radical premier of Cork. Yet, strange to say, this patriot, whose mind has grown plethoric from feeding on Cobbett’s erudition, is actually clothed from head to foot, with the exception of his shirt, in English manufacture! His ample posteriors are decently covered in kerseymere spun and wove in Yorkshire, and whoever saw

* See former series, Vol. 1. p. 267, also 374.
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him gesticulate, when addressing his fellow-subjects—no, no, his fellow-slaves, and did not recognise in his coat good west-country cloth. This may appear strange—but, stranger still, the whole dress was cut out and sewed by London tailors. In justice to a worthy tradesman, we must inform our Cork friends, who may admire the fashion of Dick's inexpressibles, that the fabricator is Mr. William Corbett, of 13, Macclesfield Street, Soho, Westminster!!

Now would any rational man expect more patriotism from an ancient dowager than from Dick Ronayne? What hope, therefore, that the return of absentee would promote Irish manufactures? But we are far from finding fault with Mr. Ronayne's taste. We say, again, that it matters nothing whether cloth is woven in England or Ireland,* under existing circumstances, for both have precisely the same market; but, should English journalists succeed in raising a cry against Irish immigration, then, perhaps, we shall turn another leaf.

We think it must be quite obvious from the foregoing facts, that there can be no rational expectation of national improvement from the return of the absentee; we are prepared to show, that such an event would aggravate the existing distress. But first let us examine one or two assertions constantly in the mouth of those in and out of parliament, who attribute all the evils of Ireland to the absence of her aristocracy, who are, at the same time, complimented with many fine expressive epithets.

First, they say, it would promote tranquillity among the peasantry, and, next, the improvement of their condition.* We deny the truth of both assertions; and we shall adduce facts to show, that they are erroneous. Disturbance has ever been most alarming and most constant in those places where resident gentry have been most numerous. This needs proofs; here they are, taken from the evidence of witnesses examined before the Select Committee on the Disturbed Districts, in 1824:

"Are there more resident gentry in Cork than in Tipperary? That is no clue at all to trace the disturbances, for the disturbances in Cork prevailed in the part that is most thickly inhabited by gentlemen; I judge of that by the number of magistrates I had attending at Mallow; it extended from thence to Limerick, and it raged about Doneraile and Mallow, and yet that part, I conceive, is as thickly inhabited with gentry as any other part.

"There have been no disturbances in the county of Cork for many years, till this latter one? No.

"Was not the part of the county of Cork that was the least inhabited by gentry the quietest? I conceive that the western part has been nearly quite tranquil.

"Did you ever see any part of Ireland in which there was a more numerous gentry than immediately about Doneraile, and the disturbed parts in that neighbourhood? No."—Evidence of Mr. Blacker, king's counsel, and administrator of the Insurrection Act.

"You are acquainted with the state of the south-western part of the county of Cork? I am, in some degree.

"What is the comparison you have instituted between the neighbourhood of Mallow and Doneraile, and the south-western part of the county of Cork, so far as relates to the residence of the gentry? I should say that there are more resident gentry immediately about Doneraile and Mallow, than there are in any part I can mention, of the district alluded to.

* To prevent misconception, we beg again to refer the reader to the article on the "Trade and Manufactures of Ireland."
"Are you aware, whether there have been many insurrectionary offences tried, or many special sessions held in the south-western baronies of the county of Cork? None, I believe; there was one held in Bandon, I think, which is not far from Cork, and which, by a division that has been lately made of the county, is included in that western district.

"In the vicinity of Doneraile, are not the houses of the gentry so near as half a mile, or a mile, to each other? They are."—Mr. Becher's (M. P.) Evidence.

"Is not the neighbourhood of Mallow, where there were most disturbances, remarkable for a large body of resident gentry, and of resident magistrates? Yes.

"The western baronies of the county of Cork are not particularly remarkable for the same circumstance? Not near so many.

"Are not the western parts of the county of Cork entirely without the assistance and advantage of any resident gentry? I do not know; but believe several gentlemen reside there."—Sergeant Lloyd's Evidence.

Respecting Limerick, we meet the following:

"Are you acquainted with the situation of the people in the neighbourhood of Kildimo? No.

"Have you had many cases under the Insurrection Act, from either that place or the vicinity? Several.

"Are you aware, that in the neighbourhood of Kildimo there are or are not a considerable number of resident gentry? I believe there are in the neighbourhood, or not very remote from it."—Counsellor Blackbourne's Evidence.

We come now to the county of Clare:

"Which of the two is most disturbed, the western baronies in which there are few resident gentry, or Tullagh or Bunratty, in which there are many? The most disturbed parts of Clare, latterly, has been Tullagh and Bunratty.

"In which do you conceive the population to be the greatest, in the western baronies, which are now peaceable, or in the baronies of Tullagh and Bunratty, which you conceive to be in a state of the greatest disturbance? I think there is more population in the west."—Major Warburton's Evidence.

This last fact compels us to step out of our record for a minute or two, to expose another erroneous opinion generally entertained respecting population and disturbance. The Emigration Committee and the Edinburgh Review attribute distress and rebellion in Ireland to superabundant population and poverty. Now, where the population is dense, there has seldom been disturbance; and, what's more, the very poor have never been foremost—have never been active in local insurrection. We shall explain the reason by and by; at present we shall adduce proofs, from the REPORT already quoted, of the truth of the preceding observations:

"Can you speak to the sentiments of the better and middle ranks of farmers in the county of Limerick, with respect to the continuance of the Insurrection Act? I cannot; if I were to form an opinion, I should say that several of them have felt an interest in those disturbances, and that their immunity from the payment of rent during the disturbances, was an advantage they felt they derived from them. I recollect particularly a case, in which a farmer of opulence had screened and protected two men charged with murder; and they were discovered under a bed upon which his wife and daughter were lying to conceal them. I recollect another instance, in which a farmer came forward, to prosecute a man upon a charge of delivering a threatening message; and the cross-examination of this man by the prisoner himself, went to show that the farmer brought forward the charge under a belief that the prisoner, who knew his secrets, would betray him, and bring him to justice for some insurrectionary offences, unless he was beforehand with him."—Counsellor Blackbourne's Evidence.

"In your personal experience of the administration of the Insurrection Act, have you found that the disturbances were confined to the lower orders, or did
they extend to another description above them; and, in case they did extend to another description above them, can you state what description of persons? I should think that the very lowest labouring class were not so active in it, as the small landholders.

"Are there many of that description in the county of Limerick? Yes.
"Of the description of farmers, as distinguished from the description of persons who hold land in very small quantities? I think there are various classes of them.
"Is there a large body of farmers holding from ten acres of land upwards? Yes, there are; I should say from twenty to fifty or seventy acres; I am sure there is a large body of people of that description."---Counsellor Blackburne's Evidence.

"Have, in any cases, those disturbances extended to the class of persons which are called landowners? I believe that landowners, and persons above all want, did at first lend their countenance to those disturbances, and that they had not any objection to pull down the upper classes; but that as soon as they discovered that their own fate was involved, they were anxious to retrace their steps.

"You do not consider the disturbances as confined to the lowest class of people? The disturbances would not have broken out among the better description, but having broken out amongst the lower class, the better description did not array themselves together to put them down.

"Have you known any person of respectability in any manner concerned in those disturbances? Not of the highest class; not of the class of gentry.

"Persons of great respectability? I have known persons who have been reputed to have property to the amount of 100l. and of 200l. a year.


And the same witness gives the following evidence respecting unlawful assemblies:

"An instance of such assemblies occurred in the neighbourhood of the city of Cork, where information happened to be given, in consequence of a keeper who was put upon some corn that had been distrained, receiving intelligence from a friend of his who was to be of an attacking party, to beg of him not to be in the way on a particular night, for that something would happen; and he was afterwards told by his friend, there would be an attack upon him that night; he gave information to the person who had distrained: the consequence was, that a magistrate went out with a party of military: knowing the place of rendezvous, they lay in wait, and succeeded in taking fourteen of the party; notwithstanding that, in another direction upon the same farm, whilst they were occupied in taking up those men that were coming, the keepers were attacked, severely wounded and beaten into a house; the result was, that the party took up fourteen of them; and it appeared on evidence at the trial, that a party amounting to fifty, or sixty, or seventy people, had, from all quarters, to the distance of seven, eight, or ten miles, come to that place of rendezvous; and after the fourteen men of this party had been taken up, carts and cars arrived for the purpose of carrying away all the corn; in that case, those fourteen men were prosecuted under the Insurrection Act for being out at night, and they were convicted; it turned out, on inquiry, that those men were really men, many of them of most excellent character in the country and situation in life, and mercy was extended to a great number of them; the only person who was not pardoned, was the person who was interested in bringing them together, the man whose corn was distrained."

In this, we have a complete case to the cause of local commotions. They all originate, not with the poor, but with their betters; and are the result of rustic combinations to keep down the price of land, and the amount of tithe. During the war, when prices were high, we had disturbances: and on the return of peace, when prices had fallen, we had disturbances also! The cause of each was different; the object was the same. In the first instance, it was to prevent the consolidation of farms; and, in the second, to prevent the tenant from being ejected.

We wonder how any man who ever travelled through the south,
though in a postchaise, could attribute local insurrections to the sufferings of the poor. The labouring population, it is true, generally joined in them; and why? Because a cruel—a vile administration of the laws has begot in the people a hereditary and powerful abhorrence to legal authorities; and this feeling disposes them, on all occasions, to unite readily in obstructing the administration of justice, and in aiding the progress of disaffection, however vague and undefined the plan may be. This may appear strong language: we shall therefore once more fortify ourselves behind authorities:

"Is there any general feeling of disgrace attached to a person having been convicted under the Insurrection Act?—I do not know whether I can answer that question precisely; but I know that those that are convicted under the Insurrection Act, do not feel themselves put upon a level with those persons who are convicted of offences of another kind, for which they receive the same punishment. Is there not the same distinction in other cases which have occurred on trials for insurrectionary offences, that the criminal does not feel himself to be equally guilty with other persons sentenced for other offences?—Certainly.

"You do not think that it is always thought disgraceful by the Irish peasants?—No, certainly; some of them, who are convicted, think themselves heroes and patriots."—Connseller Blacker's Evidence before the Select Committee.

Why do they consider themselves heroes and patriots? Is it not because the popular opinion among them is, that the laws are their enemy; and that, in resisting them, they act meritoriously? And while this notion, this feeling, continues, it is in vain to expect a peaceable submission to the constituted authorities,—a loyal attachment to the constitution. Capital or resident persons can effect nothing, until the government gives a practical and obvious proof of their willingness to promote the happiness of Ireland. The moment this is done, opinion undergoes a tacit and complete revolution. The moment Mr. O'Connell obtains a seat in St. Stephen's, the poorest peasant in the kingdom will feel that laws sanctioned by the presence of men identified with themselves in religious belief, and national liking, must be enacted for his benefit; and that it will be his duty, as well as his interest, to obey such statutes. Emancipation, therefore, is the one-thing needful; though it were followed by no alteration in the circumstances of the country: accompaniments might still tend to diffuse happiness; but, without the concession of the Catholic claims, no measures under heaven can prevent periodical returns of outrage, whenever circumstances superinduce them. Give the poor man confidence in the laws, and you secure the fidelity of the wealthy: at present, by persisting in estranging him from his duty, you commit him to the guidance of his own passions, and the domination of the designing and interested.

Could the residence of the whole of the Irish proprietors obviate the circumstances alluded to? If the gentry now resident, have excited nothing but loathing, hatred, and detestation,* what reason have

* The following extracts, from the Evidence before the Select Committee, before alluded to, will show in what estimation the resident landlords are held by their tenantry:—

"Have not the gentry of the country suffered much in consequence, by being obliged to remain in-doors after dark?—Certainly; some gentlemen's houses are
we to suppose that the return of absentees would beget good will, and respect, and reverence? Would they not, on the contrary, aggravate the causes to outrage—increase the number of the miserable? We have already taken the number of absentees at two hundred and fifty; and, supposing these to return, it is not probable that they would continue idle: they would betake themselves to some employment; they would turn actual agriculturists. Mountains and bogs would not answer them; they would set themselves down upon their own estates, upon the lands already cultivated by the peasantry. Two hundred and fifty farms would therefore be wanted; and, as the absentees have, necessarily, the means of practising improvements, and trying experiments, a small area would not answer for carrying on the operations of new systems of husbandry. Some, as in England, would occupy five thousand, some two thousand acres; but take them on an average of one thousand acres to each farm, and two hundred and fifty thousand acres would be required. Six Scotchmen, and about a dozen Irish labourers, would be as much as each cultivator would require: and does any one imagine that this would benefit Ireland? At present there is, on an average, twenty acres of land in that country to each family; and, at six to a family, seven thousand three hundred persons would be sent to the road—would be disinherited, to make room for the landlord’s new improvements: while a thousand Scotchmen would be imported; and, perhaps, twice that number of Irishmen retained as day labourers!

We may be told, that these proceedings would give an impulse to industry, and that the disinherited tenantry would find employment elsewhere. But where? We have already shown that this could not be the case; and that the residence of all who are now absent, would have the effect only of increasing the consumption of English goods in Ireland, and diminishing them, in the same proportion, in England.

dark all day almost; all the houses were barricadoed in some part of the house; the barricades being necessarily of a heavy description, it is inconvenient to move them; in some houses, they had but one sitting-room in the house, where the light was admissible at all in the day-time, and not all the windows even of that room; the barricades, which were bullet proof, were, of course, of a considerable thickness.

"Have you known any instances, in the county of Cork, of gentlemen having their houses so barricadoed, and also feeling it necessary to have sentries upon their premises in day-time?"—Yes.

"You have said that Tipperary, within the last few months, has become more disturbed?"—Yes.

"Are the gentlemen’s houses in Tipperary barricadoed? — Not now; they were so when I went first, but after the act was in operation two or three months, the barricadoing was discontinued."—Counsellor Blacker’s Evidence before the Select Committee.

"You stated, that some magistrates behaved perfectly well; in the neighbourhood of the residences of those magistrates, has the county been quieter than the rest of it? — Much more so; and, indeed, I know some good magistrates, that I entertained a very high opinion of at the time I was at Limerick, and do at this moment; but there were disturbances in their neighbourhood. At the time the disturbances got to such a height, magistrates were almost afraid to leave their houses; they would not go out without an escort latterly."—Major Willcock’s Evidence before the Select Committee.
The quantity consumed would undergo no alteration; while the mass of misery in Ireland would be considerably increased, by augmenting the number of unemployed labourers in the towns. It is the disinheritance of cotters that has aggravated misery in Ireland; it is this that has rendered the gentry so unpopular in Ireland. Lord Stourton, whose pamphlet, in answer to the Edinburgh Review, is now before us, has admitted this: though he contends strongly that all the evils of Ireland flow directly from absenteeism. "Where employment," says his lordship, "is not to be commanded, and no compulsory provision has been made for the poor and unemployed, the loss of an acre or rood of land, by ejectment, may be followed by utter ruin. The man who is deprived of his little holding, may, in reality, at once be turned upon the highways; such a one becomes a beggar in a land of poverty." It is well known that the mass of Irish misery is to be found in towns: increase their inhabitants by ejected cotters, and will the misery be lessened?

We wish, for the reason assigned by Johnson, always to be courteous to a nobleman when he enters the arena of literature, and we must say, that Lord Stourton's pamphlet is one of the best we have seen for some time from the hands of a "lord," but still—we say it with great deference, his lordship is only an amateur in political economy. He regards an aristocracy as essentially necessary to the happiness of the poor, and gravely tells us, that the labourers are mere destroyers, and the wealthy useful distributors. We beg leave to set his lordship right: the poor man, who produces as much as he consumes, fulfils the duty of his being, and owes nothing to society; whereas men, merely landlords, fall within that class who are very properly denominated "unproductive consumers,"—that is, all they make use of might as well, so far as society is concerned, be cast into the ocean. His lordship has also fallen into a mistake, in likening money, remitted to an absentee, to a tribute paid to a tyrant: he ought to have known, that tribute is a tax, and that all taxes are abstracted from the earnings of the poor; whereas rent is nothing more than the value of the difference between the best and worst land cultivated. There was much in McCulloch's article which we did not understand: his lordship, however, has not enlightened us; and, after a careful perusal of his arguments, our opinions on Irish absenteeism remain unchanged. Were his lordship's reasoning true, Ireland should not seek an identity of interests with Great Britain; for he admits that two-thirds of the absentees could not be expected to return, yet he characterises absenteeism as the bane of Irish prosperity!

Having now shown, that Irish discontent does not proceed from the want of capital or absenteeism, it must be almost unnecessary to say from what it does proceed,—the civil disabilities of the people. Irish distress is great, we admit, though not half so great as described;* but, then, there can be no hope of redress without

* Statements relative to want of employment and distress in Ireland, are preposterous. In the present session of Parliament one honourable member assured the house, that Paddy was a long, lanky fellow, until fattened in England; and another, more than once, asserted, that more than two million labourers were in
emanipation. Patriots or legislators have never been able to effect any thing for a nation but its liberty: the happiness of the people depends upon security of person, and individual application. Give Irishmen, therefore, their rights, and no doubt that, in conjunction with the people of England, they will work out their own salvation:—

"It is objected," says the author of the Remedy, *"(that) emancipation would not cure all the evils of Ireland, and would not, therefore, produce the effect desired. True. Emancipation would not cure all the evils of Ireland, but no evil can be cured without it. Though it leaves much to be done, it must be done first itself: it is like a preparation of the physical system for a course of medical treatment. It cannot be disguised, nor is it sought to be evaded, that much would remain to be satisfied, and much to be corrected: but it would not be solely Catholic. The policy that has hitherto governed Ireland, has not only been injurious because it divided, but because it demoralized and impoverished the people. Withdraw invisions distinctions, and if further complaints reach you, they will be the complaints of freemen, which you, as freemen, will find your interests identified in redressing.

"All measures that precede emancipation, however beneficial in their tendency, will be received with distrust by the excluded: a modification of tithes may relieve the landlord---a vigilant police coerce the rebellions, and afford dubious security to the peaceable---a reduction of imposts lighten the burdens of a trade, almost too exhausted to be conscious of benefits---public works occasionally employ the idle or disaffected of a village, or a county---and petty sessions inspire the peasant with a forlorn hope of justice---but this is partial, not general good; affecting distinct and minor interests; still leaving without a remedy the great national calamity, to which the feelings and attachment of the country are sacrificed. Such measures, preceding emancipation, must be transitory and ineffectual, since petty benefits cannot be felt by a people who want freedom:---following emancipation, they would complete the pacification, and decide the allegiance of the country."

Let the Catholics of Ireland, therefore, take a more decided attitude, and urge their claims with their usual moderation, but with becoming confidence;—success is certain the moment the people of England ascertain, that nothing but emancipation can relieve Ireland from her state of discontent and violence. Show them, that it is impossible for the kingdom to be tranquil, while orangemen revel in blood and orange magistrates refuse to administer the laws impartially. Convince them that it is not in human nature to endure what Ireland has endured patiently, and that it is not prudent—political, to tempt Irish loyalty too far; but, above all things, inform them, that, in point of intelligence, you are not their inferiors; and that, if distress stalks through the land, it originates in causes which have pauperised England. Assure them, that the only "reformation,"† want of work in Ireland. Now, what is the fact? There are not two million labourers altogether in Ireland! Any one who understands the rudiments of arithmetic may ascertain this. We shall return to this subject in a month or two, and show that want of employment is not the necessary consequence of dense population. Wherever people are married, and given in marriage, there must be a perpetual want of employment.

* This pamphlet is written to prove Dr. Doyle's conclusions erroneous; the author's arguments, however, singularly illustrate the truth of the Irish prelate's doctrine of Catholicity. Though violently opposed to the Church of Rome, the author is an advocate of emancipation. His style is very superior to his logic.

† "For a century the English government had endeavoured to subdue the stubborn attachment of the Scotch to Presbyterianism, and, with the point of the..."
likely to take place in Ireland, will be from Protestantism to Catholicity.

We do not distrust the cause of truth:—"If there be any question," says the author of "The Safety and Expediency of Conceding the Catholic Claims," a clever little pamphlet, "in which we should distrust public feeling, it is one which involves popular prejudices on the score of religion. Apprehensions, similar to those now entertained, have at all times prevailed, where questions of this nature have become the subject of legislative consideration. Thus, when the bill by which the Jews were naturalized was brought forward, the most violent clamour was raised against it; and a petition was received from the city of London, praying that it might not pass into a law, as it would be prejudicial to the interests of trade, and would, moreover, endanger our happy constitution, both in church and state. But long experience has proved, that the admission of Jews, not only into the city, but even into Downing Street, has not been attended with those direful consequences, so alarmingly anticipated.

"So, also, when the Union with Scotland took place, about one hundred and twenty years ago, a great alarm was occasioned by the introduction of sixteen Scotch peers into the House of Lords, and forty-five members into the House of Commons, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells said, that they were going to expose themselves to a danger 'which the tongue could scarcely speak.'

"But a more modern, and more striking instance of groundless alarm, is noticed by Mr. Burke, in the following passage, from his celebrated Letter to Sir H. Langrish, Bart. It respects the danger to our late American colonies, from the Catholic religion being established by the Parliament as the state religion of Canada. 'It is true, that some persons, and among them one eminent divine, predicted, at that time, that, by this step, we should lose our dominions in America.' He foretold, that the Pope would send his emissaries thither; that the Canadians would fall in with France, declare their independence, and draw or force our other colonies into the same design. The independence happened according to his predictions, but in directly the reverse order. All our Protestant colonies revolted; they joined themselves to France; and it so happened, that Popish Canada (whose inhabitants were naturally at-
tached to France, their parent country) was the only place which preserved its fidelity—the only place where Catholic France got no footing—the only peopled colony on the continent which now remains to Great Britain—and, last year, when we settled a Protestant church there, conjointly with the Catholic, we had no dread for that establishment, because we permitted the French Catholics, in the utmost latitude of the description, to be free subjects. They are good subjects, I have no doubt; but I will not allow that any French Canadian Catholics are better men, or better citizens, than the Irish of the same communion."

"Let us now consider what has been the effect of conciliation and concession on the conduct of Catholics in other countries, and in what manner they have conducted themselves where they have formed, not merely a small part, but a majority of the legislature. In the year 1649, the Catholic state of Maryland, in North America, passed an act, giving to Christians, of all denominations, equal rights; although the neighbouring state of Virginia, and the New England state, persecuted the Catholics with the utmost rigour: Virginia being peopled by Church of England men, who persecuted the Presbyterians, and other Protestant dissenters; and New England by rigid Presbyterians, who carried on similar persecutions against Church of England men. This act, however, was repealed, in 1654, by the Presbyterian party, which, aided by the Cromwellian power in England, gained the ascendancy in the legislature, and thereupon passed an act, granting toleration to all Protestant dissenters, but expressly excepting Catholics and Prelatists. This act continued in force till the Catholics again obtained a majority in the legislature; which, however, they were not able to effect (though they were by far the most numerous body in the state) till the year 1676, when they immediately re-enacted the law of 1649, which continued in force till 1692, when King William sent over a force sufficient to overpower the Catholics; whereupon an act passed, excluding them from all offices of power or trust. Thus, it appears, that, in Maryland, when the Presbyterians were in power, they persecuted the Papists and the Prelatists; when the Prelatists were in power, they persecuted the Presbyterians and the Papists; but when the Papists were in power, they persecuted neither the Prelatists nor the Presbyterians, nor any other sect, but gave perfect freedom of conscience to Christians of all denominations. Such was the relative toleration of these respective sects."

We have only, at present, to add, that the "Letter to the King, on the Improvement of Ireland," appended to this article, is an amusing piece of rhapsody, and nothing more; and that Mr. Eneas McDonnell's pamphlet is a hasty production, got up on the evening of the debate on the Catholic Question, but was well calculated for effecting its purpose—that of enabling the friends of emancipation to repel the charge of divided allegiance," &c., by the production of undoubted documents.

* The best answer, to the charge of divided allegiance, that we have met, is to be found in the Letter to Viscount Milton; the author says:---

"Divided allegiance! Have we not laws against high treason? Have we not acts of Parliament against it, from its state of infancy to its completion? Is there a crime against the state, or against any thing else, which is out of the range of
MORNING MEDITATIONS.
BY THOMAS FURLONG, AUTHOR OF "THE PLAGUES OF IRELAND."

'Tis sweet, as the day begins to dawn,
When the lark her song is singing,
To wander at will through the grassy lawn,
Where fresh flowers around are springing.
'Tis sweet, at that solemn hour, to go
O'er the rocky slope, all alone,
Where the scattering streamlets freely flow,
Thro' channels but newly known.
'Tis well to inhale the early gale,
As it sweeps the green hill's side;
Or to trace the depths of the glen below.
'Tis pleasant upon the path to tread,
That leads far over the mountain's head;
Or to look on the wood in its leafy pride,
With its waste of shade spreading wild and wide.
In the glen or the grove, the dawn is fair,—
Morning is beautiful every where!

The eye of the poet still loves to view
The earth in the light of morn;
When each object comes in its happiest hue,
When all looks pure, and unsoiled, and new,
Like innocence lately born.
Ere the air's first freshness is worn away;
Or the small birds ended their earliest lay:
Ere the sultry sun, in the glare of his pride,
Hath dash'd all the dewy drops aside,
That like gems bespangle the thorn.
Ere man moves forth with his thoughts of care,
With his wearied step, and his selfish air,
And his ominous looks, to cloud the scene,
Where brightness and beauty alone have been.

The morning is lovely! yet here I lie,
Unnerv'd in the cheering light;
With a throbbing brow, and a dull dim eye,
Dwelling, with many a long-drawn sigh,
On the foolish freaks of the night.
On the misspent moments for ever past,
And the idle sayings that fell too fast.
—'Tis o'er—this hour shall change my plan;
Let me do better to-day——if I can.

our statutory batteries? Is not Sir Nicholas Tindal as acute a lawyer as he is a good man? and, if he draws an indictment, does any one think Mr. O'Connell could find a flaw? These are the garrisons I look to for defence in cases of divided allegiance; these are the shields, by which I guard the constitution against domestic traitors. The moment a man shows any practical allegiance to the Pope, or any practical disloyalty to his sovereign, let loose the laws, and, Catholic or Protestant, punish him on a conviction; but, in the name of justice, do not perpetuate exclusion, because there is said to be in Catholicism a tendency to misalliance, or because a member of the Romish Church may think the Pope a better ecclesiastic than our gracious Sovereign, or either of the archbishops. There is, my lord, in all these minor arguments, such refinement, such a running into sophistry, and a running away from facts, that I can hardly bring myself to touch upon them. They are more like the school disputes of the middle ages, and, though highly entertaining in the hands of clever men, as specimens of ingenuity, are not practical enough to be a justification for injustice.
I never can forget, Mr. Editor, the wholesome terror with which my boyhood was impressed by the popular traditions relative to the hobgoblin genus; the thousand and one tales of "good people," of "the gentlemen," of the spirits seen in the forms of greyhounds, of "the headless coach," and, above all, of the redoubtable "Pookah," must forever remain distinctly graven on the tablets of my memory. The delight with which I swallowed every old nurse's story, that some of our poor relations were continually relating for my amusement, was, as is generally the case, productive of the most decided antipathy to remaining in the dark by myself, of going to bed without an attendant, and of a numerous list of other inconveniences which all petted children have, in their turns, experienced. How often have I listened to the edifying anecdotes of our Old Nelly, until I actually trembled as I looked behind me, for fear of beholding some spectral image gliding through the key-hole, or some fairy dwarf entering at the door. Poor woman! how visibly is her every feature now before me! Her dapper, though sometimes slovenly attire—her neatly pinned apron, which she had manufactured from my mother's rejected petticoats—her brown stuff gown, trailing from beneath a miserably soiled chinted habiliment, that was once intended, it may be, for a bed-gown—and a black silk handkerchief, sometimes supplied by a yard of decayed crape, twisted in the true style of ancient times both round her neck and head, and serving to keep her silvered locks from the rude wantonings of the ungentle winds!—How would her gentle countenance light up with a killing smile of good nature and kindness, when, watching by my sick couch, she would answer to my request for a story,—

"Dear Misther—hunny, sure and surtein I am, I've tould you all I had, 'till you lift ne'er a one at all in my ould head."

But let this pass:—these are scenes long since dashed from the mirror of fancy; and, although the recollections may please, if we only cast at them such a hastening glance as virgin brides lend to their glass when parting for the awful ceremony, it is true it will return a beautiful and lovely reflection, but one that must vanish with the disappearance of the object that had called it into being! However, among all my arcana of treasured lore, there is one beyond, which, at the time, made a deep impression on my credulity; and
which now occurs to me,—for your benefit, I presume. I had it from good faithful Laurence Cronin, and you shall have it in his own words, as far as length of years will permit me to recollect.

"Please your honour," began Larry, "an' sure I am I never, all the dear days of my life, will forget Paddy Connor's weddin'! An' 'twas there we had the finest fun that ever a man may wish for: the ould blind piper, Tim Doody, playing away, at the rate of a fox-hunt, as a dacent body may say; an' the young couple as merry as any two; an' the potheen flowing in lashens; an' sure enough there was galons of it there. Father Sheehan was as hearty as a buck, and as pleasant as one would wish to see; all the neighbours round about were dancing and refreshing themselves, with the young folk striving to tire one another down in the jig an' the reel, an' the gossips talking frightful stories over the kitchen fire. Sure never a nater pair than Paddy Connor an' his wife knelt to a priest; and, well become them, they were not sparing nather of the spirit an' the good things. But this is nather one way or 'tither, as a body may say; but, masther dear, you will be aafeard to hearken to what I have to tell."

"No matter for my fears, Larry," said I; "go on in your own way."

"Well, then, with your honour's permission. As I was just a saying, you know how ould Betty used to laugh at my discredit of ghosts and goblins, an' all the likes of them. Many's the time we were talking by our own cabin fire, an' cheering our hearts wid a drop of the crathur; an' when she would be after bothering me, would I say, 'Arrah! woman, don't be tazin us with nonsensieul airs; Father Sheehan says, that there are no such things at all, at all; an' sure we must believe his reverence, for he knows a power more than any two men in the whole parish.' 'God forgive you, Larry, then,' says she, 'an' have pity on you, for I never knew one that talked like you who was not sorry for it afore he died, God bless the hearers.' An' sure enough for her it was, for, as you will be hearing by and by, I met it with the vingenace, avereen!

"After routing an' jigging till mornin', we set off towards home, an' went on very comfortably 'till we arrived at the ould church-yard of Killala. I needn't tell your honour how the green ivy grows on its gray stones, erer since the ould times of the pilgrims an' monks, an' how its four walls stand in the lonesomest place of all Kerry, barring Kilcummin, an' one or two more; an' well enough they are all afeard of passing it after sunset. It is a lonesome place, in troth: an' God forgive me my sins if ever I enter there again. But, masther, as I was awhile ago saying, we were all a brave troop of us, sporting boys, fine and hearty after the punch, and afeard of no man living or dead; but, to spake out the truth, some of the greatest among them no ways that is to say pleasant, when they heard the wind whistling away, jest for all the world as if a woman was keening; an' one of them, braking out, says:—

"Arragh, now, Larry! with all your palavering, let's see would you step into the Abbey, yonder,—maning the church that was a one side—' an' stop there for a quarter of an hour, or so?"

"An' why wouldn't I?" says I, no way, daunted at the proposal: an' so, widout more ado, I up and cleared the ditch that was between
us and the field. At that time then it was, there wasn't a man at a 

patthern twenty miles round that could compare wid Larry Cronin, 

not that 'tis himself that says it!

"In spite of all my courage, I found the heart almost fail as I 

crept into the gloomy aisle; when, crossing myself three times, I 
said a pater an' ave, an' buttoning up a fine new frieze coat I had on, I grasped my shillelah stout and strong, an' prepared for the worst that might happen. Blow high, blow low, says I to myself, I don't care a straw for the best of them; but scarce had the blessed words been said, when I heard the sound of feet coming by me. I listened for a time, an' my heart was laping to my mouth, nor if my very soul was galloping off, when the noise stopped, an' a voice, civilly 

enough, says to me,—

"' Hal' ha! Laurence Cronin, how is yourself this happy night?' 
says he.

"'Why, pretty middlin', says I, considering how the world goes, 
thank your honour, says I; an' may I make bould to ask how your 

honour feals? says I.

"'By all manes, Larry,' says he; 'an' I'm mightily glad to see 
you here, my boughel baven,' says he; 'but perhaps, Larry,' says he, 

'you'd like to take a ride towards home,' says he, 'an' as I'm going 

that way, I'll just give you a lift,' says he."

By this period Larry had perceived, to his utter astonishment, that 

he was holding a colloquy with a bull. His boasted disregard for all 

supernatural beings was at an end; and, when he saw the fire-darting 

eye, the stunted size, and the coal-black hue of the loquacious 

quadraped, he began to fancy that he was threatened with some dire 

catastrophe; however, to continue in his own natural style,—

"No sooner said than done; afore I well knew whether I was 

standing on my head or my heels, he hoisted me up on his back, an' 

advised me to hould fast by the horns. Quare enough I thought it, 
to be put on a bull's back, widout your lave; so, not finding my- 
self comfortable, I made a sort of an effort to tumble to the ground; 
an' stretching myself down, I thought to slide off quite mild and 

sober.

"'Arragh! what are you doing there, man,' says he; 'be asy, 

Larry,' says he, 'an' don't be playing any of your pranks on us,' 
says he.

"'An' what would your honour want of me? says I; I must be a 
great trouble to your honour, says I, an' so, as I would by no manes 
whatever disabuse your honour's bounty, says I, I would wish your 

honour, says I, a good night's rest.

"'Oh, hould your balderdash, Larry,' says he, 'an' stay where 
you are, man! for the Pookah will carry you gayly enough,' says 
he; 'cease your grumbling,' says he, 'or I'll soon lay you down an' 

put one of my horns through your belly,' says he, 'an' give you very 

little chat too for it,' says he.

"Och! avich! says I, what a blackguard of a bull you are. 

Kanamou! dheel if ever I met the such of you!

"'What are you saying there, Larry,' says he.

* Brave fellow.
"Why I was only thanking your honour, says I; an' widout saying another syllable, away he went—away!—away! I thought the very life of me was parting, we went at such a speed. Nothen mastered us; but true bogs an' borheens, over furze bush an' double ditch, over stone gaps and ploughed fields, away we canthered, an' sure I never was in such a way all my born days; not knowing where I was dhiving, an' mightily unasy, as it were. My legs were all scratched an' torn from the briars, an' I was amost dhrowned from all the bog-holes we dashed true. Well, we were going at this rate for an immense time, an', at length, he says:

"'How do you feel after your jaunt, Larry?'

"Why, I can't say that is over much for it; nather maning no offence to your honour, says I, afraid of the dear life of me that he would be after running the horns, quiet and slow, true me, if I displeased him.

"'Then,' says he, 'Larry, do you know where we are now?'

"'Plase your honour,' says I, looking all about me, 'as I think, we are near the ouuld tower of Aghadee Church, and frightening enough it is.

"'Sure and sartin there we are,' says he, 'but never you heed that we'll have a little more on it;' and wid that, Sir, he set off again through the field, until he came out on the borheen, going into the burin' place, an' trembling with a coerd perspiration I felt, as we turned towards the green graves, where many a friend, God rest their souls, was lying quietly enough. In, then, we went, Sir, an' you may guess what a heart-burn I had when I heard Kitty Moynihen herself, who died a month or so afore, saying, 'Welcome here, Larry Cronin; what news, Larry Cronin? and why do you come forcing yourself on us, Larry Cronin?' Sore afraid I was, an' not knowing a bit what to say, when the sweetest, nicest voice that ever was heard, began singing:

"'Savournen deelish! Savournen deelish!'

"An jest as she ended, I heard great laughter and fun within the walls, an' clapping of hands, an' all sorts of merriment.

"'What do you think of that now, Larry?' says the bull; an' widout waiting another word, off he went again. I was now more at home on the gentleman's back; an' though I had no great inclination for riding at such a speed, I minded it much less than afore; an' so, sticking like bees-wax to his hide, I kept a fast hould of the horns. We thravelled the live-long night, widout my knowing where we were going to; an' every turn I'd ax the Pookah where we were bound for. 'On't you be asy, Larry?' he'd say, 'or I'd jest, in a jiffy, shake you off, an' lave you on the road-side.'

"However, I found he had grow tired, when, you may say, it was about mornin'; an', by the same token, 'twas as fine a mornin' as ever came out of the heavens. The little birds were singing charmingly; an' the sun was beginning to peep over the hills, making the lake appear as 'twas all on fire; an' sure a grander sight I never saw than that same rising sun! Growing wary at last, says he, 'Larry, now you may come off, an' hurry away home; an' be sure how you talk,' says he, 'of the gentlemen, an' the Pookah, for the
time to come; or, the next time,' says he, 'you'll get off second best.' I thanked him for his civility, at the same moment giving him a hearty curse for his promises; an', without spaking a word more, he gave a big bellow, an' disappeared, as if the ground had swallowed him up. Mostly shaken to atoms from my night's course, I rubbed my eyes, an' looked about where I was; an' soon I guessed I was at the top of Sheheree. I made the best of my road homewards, swearing an' blaspheming like a trooper; an', after scrambling along, I reached my own ould cabin, where I thought I would never lie more. I soon towld my story; an', for the next saison, all the neighbours were having their sport out of me about the Pookah, whenever we spoke about ghosts, an' such beings. In troth, masther," said Larry, as he finished, "I never was so venturesome again; an', ever since, have taken good care to believe all the stories that they wished for to relate."

Here, then, ends my tale. If I have not sustained the naiveté and freshness with which our brogue is so exquisitely replete, place the charge to my inability, not to my want of exertion. The legendary lore of Ireland is a mine overflowingly rich in incident; the vein has already been started, but a great deal of metal yet continues beneath the superincumbent strata, that may be fashioned into some shape, both interesting and conducive to political utility. I have long proposed to devote my leisure hours to the collection of Irish legends, and of Irish historical facts, perhaps to embody them in some style, not entirely fiction, not entirely veracious narrative, but yet such as may embrace the interest of the one, without destroying the reality of the other. The path is as yet almost untrodden, although Mr. Banim, Mr. Crofton Croker, and your own contributors, it is true, have, in a very distinct manner, exhibited both the powers of their own abilities, and the fertility of the luxuriant soil which they had to cultivate. But yet, have they done every thing? No! there is still an inexhaustible treasure, and I should feel a proud ambition in rendering the appalling facts of our blood-red history, as well as the more airy imaginings of our popular traditions, subservient to the purposes of national literature, or of political advantage. With your permission, I shall occasionally help to amuse your readers with a "Tale of the South."

D. S. L.

Osc—t.

P. S. Perhaps there is a little truth of colouring in the antecedent sketch; it is taken from reality, and the story such as is current among the peasantry of the south. Their dialect is distinct from that of their eastern neighbours; and, although now in England, an early and long acquaintance with them has enabled the author to preserve it, although faintly.
HAIL! goddess of the earth and sea;  
Hail! 'glorious, pious Tweedle Twee!' *
Who bindest all men in thy mighty thrall,  
But me—oh! me—the most of all.
Oh! hail—hail, oh!—hail, oh!—oh! hail!
Pour down thy blessings, thick as hail,
Upon a house-top, spout, or gutter,
Nor let me hobble, halt, or studder,
Whilst I to the wide-mouthed world proclaim
The glories of truth's mighty name!

And, first, let me tell of some cruel mishaps,
Such as oft will take place, when "rude Boreas" flaps
His wings from the north, like the spree-cock at morning,
When o'er the wide heath rings his petulant warning,
I went 'tother day to the 'squire's, my neighbour,
And the wind was as keen as a Saracen's sabre,
First it smote me on one cheek—I, rememb'ring what's written,
Meekly turned the other, and on the other was smitten;
And, bowing my head with sincere satisfaction,
At this meritorious and true Christian action,
Methought, at the time, although damned were all nations,
That I, at least, merited "bliss" for my patience.

The 'squire and I went out shooting together,
In spite of the wind and the wintry weather;
But soon did the tempest wax louder and fouler,
And bother the wits of each desperate fowler:
Then beheld we such sights as no eye e'er beheld,
And astounded with fear to the spot we were held.
We crouched nigh the hedge of a ten-acre field,
And saw the whole sod from the upper end peeled;
Peeled—skinned from the earth, by the wind's cutting tooth,
And rolled up, like a carpet!—Oh, truth!—it is truth!—
A beautiful pasture, for nannies or muttons,
All covered with daisies and bachelor's buttons,
Never more, cruel fate! to be mown into hay—
Never more to be plucked upon "merry May-day;"
Sad, sad c'en to think of, but worse to relate,
Oh! desperate fortune!—ah! pitiless fate!

As thus we stood melted, with tears in our eyes,
A phantom of terror appeared in the skies:
And this was the leg of one Captain M'Pherson,
Which the whirlwind tore off from the rest of his person;
Oh! the captain's left leg, with its belt and its braid,
As it struttled about upon morning parade,

* Tweedle Twee, the Chinese goddess of truth, whose name may be literally translated by our fashionable affirmative compound, "'Pon-my-honour;" and, as the English dandy swears "by his honour," so the Chinese dandy swears "by Tweedle Twee;" as we are distinctly told by the gallant and sagacious Col. Dun-duckiddymudder, in his interesting narrative of his voyages to Chinglongfong-moonoo, in the celestial empire.
And now on the wild winds did gallantly ride,  
All booted and spurred, with its sword by its side,  
And was mounting the gray clouds up higher and higher,  
And mockingly calling out, "Fire! man, fire!"

The wind pulled the trigger of the gun of the 'squire,  
When down came the "leg," like a stick or a dry-bone,  
Being shot through the thick fleshy part of the thigh-bone;  
Down, down did it come from the regions of ether,  
Whilst its bravest heart's blood was spilled out on the heather.  
The esquire fled from a spectre so gory,  
And valiantly left it "alone with its glory."

And homeward we bent, when we found, to our wonder,  
Sweet Bogberry Castle all splitten in sunder;  
The drawing-room here,—there the parlour did lean,  
And a great yawning chasm of ruin between,

Where "pull the bell," scraper, and knocker had been.  
The chimney's were resting on each side in pairs,  
Like a squireen's white hat, that is put on with airs,---  
What is commonly nick-named, being "stuck on three hairs."

But, within—oh! indeed, it is past and beyond me  
To tell all the terrible things I saw round me;  
Inside turned out, as if dose energetic,  
Of ipecacuanha or tartar emetic,

With label, "three spoonfuls, and shaking the bottle,"  
Had been poured, all at once, down its unwilling throttle!  
And, alack! too, the esquire's youngest young son,  
Just commencing to chatter, eat butter, and run,

Was flung down the stairs with a horrible squeak,  
And, oh! sad to relate, was knocked into next week!  
And the 'squire's wig-block, as it sat by itself,  
In a doze, quiet thing! on the pantry shelf,

Was dashed, by the shock, on the flags from its place,  
And was "taken up speechless, and black in the face!"

Now, these are the wonderful wonders that I  
Witnessed, or the same, but in other words, eye-  
Witnessed that day; and, if any should shake  
Their wise-ace heads at the statements I make,  
Let them know for their comfort, I'm thirty-first cousin  
To that prince of veracity, Baron Munchausen!

N.B. But the best trick I heard of, was of old Granny E—d—n;  
So good, that I cried out, "Oh! well done, wind! well done!  
His huge wiggy head was plucked off by the blast,

And, though laden with lead and with bigotry, cast  
On a butcher's stall-bench, where a calf's head did lie,  
Which was borne by the same "wanton zephyr" on high:

It passed, in its flight, by George Canning, the wag,  
Who, with his umbrella, did "floor it and bag!"

And, post-haste, did run to his cabinet freres,  
Who the caputless corpse were bewailing with tears,

And, laughing, he cried, "It no longer shall warp us,"  
Then stuck the calf's head on the Ch—n—l—r's corpus.

But soon came the butcher, who, with oaths loud and strange,  
Swore the trick would not do, for he'd lost by the change;  
The "gemmen," being fully convinced of the latter,  
Desired our friend to give none of his chatter,

And half a crown quickly decided the matter.  
Now this, recollect, I'll not swear to, to you;  
But 'twas in the newspaper, and therefore is true.
TRADITIONAL TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. IV.

FINN M’COUL.—THE "LITTLE GENTLEMAN."

Tim Doran's barn had one of the most ample threshing-floors in the whole county of Kilkenny, and was conveniently situated, with two doors opposite each other; the one opened into the bawn, and the other into the hag-gart; the sheaves were admitted by the latter, and the straw ejected through the former. The floor itself was composed of well-beaten earth, and was quite as much indebted for its smooth compactness to the feet of occasional dancers on a winter's night, as to the flail of the thresher. The edifice itself was not particularly ornamental, nor did the architect evince much knowledge of the different orders in its erection. The collar beams were not very sightly, and the walls arose at each side and end in primitive homeliness, unconscious of plaster or whitewash. Still Tim's barn served for other purposes besides those of threshing and winnowing—it was made use of in times of mirth and mourning; the dead were waked, and the young married there; and perhaps Hymen witnessed not much more sport and jollity than did the goddess of funerals. Besides all this, the barn was the constant dormitory of the servant men; and, when no grain remained to be separated from the straw, the female part of Tim's family took their station on the floor; the intermitting sound of the woollen-wheel was then heard amidst continual glee, and, when the warp was wound, the spinners, may be, betook themselves to quilting, and displayed their ingenuity in ornamenting with thread diamonds, or more showy waves, their counterpanes and petticoats.

It was in the summer of 1809 that accident led me to Tim Doran's barn. I had been on my way like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, or rather in search of the cave of Dunmore, and, though a delightful day for walking, the sky indicated an approaching storm:

"At last the wet south hung
Brooding alone, down-weighed by cloud and shower,
And bound in black.

Wide-stretching clouds around
—A dark confederacy—in silence met,
Hiding all heaven."

In plain prose, it began to rain as if it came through a riddle, so big and so quick the drops fell upon my beaver. Naturally enough, I looked out for a place of shelter; but, being a cautious pedestrian, I did not like to trust my person in contact with a tree, lest, in case of thunder, the double attraction of two tall bodies should prove too inviting to the electrical fluid; and, therefore, I hastily turned up a little banghareen, and soon found myself in Tim Doran's bawn; but all looked gloomy enough there. The hens, ducks, and pigs, had retired from the dunghill; and the severity of the shower was sufficiently indicated by the big blisters it occasioned to float upon the black pool that patiently endured the pelting of the pitiless storm in the far angle of the yard. There was no hesitation on my part; but, as I was on the point of lifting the latch, and introducing myself
into Tim's dwelling, a sweet laughing little face flashed in the open barn-door. Again I caught its shadow, as the owner of it peeped out, as much as to ask what the devil I did there; and, eager to account for my presence, three or four long strides conveyed me into her presence, and the presence of half-a-dozen other damsels, as they sat at the frame, quilting. The little coquette who first espied me, silently and demurely took her place at her work, now and then stealing a look under her eyelids at the stranger, while all the others raised their heads, and at once bid me welcome, with "God save you, sir."

"A fine shower," said a squat little man with rosy cheeks, who was busily employed in putting teeth into a rake.

"Ah, then," said a tall raw-boned fellow, who was twisting a hay-rope upon the thumb of his right hand, "you may say that, Mr. Doran, for troth 'twill crown the world, an' make the white-eyes as big as dog's heads."

"Yes, yes, Roger," answered Mr. Doran; "but it won't save my hay."—Then, turning his head to the upper end of the barn, he said,

"What are you doing there, ye brats o' garsoons, that you don't fetch the gentleman a chair from the parlour widin'; or, may be, sir,"

turning to me, "you'd rather go in an' talk to the vanatee?"

I replied in the negative; and was immediately accommodated with a part of the form upon which the little laughing coquette was seated.

"Troth, an' I wouldn't care," apostrophized Roger, looking inquisitively about him, "if a body had a seat 'emselves while the shower lasts."

"Then go," said Mr. Doran, laughing, "an' fetch in the rock in the haggart, an' make a stool ov't."

"Thankee for nothin', masther," responded Roger; "'twould take Finn M'Coul 'imself to move that, though they say—an' troth I don't b'lieve 'em—that it turns nine times round of itself whenever it hears the cock crow."

Here Roger's simplicity caused the elders to smile; and, after some time spent in quizzing the omudhaun, I inquired about Finn M'Coul.

"Why, long an' long ago," said Roger, "Finn M'Coul was the strongest man in the whole country; he could beat a dozen—aye, twenty dozen—men by 'imself, an' was big an' active wid all. One time he was travellin', an' saw ten men lookin' to pull a horse out of the ditch, an' couldn't. 'Come out o' the way,' said Finn; an' taken the beast by the tail wid ony one hand, he drew 'im up clean an' fair on the bank. A great Welsh goyant (giant), heareen of this, grew jealous of Finn M'Coul, an' comes to challenge him, to see which was the strongest man. Finn hard of 'is comin', an' what should he do, but get into the cradle, an' covers 'imself up in the blankets; so when the goyant arrived, he axed the old woman where was her son, Finn M'Coul?"

"'He's gone to Waterford,' ses she, 'to launch a ship by 'imself.'

"'By 'imself!' sed the goyant, 'Oh! begad, then he must be a strong man indeed; but who is this in the cradle?"
"'Och, nobody,' ses she, 'but Finn M'Coul's youngest child.'

"'Oh! tear-an-ounty,' sed the goyant, 'what a child! what a black beard he's got! Faith, an' sure enough, Finn M'Coul must be a great man indeed. But when will he be at home?'

"'E'then may be this evenin', for that matther,' sed the ould woman.

"'Well, then, I shall wait,' sed the goyant; an' accordingly he went out to view the farm. Well become Finn M'Coul, he jumps out ov the cradle, a monstrous big one, you may be sure—an' runs to the fields afore 'im.

"'Whose cows are these?' axed the goyant, when he came up.

"'Me masthers,' sed Finn, quite gruffly.

"'An who's your masther,' axed the goyant.

"'Why did you never hear ov one Finn M'Coul, the strongest man in the world?'

"'Musha, faith, an' I did,' sed the goyant; 'but don't believe that he's the strongest man in the world, while I'm alive.'

"'You, indeed,' said Finn; 'why, man, you aren't a breakfast for my masther.'

"'Not a breakfast! Does he eat Christians, then?' axed the goyant.

"'No, no, not Christians,' said Finn; 'but he eats a mortual deal; a brewin'-pot full of gratty sturabout for breakfast—two barrels of phreaties for dinner—and may be a whole cow for supper.'

"'Troth, then, he must be a great man,' sed the goyant to 'imself; an' thinkin' to be great too, he wished to copy Finn M'Coul, an' try an' eat a whole cow for supper. Wid that, he takes one o' the beasts by a horn, an' was draggin' her affer 'im, when Finn cried, 'Stop! you shan't take my masther's cow.'

"'O, but I will, though,' sed the goyant.

"'O, but you shan't,' sed Finn, takin' the cow by 'tother horn; an' wid that they began to pull against each other, till they split the poor crethur down in the middle, an' the goyant held one half, an' Finn M'Coul tother half. At this the goyant was amazed, an' sed to 'imself, what a devil of a strong fellow this Finn M'Coul must be, since he has got a child wid a thick black beard, and a cow-boy almost as strong as myself. So sayin', he went back again to the house, an' Finn, changin' his clothes, soon followed 'im. They shook hands, an' soon appeared as thick as two pickpockets; but the goyant was every minute for tryin' strength wid Finn; but M'Coul was too cute for 'im, an' so put it off till next mornin'. In the meantime, Finn told his mother to bake two cakes on the hearth for breakfast; to make one quite soft, an' to make the other quite hard, wid the griddle in the middle ov it. She done exactly as she was bid; an' in the mornin', when they sat down, Finn devoured his cake as if 'twas only flummery; but the poor goyant couldn't take a bit at all; an' affer breakin' his teeth, was obliged to give up, woudherin' what murdherin' strong teeth ov his own M'Coul must have got, to eat the bread wid so much ease.

"'As the mornin' is mortual warm,' sed Finn, 'what do you think if wee'd cool ourselves by tryin' who can swim farthest, first?'}
"'Wid all my heart,' sed the goyant. 'Well then, modhur,' sed Finn, 'put a crock o' butter, three cheeses, a bushel of oatmeal to make prawpeen, an' all the bread in the house, into my wallet.'

"'Musha, what do you want wid all them,' axed the goyant, woudherin' what M'Coul would be aither doin'.

"'Want wid all them!' sed Finn; 'why, won't we be out three weeks, at least.'

"'Three weeks,' sed the goyant; 'but we're ony goin' to a lake or river.'

"'Oh no,' sed Finn, 'I always swim on the wide sea; sometimes as far as Wales.'

"Begad, this frightened the goyant out ov his wits; an' thinkin' that he had no chance of comparison wid Finn M'Coul, he took his opportunity, an' stole away wid himself, and never was seen atherwards in Ireland."*

"Oh! what balderdash!" cried Mr. Doran; "why, Roger, man, Connaught Mary there can tell fifty times a better story."

"Trot she can," was echoed by nearly all the party.

"Phy, then, masther, faut a quere man you are," said Connaught Mary, without raising her eyes from the ground; "sure, I can tell no story worth hearin'."

"Oh! nonsense! Mary," said Mr. Doran, still mending his rake; "come, tell us about the 'little gentleman,' in Mr. Brown's cellar. Be quick—the weather is brightenin' under the wind.'"

"Phy, then, sure isn't worth any thing; but such as it is, you must have it. Mr. Brown," she continued, "was a great gentleman in the county of Galloway, an' was always huntin' an' sportin', an' givin' parties; an' troth 'tis often my mother told me, that in them times there was full an' plenty every where, not all as one as now, when the quality knows the value of a tippenny, as well as a poor body, who wears their fingers to stumps lookin' to earn it.

"Trot, an' that's true, Mary, interrupted Mr. Doran; "for there's my landlord, as great a screw as ever broke bread; an' though I've paid him many a ' yellow boy,' he was never the one yet to lay his bottle on the table, an' say, like a decent man, ' There, Tim Doran, drink! ' But go on wid the story."

"Phy, then, as I was sayin', Mr. Brown kept open house, an' never wanted wine, above all things, bekase he had one o' the ' little gentlemen' in the cellar, who would do anything for Mr. Brown. Trot 'tis true enough, for my father was sarvent in the house at the time, an' often an' often saw him skippin' from cask to cask, like an Antrim goat. One time Mr. Brown had a race-horse that was to run for a thousand pounds, against 'Squire Brabazon's horse, an' every body thought Mr. Brown would lose; but troth they were all mistaken, for, well become the ' little gentleman' in the cellar! he gets up, an' sets off to Mr. Brabazon's stables on the night afore the race; he mounts the racer, an' rode 'im amost to death afore the mornin'. Not satisfied wid that, he dresses 'imself as a jockey, an' offers himself to Mr. Brown, to ride the race; an' the 'Squire was very glad, bekase his own jockey had taken very bad, entirely wid

* The reader will see that this is only another version of Tom Thumb: Irish historians, however, make a more honourable mention of Finn M'Coul.
the shake. The race, you may be sure, was won by Mr. Brown's horse, an' he was so glad, that he bet another thousand pounds his horse would leap across O'Sullivan's river, at the widest part.

"Tis done," said Mr. Brabazon; an' 'tis done," said Mr. Brown; an' accordin' the bargain was made. You may be sure much was made of the strange jockey, though nobody knew 'im, or where he came from; nothin' was too good for 'im, an' he was made as much ov as if he was a lord o' the land. A little before the day 'pointed for taken the leap, Mr. Brown was out rather late: on his way home, he had to cross O'Sullivan's river; an' just as he came to it, faut should he see but his beautiful beast leapin' over it, wid a little red fellow stuck on his back.

"Hallo! you scoundrel," said Mr. Brown, 'faut are you doen there?"

"Practishin'," said the little fellow.

"Och, then, sweet bad luck to you an' all your breed," said Mr. Brown; but the word wasn't well out ov his mouth, when whisk! went the win', an' away flew the 'little gentleman,' for 'twas 'imself that was in it, an' he never was seen afterwards; an' a woe day it was for Squire Brown, for he never had a day's look afterwards. His 'travagance soon ruined 'im, seein' he hadn't the 'little gentleman' in the celliar to keep the casks full."

"A very good story, Mary," said Mr. Doran; "but see, boys," he continued, the rain is gone, so let us to business again."

They obeyed, and I proceeded on my way.

STANZAS.—TO——

BY R. BRENNAN.

Oh! bear me from this hated land,
To some lone rock,—I heed not where,
So man has never raised his hand
To sully freedom's proud flag there.
Oh! if there be some desert isle
Untainted by a tyrant's breath,
God! let me breathe its air awhile,
Though inspiration wafted death.

For I have tried, though vainly tried,
To make thee what thou well might be,
The wide world's wonder—ocean's pride—
The hallowed fane of Liberty.
But, no! thou'd rather hug thy chains
Than yonder blood-stained despot brave,
And on thy brow still wear the stains
That nature stamps upon the slave.

Then, faire thee well: I'd rather be
A houseless wand'r'er through the earth,
A thing of scorn and mockery,
Than own thee as my place of birth.
And welcome be the winds of heav'n,
The desert wild, the ocean wave,—
I little reck where now I'm driven,
So that I herd not with the slave.

Carrick-on-Suir.
BUTLER'S LIFE OF GROTIUS.*

There are few men whose memoirs afford so much matter for serious reflection, as those of Hugo Grotius: not so much from what he performed, as from the events which marked the important period of his life. The convulsive throes of the Reformation had not then subsided; and, in the confusion of the time, philosophic minds will find abundant materials for reflection. One thing will be made manifest, namely, that the arrogant pretensions of the Reformers to superior toleration and love of liberty, are totally unsupported by facts—they were contradicted in the person of Grotius.

This great man, "of whom," as Dr. Johnson said, "every man of learning has perhaps learned something," was born of noble parents, at Delft, on the 10th of April, 1582. All his biographers assert, and their assertion will be easily believed, that he discovered, in his earliest years, great aptitude for the acquisition of learning, great taste, judgment and application, and a wonderful memory. He found, in his father, an excellent tutor: by him, Grotius was instructed in the rudiments of the Christian doctrine, and his infant mind impressed with sound principles of morality and honour; in this, he was aided by the mother of Grotius. The youth corresponded with their cares. He has celebrated, in elegant verses, their pious attention to his early education. The mention of these verses will bring to the recollection of every English reader, the magnificent strains in which Milton addressed his father.

At an early age he was placed under the tuition of an Arminian clergyman, and the doctrine he imbibed here is supposed to have influenced his conduct through life. In his twelfth year, he was sent to the University of Leyden, and committed to the care of Francis Junius. Here, he distinguished himself so much by his diligence, his talents, and his modesty, as to obtain the notice and regard of several of the most famous scholars of the times. Even Joseph Scaliger, equally distinguished by his learning and caustic arrogance, noticed him, and condescended to direct his studies. He was scarcely eleven years of age, when Douza, one of the princes of the republic of letters in those days, celebrated his praises in verse. He declared that "he could scarcely believe that Erasmus promised so much as Grotius at his age:" he announced that "Grotius would soon excel all his contemporaries, and bear a comparison with the most learned of the antients." In 1587, he accompanied the grand pensionary, Barneveldt, on an embassy to France. His fame, having preceded him, procured him the attention of all the literati of Paris; and, among other marks of respect, the king's picture, and a gold chain, from the hands of Henry IV.

Grotius, by the advice of his father, addicted himself to the profession of the law. He was only in his seventeenth year when he pleaded his first cause. He acquired by it great reputation; and this was constantly upon the increase through the whole of his pro-

fessional career. He observed in his pleadings a rule, which he afterwards recommended to his son: "that you may not," he told him, "be embarrassed by the little order observed by the adversary counsel, attend to one thing, which I have found eminently useful: distribute all that can be said on both sides, under certain heads; imprint these strongly in your memory; and, whatever your adversary says, refer it not to his division, but to your own."

The brilliant success of Grotius, at the bar, soon procured him very considerable promotions. The place of Advocate-General of the Fisc of the provinces of Holland and Zealand becoming vacant, it was unanimously conferred on him. This situation was attended with great distinction and authority; the person invested with it, being charged with the preservation of the public peace, and the prosecution of public offenders. In 1613, Grotius was advanced to the situation of Pensionary of Rotterdam; and his high character authorised him to stipulate, before he accepted it, that he should hold it during his life, and not at will, its usual tenure. It immediately gave him a seat in the assembly of the States of Holland; and, at a future time, a seat in the assembly of the States-General. He was soon after married to a woman whose conduct through life reflects honour upon her sex. In prosperity, she was the ornament of her husband; in adversity, his consolation and best friend. A dispute arising about this time between England and the States General, upon the exclusive right claimed by the former to fish in the Northern Seas, the States, with a view to an amicable adjustment of it, sent Grotius to England. Several meetings took place between him and commissioners appointed by James, the British sovereign. If we credit the account given by Grotius of the point in dispute, and the negotiation to which it gave rise, justice was decided on the side of the States General, and England only carried the point by the lion's right,—the droit du plus fort.

In his fourteenth year he became an author, and in 1608 published his Mure Liberum, and the following year he printed "Antiquity of the Batavian Republic." In both of these works he displays an uncommon erudition. The States of Holland were highly pleased with this work; they voted thanks to its author, and accompanied them with a present. It is considered that his partiality to his country led him to advance some positions favourable to its antient independence, which his proofs did not justify.

Antiquarian research did not estrange Grotius from the muses, to whom he sacrificed through life; and on the eve of his country's independence, nobly achieved against the bigoted cruelty of the Spanish monarch, he wrote Prosopopoia.* "An eminent rank among Latin

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* The following extract from this poem has been greatly admired; the City of Ostend addresses the world in the third year of her siege:

"Area parva ducum, totus quam resipicit orbis; Celsior una malis, et quam damare ruine Nunc quoque fata timent,—alieno in litore resto. Tertius annus abit; toties mutavimus hostem: Saevit hyems pelago, morbisque furentibus aetas; Et minimum est quod fecit Iber,—crudelior armis In nos orta lues,—nullum est sine funere funus."
poets,” observes Mr. Butler, “has always been assigned to Grotius: his diction is always classical, his sentiments just. But those who are accustomed to the wood-notes of the bard of Avon, will not admire the scenic compositions, however elegant or mellifluous, of the Batavian bard.”

The people of the Netherlands had no sooner acquired independence, than they began to quarrel amongst themselves,—about what, think you? Why free-will and predestination! things about which man, of himself, can know little or nothing. The Reformers* having shaken off the authority of the Church of Rome, and having proclaimed the doctrine of private interpretation, would, one should naturally suppose, practise the utmost toleration, and leave man free to follow the dictates of his own judgment. But the very reverse was the case: Europe was drenched with the blood of contending sectaries; they anathematized, burnt, and decapitated each other; and the Calvinists, whose doctrines we are so often told are favourable to civil liberty, were in the Netherlands—and the creed of Calvin was here one of the fundamental laws—the enemies of their country’s independence, and the friends and partisans of the man who laboured to overthrow its liberties. Those who leaned to the Catholic doctrines, like Grotius, were uniformly republicans.

“The Calvinistic doctrine, that God, from all eternity, consigns one portion of mankind, without any fault on their side, to everlasting torments, shocks our feelings, and is totally repugnant to the notions entertained by us of the goodness and justice of the Deity: it is not therefore surprising that it should be called in question. From the first, several objected to it; but it was not till the successes of the United Provinces appeared to afford them a near prospect of triumph, that the opposers of Calvin’s doctrine formed themselves into a party, and occasioned a public sensation.” The celebrated James Arminius

Nec perimit mors una semer.—Fortuna quid heres?
Quis mercede tenes mixtos in sanguine manes?
Quis tumulos moriens hos occupet hoste perempto?
Queritur,—et steril tantum de pulvere pugna est."

A translation of these verses was furnished to Mr. Butler by the elegant translator of “Oberon,” Mr. Sotheby. The reader will not be displeased at their insertion here:—

“Scant battle-field of chiefs, thro’ earth renown’d,
Opprest, I loiter tow’r;—and, now, while Fate
Dreads to destroy, in foreign soil I stand.
Thrice chang’d the year, thrice have we chang’d the Foe,
Fierce winter chafes the deep, the summer burns
With fell disease: less fell th’ Iberian sword.
Dire Pestilence spreads;—on funerals funerals swell:
Nor does one death at once extirpate all.
Why, Fortune! linger? why our souls detain
With blood immingled? Who, the Foe extinct,
Who, dying, shall these sepulchres possess,
And in this sterile dust the conflict close?”

* “The Reformed Church,” says Mr. Butler, “in the largest import of the word, comprises all the religious communities which have separated themselves from the Church of Rome. In this sense, the words are often used by English writers; but, having been adopted by the French Calvinists to describe their church, these words are most commonly used, on the continent, as a general appellation of all the churches who profess the doctrines of Calvin.”
was at their head. As his language seemed to express notions more consonant than those of Calvin, to the sentiments entertained, by rational Christians, of the goodness and justice of the Deity, it is not surprising that they found many advocates among the learned and moderate; but some ardent spirits were offended by them, and instilled their dislike of them into the populace. In this dispute, the pedantic king of England, James I., warmly entered, and sent over some of his bishops to attend the Synod of Dort, at which there was observed neither the forms of equity, nor the appearance of common justice or common sense. The Calvinistic party called in the aid of Prince Maurice, and the civil power. In was in vain the Remonstrants, as the Arminians were called, protested against the authority assumed by the synod: their leaders were arrested; and, amongst others, Barneveldt and Grotius, who sided with those who appeared to have some reason on their side. The sentence passed on the Remonstrants by the synod, was approved by the States General on the 3rd July, 1619. On the same day, the Arminian ministers, who had been detained at Dort, were, by a sentence of the States General, banished or imprisoned, deprived of their employments, and the effects of some were confiscated. Similar severities were exercised on the Arminians in most of the territories subject to the States General. To avoid the persecution, some fled to Antwerp, some to France, the greater part to Holstein. There, under the wise protection of the reigning duke, they settled, and afterwards built a town, which, from him, they called Friedericistadt.

They continued to assert the irregularity of the Synod: the Bishop of Meaux shrewdly observed, that "they employed against the authority of the Synod, the same argumests as the Protestants used against the authority of the Council of Trent." Barneveldt lost his head;* and sentence of perpetual imprisonment was pronounced against Grotius, on the 18th of May, 1619. He had one invaluable friend, his wife: she shared his confinement; and, ultimately, effected his liberation, by conveying him out of prison in the box in which his books were usually carried. Soon after his escape, he repaired to Paris, where he was allowed a pension by the French monarch: but, still attached to his country, he wrote his celebrated Apology, which still further incensed the ruling party in Flanders.

"That literature," says Mr. Butler, "is an ornament in prosperity, and a comfort in adverse fortune, has been often said by the best and wisest men; but no one experienced the truth of this assertion in a higher degree than Grotius, during his imprisonment at Louvestein. In that wreck of his fortune and overthrow of all his hopes, books came to his aid, soothed his sorrows, and beguiled the wearisome hours of his gloomy solitude. His studies often stole him from himself, and from the sense of his

* "All the accused," says Mr. Butler, "were respectably allied, and had many friends: numerous applications were made in their favour. They undeviatingly demeaned themselves with the firmness and modest dignity of conscious innocence. They persisted in denying the guilt attributed to them, and in protesting against the competency of the tribunal. They made no degrading submission. At a subsequent time, a son of Barneveldt having been condemned to death, his mother applied to Prince Maurice for his pardon. The prince observed to her, that she had made no such application in behalf of her husband: "No," she replied, "I know my son is guilty; I therefore solicit his pardon: I knew my husband was innocent; I therefore solicited no pardon for him."
misfortunes. In the exercise of his mental energies, he was sensible of their powers; and it was impossible that he should contemplate, without pleasure, the extent, the worth, or the splendour of his labours; the services, which he rendered by them to learning and religion, and the admiration and gratitude of the scholar, which he then enjoyed, and which would attend his memory to the latest posterity. He himself acknowledged that, in the ardour of his literary pursuits, he often forgot his calamities, and that the hours passed unheeded, if not in joy, at least without pain."

"Grotius may be considered as the founder of the modern school of the Law of Nature and of Nations. He was struck with the ruthless manner, in which wars were generally conducted; the slight pretences, upon which they were generally begun; and the barbarity and injustice, with which they were generally attended. He attributed these evils to the want of settled principles respecting the rights and duties of nations and individuals in a state of war. These, he observed, must depend on the previous rights and duties of mankind, in a state of peace: this led him to the preliminary inquiry into their rights and duties in a state of nature.

Thus, an ample field was opened to him. He brought to it a vigorous discerning mind, and stupendous erudition. From ancient and modern history, philosophy, oratory, and poetry, he collected facts and sayings, which appeared to him to establish a general agreement of all civilized nations upon certain principles. From these, he formed his system; applying them, as he proceeded in his work, to a vast multitude of circumstances. These are so numerous, that some persons have not scrupled to say, that no case or international law, either in war or in peace, can be stated, to which the work of Grotius does not contain an applicable rule."

While a prisoner, he wrote his celebrated book on the truth of the Christian Religion; and observing that the Reformers absurdly considered the Pope to be Antichrist, a folly not yet laid aside, he wrote a treatise on the subject. "This deep study of the Holy Scriptures," says Burigni, "led Grotius to examine a question which made much noise at that time. Some Protestant synods had ventured to decide that the Pope was Antichrist; and this extravagance, gravely delivered by the ministers, was regarded by the zealous schismatics, as a fundamental truth. Grotius undertook to overturn such an absurd opinion, that stirred up an irreconcilable enmity between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; and, of consequence, was a very great obstacle to their re-union, which was the sole object of his desires. He entered, therefore, upon the consideration of the passages of Scripture relating to Antichrist, and employed his Sundays in it.

"It was this work that raised him up most enemies. We see by the letters he wrote to his brother, that his best friends were afraid lest they should be suspected of having some hand in the publication of the books in which he treated of Antichrist. 'If you are afraid of incurring ill will (he writes thus to his brother), you may easily find people that are far from a factious spirit, who will take care of the impression. Nothing has incensed princes against those, who separated from the church of Rome, more than the injurious names with which the Protestants load their adversaries; and nothing is a greater hindrance to that re-union which we are obliged to labour after, in consequence of Christ's precept, and the profession we make of our faith in the creed. Perhaps the Turk, who threatens Italy, will force us to it. In order to arrive at it, we must first remove whatever obstructs a mutual quiet hearing. I hope I shall find assistance in this pious design. I shall not cease to labour in it; and shall rejoice to die employed in so good a work.'"
This places Grotius in an amiable point of view; and, indeed, through life, he endeavoured to put Christians in good humour with each other. For this purpose he laboured incessantly to promote religious pacification. This project grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. "I shall never cease," says he, "to use my utmost endeavours for establishing peace among Christians; and, if I should not succeed, it will be honourable to die in such an enterprise." Elsewhere he says, "I am not the only one who has conceived such projects: Erasmus, Cassander, Wicelius, and Cassaubon, had the same design. La Maletiere is employed at present in it. Cardinal de Richelieu declares that he will protect the coalition; and he is such a fortunate man, that he never undertakes anything in which he does not succeed. If there were no hopes of success at present, ought we not to sow the seed, which may be useful to posterity?" Even if we should only diminish the mutual hatred among Christians, and render them more sociable, would not this be worth purchasing at the price of some labour and reproaches?"†

"For some time," says Mr. Butler, "Grotius flattered himself that he should succeed in his project of pacification. In one of his letters to his brother, he mentions distinguished Protestants, who approved and encouraged them: 'I perceive,' he says, 'that by conversing with men of the most learning among the reformed, and explaining my sentiments to them, they are of my opinion; and that their number will increase, if my treatises are dispersed. I can truly affirm, that I have said nothing in them from party spirit, but followed truth as closely as I could.' †

"He imagined that some Catholics entered into his views. 'The ablest men among the Catholics,' he thus writes to his brother, 'think that what I have published is written with great freedom and moderation, and approve of it.'

"These pacific projects of Grotius cemented the union between him and Father Petâu: 'I had,' says that most learned Jesuit, in his twelfth letter, 'a great desire to see and converse with Grotius. We have been long together, and very intimate. He is, as far as I can judge, a good man, and possesses great candour. I do not think him far from becoming a Catholic, after the example of Holsteins, as you hoped. I shall neglect nothing in my power to reconcile him to Christ, and put him in the way of salvation.'"¶


¶ "Those," says Mr. James Nichols, "who wish to behold the praises to which HUGO GROTIUS, or HUGO DE GROOT, is justly entitled, and which he has received in ample measure from admiring friends and reluctant foes, may consult SIR THOMAS POPE's Blount's Censura Celebriorum Authorum. His well-earned reputation is founded on too durable a basis to be moved by such petty attacks as those to which I have alluded in a previous part of this introduction (p. xxxi.), or those of Mr. Orne, in page 641.

"That a man so accomplished, virtuous, fearless, and unfortunate, should have had many enemies among his contemporaries, is not wonderful. But the number of those who evinced their hatred to him, or to his philanthropical labours, increased after his decease, when they could display it with impunity. 'This very pious, learned, and judicious man,' says Dr. Hammond, 'hath of late, among many, fallen under a very unhappy fate, being most unjustly calumniated, sometimes as a SOCINIAN, sometimes as a Papist, and, as if he had learnt to reconcile contradictions, sometimes as both of them together.'

"One cause of the charge of SOCINIANISM being preferred against him, has been already mentioned, (p. xxxiii.) and it is more fully explained in pages 637, 642.

* Calvinism and Arminianism Compared. Introduction, exxxii.
The Reformation was followed by incessant wars: that denomi-
nated the war of thirty years, was the most remarkable. It com-

The reader will not require many additional reasons to convince him of the unten-
able ground for such an accusation, when he is told that Voetius, one of the
most violent of his enemies, laid down this grand axiom—"To place the principal
part of religion in an observance of Christ's commands is Hank Socinism!"
To such a practical observance of the requisitions of the Gospel, by what name
soever it might be stigmatized, Grotius pleaded guilty. He says (p. 637), "I per-
ceive this was accosted the principal part of religion by the Christians of the
primitive ages; and their various assemblies, divines, and martyrs taught, "that the
doctrines necessary to be known are exceedingly few, but that God forms his esti-
mate of us from the purpose and intention of an obedient spirit." I am likewise
of the same opinion, and shall never repent of having maintained it.'

"But, as the charge of Popery is of the utmost consequence, I have discussed
this topic at great length (pp. 566, 746), and have proved (pp. 549, 561), that
Grotius was as little attached to the principles or the practice of the Romish
church as the most zealous of his accusers. Whatever tends to vindicate the con-
duct of Grotius in this matter, will operate still more powerfully in favour of
Archbishop Laud. The design of Grotius is well described by Dr. Hammond, in
a Digression which he added to his Answer to the Aniinadversions on his Disserta-
tions; in which he says:—

"For the charge of Popery that is fallen upon him, it is evident from whence it
flows,—either from his professed opposition to many doctrines of some Reformers,
Zuinglius and Calvin, &c., or from his Annotations on Cassander, and the Debates
with Rivet consequent thereto, the Votum pro Pace and Discussio.

"For the former of these, it is sufficiently known what contests there were,
and at length how professed the divisions betwixt the Remonstrants and Contra-
Remonstrants; and it is confessed that he maintained (all his time) the Remon-
strants' party, vindicating it from all charge, whether of Pelagianism or Semi-Pel-
agianism, which was by the opposers objected to it, and pressing the favours of
the doctrine of Irrespective Decrees with the odious consequences of making God
the author and favourer of sin, and frequently expressing his sense of the evil
influences that some of those doctrines were experimented to have on men's lives.
And by these means it is not strange that he should fall under great displeasure
from those who, having espoused the opinion of irreligious decrees, did not only
publish it as the Truth and Truth of God, but farther asserted the question-
ing of it to be injurious to God's free grace and his eternal election, and, conse-
quently, retained no ordinary patience for or charity to opposers. But, then, still
this is no medium to infer that charge. The doctrines which he thus maintained
were neither branches nor characters of Popery, but asserted by some of the first
and most learned and pious reformers. Witness the writings of Hemingius in his
Opuscula, most of which are on these subjects. Whereas, on the contrary side,
Zunglius and others, who maintained the rigid way of irreligious decrees, and
infused them into some of this nation of ours, are truly said, by an excellent writer
of ours, Dr. Jackson, to have had it first from some ancient Romish schoolmen,
and so to have had as much or more of that guilt adherent to them, as can be charged
on their opposers. So that from hence to found the jealousy, to affirm him a
Papist because he was not a Contra-Remonstrant, is but the old method of speak-
ing all that is ill of those who differ from our opinions on any thing; as the
Dutchman in his rage calls his horse an Arminian, because he doth not go as
he would have him. And this is all that can soberly be concluded from such
suggestions, that they are displeased and passionate that thus speak.

"As to the Annotations on Cassander, &c. and the consequent vindications of
himself against Rivet, those have with some colour been deemed more favourable
toward Popery; but yet I suppose will be capable of benign interpretations, if
they be read with these few cautions or remembrances:

"First. That they were designed to show a way to peace, whencesoever men's
minds on both sides should be piously affected to it.

"Secondly. That he did not hope for this temper in his age, the humour on
menced in 1618. "Every state in Europe," says Mr. Butler, "and even the Ottoman princes, at one time or other took a part in it.

both sides being so urgent, and extremely contrary to it, and the controversy debated on both sides by those 'who,' saith he, 'desire to eternize, and not to compose contentions,' and therefore makes his appeal to posterity, when this paroxysm shall be over.

"Thirdly. That for the chief usurpations of the papacy, he leaves it to Christian princes to join together to vindicate their own rights, and reduce the Pope ad canones, to that temper, which the ancient canons allow and require of him; and, if that will not be done, to reform every one in their own dominions.

"Fourthly. That what he saith in favour of some Popish doctrines, above what some other learned Protestants have said, is not so much by way of assertion or justification of them, as to show what reasons they may justly be thought to proceed upon, and so not to be so irrational or impious as they are ordinarily accounted; and this only in order to the peace of the Christian world, that we may have as much charity to others, and not as high animosities, live with all men as sweetly and amicably, and peaceably, and not as bitterly as is possible, accounting the wars and seditions, and divisions and rebellions, that are raised and managed upon the account of religion, far greater and more scandalous unchristian evils, than are the errors of some Romish doctrines, especially as they are maintained by the more sober and moderate men among them, Cassander, Picheral, &c.

"Fifthly. What he saith in his Discours, of a conjunction of Protestants with those that adhere to the bishop of Rome, is no farther to be extended than his words extend it. That there is not any other visible way to the end there mentioned by him, of acquiring or preserving universal unity. That this is to be done, not crudely, by returning to them as they are, submitting our necks to our former yokes, but by taking away at once the division, and the causes thereof, on which side soever; adding only, in the third place, that the bare primacy of the bishop of Rome, secondum canones, such as the ancient canons allow of (which hath nothing of supreme universal power, or authority in it), is none of those causes, nor consequently necessary to be excluded in the suppression, citing that as the confession of that excellent person, Philip Melanthon. So that, in effect, that whole speech of his which is so solemnly vouched by Mr. Knott, and looked on so jealously by many of us, is no more than this, 'that such a primacy of the bishop of Rome, as the ancient canons allowed him, were, for so glorious an end as is the regaining the peace of Christendom, very reasonably to be afforded him, nay, absolutely necessary to be yielded him, whensoever any such Catholic union shall be attempted,' which, as it had been the express opinion of Melanchthon, one of the first and wisest reformers, so it is far from any design of establishing the usurpations of the Papacy, or any of their false doctrines attending them, but only designed as an expedient for the restoring the peace of the whole Christian world, which every disciple of Christ is so passionately required to contend and pray for.'

"At the conclusion of the doctor's Continuation of the Defence of Hugo Gro-
tius, he thus expresses himself:

"As this is an act of mere justice and charity to the dead—and no less to those who, by their sin of uncharitable thoughts towards him, are likely to deprive themselves of the benefit of his labours—so it is but a proportionable return of debt and gratitude to the signal value and kindness, which, in his lifetime, he constantly professed to pay to this church and nation, expressing his opinion, 'that of all churches in the world, it was the most careful observer and transcriber of primitive antiquity,' and more than intimating his desire to end his days in the bosom and communion of our mother. Of this I want not store of witnesses, which from time to time have heard it from his own mouth, whilst he was ambassador in France, and even in his return to Sweden, immediately before his death; and for a real evidence of this truth, it is no news to many, that, at the taking his journey from Paris, he appointed his wife, whom he left behind, to resort to the English assembly at the agent's house, which, accordingly, she is known to have practised.'"
France was the soul of the Protestant cause; she assisted it with her armies, and her subsidies:—it may be truly said, that, if there be a Protestant state from the Vistula to the Rhine, or a Mahometan state between the Danube and the Mediterranean, its existence is owing to the Bourbon Monarchs. Humanity shudders at the perusal of the events of this war. Through the whole of its long period, Germany was a scene of devastation. In its northern and central parts, the ravages of advancing and retreating armies were repeatedly experienced in their utmost horrors: many of its finest towns were destroyed; whole villages depopulated; large territories laid waste. Frequently, the women, the children, and the aged, naked, pale, and disfigured, were seen wandering over the fields, supporting themselves by the leaves of trees, by wild roots and even grass.

In this unnatural contention, success was generally supposed to depend upon artful diplomacy; and Oxenstiern, the Swedish minister, fixed upon Grotius to represent the celebrated Christiana, at the court of France. In his character of ambassador, he acquitted himself like an able negotiator: but, being thwarted by an adventurer sent from Sweden, he solicited his recall. Christiana showered honours upon, and solicited him to remain in her kingdom: but he declined; and, on his journey homeward, died at Rostock, on the 20th of August, 1645. "Burigni informs us," Mr. Butler says, "that Grotius had a very agreeable person, a good complexion, an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a serene and smiling countenance: that he was not tall, but very strong, and well built. The engraving of him prefixed to the Hugonis Grotii Manes answers this description."

As Grotius lived in a time of religious inquiry, we are all naturally curious to know what were the sentiments, on disputed points, of one of the most profound thinkers of that or any other age:

"Burigni," we are told by Mr. Butler, "has collected, in the last chapter of his Life of Grotius, a multitude of passages, which show his gradual leaning to the Roman Catholic faith. He produces several passages from his works, which prove,—

"That he paid high regard to decisions of the councils, and the discipline of the primitive church; and thought the sentiments of the ancient church should be deferred to, in the explanation of the Scriptures:

"That the early reformers were held by him in no great esteem.†

"That, mentioning Cassaubon's sentiments, Grotius said, that this learned man thought the Roman Catholics of France better informed than those of other countries, and came nearer to truth than the ministers of Charenton:—'It cannot,' says Grotius, 'be denied, that there are several Roman Catholic pastors here who teach true religion, without any mixture of superstition; it were to be wished that all did the same.'‡

"That the Calvinists were schismatics, and had no mission:§

"That the Jesuits were learned men and good subjects. 'I know many of them,' he says, in one of his writings against Rivetus, 'who are very desirous to see abuses abolished, and the church restored to its primitive unity.'—We shall hereafter see; that Father Pétan, an illustrious member of the society, possessed the confidence of Grotius:||

"That Grotius looked upon the abolition of episcopacy, and of a visible head of the church, as something very monstrous:¶"
"That he acknowledged that some change was made in the eucharistic bread; that, when Jesus Christ, being sacramentally present, favours us with his substance, as the Council of Trent expresses its doctrine on the Eucharist, the appearances of bread and wine remain, and in their place succeed the body and blood of Christ:

"That Grotius did not approve of the sentiments of the Calvinists concerning the Eucharist, and reproached them with their contradiction. 'You will hear them state in their confessions,' says Grotius, 'that they really, substantially, and essentially, partake of Christ's body and his blood; but, in their disputes, they maintain, that Christ is received only spiritually, by faith. The ancients go much further: they admit a real incorporation of Jesus Christ with us, and the reality of Christ's body, as Saint Hilarius speaks.' It must, however, be remarked, that, although Grotius thought that the term transsubstantiation, adopted by the Council of Trent, was capable of a good interpretation, it is not clear what was his precise opinion respecting the Eucharist. He proposed the following formulary:—

'We believe that, in the use of the supper, we truly, really, and substantially, that is to say, in its proper substance, receive the true body and the true blood of Jesus Christ, in a spiritual and ineffable manner: |

"That Grotius justified the decision of the Council of Trent, concerning the number of the sacraments: |

"That, after the year 1640, he took no offence at the use of images in churches, or at prayers for the dead: |

"That he thought the bishops of Rome may be in error, but cannot long remain in it, if they adhere to the universal church; this seems to pre-suppose the church's infallibility: || |

"That, in the opinion of Grotius, fasting was early used in the church; the observance of Lent was a very early practice: the sign of the cross had something respectable in it; the fathers held virginity a more perfect state than marriage; and the celibacy of the priests conformable to the ancient discipline of the church: |

"And that those, who shall read the decrees of the Council of Trent, with a mind disposed to peace, will find that every thing is wisely explained in them; and agreeable to what is taught by the Scriptures and the ancient fathers.' **

"It is certain, that Grotius was intimate with Father Petæu, a Jesuit, inferior to none of his society in genius and learning; that the good father used all his endeavours to convert Grotius to the Roman Catholic religion; and was, at length, so much persuaded of his friend's Catholicity, that, when he heard of his death, he said prayers for the repose of his soul, ††

"As the religion of Grotius was a problem to many, Menâge wrote the following epigram upon it: the sense of it is, that 'As many sects claimed the religion of Grotius, as the towns which contend for the birth of Homer.'

"Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens, 
Silvei certat votis patriâ Homeri: 
Grotius certat de religione, Socinus, 
Arria, Armânus, Calvinus, Roma, Lutherus.'"
Our opinion of the work may be inferred from this admission: and, indeed, we have no hesitation in saying, that the perusal of the *Life of Hugo Grotius* leaves upon the mind the pleasing impression that age may perform more than the promises of youth; and that an author may amuse, as well as instruct, at the age of seventy. We question if Mr. Butler has produced any thing that does him greater credit: and, in recommending his volume to the reader, we do so without a single drawback. Perhaps a less condensed account of the efforts made at various times towards religious pacification would have been desirable: but it must be observed that this was matter foreign to the subject; and those who are dissatisfied with Mr. Butler's details, will find in his notes ample references to more copious particulars.

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**TO ERIN.**

Yes, Erin, my country! I love thee so well,
That my soul, when it sleeps in its prison of clay—
When the grave has its own—shall awake at the knell
That will scare from his victim the spoiler away.

Though shrouded and bound in the garments of death,
Still my spirit shall dream, my lov'd country, of thee;
And the bard, in his deep grave, shall quicken to breath
When he hears the first shout from the hosts of the free.

When ages have pass'd, will the tale be believed
That the price was the same for the priest as the wolf?
No—rather will men wish their sense were deceived,
And sink the dark truth in eternity's gulf.

Alas! it is painful to those who would give
All—all that is precious, my country, for thee,
To hear thousands say, coldly, if freemen you'd live,
Bow down at our altar; thus only you're free.

But no—sooner let my young spirit steal off
Unheeded—unknown, still a slave to the earth,
Than league for a moment with those who would scoff
At the creed of my sires, or the land of my birth.

They know not the hearts of thy sons—how they burn,
The doubts which a shade on their brighter hope throws;
How the patriot's blood will convulsively turn
At the soul-sick'ning thought of increasing thy woes.

Yet dream not the thraldom of tyrants will last;
'Tis a frost-work that thaws before liberty's sun—
'Tis a red hour of blood that will quickly be past,
When the Godhead has will'd that its fell course be run.

The time yet shall come when no trace will remain
Of those creatures of clay that now mock at thy toil,
Save the curse of the heart, and the print of the chain,
And the dust of the locusts that blasted thy soil.

Again shall the songs of thy triumph be heard;
And again shall thy altars shine out undefiled;
And again shall they cringe, who to rob thee but dared,
When the sword of the free from thy grasp was beguiled.

_Carrick-on-Suir._

R. BRENNAN.
THE ORANGEMAN.—CHAP. V.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE BOY."

Next morning Joss Lett remained much longer than usual in bed, ruminating on such of the events of the preceding night as had come to his knowledge. As the door of his chamber, situated above the parlour, stood open, he could see the anxiety of his lovely daughter in preparing his breakfast; she had his stockings and pumps laid before the fire, while the residue of his upper garments reposed upon the back of a curiously carved oak chair, within a sufficient distance of the grate to give the benefit of the burning turf. The father—as what father would not?—eyed the affectionate attention of his only daughter with parental solicitude; and thought, not without a pang at heart, that she looked by no means as cheerful as she was wont on such pleasing occasions. Indeed, the old man had observed that during the last six months a pallid hue had stolen, as it were, surreptitiously upon her cheek, while he remembered having overheard her more than once break a bitter, deep, and heartfelt sigh, when alone, and unconscious of being within the hearing or observation of any one. Being, however, but superficially read in the volume of the human heart, and knowing still less of the female heart, Joss attributed the change in Sally's appearance to her anxiety for what he supposed were his own increasing infirmities; whereas, a more experienced eye would find it difficult to discover in the hale old man any diminution of health, while it could not fail to see that his daughter was one who—

"Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

Her fits of forgetfulness, the constant abstraction of her eye, and her partiality to solitude, must have apprized any father but Joss Lett, that his daughter was in love; loved on in apparent hopelessness, but still with intensity.

Joss, though an affectionate father, was no slave to those nicenessibilities which, like the gift of prescience, curse rather than bless the possessor. He had no idea of people pining, much less dying from love; he never dreamed that such a refinement of the passion could exist; and therefore never once thought of suspecting the origin of the visible change which had taken place in the manners and person of his dearest child. On the present morning, however, he threw a glance of a more than wonted scrutiny upon her, as she hurried about, on "house affairs intent." Her white morning dress, though not as transparent as gossamer, was yet flexible and flowing enough to exhibit the delicacy and loveliness of a form at once agile and perfect; more like that which we attribute to supernatural creatures than to mere beings of vulgar flesh and blood. There is a beauty, however artists may dispute, so apparent and expressive, that it concentrates the opinions of all; equally discerned and admired by the vulgar and the cultivated, every one owns the magic of its presence, without knowing why and wherefore; and such was the dominion exercised over the taste of the rustic beaux in the neighbourhood of Dunmore, that all referred to Sally Lett as a model
to judge figure and beauty by, without ever supposing that the feminine attributes of this charming girl were to be equalled by any; it were enough if any approached them. This opinion of others, however, never made any impression upon Sally, and her father always maintained that her mind was far more lovely than her face. He held the same notion this morning; but, with a pardonable selfishness, an obtrusive thought respecting her settlement in life was quelled the moment it arose; and, to get rid of the mental pain it left behind it, he inquired if Jachan and his cousin Sil Sparrow had yet arisen.

"It is some time, father," answered Sally, "since they went out with their fowling-pieces."

"Umph!" ejaculated Joss, "an' fade* are they gone, Sally?"

"To the sea-shore, I suppose, sir."

"Umph! an' who is that come in now!"

"Mon White, sir."

"Bid 'im come up here, the rascal. Ich wants to know somethin' about fade† was done last night. Pretty work to be burnin' honest people's houses, and frighten the poor neighbours out ov their lives wid their traitors an lords an lord knows what. Tell Mon I want 'im."

With fairy lightness the nimble girl stepped into the kitchen; and in a moment returned, followed by Mon.

"Eh then, Mon, honey, fade was that, you devil-skin, you did last night wid Bodther Fanny's' house?"

"Faith, Mr. Lett, shure nothin' at all,—ony 'twas burnt, ony how."

"An what murrherin' villain did it, Mon?"

"Musha! shure 'tis hard to tell, Mr. Lett; but 'twas by accident ony way, barren Will-o'-th-wisph was there; for there wasn't a bron'e in the hearth, nor a lamp in the house, at the time it took fire. Some say 'twas this body, an' some say that body, but troth there's no tellin'; but 'twasn't Mr. Jachan, any how."

"Jachan!" repeated the old man, starting up in bed. "No, no, Mon, Ich should think not; for 'twasn't that way Ich reared 'im."

"Faith, an' that's th'oe, Mr. Lett," responded Mon, looking confusedly upon the floor; "but—"

"But," interrupted Joss, pursuing his own train of thoughts, "Ich dunna fade that bouchel on a cousin of his might do. Ich dunna more nor half like 'im wid his loyalty an' fiddledee. An', taukin' of loyalty, Mon, do you know fade it is?"

"Musha! nor the devil a bit, Mr. Lett; ony I half suspect 'tis nothin' good."

"Troth, an' Ich suspect so too; an' whether 'tis blue, black, or brown, Jachan shall hav' nothin' to do wid it, that you may rely on, whatever king reigns. Sally, me clothes!"

"Is poor Fanny's house burnt to the ground?" inquired Miss Lett, as she prepared to obey her father's command.

"Troth, very near, Miss Sally; an' the dummy would have been burnt to a cinder, too, ony for Bob Meyler."

"Robert Meyler!" she said, with much curiosity; "was he there?" and she added, "was the captain there?"

"Eh then, Miss, we were all there," responded Mon; "but Bob

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* Where.
† What.
Meyler was the only man that didn't care three straws for his own life. He darted like a hawk into the flames that like lightnin' burst through the auld craky cabin dure, an' in the bare turn ov an eye he darts out agin wid Boddher Fanny in his arms, an', savin' your presence, there wasn't a scrimskin ov clothes on her whole carcass, barren her shift. Troth, she was amost as naked as the hour she was born; for she wasn't aware of the fire at all, but slept on like a rock.

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Miss Lett.

"Not so poor, nether, Miss Sally; for Fanny has got a ha'penny ov her own, though nobody knows it, if it ent lost in the fire."

"Poor thing," said the kind-hearted girl; "she must have been greatly alarmed."

"Faith, an' 'tis herself that was; but it would do your heart good, Miss Sally, to see the gratefulness of the poor crethur. You'd think she'd eat young Meyler for having safed her life, an' cried as many bushels for joy as for her house."

"Musha then, Mon," said Joss, who by this time had partially robed himself, "didn't I always say that young Bob was a brave fellow? When a garson not higher nor my knee, he used to trash the boys about Dummore, an' Ich disna forget the day he levelled the Wexford butcher in Taghmon, who was just gone to murder me, bekase Ich wudna let 'im cheat me out of three teasters. By the law Harry, he's the blood of a lion in 'im, an' ought to have been made a soger of, instead of his brother the captain."

"Oh, sir," said Sally, smiling, and the old man rejoiced on seeing that smile, "but the captain is a brave man, too."

"Tut, tut, girl, he's not fit to hould a candle to Bob; an' if he wasn't goin' to become a preest, dang my buttons but Ich'ld marry you to 'm; for I'll never forget the whop he gave the Wexford butcher who wanted to cheat me out of three teasters."

Sally had shrunk away to hide her blushes before the conclusion of her father's remarks; but was quickly drawn back to the parlour by the distressing cries of a female in the bawn. "'Tis Mrs. Meyler," said Sally, as she caught a glance of her figure. "Ah, no!" she continued, correcting herself, apparently pleased at the discovery, "'tis only poor Fanny in a suit ov Mrs. Meyler's clothes."

Boddher Fanny, as the title given to her by common consent indicates, was one of those afflicted creatures who can hardly be said to herd with their kind. She knew not the sweetness of that perfect communion which language only can impart; and, despoiled by nature of one sense and one organ, she lived in loneliness and poverty, but not,—judging from appearances,—unhappily. She kept herself and cottage clean and comfortable, was remarkably industrious, and though, like others of her kindred in misfortune, extremely irritable and suspicious, the evil that had befallen her secured her everywhere kindness and attention. Necessity had supplied her with much of that language which is now taught in laudable institutions; and there were few things she could not express by conventional signs. This morning, with the privilege of grief, or the confidence which urgent sorrow inspires, she made her way straight into the parlour, and commenced instantaneously with a detail of her misfortune in

* Teaster, a sixpence English.
that manual eloquence which, with some of these poor creatures, is at once forcible and expressive. With more than the agility of a modern telegraph, she flung her arms around, and, having communicated the particulars of the fire, she relaxed from her exertion, laid her head upon her hand, closed her eyes, and gave other indications of sleep; then started up, rushed at Miss Lett, seized her violently in her arms, and frightened the timid girl; but it was only demonstrating the action of her deliverer. Poor Fanny repented of not knowing how to express herself less offensively, and seemed sorry for the momentary agitation she had caused; and Miss Lett, as if ashamed of the weakness she had betrayed, encouraged Fanny to proceed, by inquiring, manually, who had saved her. This touched a tender string; the afflicted creature seemed to burst through the natural prohibitions to speech; but these being inflexible, she exclaimed, "Bah!" with great force, and then hastily began to bless herself. Sally understood her meaning, and sighed, "God bless him;" but Fanny, as if comprehending the movement of her lips, fell upon her knees, and seemed to pour out her soul for her deliverer. Miss Lett burst into tears; why, was not then exactly known; perhaps she did not know herself.

CHAPTER VI.

Mon White and poor Fanny had just returned to the kitchen, when Captain Meyler entered. The smile of careless vivacity which was wont to light up his countenance, had given place to a look bordering upon seriousness, and he appeared rather formal in his morning salutation.

"Why, captain," said Joss, as he adjusted his wig, "you look as grave as a parson this morning."

"I am sorry you think so, Mr. Lett," was his reply. "I'd wish to go laughing through life, but, curse upon the world! it wont let me. But yesterday, I was as cheerful as a philosopher—the philosophers were jovial fellows—but to-day I am as thoughtful as a fool, and why not, since I am going once more to begin life."

"Goen to hauld the plough," said Joss; "well, buy, don't be disheartened at that, though Ich am sadly of opinion you'll turn but a quere furrow."

"You are right, sir; I would turn but an indifferent furrow, but I am only going to turn another leaf. The world, Miss Lett," turning to Sally, who stood listening to him in an attitude of fixedness which might be taken as an indication of either surprise or gladness, "is an oyster which I once more must open with my good sword." "Folly, captain, folly," exclaimed Joss, sitting down to a plate of sturabout, which always gave him a relish for his tea; "this trade ov war, as my father often sed, is an unprofitable and ungudely work; an' troth betwixt ourselves, Ich am thinkin' you might do jest as well to have nothing to say to't. There's Bob, hard an' fast larnin' the Tribo* as busy as a Nailor, an' naturally enough will leave you the bawn to do what you like wid. Take a maun,† man, take a maun."

"What do you say, Sally?" inquired Joss, casting an inquisitive glance upon the blushing girl.

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* Meaning the Introibo ad altare dei, the beginning of the mass.
† A wife.
"That your advice is very good, sir."

"Troth it is so, Sally, avourneen; an' may be you could recommand the captain to a nice little housekeeper."

"The captain, sir," she replied, adjusting her tea-cups and appropriating one significantly for her guest, "is, I hope—believe, already provided for."

"Well, well," said Joss, "so much the better. I only thought—but never mind—captain, you'll never be half so well as Ich could wish thee."

"You were always kind, my old friend," returned the captain, "and be assured that I feel grateful for your advice, though I have resolved not to follow it. My brother has a right to the bawn—I only to my sword; nor would I exchange professions for a king's ransom. However, my good friend, the honour of a soldier, like a woman's character, must be preserved pure and unsullied; and, as mine has been grossly insulted by a guest of yours, you will excuse my calling to require a gentlemanly satisfaction before bidding Narristown, which has recently been to me a little paradise—the home of my Eve—a final adieu. When this little affair," he continued, coolly taking up the cup of tea, "is adjusted, I set off instantly for Dublin."

"Why, then, captain aroon," said Joss, suspending the up-raised spoon mid-way between the dish and his mouth, "this is all Greek to me."

"The party concerned will understand me," said the captain.

"Faith an' may be so; but, if you mean fightin', I'll hav' none ov' in Narristown, at any rate. This limpin' fellow seems to me an odd kind of buy, but, troth, Ich wudna like he went home from Joss Lett's house wid his head in his fist, any how.

"I hope nothing has occurred, Captain Meyler," said Sally, somewhat alarmed, "to cause you any uneasiness."

"Uneasiness! no, no, Sally; 'tis nothing but an every-day affair. In the army we manage things somewhat more methodically: a brother officer would there take a man's honour into his keeping, convey his message, witness his will, and stand by him to the last, but my goodly brother would undertake none of these kind offices for me; so, in the absence of a friend—for they are devilish scarce—I am obliged to act the part of a friend towards myself. But," he continued, looking out of the window, "I see my opponent coming through the bawn." And he instantly quitted the parlour. Joss and his lovely daughter were so unaccustomed to scenes of this nature, that the very surprise into which they were thrown disabled them from acting; and, before any of them thought of moving, Jachan entered the parlour, unaccompanied by Sil Sparrow, who, as well as Captain Meyler, had disappeared.

"Fade's all this?" inquired Joss, but his son seemed by no means willing to satisfy him. "Ich'll know," said the old man, resolutely starting up, seizing his staff, and quitting the parlour.

"For God's sake, Jachan," said Sally, "tell me what does all this mean."

"Nothing that concerns you, sister; it is the affair of gentlemen; women know nothing about it." And he rather rudely quitted the parlour.
The Orangean.

His manner betrayed the tender feelings of his sister, as she saw him in a few minutes across the bawn, and, as she saw him approaching, she concluded that he had taken an opportunity to come to the house after much thought and reflection. But when she saw him she was not surprised to find that he was not the same man she had known. He was pale, and his eyes, which had been shining with courage and determination, were now clouded with sorrow and regret. He passed the bawn, and, as he entered the house, he went immediately to his sister's room.

The girl was sitting by the window, staring thoughtfully out of it. She did not hear her brother enter the room, and it was not until he was standing beside her that she looked up. She started, and then her face changed to one of surprise and joy.

"Is it really you, brother?" she said, her voice trembling with excitement.

He nodded, and she ran towards him, throwing her arms around his neck. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with emotion.

"What brings you here, my dear?" he asked, his voice low and soft.

She told him of her care and concern for their father, and of her desire to be near him in his time of need. "I will stay with you," she said, "and help you in any way I can.

He smiled, and then said, "I am glad you have come, my dear. I have much to tell you."

He went on to explain to her what had been happening to him, and how he had been forced to leave his home and go to the city in search of a better life. He told her of the hardships he had endured, and the friends he had made, and the things he had seen. When he had finished, she looked at him with a mixture of admiration and pity.

"You are a brave and noble man," she said, "and I am proud to be your sister.

He smiled, and then said, "I am grateful to you, my dear. I know I can rely on you to always be there for me.

She nodded, and they hugged each other, feeling a bond of love and understanding that would last a lifetime.
communicating his wishes to Jachan, in the event of an accident. He had, however, twice to repeat his instructions respecting his mother, and the disposal of his body, before Father Kelly had approached; but, just as the priest was on the point of entering the field, within two or three perches of where they stood, he snatched the pistol boldly out of his friend's hand, and hopped, like a magpie, to the appointed stand. "Now, Sir," he cried, "I am ready."

"Thank heaven, not in time!" exclaimed Father Kelly, placing himself between the combatants.

"Quit that place, instantly, you Popish imposter," said Sil, blusteringly, "or I'll drive the contents of this pistol through your body; I must chastise that insolent fellow, who dared to call me a scoundrel. A Sparrow of Emniscorthy could never submit to this."

"I congratulate you, Sir," said Captain Meyler, civilly, "on this convenient manifestation of courage; but if it be not assumed, like your loyalty, to secure a present purpose, you shall have an opportunity of displaying it at another place, before the lapse of twenty-four hours; for I have now a double cause of quarrel: before, I thought you a scoundrel; I must now brand you as a liar: for know, Sir, that this holy man is not an imposter, although a Popish priest."

"Children," said the good father, "why seek to precipitate each other prematurely into the abyss of destruction? For shame! you ought to recognize a brother in the person of an enemy, and love each other for the sake of Him who shed his blood to redeem us all. I forgive this strange gentleman from my heart for what he has said to me; and now, my son, Henry Meyler, let me beseech you to follow my example. Do shake hands, like Christians, and forgive each other."

"Forgive, indeed!" said Sil, "a likely story. No, never. Take your ground, Captain Meyler."

"Quite a Sir Lucius in a minute," said the captain; "but you must excuse me, for here comes the whole village, and, as I live, the two Miss Lett's, with my brother, to dignify our quarrel, though we have not drawn a trigger."

CHAPTER VII.

SALLY and her fair cousin, in endeavouring to discover the place of meeting, had to inquire of so many people, that in a short time the whole population of Dunmore were acquainted with the cause of their anxiety, and accordingly it was soon discovered that the combatants had proceeded to the sea-shore. Thither men, women, and children hurried with impatient curiosity; and Robert Meyler, having been informed by Munster Paddy of the cause, proceeded hastily after them. In a few minutes he came up with the Miss Letts, and offered each an arm: the assistance was at the moment highly desirable, for Sally, from excessive anxiety, was hardly able to proceed, unsupported, further. Her cousin, however, betrayed no symptom of fatigue; the excitement appeared to have added to her spirits, always buoyant, and to have imparted new energy to a frame as elastic and active as it was feminine and delicate. "I hope," said she, with ecstasy, "that we shall be in time for the duel. Oh! I long to see one with my own eyes."

"How can you talk thus, Rebecca?" said her timid cousin; "perhaps one of them is killed by this time."
"Oh! I hope not before we come up. I wonder how does the captain look with a pistol in his hand."

"Have done, Rebecca, or you'll frighten me to death; and you know you don't mean what you say."

"Indeed, but I do, though, Sally; for I am sure Captain Meyler would look very well fighting a duel."

"Ay, but if he were shot?"

"Why aye, I should not like that."

"Nor Sally either, I would think," said Robert.

Miss Lett blushed, and replied, "Certainly not; no more than those who have a greater interest in his fate."

"True," returned Robert; "though I question if a brother could feel more on such an occasion than a fond partial mistress."

"Who is she?" inquired Sally.

"Probably you could answer the question better than either of us," said Robert. "But see," he continued, "all our fears were unnecessary. The duel has been undoubtedly prevented by Father Kelly;" and he pointed out the hostile party with the priest in the midst of them.

"Oh! what a pity," said Rebecca, as if disappointed at a result which gave pleasure to her friends; but the exclamation proceeded from her love of excitement, and not from a want of feeling; for, though naturally a coquette, she was by no means wanting in those sympathies which give interest, and grace, and charms, to the female mind.

Before they could reach the scene of mortal combat, Captain Meyler had put his arm within that of the priest, and, crossing a dike, walked in an opposite direction along the strand, apparently towards the little chapel of Clon一汽is Well. His adversary and Jachan Lett advanced to meet their friends: Sil looked as if flushed with victory, and made his bow to the ladies with great confidence, while Sally affectionately seized her brother's arm, and feelingly inquired if any thing had happened to him."

"Nonsense! girl," replied Jachan; "I ran no danger."

"Nor any one else," interrupted Rebecca; "pretty fellows, to give us this walk for nothing!"

"Twas the fault of the priest," said Sil; "but at another time you may witness the spot you have lost."

"High-ho!" said Rebecca, "then we had better march home again."

"Will you honour me?" inquired Sil, holding out his arm.

"Thank you, sir," said she, "I am provided with a cavalier; here, Mr. Meyler, give me your arm."

This refusal visibly filled Sil with chagrin, and he was not displeased to find that it had a very marked effect upon Jachan. Sally, too, refused to avail herself of his gallantry, and walked home leaning on her brother. When they reached Narristown, they found the old man had only just returned from a fruitless pursuit of the combatants; and, in the fulness of disappointment, he vented his anger on Jachan. "Gude bless deliver ous, ent we come to a fine pass, that a brat of a boy means to rule ous all, becase he spent a month or six weeks in Enniscorthy. Troth, Mr. Sparrow, Ich dunna fade you did there wid a jackon, for you've made another man ov'in, an' for the worse too."

"They taught me the duty of a loyal man, sir," said Jachan.
"Jachan," said Sally, interposing her good offices, "has not been so much to blame."

"Blame!" repeated the old man, knocking his staff with great force perpendicularly on the sanded floor of the parlour. "Blame! wasn't he to blame last night, at the Widow Meyler's—for Ich've hard all about it—when nothin' would serve 'im but to make presnor of an ould schoolfellow. Oh! Jachan, Jachan!"

"He acted under a false impression," said Robert, "and I shall think nothing more of it."

"There now, father," said Sally, "Mr. Meyler has explained the circumstance; won't you be satisfied?"

"Well, perhaps Ich might, you little hussey: you always plade like a counsellor for 'im, and somehow or other brings him off clear. But is dinner ready, for these buys must be hungry, as they got no breakfast?"

This inquiry clearly indicated that Joss was about to return to his usual equanimity of temper, and Sally, rejoiced at the change, set about making the necessary arrangements. The table was soon laid, and almost as soon covered with substantial fare; but, just as they were about sitting down, a face darkened the front of the parlour window. It was that of Munster Paddy; but changed from its usual appearance of vacant thoughtlessness, to a look of terrible apprehension.

"Masther Robert! musha—Masther Robert!" he said, in what might be called a loud whisper, "why don't you come?

"Fad'e's the matther, you Munster fool?" cried Joss, not at all pleased at the untimely interruption. "Matther!" repeated Paddy, "tare-an-ounse, ent every thing the matther! There's the whole army above at the bawn, me mistress in a dead faint, and the captain, God save 'im from the hands ov his enemies, taken."

"Good God!" exclaimed Robert, starting up, "what does this mean?"

"Faith," said Joss, "the puck is in the times;" and then, raising the window, learned from Paddy, in detail, the circumstances which he had so abruptly communicated. Sil Sparrow remained unmoved by the intelligence. With such occurrences he appeared quite familiar; but Rebecca, it was observed, notwithstanding her habitual levity—or what we shall call such for want of a more appropriate word—sank at once into anxious thoughtfulness.

"What can have occasioned the captain's arrest?" she eagerly inquired, or perhaps only spoke aloud the mental question she was putting to herself. Sil, however, replied,—

"Treason, to be sure; what else?"

"I asked not your opinion, Sir," said the lovely girl, with a look of proud contempt.

"It will amount to nothing," said Robert, turning from the window, and taking up his hat. "Ladies, you will excuse my abrupt departure."

"Ich'll go along wid you, buy," said Joss, snapping up his hat and staff; "tis hard if all Narristown wont bail my young friend. Oh! Jachan! Jachan!" he exclaimed, shaking his hand at his son as he quitted the parlour, "this is all owin' to you and your loyalty."

"Are there many sogers, Paddy," asked Joss, as they proceeded towards Boolabawn, usually called the Bawn, for shortness.
"Eh, then, not above two dozen, an' they ent sogers nether, but yeomen cavalry, as they call themselves." "God be wid ould times," he continued, as if apostrophising something, "it ent in my country we are, or the divil a one ov 'em would lay a finger on the captain's body."

"Why, fade do you mean, Paddy?" asked Joss. "Och, nothin', ony a few boys might have fine sport, barren you and Masther Robert were unwillin'."

"Doin' what?"

"Why just larnin' manners to the yeomen, an' makin' 'em remember not to be takin' civil honest people an' rammen 'em into their gaols, for nothin' at all."

“That is, Paddy, you'd resk the captain."

"Troth, you has jest sed it."

Joss laughed heartily at Paddy's proposal, but assured him that there were other and better means of preventing the captain from taking up his abode in a goal.

"Ich have," he continued, "a few hundred, and Narristown and all that's on it to boot, an' I'll pledge it all, or free the captain. Troth, Ich loves 'im like my own child, an' would go as far to serve 'im."

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**THE GENIUS OF KILLARNEY.**

The sunset of summer has tinctured the lake
With its shadings of purple and glories of blue:
And the vapours of evening in crimson awake,
To smile on the sparkles of orient dew.

Oh! the glow of this scene!—it is balmy and fair,—
'Tis the softness that sleeps in a young lover's eye;
And the clouds that are mantling the violet air,
Show such paintings as colour the sunniest sky.

Not a breath on the sea,—not a breeze on the wave,
Save the zephyr that comes from the garden of bliss:
While the purest of pleasures which mortals may crave,
Is embalmed in an eve so enchanting as this!

Oh! those dark forest mountains! so splendid and wild,
Where the roebuck is treading with haughtiest foot;—
Where the musk of the morn is luxuriantly wild,
And the language of discord for ever is mute.

Oh! those mountains! where oft I have buoyantly trod,
Like a keel when it bounds o'er its watery way;—
It is sunshine and glory that varies each sod,
As it basks 'neath the dolphin-like* exit of day.

O'er that Eden of waters, I silently cast
An eye-glance, which sorrow had blightingly seared;
And a vision of magic, enthroned on the blast,
Its head of illusion delightfully reared!—

"Land of my soul!" thus spoke the maid,
In garb of fairy web arrayed;

* The dolphin, I think, is said to assume, at its death, a splendid variety of colour.
The Genius of Killarney.

"Land of the brave, the great, the best,
Where th’ eagle builds its airy nest;---
Where the bird of genius sings,
Floating on its gentle wings;---
Where the child of song can tell
All the notes of poesy’s shell:---
Land of the free! thou wast——but now
Oppression hinges on thy brow,
And chains and shackles bend thee low!
The 'night of ages' hurries on,---
Its mystic goal is nearly won!
The deeds that marked its awful tide,—
That crushed and smote your warriors' pride,—
That wove for thee a woof of blood,
And stained the ground where warriors stood,
With torrents of its ceaseless blood!
Onward! onward they flow!
Raise high the crest!—Unsheath the sword!---
Let FREEDOM be the battle-word!
With waving plume and couched lance,
And serried line, advance! advance!
Against your doomed foe!

A brighter sun is on the hill,---
A purer stream is in the rill;---
Let hope and union flame the breast,
And Fortune's care shall do the rest;
Your fathers' pains, your children's groans,—
Their youthful wants, their whitening bones,
Still call for mighty deeds!
But no!—Let England vote thee free!---
Let these, and ALL, forgotten be!
Let justice take her wonted stand,
And glory revel o'er the land,
While slavery's champion bleeds!

I see! I see! in distance rising,
Joy and triumph come;
And every future act devising,
Meet they here a home!"

’Twas the genius of Tomies,* the nymph of the woods,
That road on the foam as it curled beneath;
It was she who harmoniously swept o'er the floods,
And the voice of the winds was the song of her breath.

Killarney uprose from its pearly bed,
And the queen of its beauties was treading the brine;
A wreath of asianthus † encircled her head,
And her pathway was strewed with the sun’s latest shine.

Like the tones of a fairy when hymning to air,
She sung of the woes of those destitute isles;
And, sinking to rest, she left Echo to share
The notes she had shrined in a heaven of smiles!

Osc.—t.

D. S. L.

* One of a magnificent range of mountains, that rise in Alpine grandeur over the bosom of Lough Lane.
† Grows to extraordinary luxuriance in the islands of the Killarney Lake.
The rhythm obliges us to give it the vulgar accentuation.
THE BARTHOLOM EW CONTROVERSY.*

In our number for January, we gave a brief notice of Dr. Lingard's excellent vindication of himself as a man and historian, against the coarse and invidious attack of a writer in the Edinburgh Review; but, as much has since appeared relative to the subject—as Dr. Allen has written "A Reply," and Dr. Lingard a "Postscript," we are necessarily obliged to enter more fully into the controversy.

We are not disposed to deprecate the literary chivalry of Dr. Allen, who acknowledges himself, in the pamphlet before us, the author of the offensive and disingenuous articles in "Blue and Yellow;" but at the same time we must confess, that he does not appear altogether forgetful of the consideration, that it is more honourable to be defeated by some men, than to triumph over others. A noble foe gives an adscititious greatness to his opponent. The avowal, however, added nothing to public information; our esteemed friend, Rory O'Rourke, Esquire, had communicated the fact to the world, in our number for February.

"The falsehoods and forgeries," says Mr. D'Israeli, "raised by parties, are overwhelming! It startles a philosopher, in the calm of his study, when he discovers how writers, who, we may presume, are searchers after truth, should, in fact, turn out to be searchers after the grossest fictions. This alters the habits of the literary man; it is an unnatural depravity of his pursuits—and it proves that the personal is too apt to predominate over the literary character." Without making any invidious application of this very just observation, we must say, that Dr. Allen is one of those gentlemen who appears to flatter himself in being a greater admirer of truth than he really is—a more liberal-minded man than we are compelled to pronounce him. If not a Scotchman, he has all the native coldness of one—he is fonder of hypothesis than fact; and a credulity most extraordinary, where his prejudices are concerned. Of his private character we know nothing, nor is it necessary that we should—we suppose him as amiable as he describes himself, and we believe that he is the advocate of religious toleration and civil liberty. But, granting all this, he furnishes, in his own person, a remarkable instance of the power of prejudice over Protestant minds. His extensive reading, and long habits of thinking, have not been able to emancipate him from those narrow views with which Englishmen regard Catholicity and its professors: like most Protestants, he thinks Catholics are naturally illiberal and Jesuitical; and foolishly imagines that they refuse, from sectarian motives, to reprobate acts of intolerance and cruelty, when perpetrated by Catholics! Possessed with this idea, he overlooks facts and probabilities, and has actually charged Dr. Lingard with the crime of suppression and perversion, from sectarian bias, where there could not possibly be any religious motive whatever. Of the two opinions, the one adopted by the reverend historian is that most unfavourable to the Catholic people of France. This is putting the most favourable interpretation upon Dr. Allen's accusation; for it has been elsewhere

Postscript to Dr. Lingard's Vindication. London: Mawman. 1827.
Postscript to Dr. Allen's Reply. London: Ridgway. 1827.
hinted that, in his animadversions on Dr. Lingard's History, he was influenced by private pique and personal dislike. "Dr. Lingard," he says, "seems to imagine, that in writing my criticism on his book, prejudice guided my pen, and that I was influenced by private antipathies and resentments against him."

"To this accusation I reply, that I am personally unacquainted with Dr. Lingard; that my first knowledge of his existence was derived from his excellent reply to the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Huntingford, which I was at pains to disseminate; that the accounts I afterwards heard of him from many respectable individuals of his own persuasion, were calculated to give me a favourable impression of his character; and that, till I was led to a minute examination of his History of England, I had recommended it to all persons with whom my opinion was likely to have weight, as a work of talent and research, and worthy of a place in every library.

"But, desirous as I am to repel the insinuation of personal malice, I am more anxious still to have it understood, that I have not been influenced in my judgment of Dr. Lingard's book by any prejudice against him as a Roman Catholic priest, or by any desire to countenance or strengthen the prepossessions entertained by many against what is called Catholic emancipation. I might have had reasons for disliking the man; but I could have none, which I should not blush to own, for disliking him on account of his religion."

And, after expressing his opinions on the merits of the Catholic question, to which he is favourable, he continues—"A desire to serve Dr. Lingard, and to repel what I then thought an injustice done to him, first prompted me to become the reviewer of his works. I had read with pleasure and instruction his Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon church—a book at that time little known beyond the narrow circle of theological controversy: and, from the variety of talent and extent of knowledge it displayed, I had formed a high opinion of its author. While full of admiration for the man, I met with a criticism on his book, dictated, as it then appeared to me, by a spirit of sectarian bigotry, charging him with insidious designs, accusing him of craft and misrepresentation, and insinuating that, though a priest, he was not a Christian. Indignant at these charges, which I thought uncandid and unfair, and desirous of extending the circulation of his book, by making its merits, and, I may add, its existence, more generally known, I resolved to draw up an account of it for the *Edinburgh Review.* But, in preparing my article for the press, though strongly prepossessed in favour of Dr. Lingard, I was struck with various instances of what seemed to me disingenuous partiality, in his account of the saints and confessors of his church; and could not disguise from myself, that he had sometimes stooped to artifices beneath a candid historian, to exalt the merits, or throw a veil over the defects, of those holy personages. His vituperative language and petulant remarks on some modern historians, led me to look into the history of St. Dunstan, and more particularly to examine the tragical tale of Edwy and Elgiva. I detected, as it appeared to me, some mistakes or mistatements in Dr. Lingard's account of these transactions, and endeavoured to correct them; but, not having thoroughly investigated

* Vindication, p. 8.
the story, I left it in a state satisfactory neither to myself nor to my readers. Dr. Lingard replied to some parts of my criticism, in a note annexed to the first volume of his History of England. That reply led me to reconsider the question, and examine, with greater minuteness, the original authorities. I soon discovered, or at least convinced myself, that we were both in the wrong. The materials I had collected I put together; but as the subject was of little interest, and of still less intrinsic importance, I threw my essay aside, and, most probably, should never have looked at it again, if I had not been a second time seduced into a review of one of Dr. Lingard’s publications.

The object of seduction was an article transmitted to the editor of the Edinburgh Review, animadverting on Dr. Lingard’s history; and, on being turned over to Dr. Allen, occasioned the first review of the History of England in the northern “Blue and Yellow.” “I was determined,” says the doctor, “to do justice to his merits, without concealing his defects. His condition, as a Roman Catholic priest in England, strengthened every bias I still entertained in his favour.—The hard and unprofitable duties of that station must be embittered by recollections on which it is unnecessary to dwell; and when one in so forlorn a state, languishing in obscurity and dependence, where his predecessors flourished in opulence and splendour, has strength of mind to devote his leisure hours to literary pursuits, it is impossible not to admire the force of character that raises him above the frowns of fortune.”

The critic, however, acknowledges his fallibility. “On a calm review of what I have written,” he says, “I must confess they seem to have directed my pen in the general and too flattering picture I have drawn of his (Lingard’s) works.” If true, the fact did him no discredit; does its publication now relieve him from the imputation of being now under the influence of irritated feelings? But the truth is, the statement is gratuitous, and will pass for as much as it is worth; a reference to the review will show, that it was of a character very similar to the subsequent one, which Dr. Allen admits was written in a spirit of hostility towards his author. In general, he likes tragic incidents in history, and was, perhaps, displeased with Dr. Lingard’s account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for having curtailed it of its wonted proportions of blood and horror; he resolved that it should continue the bugbear of all the old women in England, who, “with spectacles on nose,” now endeavour, occasionally, to resuscitate the horror of Popery, inspired by the goodly volume of that veracious martyrologist, John Fox.

Though written with such kind intentions, Dr. Allen, with the modesty of a man who continually calls for proofs, assures us, that the reverend historian was extremely angry with his reviewer. “Some months,” he says, “after the first explosion of Dr. Lingard’s wrath, I received, at Paris, a printed letter, in a newspaper, signed Investigator, abusing my unfortunate review in the coarsest terms; pointing

* “I was content,” he says, “with slightly lamenting the want of dramatic interest in the history, &c. This gives us a good notion of Dr. Allen’s idea of an historian’s qualification. Doubtless, the doctor is a great admirer of Shakspeare’s historical plays.
me out, almost by name, as the author of it; and calling on me to have
the candour to acknowledge supposed error I had committed. From
many circumstances, I had reason to believe that Dr. Lingard was the
author of that epistle; and, though I could hardly reconcile with this sup-
position the praise bestowed in it on his own book, or the contempt ex-
pressed in it for Anglo-Saxon history, the presumptive evidence was
so strong, that I had little doubt of the fact. Dr. Lingard has since declared,
' that he was not privy either to the writing or to the pub-
lication of that letter.' I give entire credit to his assertion. Nettled
at the manner I had been treated, and recollecting to have heard
from one of the first literary characters in England, that Dr. Lingard's
account of the St. Bartholomew was partial and prejudiced, I put that
part of his book into the hands of a French gentleman, distinguished
for his intimate and critical acquaintance with the history of his
country. On casting his eye over it, he exclaimed at once, that the
whole was taken from Caveyrac; and, as a proof that the author had
borrowed from Caveyrac without even knowing the works to which
the Abbé had referred his readers, he pointed out to me the ridiculous
blunder into which Dr. Lingard had fallen, of classing among Hugo-
not writers, the President de Thon, an archbishop of Paris, and an ex-
jesuit, noted in France for the fury and virulence of his orthodoxy.
Having nothing better to do at Paris, I resolved to make some
inquiry into the history of the St. Bartholomew; and, with the ad-
vantage which a stranger possesses in that capital, of consulting public
libraries with every facility which the most liberal institutions, adminis-
tered in the most kind and most courteous manner, can afford, I col-
lected a body of materials on that subject, and on some other points
of French history, of which my second review of Dr. Lingard's work
was the result."

In this review, he boldly asserts, that "no fact is to be credited
without examination, no impression to be received without doubt, on the
mere authority of Dr. Lingard's statements."

Yet the modest and candid reviewer, who calls upon the public to
believe this, confines himself to a single note, and that note on a sub-
ject unconnected with the purpose of the work before him. To prove
the whole work erroneous, he pounces upon a page or two in the
appendix. Were the contents of that page incorrect? Has
Dr. Allen succeeded in proving the historian unworthy of credit?
This brings us to the subject of the controversy—the Bartholomew
affair.

On the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, the royal forces of
Charles the Ninth, in conjunction with the Catholic mob, massacred,
in cold blood, all the Protestants, or rather Calvinists, they could find
in Paris. The work of destruction continued for several days; and
the bloody tragedy was repeated, with every circumstance of horror,
in several towns throughout the provinces. This event filled Europe
with amazement; and, from that time to the present, it has been
debated whether the foul deed was the result of sudden impulse, or
preconcerted plot: Dr. Lingard maintains the former; Dr. Allen the
latter.

It is agreed on all hands, that, whatever were the merits of the
Reformation, its early progress was marked by bloodshed and civil
war: sometimes the Protestants were the oppressed, and sometimes
the oppressors, accordingly as they were feeble or powerful. Among other nations, the Reformation led to civil commotions in France: perhaps, at first, their conduct was not unjustifiable; but, subsequently, they resorted to measures which no government could tolerate. But, at the same time, it must be admitted, that the ambition of rival princes played off the professors of the old and the new religion against each other, as it suited their vile and selfish purposes. In 1565, Charles, then a very young man, with the queen-mother, met Isabella, the queen of Spain, accompanied by the Duke of Alva, at Bayonne. The Huguenots took alarm—concluded that this was not a mere family meeting—and that a league had been entered into between France and Spain for the extermination of the Huguenots. Accordingly, they resolved to strike the first blow: "the Huguenots," says Hume, "though dispersed over the whole kingdom, formed a kind of separate empire; and, being closely united, as well by their religious zeal, as by the dangers to which they were perpetually exposed, they obeyed, with entire submission, the orders of their leaders; who were ready, at every signal, to fly to arms." Under their direction, the Protestant troops endeavoured to carry off the king and queen-mother, but were prevented by the Swiss guard. They were subsequently defeated at St. Dennis; and their leader, the Prince of Condé, was afterwards killed at the battle of Jarnac, fought in 1569. Coligni became, then, their chief; for, though the young King of Navarre bore the nominal command, the admiral ruled with despotic power. In these wars the influence of religious animosity was added to those passions which usually embitter domestic warfare.* Though supported by the money of Elizabeth of England, the Huguenots were successively defeated; but, still continuing unsubdued, the king was obliged, in 1570, to come to an accommodation with them, and offered his sister Margaret in marriage to the Prince of Navarre. This was agreed to; and Coligni, and several of his party, went to Paris to be present at the nuptials. The king appeared on the most friendly terms with the admiral, whose life, on the 22nd of August, 1572, was attempted by an assassin. The wound was not dangerous: Charles visited him; and, at his request, sent a guard to protect his hotel, and had the Catholic inhabitants removed to make room for the accommodation of his party, who now desired to be near the person of their chief. These facts are attested to on all hands: it is also agreed that the authors of the massacre had not agreed on what grounds to palliate or defend their conduct: they vacillated considerably.

Both Catholics and Protestants have expressed their belief in a preconcerted plot; but they had no authority beyond conjecture and public belief at the time, for having come to this conclusion. There is no proof that any one concerned ever made such an admission;—there are proofs in abundance, that they denied it in toto. Dr. Allen admits, that the interview at Bayonne is the epoch from which all Protestants and many Catholics date the first machinations to destroy the chiefs of the Huguenot party; but his proofs are scanty indeed.† In his review, he quoted Strada as an authority, in favour of a pre-

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* Lingard, Vol. viii. p. 113.  † Reply, p. 44.

† "When I sate down to compose the memoir, I entertained no doubt of the received opinion, that the massacre was the effect of a preconcerted plot: but these formidable objections induced me to pause, and to inquire on what real
concerted plot, but Dr. Lingard demolished this evidence at once; he convicted his reviewer of a palpable error—of a misquotation. Strada maintains the very contrary to that imputed to him. "I must frankly confess," says Dr. Allen, "that in his correction of one passage of my review, Dr. Lingard is in the right." In translating, he misconstrued the passage, and, deceived by this false interpretation, he copied from the Latin no more than suited his purpose in the English.† "Thus," says Dr. Lingard, in his Postscript, "the error appears to have been, what I myself have stated (p. 50), an oversight. Nor was I, perhaps, very wrong, when I attributed it to 'that eagerness for victory, which so often blinds and misleads the judgment.' This at least is evident, that Dr. Allen was writing under some strange delusion. The sentence, as it stands in Strada, is easy, perspicuous, and in the usual style of that great master; but take it as it was misconstrued by the reviewer, and it becomes the clumsy disjointed composition of a tyro, unacquainted with the niceties and elegancies of the Latin language.

"But Dr. Allen complains that I called it also 'a fraud.' I am sorry for it. I was not aware that the word had escaped from my pen, till it was pointed out to me in his Reply. Yet I see not what right he has to complain. The man who is in the habit of charging others with fraud, ought not to be surprised if the accusation be sometimes retorted on himself. Caveyrac, in transcribing a passage, omitted two words: the omission was certainly harmless and accidental, for by it the two halves of the sentence were made to contradict each other: it probably arose from the almost immediate repetition of the word quæ (qu'autres que), so that the eye, passing from the manuscript to the printed book, caught the second quæ instead of the first. Yet this Dr. Allen, in the review, pronounces, without hesitation, to be a fraud, (Rev. 104.) Within a few pages, he himself omits several lines in a quotation from Strada: by the omission he imparts a false meaning to that author, and on that false meaning founds a charge of suppression against me. But this, though far worse than the error of Caveyrac, he will not suffer to be called any thing but a mistake.—Well: be it so. I object not, but think he ought to extend to others the benefit of that indulgence which he so liberally claims for himself.

"He has discovered another subject of complaint; that in transcribing the passage from Strada, I have printed the word potius with a capital P, and thereby converted the preceding colon into a

foundation a system so replete with improbabilities, was built. Writers who asserted it, were to be found without number; they were Catholics as well as Protestants: some took it for granted; others attempted to prove it. But what was their authority? Nothing beyond suspicion, and report, and conjecture. Not one of them, as far as I could discover, pretended to have been privy to the design; not one received his information from those who were supposed to have been privy to it. All the evidence of this description is on the other side: every credible document, purporting to give the testimony of the king, or of the queen, or of the Duke of Anjou, or of their ministers, declares that the massacre was a sudden and unforeseen expedient, suggested by the alarm which the failure of the attempt on the admiral had excited, and by the danger to be expected from the revenge of his adherents."—Lingard's Vindication, pp. 19—20.

* Reply, p. 60.
† Dr. Lingard's Postscript, p. 115.
full stop, making his error appear more extraordinary.' (Reply, 62.) I answer, that I have met with no edition of Strada, excepting the Roman, in which potius is not printed with a capital P, and with none at all in which it is not preceded by a full stop, unless it be his own copy in the Review, where, instead of either colon or full stop, he has been pleased to insert a comma. But Dr. Allen is the last man who should descend to such minutiae. In the Reply, 'he subjoins the passage carefully collated with the Roman copy,' and yet this very passage, so 'carefully collated,' is disfigured, not merely by false punctuation, but even by false grammar."

Deprived of the testimony of Strada,* Dr. Allen is obliged to rely solely on Colygonon, who, in his Memoirs, relates a conversation on the authority of a boy, only twelve years of age, that was supposed to have taken place between the queen mother, Catharine of Medecis, and the Duke of Alva. This is at least but hearsay evidence, and is contradicted by the king’s sister. The apprehensions of the Huguenots are no proofs whatever. Believing that there was a league for their destruction, they would naturally act as if their fears had been founded on undisputed facts. It will be readily conceded, that here Dr. Allen fails in adducing proofs; he is not more successful in supporting his hypothesis of a preconcerted plot in the subsequent details of the transaction:—

"In the first place," says Dr. Lingard, "I noticed the friendship which the king, Charles IX., after the pacification of 1570, manifested for the admiral, and the ascendency which that friendship gave him over the mind of the young monarch. His correspondence with the king was frequent; his interviews were secret and confidential. To attach Charles to his party, he is said to have awakened the royal jealousy, by throwing out suspicions of the designs of the queen mother, who monopolized the powers of government, and was careful to bring forward, on all occasions, her favourite son, the Duke of Anjou; and, with the same view, he flattered the king’s ambition, by proposing to him the conquest of the Netherlands as an easy achievement, if he would permit the French Protestants to aid their brethren, the Gueux of Flanders, already in arms against the King of Spain. In the year 1571, he visited Charles, both at Blois and at Paris: in 1572, he was invited to assist at the marriage of the King of Navarre. The ceremony had been fixed for the 18th of August; but he repaired to the court in June, partly at the solicitation of the English ambassador, partly through his own anxiety to further the Spanish war.† There he remained during two months,

* Respecting the mis-translation, Dr. Allen has the following invidious passage:—"After so many detections of Dr. Lingard’s errors, can it be supposed, that to add one to the number I should have risked a false quotation, which was sure to be discovered and exposed? But, in whatever manner my mistake originated, I should be a churl to grudge Dr. Lingard his triumph at this advantage, the only one he has obtained in the whole course of his Vindication. Yet there is one reflection I might suggest to him in abatement of his joy. A merchant may be forgiven a single error in his accounts; but if he commits an error in every page, and every error tells to his own advantage, he must expect to lose his character and credit."

Now, suppose that Dr. Lingard had been wrong in substituting a capital P to "Potius," does it follow that he has committed an error in every page. Unfortunately for Dr. Allen, his adversary is quite right, however, in the capital P.†

† "Mémoires de Villeroy, ii. 63. Mémoires de l’Étoile, i. 47. Le Laboureur, Castlenau, iii. 31."

† "Mémoires de l’Estat de France, sous Charles Neufesme, i. 72, 85, 217. Meidelbourg, 1578."
making, or appearing to make, daily advances in the royal confidence, and exciting the most serious apprehensions in the breasts of the opposite party. Now the writers, who believe in a preconcerted plot, are compelled to maintain, that all this while Charles was acting the part devised for him by the queen-mother, feigning a friendship which he did not feel, and seeking, by smiles and courtesies, to allure the admiral and his friends to the spot designed for their destruction. But, first, at the commencement of this period, he was only twenty years old. Is it possible, that so young a prince should be so consummate a master in the art of dissimulation, as to be able, for two years, to carry on this system without detection; a prince, too, who, from the sudden bursts of passion to which he was subject, was liable, at any moment, to betray his real sentiments? Secondly, is it credible, that the admiral, a wary and veteran politician, would suffer himself, for so long a period, to be duped by the mere acting of a raw and unexperienced youth, and so completely duped, that even the attempt on his life did not dispel the delusion? * Thirdly, is it possible, that, if Charles dissembled, his brother of Anjou, and the Marshal de Tavannes, his supposed accomplices in the plot, should be unacquainted with his dissimulation? Yet, that they were, is evident from this fact, that they presented four memorials, which are still extant, to the council, to dissuade the king from the Spanish war, to which he was led by the advice of the admiral.†

* These are improbabilities which it will require no little ingenuity to remove; there are others still more appalling to succeed.

† “The Attempt on the Admiral’s Life.—In the next place, I related the attempt to murder the admiral, in the open street, on the 22d of August. He was wounded, but not mortally, and the assassin, who escaped, is known to have been employed by the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, and their confidential advisers, the very persons to whom the design of a general massacre is attributed by the reviewer. But by what ingenuity can this event be reconciled with such a design? What possible motive could there be to attempt the life of one man, if the object was to take the lives of all? Its effect must have been, to awaken the suspicion of the intended victims, to warn them of their danger, to suggest to them projects of resistance or escape. That the life of the admiral alone was sought, is most certain. Every precaution had been taken to secure the flight of the assassin, but no preparations had been made to follow up the blow. If the admiral had fallen, his adherents would probably have withdrawn to places of safety. They might have done it on that day; they might have done it on the next. The proposal was twice made, but rejected by the obstinacy of the leaders. Whoever considers these circumstances, must, I think, conclude, that no general massacre was at that time in contemplation.

‡ “The King’s Visit to the Admiral.—Lastly, I related the impression which this attempt appeared to make on the mind of the king. He expressed the most lively apprehension for the fate of his wounded friend, and gave peremptory orders for the discovery and punishment of the assassin and his employers. Not content with this, he visited the admiral in his bed, accompanied by the queen, his two brothers, and his principal counsellors. Now this visit opposes another most powerful objection to the hypothesis of a pre-concerted plot. There was no ne-
cessity that Charles should visit the admiral; merely because that nobleman desider it: on the contrary, the very request was likely to excite apprehension in a guilty mind. Yet he goes there without guards; he puts himself, his mother, and brothers, into the power of the men whose destruction he is supposed to have been plotting for two years, and whose suspicions he must have expected to be raised by the late attempt; and he puts himself into their power at a moment, when they are assembled at the house to the number of two hundred, with arms in their hands, and cries of vengeance in their mouths. To me it is utterly incredible, that, with the consciousness of guilt on his mind, he should have thus, unnecessarily, exposed himself, and those who were most dear to him, to such imminent danger.

"And here there occurs an additional difficulty: why did Catharine, the real contriver of the murderous attempt, accompany the king to the admiral's chamber? The writers of both parties agree, that she feared the influence of Coligni over her son, and sought to prevent, by her presence, the introduction of any subject prejudicial to her interests. The Protestants relate, that the wounded chieftain was not to be deterred; that he reminded Charles of the many warnings which he had previously given him, and that he had begun to point the suspicions of the king against certain persons who were undermining his throne, when Catharine suddenly interposed, and put an end to the conversation." The account of the Duke of Anjou is more particular, though rather different. According to him, Charles, at the request of the admiral, ordered his mother and brother to withdraw to the centre of the room. They obeyed: but the earnestness with which the admiral was observed to speak, excited the alarm of Catharine. She interrupted his discourse, prevailed on her son to depart, and employed all her arts to draw from him the secret subject of the conversation. At last he exclaimed, with an oath:—What the admiral said was the truth; I have allowed the sovereign authority to slip from my hands into yours and those of my brother. It is necessary that I be upon my guard against a power which will soon overbalance my own. This was what he told me, and begged me to receive, as the death-bed advice of a loyal and devoted servant." It is immaterial which of these narratives we prefer. Each of them shows that Catharine was, and had reason to be, jealous of the influence of the admiral with the king: a jealousy which it will be difficult to account for, if we believe that he had been employed for two years in endeavours, under her direction, to allure that nobleman and his adherents to their destruction."

After removing the reviewer's objections to his authorities, he continues:

"Council before the Massacre.—The next paragraph in the memoir describes briefly the council that was held preparatory to the massacre. Had my limits allowed it, I should have premised, that the king, on his return from the admiral, sent despatches to every part of the kingdom, announcing the attempt on that nobleman's life, and promising prompt and ample justice on the offenders; that, the next morning, witnesses were examined before the privy council; that, according to report, the horse, on which the assassin escaped, was furnished by a servant of the house of Guise, but the arquebuse, which he left behind him, belonged to the guards of the Duke of Anjou; that the Huguenots paraded in arms before the hotel of Guise; that they threw out insinuations against the queen-mother and her favourite son; that Piles and Pardaillan did all but charge her with the crime to her face; and that the whole party had resolved to demand, in a body, justice of the king the next morning. Under these circumstances,

* "Mais la reyne mere scait fort bien empeschier, qu'il ne commune particulièrment au roy quelques secrets touchant la conservation de son état. De Serres, iii. 177. Mémoires de l'Estat, i. 278. Thuan, iii. 124."
† "Mémoires de Villeroi, ii. 67—69.
agitated with the consciousness of guilt, and fearful of its consequences, Catha-
rine assembled the secret council of her adherents, in which the massacre was
resolved, as the only means of preventing vengeance, and the renewal of the
war.

"Objections of the Reviewer.—First: But here the reviewer charges me with
some secret and dishonest design; because, in mentioning the hour at which
Charles gave his consent, I desert my former guide, the Duke of Anjou, and fol-
low the account of his sister, the Queen Margaret.—It has, however, always been
considered the duty of historians, when the relations, though they agree in sub-
stance, disagree in minor circumstances, to prefer that which they think the most
probable. It is true that Anjou says of the king, after he had given his consent,
"Il nous laissa dans son cabinet, ou nous avisames le reste du jour, le soir et une
bonne partie de la nuit." But I knew that royal authors sometimes express them-

* Le peril present, la reyne en diverses craintes, la versification du coup,
que l'on doibtolt s'esclaircir, la guerre ou l'execution presente pour l'empeschier
luy tourment dans la teste. Si elle se fust peu parer de la source de l'arquebusade,
malaisemnt eut elle acheve ce a quoy l'evenement la contrainct; l'accident de la
blessure au lieu de mort, les menaces forcent le conseil a la resolution de tous
les chefs. Tavannes, 267.

† "Memoires de l'Estat, i. 283."

‡ "At her ' souper et coucher,' Memoires de Marguerite, 175, 179. As this
princess was but just married to the King of Navarre, whose youth alone pre-
vented him from being the head of the party, she was kept in ignorance of their
design, though it had been communicated to her sister, the Duchess of Lorraine.
This occasioned the following interesting occurrence at the 'coucher' of the
queen-mother:—Estant au coucher de la reine ma mere, assise sur un coffre
aupres de ma sœur de Lorraine, que je voyois fort triste, la reine ma mere par-
lant a quelques-uns, m'apperceust, et me dit que je m'en alasse coucher. Comme
je faisois la reverence, ma sœur me prend par le bras, et m'arreste, et se prenant
fort a pleurer, me dit: mon dieu, ma sœur, n'y allez pas. Ce qui m'effraya ex-
trennement. La reine ma mere s'en apperceust, et appellant ma sœur se cour-
rouga fort a elle, et luy defendit de me rien dire. Ma sœur lui dit, qu'il n'y avoit
point d'apparence de m'envoyer sacrifier comme cela, et que sans doute s'ils dé-
couvrirent quelque chose, ils se vengeroient de moy. La reine ma mere répond,
que, s'il plaisoit a Dieu, je n'aurois point de mal: mais quoy que ce fut, il falloit
que j'allasse, de peur de leur faire souponner quelque chose. Je voyois bien
qu'ils se contestoient, et n'entendoient (n'entendois) pas leurs paroles. Elle me
commanda encore rudement que je m'en alasse coucher. Ma sœur fondant en
larmes me dit bon soir, sans m'oser dire autre chose; et moy je m'en allay toute
transie et eperdu sans me pouvoir imaginer ce que j'avois a craindre. Memoires,
p. 179, 180."

§ "Memoires, p. 173. Mém. de Villeroy, ii. 72."
"Secondly. The reviewer maintains that, "instead of passing two hours at an open balcony, gazing at the stars, (as Dr. Lingard pretends) the queen and her sons had two hours' sleep before break of day, when they went to the balcony to enjoy the commencement of the massacre." Bland and balmy sleep, no doubt, to persons in the expectation of such enjoyment! But I have yet to learn, that après avoir reposé seulement deux heures, necessarily implies actual sleep for that period; and I am sure, that I never thought of placing the royal party for two hours at a balcony gazing at the stars. If any one have so misunderstood me, the cause must be that, seeking to be concise, I have rendered my meaning obscure,†

"The Massacre. To explain to my readers the real origin of the plot, was the principal object of the memoir: and, having accomplished that, I passed rapidly over the particulars of the massacre. The cavils of the reviewer, as they contradict not the substance of my statement, can have but little claim to attention; but I must be allowed to notice his ingenious insinuation, that under an &c., I endeavoured to conceal what I dared not transcribe: whereas he was perfectly aware that the words omitted were such, that the text itself would naturally suggest their meaning to the reader: de prendre armes ny prisonniers sans son congé,' If there were any thing mysterious in these words, why did he not quote them? Or why did he tell his readers to judge what was concealed under them from a passage which he did quote, but which was taken from a different place, and was part of the king's answer to a question put to him in Parliament by Pibrac, the attorney-general?†

"The Character of Charles. He proceeds to detail a long succession of anecdotes, for the purpose of displaying the sanguinary disposition attributed to Charles. The credulity of the reviewer in this instance is truly edifying: but he should have remembered, that tales fabricated at a time when men were maddened with rage and revenge, will be received with distrust by the sober judgment of the reader. They may grace the pages of a review, but can claim no place in legitimate history.§ I shall not notice them in particular; but shall oppose to them a few undeniable testimonies, which will disclose the true state of the royal mind before, during, and after the massacre.

"First. In the memoir I mentioned, on the credit of the Duke of Anjou, the visible reluctance with which Charles had given his consent. The same is asserted, from his own words, by his sister, Queen Margaret.|| If we believe the Protestant writer of the Mémoires de l'Estat, his indecision was, to the last, the cause of alarm

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* Rev. 102.
† "I should have observed, that where I am made to say that the king went to the balcony with his mother and brothers, the s in the last word is an error of the press. The reviewer might have observed that I have no where so much as hinted that the Duke of Alençon had any share in the transaction."
‡ "La Popelinière, ii. 67."
§ "The reviewer has omitted one of these fabrications, which, were it a genuine document, would decide at once the controversy between us. A Huguenot writer has preserved a letter, which he assures us was sent by the queen-mother to Strozzi, who commanded six thousand men in the neighbourhood of Rochelle, in April, with a strict injunction not to open it till the 24th of August. (Mémoires de l'Estat, i. 220.) The following are the contents. 'Strossy. Je vous avertis que jour'd'hui 24 d'Aoust, l'Amiral et tous les Huguenots, qui estoient ici avec luy, ont esté tuez. Partent avisez diligem à vous rendre maistre de la Rochelle: et fazeux aux Huguenots, qui vous tomberont entre les mains le mesme, que nous avons fait à ceux-ci. Gardez vous bien d'y faire faute, autant que craignez de despoiler ou roy, monsieur mon fils, et a moy. Catharine.' This most impudent forgery has not at present any apologists; but I have mentioned it, that the reader may judge what credit is due to the reports and fabrications of the time."
|| "À ce que je luy ai depuis oye dire à luy-mesme, il y eust beaucoup de peine à l'y faire consentir; et sans ce qu'on luy fit entendre, qu'il y alloit de sa vie et de son estat, il ne l'eust jamais fait. Mémoires, liv. 173."
to the conspirators, and Catharine had recourse to all her arts, 'to screw his courage to the sticking place.' Accompanied by her femme de chambre, she went to his apartment, about midnight, and took him with her to the council; and afterwards ordered the signal to be given before the appointed time, through fear that he might revoke his consent.*

"Secondly. While Charles was standing with his mother and brother at the balcony, waiting for the signal, they heard the report of a pistol. The sound threw them into such agitation, that a messenger was instantly despatched, in the king's name, to the Duke of Guise, with a revocation of the former order. He arrived too late;†

"Thirdly. We are told by Tavannes, who was present, that Charles and his mother, during the massacre, remained trembling with terror in the Louvre.‡

"Fourthly. Sully assures us, that it was observed asearly as the evening of the 24th, that the king was seized with an involuntary shuddering, as often as he heard any one boasting in his presence of the bloody feats which had been performed in the tragedy.§

"Fifthly. D'Aubigne, another Protestant, and familiarly acquainted with Charles, asserts from his own knowledge, and the testimony of some of the first personages in France, that during the two years which he lived after the St. Bartholomew, the king's sleep was often interrupted by starts and groans, and exclamations bordering on despair; that he frequently declared his abhorrence of the deed—that he gradually removed from his councils those who had advised it—and that he even sought to free himself from the presence of the queen-mother, by proposing to her a visit to the Duke of Anjou, then king of Poland.;

"If the reader give credit to these testimonies, and they are of the highest order which the subject admits, he will be at no loss to form his opinion of the approbrious tales so ostentatiously put forward in the review, or of the critical impartiality of him by whose industry they were collected.

"The subsequent Massacres. The barbarities exercised at Paris, were followed as a precedent in several other places. 'The sufferers,' I said, 'believed that, as they were not protected, they were persecuted by the command of the court. But the memory of Charles needs not to be loaded with additional infamy. There is no evidence that the other massacres had his sanction or permission; and, when we consider that they happened at very different periods, and were confined to places in which the blood of the Catholics had been wantonly spilt during the preceding insurrections, we shall attribute them rather to sudden ebullitions of popular vengeance, than to any previously concerted and general plan.'"

Every one must see, that it is quite impossible to resist the overwhelming force of these facts and arguments; but Dr. Allen is not yet convinced. "Instead," he says in his Reply, "of recapitulating facts already stated, or attempting a minute history and explanation of all that passed between the peace of 1570 and the completion of the tragedy that followed, I shall content myself with some general

* "Mémoires de l'Estat, i. 285, 286. Thuan, iii. 128.
† "Ne scariois dire s'il offensa quelqu'un: bien sai-je que le son nous blessa tous trois si avant dans l'esprit, qu'il offensa nos sens et notre jugement, épris de terreur et d'appréhension. Mémoires de Villeroi, ii. 76."
‡ "Le sang et la mort courant les rues en telle horreur, que leurs majestés mesmes, en qui etaient les auteurs, ne se pouvoient garder de peur dans le Louvre. Mémoires, xxvii. 271."
§ "Dès le soir du 24 Aoust, on s'apperçut qu'il frémissoit malgré lui, au recit de mille traits de cruauté, d'ont chacun veutoit, se faire honneur en sa presence. Mémoires de Sully, i. 70, edit. 1752."
‖ "Depuis le St. Barthélemy ce prince n'avoit repos qu'entrompoy de tressaux et de gémissements, qui se terminoient en reniements tendans au desespoir . . . comme il detestoit fort souvent le massacre, il avoit desja esloigné des affaires ceux qui luy avoit donné cenuvais conseil, voire meme jusqu'à vouloir envoyer la reyne-mere. D'Aubigné, ii. 129."
observations, which will convince, I trust, every unprejudiced reader, that the King of France meditated the destruction of the Huguenots, when he loaded them with favours and marks of confidence, and that the massacre perpetrated by his order was not a sudden thought, but the result of premeditated treachery.”

What are his proofs? “That the language and conduct of Charles and his counsellors, after the massacre, contrasted with their previous professions and declarations, were such as to convince their contemporaries, that the design of the massacre had been entertained before it was carried into execution; and that the Huguenots had been enticed to Paris, with a premeditated intention to cut off their leaders, suppress their religion, and disable them from opposing any resistance in future to the exercise of the royal authority in France.

“The declaration of Charles to Alessandrino, in February, 1572, establishes the fact, that, six months before the massacre, it was the intention of the king, on pretence of marrying his sister to the Prince of Navarre, to ensure the Huguenots, and avenge himself for the injuries he had suffered at their hands. It appears, also, from this declaration, that he was so intent on taking vengeance on his enemies, that he was willing to sacrifice his sister to gratify that passion.—Nothing, he owned, would have made him consent to the marriage, but the impossibility of satisfying his revenge in any other way.”

And, previously,† he gives in detail this declaration of Charles.—Speaking of Cardinal d’Ossat, he says:

“Among other important missions entrusted to his care, he was employed at the papal court to obtain a revocation of the sentence of excommunication pronounced by Sixtus V. against his master; and, notwithstanding the opposition of the Spanish faction, which then predominated in the College of Cardinals, he attained his object. He was afterwards charged with a still more delicate negotiation, in which he was equally successful. After a separation of fourteen years from her husband, Margaret of Valois was persuaded to sue for a dissolution of her marriage, on the ground that it had been contracted without a dispensation from the Pope, and that she had been constrained by her mother and brother to consent to it against her will. When the case was laid before the cardinals of the congregation, the Pope himself, Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini), came forward, an unexpected and important witness in favour of her suit. He stated to the cardinals, judicially assembled to consider the question, a fact that came within his own knowledge, which confirmed her allegation, by explaining the motives that actuated her mother and brother in putting a force on her inclinations. He reminded them, that, while the marriage of Henry and Margaret was in agitation, Cardinal Alessandrino, nephew to Pope Pius V., had been sent by his uncle to Blois, to negotiate, if possible, a marriage between Margaret and Sebastian, King of Portugal; and, at all events, to refuse a dispensation for her marriage with the Prince of Navarre, except on conditions to which his mother, the Queen of Navarre, would not consent. He informed them, that Charles, anxious to obtain a dispensation, without which Margaret would not submit to the marriage, after attempting in vain to overcome the objections of the cardinal, took him by the hand, and said, ‘You are in the right. I acknowledge it, and am obliged to you and to the Pope for what you have said; and, if I had any other means of taking vengeance on my enemies, I would never consent to this marriage; but I can find no other way.’ Satisfied with this reply, the cardinal returned to Italy, and, when the news of the St. Bartholomew arrived at Rome, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, ‘Praise be to God, the King of France has kept his word with me!’ This

conversation was repeated at the time by Cardinal Alessandrino to Pope Clement, who was then his auditor, and had accompanied him to Blois, and by Clement it was immediately committed to writing."

To this Dr. Lingard rejoins, in his "Postscript." He says,

"In the preceding pages I have shown, from circumstantial evidence, that the hypothesis of a preconcerted plot is utterly devoid of probability. If you adopt it, you are beset with difficulties and contradictions which no ingenuity can surmount or reconcile: reject it, and the events follow in their natural course, the consequences of violent passions called into action by political rancour, and the sense of personal danger. To my reasoning on this head, I see not that Dr. Allen has opposed any material objection. He reverts to the anecdote related in page 58: to this he now clings as to the main prop of his case; and from it he argues that Charles, when he made the answer to Alessandrino, evidently meditated the massacre, which followed his sister's marriage. Reply, p. 37.

"But, before Dr. Allen can legitimately draw this inference, he must assume two things which he can never prove: 1. That the words related by D'Ossat are the very words spoken by Charles; and, 2. That these words cannot refer to any thing but a preconcerted massacre. 1. It is evident that in the present case a slight variation in the words may make a very important alteration in the sense; and we all know how frequently conversational anecdotes are embellished or disfigured by the fancy or the imperfect recollection of the narrators. When the pontiff related the story to the cardinals, twenty-seven years had elapsed since he first received it from the lips of Alessandrino; and he seemed aware that his relation might be inaccurate, by stating that the paper, on which he wrote it down at the moment, might yet be found. We do not, however, know that any search was made for that paper; but we know that different versions of the king's answer had been published several years before; and hence, must allow, that it is doubtful whether the words attributed to him, by Clement, are correct.

"Secondly. But supposing that they are, is it impossible that they should refer to anything but a preconcerted massacre? It should be recollected, that Alessandrino, in addition to other arguments against the proposed marriage, had argued that it would render the Huguenots too powerful for the king. Why might not Charles reply, that it was the only expedient he had of revenging himself on them; and yet have no other meaning than to rid himself, by this vague answer, from the cardinal's importunity?

"Moreover, it had been maintained by the advisers of the marriage, that by detaching the King of Navarre from the other Huguenots, it would enable the king to suppress the whole party. Why may not this be the kind of revenge to which he alluded in his answer? It is plain, that words, susceptible of so many different interpretations, are insufficient to establish the existence of a plot, which is uniformly denied by those who could be acquainted with the real fact, and utterly disproved by the strongest circumstantial evidence.

"The only inference, then, which I think can be fairly drawn from the letter of D'Ossat, is that, in the opinion of Clement, Charles compelled the marriage under the expectation that it would give him the superiority, and allow him to punish those whom he considered as obstinate rebels. But this is all. To argue from it, that the king had already formed any particular plan for that purpose, and much more to infer that he had actually adopted the atrocious project of a general massacre at the celebration of the ceremony, are gratuitous deductions not at all warranted by the premises."

We might here close the controversy, and call on the reader for a verdict, were not another conclusive proof forthcoming. "Dr. Lingard quotes," says Dr. Allen, "with complacency, a passage from the Mélanges Littéraires of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, where that author asserts he had examined the secret papers of the Vatican, while they were at Paris, and the result of his examination was a positive conviction in his mind, that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was not a premeditated design, but a resolution suddenly adopted in
The consequence of the wound of the admiral. The Viscount de Chateaubriand is a man of eloquence and imagination; but how far he is qualified for historical investigation, we have yet to learn. It would have been more satisfactory if he had published the documents which convinced him that the massacre was the result of the unsuccessful attempt on the admiral's life. That he found no papers which proved it to have been a preconcerted plot, I can readily believe. I have it in my power to communicate a still more extraordinary fact to Dr. Lingard. There is not a trace of the St. Bartholomew to be found on the archives of the Parliament of Paris, though we know from De Thou, that, besides other documents on the subject, the king's declaration of the 26th of August was inserted in the records of that assembly. Not a scrap, however, remains; every vestige of so abominable a transaction has long since disappeared; and, probably for the same reason, many papers relating to that event, have been withdrawn from the Vatican."

"Alas! poor Dr. Allen! here again you are at fault. "It will," says his adversary, "be sufficient to reply, that Chateaubriand does not merely assert the absence of documents to prove the existence of the supposed plot, but positively asserts the presence of documents which disprove it. "Il resulste positivement de ces lettres que la Saint Barthelemuy ne fut pas préméditée."

"In estimating the number of the slain* throughout France," says Dr. Allen, "during the massacre, Dr. Lingard has the following passage: -- "But the martyrrologist adopted 'a measure which may enable us to form a probable conjecture. He procured from the ministers in the different towns where massacres had taken place, lists of the names of the persons who had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered. He published the result in 1582.'

"Now, I wish to know from Dr. Lingard on what authority this circumstantial story is related? I have already asked the question, and have received no answer whatever. I believe the tale to be entirely destitute of truth. If Dr. Lingard can either prove the fact, or produce the authority that misled him, he is acquitted. If he can do neither, the story must be considered as his own invention: and the reader, who afterwards gives credit to his statements without examination, must have some other principle than reason to govern his belief."

How comes the doctor, before making this insinuation, to overlook the following passage in the historian's "Vindication":

"With regard to the number of the slain, little reliance can be placed on the conflicting conjectures of historians. We all know that the mind, in a state of excitement, is prone to exaggeration; that in such cases tens are speedily multi-

* Of the number of the victims in all these towns it is impossible to speak with certainty. Among the Huguenot writers, Peréfix reckons 100,000, Sully 70,000, Thuanus 50,000, La Popelinière 20,000, the reformed martyrrologist 15,000, and Masson 10,000. But the martyrrologist adopted a measure, which may enable us to form a probable conjecture. He procured from the ministers in the different towns, where massacres had taken place, lists of the names of the persons who had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered. He published the result in 1582; and the reader will be surprised to learn, that in all France he could discover the names of no more than 786 persons. Perhaps, if we double that number, we shall not be far from the real amount.
plied into hundreds, and hundreds into thousands. But with this I have little concern. I took Caveyrac for my guide, and to Caveyrac I referred the reader as my sole authority. * It seems, however, that in treating the subject, the reviewer himself is infected with the spirit of amplification. He cannot quote my words that the Protestant martyrologist procured lists of the names, without representing me as saying that the martyrologist used uncommon industry, and took extraordinary pains, to procure such lists. † But though I said it not, I have no doubt that extraordinary pains were taken. Not only are the names of the victims mentioned in the enumeration of the slain, but the occupations which they followed, the streets in which they lived, the very signs which hung over their doors, are frequently added. Could this have been done unless more than common industry had been employed?*

Dr. Allen, in entering, personally, into the controversy, has enabled the literary public to appreciate, not only his talents, but his candour; and our readers need not now be told of the humiliating contrast he exhibits to his dignified and learned opponent. By universal suffrage, Dr. Lingard's pamphlet is the best controversial tract which has appeared in England; and the public attempt of Dr. Allen to cope with the historian, has only tended to cover him with additional disgrace, by his evident and palpable failure—by his aggravation of the original offence. Without entering into an estimate of the worth of the doctor's advocacy of the Catholic claims, we may be permitted to say, that he appears to us one of those dear friends who incumber by their kindness. Not satisfied with an open avowal of hostility to Catholicity, he avails himself of every opportunity to wound by insinuation, and counteract the liberality of his seeming principles by hints and inuendos. A dozen times, at least, in his "Reply," he repeats, that Dr. Lingard is unworthy of credit, unless where he adduces authority, and that his authorities are to be received with caution where immediate access is not to be had to the originals. The public, however, will now know what value to place upon the opinions of such reviewers as Dr. Allen; and, since the accuracy of his facts rests upon the case he has made out in his own defence—for he has been thrown upon the defensive, we may dismiss him without any reference to those minor and irrelevant insults, which he has offered to his revenge adversary. They are unworthy of notice, and must prove more injurious to him from whom they emanated, than to the individual to whom they are wantonly offered.

There is one more observation, and we have done: Dr. Allen is pleased to draw an inference from the Bartholomew massacre unfavourable to the tolerant principles of the Catholic religion; but nothing could be more unjust or erroneous. "Your next argument," says the profound and accurate Milner, in his "Letter to a Prebendary," "to prove that persecution is a tenet of Catholic faith, is drawn from the massacre of Paris, and the alleged approbation of it by a pope, namely, the celebrated reformer of the calendar, Gregory XIII. With respect to the horrid deed itself, of blood and perfidy, I will not attempt to justify it, as the king, the queen-dowager, and the ministers of France did, at the time it happened, by pretending that the Huguenots were on the point of executing a plot to destroy them, and to overturn the government; † because it is now
clear from history, that no such plot existed at that particular time. I will not even extenuate its atrociousness, by expatiating on the two real conspiracies for seizing on this very king and his court, and for subverting the constitution of their country, which the Calvinists had actually attempted to execute;* or on the four pitched battles which they had fought against the armies of this their sovereign; or on their treachery in delivering up Havre de Grace, the key of the kingdom, into the hands of a foreign potentate, Queen Elizabeth; or even upon the massacres with which they themselves had previously inundated all France.† So far from this, I am ready to exclaim with Thuanus, or with yourself, in contemplating the horrors of St. Bartholomew's—

"Excitat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant
Secula!"‡

"But, sir, let the blame fall where it is due; on the black vengeance of the unrelenting Charles IX., and the remorseless ambition of the unprincipled Catharine of Medicis, who alternately favoured the Catholics and the Huguenots, as seemed best to suit her interest. The very calumny that I mentioned before, which the king and queen invented to excuse their barbarity, is a sufficient proof that they did not conceive it lawful to commit such crimes to serve their religion;§ for which indeed neither of them felt much zeal: neither was this villany contrived with the participation of a single individual of the French clergy; on the contrary, this body was the most forward at the time to oppose its completion,|| and has, ever since, been the most warm in reprobing it.¶

* The conspiracies of Amboise and Meux; the latter of which appeared so heinous in the king's eyes, that he vowed never to forgive it. The Huguenots had before, when they took up arms against him in 1562, threatened him with the indignities of whipping him, and binding him apprentice to a mechanical trade.—

† I do not here speak of the innumerable massacres committed by the Calvinists of France upon priests, religious, and other unarmed people, during the civil wars which they carried on against their sovereigns, some of which have been already noticed. Davila relates, that when, upon the death of Francis II., liberty of conscience was granted them, besides burning down churches and monasteries, they massacred the people in the very streets of Paris. Heylin relates, that, in the time of a profound peace, these people, taking offence at the procession of Corpus Christi, performed in the city of Pamiers, fell upon the whole clergy who composed it, and murdered them; and that they afterwards committed the same outrage at Montauban, Rodez, Valence, &c. Hist. Presb. 1. ii.

‡ Thuan, ex Statio.

§ This further appears from the proclamation of Charles, immediately after the massacre: "Eodem die edictum promulgatur, quo rex testabantur quidquid in hac accidisset, suo disserto mandato gestum esse, non religionis odio, sed ut nefariæ Colini et sociorum conjugationi obviam iet." Thuan. 1. iii.

|| It is particularly recorded of Henuyer, a Dominican friar and bishop of Lisieux, that he opposed, to the utmost of his power, the execution of the king's order for the murder of the Protestants in his diocese, answering the governor of the province, when he communicated it to him: It is the duty of the good shepherd to lay down his life for his sheep, not to let them be slaughtered before his face. These are my sheep, though they have gone astray, and I am resolved to run all hazards in protecting them. Maimb.

¶ See Maimb. Contin. Fleury, &c.
"But you say, 'I do not lay so much stress upon the act itself of the massacre, as upon the joy expressed, and the marked approba-
tion given it, by the Pope, in the public thanksgivings and rejoicings
with which he celebrated it.'* You had undertaken, sir, to produce
bulls and declarations of the Popes establishing persecution as a 'tenet
of the Catholic religion';† and you here refer me to the individual act
of a Pontiff, which establishes no doctrine whatsoever, and in which
he was as liable to act wrong from ignorance or malice, as another
man. If, sir, I were satisfied that Gregory XIII. had approved of
the foul deed of St. Bartholomew's day, after having viewed it in the
same clear and steady light in which you and I behold it, now that
the clouds of royal calumny, in which it was invested, have been dis-
persed, I should not, even then, think that persecution was proved to
be a tenet of his faith, but I should judge him to have partaken of
Charles's and Catharine's sanguinary disposition, in opposition to the
character which historians have stamped upon him. But you will
recollect the infinite pains which the French king took, by letters,
ambassadors, rejoicings, and medals, to make both his subjects and
foreign princes, but most of all the Pope, believe, that in killing the
Huguenots, he had only taken a necessary measure of self-defence to
preserve his own life, together with the constitution and religion of his
kingdom.‡ If we admit these accounts to have been believed at
Rome and Madrid, as there is every reason to suppose they actually
were, the rejoicings at those courts will put on a very different appear-
ance from that in which you exhibit them."

On going to press, a postscript to Dr. Allen's "Reply" has been
put into our hands. It contains, however, nothing material. The
writer considers himself indebted to Dr. Lingard for having pointed
out the error of the press, as he calls it, in the extract from Strada;
and reiterates his opinion, that Tavannes, in his Memoirs, was not
indebted to his father for any information whatever. In proof of this,
he quotes the following passage from that work:—"Les harangues
funèbres des anciens, se faisaient par leurs enfans, mieux informez de
leurs actions que tous autres. J'ay veu, j'ay seçu partie des faits
de Monsieur de Tavanes mon père, non du tout par luy, qui à la forme
des anciens Francois s'emploie à faire non à dire: si peu curieux de
vanité qu'il a refusé des mémoires à ceux qui vouloient (disoient-ils)
imortaliser son nom."
If necessity can make even cowards brave, surely it is very natural to expect that protracted oppression and perpetual insult will force the Irish Catholics into a spirit of retaliation. The members of the established church are neither sound logicians nor prudent thinkers; for, however habit and impunity may encourage them in their vile crusade against the religion and feeling of the Catholics, they ought to know, from past experience, that neither themselves nor their church are unassailable—that in the wordy war they are likely to get the worst of the blows; and that it would be very odd indeed, if those who profess a religion eighteen hundred years old, and at present professed by nine-tenths of Europe, had nothing to say in their own behalf, or were unable to inflict wounds on a new sect, the members of which are certainly not immaculate.

Protestants should not forget that subjects the most holy admit of ridicule where veneration and respect are wanting, and that, however contemptuously Catholicity may be spoken of where the doctrine of the Church of Rome is unknown, Catholics themselves feel not less proud of their creed or less decided on that of Protestants. "I am of opinion," says J. K. L., or, if you like, Dr. Doyle, "that, in religious inquiry, there is no process by which the mind can arrive at certainty, so short, so simple, so plain, as when its reasoning is founded on facts of public notoriety. The simplicity or brevity of a demonstration does not certainly diminish its force, or obscure the evidence which springs from it; and if, therefore, the Catholic, by seeing with one glance, that the church, in which all Christians confess the truth to reside, is that with which he holds communion, his fidelity to her doctrines should be great, in proportion to the value he sets on his salvation, and his adhesion to them, so far from being blind, is, in truth, the most enlightened, founded, as it is, on the most simple and brief demonstration. The Catholic but laughs at the man, whatever may be his station, who seeks to cushion the name of his sect, or endeavours to confound one of the branches lopped off in the sixteenth century, with the great and illustrious tree from which it fell: he feels the same pity or contempt for the first swarm of sectaries as for the second, or as he does for all and each of those that followed them.

"The followers of Luther or Calvin are precisely the same in his eyes as those of Kant, or Knox, or Wesley, or any other of the numberless tribes who wander about the desert and attack the people of God as they journey under the divine protection to the promised land. He may see some senate, or stadtholder, or prince, or potentate, associate himself with one or other of those sects, and bestow upon it all the wealth and dignity which law, or rapine, or conquest placed in his hands; he may see one of them preserve much of the form, order, dignity, rites, and liturgies of the church, whilst another strips its members in the market-place, and presents itself to the world as a sad image of human fatuity or divine wrath; but, as to

* Cadell: London, 1827.
A Reply, by J. K. L., to the late Charge of the Most Reverend Dr. Magee, &c. Coyne: Dublin, 1827.
the unity, sanctity, Catholicity, and apostolicity of the church, all these sects, whether assembled in palaces, in the conventicle, on the moor, or on the mountain, are equally removed from them.

"The Catholic, whilst he pities the delusion of his fellowmen, and laments, with Augustin, that the salvation of such multitudes should be placed in jeopardy by the pride, obstinacy, or fanaticism of a few furious men; whether these few be clothed in purple, and faring sumptuously every day, or whether they be as senseless or hypocritical as the roving fanatics of our own time, the Catholic, whilst his mind is thus occupied, has no doubt or hesitation as to the wisdom and propriety of his own conduct. He finds all the world declare that there is a church, the faithful depository on the earth of the doctrines and sacraments of Christ; that this church is One Holy Catholic and Apostolic, and that all are bound to hear her voice."

"If any sect or sectary approach to seduce him, he says, who are you, where did you come from? from what heaven have you fallen? what earth produced you? have you not been born of flesh and all its lusts, as was Luther, Cranmer, and Henry; or of the will or presumption of man, like Arius, Socinus, or Rousseau: surely you were not born of God, as the church which was washed in the blood of the Lamb must have been. You say, come to me and possess the truth; but did not Manes say the same, and Simon, and Paul of Samosata, and Nestorius, and Bucer, and Beza, and Cranmer, and all the others, even to the present time.

"Show me the origin of your churches—show how they were founded by the Apostles, or by those who persevered with them, and never separated themselves from them or the body who succeeded to them. I can number the days you have been upon the earth—I know the authors of your misfortune who separated themselves; the Lord warned his disciples to reject such as you; the Apostles foretold your coming, your novelty and dissensions. The impiety of your origin, your pride and obstinacy, your lies and uncharitableness, designate you as men subverted as to the faith, and condemned by your own judgment. There is no unity amongst you, for you do not preach the same doctrine, worship at the same altar, participate of the same sacrament, or obey the same pastors.

"You have no holiness which was not equally found in the times of heathenism—you have discarded penance and all mortification of the senses—your pride of understanding extinguishes all humility—disobedience is your original sin, which, were you washed in nitre, would continue. Wedded to this world, a spirit of poverty is unknown to you. You have scoffed at chastity, though practised and commended by Christ and his Apostles. Signs and wonders, though promised by the Redeemer to the church, and testified by the voice of mankind, are, with an unparalleled effrontery and disregard for all evidence, utterly denied by you. You cannot by any possibility be the people of God. Where, in what times, or countries, are you found why you should be esteemed a universal people—filling the whole earth throughout all ages, from the days of the Apostles? or how can you, who came later into the world than the art of printing, pretend to any connexion with the Apostles or the apostolic times. Have you not the impiety to assert, that Christ had violated his promise, deserted the church which he acquired with his own
blood, delivered the beloved of his soul to idolatry, permitted error to overwhelm truth, and the powers of hell to break in pieces the rock on which he built his church? Depart, exclaims the Catholic, you are a stranger, having no share in the inheritance; a deserter, who has forfeited his honour, violated his faith, and betrayed the sacred interests once entrusted to his fidelity!

"Such would be the indignant reply of the well-informed Catholic to the writer of ‘The Charge,’ or to any other of a similar character or name."

Dr. Magee, in his Charge, accuses the Church of Rome of persecution; to this Dr. Doyle replies,—

"Certainly, this insinuation or imputation comes with a peculiarly bad grace from a man who, nurtured in the school of Calvin, and bred in that of Cranmer, Somerset, or Elizabeth, for I know not which of the creeds of Parliament his grace professes; but such a charge is most unbecoming a man, who, bred up in principles of the most unrelenting persecution, had, himself, done more to disturb the peace of society in Ireland, to propagate bigotry, to provoke retorts, to awaken a spirit of religious dissensions, than any other individual in the country—yes, I should think the man who penned the passages quoted above by me, must have mistaken altogether, or forgotten the history of the past and latter times. He could not have reflected on the persecutions suffered by the Catholics, from the Jews and Gentiles, from the Arians, Nestorians, Iconoclasts, and from the swarms of insurgent sects in the 16th century.

"But leaving his recollection of those sad events out of view, it may be safely affirmed, that the Duke of Alva was not half so lost to the feelings of nature and decency, as Cranmer and Henry; or that the cruel assassins of St. Bartholomew were not more wicked, more heartless, more cruel, than the bloody satellites of Elizabeth or Cromwell in England and Ireland; that Mary was incomparably less a persecutor than her sister—that the proceedings of Knox and the covenanters in Scotland—of the parliaments, protectors, and viceroys in this country, surpass, beyond measure, all that was ever done, not by Catholics, but by Nero, Tiberius, Domitian throughout the Roman empire, or by Pharaoh in Egypt. No, all the fiends of Milton, if let loose upon the earth, could not exceed in cruelty, impiety, and injustice, the persecutors of the Irish people. With all the records of antiquity before this archbishop—with the shade of Browne before his face, and the walls of the temple in which he spoke encompassing him round about; when he stood, as it were, on a tripod, and invoked the spirit of dissension, I should not be surprised if fear fell upon him and made all his bones to shake, or that a voice came forth and said, 'there will be a time for all things, and the just and the wicked shall be judged.'

"When a presumptuous man provoked the late Dr. Milner, a man whose wisdom and virtue will live for many generations; or when a man whose bigotry has out-lived his genius, induced the gentle and learned Charles Butler to place in parallel lines the persecutions exercised, all of them unjustly, in these countries, could not this Protestant prelate have seen how much more extended his were, than ours? and when the account thus stood against him,—when the scale was no longer poised, and that no person could mistake the side on which the excess lay, why did he return to the subject and expose himself to reproach? But a fatality seems to attend him, that he may exemplify the gospel truth canstically expressed by Swift, 'dead or alive, pride will get a fall.'

"The established church was, and is, as intolerant as any other; but the Parliament, which has swallowed her up, only to have its bowels embittered and its heart vexed by her, this Parliament is tolerant to authors of schism and maintainers of conventicles, and does not permit the established church to exercise her wrath upon them. This Parliament indeed delivers over the Catholics, the descendants of their own fathers, the framers of their own constitution, the authors of all that is great and good in the civil, municipal, or ecclesiastical institutions of the country—the Parliament, by some hidden judgment of God,
Dr. Mayee's Charge.

delivers over those Catholics, now consisting of several millions of their subjects, to be cast out, reviled, insulted, and oppressed by the bishops and ministers, by the proctors, and surrogates, and sextons, and grave-diggers, of the established church.

"Doubtless, this established church, in excommunicating schisms and maintainers of conventicles, is very inconsistent and absurd, for she excommunicates them for doing what she herself has done; she calls them heathens, because they, in the exercise of their judgment, reject her creed and frame one for themselves, whilst she proclaims to them that, in doing so, they act agreeably to the will of God—that she can give them no assurance that her own doctrine is a witt preferable to theirs, and that Christ and herself have given them a license to think on religion as it listeth them, and speak in their conventicles as they think. This, no doubt, is excessively inconsistent and absurd in the established church; but she is rich and powerful, and therefore entitled to indulge in all the luxury of absurdity and error.

"If any one upbraid her, she orders out her proctors to decimate his corn, potatoes, and cabbages—his lambs, his flocks, his mint, and milk. If any one dispute with her, she compels him to build for her a new church, to fill it with stoves and pews, to furnish it with linen, surplices, bread and wine; with songsters and choristers, with clerks and beadles, with sextons and grave-diggers, and for all arrears due to her for Christmas offerings or Easter dues, she cites the heathen before her surrogate, and, judging in her own cause, gives him the full benefit of fees, decrees, and costs.

"If her absurdities be hinted at, she points to her long lawn sleeves, her gilded palaces, her train of equipages, her millions of acres, her tenths of two kingdoms, and, in the language of a bloated epicure, says, 'You vulgar cynic, how can I be wrong?' Should he laugh, as I am sometimes obliged to do, at her ignorance, her insolence, her pomp and pride, she opens her armoury, more stowed with weapons than a star-chamber or inquisition—more ill-savoured than a lady's dressing-room, and lets loose upon him a whole legion of her satelites, having one hand armed with calumny and sophistry, the other filled with newspapers, tracts, pamphlets, reviews, replies, rejoinders, charges, sermons, speeches! With these the heathen or publican is at once oppressed, and, if he learns not to reverence the wisdom, and respect the power of the church, he will at least learn to protect his own person, and to preserve, by silence and submission, under whatsoever injustice or wrong, any property which he may be suffered to possess."

"Let the church perish," says Dr. Doyle, "that thrives by oppression, and visits with temporal penalties the consciences of men! Yet "it is," he proceeds, "upon the grounds of intolerance, and the persecuting spirit falsely attributed to Catholics, that this archbishop invokes the prince and the legislature to continue the oppression of his fellow-subjects; and here I recognise, in his voice, the voice of Ursacius and Valens, two Arian bishops who opposed the faith of Nice; two furious men," who instructed the emperors, sons of Constantine, that they were entitled to judge in matters of faith, to prescribe a creed for their subjects, and to persecute, by unjust and cruel laws, all those who adhered to the Catholic and Apostolic faith. The empire was deluged with blood, its strength and energy were wasted, its enemies acquired confidence, its provinces shortly after revolted, and the whole fabric of its power and greatness gradually fell to decay. Ursacius and Valens died, and left after them an ignominious name. The princes who were duped by their counsels, forfeited the glory acquired by their father, and by themselves in their youthful days; they left after them a government in disorder, an empire wasted by dissensions, a human church which perished after them, whilst that which they oppressed was preserved by the divine protection, and transmitted their names and their errors, with her own sufferings,
and her final delivery, through fifteen centuries, even to our own days. Had the emperors disregarded the counsels of a few vain, ambitious, and furious men,—had they not put their hand to the censor, an office which the Almighty had not pleased to assign them,—had they permitted truth and falsehood to contend alone, and only laboured to promote equally the happiness of all their subjects,—had they done this, unity and strength would have dwelt in their empire, victory would have followed their standard, and they, or their children, would not have witnessed the miseries of their people, nor the coming ruin of the Roman name.

"History has been written for our instruction; we should profit of its lessons, and, in place of traversing a whole province, as Dr. Magee has lately done, with the torch of religious discord flaming in his hand, casting brands of fire through an inflammable population, we should attend to the duty of preaching peace and good will, and, when going about, endeavour to imitate the example of him, 'who,' as St. Peter beautifully tells us, 'went about doing good.'"

We have uniformly expressed ourselves without hesitation on the evil of a union between church and state, and must be happy to find our principles confirmed by such a prelate as Dr. Doyle, who unites in himself the wisdom of the philosopher to the true Christian piety of the divine:

"The writer of 'the Charge' proceeds to combat the error of a sovereign, who would ally the Catholic church with the state.

"Would to heaven that no such alliance ever had been formed!

"If any danger existed, that such an alliance would ever be revived in these countries, I would most cordially combine with the writer in denouncing it as one of the heaviest calamities (except, indeed, one other now existing), which could befal the empire. For I am not so eaten up with the pride and prejudices of a high churchman, as to prefer the aggrandisement of what is called 'Church and State,' to the freedom and happiness of the people; nor am I, again, so bad a Christian (whatever Dr. Magee may think to the contrary), as to desire to see Catholic bishops clothed in purple, faring sumptuously every day,—the Ascentesores of the great, the Cubicularii of the palace, the intriguers of the court, the pest of the senate. I should be tempted to remove the cross and set up the crescent, if I saw the chief ministers of my religion derive their commission to preach the word, to administer the sacraments, to rule the church, from any source that was not pointed out and established by Christ; if I saw them receive the rule of faith from the hands or the tongue of any king or minister, or other, to whom it had not been originally confided by the Redeemer. I should desert them as wolves in sheep's clothing, if I saw them devour the pittance of the widow and the orphan—if I heard them denounce peace, and preach dissension—if I observed them involved in unceasing contradictions between their practice and profession—reviling the most exalted virtues practised by Christ, and recommended by his apostles—heartless to the poor, insolent to the oppressed, slaves to power, and buried in all the surfeitures of a worldly life.

"All these evils, at least in some degree, I would apprehend to follow in those degenerate days, when the charity of many has waxed cold, if, by any alliance with the state, the pastors of the Catholic Church were exposed to temptation. No; were a spirit of proselytism stronger in my mind than a love of country, I should say to the present established union of church and state, ego perpetua, and pray to God that the Catholic priesthood and people might continue just exempt from tyranny, but excluded from all places of power, emolument, and corruption.

"I bear about me, however, much stronger feelings, as an Irishman, than as a man addicted to a certain profession; and, though I believe in the infallibility of the church,' and bear 'my intellect enslaved,' and 'wallow in the slough of
a slavish superstition; yet am I so profane, and so free in will and thought, as to desire, that all religions were alike protected by the state; that she respected them all, and favoured none; that she left them to the exercise of their own energies and zeal, and remained perfectly regardless of their respective excellence."

In a memoir of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, the materials of which were furnished us by a gentleman whose premature fate has recently filled Ireland with sorrow, we intimated that all religions were necessarily intolerant. For this opinion a Catholic writer—one who has ever proved himself an unintentional enemy of the cause he advocates—showered upon us his second-hand fifth, which he is in the habit of borrowing from Cobbett. Dr. Doyle, however, seems to be of our opinion. "All religions," says this learned prelate, "are intolerant to a certain degree, and must be so; but, as their intolerance, if not adopted by the state, consists in excluding dissenters from their communion, it can do no injury to a prince who honours religion, and secures to each of his subjects the right of worshipping the Almighty as his conscience or caprice happens to dictate."

We shall make only one more extract; it refers to the charge of divided allegiance:

"I shall never again condescend to argue this subject. Let the man who has read history, and observed the conduct of the Catholic clergy, and people in the different states of Europe, for the last three centuries, and yet harbour this opinion, remain in his prejudice. Let him, if he will, be the foe of our civil liberties on this ground. Whilst he retained such an opinion, I should hesitate to receive any favour at his hands; for, if I did, I should receive it from the hand I scorned.

"But to such a man I would say, not that the allegiance of the Catholic is un-divided, but that, should the Irish ever violate their allegiance, they will do so, not as Catholics, but as men driven by a cruel and protracted tyranny to refuge in despair. Some individual of them, stripped of his property, banished from his home, his religion scoffed at, his sufferings reviled—some such man may wrest the child of his heart from the hands of the proselytizer, or the embrace of her persecutor—he may take her to the forum, plunge a dagger in her heart, and set a nation on fire by the sprinkling of her blood. In such a case conscience is silenced, the duty of allegiance is erased from the heart, and he who just before was a good Christian and a loyal subject, now agitated by revenge, becomes as savage as the tiger; he despises life, scoffs at danger and at death, and, slaking his thirst with human blood, exclaims with Cato:—"

'A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.'

"To this terrific consummation this devoted country may be driven, if such opinions and principles, as are promulgated by Doctor Magee, become rules of thought and conduct with those who should consult her peace. And those men who are now reviled, because they endeavour to direct the storm, which already blows too strongly, will be praised by posterity for their efforts, however fruitless, to save a sinking state. Whosoever, in times to come, will walk across the solitude into which this country may be turned, whilst he sighs over the fate of its past inhabitants, will join the voice of their blood in crying to heaven for vengeance on those heartless ruthless men, whose continued and implacable injustice had arrayed brother against brother, and settled their native country by converting it into a heap of ruins."

These extracts will serve to show that Protestantism is by no means unassailable—that the war of retaliation has commenced, and that victory is no longer doubtful. To aid the cause of the injured, we have prepared a series of articles on the established church of Ireland, in which we have done full justice to that national incubus. The first will appear in our next.
THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF POMPEY.

POMPEY, the moon is smiling
Upon thy grave and me;
The wind that shrieks so coldly, seems
To breathe its sigh for thee.

The eagle wing of glory
Broods sadly o'er thy tomb;
But naught except the soldier's grief
Laments the hero's doom.

No tear bedews thy ashes,
None tell who sleeps below;
Though terror once sat on thy crest
When flashing on the foe.

The lord of maddening battle
Now sleeps, the child of death;
The voice that made the nations quail
Is withered to a breath.

Those lips of soul and valour
Are stilly, pale, and mute;
That eye, that fiery bosom—lies
Beneath a soldier's foot!

Would that 'neath spear and banner
Flowed out thy life's red tide;
With sabres clashing o'er thy head,
And warriors by thy side!

Then thou hast nobly perished,
Hadst sunk, the free and brave;
Then thou hast died the hero's death,
And claim'd the hero's grave—

Hadst fallen, ere Caesar's eagle
Had rolled in blood and flame,
And spread its gory wings above
Pharsalia's hated name.

Now, now the vile assassin
Has marked the warrior's tomb,
And Julius thralldom's shroud has cast
O'er liberty and Rome.

Alone, and unlamented,
Save by an outcast's woe—
Will not they even grant an urn
To guard his ashes?—No!

But, though Egyptian malice
Rears not the hallowed bust,
Or raise the marbled tomb to grace
My Pompey's sacred dust—

The good, the great, are weeping
With me upon thy grave,
And mourn for him whom valour, fame,
Nor Freedom's self could save!

G. H. M.
MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—NO. IV.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

It is all useless—your last offer of twenty pounds a sheet is, indeed, flattering, but I cannot bring myself to earn it at a sitting; offer me even one hundred pounds, and I will still write you but a letter of two or three pages. I am no man for working by the yard. I have acquired a concentrated habit of thinking—a species of mental abbreviation, and this insensibly insinuates itself into my writings; for the brevity of my present communication, there are additional reasons—the damned rheumatism is flying through my joints, little Frank is prattling playfully by my side, and Mrs. Fegan is sitting near the window, repeating ever and anon "My dear Frank, don't fatigue yourself." Well, then, "first and foremost," what can I, or will I, say of the late decision in a certain great house; indeed, my dear sir, I can hardly write or speak of the matter in a quiet way. Good Lord! to think of such a decision—to think of an assembly pretending to common rationality, declaring, by their vote, that the humble request of seven millions of people was unworthy of being taken into consideration—to think of the talent that has been wasted in wrestling with the prejudices of bigoted ignorance—to think that the "voice of wisdom, and wit, and worth," has pleaded but fruitlessly—to mark the silly trash by which eloquence has been baffled, justice retarded, and common sense outraged; it is, in sober sadness, unendurable. I am glad that I am not an Englishman—I am gratified in not being a Protestant, for I would blush to be classed among the poor, brainless, cowardly oppressors. Let not the oppressor, however, hug himself upon his miserable triumph—it will only render his humiliation more manifest in the day of justice; the Irish people will and must be restored to their rights—the grant will, probably, be conceded when it shall not be looked upon as a favour; and in that day how contemptible will be the position of your bigoted knot of political swaggerers?

What, on the present occasion, should be the course pursued by the rank, the wealth, and the respectability of Ireland? The aristocracy, the great landholders, and the great fundholders, are placed in a situation truly perilous and critical. Mr. Peel, after admitting the dangerous situation of the country, coolly declares, that he has no plan of improvement or amelioration; this to him is, of course, a minor consideration—he is, probably, indifferent as to the fate of Ireland—he has no stake in the country, and changes or disturbances arising there cannot affect him; but with the Duke of Leinster, or the Duke of Devonshire, or Lord Rossmore, or the Earls of Blessington or Darnley, the case is different—their property is risked and endangered, and, for their own interest, if not for sake of the country, they should look to it. Let these noblemen, aided by the wealthy and the liberal of every denomination, at once convene a national meeting in Dublin, and, my life for it, the thing will tell; if Mr. Peel and his knot of bigots will not save the country, let those who have an interest in its preservation undertake the work. The necessity of adopting some measure similar to this is quite obvious!

Saint Lorton and Saint Roden have been at work—both have
spoken out in the true spirit of their tribe, "with war in their bosoms, and peace in their words;" the latter, however, has gone a little too far—he thinks even the shedding of blood allowable for the preservation of Protestantism! Do the simple English people know, that this evangelical lord is not a regular member of the established church. I fancy it would poze him to say, to what particular church he belongs; he hates Popery, however, and this recommends him to the bench of bishops—that bench, whose power he would willingly extinguish tomorrow.

The people of the south have been entertaining Shiel, as he proceeded on circuit. If he is destined to occupy a prison, he will, at least, begin his course in good order; it was said, that he intended giving Plunkett a lecture on the day of trial; recent circumstances will, I think, lead him to alter his mind on this point.

O'Connell has commenced the work of annoyance vigorously at Ennis—I say annoyance, for, indeed, it is nothing more; all their petitions will, as usual, be disregarded—all their claims will be negatived; but still the monopolists will be teased by them, and even this poor satisfaction is worth looking for.

What will O'Connell now say of Plunkett—how can he speak of him again?—Indeed he should learn a lesson from his last mistake, and never praise or condemn any man too hastily. At the very moment when he was telling the Catholics to place no confidence in their old advocate—at that moment was this advocate exerting his splendid talents in a triumphant defence of the calumniated Catholic priesthood. Plunkett has, through the entire of the late discussion, shown himself the truly great statesman—he seems, as a superior being, to have looked down from his vantage-ground upon the struggle of contending parties, and, unmoved by the applause or abuse of either, to have taken his own course—the course dictated by liberality and justice. It is supposed he will not hold office in conjunction with Eldon or Peel any longer; but this is all more conjecture.

Dublin is all alive with conversions; the reformers are picking up the poor starving refuse of the old church, with singular earnestness. The Mail claims for Dr. Magee the character of a prophet; let them wait awhile, however—the Catholic clergy will not be idle—the present humbug will only produce its temporary effect; but the consequences to which it may lead cannot be foreseen. Such men as Keogh and Doyle, when thoroughly roused, will not write or speak in vain; the law church has its weak points in spirituals and in temporalities—and a prudent friend would not be tempting a quiet opponent to come forward and expose them.

The country remains tolerably tranquil, notwithstanding the distress of the peasantry, and the provocations to which they are exposed; between the converters and the conventiles, they are teased sadly—between the landlord and the lady, they are condemned to a life of continued penance; the one grinds them for a rack rent, and the other preaches at them. Indeed, the poor people may well exclaim with the old Negro, who was cursed with a pious task-master, "Oh massa! massa! if ee preacher, preacher—and if ye floggee, floggee—but preacher and floggee together, too bad."

There is no room in Dublin for the cultivation of a literary taste; all is bitter political wrangling, or interminable religious controversy.

VOL. I. 3 G
Lord Edward Fitzgerald in Prison.

I know not where it shall end; but good cannot come of it. Society is broken up, and the ordinary intercourse of families interrupted. Will England never be wise?—will she never be generous?—will she never deal honestly by this ill-fated country?

The theatre is drooping sadly. Kean has been starting and mouthing away as usual, but he brings poor houses.

Take care how you show favour to O’Sullivan Bear at my expense. I have the ball, you know, at my foot; there are half a dozen of magazine-makers ready to snap at me. Mind the hint!

I am, my dear Editor, your’s, as usual,
Mount Street, Dublin.

FRANK FEGAN.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, IN PRISON.

The red flag of war had unfurled its pinion,
And the eagle of slaughter ascended the skies;
It wav’d and it scream’d o’er the sable dominion,
Where tyranny fed on a banquet of sighs.
The best and the bravest uprose in their glory,
And the plume of the mighty dane’d fair on the breeze;
The falchion was streaming——its blade ever gory——
What a smile of delight for such rebels as those.

But the sun of destruction bent down on their dreamings,
The valiant were hurl’d from their ranks of command;
And the soul of Fitzgerald, uncheer’d by its gleamings,
Thus murmur’d a wail o’er the fates of his land.

“Farewell to the island——the fairest of ocean——
Where the blight of the many has tarnish’d the few:
Where the breast of the patriot has lost that emotion,
Which the heroes of old so triumphantly knew.
We are gone! and we sleep in the dreams of a slumber
Where the visions of crime are the brightest that be;
And the records of soldiers no longer will number
Our desolate isle with the homes of the free.
The gardens of earth, in the spots that are sweetest,
Are none that can vie with the land of the brave:
Where the race of the tyrant is darkest and fleetest,
And the goal that he runs is an honourless grave!

“The raven of conquest has stoop’d o’er our splendour,
And the beak of the vulture is tind’ with our gore;
While the chiefs of our union with life-blood surrender
The dawning of light that had blush’d on our shore.
If the spirits of old, in that hour of confusion,
Had rode, in the grandeur of might, at our side,
Not now should I weep, in this joyless seclusion,
O’er the days that we fought in the noon of our pride.
The language of thraldom must smoothen my pillow: —Oh no! let the blood of my fathers ascend!
Let my shroud be the wave of the fathomless billow,
Ere my knee to the throne of the despot shall bend!”

D. S. L.
THE SAINTS IN IRELAND.

The "sweetest isle of the ocean" is, at this moment, in a state of most delectable excitement. The feelings of bitterness and rancour, produced by the unanticipated result of the late elections, were, in all conscience, disagreeable enough: they were, of themselves, sufficient to have kept the public mind, for a time, in a tolerable degree of effervescence. But it seems that this was not enough to satisfy the dis-tempered taste of some influential folks. To make this ominous cup of bitterness still more unpalatable—to render it a truly nauseous potion, it was only necessary for the pious ones to step forward, with their gathering of holy wormwood. These sanctified beings, these nominal professors of "peace on earth, and good will to men," have, indeed, done their work of disturbance most effectually. They are actually pushing matters to an extremity—they are urging affairs to a crisis that may, indeed, be serious. A quiet unprejudiced observer might indulge in a good-humoured laugh at the absurdity of their proceedings, if these proceedings had not a tendency to produce results of a most dangerous and alarming character. The enthusiasts are short-sighted, even as to what regards their own interest and influence. They are not succeeding with the Irish people: and they never will succeed with them as long as they continue to act upon their present principle. Men, under all circumstances, and probably Irishmen more than any other that we know of, wish to be won by gentleness, or convinced by kindness: but, in no case, not even in matters which involve their hopes or fears of a future world, are they inclined to submit quietly to a saucy tone of unmeaning dictation. Yet this is the tone assumed at the present period, by the propagators of scriptural knowledge in Ireland. One might feel disposed to smile at their silly zeal, to sneer at their palpable hypocrisy, or to weep over their unintentional blasphemies; but, in reality, their unparalleled effrontery, their impudent assumption of superiority, must induce even the most passive of those who are opposed to them, to take a more decided position. Their forwardness, joined to their folly, must, inevitably, provoke exposure, or excite a spirit of resistance.

In this instance, we speak of those who are forwarding, what they style, the second reformation. The doers of the conversions are not, strictly speaking, regular Tabernaclers; they are mostly of the old Orange leaven; and, in their warfare with Popery, they have an air of uncompromising hostility about them, that at least evinces their honesty. It is to the wolves in sheep's clothing—the black-hearted, but mild-toned hypocrites—it is to the pretending thorough-paced canters, that we are now alluding. These are the men that are blasting the comforts of society: these are the men that are spreading feelings of distrust and discontent through the land. But, as we have already observed, they are literally blind to their own interests. Instead of proceeding with good temper or delicacy; instead of seeking to gain gradually—an impossibility, by the way—on the hearts or the minds of the people, they contrive, at the very outset, to disgust and irritate them by the anti-christian violence and empty impudence of their lying resolutions and harangues. All knowledge, all truth, all virtue, rest exclusively within their own circle. The people are
The Saints in Ireland.

represented as brutal and benighted: while the priesthood, in whom they have found zealous spiritual guides, and steady temporal friends, are held up to execration, as a set anxious alone to perpetuate the darkness and degradation of the multitude. This is silly enough: but the effrontery evinced in the business is altogether provoking. What makes the matter perfectly ludicrous is, that many of those dispensers of spiritual illumination are, for their intellectual acquirements or endowments, hardly a shade above the crowd whose ignorance they affect to pity. To compare them with the majority of the clergy whose character they so sedulously labour to depreciate, would be an insult to common sense: we mean, of course, in literary attainments, or in a knowledge of the human character. So fallacious, however, is the standard by which some estimate their own merits or defects, that it is possible, that even the veriest blunderer among these wandering illuminators would feel humbled in being for one moment placed on a level with the most enlightened of the Catholic priests or prelates. They affect to look down on the latter, as a blind and unintellectual set of beings; and, unfortunately, they find too many prejudiced and unreflecting supporters, ready to echo the silly calumny.

Let us try and set matters in a fairer light, between the contending parties. When we spoke, just now, of the pitiable ignorance of these missionaries, we were not by any means inclined to deny that there might be some exceptions: we admit that there may exist a few; but very few indeed. On the other hand, when we speak of the intellectual superiority of the Catholic priesthood, let it be remembered, that we do it with certain limitations.

The Catholic clergy, however, have been "more sinned against than sinning;" they have not experienced even ordinary justice at the hands of their sanctified antagonists. At almost every tract or bible meeting that we read of, we find the ridiculous trash continually repeated about the impositions and mummeries of the priests. They are marked out as an ignorant and talentless class; they are denounced as the enemies of education; and the climax of their reprobation is settled by the sweeping and unqualified charge of forbidding the perusal of the sacred volume. These assertions are echoed and re-echoed through the land; and many who have not had an opportunity of judging for themselves, are, of course, ready to receive them. But what, after all, is the simple fact? Why, that the persons who make these assertions, do (if they speak honestly) impose upon themselves, and on those who read or hear their statements. The Catholic clergy are not ignorant or talentless: they are, as a body, distinguished for learning and eloquence. But we are willing to admit that, until very recently, their opponents were not at all aware of this: it is only of late that they have found what dexterous theologians, and accomplished orators, they had to contend with. The Catholic clergy are not the enemies of education; they are, on the contrary, the most active promoters and supporters of the work: but they do not wish the education of the multitude to be entrusted to those who are the avowed, the irreconcilable enemies of what we may call the national creed. This objection on their part, is, in our opinion, perfectly reasonable. Where is the Protestant who would willingly commit the instruction of his child to a Catholic teacher, if he knew, from repeated examples, that this teacher was certain to tamper with his religious principles?
That the patrons, the directors, and the visitors of the different schools belonging to the saints in Ireland, do tamper, directly and indirectly, with the religious principles of the pupils, is a fact too generally known to admit of a dispute; and, consequently, the opposition of the Catholic priesthood to these schools is quite natural, and what, under such circumstances, might have been anticipated.

The Catholic clergy do not forbid the reading of the scriptures, but they are opposed to the indiscriminate circulation of an unauthorized, and, as they assert, a faulty version, among the multitude. Indeed, to the multitude, to the mere illiterate multitude, they think that any version should not be intrusted, without some degree of caution; and in this opinion they are supported by many eminent Protestant divines: but no educated Catholic, not one even of a moderate education, has ever been discouraged from the perusal of the sacred volume. They think, that there are a few passages in the Old Testament, and a few difficult ones in the New, that are not entirely adapted for the study of a school-boy: they have offered, repeatedly, to join with the clergymen of the Protestant or Presbyterian establishments, in making a selection of passages for the use of schools; but the offer has never been acceded to. Why do we repeat all this? What we have stated here, is well known to every liberal individual in Ireland: but the honest and unsuspecting people of England have been imposed upon by cant and misrepresentation, and from this mischievous delusion we are anxious to free them.

Recurring, however, to a point already touched on, namely, the intellectual superiority which the saintly ones so coolly assume to themselves, we must briefly observe, that we think, at the present period, they have but little to boast of. We have watched them during the past year, in their movements throughout Ireland; and, with probably one exception, we think that all their showy exhibitions have been wretched failures: they have had rank, and beauty, and wealth, among them, of course; but miserable has been the dearth of talent. With the one exception already alluded to (we mean Lord Farnham, though his lordship is not of the true saintly breed), their patrons have been remarkable only for the bigotry and bitterness of their religious and political opinions: and more than remarkable—ridiculously remarkable, for the slovenly way in which these opinions were promulgated. As to the wandering apostles—the disinterested dispensers of light, on whom lords and ladies have smiled—the less we say of them the better. Indeed, it is truly ludicrous to hear the one or the other, the patrons or the preachers, talk of educating or improving the people: a calm observer, attending for a time to their language, their conduct, or their general character, must easily see that for such a task they are utterly disqualified—totally unfitted.

Some of them are altogether unsettled in their religious opinions, others are grossly ignorant, and a few more rather slippery and doubtful in point of morality. From such teachers, the "poor benighted Irish" are not likely to derive any great degree of literary or spiritual improvement. We have had lying by us, for some time, a few sketches (rather rough-drawn ones) of the more prominent characters, who figure occasionally at the gatherings of the holy ones. From these the reader will be enabled to judge for himself, as to the
relative merits of the Catholic priesthood and their sanctified calumniators.

We shall commence with one who is, at least in appearance, rather remarkable: a tall melancholy-looking gentleman, from "the beautiful city called Cork." He is, we believe, a well-meaning good-hearted sort of person, but bigoted in the extreme,—a slave to prejudice, and enthusiastic almost to the exclusion of common sense. His air and figure, though not prepossessing, are imposing. On rising up to speak, he turns upon you with a look of holy ferocity, that seems intended to terrify you into premature sanctity; grim as an insipid unwashed blacksmith,—gloomy as a cogitating raven, and ready, in the true cant of our spiritual Sangrados, to cure all the evils of Ireland, by the never-failing nostrum of a scriptural education. In this, indeed, we do not exaggerate; the personage in question (Mr. Pope) did really, at a late meeting, propose to banish poverty, disease, and disaffection, from the land, by the application of this his favourite remedy. This gentleman has ranged the country; he has travelled from east to west, and from north to south; he has declaimed in assembly-rooms, in court-houses, and in barrack-yards; he has lectured the multitude upon the principles of religion; he has affected to be a guide, yet, strange to say, he has not, to this moment, been able to select a church, or choose a system, for himself. Surely, the Catholic clergy will not be blamed, if they think such a person not quite fitted to act as an instructor of the people. Mr. Pope, however, is among the most respectable of his tribe; he is a great favourite (and deservedly so) among the evangelicals. As a speaker, he possesses much fluency, but he is not at all times ready when a new difficulty is started. We remember an instance of this at a meeting of the Kildare-Street Society. 

The gathering of the saints, on this occasion, was showy and numerous; the representatives of twenty religions occupied the platform, eager, from out of their clashing opinions, to form a system for the Irish people. The wonted quantum of cant and calumny was poured forth; yet, in despite of the enlivening bitterness of the thing, the business appeared to flag, until Mr. Pope arose. He proceeded in the usual way, praising the society for their disinterested exertions, and pointing out, in a forcible manner, the necessity of continuing these exertions. He spoke, in a commiserating tone, of the poor deluded people, who, by the stubbornness and perverse ignorance of the Romish clergy, were left in a melancholy state of darkness,—denied all knowledge, even a knowledge of the book of life. In the midst of this edifying and charitable harangue, an unexpected interruption occurred:—a heavy-looking meanly-dressed person, arose from the centre of the crowd. He requested to be heard. All eyes were turned on him; the fair saints, who surrounded the platform, set up an angelical giggle; for, from the tone and appearance of the man, they felt assured that he could only succeed in bringing ridicule on himself, and the cause that he advocated. They looked with satisfied delight upon the tall evangelical Corkonian who was to crush this ill-fated intruder. The few Catholics who were present gazed upon the stranger with anxiety and alarm;—they doubted his talent and condemned his temerity. The new speaker, however, with the per-
mission of the chairman, went on in strong; but homely language;—he met and rebutted several of Mr. Pope's arguments and assertions;—he referred to the sacred volume, and, from the Old and the New Testament, he quoted many passages with a readiness and a fluency that astonished his hearers. This poor Catholic layman, be it recollected, quoted from memory, and here, indeed, his triumph was complete; his baffled antagonist, the professed propagator of scriptural knowledge, openly admitted his inferiority, by turning round and asking the chairman for a Bible. It was felt then, at least by those who had been mourning over the ignorance of the multitude, that the Catholic laity did know something of the Scriptures;—the calumniators were humbled for the moment;—never was falsehood more fairly and decidedly refuted than on this occasion.

Another comes as "a voice from the deep," not the Scottish apostle, but one of equal ignorance, and more than equal impudence—we mean Smith, the saint of Penzance. This amphibious propagator of spiritual absurdities has, during his sojourn in Dublin, attracted a considerable degree of attention; he has taken the tour of the tabernacles—the circuit of the conventicles, edifying the lowly and the lordly with his holy vulgarisms. His style is indeed peculiar; he talks of heaven as he would of his hammock,—hears a whisper from the Lord as readily as the boatswain's whistle,—turns the Bible into a log-book,—and quotes the fathers, chops logic, and boxes the compass, in the same moment, and in the one unvaried tone. Some voyagers have spoken of a certain monster styled a sea-devil; but it was reserved for our times to exhibit that singular piece of monstrosity called a sea-saint. We have witnessed this man's appearance in the pulpit—we have marked his phraseology, and we can hardly conceive any thing more strongly calculated to bring religion into contempt, than his mode of proceeding. Yet he has been cheered in his course; his nautical slang has been applauded, his stale vulgar jokes have been chuckled at; and, from the wealthy, the proud, and the titled, of the enlightened Irish metropolis, he has received steady and solid support. To us it appears perfectly surprising, that any educated individual could be brought to listen to, or to countenance, the low absurdities of this silly but assuming enthusiast: there is no answering, however, for the differences or peculiarities of taste.

Among the most noisy and self-sufficient of the illuminating tribe, we must class the Rev. Josh. Wolff, the regenerated Jew, the convert without a creed, the Christian without a church; he that has ranged the world and witnessed all its wonders,—the follower or forerunner of earthquakes,—the modern Munchausen; he who converts without waiting to baptize, and, of course, alters without improving. The admirers of this missionary talk in raptures of the number of languages which he has mastered:—to us it appears, that he has occasionally forgotten one, at least,—we mean the simple language of truth. We may be thought singularly incredulous, but we will say, that there are some of this Jew's stories that, if sworn to by a crowd of witnesses, we should hesitate to believe. Some of them have falsehood palpably imprinted upon their front. We shall only instance a few:—the gushing of the blood from out of the earth at Aleppo, the sudden conversion of the thousands of Jews at Schiras, and the calm submission of the Catholics, at Pera, to Mr. Wolff's opposition bull; these
are contrary to nature, contrary to ordinary experience, and decidedly contrary to the character of the individuals more immediately concerned. Yet there are men, and men not destitute of shrewdness and common sense, who can credit these wild and wonderful narratives. The same tales, if told by a Catholic clergyman in an evangelical assembly in support of his own principles, would be laughed at; but, coming from the lips of a creedless wanderer, they are incontrovertible, "as proof of holy writ:" yet it is to this man,—to this sanctified fortune-hunter,—to this licensed dealer in the marvelous, that the Irish people are to look for improvement!—it is to him, and to men like him, they are to resort for spiritual consolation! These are the lights of our time,—the "spirits of the age"—the instructors of the ignorant; these be thy gods, O Israel!!!

For the present we have done with the operating apostles; let us look, then, for a moment, to the disposition and character of those by whom they are patronized. The patrons of what the elect conceitedly style vital Christianity, are numerous and active. We shall be satisfied with selecting two as a specimen. The personage with whom we shall begin, is one whom it would have been perilous, at one period, to meddle with. We shall not name him now,—not that we dread his anger, for his poisoned fangs have been long since drawn,—but we do, in reality, not wish to give him, at this moment, an undue degree of interest or importance. We shall merely exhibit the character,—we shall hold forth the portraiture, and let the owner, if he likes, acknowledge the resemblance. Our English readers will see in it the sort of stuff of which saints in Ireland are made. This patriarch of the regenerated has been long a resident of Dublin,—he is among the oldest of his tribe, and still among the most active; in him, to use the language of the laureate,—

"Twenty years
Have made strange alterations."

In the days of terror he was an object of terror,—he was (and is still, we believe) one of those legalized nuisances almost peculiar to Ireland—"a very act-i-ve magistrate." His power was unlimited, and rigorously did he exercise it. With him, suspicion was tantamount to conviction; and a chance feeling of enmity was the certain harbinger of destruction. Innocence afforded no security; and the possession of property was but an additional proof of guilt. In his day of triumph, he walked the streets like the genius of desolation, followed by imprecations—dreaded and hated wherever he went. Yet this man now comes forward to promote the spiritual improvement of the Irish peasantry;—he virtually enjoins them to renounce the authority of their pastors, and to turn to him for light and knowledge! We have often wished, for his sake, and for the sake of the people, that a modern miracle might be wrought,—that the grave could give back its dead,—that the gallows could restore its victims, or the worms resign their long-forgotten prey,—and that his chosen spy, his favourite informer, might come forth to aid him in the edifying work of popular regeneration. From such a guide the Irish people would, most anxiously, look for instruction in spiritual matters; example would operate more powerfully than precept; the purity of the teacher's life would give force and effect to his doctrine. How cheering, how re-
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freshing would it be to hear that immaculate one lecturing the multi-
tude, or explaining to them the precepts of that venerable volume
with which he was so fatally familiar,—that sacred volume, that his
 unhallowed touch so frequently defiled,—that volume, that he so
often wielded for the destruction of his fellow men,—that volume, that
he so daringly raised to the polluted lip of perjury.

We can almost imagine the effect his appearance would create—
we can fancy that we behold an assembly of the pious—the hoary-
headed patron presiding, and his faithful follower stationed beside
him, smoothly clad in a suit of glossy black, sleek locks, downcast
eyes, and collarless neck; the gory dagger in one hand, and a pile of
pious tracts resting beneath the other. Yet it is the quondam patron,
the avowed protector of this monster, who would now lead us to believe
that he is anxious to confer spiritual comfort on the poor benighted
Irish. What a solemn mockery is this! What a sanctified farce—
what confidence can the people have in such a guide?—what confi-
dence even in the Book of Life itself when coming to them from such
a hand?

The Irish have a saying which they are not likely to forget in the
present instance, "when the fox preaches, let the geese beware." They
are a forgiving people, but in some cases they possess a most
tenacious memory; they cannot so easily consign to oblivion the
transactions of the past—the dungeon, the triangle, and the gibbet;
but these, it appears, were only the amusements of a younger day;
they have been supplanted by others of a graver character; indeed,
the person in question seems a universal genius—he has figured as a
torturer, he is distinguished as a tract distributor, and he has topp’d
his glory by a touch of the virtuoso: go, on any sunny day, through
Liffey Street or Cross-stick Alley, and you are sure of seeing him at
some old rag-stand, engaged in cheapening some bit of antiquated
trumpery. He has a brotherly love for crocodiles—he doats on stuff’d
alligators—a half-petrified toad enchants him—his dreams run on
smoked pictures, headless statues, broken china, illegible medals,
noseless busts, mummies, monkeys, and all the rest of the nameless
trash fitted to interest and occupy a miserably contracted mind.

"Next comes my lord—aye! onward let him come;
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room."

This, surely, is the least that can be conceded to the pride of nobility
when united to the consciousness of sanctity. Our notice of the evan-
gelical peer shall be brief: he has latterly got himself placed among
the lawgivers of the land; he has been eager to exhibit to the world
his want of brain, and we would much rather see him rendered ridicu-
ulous by his own act, than by any thing we could say of him; as
he, however, assumes to himself the character of an instructor—as
he affects the part of an enlightener, we are bound to see what are
his qualifications for the task. Indeed, the silliness of his published
speeches might at once decide the question, but the suicidal immersion
of his books, and his billiard-table recently alluded to at a meeting in
Dublin, gives the finishing touch of fanatical Vandalism to the char-
acter. Is this methodistical inquisitor, this titled successor of old
Omar,—is that brainless creature who could dream of drowning a
thousand books—is he fitted to promote or direct the education of the

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people? yet he is indefatigable in the work, or rather in the attempt. We have been told that, when he travels, my lord's "gentleman" and my lady's "lady" are regularly supplied with a band-box full of saintly tracts, which they are ordered to distribute or hide in the cottages and the inns that they pass. His library, it is said, abounds in works of this latter description: the shelves that were once occupied by Schiller and Kotzebue, by Calderon and Lopez de Vega, by Shakspeare and Massinger and Otway, are now filled with the holy trash of the past and the present times—such, for instance, as, "Sorrowful Sam," "The Baker's Dream," "The Dairyman's Daughter," with the "Holy War," "The Shove for the Heavy-Bottomed Sinner," "Hooks and Eyes for Unbelievers' Breeches," and "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of Grace."

To sum up the merits of the saints, we have to observe that we are fully disposed to allow that many among them are actuated by laudable though visionary motives: we admit, that among them there are many pious and well-meaning individuals, but it may be said of fanaticism as of party, that it is the folly of the many for the gain of the few: the wealthy, the pious, and the unsuspecting, are too frequently made the dupes of the lying and interested hypocrite. Gain is the object of the latter, and for this he is prepared to sacrifice truth, common decency, and Christian charity. The jobbing of the Kildare Street society has been frequently spoken of; the printing of twenty thousand copies of the Irish Bible, when there are not three hundred readers, is another instance of evangelical folly, or of something worse than folly: these good folks can do but little in the way of education; they know not the character of the people; they have no feeling in common with them; they want their confidence, and without that they can never think of succeeding. If they really wished to improve the people, they would try and secure the co-operation of the Catholic clergy; but we know that, in too many instances, though education may be the pretext, proselytism is the secret object. We fear that in too many cases, where they affect a feeling of compassion for the people, they are solely stimulated by the hatred of Popery. Indeed, we are quite certain that this is the predominant feeling of the wandering ranters to whom we have alluded in the course of this article; before them they have no definite object; they are a species of spiritual levellers; they wage a general war with the old religion of the land, and, if they succeed in detaching a few persons from that old religion, they are satisfied; so that the individual ceases to be a Papist, they care not for the consequences,—they heed not the result, even should it be the profession of atheism: it is a serious, a dangerous thing, to tamper with the religion of the multitude; independently of the bitterness and dissensions produced by polemical discussion, there is much to be apprehended from the unsettling of early principles: the preaching of the saints may spoil many a Catholic, and yet fail to make a good Protestant of him. We believe it was the late Bishop of Elfin who said, "As I cannot convert my poor neighbours to Protestantism, I will join with the priest in instructing them, and trying at least to make good Catholics of them." This was the language of a Christian and a man of sense: as to the modern attempts at conversion, we will join with Mr. Plunkett in pronouncing them abortive and chimerical; nay, more, that they will lead ere long to a reaction that will leave their silly abettors little to boast of.
MY DINNER.

"And often and long,
Amidst jest and song,
May we gather to taste of his cheer, my boys!"

FURLONG’S CAROLAN.

Present, the Editor, Rory O’Rourke, Captain Rock, O’Sullivan-Bear.

Editor. You perceive, gentlemen, that, practically, I entertain the opinion of the great Sully, respecting the quality of a literary dinner; an ordinary one I consider good enough for friends, and too good for those who are not friends.

O’Rourke. No apology, sir: this dinner is just to my taste—substantial, like Paddy’s whiteeyes,—there’s a “ketch and come again” in it.

Rock. Precisely so. This beef must have been Irish fed; for there’s nothing of the spongy turnip about it; and the mutton is excellent.

O’Rourke. Without O’Sullivan’s capers.

O’Sullivan. True; there can be no want of sauce where Mr. O’Rourke dines.

Editor. Who’s for turkey? It is a recent importation, consigned to your humble servant by Roger O’Connor.

O’Rourke. Grass-fed, unquestionably; for, when alive, I’m sure ’twould draw a plough.

Rock. I’ll take a leg.

O’Sullivan. And I another.

O’Rourke. And leave the poor bird without one to stand upon.

Rock. A lame pun, Rory!

O’Rourke. The more unexceptionable, particularly if in print, as ’twould cause the reader to halt when he encounters it.

Editor. Why, gentlemen, you’ve been lately in company with Mr. Hood.

O’Sullivan. We are all “Whims and Oddities.”

O’Rourke. By the by, have you seen Hood’s “National Tales?”

Editor. A complete failure,—the illustrations are even worse than the tales.

O’Sullivan. Are they wood-cuts?

O’Rourke. No; they are not such block-heads.

Rock. Oh! horrible!

Editor. Worse than Norbury.

O’Rourke. Well, bury it, gentlemen.

Rock. It is time, lest it rise in judgment against you.

O’Sullivan. No fear of that, Captain; for, unlike the fowl before me, it has got neither body nor soul.

Editor. ’Tis too much to be obliged to swallow such puns, in conjunction with the flesh of our Irish turkey. Allow me to help you, Captain.

Rock. No more for me.
My Dinner.

O'Sullivan. Keep a corner for the pastry, Captain.

Editor. A bachelor's house, gentlemen. There's a pie or two, however.

O'Rourke. We are all ready for them.

O'Sullivan. What a capacity Mr. O'Rourke has got; eating pie seems to give him pleasure.

O'Rourke. I hate affectation; nothing like substantial fare, if you wish either to thud or act.

O'Sullivan. All your great thinkers were great eaters. Paley was an excellent trencherman; Bishop Watson could spoil a leg of mutton by himself; and Boswell has immortalized the masticatory powers of Dr. Johnson.

O'Rourke. All worthy precedents. Sheil, I understand, follows their example, in that department, very closely. I once dined with him, in Mount Street, in company with young Curran and Counsellor Woulfe, and positively they astonished me. O'Connell is also a man of large desires, and Sir Charles Morgan shows the "philosophy of morals," by constantly abstaining—from an empty stomach. Hazlitt has got a powerful digestion in more ways than one; and, though you would not think it, Leigh Hunt is not easily surfeited, either with meats or criticism. Positively, his description of rolls and butter at Hampstead, has often set my teeth on edge;—I am always devouring them in idea, whenever I read his Hundred and One Sonnets on the Cockney Parnassus.

O'Sullivan. Ay! when you read them!

O'Rourke. And I frequently do. Hunt is a poet, and a poet of high imaginative powers. Notwithstanding the sneer of the groundlings, I know no writer, of the present day, who equals him in luscious description; but, above all, I admire him for his scientific knowledge in gastronomy. I long to dine with him.

Editor. Here, Pat, remove the cloth!

O'Sullivan. Roger O'Connor is the ablest man in detail that I ever dined with. The plurality of his tastes renders an army of dishes necessary.

Rock. Then he is deeply read in the volume of "good living."

Editor. Profoundly; and is, altogether, a well-meaning man. But his stoical seclusion from the world has darkened his intellects; for he who does not mix in society will always be found to entertain erroneous theories, if he think at all. Roger is a firm believer in an Irish antediluvian population, though he discredits the Mosaic account of the creation; and, while he denies that Jesus Christ was a Messiah, he contends, that Noah's granddaughter was Queen of Ireland!

O'Sullivan. Strange "follies of the wise."

O'Rourke. I am at a loss to reconcile this imbecility of mind with good digestion. Now Taylor, the Toga-man of Salters' Hall, is quite consistent and natural. He dines every day in a cook's shop in the Old Bailey, on a sixpenny plate of beef, and, consequently, raves and rants when he mounts the forum.

Rock. Taylor and his followers are a living comment on Blanco White's text. The Hiberno-Spaniard gravely asserts, that Catholicism superinduces infidelity, and adduces himself as a proof.
Now, any one who wishes to know the extent and progress of irreligion in England, have only to attend at Salters' Hall. They will there he convinced, that Deism has found abettors in the very hum-blest walks of life, who are enthusiastic adherents of infidelity. From this fact ordinary inquirers may satisfy themselves, that such doc-trines are universal in the higher classes; for they must always take root in the hot-beds of aristocracy, before they scatter their withering seeds among the bulk of the people. Has Catholicity led to this in England?

Editor. Infidelity prevails to an alarming extent in England, cer-tainly; but then, recollect, Bacon has admitted that Deism is pre-ferable to superstition. I am, also, of that opinion. You may con-vince a rational free-thinker, but the creed of a Methodist is of such a dense opacity, that the light of reason can never reach him. He gropes along in ignorance, and, when infuriated by enthusiasm and zeal, he becomes absolutely mischievous. But, speaking of Blanco White, I recollect having received, from a correspondent, a few lines, addressed to this gloomy apostate. O'Sullivan, they rest on the table behind you.

O'Sullivan. Ay, here they are (Reads).
The following lines were written on the picture of an apostate Priest, Blanco White.—By Daniel T. M'Kiernan, of Monasteveryen, Ja-nuary 23, 1827.

Vile apostate, thou wilt see
The torments due to perjury;
Forsaken wretch, thy own relation
Degrades thee like the brute creation.
To think that man, for paltry pelf
And filthy gain, should damn himself.
When death shall stare thee in the face,
You'll mourn too late your want of grace.
Return, repent, and strive to come
An humble convict back to Rome.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

O'Sullivan. Bravo, Dan Kiernan. You ought to be a poet, for I warrant your poetry comes from the heart.

O'Rourke. Poetry do you call it? Why, faith, I can see neither rhyme nor reason in it. Does it appear in Maga.?

Editor. Certainly not. Leaving its poetical character out of the question, I make it a rule never to run down any man, except by fair arguments; at the same time, it certainly shows the kind of success the "saints" are likely to meet in Ireland. What say you, Pat? Who waits? O, Mr. Murphy! show him up; the author of "Bettheen a-vryne," Rory.

O'Rourke. Indeed! I admire his poetry much; his Address to Glen-finishk, is beautiful—it is poetry that makes its way to the heart—something more than mere imaginative rhymes.

Denis Murphy enters.

Editor. Why so late, Murphy? Dinner is over.

Murphy. I've dined on a glass of soda! Your damned London punch (and I got my share of it last night) would disqualify any man for eating. Blue ruin, or blue gin, or whatever you call it, is sad stuff. Alas! poor Cork, and Dick Ronayne, and whiskey punch, shall I ever more behold ye? Shall I ever again drain the
juice of the barley into these parched lips, that pout after their healthy beverage.

Rock. Look at this.

Murphy. Potheen, as I live, by the look and smell! "Let me clutch thee!" There it goes—fill again, Captain—no, I'll mix it; give me the materials.—(Sings whilst mixing his punch.)

WHISKEY.

Whiskey, drink divine,
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us.
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee.
Whiskey, drink divine,
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us.

Greek and Roman sung,
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise Hibernian?
Yes—let Erin's sons,
Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whiskey.

Whiskey, &c.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet,
Drank our mountain-dew,
How his verse would show it.
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil:
Had he Inishone,
He'd pitch wine to the devil!

Whiskey, &c.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it!
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young Love inhales it!
Come, then, to my lip,
Come—thou rich in blisses!—
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses.

Whiskey, &c.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole grove of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name ador'd,
Who summ'd up thy merits,
In one little word,
When he call'd thee spirits.

Whiskey, &c.

Send it gaily round,
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure.
And, when tyrant Death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey!
Whiskey, &c.

Rock. Bravo! Whiskey is a cordial for every ill, as Carolan sings, and the only cup of sweet which Irishmen have been allowed to raise to their lips.

Murphy. Alas! Captain, but few of them now can taste of that sparkling Lethe. Gaunt famine stalks through the land; the people die of thirst in the loaded vineyard; and our once populous city of Cork is a very lazaret-house. Half the population are begging from the other half, and with miserable success. At every corner you encounter the living shadows of men, with hardly a shred upon them! The tenants of the churchyard seem to have turned mendicants; so bony, ghastly, and frightful even our trading beggars have become!

O'Sullivan. Horrible! And yet the legislature has refused the only measure that could lead to redress.

Rock. The legislature! pshaw! it is relying on legislators that has produced this horrible spectacle now exhibiting throughout the empire. I lose all patience when I hear silly men talk of Parliamentary wisdom. Let any man only sit out an entire night in the gallery of the House of Commons, and he will return home convinced that God never could have intended his creatures to depend upon such men as compose that assembly for directors, for guides, for lawgivers. They owe all their greatness to popular ignorance. Were the people enlightened, it would soon be seen that the Almighty has amply provided for the security of human happiness without any aid from Parliaments.

O'Rourke. You are right, Captain. On the last evening of debate on the Catholic claims, I walked down to Westminster with a friend, and truly I was surprised to see the place deserted; contrary to my expectations, there was hardly a dozen persons assembled in the lobby of the house, and not a soul outside except those who were in attendance on members.

Murphy. I observed the same thing (I'll thank you for the decanter), and was never more surprised in my life. (Some hot water.) In Cork, we think half London would be there on such an occasion, (I'll thank you for the sugar, captain), and our newspapers are filled with paragraphs detailing the great efforts to obtain admission. Do you know, I felt myself humbled as an Irishman, at the apathy manifested by the cockneys on a discussion in which the interests of eight millions were concerned.

Rock. Approximation, sir, is as injurious to those reputed wise, as to those considered brave. No man is great in his chamber, no man is regarded as supremely wise, but he whom the people never saw.

O'Rourke. That reminds me of an anecdote relative to Lord STopp- ford, the member who misrepresents Wexford. Previous to the last contested election, he was canvassing on the Mountain of Forth, and, addressing a forty-shilling freeholder, who manifested no signs of
respect, said, "I'm Lord Stopford." "Och, troth you're not," said the clown, "for you're as common a lookin' fellow as myself."

O'Rourke. Ha, ha, ha!

O'Rourke. Now, though not quite a clown, I really could not help laughing, on the evening in question, at the figure cut by some of the right honourables and noble lords. Here, a mere boy, with artificial whiskers,—for they owed all their luxuriance to bear's grease—stepped out of a carriage, and stepped into the House of Commons, leaving his wiser half in the coach behind him. I like domestic love as well as any man; but, hang it! a legislator should have other thoughts, when going to vote on the Catholic question, than those which a pretty wife inspires. Some of the old fogies were not a whit less uxorious; they, also, generally came attended by their spouses. But give me the Marquis of Sligo; he brought nothing with him but an old hat.

Editor. An old hat!

O'Rourke. Yes, for a fundamental purpose. He's a good listener, at least in Parliament, for he never speaks; and, knowing that the debate would be a protracted one, he wisely brought something to save the seat from his ponderous pressure. When he doffed his good beaver, clapped on the elastic old one, and bundled into the house, I laughed heartily. Ha, ha! ha!

Rock. Had you been inside, you might have found food to increase your merriment. On me, however, it had a very different effect: I beheld with regret—I felt mortified, that those reputed the wisest of the land were, almost to a man, ignorant of those first and fundamental principles which should guide the discussions of men solemnly called upon to pronounce on the merits of a great question. It was argued, pro and con, upon precedents; no mighty truths were elicited; and those who defended, and those who opposed the measure, resigned, by tacit consent, the results of their own understanding to the opinions of those who went before them. They forgot that truth is eternal and immutable; and, consequently, that principles and not precedents should be the rule of conduct. It was painful to hear members calling out for securities, who, if called upon, could not possibly name securities, or specify their utility; above all, it grieved me to hear so much unmeaning talk.

Murphy. Then, Captain, you did not like the speeches.

Rock. I can admire the agility of a harlequin, while I pity the understanding of those who would prefer the twirling of his head to the acting of Macready. I find fault, not with the principal orators, but with those who devoured their discourses.

O'Rourkes. Plunkett was forcible.

Rock. Plunkett is a masculine orator—the Demosthenes of the House of Commons. There is, however, a want of grandeur about him; he is too logical for popular assemblies; he reasons closely, speaks deliberately, and, like the painter who hides with ornament his want of art, he scatters the flowers of literature over the uninviting path of business. He digresses but seldom; and never but to facilitate his object. Unaffected in his manner, close and cogent in his arguments, and with a delivery dignified and easy, the House always listens to him with that unsolicited attention which great talents are sure to command. In his reply to Copley, he electrified
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for, the House. In his remarks on the Cavan conversions he covered Lord Farnham with eternal ridicule.

O'Rourke. Good. And Brougham, Captain,—wha. do you consider him?

Rock. A man more showy than solid. He has sat at a feast of reason, and brought away with him a taste for every thing; chemistry, geometry, and algebra are the amusements of his few leisure hours, while he is equally ready, in the moments of business, to make a speech on any question in St. Stephen's, defend a case in a court of law, or throw off a literary essay in his closet. About all these, however, there is an evidence of haste, a want of maturity, a deficiency in execution; still, the mighty intellect is visible in every thing that he does, and I have often suspected that his vehemence in the House of Commons arises from his consciousness of the obtuseness of those heads to which he addresses himself.

O'Sullivan. His manner is particularly deliberate, and the twitching of the nerves of the countenance conveys an idea that every sentence is painfully elaborated.

Rock. The reverse is the case. No man is more ready at a reply; and in this species of debate his habitual cogitation gives him a powerful advantage over those who are less accustomed to busy abstraction. He is always in possession of his faculties; his mind, ever elastic, is ready to rush into discussion on all questions; and it must be admitted that he is more frequently correct on all political subjects than any other member in Parliament.

Editor. Even more so than Canning?

Rock. By far Canning's superior in general knowledge, but by no means so agreeable a speaker; neither is his figure, face, or manner so graceful as those of the secretary for foreign affairs. Canning's periods are rounded, his sentences full, and his diction pompous: wit and irony are irresistible in his hands, and perhaps, upon the whole, he is the most finished orator in the empire. This seems to be the opinion in Parliament; for, when he rises, all is hushed into silent curiosity that anticipates pleasure; the members for once evince good breeding; all is repose, save the voice of one who pours out image on image, quotation on quotation, and sentence after sentence, until he fills the souls of his auditors with magnificent ideas of his eloquence and genius.

Murphy. On the Catholic debate, Captain, you had all the eloquence nearly on one side.

Rock. With little exception: Peel was studiously logical, as usual, and not deficient in force, but I lament that he committed his character for honesty and fair dealing. In imputing idolatry to the Catholics, he quitted the path which had conducted him to a high place in public estimation; and sunk into the unenviable rank of bigoted calumniators. Perhaps, however, he was deceived by some artful parson. I am, at least, inclined to think that he was imposed upon; for, had he read the subsequent pages in the Irish catechism, he never would have compromised his character by so silly, stale, and easily-refuted a charge.

O'Rourke. We shall wait to see, whether he retracts. Eneas M'Donnell read him a lecture at the Catholic meeting the other day,
which may prove of service to him. Were you at the meeting, Captain?

Rock. I regret that I was not; illness detained me at home. Denis O'Kavanagh, however, told me that my fat, squat, roundabout little friend, Murphy, was there, with his wand of authority, as busy and as useful as ever.

O'Sullican. Yes; himself and Cash, the bookseller, were challenged to fight a duel by a gentleman with a singular obliquity of vision.

O'Rourke. I remember the occurrence; it was highly humorous. By the by, that was an excellent speech of yours, Murphy, at the close of the meeting, in defence of French. The duke listened to you with great attention, although so long after dinner-hour.

Murphy. Compassion for his grace prevented me from giving the meeting another anecdote about the fellow with the long shanks and the stalks of potatoes.

Ommes. Ha! ha! ha!

Editor. The meeting was particularly respectable. French, upon my word, is a very elegant speaker, and may be useful, unless he permits Andrews to make a tool of him.

Murphy. Is that the man who shifted his trumpet there opposite the duke?

O'Rourke. The same; he is endeavouring to throw the apple of discord amongst the English Catholics; but I shall give him a lecture in a few days.

Murphy. Sir John Copley—

Rock. Was not worth a good fit of indignation; his speech in the House of Commons ought not to procure him any angry honours. It was an empty piece of declamation. Were he not so close to the woolsack, he would be considered a man of straw.

Editor. True, Captain; but in stormy times a straw will serve to show what way the wind blows. The Catholics may collect from the speech of the Master of the Rolls, that they have a sturdy opposition to encounter.

O'Rourke. It must give way sooner than may be expected. The Irish people, with O'Connell at their head, are not to be treated much longer with contempt. Gentlemen, Dan's health (they drink). I would never be tired doing him honour, were it only to torture his calumniators. (Sings).

THE DANISH CONQUEST.

Old Erin once bowed to the yoke of the Dane,
And was cruelly smitten on mountain and plain;
But, at length rousing up, gave her breeches a pluck,
And bid the black foe 'Go to hell and bad luck!'—
So, without more delay,
He scampered away,
And showed not his nose here from that very day;
But popp'd through the seas like a dolphin or herring,
With the tail of his coat (if he had one) to Erin.

But the last of the crew, as he stood on the shore,
Was a prophet, it seems, for he boastingly swore
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That the day would come back, when the conquering Dane
Would again plant his banner on mountain and plain,
   To stand there unfurl'd,
   Till doomsday had hurl'd,
And made stirabout of this beautiful world!
All this did he say; and what prophet e'er lies?
Though, like Cobbett, he's never believed till he dies.

I'm inclined, then, to think, that this seer was no ass,
For all that he swore is just coming to pass,
Though with, I confess, a slight quibble or twist,
Caused in England by fog, and in Scotland by mist.
   Thus they foretell a riot,
   And, when all is quiet,
They have worded it so, that you cannot deny it.
But I think, by next stanza, 'twill be rather plainish
That this is the day for the victory Danish.

For you've nothing to do, but to shut both your eyes,
That you need not be stunned by the tumult and cries,
And then look around you, and, sure as a gun,
You'll observe, that a mighty great battle's just won;
   And who is the man
   That struts in the van?
Och! hurra! 'fough a bolgha! 'tis conquering Dan;
And therefore, I think, that 'tis now rather plainish,
That this is the prophesied victory Danish.

Editor. How unjust, how unmeaning, the abuse showered on the Catholic leaders in Parliament, and how feeble the defence of their friends! Now, I'm seriously of opinion, that nothing but the Catholic Association would maintain, at the present moment, tranquillity in Ireland. It is an authority to which the people look for advice, and, while emancipation is refused, that advice will be cheerfully acquiesced in. It is some consolation to them to find the leaders express their own sentiments so feelingly and so eloquently; and those who think the great body of the people are indifferent to their proceedings, or to their own degradation, are sadly mistaken: I have more than a chestful of communications on Irish subjects, the insertion of any one of which would lead to incarceration, written by very different hands. Here is one, which I select, less for the nature of its sentiments, than for its poetry; but it shows that government has incantiously given birth to a spirit which, if allowed to mature, may not be easily subdued. (Reads.)

ON HEARING THAT SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S BILL WAS REJECTED BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We are slaves!—we are slaves!—aye, for ever are slaves,
And the seal of our bondage is flung to the gale; Shades of our fathers! rise up from your graves,
And array us in corselets, and bind us in mail!
The last deepest warning of freedom is past, And the vote of the nation has chartered our chains; The mantle of night o'er our visions they cast, And the giant of terror is abroad on our plains.
My Dinner.

It is o'er!—the last struggle of justice is o'er!
We had fought till we bled—and our portion is woe:—
We had bled, 'till our couch was an ocean of gore,
And our tyrants have dealt us a death-dealing blow!

Wake the cry!—Let the pean of triumph arouse!—
Let the idol of party be throned in the air!—
Let the dark Orange faction unhosom its vows,
For the lofty and brave are the sons of despair!

The genius of ruin may stalk through our land,
And Havock grow drunk in its revel of blood:
And accursed be the soul, and accursed be the hand,
That will—

Our temples are prostrate and struck to the earth;
The shrines of our God are unhallowed—unbless'd!
And the weeping of hearts is the desolate mirth,
That lives in the halls where our young heroes rest.

Let their legions of bloodhounds in splendour go forth,
Let them marshal the ranks of their gloomy array;
For D—n and B—ey, the chiefs of the north,
Are assembled to lead in the desperate play.

Let G—n and A—gl—a polish the steel,—
Let E—n rejoice in the conquest of might,—
Let the shouts of applause be the greeting of P—l,
For his tongue hath forbid us the heirship of right!

And, oh! may the serpents of conscience entwine
A wreath of endurance for those we detest;
May the radiance of hope, in its glorious shine,
Never beam on the foes of a people oppressed!

Oh! my country!—my country! how long must you be,
The lowest, though fairest, that earth ever saw?
While you swim in the glories of earth, sky, and sea,
Must you wither and pine 'neath the bond of the Law?

The brand of eternity, surely, is stamped
On the cankering fetters that cling to your soil;
Or the poison of death has relentlessly damped
The ever-green bloom that was gemmed in your smile!

March 8th, 1827. D. S. L.

'O Rourke. Very good; but, by the by, haven't our Irish friends talked about, prohibiting the importation of every thing English? They are burning every thing that crosses the channel, but coal. Our Mag. is in danger.

Editor. Not in the least—it is peculiarly Irish; published in Dublin and printed in Ireland Yard.

Rock. 'Tis all nonsense! The Catholics miscalculate much if they suppose that the people of England are opposed to them. There are plenty of bigots here—abundance of anti-catholics, but very few who
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do not reprobate the oppression of their Irish fellow-subjects. I
never yet heard an Englishman attempt to defend the Irish parsons
or Irish Orangemen—on the contrary, I have heard them uniformly
reprobate both. You are not to take the opinion of this or that
writer, or this or that speaker, for the opinion of John Bull; but, if
you wish to form an idea of the state of the popular mind, you must
mix with the humbler classes; and in pursuit of information I have
done so. Experience, therefore, enables me to say, that the vast ma-
jority of the people are decidedly favourable to emancipation. Go
into a debating society, where the Catholic claims are frequently the
subject of discussion, and you will be sure to come to this conclusion.

Murphy. By the way, Mr. Editor, that Fegan is a very impu-
dent fellow, to laud Cobbett at the expense of O'Connell.

Editor. I disagree with Frank, but still I like free discussion.

Rock. Though no prophet, I claim the gift of prescience—so far as
to foretell events that depend upon the operation of natural causes. As
early as October the 20th, 1825, I darted my eye into futurity, and saw
that Cobbett would one day betray the cause he was so be-praised
for advocating. "Next week," said I, "I shall prove—mind, I
say prove—that Cobbett is not a man to be trusted, and that he is
likely in the end to prove more injurious to the cause of Ireland than
the writings of the greatest bigots who ever calumniated that un-
happy country."

O'Sullivan. I recollect the passage, Captain; you were always a
profound thinker!

O'Rourke. And more profound actor.

Rock. You may smile, gentlemen; but the wisdom which foresees,
and therefore directs with certainty, is not to be despised.

O'Rourke. Then of course, Captain, you foresee the alarming times
we are entering upon. My old friend, the Rev. George Croly, M.A.
and the lord knows how many other initials, has published a flaming
octavo, to prove from the Apocalypse, that the great war, in
which the Papists and Popery are to be utterly destroyed, and Pro-
testantism established throughout the world—

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Rock. A second Daniel!

Murphy. No; a second edition of Irving, the ecclesiastical moun-
tebank.

Editor. There are more madmen in the world than have got
straight-waistcoats on; I wonder the Literary Gazette noticed such
insane stuff.

O'Rourke. I mean to consult the reverend expounder relative to
the future greatness of the O'Rourke's. Perhaps he may find some-
thing respecting us under the head of "Trumpets," for we were al-
ways famous,—if not, it will be very odd indeed if he does not men-
tion us when he comes to the vials—for we were ever attached to the
bottle.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

O'Rourke. Seriously, however, a dumb woman said, that the
O'Rourke's would be kings of Ireland.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Terence O'Toole enters.

O'Toole. 'Ah! always full of spirits.
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O'Rourke. Terence, my worthy, how are you?

O'Toole. Devilish well, Rory, though London agrees badly with me after the delightful air of Paris. I've been the last nine months there.

Editor. Yes; and never sent me a single article all the time.

O'Toole. Too much immersed in the pleasures of the beau monde; but I'll make amends, by and by, and become one of your most industrious contributors. Ha! Murphy, how goes on the world in that fag end of the earth—Cork?

Murphy. Flourishingly.

O'Toole. And my friend, Ronayne.

Murphy. Still mourning, like the genius of Erin, over the miseries of the land.

O'Rourke. I regret his sorrows are not groundless.

Murphy. Cobbett, however, is his only consolation; and, confound it! here I differ with him, for he has originality and mind enough to think for himself.

O'Toole. A worthy fellow! During my last stay in Cork, about two years ago, I experienced much of his friendship. But what brought you to London? To get a wife, I suppose. Fortune out of the question—the English ladies are much the handsomer. The round Saxon face, beaming with intelligence, and ripe with gentle health, gives the ladies of this country a superiority in the eye of the admirer of female loveliness, over that of the neighbouring nation. And then their eyes, their forms, and—

Murphy. Oh! confound your taste. I've been now three weeks in London, and have seen only three pretty women, and they were Irish. Why, man, in walking through Cork, every window shoots out a perfect houri at you. I've often thought myself in Mahomet's paradise; and why not? There's Miss Mayne! What a charming little thing—so peri-like, so petite; she is an absolute pocket-volume of beauty! What an eye! rich, full, and voluptuous—

"'Tis jet, jet black,
And 'tis like the hawk,
An' it winna' let a body be."

Oh! her eye! Sometimes swimming in chastened langour; then flashing, sparkling with bright intelligence, and looking whim and wit, and wicked archness, while it peeps through the embowering umbrage of her beautiful hair. Her lip! oh, how like some rich fruit it—

O'Rourke. Cries, come kiss me.

O'mnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Murphy. Miss S—— of the Glanmire Road is a winning graceful girl; but I protest, as Paul Pry says,—that little Stanfield—you know her, O'Toole—he is a pretty creature—a pure abstract of my notion of a lovely girl—one

"That's prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon."

O'Sullivan. Let us hear your description of her.

Murphy. To begin with her eye!—Cold as maiden charity; her look—sir, I can't describe it, I am in love with her; what shall I do?

O'Rourke. Stop another week in London, and forget her.
Rook. Good counsel. But how goes on the Cork Quarterly, Murphy?

Murphy. Excellently well; but Bolster has not yet thought of remunerating his contributors.

Rook. I should think so, from the nature of the articles. That on "Irish county histories" is a fine specimen of reviewing: the writer shows a very edifying lack of knowledge on the subject.

Murphy. Do you tell me so, Captain? I shall write to him—he's a friend of mine.

Rook. What's his name?

Murphy. Excuse me, Captain.

O'Sullivan. Does your friend write much?

Murphy. Is it Windle you mean?

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Murphy. Confound my stupid head. No matter. But what is the matter with the article, Captain?

Rook. Not much; only a few score blunders. At page 304, he says, "Of these (county) surveys, Sampson's Londonderry, Tighe's Kilkenny, and Dubourdieu's, were the best." Yet, in the very same page, he tells us, "Out of thirty-two counties, seven only have been described. Of these, Munster claims six, and Ulster one; whilst Leinster and Connaught have not a solitary history," &c. According to this account, nothing remains to be done for Munster, in which province I suppose your friend has included Kilkenny. When you write to him, however, give him my compliments, and tell him that out of the thirty-two counties, twenty-three have been described, if surveys may be called descriptions. Of these three belong to Connaught, and no less than ten to Leinster!

Murphy. Oh! that was a mere oversight.

O'Rourke. Nothing more. I like Bolster's Quarterly very well, myself, and would consider Ireland disgraced if it were not supported. I shall send an article to the editor. Who is he?

Murphy. That's a secret—he is a great unknown.

O'Toole. Nonsense! he is my old friend, Father O'Shea. By the by, how is Sheila?

Murphy. Still in love with the muses, in spite of the exhalations of a brewhouse.

Rook. How comes it, Mr. Editor, that you have not noticed his Rudekki?

Editor. Haven't received my "presentation" copy yet, Captain. I have seen enough of it, however, to pronounce it a poem of high imaginative powers. I must do justice to it by and by.

O'Rourke. Who is for the Lyceum? Mathews will be "At Home," this evening. Here is a carte blanche; shall I insert "Admit six to boxes."

Rook. Lent, Mr. O'Rourke.

O'Sullivan. I'd rather stick to the punch.

O'Rourke. Nonsense! You don't know the treat that awaits you. "The Home Circuit" is one of the most laughable entertainments I ever witnessed. The Scotch lecturer is a finished portrait; the Epping Hunt is a laughable satire on Cockney equestrians; and the "Dream" presents you Kemble, and Cooke, and Suett, and King,
and Incledon, again, all alive, as when they strutted their little hour
upon the stage.

*Murphy.* Oh! by the powers, I'll go.

*O'Toole.* So will I.

*Rock.* And I.

*Editor.* We'll all go.  

[Exeunt Omnes.

**JOURNEY TO, AND OBSERVATIONS ON, LONDON, IN A LETTER**

**ADRESSED TO THE EDITOR,**

**BY DENIS MURPHY, ESQ.**

"I'm serious—so are all men, upon paper;
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the sun my little taper."

---

**LORD BYRON.**

**MY DEAR EDITOR,**

As you *will* insist that my journey to London, and observations by
the way, would fill a page of your magazine, and as I see no reason
why I should not "hold up to the sun my little taper," here goes to
furnish you.

My departure from ——— was marked with a peculiar incident, which,
for the instruction of young fellows who set up for literary
taste, I will here narrate. Some sixteen months ago, being on a visit
at a fashionable watering-place in the south of Ireland, my host,
knowing me to be fond of dramatic entertainment, informed me that a
strolling company had just arrived, and advertised a performance for
the following Monday. I discovered, in the manager, an old school-
friend, who had married a very beautiful actress, and, of course, felt
it my duty (especially as they were much distressed, having left the
last town in debt), to do my utmost in forwarding their interest. This
led to an intercourse with the whole corps dramatique, amongst
whom were a new-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. C——, who pecu-
liarily attracted my attention. Their manners, particularly those of the
husband, were very engaging. He was a man of some little educa-
tion; had, or affected to have, very liberal principles; had been a
midshipman for some time, and, by uniting the frankness of the sailor
with the polish of more civilized life, contrived to make himself
highly agreeable. But neither he nor his wife were likely to render
themselves respectable in the profession they had chosen. I per-
ceived it in their first appearance, and frankly avowed my opinion.—
Besides, as some acquaintance with theatrical men, and a good deal
of green-room intercourse, rendered me somewhat competent to ad-
vice them, I pictured, in the strongest terms I could, the wants, mi-
series, and degradation, to which the less-favoured followers of
Thespis were subjected; related various anecdotes, showing the pri-
vations to which they must submit before they could arrive at respec-
tability, even with talents far superior to those which they possessed;
and, finally, urged them to quit the pursuit of histrionic fame as soon
as possible. They seemed to receive the advice in the spirit in which
it was offered. I shortly after returned home, and soon lost all memory of the circumstance.

In the course of about six months, I met my watering-place acquaintance C——, with a friend of mine, to whom he had become known, and was introduced. I thought I had seen the face before; but, as he showed no symptoms of recognition, I concluded I was mistaken. About the same period, I was saluted once or twice in the streets by a lady, and though I knew her features distinctly, I could not for my soul remember where I had met her. I could only say, as Bobby Burns said to Fun——

"I think I've seen your bonny face;
But yet I canna' name ye."

At last, pleasing one day on board the steam-boat down to ——, I beheld this same lady in the cabin, and immediately remembered she was the very person about whom I felt so interested at the watering-place. I addressed her—apologized for my want of memory, and inquired for her husband. He was on deck, she said. We sallied up to find him, and I beheld the same C—— to whom I was introduced but two days before. He made an excuse for not then recognizing me, saying he was afraid it might lead to the mention of his theatrical folly, of which he requested I should not speak to any of his acquaintance, as he felt heartily ashamed of so silly an adventure, I promised, and kept my word. We met frequently at the house of a friend of mine, to whom he was by some accident introduced. He mentioned once or twice a manuscript play, written by a very young lady of his acquaintance, which he said he had in his possession, and expressed a desire to have my opinion, which I undertook to give.—In some short time after, I received the manuscript. It was a very bad attempt at dramatizing that very dramatic poem of Moore's—"The Fire-worshippers." "I was a most stupid production, and not even ludicrously so. Imagine the language of some mawkish sentimental novel with such a name as "Delicate Distress," or some such nonsense, wrought out into blank verse, feebly imitative of Young's bombast, without the slightest scintillation of his genius; but no——

I could not, by any possibility, get beyond the first three or four pages; and I often cursed myself for undertaking the job, as, whenever I met C——, he bored me for my opinion. Every day I was compelled to feign some excuse, of business, want of time, &c. &c.; until, at last, he grew weary of annoying me, and desired I should leave the manuscript with the young lady, at whose father's house we sometimes met, until I'd have more leisure to look over it. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to get rid of such a pest, and handed it over to the lady. It seems he made her a present of it: but some circumstances which she afterwards heard, relative to his character, and of which I was also aware, though I did not like the invidious task of mentioning them, rendered her family desirous of discontinuing any further acquaintance with the gentleman; and the cursed manuscript was again committed to me, for the purpose of being transferred to its owner.

Whether I undertook the charge, or whether, having undertaken it, I mislaid the infernal thing, I cannot now recollect: but in some time...
after, my ci-devant actor (who, by the by, went to London as poor as a poet's pocket, and returned again fashionably dressed, and, as I could learn, with lots of money, heaven knows how acquired) began tormenting me again, not for my opinion of the play, but for the play itself. I knew nothing of it. He went to the lady; from the lady to me; and so on, until I almost wished every drama in the language, not even excepting Shakspeare's, (God forgive me) at the devil. One, and not the slightest, of my inducements for leaving ———, for London, was the prospect of getting rid of his most annoying importunities; and I was hugging myself in the pleasing assurance, when, horrible dicit, "that damn'd Monsieur Tonson again." On the very day of my departure, whilst dining with an acquaintance who lived near the vessel, a person called with a letter, as he said, from a particular friend of mine. I was called out, and received, not the letter I expected, but some paper beginning with a WHEREAS. As I knew my friend was not in the habit of commencing his notes thus, without reading any further, I looked at the bearer for an explanation. He seemed as quick as Sterne himself in physiognomical translations; and, waiting for no further query, said it was not from Mr. ———, but from Mr. C——; and at the same time showed me a printed paper, which, notwithstanding my ignorance of these matters, bore prima-facie evidence of being a law document. Much perplexed at the circumstance, I read over the paper which I received, and found it a direction from the chief magistrate, to the sheriff's, constables, and sheriffs' officers, to seize upon my person, in answer to a trespass, at the suit of my friend C——. The man who bore it, made no attempt to arrest me: and, as I had my trunks aboard to depart for Bristol, that evening, instead of offering to go with him, I retired to finish my dinner. Fearing I might be stopped in my way on board, some of my friends accompanied me to the vessel. Many of my acquaintance were there, who loaded me with adieux, letters, and commissions. The signal was given for starting, and, though somewhat mercurial and sanguine, I felt very much depressed at parting from all I knew or loved. It was the 1st of March: the morning was chilly and uninviting; yet, as I gazed on the charming scenery that adorns "my own beloved river," I thought it never appeared so beautiful; memory clothed it in sunshine; every aspect of delight it ever aroused came crowding on my imagination. The times——

"When the high blood ran frolic through my veins,
And boyhood made me sanguine"——

returned again in vivid freshness. The playmates of my childhood were there, smiling out with their young faces upon me; and wild and joyous echoes of infant glee seemed ringing around me:——But still, the smiles had shadows upon them, and there was a sort of plaint in the very joy of the tones "that struggled through and softened down the whole." I never felt such strange and mingled sensations: a whole life was crowded into these few minutes; and, though it seemed a life of gladsomeness and mirth——though pleasure was loudest, melancholy was most predominant. I remained for some time lost in this reverie of things that were, until the last glimpse of my native isle, melting from my view, startled me like a spirit. I could no longer endure my own feelings, and retired to enjoy the society below.
The fear of excisemen and inspectors prevented my laying in a stock of the native. I had only three bottles; but they were prime: so, thinking it better to enjoy myself with any good fellow who was so inclined, than have it come within the grip of these prying gentry, for, as Shylock says, "there be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves, besides the perils of tempests," &c., I uncorked one of my black-jokes, but found it more difficult to muster boon companions, than I expected. Instead of sitting down to make merry with a song and a toast, most of the passengers got into their births; two sat to that most anti-social game, chess; whilst others amused themselves with a book or a newspaper.

Mem.—When again travelling by steam, to ascertain that there be neither books nor chessboards in the cabin. It is very unbecoming in captains to furnish passengers with the means of such selfish and unsocial enjoyment.

I cannot express the indignation I felt, at finding the offer of my four-year-old received so coolly, that I could only prevail upon two (the honestest-looking fellows aboard) to taste it with me; and no entreaties could induce them to go beyond the second tumbler. Oh, had I known its value in this land of "Hidears," and could I anticipate the ease with which I passed the searchers, I should possess a more ample store, and be less profuse of it. After my third tumbler, I resolved to get into bed, and read a bit; but, on rising for the purpose, I darted like an arrow (I don't know by what impulse) right on the chess-players. Down went the board, the men, the players, and, alas! my three tumblers of punch, together with the cod's head and oyster sauce on which I had dined a few hours before. There was the devil to pay; clothes spoiled (not mine, for I mounted my worst, the moment I got aboard); the game, on which there was a considerable wager, knocked up: the men and board filthied; broken heads, sore shins, &c. &c.—But for the loss of my punch—I did not value the dinner—I could have enjoyed the scene highly. It was most amusing to hear the fellows, after they had got cleaned, disputing on the state of the game at the time of my involuntary intrusion. Kings, queens, pawns, and castles, knights, and bishops, filled up the rest of the evening's conversations. But what most tickled me, was, their forced acknowledgment of my not being in the least to blame; whilst they looked as if they could have bastinadoed me. A sort of queasiness of the stomach, together with a desire of seeing the sun rise from the ocean, kept me watchful; and I was on deck betimes in the morning: but all to no purpose. That blackguard, Apollo, stole up behind a thin vapour that hung its infernal curtain in the east; though all the sky beside was clear and beautiful as Emily's azure optic: and, whilst I was gazing with almost Persian idolatry on the far brink of ocean, out he pops his carroty locks (golden I think the poets call them) at least two miles higher up, and laughs in my face at his hide-and-seek trick. But he bit nobody so much as himself; for I had determined to give him six pages of my diary, with, perhaps, two or three hundred lines of verse; for which purpose I had fortified myself with a glass of the steward's brandy (no bad Hippocrene), but, disgusted with his ungentlemanly conduct, I pitched him to the devil, and went down to breakfast.

Whilst on deck, I had taken a couple of glasses of warm water, to
induce sea-sickness, which my physician informed me would be good for a bilious affection of the eyes; but my efforts were unavailing. It came, though, when I did not want it. After laying in an excellent breakfast, consisting of a brace of eggs, three cups of tea, one of coffee, two murphys, and some buttered toast, a neighbour of mine (after two or three wry faces) discharged the contents of his stomach in a basin which lay beside him. My breakfast, perhaps through sympathy (the devil take such sympathy, say I), being part and parcel of that which he had partaken, without any previous intimation—no, not so much as saying by your leave—bounces out on the floor, and, in a moment, my half-crown's worth—eggs, murphys, tea, toast, and coffee, to say nothing of the brandy—totally sinking the trouble of mastication, lay on the floor, rudis indigestaque moles, an unfinished mass of undigested provender!

"There's no help for spilled milk;" and, though somewhat inclined for a second breakfast, as I had other use for half-crowns than transmuting them into hog-wash, I slipped on deck to avoid the smell that was becoming rather offensive below. They should procure more ventilation in the cabins of steam-boats

I don't wonder at Byron's enthusiastic love of the sea:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar!"

But, to be on it,—to have but one slight plank between you and all the secrets which, from Aristotle to Locke, have agitated and confounded the mind of man,—to be at the mercy of a wayward power, whose frown could, in one moment, decide the long-contested questions of predestination and free will—could tell you of

"More things 'twixt heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream'd of in your philosophy?"

I have italicised philosophy here, for the purpose of setting Mr. Kean (one of Shakspeare's best readers) right, as to the emphasis. Shakspeare, with all due deference to Mr. K., never meant that there were more things in the universe than Horatio could comprehend. The truth is, our "immortal bard," though, perhaps, possessing the brightest mind that ever inhabited a "fleshy tabernacle," and looking upon life less as an actor in, than an observer of, and commentator upon, the scenes around him, was not wholly freed from the superstitious of the times in which he lived, and intended a cut at the practical philosophy which, in consequence of the chemical discoveries that arose out of the search after the elixir vitae and the philosopher's stone, then began to be in vogue. That Shakspeare had a great leaning to the marvellous and supernatural, cannot be doubted, when we see with what ardour he turns to the subject. There never was a ghost, before or since his time, so spirit-like as that in Hamlet. That it once was mortal, is evident, from its yearning after the things of earth; and yet, though we understand all it says, there seems to be something it would say—something vague, indefinite, and shadowy behind, that we cannot reach with all our striving;—things unintelligible "to ears of flesh and blood." You
have the liveliest notion of these things when first you read the drama; and you return to it again, thinking that repetition will render them clearer; but, like the fading echo of music, they have become less and less distinct the longer you endeavour to catch them. Then, look at his “Tempest:”—not even Hibbert (I think that’s the name), the writer of a very clever treatise on apparitions, could deny the reality of spiritual essences, whilst charmed by the wand of Prospero, or soothed by the song of Ariel. Then, there are the three Witches of Macbeth—(I was near writing it after my own country fashion of M’Carthy, M’Dermott, &c.—M’Beth),—

“So withered—and so wild in their attire—*
That look not like th’ inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on it.”

Nothing can equal the stroke in the last line and a half, except the succeeding, “if you can.”

“Speak, if you can,—what are you?”

In the Midsummer Night’s Dream, he revels in the luxury of fairy superstition. Titania and Oberon are the essences of fairy-land. They are—

“Dreams that, in reality, have life,
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy.”

Brutus’s evil genius, in Julius Cæsar, though but a sketch, is most masterly: perhaps, for what is of it, the best of his spiritual creations. Brutus’s observations upon, and address to it, say more than pages of description could:

“Methinks it is the weakness of my eyes
That forms this monstrous apparition!—
It comes upon me!—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god—some angel—or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stand?
Speak to me!—What art thou?”

This address is beyond all praise. It blends the terror and surprise of the beholder so intimately with the indistinct, undefined, yet assured, presence of the thing beheld, that reason and imagination act upon each other, till “each seems either.” The real and the fancied flit before you, the spirit and the substance, the world of things and the world of thoughts, until the mind is confounded in the labyrinth of its imaginings, “and nothing is but what is not.”

’Twas the very consciousness of his own indulgence in this species of contemplation, that urged Shakspeare to the expression, when he says—

“There are more things ’twixt Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream’d of in your philosophy;”

’tis intended as much to justify his introduction of a spirit into a history of life (which the drama assumes to be), as to account for Ham-

* For the instruction of Mr. Warde (the only Macbeth I have seen) I put in the breaks here. I don’t think they are marked in the prompt-book edition, but a little reflection will show the reader, that Shakspeare did not mean the word “withered” to apply to the attire—verbum sap.
let's credulity, or check the curiosity of the "Watch." Our great bard, acting upon Horace's rule (whether intuitively, or from a knowledge of that critic's law, I won't pretend to say), seemed to think—

"Nec deus intuerit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.
Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid"—

and would obviate any objection to his introduction of the marvellous, by forestalling the carpings of criticism. But where the deuce am I going?—Six pages, and not yet landed from the steam-packet. I am inclined to think, my dear editor, that you and the public must bottle up your curiosity until the next number, for my observations and adventures on shore. So, pro tempore, farewell, and believe me ever your's,

P. S. I have seen some "Lions" in London worth describing, if I can only do them justice.

THE POLITICIAN.—NO IV.

Was I correct last month in insinuating that we would have witnessed a political farce before I should sit down to my monthly labour again? On the first of the month Mr. Canning brought forward his proposed amendment of the Corn Laws, and, after a good speech, moved a string of resolutions, which were adopted; but, as they are still to undergo some alterations, I shall not insert them until the question is finally adjusted.

On the 5th, Sir Francis Burdett brought forward the Catholic Question, and, after a protracted discussion, which continued two nights, the resolution, for going into inquiry, was negatived by a majority of four; two hundred and seventy-six having opposed, and two hundred and seventy-two having supported, the resolutions. This is the largest number of members that ever voted in the House of Commons; and, had all the friends of emancipation been at their post, the question had been carried. This very unexpected decision induced Lord Lansdown to withdraw his notice of a motion in the House of Lords; but the question is not to be considered as settled, even during the present session, for the Knight of Kerry, and Mr. Spring Rice, have given notice of motions which will bring it once more before the house, though in an indirect way.

There can be little doubt that, on this occasion, the liberal members of the cabinet were over-reached by their wily colleagues, as every engine of power, bigotry, and influence, were put in motion, to defeat the hopes of Ireland. A struggle, therefore, for precedence, it is supposed, goes on in the cabinet; and every good man in the country will pray for the success of liberal principles and George Canning.

The news of defeat filled Ireland with disappointment and mortification. A separate meeting of the Catholics was called; and the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That we recommend to the people of Ireland, peace, perseverance, and Christian charity—to place their dependence upon God, and the justice of their cause—calmly to look forward to the course of events—to refrain from giving
sway to exasperated feelings, still clinging to the hope that the legislature will review and reconsider the discussion on the late vote, before the Catholics of Ireland are driven to the verge of despair."

The British Catholics, too, assembled on the 19th, at the Crown and Anchor, and showed by their numbers* and respectability, that they felt as men, under the recent insult offered to the common sense of Europe. Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, and Mr. French, were impressively eloquent; and the Duke of Norfolk, who was in the chair, addressed the assembly, in a speech remarkable for terse brevity and manly independence. The following, among other resolutions, were passed:—

"It was moved by the Hon. Mr. Petre, and seconded by Mr. Rosson—

"That we are in no degree disheartened by our late defeat (if a minority of four, in a division of five hundred and forty-eight, can be fairly so denominated); that, while we acknowledge, with gratitude, the support which our rightful claims have received for many years from the Commons' House of Parliament, we owe it to ourselves, to the memory of our forefathers, to our posterity, and to all who value the rights of Englishmen, or who, like ourselves, are subjected by law to penalties and privations for religious opinions, never to desist from the prosecution of our claims to all the benefits of the constitution, till success shall have crowned our efforts.

"Moved by Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Robinson—

"That we hasten to repeat our most grateful thanks to the Roman Catholic prelates in Great Britain, for the declaration recently published by them, and circulated by the Association, and we hereby solemnly renew our adherence to the principles therein contained, knowing, as we do, that they are the true principles of the Catholic Church throughout the world.

"Moved by Mr. Rolph, seconded by Mr. Grady—

"That we most solemnly appeal to the justice and intelligence of our fellow-countrymen—we call upon them emphatically to proclaim, whether they desire to disqualify us, in our civil capacities, for offering up our prayers to God according to the mode of worship transmitted to us from our ancestors; whether, in the present unparalleled state of the nation, they still desire that Ireland should be a source of weakness instead of strength; whether they are anxious to retain that country for ever in a state of discontent and military subjection; and, in fine, whether they are resolved, that, among the nations of Europe, England shall afford a perpetual example of bigotry, which must be hailed by her enemies as an omen of weakness, and regarded by her friends as a blot upon her fame.

"Moved by Mr. Canning, seconded by Mr. Bodenham.

"That we most sincerely and most cordially sympathise with our fellow-sufferers in Ireland, under this new and grievous affliction; we consider the religious persecution now carrying on in this country, as wholly attributable to the influence of a penal code, which makes it the paramount interest of one party to maintain an ascendancy over the other; we are firmly persuaded, that if the passions were calmed, and the interests of every class were amalgamated by equal laws, the present lamentable discord would cease, and persons of every religious denomination would be linked together in the bonds of peace and goodwill. Let those who doubt this position look for the proof of it to the various states of Europe, in which Catholics and Protestants are confounded in a community of interests by an equality of rights.

* It was the most numerously attended meeting of Catholics ever held in England, with the exception of that which took place at the period of the Irish deputation, in 1825.
"Moved by Dr. Collins, seconded by the Hon. Mr. Petre—

"That the British Catholics have ever been sensible of the honour conferred on their cause by the high character and distinguished talents of those who have given it their support. It has been repeatedly advocated by the most distinguished personages in the nation: by none more effectively, or in a manner more congenial to the feelings of Catholics, than by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Norwich. To him, for his repeated exertions in their cause, the thanks of the Catholics are eminently due, and are hereby respectfully presented. In the memory of the Catholics his services to them will ever live: his name will be mentioned with praise and benediction by them and their posterity.

"Moved by Mr. T. Murphy, seconded by Mr. Dias Santos—

"That we cannot too forcibly impress on the minds of our Protestant countrymen, the cruel and humiliating degradations to which we, as professors of the Catholic religion, are constantly reduced, under the existing penal laws; reproached with idolatry in our worship, superstition in our tenets, and slavery in our principles; our solemn oaths and declarations disregarded; yet sharing, in common with our Protestant countrymen, the burdens of the state, and the dangers of the field; whilst the avenues to honourable ambition and profit are closed against us.

"Moved by Mr. Grady, seconded by Mr. Blount—

"That this meeting, viewing with regret and indignation the unfair means used by several of the clergy of the Established Church to crowd the tables of both Houses of Parliament with petitions, calling upon the legislature to continue in force those penal statutes which unjustly restrain the unalienable right of every man to freedom of conscience, and every British subject to civil liberty, and having likewise observed the increased acrimony and intolerance of their opposition in our lately bringing before Parliament the grievances of the Catholic people of this kingdom, and especially the bitterness and hatred exhibited in their own acts and petitions in the same respect, do solemnly protest against such conduct, as uncharitable and anti-christian on their part, and as leading to a renewal of those fanatical and religious excesses which prevailed in the worst periods of England's and Ireland's history—which set all law of God and man at defiance, and eventually upturned the foundations of civil and religious society by bringing a monarch to the scaffold, abolishing a hierarchy, and annihilating the real liberties of the people in giving way to licentiousness."

The Lord Chancellor, on a petition from the Catholic Bishop of Waterford being presented, took occasion to declare his unceasing hostility to the Catholics. Can his lordship live much longer?

The affairs of Portugal are still in jeopardy. There is a talk of a conspiracy in Spain; and it is very probable that the breeze is only just springing up, that is to waft us into a general war. Then, and not till then, will Ireland be righted.

Portugal is to supply our troops, &c. with food and forage, but—mark the little but—we are to pay for them, and every thing else to boot!

The fanatics are still raving and ranting in Ireland. Lord Farnham has actually made half a dozen proselytes in Cavan; Murthough O'Sullivan, not one at all in Dublin; and The Evening Mail some hundreds—on paper. Reverse the picture: how many persons have abandoned Protestantism in Ireland? Dr. Doyle says, two hundred and forty-eight in his diocese alone, during the last twelve months!! My paper is exhausted.

O'SULLIVAN-BEAR.
MEMOIRS OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

It can no longer be said, with any appearance of truth, that the "dark chain of silence" has been thrown over Ireland. On more occasions than one it has been our pleasing duty to cheer the incipient talent we had excited—to encourage the young intellect of Ireland to still higher efforts; and very recently we felt ourselves justified in anticipating important and happy results from its labours. We thought it impossible for bigotry and prejudice to resist the flood of light which has within these two years been poured upon the public mind; and, without any desire to depreciate our own labours, or the labours of others—without any wish to diminish the claims of the advocates of Ireland, in and out of Parliament—without any disrespect to the labours of the Parliamentary Committees, and the numerous witnesses examined before them—we must say, that the good resulting, or likely to result, from all these, sinks into insignificance when compared to the benefits which the work before us must produce to the empire at large, and to Ireland in particular. Beyond all question, it is the most important publication that ever proceeded from the press on Irish affairs. Tone, with a daring hand, and a superior intellect, has torn into pieces the patched veil which too long hung suspended between the English and Irish people. To each he shows in what consists their respective strength and weakness; and we hold it impossible that ministers, after this exposed, shall dare to advise the monarch of these realms to refuse the claims of a people, who are momentarily placed in the crisis of a temptation, which to resist would require more than personal attachment to the sovereign, and which to accede to must lead to the downfall of this mighty empire. As strenuous friends to the connexion which subsists between these countries, and as decided enemies to all revolutions effected by bloodshed, we hail the appearance of these Memoirs and Journals, because they must open the eyes of England to the danger to which she has been exposed, and apprise the government of the almost ignited mine upon which they have been unconsciously standing. Fortunately, they have been published at a time when a concurrence of circumstances seems to favour Ireland. The king has just placed at the head of government a man, on whose liberal and well-informed mind the obvious conclusions to which the facts contained in Tone's Jour-

nal lead will not be lost; and who, we trust, has honest ambition enough to identify his name with the settlement of a question, upon which depends the welfare of the empire, and a notoriety at once honourable and imperishable.

Regarding the work before us, therefore, as paramount in importance—as a publication, the consequence of which cannot at this moment be readily appreciated, we shall, without any apology, devote to it a space hitherto not usually afforded, but which we are fully persuaded none of our friends will consider too large;—for, independent of its political details, there is abundance of entertaining matter; and, by the time we have concluded, we can promise the reader that he will have no need of reference to the bulky volumes themselves: with our present number in his hand, he can keep his money in his pocket, and rest assured that we have culled for his benefit all that is either valuable or desirable in the work before us.

These Memoirs were recently published in America, and have just been reprinted in London. They contain the autobiography and journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Both were written while in France, negotiating with the French government relative to an invasion of Ireland, and were intended solely for the use of his own family, and one or two friends. Events, however, have made it desirable that the son of the author should now give them to the public; and we need not say, that he has only done that which was due to the memory of his father, and the ill-fated country of his birth.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was born in Stafford Street, Dublin, on the 20th of June, 1763. His grandfather was a respectable farmer in the county of Kildare; but his father followed the business of a coachmaker in the metropolis. Theobald was the eldest of three brothers, and one sister; all of whom seemed to have inherited the erratic propensities of their maternal grandfather, who was captain of a merchant ship, and a great original. "My father and mother," writes Tone in 1796, "were pretty much like other people; but I think it will appear that their children were not at all like other people, but have had, every one of them, a wild spirit of adventure, which, though sometimes found in an individual, rarely pervades a whole family, including even the females: for my brother William has visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, before he was thirty years of age; Matthew has been in America twice, in the West Indies once; not to mention several trips to England, and his voyage and imprisonment in France; and all this, before he was twenty-seven: Arthur, at the age of fourteen, has been once in England, twice in Portugal, and has twice crossed the Atlantic, going to and returning from America. My sister Mary crossed the same ocean; and, I hope, will do the same on her return. I do not here speak of my wife, and our little boys and girl, the eldest of which latter was about eight, and the youngest two years old, when we sailed for America: and, by all I can see, it is by no means certain, that our voyages are yet entirely finished.

"I come now to myself. I was, as I have said, the eldest child of my parents, and a very great favourite. I was sent, at the age of eight or nine, to an excellent English school, kept by Sisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted, and who took more than common pains with me. I respect him yet. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame, which could induce me
Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

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to exertion; nevertheless, at the approach of our public examinations, which were held quarterly, and at which all our parents and friends attended, I used to labour for some time, and generally with success, as I have obtained six or seven premiums in different branches, at one examination; for mathematics, arithmetic, reading, spelling, recitation, use of the globes, &c. In two branches I always failed,—writing and the catechism, to which last I could never bring myself to apply. Having continued with Mr. Darling for about three years, and pretty nearly exhausted the circle of English education, he recommended strongly to my father to put me to a Latin school, and to prepare me for the university; assuring him that I was a fine boy, of uncommon talents, particularly for the mathematics; that it was a thousand pities to throw me away on business, when, by giving me a liberal education, there was a moral certainty I should become a fellow of Trinity College, which was a noble independence, besides the glory of the situation. In these arguments he was supported by the parson of the parish, Doctor Jameson, a worthy man, who used to examine me from time to time, in the Elements of Euclid. My father, who, to do him justice, loved me passionately, and spared no expense on me that his circumstances would afford, was easily persuaded by these authorities. It was determined that I should be a fellow of Dublin College. I was taken from Mr. Darling, from whom I parted with regret, and placed, at the age of twelve, under the care of the Rev. Wm. Craig, a man very different, in all respects, from my late preceptor. As the school was in the same street where we lived (Stafford Street), and as I was under my father's eye, I began Latin with ardour, and continued for a year or two with great diligence, when I began Greek, which I found still more to my taste; but about this time, whether unlucky for me or not the future colour of my life must determine, my father, meeting with an accident of a fall down stairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with life, found, on his recovery, his affairs so deranged in all respects, that he determined on quitting business, and retiring into the country; a resolution which he executed accordingly; settling with his creditors, and placing me with a friend near the school, whom he paid for my diet and lodging, besides allowing me a trifling sum for my pocket. In this manner, I became, I may say, my own master before I was sixteen; and as, at this time, I am not remarkable for my discretion, it may well be judged, I was less so then. The superintendence of my father being removed, I began to calculate, that, according to the slow rate chalked out for me by Craig, I could very well do the business of the week in three days, or even two, if necessary, and that, consequently, the other three were lawful prize; I therefore resolved to appropriate three days in the week, at least, to my amusements, and the others to school; always keeping in the latter three the day of repetition, which included the business of the whole week; by which arrangement, I kept my rank with the other boys of my class. I found no difficulty in convincing half a dozen of my school-fellows, of the justice of this distribution of our time; and, by this means, we established a regular system of what is called matching; and we contrived, being some of the smartest boys at school, to get an ascendancy over the spirit of the master; so that, when we entered the school in
a body, after one of our days of relaxation, he did not choose to burn his fingers with any one of us, nor did he once write to my father to inform him of my proceedings, for which he most certainly was highly culpable. I must do myself and my school-fellows the justice to say, that, though we were abominably idle, we were not vicious; our amusements consisted in walking in the country, in swimming parties in the sea, and, particularly, in attending all parades, field-days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin, in the Phcenix Park. I mention this particularly, because, independent of confirming me in a rooted habit of idleness, which I lament most exceedingly, I trace to the splendid appearance of the troops, and the pomp and parade of military show, the untameable desire which I ever since have had to become a soldier, a desire which has never once quitted me, and which, after sixteen years of various adventures, I am at last at liberty to indulge. Being at this time approaching seventeen years of age, it will not be thought incredible that women began to appear lovely in my eyes, and I very wisely imagined, that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulets, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration.

"This, combined with the reasons above mentioned, decided me. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense; on a fellowship in Dublin College, as a pitiful establishment; and, in short, regarded an ensign, in a marching regiment, the happiest creature living. The hour when I was to enter the university, which now approached, I looked forward to with horror and disgust. I absented myself more and more from school, to which I preferred attending the recruits on drill at the barracks; so that at length my schoolmaster, who apprehended I should be found insufficient at the examination for entering the college, and that he, of consequence, would come in for his share of the disgrace, thought proper to do, what he should have done at least three years before, and wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute: I declared my passion for the army, and my utter dislike to a learned profession; but my father was as obstinate as I, and, as he utterly refused to give me any assistance to forward my scheme, I had no resource but to submit."

Accordingly, he entered Trinity College, in 1781; but, being disgusted with a professor who refused him the premium to which he was entitled, he returned to his military plan, and besought his father to let him join the British army in America. This was refused, and, after a twelvemonth's idleness, he renewed his studies: during his progress through the university he was not without his adventures. In 1782 he was second in a duel in which one of the principals fell; but, as none concerned exceeded twenty years of age, the affair was hushed up, after a prudent disappearance for a short time. "At length," he says, "about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived; at that time, in Grafton Street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the university, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow-students. I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that before we
had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced
between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as
beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than her-
self; and as it was necessary, for my admission to the family, that I
should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced
to him; and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a
musical man, we grew intimate; the more so, as it may well be
supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and
the rest of the family, with whom I soon became a favourite. My
affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew passion-
ately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to
marry me without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would
be in vain to expect it: she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made
it, and one beautiful morning, in the month of July, we ran off together
and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a
few days, and when the first eclat of passion had subsided, we were
forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings, near my wife's grand-
father.

"I was now, for a very short time, as happy as possible, in the
possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour
grew more and more upon my heart. The scheme of a fellowship,
which I never relished, was now abandoned, and it was determined
that, when I had taken my degree of Bachelor of Arts, I should go to
the Temple, study the law, and be called to the bar. I continued,
in consequence, my studies in the university, and obtained my last
premium two or three months after I was married. In February,
1786, I commenced Bachelor of Arts, and shortly after resigned my
scholarship and quitted the university. I may observe here, that I
made some figure as a scholar, and should have been much more
successful if I had not been so inveterately idle, partly owing to my
passion for a military life, and partly to the distractions to which my
natural dispositions and temperament but too much exposed me. As
it was, however, I obtained a scholarship, three premiums, and three
medals from the Historical Society; a most admirable institution, of
which I had the honour to be auditor, and also to close the session
with a speech from the chair, the highest compliment which that
society is used to bestow."

"When our affairs were reduced into some little order, my father
supplied me with a small sum of money (which was, however, as
much as he could spare), and I set off for London, leaving my wife
and daughter with my father, who treated them, during my absence,
with great affection. After a dangerous passage to Liverpool,
wherein we ran some risk of being lost, I arrived in London, in
January, 1787, and immediately entered my name as a student at
law on the books of the Middle Temple; but this I may say was all
the progress I ever made in that profession. I had no great affection
for study in general, but that of the law I particularly disliked, and
to this hour I think it an illiberal profession, both in its principles
and practice. I was, likewise, amenable to nobody for my conduct;
and, in consequence, after the first mouth, I never opened a law book,
nor was I ever three times in Westminster Hall in my life. In addi-
tion to the reasons I have mentioned, the extreme uncertainty of
my circumstances, which kept me in much uneasiness of mind, dis-
abled me totally from that cool and systematic habit of study which is indispensable for attaining a knowledge of a science so abstruse and difficult as that of the English code. However, one way or another, I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple (No. 4, Hare Court, on the first floor), and, whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow-students, if I can call myself a student. One resource I derived from the exercise of my talents, such as they were: I wrote several articles for the European Magazine, mostly critical reviews of new publications. My reviews were poor performances enough: however, they were in general as good as those of my brother critics; and in two years I received, I suppose, about £50 sterling for my writings, which was my main object; for, as to literary fame, I had then no great ambition to attain it. I likewise, in conjunction with two of my friends, named Jebb and Radcliff, wrote a burlesque novel, which we called 'Belmont Castle,' and was intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliff's part, which was by far the best; yet so it was that we could not find a bookseller who would risk the printing it, though we offered the copyright gratis to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success, though I believe, after all, it was most relished by the authors and their immediate connexions."

After he had been idling at the Temple somewhat better than a year, his brother William arrived from India, and in his society time passed away pleasantly, though they were frequently without a guinea. Seeing that he was not likely ever to be Lord Chancellor, he thought of a military scheme—for all his ideas were military—to curb the Spaniards in the South Sea, by establishing a colony in one of Cook's newly discovered islands, "Many and many a delightful evening" he says, "did my brother, Phipps, and I, spend in reading, writing, and talking of my project, in which, if it had been adopted, it was our firm resolution to have embarked. At length, when we had reduced it into a regular shape, I drew up a memorial on the subject, which I addressed to Mr. Pitt, and delivered with my own hand to the porter in Downing Street. We waited, I will not say patiently, for about ten days, when I addressed a letter to the minister mentioning my memorial and praying an answer, but this application was as unsuccessful as the former. Mr. Pitt took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter, and all the benefit we reaped from our scheme was the amusement it afforded us during three months, wherein it was the subject of our constant speculation. I regret the delightful reveries which then occupied my mind. It was my first essay in what I may call politics, and my disappointment made an impression on me that is not yet quite obliterated. In my anger, I made something like a vow that, if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution. It was about this time I had a very fortunate escape:—my affairs were exceedingly embarrassed, and just at a moment when my mind was harassed and sore with my own vexations, I received a letter from my father, filled with complaints, and a description of the ruin of his circumstances, which I
afterwards found was much exaggerated. In a transport of rage, I
determined to enlist as a soldier in the India Company’s service; to
quit Europe for ever, and to leave my wife and child to the mercy of
her family, who might, I hoped, be kinder to her when I was removed.
My brother combated this resolution by every argument in his
power; but, at length, when he saw me determined, declared I
should not go alone, and that he would share my fate to the last ex-
tremity. In this gloomy state of mind, deserted, as we thought, by
gods and men, we set out together for the India House, in Leaden-
hall Street, to offer ourselves as volunteers; but, on our arrival there,
were informed that, the season being past, no more ships would be
sent out that year, but that, if we returned about the month of March
following, we might be received. The clerk to whom we addressed
ourselves seemed not a little surprised at two young fellows of our
appearance presenting ourselves on such a business, for we were ex-
tremely well dressed, and Will (who was spokesman for both) had an
excellent address. Thus we were stopped; and I believe we were
the single instance, since the beginning of the world, of two men ab-
solutely bent on ruining themselves who could not find the means!
We returned to my chambers, and, desperate as were our fortunes,
could not help laughing to think that India, the great gulf of all un-
done beings, should be shut against us alone. Had it been the
month of March instead of September, we should most infallibly
gone off; and, in that case, I should most probably at this hour
be carrying a brown musket on the coast of Coromandel. Provi-
dence, however, decreed it otherwise, and reserved me, as I hope,
for better things.

"I had been now two years at the Temple, and had kept eight
terms;—that is to say, I had dined three days in each term in the
common-hall. As to law, I knew exactly as much about it as I did
of necromancy. It became, however, necessary to think of my re-
turn; and, in consequence, I made application, through a friend, to
my wife’s grandfather, to learn his intentions as to her fortune. He
exerted himself so effectually in our behalf, that the old gentleman
consented to give £500 immediately, and expressed a wish for my
immediate return. In consequence, I packed up directly, and set off,
with my brother, for Ireland.

"I now took lodgings in Clarendon Street, purchased about £100
worth of law-books, and determined, in earnest, to begin and study
the profession to which I was doomed. In pursuance of this resolu-
tion, I commenced Bachelor of Laws, in February, 1789, and was
called to the bar in due form, in Trinity term following; shortly after
which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit, having been previously
elected a member of the Bar Club. On this circuit, notwithstanding
my ignorance, I pretty nearly cleared my expenses; and I cannot
doubt, had I continued to apply sedulously to the law, I might have
risen to some eminence; but, whether it was my incorrigible habits of
idleness, the sincere dislike which I had for the profession (which the
little insight I was beginning to get into it did not tend to remove), or
controlling destiny, I know not; but so it was, that I soon got sick
and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form’s sake, to go
to the courts and wear a foolish wig and gown, for a considerable
time, and I went the circuit, I believe, in all, three times; but, as I
was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the four courts, and as I took little, or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike of the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat messieurs the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability which even the most liberal-minded of the profession are obliged to make), I made, as may be well supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish bar.

His father's affairs, about this time, were greatly embarrassed, in consequence of a chancery suit going against him, and, to the credit of Tone, he did all in his power to obviate his parent's difficulties. The law becoming every day more and more disagreeable, he determined to embark in politics, and accordingly wrote a pamphlet in defence of the Whig Club, which gave so much satisfaction to the persons who composed that body, that they distributed the publication and elected him a member. Mr. Ponsonby, the head of the Whigs in Ireland, sent a barrister to Tone, for the purpose of securing his talents; and hinted pretty plainly that a seat in Parliament, and large patronage at the bar, would be the reward of his exertions. "All this," he says, "was highly flattering to me, the more so, as my wife's fortune was now nearly exhausted, partly by our inevitable expenses, and partly by my unsuccessful efforts to extricate my father. I did, it was true, not much relish the attaching myself to any great man, or set of men, but I considered, as I have said before, that the principles they advanced were such as I could conscientiously support, so far as they went, though mine went much beyond them. I therefore thought there was no dishonour in the proposed connexion, and I was certainly a little dazzled with the prospect of a seat in Parliament, at which my ambition began to expand. I signified, in consequence, my readiness to attach myself to the Whigs, and I was instantly retained in the petition for the borough of Dungarven, on the part of James Carrigree Ponsonby, Esq.

"I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons, and not the bar, was to be the scene of my future exertions; but in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man. Month after month elapsed without any communication on the part of George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as most immediately my object. He always spoke to me, when we met by chance, with great civility, but I observed that he never mentioned one word of politics. I therefore, at last, concluded that he had changed his mind, or that, on a nearer view, he had discovered my want of capacity; in short, I gave up all thoughts of the connexion, and determined to trouble myself no more about Ponsonby or the Whigs; and I calculated that, as I had written a pamphlet which they thought had served them, and as they had in consequence employed me professionally in a business which produced me eighty guineas, accounts were balanced on both sides, and all further connexion was at an end. But my mind had now got a turn for politics. I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with eagerness. A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views, and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy their cultivation. I made speedily what was to me a great disco-
very, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux;—namely, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent; and, that independence was unattainable whilst the connexion with England existed. In forming this theory, which has ever since unwaveringly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed every thing, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, Sir Lawrence Parsons, whom I look upon as one of the very very few honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention to this great question, but I very soon ran far a-head of my master. It is, in fact, to him I am indebted for my first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland: what his conduct might be in a crisis, I know not, but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory. I now began to look on the little polities of the Whig Club with great contempt—their peddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil; and I rejoiced that, if I was poor, as I actually was, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to any body but the law."

On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, he wrote a pamphlet, in which he very decidedly avowed his sentiments; but the bookseller, having got some hints of an alarming nature, from one or two aristocrat customers, prudently suppressed the publication. About this time, he formed an acquaintance with Russell, a man for whom he entertained through life the sincerest affection, and who appears to have deserved all that he has kindly reported of his talents and patriotism. Russell was henceforth his constant companion, and Tone draws a picture of a season spent at Irishtown, which shows that his heart was social and domestic. "These," he says,

* Russell suffered for his participation in Emmett's rebellion, in 1803. Speaking of him in his autobiography, written at Paris in 1796, Tone says, "He is a man whom I love as a brother. I will not here attempt a panegyric on his merits; it is sufficient to say, that to an excellent understanding, he joins the purest principles, and the best of hearts. I wish I had ability to delineate his character, with justice to his talents and his virtues. He well knows how much I esteem and love him, and I think there is no sacrifice friendship could exact, that we would not with cheerfulness make for each other, to the utmost hazard of life or fortune. There cannot be imagined a more perfect harmony, I may say identity of sentiment, than exists between us; our regard for each other has never suffered a moment's relaxation, from the hour of our first acquaintance; and I am sure it will continue to the end of our lives. I think the better of myself for being an object of esteem to such a man as Russell. I love him, and I honour him. I frame no system of happiness for my future life, in which the enjoyment of his society does not constitute a most distinguishing feature, and, if I am ever inclined to murmur at the difficulties wherewith I have so long struggled, I think on the inestimable treasure I possess in the affection of my wife, and the friendship of Russell, and acknowledge that all my labours and sufferings are overpaid. I may truly say that, even at this hour, when I am separated from both of them and uncertain whether I may ever be so happy as to see them again, there is no action of my life which has not a remote reference to their opinion, which I equally prize. When I think I have acted well and that I am likely to succeed in the important business wherein I am engaged, I say often to myself, My dearest love and my friend Russell will be glad of this.
"were delicious days. The rich and great, who sit down every day to a monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarce knew which of us loved her best; her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for our children, rendered her the object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives, and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined."

During this summer, 1790, he renewed his military plan of colonizing an island in the South Sea. Several communications passed between him and the ministers, but the scheme soon fell to the ground. "It was singular enough," he says, "this correspondence!—continued by two of the King of England's cabinet ministers at St. James's, on the one part, and Russell and myself, from my little box at Irish-town, on the other. If the measure I proposed had been adopted, we were both determined on going out with the expedition, in which case, instead of planning revolutions in our own country, we might be now, perhaps, carrying on a privateering war (for which, I think, we have each of us talents) on the coast of Spanish America. This adventure is an additional proof of the romantic spirit I have mentioned in the beginning of my memoirs, as a trait in our family; and, indeed, my friend Russell was, in that respect, completely one of ourselves. The minister's refusal did not sweeten us much towards him. I renewed the vow I had once before made, to make him, if I could, repent of it, in which Russell most heartily concurred. Perhaps the minister may yet have reason to wish he had let us go off quietly to the South Seas. I should be glad to have an opportunity to remind him of his old correspondent, and if I find one I will not overlook it. I dare say he has utterly forgotten the circumstance, but I have not."

The French Revolution had now convulsed the moral world, and in a little time it became, in Ireland, the test of every man's creed.

"It is needless," says Tone, "I believe, to say that I was a Democrat from the very commencement: and as all the retainers of government (including the sages and judges of the law) were, of course, on the other side, this gave the coup de grace to any expectations, if any such I had, of succeeding at the bar, for I soon became pretty notorious; but, in fact, I had for some time renounced all hope, and, I may say, all desire, of succeeding in a profession which I always disliked, and which the political prostitution of its members (though otherwise men of high honour and great personal worth) had taught me sincerely to despise. I therefore seldom went near the four courts, nor did I adopt any one of the means, and least of all the study of the law, which is successfully employed by those young men whose object is to rise in their profession."

The Protestant ascendancy he regarded as the inveterate opponents of freedom, and, seeing that their evil dominion was perpetuated by the disagreement artfully kept alive between the Catholics and Dissenters, he determined to labour at a reconciliation, or rather an understanding respecting their mutual interests. "To subvert,"
he says, "the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England (the never-failing source of all our political evils), and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of all past dissensions; and to substitute the common name of Irishman, in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means. To effectuate such great objects, I reviewed the three principal sects. The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons. Already in possession, by an unjust monopoly, of the whole power and patronage of the country, it was not to be supposed they would ever concur in measures, the certain tendency of which must be to lessen their influence as a party, how much soever the nation might gain. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because that, as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support to a certainty; besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and, finally, I well knew that, however it might be disguised or suppressed, there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters, whom I knew to be patriotic and enlightened; however, the recent events at Belfast had shown me that all prejudice was not yet entirely removed from their minds. I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet, addressed to the Dissenters, which I entitled, "An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them, and that, consequently, to assert the independence of their country and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form, for the future, but one people. These principles I supported by the best arguments which suggested themselves to me, and particularly by demonstrating that the cause of the failure of all former efforts, and more especially of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, was the unjust neglect of the claims of their Catholic brethren. This pamphlet, which appeared in September, 1791, under the signature of "A Northern Whig," had a considerable degree of success. The Catholics (with not one of whom I was at the time acquainted) were pleased with the efforts of a volunteer in their cause, and distributed it in all quarters. The people of Belfast, of whom I had spoken with the respect and admiration I sincerely felt for them, and to whom I was also perfectly unknown, printed a very large edition, which they dispersed through the whole North of Ireland, and I have the great satisfaction to believe that many of the Dissenters were converted by my arguments. It is like vanity to speak of my own performances so much; and the fact is, I believe that I am somewhat vain on that topic; but, as it was the immediate cause of my being known to the Catholic body, I may be perhaps excused for dwelling upon a circumstance which I must ever look on, for that reason, as one of the most fortunate of my life. As my pamphlet spread more and more, my acquaintance amongst the Catholics
extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh, and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders, as Richard M'Cormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, Thomas Braughall,—in short, the whole Sub-Committee, and most of the active members of the General Committee. It was a kind of fashion this winter (1791), among the Catholics, to give splendid dinners to their political friends in and out of Parliament, and I was always a guest, of course. I was invited to a grand dinner given to Richard Burke, on his leaving Dublin, together with William Todd Jones (who had distinguished himself by a most excellent pamphlet in favour of the Catholic cause), as well as to several entertainments given by clubs and associations; in short, I began to grow into something like reputation, and my company was, in a manner, a requisite at all the entertainments of that winter.

"But this was not all. The volunteers of Belfast, of the first or green company, were pleased, in consequence of my pamphlet, to elect me an honorary member of their corps, a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing; as I believe I was the only person, except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured with that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days in Belfast, in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with those men whom, though I highly esteemed, I knew as yet but by reputation. In consequence, about the beginning of October, I went down with my friend Russell, who had by this time quitted the army, and was in Dublin, on his private affairs. The incidents of that journey, which was by far the most agreeable and interesting one I had ever made, I recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which I then commenced and have ever since, from time to time, continued, as circumstances of sufficient importance occurred. It is sufficient here to say, that my reception was of the most flattering kind, and that I found the men of the most distinguished public virtue in the nation the most estimable in all the domestic relations of life; I had the good fortune to render myself agreeable to them, and a friendship was then formed between us which I think will not be easy to shake. It is a kind of injustice to name individuals, yet I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate I esteem myself in having formed connexions with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, William Sinclair, Thomas M'Cabe:—I may as well stop here; for, in enumerating my most particular friends, I find I am, in fact, making out a list of the men of Belfast most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism. To proceed: We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration; and certainly the formation of that club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. At length, after a stay of about three weeks, which I look back upon as perhaps the pleasantest in my life, Russell and I returned to Dublin, with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest (being Protestants), and, if possible, to establish in the capital a club of United Irishmen. Neither Russell nor myself were known to one of those leaders; however, we soon contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, and, through him, with several others; so that in a little time we succeeded; and a club was accordingly formed, of which the Honour-
able Simon Butler was the first chairman, and Tandy the first secretary."

"For my own part," he continues, "I think it right to mention that, at this time, the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations. My object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred of England, so deeply rooted in my nature, that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others, better qualified for the inquiry, the investigation and merits of the different forms of government; and I contented myself with labouring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence as to its operation with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mention."

The Whigs now reproached him with not keeping faith; but his reply was noble and spirited: he reproached, and justly, Ponsonby with neglect and haughtiness, and avowed his own opinions with fearlessness. Abandoned by the Whigs, he found patrons in the Catholic Committee: they elected him their agent, with the title of Assistant-Secretary, and a salary of £200 a-year, whilst he continued in their service. "I was now," he says, "placed in a very honourable but a very arduous situation. The committee, having taken so decided a step as to propose a general election of members to represent the Catholic body throughout Ireland, was well aware that they would be exposed to attacks of all possible kinds, and they were not disappointed;—they were prepared, however, to repel them, and the literary part of the warfare fell, of course, to my share. In reviewing the conduct of my predecessor, Richard Burke, I saw that the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgment, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding at his pleasure the measures of the committee. I therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in that respect: I seldom or never offered my opinion, unless it was called for, in the sub-committee; but contented myself with giving my sentiments without reserve in private to the two men I most esteemed, and who had, in their respective capacities, the greatest influence on that body—I mean John Keogh and Richard M'Cormick, secretary to the general committee. My discretion in this respect was not unobserved; and I very soon acquired, and I may say without vanity deserved, the entire confidence and good opinion of the Catholics. The fact is, I was devoted most sincerely to their cause; and, being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed every thing to insure their success, and they knew it. I am satisfied they looked upon me as a faithful and zealous advocate, neither to be intimidated nor corrupted; and in that respect they rendered me but justice. My circumstances were, at the time of my appointment, extremely embarrassed, and, of course, the salary annexed to my office was a considerable object with me. But, though I had now an increasing family totally unprovided for, I can safely say that I would not have deserted my duty to the Catholics for the whole patronage of the government consolidated into one office, if offered me as the reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity (for we had often been reduced, and were now
well accustomed to difficulties) I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary; and, especially if they have children, are ready to make all sacrifices to their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views. On every occasion of my life I consulted her; we had no secrets one from the other, and I unvaryingly found her think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If ever I succeed in life, or arrive at any thing like station or eminence, I shall consider it as owing to her counsels and example. But to return:—Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself, but for the Catholic body, and consequently to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect, and to change without reluctance whatever the committee thought fit to alter, even in cases where, perhaps, my own judgment was otherwise. And, trifling as this circumstance may seem, I am sure it recommended me considerably to the committee, who had been, on former occasions, more than once embarrassed by the self-love of Richard Burke, and, indeed, even of some of their own body, men of considerable talents, who had written some excellent papers on their behalf, but who did not stand criticism, as I did, without wincing. The fact is, I was so entirely devoted to their cause, that the idea of literary reputation as to myself never occurred to me;—not that I am at all insensible on that score, but that the feeling was totally absorbed in superior considerations; and I think I may safely appeal to the sub-committee whether ever, on any occasion, they found me for a moment set up my vanity or self-love against their interests, or even their pleasure. I am sure that, by my discretion on the points I have mentioned, which, indeed, was no more than my duty, I secured the esteem of the committee, and, consequently, an influence in their counsels, which I should justly have forfeited had I seemed too eager to assume it;—and it is to the credit of both parties that, from the first moment of our connexion to the last, neither my zeal and anxiety to serve them, nor the kindness and favour with which they received my efforts, were ever, for a single moment, suspended.

"Almost the first business I had to transact was to conduct a correspondence with Richard Burke, who was very desirous to return to Ireland once more, and to resume his former station, which the committee were determined he should not do. It was a matter of some difficulty to refuse without offending him; and I must say he pressed us rather forcibly; however, we harried him with as much address as we could; and, after two or three long letters, to which the answers were very concise and civil, he found the business was desperate, and gave it up accordingly.

"This (1792) was a memorable year in Ireland. The publication of the plan for organizing anew the general committee gave instant alarm to all the supporters of the British government, and every effort was made to prevent the election of the country members; for it was sufficiently evident that, if the representatives of three millions of oppressed people were once suffered to meet, it would not afterwards be safe, or indeed possible, to refuse their just demands. Accordingly, at the ensuing assizes, the grand juries universally throughout
Ireland published the most furious, I may say frantic, resolutions against the plan and its authors, whom they charged with little short of high treason. Government, likewise, was too successful in gaining over the Catholic clergy, particularly the bishops, who gave the measure at first very serious opposition. The committee, however, was not daunted; and, satisfied of the justice of their cause, and of their own courage, laboured, and with success, to inspire the same spirit in the breasts of their brethren throughout the nation. For this purpose, their first step was an admirable one: by their order, I drew up a state of the case, with the plan for the organization of the committee annexed, which was laid before Simon Butler and Beresford Burton, two lawyers of great eminence, and, what was of consequence here, king's counsel, to know whether the committee had in any respect contravened the law of the land, or whether, by carrying the proposed plan into execution, the parties concerned would subject themselves to pain or penalty. The answers of both the lawyers were completely in our favour; and we instantly printed them in the papers, and dispersed them in handbills, letters, and all possible shapes. This blow was decisive as to the legality of the measure. For the bishops, whose opposition gave us great trouble, four or five different missions were undertaken by different members of the subcommittee into the provinces, at their own expense, in order to hold conferences with them; in which, with much difficulty, they succeeded so far as to secure the co-operation of some, and the neutrality of the rest of the prelates. On these missions the most active members were John Keogh and Thomas Braughall; neither of whom spared purse nor person where the interests of the Catholic body were concerned. I accompanied Mr. Braughall in his visit to Connaught, where he went to meet the gentry of that province at the great fair of Ballinasloe."

"All parties were now fully employed preparing for the ensuing session of Parliament. The government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us of manifestos and resolutions. At first we were like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise, but, after a few rounds, we began to look about us, and, seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage, and determined to return the fire. In consequence, wherever there was a meeting of the Protestant ascendancy, which was the title assumed by that party (and a very impudent one it was), we took care it should be followed by a meeting of the Catholics, who spoke as loud and louder than their adversaries; and, as we had the right clearly on our side, we found no great difficulty in silencing the enemy on this quarter. The Catholics likewise took care, at the same time that they branded their enemies, to mark their gratitude to their friends, who were daily increasing, and especially to the people of Belfast, between whom and themselves the union was now completely established. Among the various attacks made on us this summer, the most remarkable for their virulence were those of the grand jury of Louth, headed by the speaker of the House of Commons; of Limerick, at which the Lord Chancellor assisted; and of the corporation of the city of Dublin, which last published a most furious manifesto, threatening us, in so many words, with resistance by force. In consequence, a meeting was held of the Catholics of
Dublin at large, which was attended by several thousands, where the manifesto of the corporation was read and most ably commented upon by John Keogh, Dr. Ryan, Dr. M'Neven, and several others; and a counter-manifesto being proposed, which was written by my friend Emmet, and incomparably well done, it was carried unanimously, and published in all the papers, together with the speeches above-mentioned; and both the speeches and the manifesto had such an infinite superiority over those of the corporation, which were also published and diligently circulated by the government, that it put an end effectually to this warfare of resolutions."

In all this business, as well as in endeavours to cement the union between Catholics and Dissenters, Tone laboured with unceasing zeal and great abilities. He made several journeys to the north, to Connaught and elsewhere, for the purpose of securing this object, and was generally successful. He subsequently accompanied the Catholic delegates to London.

The Catholics, through want of firmness, in 1793 lost their cause and the confidence of the Dissenters, whilst their pusillanimous conduct inspired a feeble government with new energy. "Amongst the most marking events," says Tone's son, who has edited the work before us, "which indicated the increasing violence of all parties, and the approaching crisis of the storm, were the arrest, trial, and imprisonment of my father's friends, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Simon Butler, and Oliver Bond. The declarations and speeches for which they were arrested, and those made on their trials, are in every history of the times and in every recollection. It is needless here to dwell upon or recapitulate them.

"At length, in the month of April, 1794, William Jackson was arrested on a charge of high treason. This gentleman was sent by the French Government to sound the people of Ireland as to their willingness to join the French, and had received his instructions from one Madgett, an old Irishman, long settled in France, in the office of the Department for Foreign Affairs, and whose name is repeatedly mentioned in my father's journals. The sincerity of Jackson was fully demonstrated by his heroic death, but his imprudence and indiscretion rendered him totally unfit for such a mission. On his passage through England, he opened himself to an English attorney, Cockayne, an old acquaintance of his, who instantly sold his information to the British government, and was ordered by the police to follow him as an official spy. The leaders of the patriotic party and Catholics in Ireland, desirous as they were to open a communication with France, were unwilling to compromise themselves with a stranger, by answering directly to his overtures. My father undertook to run the risk, and even engaged himself to bear their answer to that country, and deliver to its government a statement of the wants and situation of Ireland. But, after some communications with Jackson, he was deeply disgusted with the rash and unlimited confidence which that unfortunate man seemed to repose in Cockayne. He made it a point never to open himself in his presence, and insisted on it with Jackson:—'This business,' said he, 'is one thing for us Irishmen; but an Englishman who engages in it must be a traitor one way or the other.' At length, on a glaring instance of Jackson's indiscretion, he withdrew his offers (taking care that it
should be in the presence of Cockayne, who could testify nothing further against him), and declined engaging any longer in the business. Jackson was shortly after arrested.

"This was an awful period of my father's life. Although Cockayne could only give positive evidence against Jackson, the latter might undoubtedly have saved his life by giving information. The most violent suspicions were directed against my father, as being at least privy to these plots, if not engaged in them. Every night he expected to be arrested for examination before the secret committee. Several of the patriotic and Catholic leaders, most from attachment to him, some for fear of being compromised by his arrest, urged him to abscond, and many of those highly respectable and beloved friends, whom, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, his amiable character and social qualities had secured to him amongst the aristocracy and higher classes, joined in the same request, and pressed upon him the means necessary for that purpose. He constantly refused them. The great body of the Catholics behaved, on this occasion, with firmness and dignity, and showed a proper sense of gratitude for his former services. Several of the Whig leaders (amongst whom I am sorry to include the honourable name of Grattan), whose party he had mortally offended by refusing to engage in their service as a pamphleteer, advised them to abandon him to his fate, urging, 'How could their Parliamentary friends support them whilst they retained in their service a man so obnoxious and so deeply compromised?' They rejected all such overtures. I must, however, observe, that though my father had put himself forward in their cause on this occasion, most of their leaders were as deeply engaged as himself, and could neither in honour, in justice, nor in prudence, act otherwise—a circumstance of which Grattan was probably not aware.

"During all this time he refused, much against the advice of his friends, to conceal himself; but remained generally at his home in the country, compiling his history of Ireland, and making occasional visits to Dublin, where he continued to act as secretary to the Catholic sub-committee. At length, by the most pressing instances with the government, his aristocratical friends succeeded in concluding an agreement, by which, on his engaging simply to leave Ireland as soon as he could settle his private affairs, no steps were to be taken against him. I cannot think that the most furious partisans of that government could blame those generous and disinterested efforts (for these friends were opposed to him in politics), or that their names can suffer in the slightest degree by the publication of these facts. One of them, the Hon. Marcus Beresford (the amiable and accomplished), is now no more; the other, the honourable and high-minded George Knox, will, I am sure, see with pleasure this homage to his virtues by his own godson, and the only surviving child of his departed friend.

"As this compromise engaged him (and these true friends would never have proposed any other) to nothing contrary to his principles, and left his future course free, he accepted it; giving in to them a fair and exact statement of how far and how deep he had been personally engaged in this business; and adding, that he was ready to
bear the consequences of whatever he had done, but would, on no account, charge, compromise, or appear against any one else.”

“...I am aware...” continues Mr William Tone, “...many persons may think that my father did not shew sufficient gratitude to the Irish government, in whose power he certainly was to a very dangerous degree. To this I can only reply, that he considered his duty to his country paramount to any personal feeling or consideration; that their tyranny grew more and more atrocious every day; and that, even in that extreme peril, he constantly refused to tie his hands by any engagement for the future. He would, however, have accepted the offer which they made at first to send him to the East Indies, out of the reach of European politics; perhaps they feared him even there, when they altered their minds. But, confiding in the prostrate state of Ireland, they finally allowed him to withdraw his head, like the crane in Esop’s fables, from the jaws of the wolf, and depart free and disengaged for his voluntary exile.

“...The state of his affairs did not, however, allow him to proceed on his journey for several months. During all that time, Jackson’s trial was still pending; and he was frequently threatened by the more violent members of the government that he should be compelled to appear, and be examined as a witness—a menace which he constantly spurned at. A whole year, from the arrest of Jackson in April, 1794, to his trial and death in April, 1795, was spent in this anxious suspense.”

In 1795, during the short administration of Earl Fitzwilliam, overtures were made to Tone by the Whigs to set up a newspaper, and write in favour of the government; but the proposal being clogged with certain conditions repugnant to his principles, he declined; and, agreeable to his engagement with government, he prepared to remove to America. “A short time,” he says, “before my departure, my friend Russell being in town, he and I walked out together to Rathfarnham, to see Emmet, who has a charming villa there. He showed us a little study, of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps it would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellar, which should inclose a few dozens of his best old claret. He showed me that he had not omitted that circumstance, which he acknowledged to be essential; and we both rallied Russell with considerable success. I mention this trifling anecdote because I love the men, and because it seems now at least possible that we may yet meet again in Emmet’s study. As we walked together into town, I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with government to extend no farther than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed, I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country; that undoubtedly I had been guilty of a great offence against the existing government; that, in consequence, I was going into exile, which I considered as a full expiation for the offence, and therefore felt myself at liberty, having made that sacrifice, to begin again on a fresh score. They both agreed with me in those principles; and I then proceeded to tell them that my intention was, im-
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mediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmet. We shook hands; and, having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmet remarked to us that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland where William Tell and his associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria."

But Emmet and Russell were not the only persons who approved of his designs, "All my friends," he says, "made it, I believe, a point to call on me; so that, for the short time I remained in Dublin after, we were never an hour alone. My friends, M'Cormick and Keogh, who had both interested themselves extremely, all along, on my behalf, and had been principally instrumental in passing the vote for granting me the sum of £300l. in addition to the arrears due to me by the Catholics, were, of course, amongst the foremost. It was hardly necessary to men of their foresight, and who knew me perfectly, to mention my plans; however, for greater certainty, I consulted them both, and received, as I expected, their cordial approbation, and they both laid the most positive injunctions upon me to leave nothing unattempted on my part to force my way to France, and lay our situation before the government there; observing, at the same time, that, if I succeeded, there was nothing in the power of my country to bestow to which I might not fairly pretend. It has often astonished me, and them also, that the government, knowing there was a French minister at Philadelphia, ever suffered me to go thither, at least without exacting some positive assurance on my part that I should hold no communication with him, direct or indirect.—So it was, however, that, either despising my efforts, or looking on themselves as too firmly established to dread any thing from France, they suffered me to depart without demanding any satisfaction whatsoever on that topic—a circumstance of which I was most sincerely glad: for, had I been obliged to give my parole, I should have been exceedingly distracted between opposite duties;—luckily, however, I was spared the difficulty. Perhaps it would have been better for them if they had adhered to their first proposal of sending me out to India; but as to that, events will determine.

"Having paid all my debts and settled with every body, I set off from Dublin for Belfast on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister, and three children, leaving, as may well be supposed, my father and mother in very sincere affliction. My whole property consisted in our clothes, my books, and about £700 in money and bills on Philadelphia. We kept our spirits admirably. The great attention manifested to us, the conviction that we were suffering in the best of causes, the hurry attending so great a change, and, perhaps, a little vanity in showing ourselves superior to fortune, supported us under
what was certainly a trial of the severest kind. But, if our friends in Dublin were kind and affectionate, those in Belfast, if possible, were still more so. During near a month that we remained there, we were every day engaged by one or other; even those who scarcely knew me were eager to entertain us;—parties and excursions were planned for our amusement; and, certainly, the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who escaped with his life only by miracle, and who was driven into exile to avoid a more disgraceful fate. I remember particularly two days that we passed on the Cave Hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms, M'Cracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of M'Art's fort, took a solemn obligation, which I think I may say I have on my part endeavoured to fulfil, never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence. Another day we had the tent of the first regiment pitched in the Deer Park; and a company of thirty of us, including the families of the Simms's, Neilson's, M'Cracken's, and my own, dined and spent the day together deliciously. But the most agreeable day we passed during our stay, and one of the most agreeable of our lives, was in an excursion we made with the Simms's, Neilson, and Russell, to Ram's Island, a beautiful and romantic spot in Loch Neagh. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; and we agreed, in whatever quarter we might find ourselves, respectively to commemorate the anniversary of that day, the 11th of June. At length the hour of our departure arrived. On the 13th June, we embarked on board the Cincinnatus, of Wilmington, Capt. James Robinson; and, I flatter myself, we carried with us the regret of all who knew us. Even some of my former friends, who had long since deserted me, returned on this reverse of my fortune; struck, I believe, with the steadiness with which we all looked it in the face. Our friends in Belfast loaded us with presents on our departure, and filled our little cabin with sea-stores, fresh provisions, sweetmeats, and every thing they could devise for the comfort of my wife and children. Never, whilst I live, shall I forget the affectionate kindness of their behaviour. Before my departure, I explained to Simms, Neilson, and C. G. Teeling, my intentions with regard to my conduct in America; and I had the satisfaction to find it met, in all respects, with their perfect approbation;—and I now looked upon myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters, and for the defenders of Ireland."

"We had been brought to, when about a week at sea, by the William Pitt, Indiaman, which was returning to Europe with about twenty other ships, under convoy of four or five men-of-war; but, on examining our papers, they suffered us to proceed. At length, about the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopped by three British frigates, the Thetis, Captain Lord Cochrane, the Hussar, Captain Rose, and the Esperance, Captain Wood, who boarded us; and, after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and thus unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny (one of them, at least) which exists. As
I was in a jacket and trousers, one of the lieutenants ordered me into the boat, as a fit man to serve the king; and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures, if I had been pressed and sent on board a man-of-war! The insolence of these tyrants, as well to myself as to my poor fellow-passengers, in whose fate a fellowship in misfortune had interested me, I have not since forgotten, and I never will. At length, after detaining us two days, during which they rummaged us at least twenty times, they suffered us to proceed."

At Philadelphia, where they arrived about the 7th of August, he met Dr. Reynolds, and Hamilton Rowan, two expatriated Irishmen, like himself. To these he communicated his designs, and immediately after proceeded to the French minister with his credentials—two votes of thanks of the Catholics, engrossed on vellum, and signed by the chairman and secretaries, and his certificate of admission into the Belfast Volunteers. "Rowan," he says, "offered to come with me, and introduce me to the minister, Citizen Adet, whom he had known in Paris; but I observed to him, that, as there were English agents without number in Philadelphia, he was most probably watched, and, consequently, his being seen to go with me to Adet might materially prejudice his interests in Ireland. I therefore declined his offer, but requested of him a letter of introduction, which he gave me accordingly, and the next day I waited on the minister, who received me very politely. He spoke English but imperfectly, and I French a great deal worse; however, we made a shift to understand one another; he read my certificates and Rowan's letter, and begged me to throw on paper, in the form of a memorial, all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did in the course of two or three days, though with great difficulty, on account of the burning heat of the climate, so different from what I had been used to, the thermometer varying between ninety and ninety-seven. At length, however, I finished my memorial, such as it was, and brought it to Adet, offering, at the same time, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark in the first vessel which sailed for France; but the minister, for some reason, seemed not much to desire this, and eluded my offer by reminding me of the great risk I ran, as the British stopped and carried into their ports indiscriminately all American vessels bound for France: he assured me, however, that I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French government, backed with his strongest recommendations; and he also promised to write particularly to procure the enlargement of my brother Matthew, who was then in prison at Guise; all which I have since found he faithfully performed.

"I had now discharged my conscience, as to my duty to my country; and it was with the sincerest and deepest sorrow of mind, that I saw this, my last effort, likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect it, that the French government might take notice of my memorial; and if they did not, there was an end of all my hopes. I now began to endeavour to bend my mind to my situation, but to no purpose. I moved my family, first to Westchester, and then to Downingtown, both in the state of Pennsylvania, about thirty miles from Philadelphia; and I
began to look about for a small plantation, such as might suit the shattered state of my finances, on which the enormous expense of living in Philadelphia (three times as dear as at Paris, or even London), was beginning to make a sensible inroad."

He now removed to Princeton, where he had taken some land; and began to think that his lot was cast to be an American farmer. Providence ordained it otherwise; for, while in this frame of mind, letters arrived from Keogh, Russell, and the two Simms's, informing him that the progress of republican principles in Ireland was greater than could be expected, and urged him to proceed to France. His noble-minded wife seconded their solicitation; and accordingly he set out for Philadelphia, where he found the French minister eager to forward his scheme. "Having thus far," he says, "surmounted my difficulties, I wrote for my brother Arthur, who was at Princeton, to come to me immediately; and fitted him out with all expedition for sea. Having entrusted him with my determination of sailing for France in the first vessel, I ordered him to communicate this, immediately on his arrival in Ireland, to Neilson, Simms, and Russell, in Belfast, and to Keogh and M'Cormick only in Dublin. To every one else, including especially my father and mother, I desired him to say that I had purchased and was settled upon my farm near Princeton. Having fully instructed him, I put him on board the Susanna, Captain Baird, bound for Belfast; and, on the 10th of December, 1795, he sailed from Philadelphia." This juvenile delegate of treason fulfilled his mission with resolution and adroitness; and, on the 1st of January, 1796, Tone sailed from America, and, after a voyage of one month, arrived safe at Havre de Grace.

On his arrival in Paris, he began to keep a diary, which is now first published, and is, perhaps, the best historical and most curious document ever laid before the public. Never intended for the perusal of any but his own family, it exhibits the writer without disguise;—he speaks plainly and familiarly, enters into the minutest particulars, records at the moment all he saw and heard, and gives us not only a journal of his inmost thoughts, but every particular relative to the progress of the business upon which he was then engaged. As we said before, we have now no room for comments; we are at present dealers only in the materials for history, and shall hereafter draw our conclusions. The diary is necessarily diffuse, and full of repetitions; and, consequently, it is our business to give the sum and substance of the whole, without permitting the spirit to evaporate.

On his arrival in Paris, Tone called upon Monroe, the American ambassador, and afterwards upon the minister for foreign affairs. "Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke English. Introduced immediately to the Chef de Bureau, Lamare, a man of exceeding plain appearance. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the minister's hands. He asked me, "would it not do if he took charge of it?" I answered, he undoubtedly knew the official form best, but if it was not irregular, I should consider myself much obliged by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent ante-chamber, where a general officer and another person were waiting; and, after a few minutes' delay, I was introduced to the minister, Charles de la Croix, and delivered my letter, which he opened, and
seeing it in cypher, he told me, in French, he was much obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that the secretary would give me a receipt, acknowledging the delivery. I then made my bow and retired with the secretary, the minister seeing us to the door. He is a respectable-looking man (I should judge him near sixty), with very much the air of a bishop. The secretary has given me a receipt, of which the following is a translation: "I have received from Mr. James Smith, a letter addressed to the Committee of Public Safety, and which he tells me comes from the Citizen Adet, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Philadelphia. Paris, 26th Pluviose, third year of the French Republic. The secretary-general of foreign affairs, Lamare. I have thus broken the ice. In a day or two I shall return for my passport.

"I am perfectly pleased with my reception at Monroe's and at the minister's, but can form no possible conjecture as to the event. The letter being in cypher, he could form no guess as to whom I might be, or what might be my business. All I can say is, that I found no difficulty in obtaining access to him; that his behaviour was extremely affable and polite; and, in a word, that if I have no ground to augur any thing good, neither have I reason to expect any thing bad. All is equilibrio. I have now a day or two to attend to my private affairs, and the first must be that of Mr. W. Browne (my brother Mathew). Opera in the evening. The 'Chant du Depart,' again. I lose three-fourths of the pleasure I should otherwise feel, for the want of my dear love, or my friend P. P., to share it with. How they would glory in Paris just now!—And then the Burgundy every day at the restaurateurs! Poor P. P.! he is the only possible bearable companion, except the boys. Well, 'Tis but in vain.'"

P. P. is here meant for Russell, and the concluding quotation occurs about five hundred times in the diary. Indeed, his quotations are seldom either relative or apposite, but it is to be observed, that he wrote with the greatest abandon of soul.

February 17. "Went at one o'clock to the minister's bureau, for my passport. A clerk tells me that a person called yesterday in my name and got it. I assured him I knew nobody in Paris, and had not sent any one to demand it, and reminded him that it was on this day he had desired me to call. He looked very blank at this, and just then the principal secretary coming up, I informed him of what had happened. He recollected me immediately, and told me the minister wished to see me, and had sent to the ambassador to learn my address. I answered I should attend him whenever he pleased; he replied 'instantly,' and accordingly I followed him into the minister's cabinet, who received me very politely. He told me in French, that he had had the letter I brought, decyphered, and laid instantly before the Directoire Exécutif, who considered the contents as of the greatest importance; that their intentions were, that I should go immediately to a gentleman to whom he would give me a letter, and, as this gentleman spoke both languages perfectly, and was confidential, I could explain myself to him without reserve; that his name was Madgett. I answered that I knew the person by reputation, and had a letter of introduction to him, but did not consider I was at liberty to make myself known to any person without his approbation. He answered that I might communicate with Madgett, without the least reserve; sat down and wrote a note to him, which
he gave me: I then took my leave, the minister seeing me to the door. I mention these minute circumstances of my reception, not that I am one to be too much elevated by the attentions of any man in any station (at least, I hope so), but that I consider the respect shown to me by De la Croix, as really shown to my mission; and, of course, the readiness of access, and extreme civility of reception that I experience, I feel as so many favourable presages. I have been at the bureau twice, and both times have been admitted to the minister's cabinet without a minute's delay. Surely all this looks well. The costume of the minister was singular; I have said, already, that he had the presence of a bishop. He was dressed to-day in a grey silk robe-de-chambre, under which he wore a kind of scarlet cassock of satin, with rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribands in his shoes. I believe he has as much the manners of a gentleman as Lord Grenville. I mention these little circumstances, because I know they will be interesting to her whom I prize above my life ten thousand times. There are about six persons in the world who will read these detached memorandums with pleasure; to every one else they would appear sad stuff. But they are only for the women of my family, for the boys, if ever we meet again, and for my friend P. P. Would to God he were here just now! Well, 'if wishes were horses, beggars would ride.' And there is another curious quotation, equally applicable, on the subject of wishing, which I scorn to make. Set off for Madgett's, and delivered my letter. Madgett delighted to see me; tells me he has the greatest expectation our business will be taken up in a most serious manner; that the attention of the French government is now turned to Ireland, and that the stability and form it had assumed, gave him the strongest hopes of success; that he had written to Hamilton Rowan, about a month since, to request I might come over instantly, in order to confer with the French government and determine on the necessary arrangements, and that he had done this by order of the French executive."

Madgett, who was an Irishman, recommended a memorial on the state of Ireland, which Tone drew up, and which Madgett undertook to translate for the directory.

"22. Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett, for the minister of foreign relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me he has had a discourse yesterday for two hours with the minister, and that the succours he expected will fall very short of what he thought. That the marine of France is in such a state, that government will not hazard a large fleet; and, consequently, that we must be content to steal a march: that they will give 2000 of their best troops, and arms for 20,000; that they cannot spare Pichegru nor Jourdan; that they will give any quantity of artillery; and, I think he added, what money might be necessary. He also said they would first send proper persons among the Irish prisoners of war, to sound them, and exchange them on the first opportunity. To all this, at which I am not disappointed, I answered, that as to 2000 men, they might as well send 20. That with regard to myself, I would go, if they would send but a corporal's guard; but that my opinion was, that 5000 was as little as could be landed with any prospect of success, and that that number would leave the matter doubtful; that if there could be an imposing force sent in the first instance, it would overbear all opposition, the nation would be
unanimous, and an immense effusion of blood and treasure spared; the law of opinion would at once operate in favour of the govern-
ment which, in that case, would be instantly formed—and I pressed particularly the advantages resulting from this last circumstance. He seemed perfectly satisfied with my arguments, but equally satisfied that it would not, or rather could not, be done. I then bade him remember that my plan was built on the supposition of a powerful support in the first instance; that I had particularly specified so in my memorial; and begged him to apprise the minister that my decided opinion was so; that, nevertheless, with 5000 men, the business might be attempted, and I did believe would succeed; but that, in that case, we must fight hard for it; that, though I was satisfied how the militia and army would act in case of a powerful invasion, I could not venture to say what might be their conduct under the cir-
cumstances he mentioned; that, if they stood by the government, which it was possible they might, we should have hot work of it; that, if 5000 men were sent, they should be the very flower of the French troops, and a considerable portion of them artillerymen, with the best general they could spare. He interrupted me to ask who was known in Ireland after Pichegru and Jourdan. I answered Hoche, especially since his affair at Quiberon. He said he was sure we might have Hoche. I also mentioned, that if they sent but 5000 men, they should send a greater quantity of arms; as in that case we could not command, at once, all the arms of the nation, as we should if they were able to send 20,000, or even 15,000. I added, that as to the prisoners of war, my advice was to send proper persons among them, but not to part with a man of them until the landing was effected, and then exchange them as fast as possible. He promised to represent all this, and that he hoped we should get 5000 men at least, and a greater quantity of arms. We then parted. Now what is to be my plan? Suppose we get 5000 men, and 30, or even 20,000 stand of arms, and a train of artillery: I conceive, in the first place, the embarkation must be from Holland; but in all events the landing must be in the North, as near Belfast as possible. Had we 20,000, or even 15,000, in the first instance, we should begin with the capital, the seizing of which would secure everything; but, as it is, if we cannot go large, we must go close-hauled, as the saying is. With 5000 we must proceed entirely on a revolutionary plan, I fear, (that is to say, reckon only on the Sansculottes); and, if necessary, put every man, horse, guinea, and potatoe, in Ireland, in requisition. I should also conceive that it would be our policy at first to avoid an action, supposing the Irish army stuck to the government. Every day would strengthen and discipline us, and give us opportunities to work upon them. I doubt whether we could, until we had obtained some advantage in the field, frame any body that would venture to call itself the Irish Government, but if we could, it would be of the last importance. 'Hang those who talk of fear!' With 5000 men, and very strong measures, we should ultimately succeed. The only difference between that number and 20,000, is that, with the latter there would be no fighting, and with this we may have some hard knocks. 'Ten thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom!' I think I will find a dozen men who will figure as soldiers.—O good God! good God! what would I give to-night that we were safely landed,
and encamped on the Cave Hill. 'If we can find our way so far, I think we shall puzzle John Bull to work us out. Surely we can do as much as the Chouans or people of La Vendée.'

"23 * * * * A busy day! Called on Magedett, in order to explain farther to him that all I had said relative to the support to be expected from the people of Ireland, and the conduct of the army, was on the supposition of a considerable force being landed in the first instance. 'This I had pressed upon him yesterday; but I cannot make it too clear, for my own credit. My theory, in three words, is this: With twenty thousand men, there would be no possibility of resistance for an hour, and we should begin by the capital; with five thousand I should have no doubt of success, but then we should expect some fighting, and we should begin near Belfast; with two thousand I think the business utterly desperate, for, let them land where they would, they would be utterly defeated before any one could join them, or, in fact, before the bulk of the people could know that they were come. This would be a mere Quiberon business in Ireland, and would operate but as a snare for the lives of my brave and unfortunate countrymen, to whose destruction I do not wish, God knows, to be accessory. Nevertheless, I concluded, that if they sent but a serjeant and twelve men, I would go, but wished them to be fully apprised of my opinion, that, in case of a failure, they might not accuse me of having deceived them. He agreed with me in every word of the statement, and desired me to insert part of it in my letter to the minister.'

As the business, however, went on but slowly, he, at the advice of Monroe, resolved to call upon Carnot, the directoire executif.

"24. Went at 12 o'clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg; conning speeches in execrable French, all the way. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, ' whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter.' Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion:—Went into the first Bureau that I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the executive directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the ante-chamber, which was filled with people; the officers of state, all in their new costume. Wrote a line in English, and delivered it to one of the Huissiers, stating that a stranger just arrived from America wished to speak to Citizen Carnot, on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding-doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people that all who had business might present themselves, and Citizen Carnot appeared, in the petit-costume of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Vandyke. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the Huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot,
who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and said he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and I began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wanted to have my will of Carnot; and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run! When I looked round and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the executive directory, vis-à-vis Citizen Carnot, the 'organizer of victory,' I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion in my life. Why do I mention those trifling circumstances? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes, for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English.—'A little, Sir; but I perceive you speak French, and, if you please, we will converse in that language.' I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been secretary and agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here, to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered, a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses, which was ascertained for purposes of revenue; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and which was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state, that all those people were unanimous in their sentiments in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then, 'What they wanted?' I said, 'An armed force in the commencement, for a point d'appui, until they can organize themselves; and undoubtedly a supply of arms, and some money.' I added, that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject to the minister of foreign relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew, better than could be done in conversation. He then said, 'We shall see those memorials.' The 'organizer of victory' proceeded to ask me, 'Are there not some strong places in Ireland?' I answered, I knew of none, except some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, exclaiming, 'Ay, Cork! But may it not be necessary to land there?'—By which question I perceived he had been organizing a little already, in his own mind. I answered, I thought not. 'That if a landing in force were attempted, it would be better near the capital, for obvious reasons; if with a small army, it should be in the north rather than the south of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in
my memorials. He then asked me, 'Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?' I answered, it would not make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by direction and concurrence of the men who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me), guided the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly, that he attended to and understood me." * * * * * "I concluded by saying, that I looked upon it as a favourable omen, that I had been allowed to communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spoken. He shook his head, and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so; and, as a proof, told him that in Ireland we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English; at which he did not seem displeased. I then rose, and, after the usual apologies, took my leave; but I had not cleared the antechamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him in fact who, but merely what I was; I was, therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry, demanding my card; but from this dilemma I was extricated by my lover the Huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him that in fact I had just now two names, my real one, and that under which I had travelled, and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name 'James Smith, citoyen American,' and under it, Theobald Wolfe Tone, which I handed him, adding, that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and looking over it, said, 'Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone!' with the expression of one who had just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me in the course of a few days after to present myself again to him; to which he answered, 'By all means;' and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the executive directory of France, in the person of Citizen Carnot, the 'organizer of victory.' I think I came off very clear. What am I to infer from all this? As yet I have met with no difficulty nor check, nothing to discourage me; but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favourable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure; after all, if it should succeed, and my visions be realized—Huzza! Vive la Republique! I am a pretty fellow to negotiate with the directory of France; to pull down a monarchy, and establish a republic; to break a connection of 600 years' standing, and contract a fresh alliance with another country. 'By'r Lakin, a parlous fear!' What would my old friend Fitzgibbon say, if he was to read these wise memorandums? 'He called me dog, before he had a cause;' I remember he used to say that I was a viper in the bosom of Ireland. Now that I am in Paris, I
will venture to say that he lies, and that I am a better Irishman than he and his whole gang of ———, as well as the gang who are opposing him as it were. But this is all castle-building. Let me finish my memorial, and deliver it to the minister. Nothing but minister and directoire executif and revolutionary memorials. Well, my friend Plunket (but I sincerely forgive him), and my friend Magee,* (whom I have not yet forgiven), would not speak to me in Ireland, because I was a republican. Sink or swim, I stand to-day on as high ground as either of them. My venerable friend, old Captain Russell, always had hopes of me in the worst of times. Huzza! I would give five louis-d’ors for one day’s conversation with P. P. What shall I do for want of his advice and assistance? Not but what I think I am doing pretty well, considering I am quite alone, with no papers, no one to consult or advise with, and shocking all Christian ears with the horrible jargon which I speak, and which is properly no language. I see I have grand diplomatic talents, and by-and-by I hope to have an opportunity of displaying my military ones, and showing that I am equally great in the cabinet and the field. This is sad stuff! except for my love, who will laugh at it, or P. P., who will enjoy it. I have to add to this day’s journal, that I saw yesterday at the Luxembourg, besides my friend Carnot, the Citizens Letourneur, the President, Barras, and La Reveilliere Lepaux. Barras looks like a soldier, and put me something in mind of James Bramston. La Reveilliere is extremely like Dr. Kearney. Mem. I saw two poissardes admitted to speak to Carnot, who gave them money, whilst a general officer in his uniform was obliged to wait for his turn. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! shall I ever get to finish my memorial? But when I begin to write these ingenious memorandums, I feel just as if I were chatting with my dearest love, and know not when to leave off. By the by, there is a good deal of vanity in this day’s journal. No matter! there is no one to know it, and I believe that wiser men, if they would speak the truth, would feel a little elevated in my situation; hunted from my own country as a traitor, living obscurely in America, as an exile, and received in France, by the executive directory, almost as an ambassador! Well, murder will out! I am as vain as the devil; and one thing which makes me wish so often for P. P. (not to mention the benefit of his advice), is to communicate with him the pleasure I feel at my present situation. I know how sincerely he would enjoy it, and also how he would plume himself on his own discernment, for he always foretold great things. So he did, sure enough; but will they be verified? Well, if all this be not vanity, I should be glad to know what is! But nobody is the wiser, and so I will go finish my memorial. (Sings, ‘Allons, enfants de la patrie,’ &c.)"

Next day but one he called upon the minister for foreign affairs, whose plan of revolutionizing Ireland he found on too contracted a scale; but he had not then read the memorials.† On the 11th of

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* Now Archbishop of Dublin.
† In the first memorial he describes the people: “I have,” he says, “now stated the respective situation, strength, and views, of the parties of Ireland;—that is to say: First, The Protestants, 450,000; comprising the great body of the aristo-
March, he again called upon the minister, and found him rooted in his narrow plan. "On the whole," he concludes this day's diary, "I do not much glory in this day's conversation. If I have not lost confidence, I certainly have not gained any. I see the minister is rooted in his narrow scheme, and I am sorry for it. Perhaps imperious circumstances will not permit him to do otherwise; but, if the French government have the power effectually to assist us, and do not, they are miserable politicians. It is now one hundred and three years since Lewis XIV. neglected a similar opportunity of separating Ireland from England, and France has had reason to lament it ever since. He, too, went upon the short-sighted policy of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland; they constituted the bulk of what we called the volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty, had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France; they would make, perhaps, the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

"Second. The Dissenters, 900,000, who form a large and respectable portion of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland; they constituted the bulk of what we called the volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty, had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France; they would make, perhaps, the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

"Third. The Catholics, 3,150,000. These are the Irish, properly so called, trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name, which conveys to them no ideas but those of blood, and pillage, and persecution. This class is strong in numbers and in misery, which makes men bold; they are used to every species of hardship; they can live on little; they are easily clothed; they are bold and active; they are prepared for any change, for they feel that no change can make their situation worse. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are five hundred thousand men who would fly to the standard of the republic, if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country."

And in the second he pithily mentions the resources necessary to dismember the British empire.

"As to arms and ammunition," he says, "I can only say, that the more there is of both, the better. If the republic can send to Ireland 100,000 stand of arms, there are double the number of hands ready to put them in. A large train of artillery, that is to say, field-pieces (as we have no fortified places), is absolutely indispensable, together with a considerable proportion of experienced cannoniers; engineers, used to field practice, are also highly necessary. As to money, I am at a loss to determine the sum. If 20,000 men were sent, I should say that pay for 40,000 for three months would be amply sufficient, as, before that time was expired, we should have all the resources of Ireland in our hands. If but 5,000 be sent, I submit the quantum necessary to the wisdom and liberality of the French government, observing only that we could not, in that case, calculate at once on the immediate possession of the funds, which, in the other instance, we could seize directly."
of merely embarrassing England, and leaving Ireland to shift as she might. I hope the republic will act on nobler motives, and with more extended views. At all events, I have done my duty in submitting the truth to them, and I shall continue so to do, and to press it upon them in all possible modes that I can compass. If they will give us 5000 men, so;—if not, 'Let the sheriff enter; if I become not the gallows as well as another, a plague o' my bringing up.'

'Seriously. I would attempt it with one hundred men. My life is of little consequence, and I should hope not to lose it neither. 'Please God, the dogs shall not have my poor blood to lick.' In that case, as I have pleasantly said already, if our lever be short, we must apply the greater power. Requisition! Requisition! Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, the men of no property.'

'14. Went this day to the Luxembourg; I have the luck of going on the days that Carnot gives audience, and of course is most occupied; waited, however, to the last, when only one person remained besides myself. Carnot then called me over, and said, 'You are an Irishman.' I answered I was; 'Then,' said he, 'here is almost a countryman of yours, who speaks English perfectly. He has the confidence of Government; go with him and explain yourself without reserve.' I did not much like this referring me over; however, there was no remedy: so I made my bow, and followed my new lover to his hotel. He told me on the way that he was General Clarke;* that his father was an Irishman: that he had himself been in Ireland, and had many relations in that country; he added (God forgive him if he exaggerated), that all the military arrangements of the republic passed through his hands, and, in short, gave me to understand that he was at the head of the war department. By this time, we arrived at the hotel where he kept his bureau, and I observed, in passing through the office to his cabinet, an immense number of boxes, labelled Armee du Nord, Armee des Pyrenees, Armee du Rhin, &c. &c., so that I was pretty well satisfied that I was in the right track. When we entered the cabinet, I told him in three words who and what I was, and then proceeded to detail, at considerable length, all I knew on the state of Ireland, which, as it is substantially contained in my two memorials (to which I referred him, and now refer the reader), I need not here recapitulate. This took up a considerable time—I suppose an hour and a half. He then began to interrogate me on some of the heads, in a manner which showed me that he was utterly unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Ireland, and particularly with the great internal changes which have taken place there within the last three or four years, which, however, is no impeachment of his judgment or talents; there were, however, other points on which he was radically wrong. For example, he asked me, would not the aristocracy of Ireland, some of which he mentioned, as the Earl of Ormond, concur in the attempt to establish the independence of their country?—I answered:

* Since notorious, both under the imperial and restored royal governments, as Duke of Feltre, and minister of war.
Most certainly not;' and begged him to remember that, if the attempt were made, it would be by the people, and the people only; that he should calculate on all the opposition that the Irish aristocracy could give; that the French Revolution, which had given courage to the people, had, in the same proportion, alarmed the aristocracy, who trembled for their titles and estates; that this alarm was diligently fomented by the British minister, who had been able to persuade every man of property, that their only security was in supporting him implicitly in every measure calculated to oppose the progress of what were called French principles; that, consequently, in any system he might frame in his mind, he should lay down the utmost opposition of the aristocracy as an essential point. At the same time, I added, that in case of a landing being effected in Ireland, their opposition would be of very little significance, as their conduct had been such as to give them no claim on the affections of the people; that their own tenants and dependants would, I was satisfied, desert them, and they would become just so many helpless individuals, devoid of power and influence. He then mentioned that the volunteer convention in 1783 seemed to be an example against what I now advanced; the people then having acted through their leaders. I answered they certainly had, and, as their leaders had betrayed them, that very convention was one reason why the people had for ever lost all confidence in what were called leaders. He then mentioned the confusion and bloodshed likely to result from a people such as I described, and he knew the Irish to be breaking loose without proper heads to control and moderate their fury. I answered it was but too true; that I saw, as well as he, that, in the first explosion, it was likely many events would take place in their nature very shocking; that revolutions were not made without much individual suffering; that, however, in the present instance, supposing the worst, there would be a kind of retributive justice, as no body of men on earth were more tyrannical and oppressive in their nature than those who would be most likely to suffer in the event he alluded to; that I had often, in my own mind (and God knows the fact to be so), lamented the necessity of our situation, but that Ireland was so circumstanced, that she had no alternative but unconditional submission to England, or a revolution, with a chance of all the concomitant sufferings; and that I was one of those who preferred difficulty, danger, and distress, to slavery, especially where I saw clearly there were no other means. 'It is very true,' replied he, 'there is no making an omelette, without breaking of eggs.' He still seemed, however, to have a leaning towards the co-operation of our aristocracy, which is flat nonsense. He asked me, was there no one man of that body that we could not make use of, and again mentioned, 'for example, the Earl of Ormond? I answered, 'not one;' that, as to Lord Ormond, he was a mere voluptuary, without a character of any kind, but that of a blockhead; that I did believe, speaking my own private opinion as an individual, that perhaps the Duke of Leinster might join the people, if the revolution was once begun, because I thought him a good Irishman; but that, for this opinion, I had merely my own conjectures, and that, at any rate, if the beginning were once made, it would be of very little consequence what part an individual might take. I do not know how Fitzgibbon's name happened to come in here, but he asked me, would it not be
possible to make something of him? Any one who knows Ireland, will readily believe that I did not find it easy to give a serious answer to this question. Yes, Fitzgibbon would be very likely, from his situation, his principles, his hopes, and his fears, his property, and the general tenor of his conduct, to begin a revolution in Ireland! At last, I believe I satisfied Clarke on the subject of the support to be expected from our aristocracy. He then asked me what I thought the revolution, if begun, would terminate in? I answered, undoubtedly, as I thought, in a republic allied to France. He proceeded to inquire what security I could give, that in twenty years after our independence, we might not be found engaged as an ally of England against France? I thought the observation a very foolish one, and only answered that I could not venture to foretell what the combination of events for twenty years might produce; but that, in the present posture of affairs, there were few things which presented themselves to my view under a more improbable shape."

* * * * "I see clearly that all Clarke's ideas on Irish politics are at least thirty years behind those of the people, and I took pains to impress him with that conviction as delicately as I could. We should, according to his theory, have two blessed auxiliaries to begin with, the noblesse and the clergy. I hope, however, that I have beat him a little out of that nonsense, and that, when he reads the memorials in cold blood, he will be satisfied of its absurdity. By-the-by, my memorials, I find, have never been laid before the executive; that is bad; I trust they are now in train. When I mentioned that De la Croix had referred me to Madgett, I found, with some little surprise, that Clarke did not know Madgett. To hear the latter speak, one would suppose it impossible such could be the case. This comes of being a stranger. I must grope my way here as well as I can. Carnot has positively referred me to Clarke, and if he be as confidential as he gives me to understand, I have no reason to complain; but suppose he is not, where is my remedy? and how am I to ascertain that fact? I know nobody here, of whom I can inquire. If I rest in the hands of subalterns, I risk the success of my plans, and act against my wishes and my judgment. If I go back to the principals, I risk the making an enemy of the subalterns, and there is no animal so mean, but has the power to do mischief. I would rather stick to Carnot, but what can I do when he has handed me over to Clarke? 'Suffolk, what remedy?' At any rate, I must let things go on in the present track, until I see some other open, or until I conceive myself neglected. As yet, I certainly have no reason to complain. 'A pize upon thee for a wicked la'yer, Tom Clarke,' I would rather deal with your master, but that can't be for the present, and so 'Tis but in vain,' &c. We shall see what the first of Germinal will produce, and, in the mean time, I will, as Matty says, 'let the world wag.'

"16. Blank. Dined alone in the Champs Elysées. A most delicious walk. The French know how to be happy (or at least gay) better than all the world besides. The Irish come near them, but the Irish all drink more or less (except P. P., who never drinks), and the French are very sober. I live very soberly at present, having retrenched my quantity of wine one half; I fear, however, that if I had the pleasure of P. P.'s company to-morrow, being St. Vol. I. 3 P
Patrick’s Day, we should, indeed, ‘take a sprig of watercresses with our bread.’ Yes! we should make a pretty sober meal of it. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!”


He subsequently called upon Clarke, and, among other things, told him that “Lons the XIVth had an opportunity of separating Ireland from England, during the war between James II. and William III.; that, partly by his own miserable policy, and partly by the interested views of his minister, Louvois, he contented himself with feeding the war by little and little, until the opportunity was lost, and that France had reason to regret it ever since; for, if Ireland had been made independent then, the navy of England would never have grown to what it is at this day. He said ‘that was very true;’ and added, ‘that even in the last war, when the volunteers were in force, and a rupture between England and Ireland seemed likely, it was proposed in the French council to offer assistance to Ireland, and overruled by the interest of Count De Vergennes, then prime minister, who received for that service a considerable bribe from England, and that he was informed of this by a principal agent in paying the money.’ So, it seems, we had a narrow escape of obtaining our independence fifteen years ago. It is better as it is, for then we were not united amongst ourselves, and I am not clear that the first use we should have made of our liberty, would not have been to have begun cutting each other’s throats: so out of evil comes good. I do not like this story of Vergennes, of the truth of which I do not doubt. How, if the devil should put it into any one’s head here to serve us so this time! Pitt is as cunning as hell, and he has money enough, and we have nothing here but assignats: I do not like it at all.”

“25. At work in the morning at my manifesto.* I think it begins to clear up a little. I find a strong disposition to be securious against the English government, which I will not check. I will write on, pell-mell, and correct it in cold blood, if my blood will ever cool on that subject. Went, at one o’clock, to Clarke:—D— it, he has had my memorials, and never looked at them. Well! this is my first mortification: God knows I do not care if the memorials were sent to the devil, provided the business be once undertaken. It is not for the glory of General Clarke’s admiration of my compositions that I am anxious. He apologized for the delay, by alleging the multiplicity of other business; and perhaps he had reason; yet I think there are few affairs of more consequence than those of Ireland, if well understood. But how can they be understood, if they will not read the information that is offered them? Clarke fixed with me to call on him the day but one after, at two o’clock. The delay, to be sure, is not great; nevertheless, I do not like it. There was something, too, in his manner, which was not quite to my taste; not but that he was extremely civil: perhaps it is all fancy, or that I was out of humour. Well, the 27th, I hope, we shall see, and till then let me work at my manifesto. Heigho! I have no great stomach for that business to-day; but it must be, and so allons. But first I will go gingerly, and dine alone in the Elysian Fields. It

* To be addressed to the people of Ireland, on the landing of the French.
is inconceivable, the solitude I live in here. Sometimes I am most dreadful out of spirits, and it is no wonder. Losing the society of a family that I do not upon, and that loves me so dearly, and living in Paris, amongst utter strangers, like an absolute Chartreux. Well! 'Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering?' I will go to my dinner. Evening;—did no good,—'Cannot write this self-same manifesto,' said I, despairingly. No opera. Went to bed at eight o'clock.'

He continued to urge his scheme upon the directory, and to live in the most secluded manner, but still lamented that the progress he was making was so slow. On the second of April he called upon Clarke, who "wished I would give him a short plan for a system of Chouannerie in Ireland, particularly in Munster, for he would tell me frankly, the government had a design, before anything more serious was attempted, to turn in a parcel of renegades (or, as he said, blackguards), into Ireland, in order to distress and embarrass the government there, and distract them in their motions."

Against this absurd and diabolical plan Tone set his face decidedly; he said it would only destroy the spirit of the people, who would be cut down without mercy, and every way prove most detrimental to the interest of France, if an expedition were to be undertaken. "I will, he says, "leave nothing undone to prevent the mischief of such a system." On the 9th of April, he heard of the proceedings of the government against some of his old associates in Ireland: "My heart," he says, "is hardening hourly, and I satisfy myself now, at once, on points which would have staggered me twelve months ago. The Irish aristocracy are putting themselves into a state of nature with the people, and let them take the consequences. They show no mercy, and they deserve none. If ever I have the power, I will most heartily concur in making them a dreadful example. I am to meet Madgett on this business to-day; but, see the consequences of delay! We have already lost, perhaps, the two most useful men in Ireland in their respective departments, Sweetman and Keogh. Unhappy is the man, or the nation, whose destiny depends on the will of another! This blow has deranged my system terribly. The government here insist on sending somebody to Ireland. Keogh was the very principal person whom such a messenger ought to see: he is confined in a prison. I observe, in the same paper, that several other persons have been obliged to abscond, to avoid imprisonment. I have no doubt but that the most active and useful of my friends are of the number. This is a gloomy day. What if this indiscriminate persecution were to provoke a general rising, as in 1641? The thing is not impossible. Oh! France! France! what do you not deserve to suffer, if you permit this crisis to escape you! Poor Ireland! Well, it does not signify whining or croaking, and I am sworn never to despair; but the slowness of the people here, if they really have the means to act, is beyond all human suffering; if they have not, we must submit; but it is dreadful to think of it. Dined to-day in the Champs Elysées with Madgett, and a person of the name of Ærme, a physician, who is to be sent to Ireland. Explained to him my sentiments as to the conduct he should adopt there, and particularly cautioned him against writing a syllable, or carrying a single scrape of a pen with him; pointed out to him the persons whom lie is to see and speak to, at the same time I fear many of the most useful are either in prison, or con-
cealing themselves. This comes of delays; but that is no fault of mine. I like Aherne very well; he seems a cool man with good republican sentiments. He has been already employed in Scotland. Apropos, of Scotland: there is some scheme going on there, as I collected from hints which dropped from him and Madgett; but what it is I know not, nor did I inquire. My opinion is, that nothing will ever be done there, unless we first begin in Ireland. If we succeed, John Bull will have rather a troublesome neighbour of us. We shall be within eighteen miles of him. Aherne is to call on me to-morrow morning, in order to talk over the business of his mission at length, and I am to give him some memorandums, which I will advise him to commit to memory, and then burn them, by all means. I should have observed in its place, that I went at twelve o'clock to Clarke, and brought him the newspaper containing the account of Keogh's arrest, with a translation of the article in French for Carnot, which I got Sullivan to make. Clarke was just going off to the Directory, so I had hardly time to speak a word to him. I wished to speak to Carnot myself, and I could see Clarke was not at all desirous that I should have an opportunity. D———n such pitiful jealous vanity! Every man here must do every thing himself. I have found this unworthy sentiment in every one of them, except Carnot. First, the minister is disobliged because I go to Carnot; then Madgett would be huffed, if he dared, because I go to Clarke; and now Clarke, truly, wants to thrust himself between me and his principal. Please God, he shall not, though! If I want to see Carnot, I will see him, or I will be refused.

The slowness with which the business proceeded, and the ignorance which impeded it, provoked him sadly: "Well, well," he exclaims, "wretched, I again repeat it, is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another. Clarke has also some doubts, as to my report on the influence of the Irish priests, whom he dreads a good deal; and this is founded on his own observation, in a visit he paid to Ireland in the year 1789. That is to say, a Frenchman just peeps into the country for an instant, seven years ago, and then, in the heat of the revolution, sets up his opinion against mine, who have been on the spot, who have attentively studied and been confidentially employed, and to whom nothing relating to Catholic affairs could possibly be a secret. That is reasonable and modest in my friend Clarke. He likewise catechised Aherne, as to the chance of our preferring monarchy for our form of government, in case of a successful revolution; adding, that, in such a case, we should, of course, consult the French government in our choice. This is selling the bear's skin with a vengeance. I wonder does he seriously think that, if we succeeded, we should come post to Paris to consult him, General Clarke, a handsome smooth-faced young man, as to what we should do. I can assure him we should not. When he spoke to me on this head, he was more reasonable, for he said it was indifferent to the French republic what form of government we adopted, provided we secured our independence. It seems now he is more sanguine; but I, for one, will never be accessory to subjecting my country to the control of France, merely to get rid of that of England. We are able enough to take care of ourselves, if we were once afloat; or, if we are not, we deserve to sink. So much for Clarke. As to his confrière, the other commis, Ysabeau, who has got into this business
God knows how! (for I do not) it is still more provoking. Aherne tells me he is a blockhead; but, if he had ever such talents, how the devil can he give instructions on a subject of which he is utterly ignorant? I suppose he will hardly be inspired on the occasion. Well, poor Ireland! poor Ireland! here you are, at the mercy of two clerks, utterly incapable, supposing them honest; if they be not (and who knows?) it is still worse.

He now begins to suspect Clarke's sincerity, and thinks that he is influenced by his regard for the Duke of Ormond and Lord Cahir, to both of whom he was remotely allied. In consequence of this he called upon Carnot, and was mortified to find the business no further advanced than it had been three months before: "I fear," he says, "all my exertions, and sacrifices, and hopes, will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it; but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the back woods of America. My poor little boys! I had almost begun to entertain hopes of being able to rescue them from that obscurity, and, above all things, to place my wife and our dear Maria in a situation more worthy of them; but, if I cannot, I must submit; it is at least no fault of mine; I think I have left nothing on my part undone, or untried, or unhazarded. If I have to go back to the woods, I must see and inveigle P. P. out with me, otherwise I shall be in great solitude. Perhaps Mr. William Browne* is at home before me; at home! And is that to be our home after all? Well, if it must, it must. From this day, I will gradually diminish the little hope I had begun to form. I suppose another month at most will decide our fate, and if that decision be adverse, I will then try the justice and generosity of the French government, in my own particular case. If they make me compensation, so; if they do not, I have nothing to do but to submit, and return in the first vessel to America. At least, I shall be sure of tranquillity and happiness in the bosom of my family, especially if I can catch P. P. and Mr. William Browne. I will now wait to see what they will do with Aherne. If they despatch him promptly, the business may yet revive. If they delay him, or send a person of Clarke's choosing, I shall look on it as utterly desperate, and take my measures accordingly."

"June 20. To-day is my birth-day: I am thirty-three years old. At that age Alexander had conquered the world; and at that age Wolfe had completed his reputation, and expired in the arms of victory. Well, it is not my fault, if I am not as great a man as Alexander or Wolfe. I have as good dispositions for glory as either of them, but I labour under two small obstacles at least—want of talents and want of opportunities; neither of which, I confess, I can help. Allons! nous verrons. If I succeed here, I may make some noise in the world yet; and, what is better, the cause to which I am devoted is so just, that I have not one circumstance to reproach myself with. I will endeavour to keep myself as pure as I can, as to the means; as to the end, it is sacred—the liberty and independence of my country first, the establishment of my wife, and of our darling babies, next; and last, I hope, a well-earned reputation. I am sure

* His brother Matthew.
I am doing my very best here, as, indeed, I have endeavoured to do all along. 'I am not idle, but the ebbs and flows of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.' I will push every thing here as far as I can make it go."

"23. Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humour. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. This is glorious! He asked me, would I choose to serve in the cavalry or infantry? I said it was equal to me, and referred it to him to fix me in the most eligible situation. I fancy it will be in the cavalry, 'for a captain of horse never takes off his hat.' He then told me that he was at liberty to acquaint me so far, as that the business, and even the time, were determined on by the directory, and the manner only remained under discussion." * * * *

"I have now not fifty ducats in the world! but, hang it, that does not signify; am I not going to be an officer in the French service? I believe I might have been a little more economical, but I am sure not much. I brought with me one hundred louis to France, and they will have lasted me just six months, by the time they are run out; after all, that is no great extravagance. Besides, 'a fool and his money are soon parted.' Poor Pat was never much noted for his discretion on that point, and I am in some things as arrant an Irishman as ever stood on the Pont Neuf. I think I have made as good a defence as the nature of the case will admit, and I leave it to all the world whether I am not fairly excusable for any little dedomagement which I can lay hold on, seeing the sacrifices I have made thus far, the services which I hope I shall at last have rendered my country, and especially the dreary and tristful solitude to which I have devoted myself in Paris, where I have not formed a single connexion but with the persons indispensably necessary to the success of our business."

"26. * * * The Whig Club, I see, are taking up the condition of the labouring poor. They are getting frightened, and their guilty consciences will not let them sleep. I suppose they will act like the gentry of Meath, who, for fear of the Defenders, raised their workmen's wages from eight-pence to a shilling per day, but took care at the same time to raise the rent of their hovels, and the grass for their cows, in the same proportion, so that at the end of the year the wretched peasant was not a penny the richer. Such is the honesty of the squirearchy of Ireland. No! no! it is we who will better the condition of the labouring poor, if ever we get into that country; it is we that will humble the pride of that execrable and contemptible corps, the country gentlemen of Ireland. I know not whether I most hate or despise them, the tyrants of the people and slaves of the government. Well, I must not put myself in a passion about them. I have not, however, forgotten the attack made on my honour by Mr. Grattan, nor that intended on my life by Mr. G. Ponsonby. I fancy I shall stand as high one day as either of those illustrious Whigs. If I do, I hope I shall act as becomes me. I am in a good humour to-day; I do not know why. Huzza, generally! Vive la republique!"

"28. * * * I have a fine spot of ground here, clear before me, for castle-building, but I will not be in two great a hurry to lay
the first stone. I have not got my commission yet, and it will be quite time enough when I am colonel to begin dreaming of being an ambassador. 'A colonel of horse in the service of the republic?' Is it not most curious? Well, after all, I begin to believe my adventures are a little extraordinary. Eighteen months ago, it was a million to one that I should be hanged as a traitor, and now I am like to enter the country in which I was not thought worthy to live, at the head of a regiment of horse. It is singular. P. P. used always to foretelling great things, and I never believed him, yet a part of his prophecy seems likely to be verified. He said that I had more talents, and would make a greater figure than Plunkett or Burrowes. For the talents, 'negatur,' but, for the figure, the devil puts it into my head sometimes that he was right. I am very well pleased with myself this morning, as I believe the track of these memorandums will prove. My name may be spoken of yet, and I trust there is nothing, thus far, attached to it of which I need be ashamed. If ever I come to be a great man, let me never forget two things:—The honour of my masters of the General Committee, who refused to sacrifice me to the requisition of Mr. Grattan; and the friendship, I may say, of the whole town of Belfast, at the moment of my departure into exile. These are two instances of steadiness and spirit, under circumstances peculiarly trying, which do honour to them, to me, and to our common nature. I never will forget them."

On the 6th of July, he heard, for the first time, that Hoche, then the greatest general of the age, was on his way to Paris, preparatory to his undertaking the command of the Irish expedition, now decided upon. "All this," writes Tone, in his diary, "is very good. I shall be glad to be introduced to Hoche; it looks like serious business. Clarke also told me he wanted to have my commission expedit ed instantly by the minister of war, but that Carnot had decided to wait for Hoche. I told him it was the same to me, and also begged to know when he expected Hoche. He replied, 'every day.' I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances, that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me, could I carry on the war some little time longer? I answered, I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris, but the government. He seemed a little taken aback at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Hang it for me! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original. 'Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.' That is not true as to me, for my passion increases, as my funds diminish. I reckon I am the poorest ambassador to-day in Paris, but that gives me no great concern. Huzza! Vive la République! 'When Christmas comes about again, oh then I shall have money.'"

At length Hoche arrived.

"12 Battle of Aughrim. As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxem-
bourg, and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome well-made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered and said, 'Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?' I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, 'Oui, citoyen; je m'appelle Smith.' He said, 'Vous appellez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?' I replied, 'Oui, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.' 'Eh bien,' replied he, 'je suis le General Hoche.' At these words I mentioned, that I had, for a long time, been desirous of the honour I now enjoyed, to find myself in his company. He then said, he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. 'Well,' said he, there are one or two points on which I want to consult you; and he proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely upon finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the surveillance of the government; but, if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette, that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country; and I assured him, that, if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely, that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it.—He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic Committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but, if it were considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. 'Undoubtedly,' replied he, 'men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force.' He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that, early in the business, the minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied, that such a number could effect nothing. 'No,' replied he, 'they would be overwhelmed, before any one could join them.' I was glad to hear him give this opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated, that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation, sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me, what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this, at some length, to him, and concluded by saying that, in prudence, we should avoid, as much as possible, shocking their prejudices unnecessarily, and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added, that in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely im-
possible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to
the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for
the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched
bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that, when we were
once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to
the cause of their country en masse; nevertheless, I desired him to
calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly;
that it was the safe policy, and, if it became necessary, was so much
gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements,
so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that
he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition,
stores, and artillery; and, for his own reputation, see that all the ar-
rangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him
speak thus; it sets my mind at ease on divers points. He then said
there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be
satisfied, and that was, what form of government we should adopt, in the
event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnest-
ness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to
dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conver-
sation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and
one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and re-
peated the question. I replied, 'most undoubtedly a republic.' He
asked again, 'are you sure?' I said, 'as sure as I can be of any
thing: I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system, nor
do I believe there is any body who dreams of monarchy.' He then
asked me, 'is there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their
chiefs for king?' I replied, 'not the smallest, and that there were no
chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old busi-
ness again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche; it looks well to see him
so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the
others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in
his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke,
Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said
scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot
the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he
mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, 'There
is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat
beef.' I told him, I hoped they would find enough of both; adding,
that within the last twenty years, Ireland had become a great corn
country; so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her ex-
ports. They then proceeded to confer; but I found it difficult to fol-
low them, as it was in fact a suite of former conversations, at which
I had not assisted, and, besides, they spoke with the rapidity of
Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will
be two landings; one (from Holland), near Belfast, and the other
(from Brittany), in Connaught; that there will be, as I suppose, in
both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand
men.—Twelve thousand was mentioned; but I did not hear any time
specified. Carnot said, 'it will be, to be sure, a most brilliant opera-
tion.' And well he may say so, if he succeeds. We then went to
dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. We
had two courses and a dessert. There were present about sixteen or
eighteen persons, including Madame Carnot, her sister, and sister-in-

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law; Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the minister of marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Legarde, the Secretaire General. I sate by Hoche. After coffee was served, we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacée, and Clarke, retired to a cabinet, and held a council on Irish affairs, which lasted from six to nine o'clock. In the mean time, I walked with Legarde in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where we listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveilliche Lepaux, who is lodged over Carnot. Legarde tells me that La Reveilliche has concerts continually, and that music is his great resource after the fatigues of his business, which are immense. At nine the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke; he said every thing was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring every thing to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve, we parted.—This was a grand day; I dined with the president of the executive directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and I have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better."

The next day's reflections are not less in character. "I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas, when he was secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot, and to-day I should be puzzled to raise a guinea! I am almost on my last louis, and my commission is not yet made out, though Clarke tells me it is done; but I will never believe him till I have it in my hand. I will push him to-day, that is positive. Allons! Saw Clarke; nothing new; my commission not yet come. I charged Clarke with great vigour, and he promised positively for the day after to-morrow, at farthest. So I must wait, and I am tired of waiting. Hoche called for a moment on Clarke, to say that he had no further questions to propose to me. So matters rest."

"18. Rose early this morning, and wrote a threatening letter to Citizen Carnot, telling him, 'if he did not put five pounds in a sartin place, ——!' It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the minister at war. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor, (June 19th.) It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Legarde, which will be done to-day, and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so did Fleury, and my heart was so full, I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast? I would have thought it, and I did think it. That is manly and decided, as P. P. used to say. I now write myself Chef de Brigade, 'in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation—Armigero.' Huzza! huzza!"

His conversation, on this day, with Clarke, was not a little singular. Tone, after refusing to allow the French any direct influence in Ireland, in case of success, proceeds to note: "Clarke then went on to say, they had no security for what form of government we might
adopt, in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion, that we should establish a republic. He objected, that we might establish an aristocratic republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people, that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, 'perhaps, after all, we might choose a king; that there was no security against that but speculation, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant.' I asked him, in God's name, whom should we choose, or where should we go to look for a king? He said, 'may be, the Duke of York.' I assured him, that he, or his aid-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as great, and indeed a much better chance, than his royal highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our king, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened, and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy? I replied, 'not one.' He asked, 'would the Duke of Leinster, for example?' I replied, 'no: that every body loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland; but that he by no means possessed that kind of character, or talents, which might elevate him to such a station.' He then asked me again, 'could I think of nobody?' I replied, 'I could not: that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect, who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France; and, after him, there was nobody.' 'Well,' said Clarke, 'may be, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders; who knows but it may be yourself?' I replied, 'we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high.' Well, that is enough of royalty for the present. We then, for the hundredth time, beat over the old ground about the priests, without, however, starting any fresh ideas; and I summed up all by telling him, that, as to religion, my belief was, we should content ourselves with pulling down the establishment, without setting up any other; that we should have no state religion, but let every sect pay their own clergy voluntarily; and that, as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to spill the blood, even of the guilty; at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people.
He now prepared to join the French army, under Hoche, and, previously to leaving town, called upon his general, who received him after a very flattering manner, assuring him that he should immediately be promoted to the rank of adjutant-general. "I returned him," Tone says, "a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, 'did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland?' I replied, 'most certainly not,' and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible that, when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, 'do you know Arthur O'Connor?' I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, 'did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?' I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that house. 'Well,' said he, 'will he join us?' I answered, I hoped, as he was 'fondement Irlanais,' that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, 'there is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of); he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?' I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied, that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of; and I believe I satisfied Hoche that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He proceeded to ask me, 'what quantity of arms would be necessary?' I replied, the more the better, as we should find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me, he had demanded eighty thousand, but was sure of fifty thousand. This is a piece of good news. I answered, with fifty thousand stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands; adding, that I had the strongest hopes the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding, that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed; but the less the better: and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like parson Adams, 'I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.' Hoche mentioned, also, that
great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French revolution, by the quantity of blood spilled: 'for,' added he, 'when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true; but then you make all his friends and connexions enemies for ever to the government:'—a sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperamnt, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall, most sincerely, exert my best endeavours to do. He then desired me to call on him every two or three days, at seven o'clock, at which time I might be sure to find him disengaged; adding, that he did not wish to mix me with the crowd: and, after several expressions of civility and attention on his part, all which I set down to the credit of my country, we parted. I like Hoche more and more. He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever conversed with; possessing a fine manly mind, and a fine manly figure.'

"27. Clarke tells me this morning, that the Directory have ordered me three months' pay, that is, 'tant de pris sur l'ennemi,' but I am forced to borrow 50L from Monroe, which grieves me sorely, for it is breaking in still more on the sacred funds of my little family; it is, however, unavoidable, as I cannot go down to quarters without some money in my pocket. Went to the Champ de Mars to see the Fête de la Liberté; very superb—but I am not in a humour to relish fêtes. I want to be off; and my impatience is still growing greater, the nearer the time approaches. Paris is as bad to me now, as Havre was the first week of my arrival. Apropos! it is extremely attentive of Hoche to take me with him; I believe I am not sufficiently sensible of it. The fact is, I am surprised myself at the sang froid with which I regard the progress of my business here; so infinitely beyond my expectations. I had very little expectation of success the day I left Sandy Hook; and in fact I came merely to discharge a duty, Things have turned out miraculously, to be sure. Think of my being at a council of war with Carnot, Hoche, and Clarke; of my rank of Chef de Brigade; of my travelling now with Hoche, besides what yet may follow! It is absolutely like a romance. There is one thing I must say for myself:—on reviewing my conduct in France, I do not see an indiscretion with which I have to charge myself. I think in my conscience I have conducted myself very well. I have, to be sure, laboured very hard in this business.

"There is another thing I wish to remark here. I owe unspeakable obligations, and such as I can never repay, to my masters of the General Committee; I have, in consequence, never lost sight of their honour or their interests here, as will appear from my memorials delivered to the executive directory, in which I have endeavoured to make them the basis of the national legislature. If that succeeds, I shall have been instrumental in throwing a great game into their hands; and I hope and believe they will have talents and spirit to support it. At any rate, I have, I think, done my duty by them; and in part, at least, acquitted the debt of gratitude I owed them. I will never forget their behaviour to me in the hour of my persecution, and their heroic refusal to sacrifice me at the requisition of Grattan and the Whigs. If I contribute to seat them in the places of the aforesaid Whigs, it will be a proof, that with parties (I may say
with nations), as well as with individuals, honour and honesty will ever be found to be ultimately the true policy."

He was now all impatience to be en route, yet on the 1st of August he says—"'Oh merry be the first, and merry be the last, and merry bête the first of August.' This is a sprightly beginning, however. I am plaguy musical this morning, but God knows the heart! Called on Clarke from mere idleness; did not see him; but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Cherin, with whom I am to travel. On the way, I told Hoche that I hoped the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand of England for ever; and I mentioned the immense resources, in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed, that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied, as to that, I hoped there would be no difficulty; that it was Ireland which victualled the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England: and I reminded him of what I had before communicated, that, in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country. I might have added, but it did not occur to me, that we are now on the eve of harvest; so, I am sure we shall find abundance of every thing. I went on to say, that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm, and said, 'ne craignez rien, nous y irons; vous pourrez y compter; ne craignez rien!' I answered, that being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, 'who are these Orange-boys?' I explained the term to him, adding, that as to them it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle in three days after our arrival. 'Oh,' said he, 'ce n'est rien.' I then told him, I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers, and artillery, with which we are quite unprovided. 'You may depend upon it,' said he, 'that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the artillerie légère.'

"He then asked me, had we many great plains in Ireland? I said not: that, in general, the face of the country was intersected with fences, and I described the nature of an Irish ditch and hedge to him. By this time we arrived at Cherin's, who was indisposed and in bed. I was introduced by Hoche; and I remember now he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation, in which it was fixed that we set off from the 7th to the 10th, I took my leave, Hoche and Cherin desiring me to call on them in the mean time, without the ceremony of sending up my name, which is civil of them. So, now I have 'les petites entrées.'"

At length the hour of departure arrived; and he quitted Paris, at three o'clock, on the 17th of August. "It is now," he writes, "exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life: whether if was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine; but I can safely say, I have acted, all through, to the very best of my conscience and judgment; and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect, on my arrival, to have succeeded as well as I have done: and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. I have now done with Paris,
at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need wish to recall, at least with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had very little. I formed, and endeavoured to form, no connections. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner; and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well, if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I am now like the Turkish spy, 'who passed forty-five years at Paris, without being known or suspected.' I dare say Mr. Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough, that, having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. Allons! I am now afloat again: let us see what will come of this voyage."

On joining the army of the west, Tone became acquainted with Colonel Shee, a veteran of sixty, who was enthusiastic in forwarding the Irish expedition. Hoche made every possible exertion; and while at Brest, expediting the reluctant managers of the marine affairs, an attempt was made upon his life, by an assassin. The state of Tone's mind, during the progress of preparation, is well depicted in his diary. He cursed the Spaniards, for not co-operating; cursed the French naval officers, for being so culpably dilatory; and cursed the English fleet, lest they should intercept the armament. He did not, however, continue inactive. "November 13. Went, by order of the general, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer; fifty of whom were Irish. I made them drink heartily before they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of these poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them, all their cares were forgotten; the instant I made the proposal, they accepted it without hesitation. The Englishmen balanced; and several of them asked, in the true style of their country, 'what would I give them?' It is but justice to others of them, to observe, that they said nothing should ever tempt them to fight against their king and country. I told them, they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint upon any man. In the event, of about one hundred English, ten men and boys offered themselves; and of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine, my English recruits begged for something to eat at the same time, which I ordered for them. Poor Pat never thought of eating; but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go amongst the Englishmen, and flog those who refused to enter, which, of course, I prevented, though with some little difficulty. 'Arrah, blood an'
oungs, captain dear, won't you let me have one knock at the blackguards?"
I thought myself on Ormond Quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers will we make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them, wherever it was. I answered, I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way; and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed, that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation, and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again."

"22. I have been hard at work these three or four days, recruiting and writing. I have picked up about twenty very stout hands, which makes eighty in all, and cost me five louis, which the Republic owes me. I have finished my address to the Irish people, one to the militia, and one to the Irish seamen. They are all in the printer's hands, and, to speak honestly, not one of them is any great things. I think I have lost the little facility in writing that I once had. The fact is, my mind is so anxious about our business, that I cannot write. I do not sleep at nights. The General has been ill with a severe pain in his bowels these three days; we were afraid at first he was poisoned, but it proved to be a false alarm: he was at the Comédie last night.

"23. I cannot imagine what delays us now, unless it be waiting for Richery, who is said to be coming up from Rochefort. Though I have the strongest apprehensions we shall be intercepted by the English, still I wish we were at sea. There is nothing so terrible to me as suspense; and besides, the lives of my poor friends in Ireland are in extreme peril. God send we may be in time to save them, but I much fear it. Well, let me not think of that. If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops, and quarter-decks, with musketry. It is our only chance, but against superior numbers even this will not do. Those infernal Spaniards! They will pay dear for their folly; but what satisfaction is that to us? I was thinking last night of my poor little family, till I was as melancholy as a cat. God knows whether we shall ever meet again. If I reach Ireland in safety, and any thing befalls me after, I have not the least doubt my country will take care of them, and my boys will find a father in every good Irishman; but, if I should happen to be killed at sea, and the expedition should not succeed, I dread to think on what may become of them. It is terrible! I rely on the goodness of Providence, which has often interposed to save us,—on the courage and prudence of my wife, and on the friendship of my brother, to protect them. My darling babies! I doat on them. I feel the tears gush into my eyes whenever I think of them. I repeat to myself a thousand times the last words I heard from their innocent little mouths. God Almighty bless and protect them!"

On the 2nd of December he received an order to embark on board the Incomparable, of eighty guns, commanded by Captain Bedout, of whose courage and skill Tone makes honourable mention. Had his confrères been equally expert, the termination of the expedition might have been very different from what it was. As the wind continued unfavourable, and as he thought it was highly probable that the English fleet was off Ushant, he proposed "That three, or at most four, sail of the fastest-going ships should take advantage of the
first favourable moment (as a dark night and a strong gale from the north-east), and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the Artillerie legere, steering such a course, as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and land the men in the north, as near Belfast as possible. If we could land 2,000 men in this manner, with as many stand of arms as we could carry beside, I have no doubt but in a week we would have possession of the entire north of Ireland, and we could certainly maintain ourselves there for a considerable time, against all the force which could be sent against us; the consequence of which would be, 1st, That the whole south would be disfurnished of troops, which would, of course, be sent against us; and I also am almost certain that the British fleet would directly quit its station off Brest, where it has been now cruising ten weeks, according to our accounts, as thinking that the mischief was already done, and that they were watching the stable when the steed was stolen; in which case, the main embarkation might immediately set off, and, landing in the south, put the enemy between two fires, and so settle the business almost without a blow. If this scheme be adopted, it is absolutely necessary that no mortal should hear of it but Morard de Galles, Hoche, and Col. Shee. The reason of my wishing not to lose an instant, and, likewise, to make the attempt with 2,000 men, contrary to the opinion I have given elsewhere in these memorandums, is, that I have seen articles within these few days in the French papers, including, among others, a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, dated November 9th, by which I see that the insurrection is ready every instant to explode in the north, and that they have gone so far as to break open the magazine in Belfast, and take by force ten barrels of powder. I dread, in consequence, their committing themselves before they are properly supported.”

Hoche could not take upon himself to accede to this proposal, and accordingly Tone was compelled to live still in suspense, the elements continuing unfavourable.

“12. The Etat Major came aboard last night; we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy’s clothes, the wife of a commissaire, one Ragoneau. By what I see, we have a regular army of commissaries, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eye a little upon these gentlemen. In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two, if not three ships, and the army with 1,700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than sufficient for our purpose, if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination in safety.

“14. To-day the signal is made to heave short and be ready to put to sea; the report is, we shall make sail at four o’clock. I am truly rejoiced at it. ‘I do agnize a natural and prompt alacrity.’ Called on my friend Shee, who is better; he is able to-day to write a little. Recommended my wife and family to his friendship and protection, in case of any thing happening to me. He promised me heartily to exert himself in their behalf; and I have no doubt he will keep his word; so I have done all that is now in my power to do.”
'15. At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing; it is most delicious weather, and the sun is as warm and as bright as in the month of May—' I hope,' as Lord George Brilliant says, 'he may not shine through somebody presently.' We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball: with our 15,000, or, more correctly, 12,975 men, I would not have the least doubt of our beating 30,000 of such as will be opposed to us; that is to say, if we reach our destination. The signal is now flying to get under weigh, so, one way or other, the affair will be at last brought to a decision, and God knows how sincerely I rejoice at it. The wind is right aft. Huzza! At one we got under weigh, and stood out of the Goulet until three, when we cast anchor by signal in the Bay de Camaret, having made about three leagues. Our ship, I think, would beat the whole fleet; we passed, with easy sail, a frigate, La Surveillante, under her top-gallant sails, and nothing was able to come near us. We are now riding at single anchor, and I hope we shall set off to-morrow.'

On the 17th they passed through the Raz, a dangerous and difficult pass, and next morning the expedition consisted of eighteen sail instead of forty-three: Hoche being aboard one of the missing vessels. On the 18th he writes, 'At nine this morning, a fog so thick that we cannot see a ship's length before us. 'Hazy weather, master Noah;' d—n it, we may be, for aught I know, within a quarter of a mile of our missing ships, without knowing it; it is true we may also, by the same means, miss the English; so it may be as well for good as evil, and I count firmly upon the fortune of the republic. How, after all, if we were not to join our companions? What will Grouchy and Bouvet determine? We are enough to make the attempt, but we must then steer for the north of Ireland. If it rested with me, I would not hesitate a moment, and, as it is, I will certainly propose it, if I can find an opening:

"If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and, if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour."

This confounded fog continues without interruption. At night.—Foggy all day, and no appearance of our comrades: I asked General Cherin what we should do in case they did not rejoin us. He said that he supposed General Grouchy would take the command with the troops we had with us, which, on examination, we found to amount to about 6,500 men. I need not say that I supported this idea with all my might. The captain has opened a packet containing instructions for his conduct in case of separation, which order him to cruise for five days off Mizen Head, and, at the end of that time, proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where he is to remain three more; at the end of which time, if he does not see the fleet, or receive further orders by a frigate, he is to make the best of his way back to Brest. But we must see, in that case, whether Bouvet and Grouchy may not take on themselves to land the troops. I am glad to see that Cherin is bent on that plan, notwithstanding the inter-
ference of his aid-de-camp, Fairin, who put in his word, I thought, impertinently enough."

The next day they were overtaken by a dead calm, and, the weather clearing up, sixteen sail hove in sight, but still the admiral's frigate, with Hoche on board, did not appear. The wind again became unfavourable, and next night, in moderate weather, the fleet once more separated. This convinced Tone that the French were then but very indifferent sailors. "21. Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our comrades; stark calm all the fore part of the night; at length, a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at daybreak, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues; so I have, at all events, once more seen my country; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the general, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing. The sails we saw last night have disappeared, and we are all in uncertainty. It is most delicious weather, with a favourable wind, and every thing, in short, that we can desire, except our absent comrades. At the moment I write this, we are under easy sail, within three leagues, at most, of the coast, so that I can discover here and there patches of snow on the mountains. What if the general should not join us! If we cruise here five days, according to our instruction, the English will be upon us, and then all is over. We are thirty-five sail in company, and seven or eight absent. Is that such a separation of our force, as, under all the circumstances, will warrant our following the letter of our orders, to the certain failure of the expedition? If Grouchy and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision, they will land immediately, and trust to their success for their justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the general, I much fear the game is up. I am in undescrivable anxiety, and Cherin, who commands aboard, is a poor creature, to whom it is vain to speak; not but I believe he is brave enough, but he has a little mind. There cannot be imagined a situation more provokingly tantalizing than mine at this moment, within view, almost within reach, of my native land, and uncertain whether I shall ever set my foot on it. We are now (nine o'clock), at the rendezvous appointed; stood in for the coast till twelve, when we were near enough to toss a biscuit ashore; at twelve tacked and stood out again, so now we have begun our cruise of five days in all its forms, and shall, in obedience to the letter of our instructions, ruin the expedition, and destroy the remnant of the French navy, with a precision and punctuality which will be truly edifying! We opened Bantry Bay, and, in all my life, rage never entered so deeply into my heart as when we turned our backs on the coast. I sounded Cherin as to what Grouchy might do; but he turned the discourse; he is Taata Enos.*

Simon is entirely of my opinion, and so is Captain Bedout; but what does that signify? At half after one, the Atalante, one of our missing corvettes, hove in sight; so now again we are in hopes to see the general. Oh, if he were in Grouchy's place, he would not hesitate one moment. Continue making short boards; the wind foul."

Next day he notes down, "I have been looking over the schedule

* See Cook's Voyage."
of our arms, artillery, and ammunition; we are well provided; we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, and nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers; 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 musket cartridges, 700,000 flints, besides an infinite variety of articles belonging to the train; but we have neither sabres nor pistols for the cavalry; however, we have nearly three regiments of hussars embarked, so that we can dispense with them. Messieurs of the Etat Major continue in the horrors; I find Simon the stoutest of them, and Fairin, Cherin's aid-de-camp, the worst; he puts me in mind of David in the Rivals,—'But I am fighting Bob, and d—a it, I won't be afraid.' I continue very discreetly to say little or nothing; as my situation just now is rather a delicate one; if we were once ashore, and things turn out to my mind, I shall soon be out of my trammels, and, perhaps, in that respect, I may be better off with Grouchy than with Hoche. If the people act with spirit, as I hope they will, it is no matter who is general, and, if they do not, all the talents of Hoche will not save us; so it comes to the same thing at last. At half-past six, cast anchor off Beer Island, being still four leagues from our landing-place; at work with General Cherin, writing and translating proclamations, &c., all our printed papers, including my two pamphlets, being on board the Fraternité, which is pleasant!"

There being no appearance of the general, and no prospect of success, yet, reduced as the expedition was, Tone was not without his scheme. "I proposed," he says, "to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the Artillerie légère, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained (which are now reduced by our separation to four field-pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1,000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges), and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way; if we succeeded, the republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest; and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred."

"Cherin answered that I did very right to give my opinion, and that, as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it. The discourse rested there, and to-morrow we shall see more, if we are not agreeably surprised, early in the morning, by a visit from the English, which is highly probable. I am now so near the shore, that I can in a manner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand; yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground. There is one thing which I am surprised at, which is the extreme sang froid with which I view the coast. I thought I should have been violently affected, yet I look at it as if it were the coast of Japan; I do not, however, love my country the less for not having romantic feelings with regard to her."

"24. This morning the whole Etat Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed in full council, that General Cherin, Colonel Waudrè (Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery), and myself should go aboard the Immortalité, and press General Grouchy, in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly we made a signal to speak with the admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I
must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit: he instantly set about preparing the ordre de bataille, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the ordre de bataille, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and, I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but 'Des chevaliers Francais tel est le caractere.' Grouchy, the commander-in-chief, never had so few men under his orders since he was adjutant-general; Waudre, who is lieutenant-colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a curious park, consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and two six-inch howitzers; when he was a captain, he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact general of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Cherin. It is, altogether, an enterprise truly unique; we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the general-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage; but these are sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified than in this morning's business."

But Grouchy had delayed too long: the opportunity was lost, and the wind, now blowing right a-head, rendered landing impossible. "Had we," says Tone, "been able to land the first day, and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a coup de main; and then we should have had a footing in the country, but as it is, if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one: the best I can expect is to be shot as an emigre rentré, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for most assuredly, if the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others; in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, &c. As to the embowelling, 'je m'en fiche,' if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now, but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family, I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far, that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at twelve, the wind blows a gale, still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible; for it is morally certain that this day, or to-morrow on the morning, the English fleet will be in the harbour's mouth; and then adieu to everything! In this desperate state of affairs, I proposed to Cherin, to sally out with all our forces; to mount to the Shannon, and, disembarking the troops, make a forced march to Limerick, which is
probably unguarded, the garrison being, I am pretty certain, on its march to oppose us here; to pass the river at Limerick, and, by forced marches, push to the north. I detailed all this on a paper, which I will keep, and showed it to Captain Bedout, and all the generals on board, Cherin, Simon, and Chasseloup. They all agreed as to the advantages of the plan, but, after settling it, we find it impossible to communicate with the general and admiral, who are in the Immortalité, nearly two leagues a-head, and the wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live; so all communication is impracticable, and to-morrow morning it will, most probably, be too late; and on this circumstance, perhaps, the fate of the expedition and the liberty of Ireland depends. I cannot conceive for what reason the two commanders-in-chief are shut up together in a frigate. Surely they should be on board the flag-ship. But this is not the first misfortune resulting from this arrangement. Had General Hoche remained, as he ought, on board the Indomptable, with his Etat Major, he would not have been separated and taken by the English, as he most probably is; nor should we be in the difficulties we now find ourselves in, and which, most probably, to-morrow will render insurmountable. Well, it does not signify complaining. Our first capital error was in setting sail too late from the Bay of Camaret, by which means we were obliged to pass the Raz in the night, which caused the loss of the Seduisant, the separation of the fleet, the capture of the general, and, above all, the loss of time resulting from all this, and which is never to be recovered. Our second error was in losing an entire day in cruising off Bantry Bay, when we might have entered and effected a landing with thirty-five sail, which would have secured every thing; and now our third error is, the having our commander-in-chief separated from the Etat Major, which renders all communication utterly impossible. My prospects, at this hour, are as gloomy as possible. I see nothing before me, unless a miracle be wrought in our favour, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction. Well, if I am to fall, at least I will sell my life as dear as individual resistance can make it. So now I have made up my mind. I have a 'merry Christmas' of it to-day."

The weather still continuing stormy, and every moment expecting a visit from the English fleet, their situation was a desperate one. "Well," he says, "England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is here of no avail. Well, let me think no more about it; it is lost, and let it go! I am now a Frenchman, and must regulate my future plans accordingly. I hope the directory will not dismiss me the service for this unhappy failure, in which, certainly, I have nothing personally to reproach myself with; and, in that case, I shall be rich enough to live as a peasant. If God Almighty sends me my dearest love and darling babies in safety, I will buy or rent a little spot, and have done with the world for ever. I shall neither be great, nor famous, nor powerful; but I may be happy. God knows whether I shall ever reach France myself; and, in case of the contrary, what will become of my family? It is horrible to me to think of. Oh!
life and soul, my darling babies, shall I ever see you again? This
infernal wind continues without intermission, and now that all is lost
I am as eager to get back to France as I was to come to Ireland."

At length the weather forced them out of Bantry Bay, and, a
hurricane succeeding, they could not make the Shannon, as they in-
tended; accordingly, they sailed for France, on the coast of which
they arrived, January 1st, 1797, not having seen a single English
vessel, either going or coming; a circumstance, for which they were
indebted to the fog that prevailed subsequent to their sailing from
Brest.* An intrigue having been set on foot to injure Grouchy,
Tone went to Paris, where he heard of his wife's arrival at Hamp-
burgh, in a very delicate state of health, accompanied by his sister,
who subsequently gave her hand to a young Swiss, who had accom-
panied them from America.

In Paris, he met Hoche, who spoke in a very flattering manner
to the directory in Tone's favour, and, on his mentioning his intention
of proceeding to Hamburgh for the purpose of bringing his family to
France, the general said he might be of use there. "I told him,
that there, or any where else, where I could be useful to my own
country and the republic, I was ready to go at an hour's warning.
I added, that when I asked my retreat for the present, I begged him
to remember, that, if ever our business was resumed, under any
form, I was as ready and desirous as ever to take my share in it, and
that I did not at all despair of having the honour of serving once more
under his orders. 'The affair,' replied he, 'is but suspended. You
know our difficulties for money; the repair of our fleet, and the ne-
cessary preparations, require some considerable time, and, in the mean
time, there are 15,000 men lying idle below, and, in fact, we cannot
even feed them there. The directory has resolved, in the mean
time, to employ them usefully elsewhere, and has accepted my ser-
VICES; but be assured, the moment the enterprise is resumed, that I
will return with the first patrouille which embarks.' I expressed the
satisfaction which this assurance gave me; and, after a conversation
of about half an hour, in which I found him as warm and steady as
ever in the business, I took my leave; and to-morrow I am to have

* "Amidst all the agitation of my father's mind," says William Tone, in a
note, "during the ill-fated and tantalizing expedition of Bantry Bay, he was
aware that his wife and three infant children, whom he had left at Princeton, in
New Jersey, on his departure from America, were, amidst the storms of that
wintry season, on their way to rejoin him. The feelings of the most affectionate
of husbands and of fathers in such a situation can be better conceived than ex-
pressed. In fact, embarked on an American vessel for Hamburgh, we almost
crossed him in the British Channel, in the last days of December; and, after a
tedious and rough passage of two months, my mother, with her infant family,
landed at the mouth of the frozen Elbe, and proceeded to Hamburgh in an open
post waggon. In that commercial city, devoted to the British interest, the first
news she received was that of the failure of the expedition, embellished with a
thousand exaggerations. Her anxiety may well be conceived: obliged to con-
ceal it, as well as her name, her only consolation was, that she did not hear that
of Tone mentioned. Already in weak and shattered health, she was seized with
a nervous fever, and remained in the most cruel perplexity, amongst strangers,
whose very language she did not understand. She wrote instantly to Paris, ad-
dressing her letter to Mr. Mадgett, and the answer to this letter, which came in
due time, was the first news she received of her husband's safety."
my letter for the directory. This conversation with Hoche has given me spirits to recommence these memorandums; for, in fact, my mind has been in a state of stupor ever since I landed at Brest from our unfortunate expedition. Perhaps Providence has not yet given us up. For my part, my courage, such as it is, is not abated one single jot, though I see by an article in the English papers, that they were in hopes to have caught the vessel on board which I was embarked, in which case, they were kind enough to promise that I should be properly taken care of. They may go and be hanged, and 'I do not value their chariot of a rush.'"

It was subsequently agreed that he should join the army of the Sambre at Meuse, under Hoche, and, on calling for the arrear of his pay, on the 12th of March, he says, "In the margin of the order I observed the following note: 'Notu. L'activité et la grande utilité de cet officier ont été attestées par le Bureau des officiers généraux.' This is very handsome."

He soon after joined his family, travelled with them for a fortnight, through Holland, and, in the following May, had joined the army at Cologne. In the course of the next month, he met Mr. Lewines, sent to France by the "United People of Ireland," to solicit assistance.

It was now determined to fit out another expedition for Ireland, under the command of the Dutch general, Daendels, at the Hague. Tone and Lewines met Hoche. "He began," says the diarist, "by telling us, that the Dutch governor-general, Daendels, and Admiral Dewinter, were sincerely actuated by a desire to effectuate something striking to rescue their country from that state of oblivion and decadence into which it had fallen; that, by the most indefatigable exertions on their part, they had got together, at the Texel, sixteen sail of the line, and eight or ten frigates, all ready for sea, and in the highest condition; that they intended to embark 15,000 men (the whole of their national troops), 3000 stand of arms, eighty pieces of artillery, and money for their pay and subsistence for three months; that he had the best opinion of the sincerity of all parties, and of the courage and conduct of the general and admiral; but that here was the difficulty: the French government had demanded that at least 5000 French troops, the elite of the army, should be embarked, instead of a like number of Dutch, in which case, if the demand was acceded to, he should himself take the command of the united army, and set off for the Texel directly; but that the Dutch government made great difficulties, alleging a variety of reasons, of which some were good: that they said the French troops would never submit to the discipline of the Dutch navy, and that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it on their own, without making unjust distinctions, and giving a reasonable ground for jealousy and discontent to their army; 'but the fact is,' said Hoche, 'that the committee, Daendels, and Dewinter, are anxious that the Batavian republic should have the whole glory of the expedition, if it succeeds; they feel that their country has been forgotten in Europe, and they are risking every thing, even to their last stake—for, if this fails, they are ruined—in order to restore the national character. The demand of the French government is now before the committee; if it is acceded to, I will go myself, and, at all events, I will present you both to the committee,
and we will probably then settle the matter definitively.' Both Lewines and I now found ourselves in a considerable difficulty. On the one side, it was an object of the greatest importance to have Hoche and his 5000 grenadiers; on the other, it was most unreasonable to propose any thing which could hurt the feelings of the Dutch people, at a moment when they were making unexampled exertions in our favour, and risking, as Hoche himself said, their last ship and last shilling to emancipate us. I cursed and swore like a dragoon; it went to my very heart's blood and midriff to give up the general and our brave lads, 5000 of whom I would prefer to any 10,000 in Europe; on the other hand, I could not but see that the Dutch were perfectly reasonable in the desire to have the whole reputation of an affair prepared and arranged entirely at their expense, and at such an expense. I did not know what to say. Lewines, however, extricated himself and me with considerable address. After stating very well our difficulty, he asked Hoche whether he thought that Daendels would serve under his orders, and, if he refused, what effect that might have on the Batavian troops? I shall never forget the magnanimity of Hoche on this occasion. He said he believed Daendels would not, and, therefore, that the next morning he would withdraw the demand with regard to the French troops, and leave the Dutch government at perfect liberty to act as they thought proper. When it is considered that Hoche has a devouring passion for fame; that his great object, on which he has endeavoured to establish his reputation, is the destruction of the power of England; that he has, for two years, in a great degree, devoted himself to our business, and made the greatest exertions, including our memorable expedition, to emancipate us; that he sees, at last, the business likely to be accomplished by another, and, of course, all the glory he had promised to himself ravished from him; when, in addition to all this, it is considered that he could, by a word's speaking, prevent the possibility of that rival's moving one step, and find, at the same time, plausible reasons sufficient to justify his own conduct,—I confess his renouncing the situation which he might command is an effort of very great virtue. It is true he is doing exactly what an honest man and a good citizen ought to do; he is preferring the interests of his country to his own private views; that, however, does not prevent my regarding his conduct, in this instance, with great admiration, and I shall never forget it."

He now attached himself, with the advice and consent of Hoche, to the Dutch army, and arrived, on the 8th of July, at the Texel; on the tenth, he writes, "I have been boating about the fleet, and aboard several of the vessels; they are in very fine condition, incomparably better than the fleet at Brest, and I learn from all hands that the best possible spirit reigns in both soldiers and sailors. Admiral Duncan, who commands the English fleet off the Texel, sent in yesterday an officer with a flag of truce, apparently with a letter, but, in fact, to reconnoitre our force. Dewinter was even with him: for he detained his messenger, and sent back the answer by an officer of his own, with instructions to bring back an exact account of the force of the enemy."

The wind, however, proved a greater enemy than Admiral Duncan; it continued foul for upwards of a month, and ultimately led to a total derangement of the expedition. There being no chance of
sailing, Tone was despatched to Hoche, at Watzlar, relative to a proposed invasion of Scotland; but that general disapproved of the plan, and, to Tone’s great regret, died a few days afterwards. The Dutch fleet was soon after defeated by Duncan, and, of course, all hopes of an expedition from Holland had vanished. Still Tone was sanguine; he repaired to Paris, where Buonaparte had returned, covered with glory, from the Italian campaign, with the treaty of peace with Austria in his pocket. On December 23, Tone, with Tennant and Lewines, waited on him. “His manner,” says the diary, “is cold, and he speaks very little; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than anything else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us; but, from what we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur anything good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months, I arrived in Brest, from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the Armée d’Angleterre—Allons! Vive la République!”

“Jan. 13. Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1796, great part of which stands good yet. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee united Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the Armée d’Angleterre: he said ‘I was.’ I then observed, that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function;—‘Mais vous êtes brave,’” said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear. ‘ Eh bien,’ said he, ‘cela suffit.’ But Buonaparte, unfortunately for himself, was insincere; he did not wish any expedition to Ireland should take place. “In order,” says Tone’s son, who appears not less enthusiastic than the father, “to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland, it will be necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot, the only able and honest man in the councils of the directory, was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a revolution in that island lost every chance of assistance from France. Those two great statesmen and warriors, earnest in the cause, of which they perceived the full importance to the interests of their country and to the extension of republican principles, had planned the expedition of Bantry Bay and of
the Texel, on the largest and most effective scale which the naval resources of France and Holland could afford. The former failed partly by the misconduct of the navy, and partly by the indecision of Grouchy,—of that honest but wavering man who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands, at Bantry Bay and at Waterloo, and twice let it slip through them, from want of resolution. The second failed only through the fault of the elements.

"On the death of Hoche, the French government recalled, to succeed him, the most illustrious of their warriors; he who afterwards wielded the destinies of Europe, and who then, under the name of General Buonaparte, was already acknowledged the first commander of the age; and yet it was an age fertile in great chiefs. But he who, before the age of thirty, had already achieved the immortal campaigns of Italy; subdued that beautiful country; founded one republic (the Cisalpine), and extinguished another (Venice); humbled the power of Austria, and compelled her, by his private authority, to liberate Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz, and acknowledge the French republic by the treaty of Campo Formio;—was more than a mere general. It is, however, with extreme reluctance that I feel myself called upon, by the nature of my subject, to point out any errors in the conduct of the sovereign, chief, and benefactor, under whom I bore my first arms and received my first wounds; of him who decorated me with the insignia of the legion of honour, and whom I served with constant fidelity and devotion to the last moment of his reign. But the imperious voice of truth compels me to attribute to the influence and prejudices of General Buonaparte, at that period, the prime cause of the failure of the third expedition for the liberation of Ireland.

"The loss of Hoche was irreparable to the Irish cause. Although he died in the prime of his youth—and his deeds, eclipsed by those of his still greater rival, are now nearly forgotten—at that period they were competitors in glory, and formed two opposite parties in the army. The generals and officers of the two schools continued, for a long time, to view each other with dislike. Both these great men were ambitious; both eager for their personal fame, and for that of France; and bent on raising her to an unequalled rank amongst nations. But Hoche was an ardent and sincere republican; he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved, when he resigned at Daendels the command of the Texel expedition. Buonaparte always associated in his mind the power of France and his own aggrandizement; nor could he be satisfied with her being raised to the pinnacle of power and prosperity, unless he was the guide of her march and the ruler of her destinies. Admirably formed by nature for a great administrator and organizer, he meditated already in his mind those vast creations which he afterwards accomplished, and which required an unlimited authority for their execution; he loved the prompt obedience and regulated order of absolute power, and felt a secret dislike to the tumultuous and wavering conflicts of a republican government, whose energy is so frequently counteracted by the disunion of its parties and the necessity of persuading instead of commanding. In short, he never was a republican. This feeling he could scarcely disguise, even then when it was most necessary to conceal it: for no man who ever rose to such
power, perhaps, ever made so little use of dissimulation. Stern, reserved, and uncommunicative, he repelled with haughty disdain the advances of the Jacobins; and the Emperor Napoleon, the future sovereign and conqueror, might already be discerned in the plain and austere general of the republic."

"To the enterprise against Ireland, the favourite object of Hoche, and to prosecute which he was ostensibly summoned, he felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate for ever the power of England and raise the republic to the pinnacle of fortune (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless), it offered no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened that republican cause which he disliked; and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The directors, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. 'It is asserted that he said, on the occasion, 'What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion.' Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed for ever the power of England, and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and, finally, fell under the efforts of Russia and of England. And it may be observed, as a singular retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army which gave the last blow to his destinies.

"When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as adjutant-general, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. His plans were already formed. Ostensibly, a great force was organized on the western coasts of France, under the name of the Army of England; but the flower of the troops were successively withdrawn and marched to the Mediterranean; the eyes of Europe were fixed on these operations, but, from their eccentricity, their object could not be discovered. My father, despatched (as may be seen in his journals) to head-quarters, at Rouen, and employed in unimportant movements on the coast, in the bombardment of Havre, &c., heard, with successive pangs of disappointment, that Buonaparte had left Paris for the south; that he had arrived at Toulon; that he had embarked and sailed with a powerful expedition in the beginning of June."

"The plan of the new expedition was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection, and distracting the attention of the enemy, until some favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert, with about 1,000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle; General Hardy, with 3,000, at Brest, and Kilmaine, with 9,000, remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But, long before the first of
these expeditions was ready to sail, the insurrection was completely subdued in every quarter; the people were crushed, disarmed, disheartened, and disgusted with their allies; and the Irish government had collected all its means, and was fully prepared for the encounter."

"The final ruin of the expedition was hurried by the precipitancy and indiscretion of a brave, but imprudent and ignorant officer. This anecdote, which is not generally known, is a striking instance of the disorder, indiscipline, and disorganization which began to prevail in the French army. Humbert, a gallant soldier of fortune, but whose heart was better than his head, impatient of the delays of his government, and fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, determined to begin the enterprise on his own responsibility, and thus oblige the directory to second or to desert him. Towards the middle of August, calling the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, he forced them to advance a small sum of money, and all that he wanted, on military requisition; and, embarking on board a few frigates and transports, with 1000 men, 1000 spare muskets, 1000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the captains to set sail, for the most desperate attempt which is, perhaps, recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him, my uncle, Matthew Tone, Bartholomew Teeing, of Lisburn, and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett, whose name is often mentioned in these memoirs. On the 22d of August, they made the coast of Connaught, and, landing in the Bay of Killala, immediately stormed and occupied that little town."

"The news of Humbert's attempt, as may well be imagined, threw the directory into the greatest perplexity. They instantly determined, however, to hurry all their preparations, and send off at least the division of General Hardy, to second his efforts, as soon as possible. The report of his first advantages, which shortly reached them, augmented their ardour and accelerated their movements. But such was the state of the French navy and arsenals, that it was not until the 20th of September that this small expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Commodore Bompart, and 3,000 men, under General Hardy, was ready for sailing. The news of Humbert's defeat had not yet reached France."

"Paris was then crowded with Irish emigrants, eager for action. In the papers of the day, and in later productions, I have seen it mentioned, that no fewer than twenty-four united Irish leaders embarked in General Hardy's expedition; and Lewines, an agent of the united Irish in Paris, is specified by name. This account is erroneous. The mass of the united Irishmen embarked in a small and fast-sailing boat, with Napper Tandy at their head. They reached, on the 16th of September, the Isle of Raglin, on the north-west coast of Ireland, where they heard of Humbert's disaster; they merely spread some proclamations, and escaped to Norway. Three Irishmen only accompanied my father in Hardy's flotilla: he alone was embarked in the admiral's vessel, the Hoche; the others were on board the frigates. These were Mr. T. Corbett and Mac Guire (two brave officers, who have since died in the French service), and a third gentleman (connected by marriage with his friend Russell), who is yet living, and whose name it would, therefore, be improper in me to mention."
"At length, about the 20th of September, 1758, that fatal expedition set sail from the Bay de Camaret. It consisted of the Hoche, 74; Loire, Resolue, Bellone, Coquille, Embuscade, Immortalité, Romaine, and Semillante, frigates; and Biche, schooner and aviso. To avoid the British fleets, Bompart, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the Hoche, the Loire, the Resolue, and the Biche. He was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day, next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner, to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty, by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the Biche for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed, "we shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled, whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The Biche accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect; not one of them would have done so; and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the Hoche."

"During the action my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction; nor was it till some days later, that the Hoche was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in county Derry as a leader of the Orange party and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that, in Spain, grandees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undis-
tungished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and, stepping up to him, said, 'Mr. Tone, I am very happy to see you.' Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disclaiming all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, 'Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?' Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland, to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, 'These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served.' Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed, 'For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England.' The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and I will add, unmanly and ungenerous severity, was provoked by his outrageous behaviour when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and his subsequent deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified than those noble replies to the taunts of General Lavau."

The result is well known. Tone was condemned by a court martial, which sat in Dublin,* and Lord Cornwallis refused his demand of being shot by a platoon of grenadiers: "Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded. John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself in his political career to the Whig party; but his theoretical principles went much farther; and when the march of the administration to despotism was pronounced—when the persecution began—I know that, in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly at the Drogheda assizes the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill (where they were both employed as counsel) he opened his mind to my father; and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connexion with England—they agreed. Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place, and one man, through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the councils of the united Irishmen; but, had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been amongst the foremost to hail and join her independence. On

* Tone knew well that his trial was illegal, but he preferred that mode, in the hope that he should have been executed as a military officer.
this occasion, joining his efforts to those of Mr. Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend."

"Determined to form a bar for his defence, and bring the case before the Court of King's Bench, then sitting, and presided by Lord Kilwarden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavoured, the whole day of the 11th, to raise a subscription for this purpose. But terror had closed every door; and I have it from his own lips that, even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed alone. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him in former times, almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse."

The friendship of Curran was unavailing. Tone anticipated the dreadful fiat of the law;* and when, after days of agony, the doctor whispered that, if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly, he replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you could bring me; what should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired.

Having now brought the memoirs to a conclusion, we are unable, from the extent to which the article has extended, to offer a single word by way of comment. We shall, however, return to the subject, trusting that it must be quite unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of the foregoing extracts.

* Tone's son, at the conclusion of the memoirs, alludes to some hints received from "A respectable quarter, that, in consequence of the attempts to withdraw him from the jurisdiction of the military tribunals, my father's end may have been precipitated by the hands of his goalers, and that, to conceal their crime, they spread the report of his voluntary death. It is certainly not my duty to exculpate them. That his end was voluntary, his determination previous to his leaving France (which was known to us), and the tenor of his last letters, incline me to believe:—(neither is it likely that Major Sandys, and his experienced satellites, would perform a murder in so bungling a way as to allow their victim to survive the attempt during eight days.) If this was the case, his death can never be considered as a suicide; it was merely the resolution of a noble mind to disappoint, by his own act, the brutal ferocity of his enemies, and to avoid the indignity of their touch."
AN EVENING IN EDEN.

Adam. Eve, sweet love, go gather us some fruit;
Pluck me the golden orange from its stalk,
And shake the mother of the honeyed plums,
Until they drop upon the emerald grass,
Their juicy bodies bursted with the fall,
Their luscious blood poured forth, till, sick'ning fast,
Parched by the ray, they die a death of sweets.

Eve. Adam, to please you is my only joy,
And that sweet joy my truest happiness;
For you and I were made for love, my Adam.
We know not sorrow yet, nor ever shall,
If we but keep our Father's mild commands.
What is this sorrow, Angels tell us of?—
We know her not, for she has never been
Within the walls of this our Paradis.

Adam. She sits upon a rock without the gate.
Strange drops, called tears, are flowing from her eyes;
And feeble sounds, named sighs, upheave her breast;
For some strange causes she is muffled round
With ample covering, to guard (they say)
Her body from a strange sensation, cold;
And likewise something else we know not of.
But go, sweet Eve, go gather us our fruit,
For evening comes, and all the inhabitants
Within these walls seek out their nightly fare.
Bring us the clustering grape, the velvet peach,
The rich pomegranate with its thorny leaf,—
All but the apple, which is not for us.
Go, and meantime I'll to the crystal fount,
Where it exults and bubbles its “good night,”
To the declining sun. Cool is that lymph,
And much refreshing, as it washes down
The lingering sweetness of the sugared fruit.
The only sweet it cannot wash away,
Is that which perfumes thy red lips, my Eve:
But theirs is honey that can never cloy.

Eve. Adam, I wish you would along with me;
Last night I gathered all within my reach,
And I fear, too, lest Satan should again
Escape the vigilance of Gabriel's eye,
And enter these our walls. Ah! see the deer—
See, how they bound and toss their horned heads—
See, all the beasts retiring to their lairs—
Slow moves the massive elephant along—
Canter the gallant steed—he wheels—he stops—
Tosses his mane and spreads a scarlet nostril.
There sits the eagle whetting his brown beak,
And at his feet the rifled pumpkin lies.
But ah! here comes my pretty favourite—
You come to be caressed and bid good night.—
Next to thee, Adam, I do love this snake.
See, with what grace he brushes the green grass,
And rears his swelling beauties—proudly displays
His golden necklace and his azure crest,
And with his forked tongue he salutes his Eve.
Adam. Eve, come away, or night will close us round, And we have still to make our evening prayer. I cannot say I like your favourite, Although his skin be silky and gold-dropp'd. I do not love that forky tongue you praise, Although it sound so silvery and sweet: Though't be the sweetest of all earthly sounds, And come the nearest to the voice of angels, Yet do I distrust it.——Serpent, good night.

Eve. Adam, you're harsh—Adieu! my pretty snake. [Exeunt.

Satan. [Under the form of the snake.] Fair clay, then have I won thy love so soon? So tender, innocent, and pure that love, It almost soothes the fiery purposes That swell my bursting brain. But they must be— Aye! let me think upon my scorching bands— My legions withering in the pits of hell— My blasted hopes—my hot ambition crushed— Whelmed, but not quenched in waves of tortuous fire, My headlong fall from heaven's sun-lit sphere, To hell in diabolic darkness wrapt. Yes! and, thus armed against Eve's smile, I'll tempt the fair one to transgress the law. [Exit.

R.

LETTER FROM LUKE PLUNKETT, ESQ.

PORT ST. MARNOCK, APRIL 3D.

MR. EDITOR,—I offer you herewith my most heartfelt acknowledgments for the very flattering notice you were pleased to take of me in a late number. I had not appeared at the time that your critique appeared, but when I did appear, it was a most memorable appearance. I fully fulfilled the promise given in your truly interesting work; namely, that my Richard would be quite as good as the Richard of Kemble, or of Kean: as good, did I say?—that is a qualified term. Let those who saw, and heard, and felt me, say honestly, whether Kean could have played the character as I played it. He, I know, prides himself upon making points; but in that point, I believe, he will readily admit my superiority. All the newspapers agreed in stating, that my conception of the character that I personated was perfectly original. Some of the little critics ventured to sneer at many of the more minute features of the performance; but I despise them. My wig was turned rather awkwardly in one scene, but is such an event out of nature? was Richard not liable to ordinary accidents? do not such things occur occasionally even at court? Again, it was hinted that I turned my back on the audience during the ghost or tent scene: now, this is a point with me—the ghosts naturally absorbed all my attention—and what had I to do with the audience; I very judiciously forgot that such persons existed. Now, Mr. Editor, this I think is sound criticism: then it was said that I was too stubborn in the fight with Richmond; that I was too tough, and gave my mock antagonist too much trouble in killing me; this, I maintain, is nature! did not Richard fight as long as he could stand; did he give his foe an easy victory? No! and why should I, as his
representative? They gave me a harmless foil, but, by the ghost of Richard, if I had a sword, I would not let Calcraft off without a gash; I truly entered into the spirit of the character; I actually identified myself for the moment with the humpy tyrant; but, as Byron says, "Somewhat too much of this." My more immediate object in writing to you is to announce, to the lovers of the drama, a project in which I am at this moment deeply engaged. Your widely spread publication shall make it known to the whole world: by the way, a literary friend of mine at Rangoon speaks highly of your work. I had also a letter, a few days ago, from a poet at Timbuctoo, complaining of some irregularity in the delivery of the magazine; he says, all the knowing ones there are loud in your praise. I know that in America your circulation is immense, but the pirates will destroy your chance of profit. Well, sir, as to my project, it is simply this—I have been anxious for the revival of those fine old pieces called mysteries; a species of dramatic entertainment that was once highly popular with our ancestors. I have converted the great old hall at Port Saint Marnock into a temporary theatre, and a mystery I will have. My highly distinguished literary friend, the Rev. Dr. T. Gregory, has promised his assistance; he has made considerable progress in the work; the piece, like the old mysteries, is of a religious cast, consisting of pantomime and occasional recitation; the characters partly historical and allegorical; the incidents are mingled, some ancient and some modern: the title of this singular drama is—

THE SECOND REFORMATION.

At the opening you behold, in the foreground, an immense pile of touchwood, or rather bogwood, scattered in a confused way; the different sticks appearing to wrangle with each other—this represents Ireland.

Enter, 1st. A large round-shouldered personage, with a powdered wig and stuff gown, bearing in his hand a paper, headed "Hereditary Bondsmen;" he stands before the pile—pronounces certain awful words, then removes the greater part of the bogwood to a certain point—adjusts it for ignition, and retires; as he goes out, you behold a paper on his back, marked, "O'Connell."

Enter, 2d. An old man, wigged also, wearing a splendid robe, ornamented with ermine; a woolpack and a seal borne before him; he approaches the pile—he mutters some words—he invokes the living and the dead—he names York and Butterworth, and Wilkes and Peel—he draws from beneath the long lugs of his wig, a variety of combustibles—he throws them amidst the bogwood—draws the two unequal portions still further asunder—and then, pausing, exclaims, "I doubt." He retires: on his back is written, "Eldon."

Enter, 3rd. A demure-looking personage, with sleek locks and downcast eyes; a small "association" Bible under each arm; his pockets stuffed with pious tracts—he moves up to the heap; and, after placing his foot upon a projecting part, and crushing it thoroughly—he draws from his bosom a few phials, labelled, "Sanctification, Illumination, and Regeneration;" he pours out from each a quantity of inflammable oily-looking liquids; on retiring,
he gives the wood a kick that throws it into utter confusion—his label is marked, "Roden."

*Enter 4th.* A person on horseback, encased in leather from the heels to the hips—a double-barrelled gun under his arm—the thirty-nine articles peeping out of one pocket, and a bottle of Sneyd's 1811 projecting from the other—a roll of orange manifestos strapped behind him—approaching the pile, he shakes some gunpowder on it—sings out tallyho, and rides clean over it: he is labelled, "Lees."

*Enter, 5th.* A plump, rosy-gilled, self-complacent-looking little personage, wearing a shovel-hat; his head and shoulders bearing an inch-thick of powder—a bundle of charges under his arm—a set of conversion sermons peeping from his pocket—a train of dependent parsons bearing torches, following him at a quick pace—he stands before the pile, proclaims, in a solemn tone, that the "Second Reformation" has commenced—his followers, with a loud yell, apply the torches to the wood; and, in the explosion that follows, the entire of the party are scattered or lost sight of.

Now, Mr. Editor, you will, I think, allow Doctor Gregory and me some credit for our arrangement of this portion of the drama: what follows is not less interesting.—A number of odd-looking characters cross the stage—several well-known modern reformers stand together in a cluster—one among them bearing a placard, "WANTED, cooks, coachmen, gardeners, grooms, and gate-keepers, footmen, and followers; they must be Protestants:—a preference will be given to Papists who choose to conform.—Apply to Archbishop Magee, at the Palace." Next appears a train of old servants recently discharged, bearing their little trunks or bundles under their arms; one among them singing, in the street style, a ditty or lamentation, as he calls it:

*Come, all ye pious Catholics, I pray ye will draw near,*
*And our grievous lamentation ye quickly will hear;*
*It's consarning our religion, for which we're turned out,*
*Like beggars and like bagabones to rove the world about,*
*A curse upon the swaddlers, who work'd all underhand,*
*To kick up this confusion and this ruction through the land;*
*A curse on the courters, and all the orange crew,*
*Who sed that honest Romans for servants wouldn't do.*

*After these come some allegorical characters,—Knavery, Starvation, and Hypocrisy.* Knavery appears as a sharp shrewd-looking country fellow, newly clad, but carrying a bundle of tattered old clothes in one hand. *(He speaks.)*

*Changed I am in faith and plight,*
*In outward garb and inward light;*
*Who these ugly rags would wear?*
*Who with penances could bear?*
*Who would throw five pounds away?*
*Who would miss the weekly pay?*
*Not I, for one;—but let it pass,—*
*He that bought me is an ass.*
*When my bribe is spent and gone,*
*When these clothes no more are new,*
*When my weekly pay hath ceased,*
*With the parsons I have done.*
Starvation approaches in the shape of a gaunt-looking operative, operating greedily upon a half-picked bone. (He speaks.)

For three long nights and days I fasted,
So long my faith and virtue lasted;
But inward pangs assail’d me,
And strength and hope both fail’d me.
’Twas in this dreary trying hour,
That Farnham’s preaching just had power;
’Twas then his bread and juicy beef
Shone forth, of arguments the chief.
To these I turned, and look’d alone,
And to his greens and greasy bacon,—
They reason’d in a winning tone,
That might not be mistaken.
I go; but hear it, hear it all,
Ye learned, ye saintly, great and small,
Give up your useless preaching,
Your writing, and your teaching.
’Tis ghastly grim starvation,
That now, throughout the nation,
Promotes the Second Reformation. (Exit.)

Hypocrisy then appears, wearing a mitre and lawn sleeves.
Doctor Gregory has not as yet written out the speech assigned to this character; but he says it runs to the following effect:—

Joe Hume assails us, Newport grows aloud,
And sharp-ton’d King, with logic close and keen,
Turns to that bench, where congregrated thick
The mitred lords appear—grim Cobbett writes,
And the foil’d Papists join the general cry;
The church (I mean its wealth) appears in danger;
We must be stirring; we must show our friends
That we are not quite useless; not a load—
A big black incubus, supremely seated
Upon the o’erburdened bosom of the nation.
We’ll raise a noise, at least, about conversion;
A rout about the wonders we have wrought;
A bustle that may dupe the credulous Briton,
And lead him, in his easy mood, to wink
Still longer at our worthlessness.

There are some minor details, which I am not able as yet to give you; some minor “parts,” that are only partly cast; for instance, the representative of Sin is the beautiful Counsellor Scriven. The Chancellor appears as Plenty, and Archbishop Magee as Humility;—Sir Harcourt Lees, as Nimrod;—old Admiral Oliver, as Noah;—Lord Lorton, as Solomon;—and the pious advocate of bloodshed, Lord Roden, as Joshua;—these characters belong, as you will perceive, to a scriptural altarpiece, intended to accompany the principal entertainment. My own part is not yet fixed on; but I will be alternately an angel, Belzebub, Bruce, with the address, Richard, and Rolla; these last are my favourite characters. Doctor Gregory is to be an angel, and Davy M’Cleary is to appear clad in fig-leaves.—
The Grave of the Rebel.

Altogether, I think the exhibition will prove one of the most remarkable events that has occurred in our time. The people of the press are pressing for tickets,—shall I send you over one or two?

Long Sutter has this moment applied to me for permission to enact the Brazen Serpent. Tom Ellis, or Nugent, is to appear as the Golden Calf. Come over, my dear fellow, come! I won't promise you Sneyd's 1811, but you must get lots of Jameson's 1823.

Believe me, my dear Editor,

Your admiring and grateful friend,


THE GRAVE OF THE REBEL.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

"Oh! breathe not his name!"

MARK the plain grave! 'tis hallow'd by a name
That power hath idly sought to link with shame.
Reckless of ill—unaw'd by selfish fear,
Boldly I bless the glorious clay that's here,
Sure that the pure and good shall sympathise
With him who mourns where martyr'd virtue lies.

Is it the nickname bandied round the land,
The felon's death dealt by the ruffian's hand,—
Is it the cry of "treason" still renew'd—
The bugbear of the brainless multitude—
Is it the doom decreed by tyrant laws,
That dams the patriot and defiles his cause?
Nay! slaves, to craft and cruelty allied,
Taking their own base feelings for a guide,
To the frail frames their tortures may apply,
Or spread, when life hath pass'd, the blasting lie;
Still, still, the character this altereth not:
Be praise or blame—be weal or woe his lot,
Truth in her hour asserts her sacred claim,
And Virtue stands in every change the same.

Let not the hangman's hand—the headsman's blow,
Sink him whose dust is gather'd now below;
Let not the horrors of one drunken strife
Mar all the moral beauty of his life:
Let pitying zeal his name from censure save,
And truth be heard in whispers o'er his grave.
What were his crimes?—Come, let his slanderers tell:
The first—he lov'd his native land too well;
The next—the darkest, blackest, let us see—
He long'd—he hop'd—he tried to make her free.
He fail'd—his life was as the forfeit paid,
But still the proud experiment was made;
His worth the same—his glory not the less,
Save that it lack'd the sanction of success!
TALES OF THE SOUTH.—NO. II.
O'DONOGHUE.—A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

"Of all the smooth lakes where daylight leaves
His lingering smiles on golden eyes,
Fair lake, fair lake, thou art dear to me;
For, when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee!"—MOORE.

"What shall be the selection for to-night?" was the interrogatory of Dennis O'Fogerty, as the mountain-dew streamed in animating plenty on the board. A joyous group of young and blithe associates was seated at his table: gladness and pleasure were beaming in their countenances, whilst wit and vivacity sparkled high amongst them. The branched chandeliers of massive silver shed a steady light on the antique walls of the room; and the old-fashioned mahogany tables, that were ranged on one side in a line of frightful order, lost the heavy stateliness of their appearance. The one or two attempts at landscape that were suspended over the mantelpiece, assumed a brighter colouring; and the crimson curtains that hung at the windows took a less dingy hue in the eyes of the guests. O'Fogerty was hospitable and generous, and his liberality in producing the stores of an old and well-stocked cellar, added to his peculiar knack of telling a story, made an invitation to dine at Castle-Lough always acceptable. His researches were now turned towards Irish tradition; and, seeking to promote the entertainment of his guests, amongst whom I formed one, he commenced much in the following style, in which I, Mr. Editor, attempt to hand him down to posterity, through the medium of your invaluable pages:

"It was a delightful evening in July; the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and left a violet face of indescribable loveliness, to reflect its beauties on the bosom of Lough Lane. The soft echoes of the bugle, sounding fainter and fainter on the distant scene, and the audible splash of the oar, as it disturbed the still and pellucid expanse of sea-blue water, came with the most soothing music on my ear; and, as I sauntered by the undulating shore, admiring the softness of the lake, I became enwrapped in an ecstasy of fancy, when Doherty, one of our oldest boatmen, aroused me, by the query—

"Arrah! masthur; do you believe all about O'Donoghue, and the rest of the folks?"

"Why do you ask that question?" said I.

"Because 'twas sich a night, for all the world, as this," he replied, "when we were rowing the old mistress, God be good to her soul, from a racket they had at Dinis; and many's the pleasant day we had wid her for all, barring that she was somewhat high in herself; when, wid my own two looken eyes, I saw O'Donoghue himself, riding his coppel bawn*. At first I wouldn't believe my sines, till I showed him to Jerry Sullivan; and, sure enough, there he was."

* White horse.
I made no further observation to Doherty; but, moving towards the house, I appealed to my infallible chronicler, "Old Nelly," who gave me the subsequent story.

"In the old times, God be wid them, before the bloody Satenach had conquered the Milesian, or the invader had stepped upon our beautiful coast, lived O'Donoghue,—a brave and mighty prince, in these parts. He was as fine and as portly a man as a body could see in a day's walk; and 'twould do one's heart good to see him handle a hurlidy and play at goal. The best in the parish were ever and always bate when he took the whim of stripping off and haven a turn at 'em. Shure, to see him leap and run, and hunt and course, and swim, as I'mould, there was no man, at all at all, could come neer him; so that 'twas given up to him to be the finest and bravest bowel that God ever created. Ross Castle belonged to him, and, of course, all the estates about; and rat the betther masther ever hard a poor man's complaint. He was no ways hard on the poor people; and, if they couldn't pay, he wouldn't be dhiving and canting all the bastes they had in the world, the very minit the gale came due; but the blessings of every cabin were always praying for every look (luck) for him and his."

"Besides all this, he knew a power that no person ever else guessed of; he was larned in every sort of books; an', in short, there was notten but he could do. But, the sign of the cross between us and harm, he sould himself, as they say, to the ould boy; and, by his manes, he was able to change himself into any shape or form that he plased. To be sure, 'twas a great gift; but it ill became so fine a gentleman to think so little of his soul: and, 'what availeth the whole world, if we loose our soul,' as Father Reardon used to say, poor man! As I say, he sould himself to ould Nick, cross o' Christ betwixt us an' him; but the bargen was, that if a woman should screech while he was in the enchantment, he should give himself up to him; and well you may be shure, that, for a long time, O'Donoghue took very good care that there was no woman by whenever he diverted his friends by changing his appearance into whatever shape they'd be after calling for. However, his fame went about increasing wonderfully; and he was the talk of every place, while there was not a spalpeen in the whole county that did not wondier at all he used for to do. He was gone on this way, as you may say, for some years, liven in fine style, an' haven the lade among all the princes round about, when, at last, it happened that his wife,—an' 'twas she that was as fair an' as nate a colleen as any other in the whole world—says to him, 'O'Donoghue, avournee! why don't you ever show me any of your meracles that there's such talks about? Sure I could do no harm, at all; an' one could think that you'd gratify your own wife before any other stranger,' says she. An' she went

* What a painful reflection is it, to be obliged to think that the generality of Irish landlords are directly opposed, in their conduct, to this picture of O'Donoghue. With little feeling for their unhappy serfs, they are contented if they can wring the hard-earned produce of the sweat of their brow from an oppressed, though noble and generous-hearted peasantry; and a sensation of interest for their welfare seldom enters their gripping souls. But yet it is satisfactory to add that there are exceptions to be found, particularly among the Catholic gentry, who, from an identity of political wrongs, feel more acutely for their suffering fellow subjects.
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on pressing him ather sich a manner, that he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse her yellow locks an' her large light eyes, any thing, at all, that she'd be ather axing.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'Aileen, dear, you mustn't open your mouth, nor say a single word, whatever becomes of me,' says he; 'or, if you do, all is lost?' An' so she promised to be very quiet, an' to be frightened no ways at all, an' to do whatever he told her. Then ply, as well became him, O'Donoghue made himself into an elegant stag, an' kept leaping an' running about the court for a time, delighting all that was looken on; when he grew tired of that, he became the most beautiful fish that ever you saw, and no one knew how or what way he changed himself; an', making a sort of a kind of a pool on the tip top of the castle, he began swimming there; an' the castle began to go round, round, an' topsy turvy, like a whirligig. When his lady say the danger, she got quite beside herself; an', forgetting all his commands, she gave a terrible screech, through the meer fright of her. An' shure enough for 'em, a sore screech 'twas for her; for the ould fellow, without another word, took a leap into the lake, an' was never seen alive from that day to this."

Thus concluded the old nurse's story; and the currency of its belief among our southern peasantry is as general as such incidents usually are. The immediate conclusion of the fatal leap has more romance about it than even the incredibility of this strange compact may claim; and its prevalent credit in the breasts of our more ignorant countrymen is indisputably strong.

The dismay that closed this unfortunate exhibition was, I presume, quite as much as we invariably find the grief of mortals to be. They lamented the catastrophe for a day, the widow was inconsolable for a month, and then O'Donoghue would, in all likelihood, have been forgotten, if he had not still retained some of his former capacities. As he sprung from the castle wall, the gulf beneath extended its bottomless chasm, and, giving one plunge into its dark and Stygian depth, the waters curled for an instant, and, then closing over him, flowed on in their trackless current. A year elapsed, and the lady of the castle was standing at an oriel window, that looked upon the lake, when she was surprised by the apparition of her husband, mounted on a gallant steed, of matchless whiteness, arrayed in all the glitter of fairy magnificence, and lightly bounding over the billow. The report of what she had seen was spread abroad, and the story has been transmitted to our times with traditionary fidelity.

When the revolve of seven years brings round the magic period, the snow-white steed, with its wild mane floating on the waters, is regularly seen bearing its princely lord, like the heathen Amphitrite, with her attendant Nereids, over the rolling wave, to enjoy a breath of sunshine, and bask for awhile in the revel of mountain fragrance. It must be a glorious scene, on a soft and luxurious evening, when the still winds feathly tread upon the glassy bosom of the lake, and when its variegated shores are coloured with a diversity of hues that harmonize in the most splendid beauty,—when soul and life are trembling into delicious slumber, and nothing but love and loveliness

* There are fifty other versions of this celebrated metamorphosis; but I prefer the one in the text.

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awake—to see the fairy monarch arise from his ocean-palace, and majestically sport on the surface of this "miniature sea." When the waves are sleeping calmly, as I have often seen them, and the aerial choir are hymning their vesper song, it must be exquisitely romantic to see his gorgeous train appear on the surge of that enchanting lake, and musically glide above its coral caves!

Story preserves the recollection of some who had the good fortune to visit his briny mansion. "The winds so directed," say they, "as that their boat should be overthrown, and they should go to the bottom; where, instead of finding an unnoticed grave, they were introduced to all the splendours of fairy land. They were conducted through buildings of the most perfect architecture; grandeur and magnificence every where met their view; the prince himself was adorned with imperial glory, and, among the shadowy inhabitants that fluttered round the mortal visitors, they recognized many of their former acquaintances, who had been suddenly snatched away in the prime of strength." The descriptions which some have given of these Edens beneath the wave, have been so highly wrought, as to induce many to ask admittance to their secret precincts. "There," would Doherty say, "you have hurdling and fasting (feasting), and all sorts of diversion, without any one to contradict you, or any one to hinder a parson from enjoying himself: while you may walk in an' out without saying by your lave, or God save ye; and all are as pleasant as possible."

The bright illusion of O'Donoghue's apparition seemed so lovely a fiction as to command the affections of a young and interesting female, who lived on the margin of Lough Lane. She was as beautiful, as innocent, and as romantic, as Erin's matchless daughters generally are. The winning smile that played on her roseate lips, the long and exquisitely pencilled lashes that fringed her soul-thrilling eyes, and her dark and luxurious tresses flowing down the fairest neck,—threw over the features of youth and virtue an indefinable charm; such as we may feel, but not describe,—

"What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!"

This enthusiastic young creature, madden'd by the pictures in which the fairy sovereign had been represented to her animated imagination, became the victim of a most violent passion for a shadow; and, hurried onwards by the vehemence of her kindled feelings, she precipitated herself into the lake, expecting to join her "immortal lover." A painful delusion, where one so celestial should sacrifice herself to an unsubstantial phantasy, and rob society of a charming and exquisite member.

"There are few of our legends with which I am so intensely pleased," continued O'Doherty, "as with this of O'Donoghue: when strolling by our lake, I can always fancy that I descry the prince on the sweltering bellow; and when fable presents its fictions in a garb so familiar, and at a time when we ourselves are actors, we always experience additional interest in lending an ear to its whisperings."

D. S. L.
BURIAL OF WILLIAM I.

"The mass had been performed, the corpse was placed on a bier, and the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric of the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, 'He whom you have praised was a robber! This very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and, in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it.'"—Lingard, vol. I. p. 449. 4to edition.

The shades of slumbering light,
In radiant glory, tinge
The starry throne of night—
With their enamelled fringe!

The sunny meteor sleeps
Upon the moon-touched wave,
Which maddening sorrow sweeps
Athwart each coral cave.—

Go, watch yon bannered train,
Whose sable plumes appear,—
Their cheeks seem blanched with pain,
Their eyelash hides a tear.

In dark and grim array,
The crested barons move:
Their warrior feathers stray,
Like zephyrs through a grove.

Their glittering casques of steel
Are nodding on their brow;
And lance, and spear, and mail,
Are proudly beaming now.

Down, down the vaulted aisle,
A gloomy band, they turn;
Nor hope, nor joy, nor smile,
Upon their features burn.

The hooded monks upraise
The tone of choral prayer;
The organ's notes of praise
Are heard in echo there.

A royal corpse they bear:
Upon their gauntlet arms;
And round the royal bier,
The soul of mourning warms.

They lay him in his shroud,
They bend them o'er the sod;
A wailing deep and loud
Disturbs the still abode—

When lo!—a form appears,
And bids them cease their deed;
The blighted ire of years
Upon his lip they read.
"Oh! take the tyrant hence,  
Pollute not here the soil:  
In pride's omnipotence,  
He made this land his spoil.

"Begone! nor let him stay;  
His ashes shall not rest.  
Begone! away! away!  
No peace for his bequest!

"Enshrined in beds of gore,  
He rent our smiling hearth;  
And all we loved before  
He banished from our earth."

They laid the monarch down,  
They dashed the tear away,  
And, with a darkening frown,  
Consigned him to the clay.

Osc—l.

D. S. L.

DENIS MURPHY'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.—SECOND LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."—Horace, Epist. I. Lib. I.  
(I just go as the maggot bites.)

I should not wonder if some of your readers were tempted to ask, what the devil had the criticisms on Shakspeare, Kean, and Warde, which occupied so much of the conclusion of my last letter, to do with my "Journey to, and Observations in, London," or, at least, how I contrived to drag them into that part of my story? Indeed, were the question put plump to myself, at this present writing, I'd be rather nonplus'd for a reply; yet I am sure, at the time I introduced them, I could have easily pointed out the connecting link, which would prove the introduction not at all mal-a-propos. Nay, even now, were I to read over the letter, I could at once trace the associations; but you know, my dear editor, how tiresome such repetition must be, to one overflowing with such rare conceits and novel fancies as I. You are aware how difficult it is to induce me even to look over a proof, when the unintelligibility of the manuscript (a fault common to me with all other great geniuses), the peculiarity of the style, or the piquancy of the thought, renders my own correction desirable.

To meet any objection, or impertinent query, like that which I have supposed above, I have chosen the motto from Horace: and here I must enter into a compact with your readers—viz. that they are at full liberty to read only such parts as they please of my entertaining epistles, whilst I, on my part, reserve to myself the unrestrained privilege of writing what I shall think proper. Now, let me not be misunderstood: the liberty which I here mean, is not like that liberty of conscience, which, under the insulting name of toleration, is granted by English law-makers to Irish Papists, and which merely says, "you are at liberty to enjoy full freedom of conscience, with
the exception, that, if you exercise such liberty in one way, you shall be excluded from certain privileges that are enjoyed by all other classes of his majesty's subjects." This may be illustrated by papa's giving master Johnny leave to roll his hoop through any part of the Park he chooses, save that, if he go in the Bird-cage-walk, he won't get his bread and butter:—nay, worse, for if master Johnny was in the bird-cage-walk, and swears he was not, the bread and butter won't be stopped. We may go even further, and say, even though papa find him in the——Lord, sir, what do you mean? Upon my honour, Mr. Murphy, if you go on at this rate, I shall have no patience with you. Having never been in the metropolis, I took up your letter to learn something about it, and I find you'll tell me every thing but what I want to know. Your first epistle, occupying six or seven pages, left you still at sea, talking about Shakspeare, and I don't know what not; and here you are now going on with a long rigmarole of liberty of conscience, and master Johnny and his hoop, just a few moments after apologising for your former incoherence. Really, this is beyond enduring.

My dear madam, you totally misconceive me. What you call an apology, I call an explanation: besides, you forget the agreement we just entered into—I am to write what I please, and you are to read what you please. Give me leave to add, madam, that what you call incoherence is more intimately connected than you wot of. I am too much of an Irishman, ma'am, to animadvert upon the abrupt manner in which you snapped me up. I shall go on with my own story, madam, in my own way; and if it grow tiresome to you (there being people of such vitiated tastes, as to leave the most delicate cates "to prey on garbage"), you may lay it by at your pleasure.

My dear Mr. Murphy, I did not mean you the slightest offence in the world. You must make some allowance for the impatience of our sex, where their curiosity is so highly excited; and nobody possesses that power in so great a degree as you. There is such a charm in your style, that I could follow you through the currency or corn questions; and, to tell you the truth, there was more of coquetry and pouting in the interruption, than any real tedium of your fascinating and whimsical waywardness.

Do you say so, my darling? Well, 'tis easy to mollify me: "give me my own way," as Denis, my namesake in the play, says, "and I'm as aisy as an old glove, but bite my nose off with pepper, and I'll have at you with mustard." So, now that "you've found the way to mould and cast me at your will,"—by the by, the poet should have written, "to melt and cast me at your will," for when the mettle is fused, 'tis then cast; whereas, in the present instance, moulding and casting are—but I am getting on my critical hobby again—See what a compliment I pay you, my dear—I dismount from my favourite courser, just as he was getting into a high canter, and break through an essay on the spirit of laws, that would do credit to Montesquieu himself, to go on, at your desire, with my journey to, and observations in, London.

Where did I stop in my last?—Aye, I was watching for sunset, but in vain. The same cursed vapour that curtained his ascent, shrouded his decline; and thus, after having been two days at sea, I missed this favourite theme of the poet and the novelist. It did
not lessen my chagrin, to find, on going below, that I missed some-
what more substantial—my dinner. The salmon had vanished—

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left scarce a wreck behind;"

so, as I could not break the fast, it being Friday, and I being Denis
Murphy, and feeling equally disinclined to eat "of the camelion's
dish"—"you cannot feed Murphys so"—I sucked the fish-bones, and
filled up the "hiatus (ventris) maxime deflendus," with cheese, bread,
butter, and such other garbage. I always thought there was a dispen-
sation for travellers, especially by sea: but a damn'd good-natured
conscientious monk, of my acquaintance, who happened to be a
fellow voyager, was officiously kind enough to set me right in that
respect. I hope this story will be a warning to my countrymen
against their star-gazing propensities. I was greatly pleased with the
entrance to Bristol. There is a petit boldness, or a bold pettiness,
(I can't decide which) in the bare, and broken, and (from the narrow-
ness of the passage) gigantic rocks, whose wild, abrupt, picturesque,
and many-hued forms, tower above the little sluggish muddy stream
that creeps between them. The scene is calculated to give you a
miniature notion of that mixture of mind and matter—that linking of
substance with thought, and gathering food from the one for the in-
dulgence of the other—that morbid intensity of abstract passionate
speculation, which fastens its imaginings on every object around it,
and gives even to inanimate matter the shape and colourings of its
own distemper—that yearning of like after like, that assumes such
arbitrary comparison, as in the following passionate burst of Byron:

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate—whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more—though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
Itsself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years—all winters—war within themselves to wage."

Coming up the river, we were boarded by the officer. My bottle
and half of native, the remnant of my store, I removed from my trunk,
and concealed behind the curtains; but the precaution was needless;
he marked my trunks without examination. Oh, how I chided the
pusillanimity that prevented my freighting an entire trunk with the
precious beverage. We passed but a couple of hours in Bristol (no
very inviting town), when the coach (the company's coach, the
pleasantest to travel in, being free from the importunities of guards,
coachmen, and waiters), was ready to start. The evening was cold
and uninviting: a thin but chilling mist, accompanied by a high wind,
portended a disagreeable night; nor did the prophet of ill deceive us.
There was no room inside, and the weather became worse and worse
as we proceeded. On our arrival at Bath, it brightened a little, as if
merely to tempt us on—the cessation being very short-lived. The
road from Bath to Marlbro' was exceedingly bad, and required the
assistance of additional horses at various parts; but the skill of the
driver, and the excellence of the cattle, precluded any idea of danger.
We tasted the Kenneth ale on the way through, and I must acknowledge it deserves its character—the only thing for which I can say so much, since my arrival in the sister kingdom. When we arrived at the Castle Inn, Marlbro', I found the rain had settled in the seat of the coach, and wetted me through all my clothes. Still no inside place; so, as there was an excellent supper, and feeling myself totally chilled, I determined to remain for the night. Whilst my fellow travellers regaled, I contrived to get dry, and then sat to supper at my leisure; drank some whiskey punch, had an excellent bed, and slept as soft as an albatross reposing on his couch of clouds.

It is worth while observing, how eagerly they take every opportunity of doing you here. In the morning I had the whole posse, chambermaids, waiters, porters, boots, &c. &c., surrounding me for their fees. Boots, of course, I paid, but told the others that, coming by the company's coach, I considered myself free from these exactions. It would not do. The company had nothing further to do with me when the coach passed away, and I was obliged to come down with the blunt. The weather being still tempestuous, and no inside seat to be had, I got no further than Reading that evening, where I amused myself filling up my note-book. The following extract will inform you of the nature of my reflections.

Reading, Sunday, March 4th.

Regularity—yes, there's regularity with a vengeance—regular swindling, regular overcharging, regular robbery.—They've given me five regular bad shillings.—Nature herself seems regular.—The very shrubs and trees, even when unclipp'd, assume a stiff and puritanical appearance. Why, once on the road, when I saw a piece of unpruned ragged hawthorn hedge, my very heart yearned towards it. There was "home, and the things we love at home," in the wild, rude, unrepressed, and wayward, but natural luxuriance of its branching. As a hedge, it might have been more impervious and useful, if clipped:—but, as a piece of hawthorn, just budding into bloom, and about to give its balmy breath to every passing gale, and rear its simple blossoms in fantastic and beautiful variety—as a hawthorn, it was fifty thousand times more attractive.

They clip every thing here but their bills; their words are clipped into less than half their natural length—their manners are clipped into a cold and dull uniformity—their dinners are clipped into snacks, and their breakfasts into collations. Fancy is clipped of her wings, conversation of its freedom, society of its pleasures, and love of its romance. Nothing is free or natural—all is cold, formal, and prudent. Woman, too—that dear, delightful syren, who, prodigal of her witcheries, tries a thousand charms, when one would win us,—looks here only like the wife of a methodist preacher. True, it is otherwise with the barmaids, yet even they but play off for the half-crown they expect from you.

And yet I'm told that, beneath all this apparent coldness, lurk warm and luxuriant fancies—Well! I give me the land where they evaporate in—

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles—"

where virtue consists, not in concealing, but in not committing—where
playfulness and good humour are the fruits begot by virtue upon innocence.

It was about five o'clock on Sunday evening, when we got into Reading; and, though the town itself is pretty, the gloom which the ascetic disposition of the people here throws round the sabbath communicated itself to me. There were few or no people in the streets, and the stragglers who did appear, in their way to the canting conventicles, looked more like wretches going to be immured in a dungeon, than like beings proceeding to return thanks to their creator, for the blessings of existence, health, and competence. The starving millions of Ireland, with whom existence and misery are synonyms, look far happier than these. Strange, that the sabbath, which in other countries is a day of innocent mirth and sober enjoyment, seems here a day of gloom and mourning.

I did not know how to kill that omnicide, Time, though, when it comes to his turn, he wont want for the means to account with me. I had one good weapon for the purpose, the bottle, but, as that's of no use without a companion, I tried books—in vain—Moore had no wit, Byron no power, Junius no sting. Even my own fancy (wouldst believe it, my dear Editor), my own rich, luxuriant, sunny, spring-like fancy, lost its brilliancy—aye,

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

The sullen gloom of an English sabbath appeared to have wrapped existence in its saddening folds. The very lights looked in mourning, and the fire, though good, seemed as if it burned constrainedly. This, you know, my dear fellow, would never do for me. You are aware that my disposition "no cold medium knows;" so I sought to relieve myself from this half state by plunging deep into the "cimmerian gloom" of the first conventicle I met. Still disappointed—the Macbriar was only half mad. I tried the church, but the "steeple preacher," as Kettle-drums would say, being but half stupid, I returned to my inn, cursing Dame Fortune heartily, in that passage from Hamlet, which Shakspeare describes as "caviare to the general" —to wit—

"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune.—Oh, ye gods!  
Break all the spoks and fellices of her wheels,  
And roll the huge nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends."

Little did I think, at the time, how unjustly I accused her. So true is the observation of the poet—

"That, treading Fortune's path, what seems the shade  
Doth often prove the sunshine."

Whilst I was regretting the want of a frenzied preacher, or totally stupified parson, she was busy in procuring me a boon-companion, and such a one—a worthy Worcestershire man, who had never tasted the native, but, having once imbibed it, swore he would retain an affection towards it for the rest of his life: thus proving the truth or falsehood (according as you translate the italicised word) of that maxim of Horace, "Quo semel est imbuta recens," &c.—translated for cockneys—"Which way the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."
This honest fellow, though accustomed to beer, as we say, ab ovo, from the shell, assured me he would never mention the heavy wet again, save in contempt. I found him, when I came into the parlour, looking as melancholy as midnight; and he seemed as if he breathed a very atmosphere of blue devils. Not wishing to begin the conversation, as the people here appear desirous of repelling any advances, I remained for a few minutes quite silent. My companion seemed anxious, yet afraid, to say something, till, at length, bursting the bonds of silence, he asked, in accents between hope and despair, whether I would take a bottle of wine or a glass of brandy and water with him. I declined; but said, if he would allow me to entertain him, I would treat him to a liquor superior to either. He accepted the offer—the whiskey was produced, and the first libation seemed to—

"Take his imprisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium."

The novelty of the beverage (to my guest) gave us a subject for conversation, upon which I descanted with my usual eloquence. The theme was inspiring. I dwelt upon its medicinal qualities, its moral influence—compared it to a soul in purgatory purified by fire—dwelt upon its social virtues—its use as a source of inspiration to the poet or the orator—how well it fortified the stomach against the rawness of the morning air—proved how cooling, mixed with cold water, in the fervour of the mid-day sun, and at even, "dewy eve," as the poet says—but here I must draw a veil over the picture. Though eloquent before this neophyte, there's no necessity, my dear Editor, to harrow up my feelings by recalling vanished and deeply lamented delights—those nights of classic revelry where—

"Whilst, as we laugh'd and quaff'd together,
We learnt the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turned the leaf with folly's feather."

You, my dear Editor (though you will not pretend to vie in knowledge with me), know something of this; and your heart will prompt sufficient reason for my silence.

Last, though not least, I urged the cheapness of the liquor, showing how a jovial party might regale themselves for a few shillings: and, when "banged fou' o'knowledge," as poor Bob Burns has it, reel home as wise as Solomon, whom I shall ever respect for that comfortable text in the 5th chap. 1st ver. of the Canticle of Canticles, "Oh, friends, drink,—yea, drink abundantly, O, beloved." Having concluded my oration, of which I must send you a copy one of these days, we fell heartily to discuss the subject of it, and, after promising to send my Worcestershire friend every intelligence as to the easiest mode of importing the native—which, by the by, I must do immediately, having forgotten it up to this moment—we grew so warm over our bottle-controversy, that, as Murtogh says in the farce, "I sent him to bed dead drunk with the praises of Ireland."

I was routed in the morning at four, to pursue my journey; and, being induced by the wetness of the weather to secure an inside seat the evening before, judge my mortification to find the sky giving promise of one of the most beautiful days that ever came out of the
heavens. I offered to exchange with some of the outside passengers, but, even though there were females above, none of them would agree. As we proceeded, I found I had lost a charming treat. The country, though not naturally beautiful, wanting the variety of hill and dale, is still very charming, having all the advantages that art and taste and industry could bestow upon it. It was tantalizing to see, for an instant, tower and tree and gentle knoll and opening glade, stealing out of the darkness, as some turn on the road opened them up to my view from the window, and then to catch a momentary glimpse of the sun's gorgeous coming, and lose it again just as the growing splendour was about to flood the whole eastern horizon with its sea of glory. It was even worse to hear the bursts of admiration from the travellers without at the prospects from which my milk-sop tenderness excluded me. "There's Sion House, the Duke of Northumberland's palace, there's Windsor, there's the Castle," &c. &c., rung in my ears every five minutes, and set me stretching half way out of the coach window; but nothing greeted my eager looks, save thick hedges and high wooden palisadings. It surprised me to see how prodigal of timber they are here. Nothing greeted my eye, did I say? It was a mistake. Almost every flat wall, palisade, or other even surface, was filled with directions and addresses; every letter almost three feet high. Amongst these, the principal were Hunt's Matchless, No. something; Dr. Eady, Church Street, Soho; Warren's Blacking, 30, Strand; and, where these did not fill up the interval, the space was occupied by directions, not to write on these premises, committing, in their efforts, the very nuisance (if so they deem it) they intended to avoid. My companions in the coach were, an old man in a night-cap, who slept through his journey; another, who contrived to shut the door of conversation in my face by getting through three newspapers, and then commencing with Cobbett; and a third, doing—nothing at all. He seemed too idle even to answer a question, and, as he drawled out the single monosyllable with which he replied to my observations, I thought Thomson's Castle of Indolence would better suit his genius than the metropolis of Great Britain. Thus circumstanced, I pulled out a pocket volume of Horace, but the motion of the vehicle, together with the temptation of occasional glimpses at the scenery, where a hedge was low, or a palisade broken, or a bridge crossed our path, distracted my attention; so I was obliged to give up the study of the odes, for that of Hunt's, Warren's, and Dr. Eady's works."

In a first visit to London (at least in my first visit), my thoughts involuntarily reverted to those fascinating productions, ye'lept novels, in which the "Modern Babylon" cuts so conspicuous a figure; and Picadilly, Pall Mall, the Strand, Ludgate Hill, &c. &c., were as familiar as "household words." I thought of Amanda; tried to recollect through what streets Thaddeus of Warsaw passed as he proceeded to his tuitions; determined to read the work again, that I may find out and visit the old lady with whom he and the general lodged, to thank her for her kindness to expatriated patriots. In the midst of my agitations, I was set down at Cooper's Hotel, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, and then first felt what it is to be alone in this populous wilderness—
“Amid the shock, the din, the hum of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,—
To roam along, the world’s tired denizen,
With none to bless me, none whom I could bless.”

To get rid of this troublesome sensation was my first resolve; so, having spent some time at the toilet, I sallied forth to deliver letters of introduction, execute commissions, try to find out old friends, and make new ones. As I piqued myself upon the development of my organs of locality, it was not without some chagrin that I contrived to go some two or three miles astray in less than half an hour, as I traced the veins of “the Wen.” The immensity of this metropolis is incredible—I was at first terrified to trust myself in its countless labyrinths, for which invention cannot even furnish names, one being obliged to suffice for many streets, the only distinction being the vicinity of some place, square, or noted public building. Though “our question” was discussed the very night of my arrival, I would not venture to hear it, but was obliged to “take mine ease in my inn,” as Falstaff has it, for want of other occupation. Every day, new piles of brick and mortar are being superadded, and the little towns about are in momentary expectation of falling into the out-stretching arms of the great city; but one or two fields now remain between Deptford and its all-grasping embraces.

I had taken charge of so many letters—or, to speak more truly, so many were thrust upon me at my departure from ———, and having so mingled them with my letters of introduction, as not to be able to distinguish each from either, I conceived my best way was to deliver as many as possible in person. This, though very troublesome, was not without its advantages, as I soon acquired a pretty considerable knowledge of the town. I am greatly disappointed in London. Though there are many handsome buildings here, they are lost for want of order. There is no grouping, no arrangement. It is as if the disjecta membra of a magnificent city were thrown by accident into an ocean of narrow streets and mean houses, where they only serve to make “confusion worse confounded,” by contrasting with the miserable things around them; like the remnant wrecks of Virgil’s Shipwreck—

“Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

Regent Street is certainly an exception; that is really magnificent; and yet, to one who has seen the work in skeleton, half brick half putty, it is but “a whitened sepulchre.”

Westminster Abbey, and (if I may name them together) Saint Martin’s Church, and the spire of Saint Bride’s, are the prettiest things I have seen about London. Westminster is truly a majestic pile: black with the contending elements of ages, yet gorgeous with the fanciful workings of the richest style of the ornamental Gothic—worthy of the ashes of the great dead, and the admiration of the living. To roam through the aisles within by their own

“A dim religious light,”

is a luxury to the lover of the days that are gone. How imposing must have been the grand ceremonials of that church, for whose use
this splendid temple was erected, when, with a pomp almost worthy of "Him who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things which are therein," the voices of a thousand worshippers ascended to his throne with songs of praise, and prayer, and love. What is it now? A mere show, where those who cannot spare pence to see its beauties otherwise, lounge through, during the service, to gratify their curiosity. If I saw three at prayer, I am sure it was the uttermost. What a shame—what a national humiliation it is, that the stranger, who wishes to see the monuments of England's by-gone grandeur, must have his reflections broken in upon by being compelled, at every turn, to thrust his hand in his pocket for the additional shilling to pay for the new wonder. Would it not be more becoming in a great nation—would it not be a better expenditure of the public money, than in many of the ways in which it is already so wastefully lavished, to pension servants, whose duty it should be to take care of the abbey, and show its wonders to strangers, as is done at the British Museum? I am sure my Lord Wellington, et hoc genus omne, would willingly sacrifice a portion of their pensions for this laudable purpose: his grace only waits the asking. Saint Paul's greatly disappointed me: I do not know what better to compare it to than an immense pepper-caster, stuck in a case with two vinegar cruets. Seen from Westminster or Waterloo Bridge, its vastness gives it an interest, as it shows indistinctly through the shadows of the evening; but vicinity destroys its power, and it only looks like a Brobdignagian baby-house. The interior is effective in a high degree; every thing is massive, vast, and imposing: some of the statues on the monuments are good, others are execrable. There are Fames like the figures at the bowsprit of ships; Victories, like those big blowsy-looking damsels you meet in "the gloaming" about the streets of Bristol; Britannias, witnessing the deaths of their heroes with most stoical indifference; and Pities supporting their heads with as touching a sympathy as if it were a piece of roast beef: a great number of subjects, with a plentiful lack of expression.

On the first Sunday after my arrival, as I was strolling through one of the streets of Holborn, a little beyond Fleet Market, I followed some people who were passing into what appeared to me to be a house of worship. On entering the porch of the temple, I heard a low, measured, artificial voice, uttering that sort of sound with which a London star runs through his speeches when drilling a provincial company:—now it would die away like the hum of a distant multitude, and then again burst out like the near clamour of a cracked trumpet. The strangeness of such sounds in such a place so excited my curiosity, that, notwithstanding the denseness of the crowd, I continued to work my way nearly opposite the pulpit. I had seen fanaticism, or knavery, or both (for they are sometimes indistinguishable, and sometimes co-exist), under various of its forms, from N—t—on to N——l, from Ally C—mb—ge to Captain G——n, from P——e to B——t, but never before did I see it assume so fantastical or outrageous an aspect. It was Romeo Coates turned preacher—an amalgamation of King Dick and M'Briar. Imagine some maniac, with his head dressed out after the fashion of
Kean, in Richard, arrayed in a robe half toga and half surplice; his eyes—but no words could describe their obliquity, unless perhaps it may be attempted in the zig-zag character of the Hebrew; his face wrought into a thousand frightful contortions; his body writhing as if under the influence of convulsion. Imagine him, with livid lip and broken utterance, pouring out the most extraordinary and unintelligible rhapsodies, and accompanying them with the wildest gesticulations; whilst, to conceal a thick Scotch brogue, so palpable that you may play at football with it, he forced his words between his teeth like water from a squirt. But you should see him, to have any idea of his extravaeagtant antics. At times, when, after uttering some sentence "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," he conceived he made a "capital hit," he would fling himself back in the rostrum, with arms extended, tottering and rolling his eyes like drunken Cassio in the watch-scene; and then start again into frenzied vehemence, like a bacchant Pythoness infuriated with the fumes of fanatical inspiration. It was appalling to behold this mockery of God and abasement of man, when it rose to its climax of blasphemous juggling; and I was almost awed at the boldness of the charlatan who dared to make his Creator subservient to his imposture. Could it be madness? Yet, if it was madness, there was method in it. The utmost attention was displayed in the arrangement of the robe: the gesticulation, though vehement and fantastical in the last degree, was still studied and artificial: his hair, when disordered by some more than ordinary excess, was regularly re-arranged, with a due regard to the display of his high and rather intellectual forehead, and well-formed hand: his turns, and pauses, and emphasis, though out-hereding Herod, appeared fashioned on some dramatic model—a sort of caricature of Kean, and reminded me of Shylock, the Corsair, and one of the mad preachers in the Waverley novels, blended in curious combination. I could observe that the lights, whether by accident or design, were constructed so as to give the best effect to the orator’s countenance, and suit with the matter and the manner of his tirade.

The subject, as well as I could follow him through his wanderings, was the danger which awaited the church (I could not learn what church), from the spirit of Popery on the one hand, which, he said, inclined to slavery and superstition; and, on the other, from the free inquiry of church of Englandism, which leaned towards deism and infidelity. He spared no terms of abuse on the Romans and the Radicals; yet, strange to say, he allowed Popery to be less dangerous in its tendency than the other evil. But he was led into this unawares.—The object of his discourse, though he strove to render it not too apparent, was to force the submission of the flock to their spiritual directors; but he was wofully perplexed in the effort. Being an advocate for the indiscriminate use of scriptures, and individual interpretation, he afforded a splendid specimen of theological see-saw. At one time he allowed his hearers to be all priests, and then, again, reverted to the necessity of subordination. The evil one, he said, attacked the church in the shape of Radicalism from without, whilst within he assailed it through the pride of its pastors. I cannot tell which he considered the most dangerous mode of assault, as, in every succeeding sentence, he unsaid what he had
affirmed in the preceding. But he assured us the Church of England was the great mother of Radicalism. In fine, it was such an exhibition as I could not believe would take place in a country calling itself civilized, on any other testimony than that of my own senses.

There was a numerous and rather respectable-looking congregation. I thought, of course, they were assembled out of curiosity, to witness this most extraordinary display; but, on looking around, I perceived nothing in their countenances to warrant my conjecture. All were gazing on the maniacs, more with the attentive ardour of disciples, than with the glance of scrutiny, or the stare of astonishment. Good God! I internally ejaculated, can it be possible that so many people, apparently of respectable rank, and with no obvious appearance of mental malady, can believe this man capable of instructing them? Surely, putting altogether out of the question the incoherent wildness of his discourse, the mere extravagance of his appearance, his mountebank antics, and extraordinary demeanour, should be sufficient to convince them of his unfitness for a teacher. If they cannot see, at first sight, that he is either knave or bedlamite, they must themselves be bereft of all understanding. And it is amongst the disciples of such a thing as this, that the no-popery cry is raised and echoed! it is by these the subtle intricacies of contending doctrines are to be judged and decided! and my country must wait for freedom, until these theologians decide the long-contested controversy! — the Cockney council of Hatton Garden in conclave met!!! Oh, Joanna Southcott! Oh Alley Cambridge! Oh John Tomson, and Tom Johnson! ye great lights of the Reformation, how I honour ye! How long will it be, ere one of my poor benighted country-women becomes enciente of a Redeemer?

I left the place, amused and disgusted, not knowing which to admire most, the effrontery of the preacher, or the gullibility of his "enlightened" congregation. Speaking on the subject to a friend, he promised to show me a lion of a different character — a preacher of Deism; and quite as original, in his way, as the one I have already attempted to describe. My fingers ache from this long epistle,— Adieu for the present. Believe me truly yours,

DENIS MURPHY.

EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

"Hated by fools, and fools to hate; Be this my motto and my fate."

Present, H. B. CODEY, DAVY M'CLEARY, CARLETON (the Cobbler), SHEEAN (of the Mail), and PARSON GRAHAM.

Codey. Well, gentlemen, I suppose it is understood that, as we have resolved ourselves into a club, our sittings henceforth are to be hebdomadal.

Carleton. Eh! Davy, did you hear that? Mr. Codey, are you certain that that that you—
Sheehan. What the duce ails the man?

Carleton. That word! I'll take a note of it; it's not a loyal word; so it's not, nor a word for a Christian to use.—I'll note it.

Codey. Well, write it down: April the——

M'Cleary. Curse me if he can; see—hib-bod,—I think Cicero uses that word in his Epistles or Homilies. How do you spell it, Carleton?

Carleton. It's no matter how I spell it, Mr. M'Cleary; I can spell my own way; but I'll swear—no, I'll declare before the world, that the word's treasurable.

Sheehan. Take care of swearing. Sure, some of them want to swear me out of my religion,—to face me down that I'm a Papist.

M'Cleary. Curse the much it matters what you are; but what about this Protestant leather, Carleton? you talked about it yesterday.

Codey. Aye! what about the leather?

Carleton. Why you might have seen in Saunders—and Saunders is a rail Protestant newspaper—how that prince of Protestants, Lord Farnham, sent his four Protestant heifers to that true Protestant factor, Joss Harding, to be sold to the best bidder at Smithfield: a Papist butcher got the meat, but I kept a look out for the hides.

M'Cleary. Italy, in Rome! Oh, ye powers, my own Cicero's country murdered in this way.

Codey. No matter, Davy; you must bear with the poor devil's ignorance: all are not classical, like you. But about the leather; how have you disposed of it?

Carleton. That immortal divine, the archbishop, has ordered an entire hide to be worked into boots and brogues for the convicts; I've taken the reformed Father Murphy's measure for two pair of slashing boots, nearly hip deep; they've been ordered for him by his grace, upon my honour.

M'Cleary. Your honour! Oh, Lord!

Codey. The more I contemplate the character of this wonderful divine, the greater is my astonishment at his varied acquirements: great on the foot, great in the saddle,—with what grace his grace rides,—with what a swing of gentlemanly unctiion he walks; he's the great light of the Protestant world; a galloping Boanerges—a shod-hatted Thaumaturgus—a profusely-powdered Saint Paul—a—a—a—patron of the Warden.

Graham. Aye, that's the principal point. Well, Codey, you grow eloquent at times, and your poetry, too, is very passable. Have you seen any thing of mine lately?

Codey. Too much of it, in all conscience! ' Why, sir, that thing of yours, in the Correspondent, about the Duke of York, was the most miserable piece of stuff that ever scribbler scratched; I wonder they
disgraced their columns with it. No, no, my dear Graham, try and write sermons; but don't make yourself ridiculous by attempting things for which nature never formed you.

Graham. Well, Codey, I won't be angry with you; but you'll allow that all the pieces written on the same subject were but so so: now, acknowledge mine to be at least "the least bad."

Codey. Aye, that was the elegant and classical sentence of the college judges, when they decided on the character of a Mister Morrison's loyal prize poem; they gave him five pounds instead of twenty, not because his poetry (his rhyming I mean), had merit, but because it was the "least bad" of what was offered to them.

Sheehan. By the way, old Trinity ents but a shabby figure just now in the literary world; probably, in no other quarter of the globe would you find so great a number of educated young men assembled together with so small a portion of talent among them; she has not sent forth a man of genius within the last ten years; no! not even a passable writer of any sort. Well may she be called, "The Silent Sister?" but I ought to be silent, for the young statesmen and divines growing there read the Mail. Damn Popery, and burn Plunkett,—for my purpose, that's enough.

Codey. And for mine, too! but I must still speak as a lover of literature. Why, sir, you can't imagine what I felt when I found the English papers copying the precious prize poem that I've spoken of, for the purpose of covering, not merely the trash itself, but the college and the country, with ridicule. "Is this, then," said they, "the best that Ireland's only university can produce?" I felt angry, and Conway, in his rough manner, declared that "it was the devil." I'd have got Jos. Martin, the miller's man, to do a much better thing in ten minutes.

Graham. Plunkett is too talented to be their representative; they should choose a more congenial spirit; some one like Bradley King, or Tom Ellis.

Enter Sir H. Lees, Doctor Tighe Gregory, and Doctor John Brennan.

M'Cleary. Welcome, gentlemen.

Brennan (looking round). By the holy poker, here's a regular meeting of dusts! Arrah! blood and turf, where are Norbury, and Bethel, and Scriven: if we had 'em, the list would be complete. Graham and Codey, my brave brother poets, by the* * * I'm glad to meet you.

Graham. Why, doctor, do you woo the muses?

Brennan. The muses! why, curse you,—I beg pardon, you're a parson,—why, I've forgotten more poetry than three like you could have written. As a satirist, I'm, I think, the first that Ireland has ever produced; they talk of Swift,—why, by the blessed tongues there, I've written better lines than his upon the back of a bellows.

Gregory. Doctor, don't swear so; respect my cloth!

M'Cleary. Your cloth, doctor; will you never drop that word?

Brennan. I swear! I detest swearing; but, if any one here is vexed, I'll give him satisfaction. Sir Harcourt, will you try a fall with me? (Stands in a wrestling attitude).

Lees. No, no, my dear doctor; it would be unbecoming.

Brennan. Unbecoming what! Was there ever any thing more be-
Eveings at Flanagan's.

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coming or graceful than an outside hook; but, as the boys say, it's all "wid a hook;" you're afraid, that's all. Come, Doctor Gregory, one toss, if you dare. (He capers about).

Gregory. No, no; I must beg for to——

Brennan. Try "wid a hook, "wid a hook." (Sings).

The parsons are preaching away,
   All spouring from pulpit and book;
They're sure to convert us, they say,—
   They'll do it indeed—"wid a hook."

They've picked up a pitiful set,
   That hunger or cold couldn't brook;
And these, when no more they can get,
   Are Protestants—aye—"wid a hook."

A prophet is Doctor Magee,
   A pastor with mitre and crook;
No Papists in Ireland he'll see;
   He'll turn them all—"wid a hook."

The "saints" have their parts in the play,
   They're working in corner and nook!
Och! let the sly saints have their way,
   And they'll prop the church up—"wid a hook."

Lees. By the ghost of Nimrod, doctor, you're right. The saints, after all, are the bitterest enemies the establishment has; we are frightened at the thoughts of Popery, but we forget the scriptural latitudinarianism of our pretended brother Protestants—Your verses are excellent, my dear Brennan; here's glory to you. (Drinks.)

Brennan. Thank you, my dear Sir Harcourt; there's a touch of orthodoxy in that, at any rate. But, eh! Graham, blast it, man, what are you thinking of?

Graham. Why, I'll even tell you: I've just been thinking that, as we three poets—

Sheehan. Poets! don't let the lofty name be profaned; is it for rhymers like you or Brennan, or Codey, to assume the rank? What poetry have any of you ever written? Well done, Derrinia Graham!

Graham. Well, well—no matter; but I was about to say that, as we three are now here, it would be amusing to try which of us could, on the spur of the moment, produce the best verses.

Codey. Aye, or say the worst.

Brennan. No, no! I know, Codey, that yours are bad enough; but with Graham I wouldn't contend: in the bathos lies his power,—it is in "the high sublime of deep absurd" that he shines,—give him a loyal theme, and, by the holy decanter, there he'd beat out even Fitzgerald himself.

Carleton. What does he mean, Davy, by the bathos?

M'Cleary. I'll consult Cicero about it.

Carleton. I suppose it's a larned word for padding or for cabbage, Davy!

M'Cleary. I tell you that I'll consult Cicero.

Carleton. But, Davy——

M'Cleary. Davy me no Davy's, Mister Carleton; was the King of Israel, my namesake, called Davy? Tell me that.

Carleton. Oh, you're a larned man,—you know best.
**Evenings at Flanagan's**

**McP Scary.** Well, then, I'll expound for the use of the ignorant; I'll first tell you, then, that after he was made king, no one pursed to call him Davy; but it wasn't so always.

**Carleton.** So I thought.

**McP Scary.** No, sir! I was looking into Cicero's Homilies, the other night, and there he says, says he,—'A smart lad, with a double-barreled gun, was fetched into King Saul's parlour.—'Your sarvant, sir,' says he to the king.—'Arrah! morrow to you, Davy,' says the king;" and so—

**Brennan.** Cabbage, Davy; be aisy with your blarney. (Sings.)

The chymists may go to the devil,
With their spirits of salt and of wine;
There's a spirit can cure every evil,—
'Tis "the spirit of turpentine!"

If the cholic your inside assails,
If in torture you double and twine,
All medicine most certainly fails,
But "the spirit of turpentine!"

If the headache or toothache you feel,
Or pains in the shoulder or spine,
Oh! try the one thing that can heal,—
Try "the spirit of turpentine!"

If your locks should from age become gray,
If your sight should begin to decline,
To remedy all there's a way,—
Try "the spirit of turpentine!"

If your neck by mischance should be broken—
To finish the song in a line,
Cry out, while one word can be spoken,----
Cry out for——"the turpentine!"

**Omnes.** Bravo, doctor, bravissimo!—Turpentine for ever!

**Lees.** But Gregory, my friend, what ails you?

**Gregory.** I'm trying for to make meaning of this reported change in the ministry.

**Graham.** Pshaw! what signifies it, if your friends have resigned, you must be resigned. I'm already bent on paying my respects to the new premier.

**Lees.** Who! is it to my Eolus?

**Graham.** The same. I have a fine ode nearly ready.

**Omnes.** Read, read!

**Brennan.** Now, boys, be ready. Dr. Gregory, don't be pinching me—I say I will—I must have my laugh.

**Graham.** Silence, there, for my ode. (Reads).

May gentle dreams surround that head,
That even in sleep great things seems planning;
Long may you live when cold and dead,—
My own, my sweet, my darling Canning.

'Tis thine to move our gracious king,
'Tis thine to give his foes a tanning,
'Tis thine to raise the humblest thing:
Oh, raise me!—Oh, promote me, Canning!
Some feel my skull to find a bump,
Some talk of leeching or trepanning;
I know "what way the cat will jump,"—
I know enough to stick to Canning.

May softest breezes, sent from heaven,
Our premier's temples still be fanning;
To me be some fat living given,
And, at my ease, I'll pray for Canning!

**Gregory.** Mr. Graham, I must say that I don't like your wheeling about in this way.

**Graham.** Wheeling, sir; no, no—I show my loyalty. Mr. Canning is the king's chosen minister, and the law says, "the king can do no wrong."

**Lees.** I stick to Granny Eldon's text,—"I don't know what the king has done."—Oh, dear! oh dear! what shall I do with these corns; there's no cure.

**Brennan.** There is a cure, sir; here's half a-pint of turpentine—try it.

**Lees.** No, my dear doctor!

**Brennan.** Why, then, by the sacred tumbler there, you must,—
What! must I let you die in your stubbornness.—Here, Graham, hold his arms, and I'll pour it down his neck.

**Graham (standing up).** Sit easy, Sir Harcourt, and take the dose.

**Lees.** Not I, by the boot of Nimrod.—I say, house! help! help! Am I to be choked alive? Murder, murder!—(Enter the waiters, with the watchman.)—Murder, murder! Watch!—Here's "the great Protestant advocate" going to be choked or smothered.

**Waiters.** Clear the house, watchman.

*(The guests are all driven out.)*

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**THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.**

**Erin,** my country! thou gem of the ocean,
Whate'er be my fate, or wherever I go,
Still will I cherish, with heartfelt devotion,
The land where the trefoil and purple heath grow.

Dearest isle of my birth! though thy green sward be blighted,
By the scourge of the tyrant, and tread of the slave;
Though thy shores be neglected—thy children be slighted—
I still will remember the isle of the brave.

Though thy shamrock be withered—thy glory departed—
Though the goddess of freedom has now ceased to smile—
Though thy sons lie in chains, and almost broken-hearted—
Oh, still I'll remember the emerald isle.

Though thy shrines be polluted—thy altars defiled;
And though crushed by the sassenach's hand;
Although persecution, foul bigotry's child,
Hath o'erwhelmed and blasted thy land—

Yet, still will I love thee, thou isle of the ocean;
Still, still, will I love thee, my dear native earth:
And still will I cherish, with fondest emotion,
The memory of thee, thou loved land of my birth.

*Dublin, April, 1827.*

T. C.
THE ORANGEMAN.—CHAP. VIII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE BOY."

On the arrival of Joss and Robert at Boolabawn, they found that the account given by Paddy was but too true. Mrs. Meyler, however, had partially recovered from the shock she had received on the arrest of the captain, while her son was carelessly amusing himself by ridiculing the unmilitary dress and discipline of his captors. Joss, on entering, demanded what was the charge against his young friend, but received no positive answer. The warrant had the signatures of the Rev. Mr. Horseshaw and Mr. Hoare, and the yeomen who came to execute it had orders to carry their prisoner immediately to Wexford. This intelligence somewhat surprised Joss, and he seemed to feel considerable mortification in not being able to put in immediate bail. The cause of the arrest was apparent from the circumstance of all the papers in the house being seized on; no doubt, as the captain thought, in the hope of finding the letter written in French, which the magistrate, on the preceding evening, was unable to decipher.

A removal to town was now indispensable; Robert provided horses for his brother, Mr. Lett, and himself; and the kind interference of her Protestant neighbour abated considerably Mrs. Meyler's apprehensions; she felt almost confident that her son would return in the evening, fully acquitted from any possible charge of guilt that could be made against him. In this, however, she was disappointed: Dr. Jacob, the mayor of Wexford, not only refused to take bail, but hinted at dark designs of a nature not to be casually or incon siderately made public, until a committee of magistrates had examined the contents of the papers seized at Boolabawn. It was in vain that Joss declared the captain's innocence and his own solvency. All Narristown was ready to be pledged for the personal security of his friend, but it would not do; the magistrate was inexorable, and Captain Meyler was forthwith committed to the old goal, that formerly faced Bude Street, and which has recently been converted from its office of holding in durance vile to that of a depository for the persons of mendicants. Before quitting the apartment allotted to his brother, Robert received a note from the captain, directed to Sally Lett, which he was enjoined to deliver that evening. "My brother," he thought, "is more than inconsiderate: he knows that, previous to his return from Canada, I had, foolishly 'tis true, indulged in dreams of bliss to be hereafter enjoyed in Miss Lett's society; yet he does not hesitate to make me the bearer of a despatch to her on whom I had some claims, but which I resigned in the hope that, by doing so, I should promote the happiness of two whom I esteem—whom I love best in the world: a brother's happiness were dearer to me than my own. But," he sighed, "what boots this? I have promised to forget the past—to resign the world and its pomps and pleasures. I have made such a vow to my God, and shall keep it. By delivering this note, Sally must see that I can pluck a passion from my heart, though rooted there from boyhood."

The resolution, however, could not restore tranquillity; and Joss found a relief from his own mortified vanity by endeavouring to cheer
The Orangeman.

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his companion on their way homeward. "An' so ye're left the dear captain behind you," said Munster Paddy, as he assisted Mr. Lett to dismount at Boolabawn. "'Eh, then, 'pon my own soul, if ye's had taken my advice, we'd have saved 'em out clean an' party, an' no one the wiser. Och, divil a bit of such a thing could take place so azy in my country, an' that is Tipperary all the world over."

The question now was what ought to be done. They had heard enough in Wexford to fill them with apprehension; and even Joss began to imagine that there were greater tyrants and more injustice in the world than he imagined. Ennisclarty and the northern part of the county, they learned for the first time, was in a state of great alarm, and that the government had published its belief in an extensive and national conspiracy to subvert the constituted order of things. Captain Meyler, though neither a politician nor leveller, was a marked man; he had been dismissed from the army for having, like his Colonel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, expressed, in a convivial moment, sentiments favourable to the republican government of France; and, though backed by a wealthy uncle, an army clothier in the liberty, to whom he was first indebted for his commission, he had been hitherto unable to have the order which suspended him rescinded. Under present circumstances, the widow was for making immediate application to the great man of the family, her brother the clothier; and it was agreed that Robert should set off on the ensuing morning for the metropolis. "Egad," said Joss, "Ich thinks that is the very best thing to be done; and," he continued after a pause, "may be Ich could mysil' be of some use in Dublin, though I'm vary ould, an' the journey is greater nor any of my family ever took."

"Don't think of it, sir," said Robert.

"Don't think ov't, buy! faith, but Ich just will. No more aboot it; Lord Mountmorris is my landlord, an' lives just by Gorey; an' as Ich have paid 'im many a round guinea, 'tis hard if he wont do somethin' for an ould tenant that lived under his fadher afore 'im. So, Bob, be over early in the mornin'; we'll gog on to Gorey, an' if that won't do, we'll take our time and trot away to Dublin together. An ould man has wisdom, Bob; so be handy, an' let us be early, buy."

The occasion was too urgent, and the friendship too disinterested, for Mrs. Meyler or her son to reject Joss's proposal; and accordingly, next morning, Robert was early at Narristown, prepared for a long journey; for, at this period, a journey from Bargie to Dublin was a thing but seldom undertaken, and never without tedious caution and urgent necessity. He found Joss booted and spurred, his horse saddled, and his great coat lying on the back of a chair, ready to be drawn on when the moment came for starting; Sally was all activity in adjusting her father's habiliments; his neckcloth was carefully tied, and his spencer buttoned, by her anxious fingers; and Robert thought she never looked so lovely, as in that moment of solicitude for her father's comfort: he thought, however, that, in taking leave, the pressure of her hand between his own was not half so cordial as he could have wished; she seemed to have done it formally; and, even when he presented her with his brother's note, she appeared coldly civil, and manifested no impatient gladness; for she put it in her pocket, observing, with a smile, that she knew the nature of its contents.
"Harkee, Jachan!" said the old man sternly, as he drew on his great coat, "do you hear me? Mind the place till Ich come back, and let nothin' go astray; keep the men and caut* at work; an' mind, don't let the sheep into the wheat, an' may be we might be home to-morrow."

"I think, sir, you had better stay at home," said Jachan.

"That's my opinion," said Sil Sparrow, who sat playing with Jachan's spaniel. 

"Buys," said Joss, "allow an ould man to be wiser nor yourselves: Ich knows fade I'm aboot, an' so let me hear no more o' your gosther." So saying, he hurried out, and, by the assistance of the stepping-stone, an essential in every bawn, he was soon astride his horse; Sally ran to give him one more embrace, and, in passing Robert, extended her hand, in a manner which pleased him infinitely better than her formal salute in the parlour.

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IRENE.†

A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS, BY G. H. M.

Canto the First.

Night's wild gray pinions softly swell
O'er fair Byzantium's citadel;
The shiny stars are bright on high,
And mild and blue is the moonlight sky;
And slumber, with his breath of roses,
Each long black eyelash gently closes.
Yes! all is night, and all is still,
Save when the zephyr, softly shrill,
Scare whispers o'er the busy sea!
That frets and ripples soothingly!
Hushed is the plain, the street, the hall,—
Hushed is the dance and festival;
And silence and sleep their young wings wave
O'er a world as calm as the infant's grave.

Bright shines the lamp in Aohmet's bower,
For beauty's eye doth linger there:
The moss-clad walls of yon lone tower
Encurtain one as bright and fair
As Asia's clime, as Asia's sun,
Had ever warmed or smiled upon!—
Irene was not dark and wild,
Imagination's daring child:
The hero's soul, the patriot's fire,
The loftiest note of poet's lyre,
Could never rouse her soul to flame,
Or make her start at glory's name.
Her timid soul and form were cast
Within a tenderer, softer mould:
She shudder'd at the winter blast,—
She trembled when the billows roll'd:

* Horses.
† For the foundation of this poem, vide "History of Turkey," vol. II. pp. 303.
Her spirit never wav'd above
  The fond pursuits of busy men;—
Her soul, her all, were made for love,—
To "love and to be loved again."

Life was to her a summer day:
She slumber'd in its balmy ray,
So innocent, so fair, so mild;
Her spirit showed her Georgia's child;—
Georgia, the loveliest, dearest clime,
That ever wak'd the minstrel's chime;
The land of hope and glowing smiles,
Where love each rosy hour beguiles;
Where Cupid spreads his dewy wing,
And flutters in eternal spring.

It is not, that the welkin's hue
Is vested in unclouded blue;
That nature's pencil decks the scene
With all her softest tints of green;—
Oh! no; it is her houris' eyes,
That renders Georgia paradise!
There nature's freshest hues we seek,
In woman's ruby lip and cheek;
Her genial clime, her sunny sky,
Is woman's soul, is woman's eye.
'Twas here the gentlest, loveliest child,
That in such an Eden e'er grew wild,
Her throbbing young life pass'd;
Till from those balmy realms of day
A Caliph bore the prize away,
  Her first love—and her last!

The lamp is bright in the sultan's tower,
In the haram's pavilion of roses;
And its paly ray illumes the bower
Where beauty's eye repose.
Clear shines that light upon the bed
Where beauty hangs its sleeping head,
And its lustre seems to shew with its beam
The creation of a fairy dream;
So pure, ethereal, soft, and fair,
Was the young bright form that was slumb'ring there.
Her silky lids are trembling 'neath
The zephyrs of her rosy breath,
And the snow-pearls hardly dar'd to peep
Through the rubies of her arching lip.
Her floating tresses gently press
Her heaving bosom's loveliness;
Like the golden beam night's empress throws,
When she shines on the face of moonlight snows!

Such was Irene! as fair a form
As e'er 'neath the breath of a god grew warm.—
But who is he whose turban crest
Is bending fondly o'er her rest?——
There is something wild in his dark gray eye,
As it strays o'er the slumbering features by;
There is something wild in his pallid cheek,
All ting'd with agony's hectic streak:——
His quivering lip, his knitted brow,
Tells that dread resolution is wavering now;
And love and pity thrill on his tongue,  
As musing o'er her cheek he hung.  

" She sleeps, she sleeps! Oh! soon that bosom,  
That fondly throbs for love and me,  
Shall wither like the floweret's blossom,  
Beneath the drooping cypress-tree!  
Sleep, sleep, Irene, slumber on;—  
Another day, another sun,  
Shall see thee lay thy bleeding breast,  
To seek another, colder rest;  
Shall see thee droop thy sunken head  
Upon a redder resting-bed.  
Then the pale worm must be to thee  
The lover thou hast lost in me;—  
Oh, in his tooth thou shalt have won,  
If not as dear, a truer one!  
That cankering worm will fondly rise,  
And feed upon thy lily breast:  
His love is ardent, constant, too—  
When thou art gone, he'll die with you.  
Will man as much? And is his truth  
As fond as that cold reptile's tooth?  
Oh! no. If glory point to fame,  
His love is but an empty name.  
Farewell, Irene;—Oh! farewell!  
How much I loved thee, none can tell.  
But, Oh! it is my country calls;  
Her welfare or my mistress falls.  
By heaven, she wakes!—I cannot stay:  
One look of hers would melt away  
Each strong resolve of firmer duty;  
While gazing on her eye of beauty,  
One glance—one word, would bid me spare  
A thing so loving, soft, and fair:  
One smile—  

Oh, Achmet, joy is flying,—  
And sorrow sits upon her cheek,  
As pale and wan as beauty dying,  
Or as the sea-foam's paly streak.  
Her bosom slowly gasps for breath,  
As struggling in the throes of death;  
Wild agitation's flush has passed  
Upon her quivering brow;—at last,  
The terrors of a tortured dream  
Are vented in one feeble scream—  
Awake her from her feverish rest,  
And find her on her lover's breast.  

" Oh! spare me, Achmet! dearest, spare!  
That dread, that cruel stroke forbear!  
Sure, sure the eye, the lip, the breast,  
The heart that Achmet's love has bless'd,  
Could not be, was not doomed to be,  
Thus early torn from love and thee,  
Oh, prythee, spare!—But where am I?  
But now—and I was doomed to die:  
The sword but now was raised to sever  
My soul from earth and bliss for ever.  
I dream'd—I know not what, of thee;  
But, praise to Allah, I am free!"
She spoke. Her eyelid's fringe among
The little tear-drops idly hung:
Her silky cheek was cold and pale,
As drifted snow on mountain vale;
Sad, but not like “the withered leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief;”
But as the dewy flower, that gleams,
Like sorrow to the morning beams.
Her ringlets, in each golden charm,
Lay floating on her lover's arm,
As if they fell to pay their court
To such a full and firm support.
And Achmet, with a ghastly smile,
Played with their yellow folds awhile;
In sorrow on their rings he gazed,
And, as the curl he fondly raised,
His wild and frenzied mien would speak
More than the tongue could e'er reveal,
Or aught but tortured bosoms feel!
He gazed—he turned—he gazed again,
As if some fury turned his brain,
He looked upon her soft blue eye,
And heaved a broken sigh,
Just lengthened to a groan:
He turned away, and wildly prayed
His prophet and his god for aid;
And—left her all alone.

Left her to grief, dismay, and fear,
To sorrow's sigh, to sorrow's tear;
To vent the childish plaint of woe,
And mourn—for what, she did not know.
Over his wild altered mood to weep,
Or sigh herself again to sleep;
To dream of scenes of grief and pain,—
To see the hand of death, again,
With crimson point above her head,
Shaking the poinard, dark and red.
—There she would, 'neath the cypress gloom,
Stand mourning over her own cold tomb;
Read her own fate upon the stone,
And wake—to find herself alone.

But where, oh! where is he the while,
The master of this massy pile?
He left the maid to fear and woe;—
But whither did the warrior go?
Oh! where yon aged turret rears
Its brow above the wreck of years,
He sits, with anguish in his eye,
And on his lip the smothered sigh.
The eye of battle never saw
On Achmet's cheek so much of awe:
Though it had seen him redly ride,
With death and glory by his side,
Through broken ranks of fire and blood,
Pouring destruction's purple flood,
It never yet had seen his brow—
So frenzied, wild, and pale, as now.
The monarch’s soul distracted stands,—
Now duty, and now love, commands:
As when two winds contend and blow
The reeling vesel to and fro.
Thus wavered he, in pride and love,
Till dewy morning peeped above
The blushing east, to human sight,
And tinged the skies with orient light.

Canto the Second.
Morn’s on the waters! the rippling sea,
That bathes the city slumberingly,
Basks trembling and bright ‘neath the rays of the sun,
That is blessing the land it shines upon.
Morn dawns! and, as day’s infant glories arise,
There is freshness on ocean, and light in the skies;
There is life on the vales of the streamlet and rill,
On the breast of the waves and the brow of the hill;
Yet sleep, on poppy-breathing pinion,
O’er earth still holds his soft dominion.
The murmur of the busy throng
Sounds not the silent streets among;
And, save the creep of sandal’d foot,
All yet is noiseless, still, and mute.

But, hark! for music’s soul’s awake,
And the notes of the lyre on the silence break;
Soft!—as they breathe through sky and air,
It seems as if spirits were hymning there.
Wildly and sweetly the sweeping string
Wafts its seraph notes to the morning’s wing;
Wildly the thrill of those trembling notes
Upon the death-like silence floats;
And, soft as the breath of harps above,
In tones of sorrow and of love,—
A voice, the airy chords along,
Thus tun’d its gentle notes to song.

Song.
When the wild blood of childhood was streaming,
And rapture was warm in our veins;
When the glories of noon-tide were beaming
Its life on our own native plains;—
We sat and we sung ‘neath the willows
That hung o’er the slumbering streams;
And soft as our dreams were our pillows,
And light as our bosoms our dreams.

The sun never set on our sorrow,
We smiled as he sunk in the west;
And, when he arose on the morrow,
We welcomed the blaze of his crest.
But now, though enchanting my prison,
My heart and my love is a slave;
And, when song from my lute hath arisen,
It sounds to the heedless wave.

We thought not, when joy was the brightest,
That woe might be hovering near;
That the hearts that are wildest and lightest
May be destined for sorrow and care.
When pleasure was rife in our bowers,
We basked in its glorious ray,
Nor thought, as we gaz'd, that the flowers
Of life could so soon die away.

My heart wander'd, for love could awake it,
To leave all those regions of joy;
Nor thought, as we gaz'd, that the flowers
Of life could so soon die away.

My heart wandered, for love could awake it.
To leave all those regions of joy;
I loved thee,—then why shouldst thou break it?
And all its young visions destroy?

Oh! now, though of gold be its prison,
My heart and my love is a slave;
And, when song from my lute hath arisen,
It sounds to the heedless wave!

The god of day is up on high,
And reels in light through Heile's sky:
His beams are on the dancing wave,
That sparkle in the ray he gave.

The woodland minstrel's matin lay,
Proclaims the near approach of day,
And wafts his loves to every breeze
That whispers through the trembling trees.

The eunuch, and emir, and plun'd vizier.
Here sits the prophet-born scheick,
While there, perchance, the captive Greek,
With eye of hate and haughty mien.

The sultan has gone to the lordly hall,
Where princes and nobles wait his call;
Where stands, 'midst the glitter of sabre and spear,
The eunuch, and emir, and plun'd vizier.

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While there, perchance, the captive Greek,
With eye of hate and haughty mien.

The sultan has gone to the lordly hall,
Where princes and nobles wait his call;
Where stands, 'midst the glitter of sabre and spear,
With demonstration surer far,  
Than sabre, amulet, or star;  
Than e’en the fairest brightest gem  
That glitters in thy diadem.  
That talismanic token lies  
Upon the lid of those young eyes,  
Whose sunny beams of tenderest blue  
Are gazing fondly now on you.

Irene hangs on the sultan’s arm,  
In every loveliest dearest charm:  
For, though each feeling seem’d unstrung—  
There was a loveliness that hung,  
And seem’d, with softest tints, to streak  
The wanness of her paly cheek.  
Though every tear that deigned to flow  
Came throbbing warm from beauty’s woe,  
Her eyes of azure seemed to borrow  
Increasing loveliness from sorrow.  
She look’d upon the throng that gaz’d  
Upon her, both alike amaz’d;  
Then to her lover nearer press’d,  
And sunk her head upon his breast.

And Achmet look’d upon her cheek,  
Where moistening sorrow seemed to speak;  
And hangs on every tear that fell,  
In anguish tongue would fail to tell.  
Then turned he, with a frenzied stare,  
Upon the lords assembled there,  
Who all in fear and wonder stand,  
To see their chieftain thus unmanned.  
“Soldiers and chiefs,” the warrior said,  
“You’ve seen this sword, in battle red  
With many a hated foeman’s gore,  
Upon the Christian’s bleeding shore.  
You’ve seen this sabre darkly clashing,  
And gleaming in the troubled air;  
When Achmet’s reeking steed was dashing  
Through scattered rank and broken square.  
But they were foes, and they were men,  
That sunk beneath my sabre then;  
And blood is doubly sweet that flows  
From Christian hearts and Grecian foes.  
A dearer bosom now must feel  
The terrors of my crimson’d steel.  
Its blade must crush a thing as fair  
As ever bloom’d in earth or air;  
And with it tear each link away,  
That binds my spirit to the clay.  
But Achmet’s soul can soar above  
The desultory joys of love;  
And freely to his tottering state  
His own hearstrings can immolate.  
I lov’d her—love her still; and—yes!  
Her seraph soul was form’d to bless.  
Ere night, ’twill joy—her native skies;  
For me she liv’d; for you, she dies?”

His arm is rais’d—Oh God! Oh God!  
The ground her silver foot had trod
With such an airy tread before,
Is purpled with her virgin gore!
Her lips still move, as if to tell
To earth and sky a last farewell;
—Another soul from earth is risen,
Another spirit's thron'd in heaven!

With glaring eyes he looks upon
The fearful deed his hand had done;
Gazes on all he ever priz'd,
With feelings palsied, agoniz'd.
Each wild and dark distracted feeling
Throughout his frenzied brain is reeling.
He clasps his hands in mute despair;
He totters, sinks—he knows not where!

Soon did the chilling dews that lay
Upon his temples melt away;
Soon were the shades of death dispell'd,
That o'er his brow their empire held;
But sorrow's canker will not leave
So soon the heart it dooms to grieve.
Its tooth will eat as deadly keen.
Though all its workings be unseen;
And such was Achmet's cheerless doom.
Till silence slept upon his tomb.
As gray tradition's whispers say,
Ne'er from that ever fatal day
Did glowing smile his visage streak,
Or sorrow moisten on his cheek.
Though many a flower of loveliest hue
Within the Sultan's haram grew;
Though many a black eye's sunny roll
Beam'd bright to soothe his haughty soul;
Yet none so fair, none lov'd so well,
As she beneath his blade that fell.
But far debarr'd from human hope,
A careless gloomy misanthrope,
He wander'd from his throne;
To gaze, afar from men and slaves,
Upon the wilderness of waves,
A solitary one;
While every billow's foam that came
Seem'd still to sigh Irene's name.

But she, beneath the cypress gloom,
In slumber soft is calmly sleeping;
While, o'er the maiden's grassy tomb,
Meek sorrow's eye is wildly weeping.
And lovers hold their meetings there,
To breathe their raptur'd vow;
And waft to heaven one gentle prayer,
For her who sleeps below.
No marble marks her lowly rest,
But the turf lies lightly on her breast;
The smiling flowers she lies beneath,
Seem not the gray-worn shroud of death;
But hang their dewy crests for her
Who rests in such a sepulchre.
The lily leaf that loves to bloom
Upon the marge of beauty's tomb,
There mourn, with every fragrant wave,
"The charms of her no charms could save!"
MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—NO. V.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I HAVE been put to much additional trouble on the present occasion. My monthly letter has been written, and left for transmission at the office of your publisher, on Ormond Quay. During the confusion occasioned there by the late riotous proceedings of the mob, this admirable communication (for admirable it was) has been either stolen or mislaid. I am inclined to think that some literary pilferer, seeing it, and perceiving its value, has made his own of it: no doubt you will find it given under some other title in some of the May magazines. If it should appear in such a way, would you advise me to take legal proceedings? I will have my friend Sheil's opinion on the subject.

We are all anxious here about the changes that have occurred in the administration: before this reaches you, or at least before it meets the eye of the public, the entire of the matter will, in all probability, be arranged. How blind! how besotted! how silly must these old Tory bigots have been, when they imagined that it was in their power not merely to defy the voice and opinion of the nation with impunity, but even to dictate to the King. They luckily began with the latter; and the result has been, their utter discomfiture: they have put his Majesty literally on his mettle, and he has shown no want of spunk; he will show the little knot of conspirators, that it is possible to act without them; and when they see others enjoying the good things which they pettishly flung away, they may probably wish that they had not been altogether so hasty; they will, however, be left to repent at leisure; the machine of government can move on without their assistance, and any little opposition which they can offer, will be fruitless—it will only render them more contemptible. The triumph of Mr. Canning is not the triumph of a party—it is the triumph of talent over dulness—the triumph of truth, justice, and liberality. It is a victory in which the great and good of every country must participate.

The Catholics should, at the present juncture, proceed cautiously: it would be injudicious, on their part, to press their question, or embarrass Mr. Canning with their claims, at least for a time. They must feel that they have in him a tried friend; and they would probably do well to leave the management of their question in his hands: indeed, they have acted wisely in postponing the aggregate meeting. By the way, have you seen the requisition for that meeting? Well, if not, you should have seen it. You must be struck with the formidable array of rank, and wealth, and talent, which it exhibits. How contemptible must the miserable ascendancy party appear, when put in the opposite scale! but, in fact, that party are now thoroughly humbled.

We are all on the look-out here for the battle between the noted Mr. Pope, from Cork, and Mr. Maguire. I, for one, do not approve of these discussions; the Catholic clergy let themselves down by such meetings; by it they sanction the spiritual quackery of their opponents—the latter are close studiers of stage effect—talk, and notoriety, and money, are their objects.

I must break off here.—Mrs. Fegan has been taken suddenly ill, and, in the agitation of my spirits, it is impossible for me to write.

Your's, dear Editor,

F. FEGAN.
LINES
ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE UNFORTUNATE CHARLES EDWARD FROM SCOTLAND.

The sun, 'neath the summits of Albin's gray mountains,
Is cooling the fires of his brow in the wave;
And his lustre is bright on the deep ocean fountains,
Where hopes with his splendour lie low in their grave.

When the glorious starlight of fortune was beaming,
On the hearts that on gory Culloden have bled,
Expectancy's eye glisten'd 'neath its beaming,
Like beauty's last glance ere it sinks to the dead.

When the visions of fancy already had crown'd thee,
And victory's banners weav'd over thy car!
Oh, who could have thought that the morrow had found thee,
Deserted and humbled, the vanquish'd in war?

Like her bird of the mountains when swooping from heaven,
The clansmen of Albin dash'd on to the foe;
Like her bird when the arrow his death-stroke has given,
These clansmen lie plumeless, dishonoured, and low.

Last glimmer of heroes! Oh, whether the billow
May roll its white surge o'er thy watery bed,
Or sickness flit over thy feverish pillow,
To number her child with the honourless dead:

Whether death on the war-turf of red desolation
May see thy proud spirit fast ebbing away;
Or whether the woe-throbbing hearts of a nation
May pour forth their wailings to honour thy clay:

Whether glory allure thee with thirst of dominion,
To wrest from a tyrant the rights of thy birth;
Or age hover o'er, on his roseate pinion,
To lay thee in peace 'neath the mouldering earth:

Though neglect may assail, and misfortune oppress thee,
And thy victors triumphantly list to thy moan;
Hope still whispers that heroes shall rise to redress thee,
And hurl the usurper from Albion's throne.

Farewell to my King! Though the foaming of ocean
May bear thee away o'er the dark rolling sea,
Still the hearts of thy subjects with fondest emotion
Shall beat, gallant Stuart, for freedom and thee!

He is gone! and the billow that bore him to glory
Is fretting its surge o'er the wreck of his fame;
And his memory, sullied in Albion's story,
Scarce leaves on her pages a sceptreless name!

G. H. M.
THE POLITICIAN.—NO V.

There has been a regular turn-out among the ministry since last month—and six members of the late cabinet have entered into a combination, to prevent their royal employer from taking into his service, what are called blacks in England, and colts in Ireland. These were the legislators who enacted laws to prevent the poor operatives from resorting to measures likely to keep up the rate of wages—who subjected them to whippings and incarceration, for doing little more than they themselves have actually done, within the last month. But, thank heaven, we have got rid of them now and for ever. The march of liberality has left the old Tories far behind on the road of intelligence. The antiquated notions which fed and ennobled them are now exploded, and the progress of opinion has absolutely rendered it necessary for his Majesty to liberate himself from the control of a vile and unenlightened faction, who sat, incubus like, on the energies of the country, and who refused to let one-third of the people participate in the benefits of the constitution, because Lord Eldon's granny dreamed, one hundred years since, that the Pope was the identical antichrist mentioned in her Bible.

But the bigots are denuded of glory, and deprived of power. They thought to embarrass their royal master by striking, but they were woefully mistaken. His noble mind resisted such petty artifice, and, like the friends of the minister in the "Citizen of the World," their partisans, instead of petitioning for their restoration, are busily engaged in endeavouring to get into their places!!

This event has filled the country with unusual joy. In Ireland, it has been hailed as the harbinger of better times; and in England, there is but one feeling—that of national gladness. This proves that the bigots were not supported by the people: it proves that liberal sentiments are largely diffused throughout the kingdom; and, as a curiosity in its way—as a historical document—as a political bouquet, I shall here give extracts from the leading London journals. They speak only the popular voice, for the press is the mere weathercock of public opinion:

"Times.—The conclusion to which we looked with doubtful and timid hope, is arrived.—Mr. Canning is prime minister, the first lord of the treasury. A new writ was moved for him last night, by Mr. Wynn, in consequence of his right hon. friend's acceptance of the new office. The public will now perceive whether or no we have directed them through the intricate path, which has led to this result, with faithfulness and intelligence, as the Sibyl conducted Aeneas—"Hunt sub luce malignâ." The light was scanty, but the guide knew the road. When, however, we say that Mr. Canning is premier, we should add, that he is at present almost like a shepherd without a flock; better it were to be so, than to have goats to tend. Lord Westmoreland is understood to offer, or to have offered, his resignation. The Chancellor, Mr. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lords Bathurst and Bexley, are said to retire also. We believe that there will be great difficulty in preventing some public expression of joy on the retirement of the Chancellor. We yesterday hinted at the probability of a public illumination, if the fact were certain; and we know that the subject has been in frequent agitation during the recent discussions on the arrangement of the ministry. When we consider the many years which that person has presided in the Court of Chancery, that he has never, during the time, either himself introduced, or suffered to be introduced by others, except with the most subtle and malignant opposition,
any reform whatever; that he has shortened no process; cleared the path to no right; but has, on the contrary, lengthened and loaded with expense, every form of every kind, till the court itself has become the greatest nuisance that ever existed in any state, and has ruined more families than a civil war: we can hardly conceive it possible, that a man should at the same time have deserved so ill of his country, and been so enriched by it. Of Mr. Peel's conduct, his Majesty has great reason to complain, and, we have no doubt, feels himself particularly aggrieved by it; because, when Mr. Peel was asked by the King—though we believe with no personal wish on the part of his Majesty, but to do that which was most likely to conducd to the permanent welfare of the state—whether there were materials to form an anti-Catholic Administration, the reply was in the negative; and as Mr. Peel could not, and would not, be required to relinquish his own opinion, or compromise his consistency on this subject, what can it be but an aversion to comply with the expressed will of his Majesty, in choosing his own Prime Minister, that now induces this gentleman to quit his office? By the Duke of Wellington's retirement must only be meant, we should apprehend, his ceasing to be a cabinet minister, which, for the same reason that the Duke of York was not a cabinet minister, would be far from being improper. His grace cannot mean to relinquish his eminent situation as Commander-in-Chief, and oppose the ministry in which Mr. Canning has only taken the place of his friend, Lord Liverpool. Of Lords Bathurst and Bexley, the other seceders, we shall say nothing. But Lord Harrowby, and Mr. Robinson, (anime quales neque candidiores, &c.) and Lord-Melville remain. So much for the seceders personally. But the secession itself—in what trammels does it move, that those who partake in it would have held the king! He may not choose, even from their own body, one notoriously the most competent to preside over the councils of the state: if he so choose, the rest quit him. Why, they were all ministers together under Lord Liverpool as Premier; when this nobleman dropped, who was to direct the king upon whom the choice of a successor should fall? If there were a person gifted by the constitution with that right, in case of a sudden defection, him, certainly, may his Majesty be thought to have injured by exercising the powers of reason in choosing for himself. But they are not all wronged, except that, as a body, they think that they have a right to prescribe what they please to the king, and that his majesty, in breaking through the iron circle with which they had surrounded him, has become an outlaw, whom they ought to pursue with vengeance, or treat with contumely. We have no doubt the king resents their conduct, and the more favours he has heaped upon them, the longer time he has partaken of their counsels, the more deeply must he feel their unprovoked defection from his person and interests."

Morning Chronicle.—"From all quarters we hear only of congratulations on the retreat of the useless portion of the ministry. The self-love of the party must be profoundly hurt, by the experience which they have obtained of the difference of the estimate which they formed of their own importance, and that which the public have formed of it. All truths are valuable, but there are some truths which are very unpalatable; and of this number are those which reveal to a man the secret, that he is neither esteemed nor dreaded. We understand the ex-gentry lay the flatteringunction to their souls, that they are not held in utter contempt by the people, but that Mr. Canning, who is a great trickster, has been beforehand with them with the press, and purchased its co-operation, so that their numerous supporters have no organ through which their sympathy can find a vent. This, we understand, has been gravely maintained, and it is a very amusing parody on Swift's Memoirs of P. P. Blessings on their numskulls! They cannot otherwise account for the unanimity of all the newspapers in rejoicing at the elevation of Mr. Canning, and at their downfall. Well, after all, it is a wise dispensation, that the most contemptible creature seldom forfeits his good opinion of himself. His Lordship of Westmoreland, no doubt, imagined in good earnest, that he was, what one of our contemporaries designated him, a pillar of state, and that, too, one of the main pillars.—Newspapers have little power when they run counter to public feeling. It is, perhaps, cruel to undeceive these worthies, who conceived themselves so formidable, but we must frankly own, that to write them..."
into popularity with the public, exceeds the power of the press. Newspapers have a sort of instinct which teaches them to avoid kicking against the pricks. If they were even to be without principle, they dare not be without prudence; and to revolt the feelings of the public by sounding the praises of the Earl of Eldon, in the midst of the general joy at his downfall, or complimenting Earls Bathurst or Westmoreland on the value of their services, or bearing testimony to the political wisdom and profound legislative arguments of the Duke of Wellington, or extolling the disinterestedness of Lord Melville, would have truly revolted all but these individuals themselves and the most desperate of their parasites.

Morning Herald.—"We have been all along aware, that a struggle was going on in the cabinet, in respect to the Premiership, and that the interests of Mr. Canning and the Lord Chancellor were opposed to each other on that point; and that the result of that struggle must decide which influence was to have the ascendant in the cabinet for the future. We confess, however, that it was our opinion, until very lately, that the political principles of the Lord Chancellor, connected with the personal regard which his Majesty has been long known to entertain for that learned lord, would have made him more than a match for the foreign secretary in this trial of their influence at court; and we still believe, that if it were not for the intervention of an umpire belonging to that sex, which has brought about greater and more sudden revolutions in states, than had ever been achieved by the wisdom, or eloquence, or arts of the most able male politicians, the veteran tactics of the Lord Chancellor would have been successful. But the friendship which the king entertains for the Marchioness of Conyngham has, on this occasion, done more for Mr. Canning, than any talent which he has ever exercised, or any interest which he possesses, could possibly accomplish. When this statesman, some time ago, had the sagacity to make the son of this lady his private secretary, he showed the discernment of a provident politician. He thus held the key of that private and familiar intercourse in the highest quarter, which could, at all times, enable him to ascertain the real intentions of the royal mind. We do not say that he would use such influence improperly; but when it became necessary to require its aid at all, in a great struggle of political rivalry, it was natural that he should use it; and, using it, we should be ignorant of the history of courts and celebrated women, if we wondered at his attaining the object of his ambition."

Globe.—"Public rumour ascribes to the seven persons who have quitted the cabinet, various motive. But, with the exception of the case of Lord Melville, it is obvious that the principal motive must have been a desire—probably a preconcerted determination, to throw the most effectual obstacle in their power in the way of Mr. Canning in forming an administration uncongenial to their views. Lord Melville's resignation was long doubted, even by his nearest connexions; but it has taken place, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of his principles to those of his seceding colleagues. Mr. Peel desires his conduct may be considered separately from that of the rest of the party, and on its own grounds. He has long stood alone among the cabinet ministers in the House of Commons, and, we might also add, among the men of talent of all parties in the House, on questions affecting Irish interests. Besides, as the sworn champion of collegiate principles, he feels himself bound in honour not to continue any longer in a situation in which his conduct may be exposed to the vituperation of his friends. Yesterday evening the Duke of Wellington had only signified, in general terms, his intention to resign. It was supposed this intention referred only to his cabinet situation; but it is reported this morning, in quarters on which we place reliance, that his grace has written a letter, desiring to be permitted to relinquish the post of commander-in-chief. We trust this is not true. • • • The change is to be considered either as a change in the principles of the government, or as a change of the men who conduct the machine of the administration. The ministers who still remain in the cabinet are those who have guided its policy in its foreign and commercial relations, in its finance, and its domestic interests connected with finance. The man who is placed at the head of the government is he to whom, justly or unjustly, all foreign nations have attributed that change in its policy towards the Old and New World, in consequence of which England,
instead of being an object of hatred, has become an object of admiration and respect to the great mass of the people of the continent. In this part of our policy no change can, of course, be anticipated. In the commercial and financial departments, for the same reason, no change can be expected, and none will be desired. We may conclude, that the efforts gradually to disembarass commerce of the trammels which have been imposed on it will continue; that the customs’ laws will not be brought back to the state of confusion in which Mr. Huskisson found them; and that a temper of mildness and attention to the sufferings of contributors, will still prevail in the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What part of the high destinies of the country has been committed to the Earl of Westmoreland we know not. The public will look with trembling anxiety at the probable alteration in the policy of the Privy Seal—but we hope it will turn out well. In the administration of the Duchy of Lancaster, as the office of police magistrate at Manchester is at present filled, we do not anticipate questions of difficulty. The principles on which Mr. Peel conducted the home department are approved, and will no doubt be followed by those of his colleagues whom he has abandoned, or by those who may be associated to his colleagues. The only change of principle which we may expect, if any, must be with regard to the Catholic question—the retirement, the general strike of those who have opposed emancipation, seems to indicate that on this great question of internal policy there will be a change, and that Mr. Canning will think it his duty, as a minister of the united kingdom, to make the kingdom united.”

Even the Tory press has shifted its grounds. Its opinions in the abstract are not worth much, but they will serve to show, like other worthless things, what way the wind blows. I shall begin with—

New Times.—“It would be an injustice to the discretion of his Majesty, and it would be an injustice to Mr. Canning himself, if his appointment to be prime minister were to be considered as the triumph of one set of extreme principles over their opposites. The great merit of Mr. Canning’s administration of foreign affairs has been, that he has had the courage and address to keep pace with the more enlightened and (without using a party phrase) the more liberal spirit of the age, and, at the same time, to avoid compromising this country with those governments who are bound up with the existence of every species of antiquated superstition and tyranny. It is perfectly impossible for a minister of Great Britain, at the present day, to stand aloof from the progress of new opinions, and shut his eyes to the fact, that there is a spirit abroad which renders established errors not quite so secure, or so triumphant, as in former times. Mr. Canning has had to grapple with the difficulties arising out of this conflict with old and new powers; and he has surmounted them with the most masterly genius. May we not properly assume, that to his talent and his discretion—his happy ability not only to perceive what is right in itself, but to seize the proper moment for carrying that right into practice—we owe the recognition of the South American governments, without committing us with any of the European states who were interested in their dependence. May we not ascribe to him the triumphant, because just, attitude which this country has assumed in the affairs of Portugal, by which the progress of Spanish bigotry has been restrained, without involving any rupture with Spain herself, or those of her allies, who may feel an interest in the existing order of things? And how has Mr. Canning been able to reconcile these conflicting principles? Because he stands upon the ancient way, and then looks around to see which is the right and true way.” His long friendship with Mr. Pitt—his own masterly efforts against the progress of republican anarchy—his intimate acquaintance with the character of the British constitution—and his knowledge how practical and gradual have been all its improvements—particularly shield him from the suspicion of a love of innovation. But Mr. Canning cannot blind himself to the necessity of improvement, which is forced upon every government by the character of the age; and by directing those improvements, instead of resisting them, he has done more to put down the wild spirit of reform, which prevailed a few years since, than any coercion, however powerful, could have accomplished. He has thrown the oil upon the turbulent waves, and the country feels that it owes
to him, more, perhaps, than to any other man, its long exemption from popular violence. Mr. Canning has, it appears to us, effected all these great national objects, without the slightest departure from real principles, which are the best ornaments of a servant of the British monarchy. On what occasion, we would ask, has he sacrificed the prerogatives of the crown, or the inviolability of the laws, to a desire for popular approbation? But then it is objected to him, that he has won the praises of those to whom he is politically opposed; and that he coquettes at once with power, and the applause of men who are hostile to those in power. This is, necessarily, an age of conciliation; and if Mr. Canning has united in himself the suffrages of the two great parties in the state, and, at the same time, secured the applause of his sovereign, it proves only, that he has the wisdom to perceive the inevitable advances which a British minister must make, to keep pace with the progress of intellectual cultivation. Mr. Peel's course has been precisely of the same character; and, in the arduous task which he has pursued, and which we earnestly hope he will still pursue, of simplifying the Statute Laws, he has not thought it right to abstain from the accomplishment of a great national good, because it was begun by a Romily, and left incomplete by a Mackintosh. For ourselves, we have no dread that the administration of Mr. Canning will be one of innovation. We are satisfied that he has won his way to his present high distinction, by the absence of all intrigue; and that the voice of the sovereign, assigning him the most elevated post in his service, echoes the almost universal opinion of his country. Mr. Canning has a high reputation to maintain, and the eyes of the world are upon him, as 'the foremost man of all this age.' He will fortify himself in his post by a steadfast adherence to the school of politics in which he was bred; because he must feel that the principles of that school are not opposed to the loftiest aspirations for the liberties of the human race, and the peculiar welfare of our favoured country. It is the character of Mr. Canning's policy, that it is British, and not cosmopolitan—that it is practical, and not speculative. The cause of intellect with him is never stationary; but he advances, not by flights, but by steps. His genius is that of a statesman, and not of a metaphysician—his object may be distant, but his foot is never off the earth in the attempt to reach it.

The Courier.—"His Majesty has been pleased to appoint his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence to be Lord High Admiral; and we have the satisfaction of being able to add, that it is understood the whole of the present Board of Admiralty (with the exception of Viscount Melville, who had resigned three days since), will continue their services, as the council of his royal highness. We alluded yesterday to the rumour of his Grace the Duke of Wellington having resigned his office as Commander-in-Chief. The rumour is confirmed. His grace retires, not only from the Horse Guards, but from the Ordnance. There seems no sufficient political reason for this step on the part of his grace; and we should be sorry to think he is acting from any other motives than such as may be consistently and conscientiously avowed. We have to announce, also, the resignation of some of his majesty's household. His Grace the Duke of Montrose, Lord Chamberlain; his son, the Marquis of Graham, Vice Chamberlain; and his Grace the Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse; have retired from their respective departments. These are, comparatively, subordinate, and not, perhaps, unexpected movements; but what must the country think of the whole proceeding? A more extraordinary attempt to fetter the king's choice—to circumscribe his authority—to abridge his royal prerogative, is not to be found, we believe, in the history of this country; certainly not within the last century. We have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that his Majesty views the matter as a sovereign so circumstance should do; and the best proof that can be given of this, if proof were needed, is the promptitude with which the vacancy created by the secession of Viscount Melville has been supplied. Of the seven retiring ministers, whose names were announced yesterday, we have to state, that Lord Bexley has signified his wish to recall his resignation of his office, and of his seat in the cabinet."

The Cabinet, before the political death of the Earl of Liverpool, was composed of the following members:—

The Lord Chancellor,
The Earl of Liverpool, First Lord of the Treasury.
The Earl of Harrowby, President of the Council.
The Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal.
The Duke of Wellington, Master of the Ordnance.
Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Mr. Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Mr. Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department.
Mr. Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Mr. Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade.
Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Mr. Wynn, President of the Board of Control.
Lord Bexley, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

I have waited until the latest possible hour, in the hope of being able to communicate the definite arrangement relative to the new ministry; but as yet—and it is now the 28th of April—nothing positive has transpired. Sir John Copley is, they say, Lord Chancellor; Mr. Scarlett is Attorney-General; Mr. Plunkett is elevated to the peerage. The Marquis of Lansdown is in treaty with Mr. Canning; but obstacles have been thrown in the way of arrangement between the Whigs and the new premier. It is said that emancipation encounters opposition in a high quarter, and that Lord Lansdown insists upon concession in the event of his taking office. This sounds strangely. "Honour is the law of kings;" and it is recorded, that a high personage once avowed sentiments diametrically opposite to those now attributed to him. I trust the report is groundless; but even if it were not, even kings must yield to the progress of events; they must become liberal, or cease to—enjoy the benedictions of their subjects. At all events, the Whigs should not refuse office; their declining an union with Mr. Canning might embarrass the premier, but their joining him would ultimately secure the concession they are now contending for. In politics, expediency is the rule of right—

"He who does best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly,—angels could do no more."

I trust, therefore, that the Whigs will support the new administration; I do not like their principles, but still I like them better than those of the Tories; ergo, I shall give them the preference.

The new Reformation is in a very sickly state in Ireland, and must soon yield up the ghost, if justice be now done to the people of that unfortunate country. Emancipation cannot possibly be much longer withheld. The Catholics, with becoming prudence, deferred the Aggregate Meeting announced early in April to the first of May. It must be gratifying to them to see that their question is a stumbling-block which must be adjusted before any administration can ever again become a fixture.

Trade still languishes; and in the revenue there has been a fearful falling off.
The Politician.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the years and quarters ended the 5th April, 1826, and the 5th April, 1827, showing the increase or decrease on each head thereof:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Years ended 5th April.</th>
<th>Increase.</th>
<th>Decrease.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1826.</td>
<td>1827.</td>
<td>£</td>
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<tr>
<td>Customs</td>
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<td>Excise</td>
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<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>491,575</td>
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<td></td>
<td>47,891,021</td>
<td>46,181,124</td>
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<td>Deduct increase</td>
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Decrease on the year 1,709,897

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<th>Quarters ended April 5th.</th>
<th>Increase.</th>
<th>Decrease.</th>
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<td>1826.</td>
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<td>£</td>
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<td>Deduct increase</td>
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<tr>
<td>Decrease on the quarter</td>
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</table>

The following is a return of the number of persons imprisoned for debt on the 29th of April, 1826, exclusive of those in custody for contempts of the courts of Chancery and Exchequer, and for debts due to the crown:

The total number of persons, of every description, in prison for debt, on the day above-mentioned, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounted to 3820

Of these there were in England...2866
in Scotland...216
in Wales...74
in Ireland...664

Which gives for England about one for every 3500
for Wales, one for every 7000
and for Scotland and Ireland, one for every 10,000

Of the 3156 debtors confined in Great Britain, there had been, on the 29th of April alluded to, in prison, for periods less than six months...2429
For periods exceeding six months, and less than twelve months...263
From one to two years...228
From two to three years...76
From three to four years...56
For longer periods than four years...104

Of the same debtors there had been imprisoned,
for sums less than 20l...936
for sums less than 60l...841
for sums less than 100l...538
for 100l and upwards...841

Of the 664 Irish debtors, very nearly 500 were confined for sums under 20l.
The total number of debtors confined in the different prisons of the metropolis and its immediate vicinity, amounted, on the day before-mentioned, to 1838, which were distributed as follows: --

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prison</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Debtors' prison for London and Middlesex</td>
<td>519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fleet</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horsemonger Lane, county goal</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borough Compter, Southwark</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King's Bench</td>
<td>855</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshalsea</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Lord Cochrane is in Greece!!!

The French are beginning to prove themselves not undeserving of freedom. On the rejection of the project of the law for destroying the liberty of the press, there was a general and spontaneous illumination of several towns throughout the country.

Portugal is not yet in a settled state.

The King of Spain still reposes on the charged mine.

O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

GOSSIPIANA.

The celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, while agent to the Catholic Committee, in 1794-5-6, compiled a "Philosophical and Political History of Ireland," which was subsequently deposited, among other valuable papers, in the hands of Dr. Reynolds, of Philadelphia. In 1807, when Tone's son visited America, he could find no trace of this work, or of any of his father's papers: in the memoirs just published, he feelingly laments his loss. We are assured, however, that an Irish gentleman, once an exile, is now in possession of nearly all these curious documents: among the rest, the history alluded to. How he came by them, we are not informed; but we suppose he will not hesitate to lay them before the public.

Mr. Drake, the author of "Essays on Periodical Literature," has in the press, "Mornings in Spring, or Retrospective Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical."

Mr. Colbourn has announced, "Captain Rock's Letters to the King." Our friend, the "Illustrious Chieftain," assures us, that the writer is a pseudo captain. We shall see of what stuff they are composed.

The same spirited publisher has announced, "Ireland, or the Rebel."

Mr. George Cruikshank will publish, on the 1st of May, "Illustrations of Time."

They are, we understand, even more humourous and Hogarthian than his celebrated Illustrations of Phrenology."

Shortly will be published, "Mrs. Leslie, and her Grandchildren," a tale, embellished with an elegant frontispiece, from a design by Wright.

A translation of some of the most popular Fairy Tales, from the German, is in the press: they will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

"More Mornings at Bow Street," are nearly ready.

The press now groans with "Tales of Fashionable Life." They are, with few exceptions, sad trash.

The author of the "Traditionary Tales of the Irish Peasantry," which appeared in this magazine, intends collecting the different series into a volume, with many additions and improvements.

MASTER HARRINGTON.—This little gentleman is only six years of age, yet he performs on a full-sized violin with all the grace and ease of a finished musician. It is pleasing to witness the manly attitude of the little fellow, with the violin on his shoulder, his toes turned out, and his bow-arm extended, previous to his commencing; but though evidently too small to manage satisfactorily a full-sized instrument, he contrives to gain a complete command over it. He wants neither confidence nor science, and is decidedly the best performer of his age we have ever heard. He is apparently a very delicate child, and we should suppose the
fatigue of playing before company three times each day, not calculated to improve his health. We wonder if he has gotten the proper bumps of a musician.

Mr. Bentham has addressed a letter to the *Globe*, which aims at proving, in his peculiar style, that the cabinet, of late years, has become too numerous for utility. A curious fact is mentioned in the letter. The late Marquis of Lansdown, himself a prime minister, pointed out to Mr. Bentham, Mr. Canning, at the time an under graduate at Oxford, as a man likely to be prime minister of England. Prophecies of this kind are made so often, that they ought sometimes to be fulfilled; but a prophecy delivered thirty-eight years before its accomplishment is worth noting, as the predictions which are commonly verified are made at a shorter period.

**PORTABLE GAS-LAMP.**—A very ingenious contrivance under this title is now on sale at most of the shops in the metropolis, and we can assure our readers, from direct experiment, that it is well calculated for the purposes for which it is intended. It acts by capillary attraction, and the oil is raised, without a wick, in a small tube. On heating the tube, the oil is decomposed, and a quantity of gas generated. When this is consumed, a new portion comes up to supply its place; the effect continuing as long as any oil remains in the cup. A lamp of this kind will afford a sufficient light for a bedchamber with a consumption of little less than one ounce of oil in twenty-four hours.

**LEVEL OF THE OCEAN.**—A gradual subsidence of the waters of the Baltic, in particular, and perhaps of the ocean generally, has been asserted and denied by many very eminent natural philosophers. That an estuary formerly extended nearly to Canterbury, seems evident upon an attentive observation of that part of Kent; and tradition and historical documentary evidence support the hypothesis. Very many other places might likewise be pointed out, as situated on the water's edge, which are now more than ten miles distant from the sea. Mr. Robberds, who has recently published some observations on the Eastern Valleys of Norfolk, has now been led, both from physical and historical proofs, to conclude that all the eastern valleys of Norfolk were formerly branches of a wide estuary, and that their present rivers and lakes are the remains of that large body of water by which their surface was overspread, even in times comparatively recent, a change resulting from a depression of the German Ocean itself.

**RESTORATION OF THOSE APPARENTLY DROWNED.**—A book, entitled, "Essai Historique et Therapeutique sur les Asphyxies," has lately been published by M. Plisson, in which he suggests, that insufflation by the mouth of another person is better than by any machine. He says, the air expired still contains eighteen per cent. of oxygen; it is warm, and impregnated with the pulmonary perspiration which accompanies it into the lungs, softening and rendering the air less irritating than the colder surrounding atmosphere. The person who is to insufflate ought previously to make two or three deep expirations and inspirations, so as completely to renew the air contained in the lungs, before introducing it into the lungs of the drowned person. Next to insufflation, M. Plisson considers the introduction of tobacco smoke, in oyster, as the most efficacious means to be employed. He says, "But of all clysters, that with the fumes of tobacco has been most praised; and, what is better than all reasoning, is this, that a great number of persons who have been drowned, have owed their restoration to this alone, aided by slight frictions, insignificant in themselves. I think, then (he says), that those who blame this measure act very wrong; and perhaps they would not so hastily have condemned it, if, laying aside all theory, they had confined themselves to practical observations."
ROBINS'S

LONDON AND DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1827.

THE ORANGEMAN.—CHAP. IX.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE BOY."

At Wexford our travellers encountered a host of prudent friends and timid advisers. The journey they were about to take was represented as beset with dangers: the northern part of the county was described as in a state of open insurrection, while the civil authorities, released from all legal restraint, were constantly committing the most unheard-of atrocities. Some recommended a passport signed by the Wexford magistrates; others pointed to the prisoners in the gaol as a proof of the state of the country through which they had to travel; while the newspapers were full of details relative to the disturbed state of the metropolis. Alarmed at these representations, Robert besought his friend Joss to return to Narristown; but the worthy farmer was not so easily diverted from his purpose. "Ich've set out," said he, "on the service of an ould friend, and burn me if Ich donna perform it, in spite of sigers an' magistrates. Tut, buy, thou'rt too young to go by yourself; a little of my knowledge will be useful to you, and, troth, may be things are not half as bad as they say; for there was my field of wheat, foreniut the boreen, an' every one sed 'twasn't worth reapin nor pullin nether, 'twas so eat wid the traneens an' destroyed wid smut. Never mind, ses mysel, turnin a boddher ear to 'em all; an' so Ich put the reapers to work, an' tatteration to the ha'penny less nor twenty pounds it produced me. You may ax Devereux, the corn-buyer, if it ent the truth. So," continued Joss, "all isn't lost that's in danger, and therefore let us not be mindin these wisacres of Wexford, but he goin our own ways. Maybe, we needn't go farther nor Gorey, where Lord Mountnorris lives, an' who, Ich am quite sure, will do any thing for me that Ich axes 'im. One thing is certain, that black gaol is no place for the captin; I don't half like all Ich've heard to-day, so come along. Don't be talkin to me about turnin back, for Ich'll go if it rains hail or suow."

The allusion to the captain gave an additional pang to Robert's apprehension for his brother; and, though he was far from desiring to risk the convenience or life of his friend, he was not altogether averse to Joss making application to his noble landlord. Still he did not conceal either the difficulties or the dangers of the journey; but, finding the old man resolute, they mounted with alacrity, and, pacing down the Custom-House Quay, quickly found themselves upon the then beautiful wooden bridge that spans the Slaney. The boards resounded to the feet of their horses; and, as Robert turned his head to take a view of the town and the shipping—a sight truly picturesque
and pleasing—he was surprised to find that the sun had declined considerably towards the horizon, indicating, by its apparent increase and redness, that the shades of night were then ready to shut up the world in their sable livery. He did not communicate this discovery to Joss, who was absorbed in very different reflections; but, by the cautious application of his heel, contrived to increase the speed of his horse, and, by sympathy, the horse of his companion, without the worthy farmer being aware that his progress was in the least accelerated. He continued to talk about his cattle and his farm, indifferent to the length of the shadow which he cast upon the road before him, remarking, as he went along, upon the value and cultivation of the land on each side. Robert’s replies were given in monosyllables, for he could hardly abstract himself from his apprehensions to pay decent attention to the conversation of his companion. He watched with anxiety the declining sun; and, though he kept the horses in rather a smart trot, he was soon convinced that it was impossible to reach Gorey with daylight, and, having never been so far from home before, he was not aware that there was any place on the road where they could stop for the night. After passing Castle Bridge, the high ground on the left hid the sun from their view, and by the time they reached Oulard, subsequently celebrated for a rebel achievement, the world was involved in the imperfect light of evening. The grandeur of the setting sun, reflected in the ocean at some distance on their right, was lost on Robert; for the alarming stories he had heard now rushed upon his mind with all that terror which an active fancy seldom fails to communicate to such details, when we are about to pass over scenes associated with horrible events. The conduct of the yeomanry and Orangemen, two names since identified, then appeared in their worst colours. Perhaps hatred and suffering exaggerated the atrocities committed by them: but certain it was, the people at this period were so terrified, that numbers actually died from apprehension only. Robert had certainly heard enough to dread an encounter with such ruffians, now commissioned to preserve the peace; and, though by no means unmindful of himself, he was decidedly most anxious about his venerable companion. He could not think of risking the old man’s life, and, therefore, was debating in his own mind about the propriety of seeking a lodging in some of the farm-houses, when the approach of a horseman, proceeding in great haste, aroused both our travellers from their respective reveries. The rider was wrapt up in something like a cloak; and, at the first glance, Robert thought he recognised the bearer of the letter which led to the unhappy consequences which he was then journeying to obviate.

“Good night,” said the stranger, as he passed them, but, immediately checking his speed, he continued, “company is always desirable—more particularly on such a road as this. Perhaps, gentlemen, you travel my way.”

“We’re for Gorey,” answered Joss, “if you happen to know whereabouts that is.”

“I’m perfectly acquainted with it,” said the stranger; “and if the road is not familiar, I shall be happy to point it out to you.”

“You are very kind,” returned Robert, “but we purpose shortly stopping for the night.”
"Stopping!" said Joss, with surprise, "truth, no! buy, we'll reach Gorey time enough to-night. Ich knows every inch o' the road."

"If you don't wish to proceed," said the stranger, "and have no friend on the way, you will oblige me by accepting my poor hospitality. Juns are not to be found, and I live not far from Gorey."

"Truth, Ich likes your civility," said Joss, evidently pleased with the open cheerful manner of the stranger, "an' if ever you come to Forth, or Bargie, you'll find your name in the pot at Narristown, just forenint Dunmore."

"I know the spot," said the stranger; "your name is Lett."

"Truth it is," said Joss, "for the want of a better, at your service; an' myis' an' Bob Meyler, here, are on our way to Lord Mountnorris, about Captain Meyler, who they put in gaol, though he's as innocent as the child unborn."

"I have heard," said the stranger, drawing his cloak closer about him, "of Captain Meyler's arrest. But let them go on: the chain, however strong, when stretched beyond its utmost tension, must snap into pieces. The system," he continued in a higher tone, "must eventuate in good: the whippings, the hangings, the burnings, the pitch-caps, and the triangles, must now arouse a lethargic people from their disgraceful supineness—they must awaken them to a sense of their inglorious apathy, to a conviction that their only hope is in the manly effort of national resistance."

"Ich am not sure Ich understands you," interrupted Joss.

"Necessity," continued the stranger, pursuing his own train of thought, rather than replying to Joss, "can make even cowards brave. But I wrong my countrymen: they want not courage—they want not that hatred, that sense of wrong, which inspires courage—they have been the dupes of their rulers, the victims of their own ignorance. The apprehension of chimeras has kept us for centuries in chains; and, like children, we have shrunk from the bugbear we had ourselves created. But, thank heaven! the atrocities of the government and the myrmidons of the castle have brought things to a crisis. My country shall be free—she will now shake off the English yoke, as Paul did the venomous reptile at Mileta—with pious ease."

"Burn me," said Joss, "but you'd make a fine min'ster, ony the not a one ov your congregation would understand you."

"My dear sir," returned the stranger, good humouredly, "you would understand me, were you a parishioner of mine; the cries and blood of your neighbours would sharpen your faculties. You would soon understand my meaning, were you to witness, as I have done, the nightly excesses of an armed yeomanry."

"I have heard of their proceedings," said Robert, "and deplore the condition of my unfortunate countrymen; but what can they do but submit to their fate."

"Submit," repeated the stranger, "for what?"

"Because resistance at this moment," replied Robert, "would only entail fresh miseries upon them."

"That," said the stranger, "is the precise reasoning which has kept us so long in chains and tears. It has, from incessant use, become trite; it has done an infinite deal of mischief, by assuming a falsehood for a fact; for nothing can be further from the truth, than what you have been pleased to take for granted."
"I confess," said Robert, "I can’t see it in that light. We are an unarmed people: we are comparatively few in number, and opposed by a mighty government, and a country abounding in resources. Our rulers have arms and ammunition, men and money: their forces are disciplined; prejudice and opinion are on their side; and, besides, you could never get the people to unite against them.

"What no individual," returned the stranger, "could hope to do, oppression and misrule have accomplished. The people are united: they wait but for an opportunity to rise en masse, and then, what becomes of your government resources—your men and money. Why, sir, in case of a well-organized rebellion, England would be left without money; her bank-notes would be converted into waste paper; her funds become deranged; and as for her army—where is it? Already fully employed by an active enemy, who would hardly ground arms until the British soldiers returned from butchering the Irish peasantry! But suppose they were all in Ireland—what then? Why, so much the better; they would supply us with arms. By annihilating an enemy, you would be arming a friend; and if you don’t forget your Voster, you will soon see that the Irish peasantry, if properly aroused, would be more than a match for any army in the world: they would be in numbers superior to even the forces of Tamerlane."

"Ay, but would they act together?"

"Compel them. Requisition! Requisition! Bring them into the field, and be assured they will act."

"Even then, they would be useless without discipline."

"A stale objection," said the stranger: "all necessary discipline could be acquired in twenty hours; and only let them obtain one victory over the soldiers, and their dread of polished arms and red coats will soon vanish. Besides, perhaps they would soon have red coats on their side too. Such things have happened: and be assured the ‘might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm,’ is neither feeble nor inefficient."

"Oh," said Joss, "that’s all rank nonsense. Ich donna like fightin’ no more nor my father afore me. ’Tis enough for every man to mind his own business, an’ leave rebellion, as you call it, to those who’ve got nothin’ else to do."

"Very right, sir; and ‘tis because people won’t let us mind our own business, that rebellion becomes necessary. Surely, when the peasantry dare not sleep in their own houses, for fear of the dreaded visits of the savage Orangemen, it is time——

"Who dare speak ill of Orangemen," exclaimed a stentorion voice, and, at the instant, an armed party rushed upon the travellers. Some seized the bridles, and others kept vociferating, who are you? what have you to say to Orangemen? without giving their prisoners time to make any reply. Robert apprehended the worst; but the stranger, throwing back his cloak, demanded, in a feigned voice, why he was stopped on the king’s highway. It is my money you want, he continued, putting his hand into his side pocket; "there it is for you," he said, extending it towards the ruffian who had hold of his bridle. The fellow eagerly dropt his musket against his breast, and extended his right hand for the proffered purse; but, instead of money, he received the contents of a pocket pistol: the stranger, at the same time, with the utmost address, putting spurs to his horse. The suddenness
of the act threw the party into confusion; and such was the darkness of the night, that, though several shots were almost instantly fired after the fugitive, he escaped, apparently unhurt, as far as could be inferred from the sound of his horses' feet galloping along the road.

"Burn me," ejaculated Joss, quite unconsciously, "but that was well done."

"Was it indeed," said a ruffian, as he struck the old man to the ground; and, as Robert raised his hand in amazement, he received a similar blow from the but-end of a musket, which quickly reduced him to a state of utter insensibility.

CHAPTER X.

When Robert had recovered from the effects of the blow and fall, he found his companion in close altercation with his assailants. "It is downright robbery," said Joss, "to ride away our beasts after that manner, without sayin' by your leave."

"When they have ketched the croppy who shot poor Bob Grimes, then they'll bring back your horses," said one of the ruffians.

"That's ov no great consequence," said another, "for their ridin' days are nearly over."

"Ay, ay," said another; "they may ride on Shank's mare to Wexford, the popish rascals, to-morrow."

"Hadn't we betther," said the first speaker, "try if one of these stickin' plasters, in the shape of a cap, would fit them?"

"No, no," replied the second, "just scratch their backs a bit first, by way of penance, after that their priests will give them absolution."

At this they all laughed; and one of them began to erect the triangle, which then was usually carried by these peace-preservers. Robert still lay on the ground; and it was hard to tell whether his fears or indignation predominated, for he thought it not improbable that they might carry some of their horrible threats into execution. Joss, however, knowing less of their wonted proceedings, had but few apprehensions, and when they approached him, as if to bind his arms, he drew back with considerable dignity, and demanded if they knew who he was.

"A damned rebellious Papist, to be sure," was the reply, "or, may be, a Popish priest. Let us see if you haven't got the mass-book about you."

"Hould, my good fellow," said Joss. "Ich'm neither Papist nor Popish priest, but plain Joss Lett, of Narristown, in the Barony of Bargie, who owes no man a farthing; so be after usin' civility to one who never injured you nor yours, an' who is, besides, an honest man."

"An' a loyal man, too," said a ruffian, ironically.

"Oh! Ich sees now," said Joss, "you'd be after wantin' my son Jachan, who was made a loyal man the other day, in Enniscorfy; but troth, boys, I'm no loyal man, but plain Joss Lett, of Narristown."

One or two of them perceived the old man's simplicity, and essayed a smile; while another, walking over to Robert, who was yet in a recumbent posture, inquired, at the same time giving him a kick, if he were a loyal man. The personal indignity aroused him to a forgetfulness of his situation; he started up, seized the ruffian by the collar, and with a single effort flung him to the ground. In a moment, half-a-dozen bayonets were at his breast, but he shrank not. "Ay, mur-
ther me,” said he, “my life is not worth much; but while I retain it, you shall not insult me with impunity. We are as loyal men as you are. We are travelling on our private affairs—

“Troth, we, just are,” interrupted Joss, “on our way to Lord Mountnorris, my landlord, about very serious business.”

“To pay your rent, I suppose,” said one of the yeomen.

“No, in troth,” answered Joss, “that job is done long since. But we were goin”—

Here Robert endeavoured to tread upon the toe of his companion, who, in consequence, endeavoured to finish the sentence in a manner very different from his original intention.

Here they were joined by the two men who went, on our travellers’ horses, in pursuit of the fugitive. Their endeavours to overtake him were ineffectual; and the feelings which disappointment excited, were now to be gratified at the expense of their prisoners. In vain Joss and Robert disclaimed any knowledge of their recent companion; in vain they declared that their journeying along with him was accidental. Their detainers would hear no apology; but hinted, that if they did not proceed peaceably along with the party, a very summary fate awaited them. As they appeared to be without any kind of a superior, and totally wanting in those gentler feelings of our nature, Robert did not hesitate to comply: but, while he declared his own willingness to walk, he begged that his less active companion might be indulged with his horse. This request was peremptorily refused. The wounded man, who appeared to have been but slightly injured, occupied one saddle, and the other was appropriated to the service of a loyalist, who had indulged his spiritual propensities a little too much that evening. “Never mind ’em, Bob,” said Joss, “I am able to walk, an’ when Lord Mountnorris hears of all this, what will he say?”

To this, it was replied, that they were not accountable to Lord Mountnorris, that they were out in search of croppies, and that it behoved the prisoners to keep themselves quiet, if they were, as they represented themselves, loyal men; but, whether they were or not, they should remain in custody till their case was investigated by a magistrate. To this Joss only answered by an “umph;” and Robert was fully persuaded that their only hope of escape from injury was by a silent compliance with the humour of their detainers. As the party proceeded along the road, he had an opportunity of viewing them more minutely. They were about twenty in number; some dressed in coloured clothes, and the remainder, in the imperfect uniform which usually distinguished the yeomanry from the military; all were armed, but the darkness of the night prevented him from taking cognisance of their countenances. He had no hesitation, however, in concluding that they were as ruffianly-looking as their actions indicated.

They had not proceeded far, when the party came to a full stop before a poor cabin that obtruded itself upon the road-side. The door was closed, and nothing appeared that gave sign of the place being inhabited. “Just stop and try,” said one of the yeomen, “if Sprigtail is at home.” “He is not,” was the reply; “don’t you see the scough* afore the door.”

* A White-thorn bush.
"That's an ould trick wid the rascals," said another, "to deceive us, but I'll soon see;" and, as he laid his shoulder to the door, it instantly gave way before him, and three or four of his comrades rushed in. "The nest is here," said one of them, "but the bird has flown."

"Out, larin' his exercise," said the first speaker; "burn the house."

"Oh, for shame!" cried Joss, "have compassion upon the poor man. I'll go bail the owner is honest, and don't deservae this."

"You'll want bail by an' by for yourself, good man," replied the yeoman, and, while he spoke, the flame burst forth from within. In a few minutes the whole roof was enveloped in smoke and fire; and, while the loyalists were enjoying the result of their own handy-work, a dismal cry was heard from an adjoining field. "That is the croppy himself," said the yeoman who had given the orders; "Fitzharris, pursue and shoot 'im."

The command was instantly obeyed: Fitzharris, accompanied by one or two others, jumped over the ditch, and discharged their muskets. "It's downright murder," said Joss; "Ich'll tell Lord Mountnorris of it to-morrow."

"How do you know that it will be in your power?"

"Livin' or dead," said Joss, "I'll do it. You're no men, you spalpeens, to burn a poor man's house, an' then shoot 'im for crying about it."

"Hold your tongue, or I'll make you," said a ruffian, thrusting his bayonet almost through the old man's teeth.

"Na, Ich'll not hould my tongue. 'Tis downright murder, and Ich'll tell Lord Mountnorris all about it. Och, 'tis long afore the boys of Dunmore would be guilty of such a dirty action. Shame upon you! au—"

Here, a thump from the stock of a musket, inflicted by no feeble arm, on the small of the back, put a stop to Mr. Lett's reproaches: and, when Robert seized the ruffian who had given the blow, he was struck from behind, and sent head foremost into the neighbouring ditch. "Shoot 'im," said one; and the deed was about to be perpetrated; were it not for the humanity of one of the party, who interfered, and insisted that no further injury should be inflicted upon the prisoners. This interference had nearly led to a mutiny; and, during the dispute, Robert's feelings were none of the most agreeable. In case of an affray, himself and friend were likely to be sacrificed, and, in the event of his enemies' triumphing, death was inevitable. Fortunately, the result was angry words only, and, after a few minutes, they all simultaneously moved on.

The first house they came to, stood upon the left-hand side of the road; and, as it was surrounded by out-offices, it appeared the habitation of a respectable farmer. It was asked if the owner were a Papist, and, an answer being given in the affirmative, admittance was immediately demanded. No answer was returned, for no one was within, the family having, on the approach of the yeomen, fled to the fields. As usual, the door was instantly forced, the house rifled of what spirits it contained, and then set on fire. Against this wanton act of tyranny, Joss once more protested; and even Robert broke through his prudent silence, and loudly reprobed the proceeding. They were only answered by blows and sneers, and soon after had to witness more appalling sights. One man, apparently returning to
his home, was shot dead, without any question being asked him; and another, who had not taken the precaution to fly, was tied up to the triangle and flogged unmercifully. These feats accomplished, the yeomen hastened home to their quarters, at Ferns, where our travelers were deposited, along with several others, in a temporary guard-house, for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

We think it right, before proceeding further, to notice a suspicion which arises in our mind respecting the reader's opinion of the verity of the preceding chapter. It is very possible that, judging from the kindly nature of his own bosom, and the acuteness of his humanity, he may be inclined to call in question the truth of our details,—perhaps, to charge us with the mean subterfuge of resorting to revolting and improbable statements for the sinister purpose of creating an impression unfavourable to the Protestant portion of the inhabitants of that part of the kingdom where our scene is laid. If such should be the fact, we plead, in extenuation, the necessity we are under of adhering implicitly to truth,—of drawing characters such as they really were, and of describing men and things as they existed at the period of our story. Although we have been an eye-witness, having resided on the spot, of more atrocious transactions than we shall venture to record, we do not ask the reader to pin his faith to our sleeve; we refer him to graver and more formal authorities,—we refer him to Archibald Hamilton Jacob, of Enniscorthy; to the Rev. Mr. Gordon's History of the Rebellion; and the late Mr. Hay's account of the same event. For ourselves, we do not "set down ought in malice." The Orangemen never did us an injury; to the folly and wickedness of the adverse party we are indebted for years of adversity. They hurled us, and those we loved, from the hights of comparative affluence, into the depths of poverty, and a kindly and benevolent government,—left us there, our claims unredressed, and our sufferings unmitigated.

Having now retrieved ourselves from an awful responsibility, by referring the sceptical reader to the living and the dead, we proceed with—what we hope may be considered our entertaining narrative.

It will be remembered that, before our late digression, we left our travellers very uncomfortably situated in the temporary prison at Ferns. The night was spent in a very different manner by Joss and his youthful companion. The one felt only for the sufferings in which Mr. Lett was involved, in consequence of his good-natured friendship for Captain Meyler, while the old man, though of the most Christian disposition, anxiously waited for the return of daylight, in the hope that it might enable him to find some way of acquainting Lord Mountnorris, whose residence was not far off, with his situation; for he did, for once in his life, feel desirous of revenge. He scorned to hold converse with his keepers, and his companions in "durance vile" were too much absorbed in their own reflections to offer any interruption to Joss's meditations. The night, very fortunately, passed off without the commission of those diabolical acts of cruelty which the yeomen were then in the habit of resorting to, and morning shone through a crevice in the wall upon the prisoners, as cheerful and lovely as if all beings were smiling and happy upon
the earth it blessed. Whatever were its effects upon others, it was hailed with gladness by our travellers; Joss began to inquire for a person to carry a message to his landlord, and Robert felt half of his own anguish removed on witnessing the energy evinced by the old man. A messenger, however, was not so easily procured, and, when every difficulty in that way had been surmounted, it was discovered that Lord Mountnorris had proceeded, at an early hour, to Enniscorthy, where there was to be a meeting of magistrates, preparatory to the introduction of the Insurrection Act.

What was to be done? Our travellers knew not; and, fortunately, they were delivered from all further thought about their situation, by being forthwith discharged from custody. The guardians of the peace were converted at once from insolent keepers into attentive servants, eager to do our travellers a kindness. They instantly procured a restoration of their horses, and apologised for the inconveniences which had been occasioned them. The reason of all this was not at first apparent: at the inn, the mystery began to clear up: Lord Mountnorris’s butler was there—to his interference they were indebted for liberty.

To proceed now to Dublin, was by no means advisable, without some kind of passport; and, accordingly, our travellers bent their course towards Enniscorthy. Here they met Lord Mountnorris, who was profuse in expressions of kindness, but could not, or would not, do any thing towards setting Captain Meyler at liberty. He inquired particularly respecting the business of the preceding night; and, on being informed that they knew nothing respecting their companion, who so opportunely made his escape, his lordship gave his head an incredulous shake, expressive of a polite dissent.

Joss, whose independent mind revolted against the implied charge of falsehood, replied in still stronger terms, and even hinted, in his own honest way, that he was quite as incapable as his lordship of concealing the truth. The landlord smiled, as great men are wont when condescending to soothe the petulance of an angry inferior, and assured the blunt Quaker that he was not accused—he was considered a downright loyal man.

“Loyal or not loyal,” said Joss, “Ich knows noothin’ aboot the fellow, no more nor my young friend, Bob, here.”

His lordship again smiled, but accompanied this indication of good humour with a significant shake of his head. “Your name is Meyler, is it not?” he asked, turning to Robert, who replied in the affirmative.

“Brother to the captain of that name, now in Wexford gaol?”

“The same, your lordship.”

“And of course implicated in his practices.”

“I don’t understand your lordship.”

“We’ll contrive to improve your understanding. Walk this way.”

And he proceeded across the street, from where they were standing, towards the market-house, a square stone building that fronts the principal street of the little town. The lower part of it was devoted to the sale of meal, potatoes, and sometimes butter-milk; whilst the upper story served for a greater variety of purposes. The children of Thespis occasionally converted it into a temple of amusement, where some itinerant Kean strutted his little hour in Richard; and anon, an

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inspired teacher held forth on the importance of the "word." Law
was here at other times dispensed, quarterly; and, on the present oc-
casion, his majesty's justices of the peace assembled there for the
purpose of deciding upon the safest and swiftest method of impro-
ving the loyalty of the people, which had been, it was supposed,
sadly retrograding.

Robert, on mounting the staircase, had some misgivings respecting
his personal liberty. He had heard and seen enough to know that, at
this period, justice had returned to heaven; and that an excess of
loyalty, if not something of a more reprehensible nature, had begotten
in the Wexford gentry an implacable hatred of every thing Catholic,
and a culpable activity in giving expression and direction to that in-
imical feeling. In spite of every effort to the contrary, he found a
disagreeable palpitation within his bosom; and none will call in
question his fortitude, from the circumstance, who recollect that the
situation was not only new to him, but surrounded with danger.

On entering the apartment, he found himself the object of general
attention: every eye was fixed upon him, and with an expression, as he
thought, of ridicule and malignity; and this became more marked,
after Lord Mountnorris had communicated in whispers with his
brother magistrates. Conscious of innocence, and offended with what
he thought the contemptuous looks of the assembly, he found his
fortitude returning: the blood rushed to his face, and, when
ordered to the table, he betrayed neither a want of courage nor
confidence.

"Pray, sir," said a smart little man, with a stern countenance, and
an eye of peculiar prominence, "do you know Lord Edward Fitz-
gerald?"

"I have not had that honour," replied Robert.

"Honour!" repeated the magistrate, "Ha! recollect yourself: did not a stranger carry a letter to your brother not long since?"

"There did; but he was not Lord Edward—that is, I believe he
was not."

The bench of magistrates here manifested increased attention.

"Ha," said the querist, "how do you know that it was not?"

"I know—I suspect that it was not."

"Be careful of what you say; tell the truth, without disguise, or
the consequences may be such as to cause you to lament any con-
cealment."

"I have nothing to conceal," returned Robert. "I never saw
Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to my knowledge; nor should I know him
if I saw him. The person who brought the letter to my mother's,
was, to us, a perfect stranger; we omitted to inquire his name, and
Mr. Horseshaw, whom I see on my right, read—I suppose he read—
the letter itself."

Here the eyes of the assembly were averted towards Mr. Horseshaw,
who, however, made no observation, and the examination
continued.

"Pray, sir, what kind of a man was the stranger? Was he tall?"

"Very tall."

"Not very tall?" said Lord Mountnorris, putting his correction in
the tone of a query.

"Why, not decidedly very tall," said Robert.
“Looked gentleman-like, and determin’d?” continued the magistrate.

“Very much so, indeed.”

“Talked much of Irish oppression, and of the government, and of the state of the country.”

“I confess, these formed a part of his conversation.”

The magistrates looked confidently at each other.

“What did he say?”

“Really, I cannot exactly remember his words. His observations were general; for he stopped only about half an hour.”

“And where did he go to?”

“I might sincerely answer, I know not; but it is a question I would rather decline answering.”

“Well, we shall not press you: but be pleased to inform us, whether you have seen him since? What! can’t you answer that question? In point of fact, did you not see him last night?”

“Even if I did, I should scorn to give information of the fact; I am,” he continued, firmly, “no informer.”

“Less pride, young man; and tell us where the fugitive of last night was bound for.”

“I did not inquire, sir—it was no business of mine; our meeting was accidental.”

Here Robert was desired to withdraw, and the magistrates entered into conversation. After a few minutes, he was recalled, and asked, whether he was prepared to give information respecting the present retreat of the fugitive. He replied, very honestly, that he knew not; and very candidly added that, if he did, he would not discover it. In vain he was threatened with imprisonment, in vain even torture was hinted at: he persisted in his answer; they disbelieved him, and, therefore, committed him to prison.

**CHAPTER XII.**

The castle of Enniscorthy was then the place of confinement for those minor offenders who were hardly thought worthy of being dignified with a situation in the county gaol. The building itself is boldly and picturesquely situated on an eminence that overlooks the Slaney, which here flows gently through a stone bridge. In other days, it might have been formidable in times of war, and convenient in times of peace; but the accompaniments which rendered it such had long since disappeared. It had now neither bawn nor bastion, portcullis nor drawbridge, presenting nothing but its four circular towers at the termination of the principal street of the little town. Its appearance was gloomy in the extreme; the approach to the door was intersected by rubbish, and, as Robert was about to enter, he involuntarily shuddered, for he already imagined himself one of those miserable beings who forced their heads from within, through the grated apertures, to see who it was that was about to increase their numbers. He was not destined, however, for the common hole into which ordinary prisoners were put: a more elevated apartment was ordered for him, in one of the angular towers; and, though it was narrow and filthy, without furniture or seat, he felt happy to find that he was to be alone,—that he might indulge himself without interruption in giving way to his gloomy meditations.
It was evening: the castle cast its shadow down the precipice, and, as Robert looked through the narrow aperture of his prison, a rich and varied scene presented itself to his view. Below, the Staney lay unruffled, and beyond it the town of Templeshannon, surmounted by Vinegar Hill, then without any of those revolting associations which now connect themselves in our minds with horrible inhumanity. Tracing the river upwards, through its romantic windings, the eye lit upon the declining sides of Blacksloops, and the more richly chequered fields of Solsbury; returning, in an opposite direction, the woods and declivities of Thompson's Terrace, now green with the first visitation of spring, became visible.

The influence of such a scene, more lovely on such an evening, was not lost on a mind constituted like that of our traveller; it forcibly impressed him with that reverential piety which the goodness of God, seen in his works, never fails to inspire; he could not, however, refrain from lamenting, that a country so rich and beautiful should be made, by man's atrocity, the scene of crime and misery.

Gradually the shades of evening became more dense; the figures of busy men in the streets became more indistinct, and the horizon began to close around into a more contracted circle. Still he looked out upon the scene; the earth vanished as it were from his view; but the blue heaven extended her canopy, studded with those isles of light, not the less brilliant because the queen of night over the world her "silvery mantle threw." At length he felt himself affected by the chill air of evening; he withdrew from the open aperture, but there was nothing to rest upon, and he was not yet fatigued enough to surmount the repugnance he felt to a recumbent posture on the unswept floor. He paced the apartment for about half an hour, and then took his station at the window, if so it might be called, and, when again apprised of the chilly influence of the air, he returned to his abrupt walk in the apartment. In this way he spent the night, his thoughts divided between himself and his friends: he wondered what had become of his venerable friend Joss; he wondered what was to become of himself; and, as all was conjecture, he felt in full force the anguish of suspense, when threatened with calamities which we are incapacitated from diverting from us, or opposing when they come.

Next morning, Captain Jacob, the magistrate who had examined him on the preceding day, made his appearance, and inquired if our hero was prepared to give the information required of him. His answer was necessarily in the negative, upon which the little justice withdrew, and was immediately succeeded by a turnkey. His inquiries were of a more agreeable nature,—they were about the state of the prisoner's appetite; and, on being furnished with the needful, quickly produced an ample supply of provisions for the day, reserving, as a remuneration for his trouble, somewhat above one hundred and fifty per cent.

His meditations on this day were somewhat like those of the preceding night; all was doubt; no one came near him, and another morning dawned upon him without bringing any information respecting either his friends or the nature of the accusation against him. On the entrance of the turnkey, he asked why he was detained. "Because you're in gaol," was the laconic reply; and, notwith-
standing a number of fishing and direct questions, he could procure no other information, simply because the respondent had no other to give. Robert now began to regard his situation with somewhat more seriousness; it was possible his friends did not know of his incarceration; and, when he thought of apprising them of it, he was refused the accommodation of pen, ink, and paper. He knew no one in Enniscothy, and, if he did, the gaoler would not convey them a message. His alarm for his own safety increased, and, while his mind was in a paroxism of racking doubt, the magistrate again made his appearance; but the answer given him was the same as on the former occasion.

He had now been four days in prison, and had seen no one but the turnkey; his anxiety for his brother, mother, and Joss, was great; his suspense regarding his own situation was still greater, and so agitated had his mind become, that the view which pleased him on the first night of his incarceration, lost all power to amuse him for a moment. He felt the accustomed placidity of his mind—the Christian moderation of his disposition, give way to indignation and a spirit of revenge. The groans of the wretched prisoners, as they ascended from the castle yard, where the torture was sometimes inflicted, wrung his very soul; and he had sworn, mentally, but deliberately, to embark in any cause, on his liberation, which had the remotest tendency to subvert a system which was nurtured in human blood, when the door opened, and a well-known voice whispered, in tremulous but vulgar accents,—

"Masther Robert, hunny, is't here you are?"
"Good God! is this Paddy?"
"Och, musha, faith it is, Masther Robert; an' right sore I am to be here to the fore, an' see you where you are."
"Never mind that, Paddy; but tell me how is all at home; how is my poor mother, my brother, and tell me has Mr. Lett got home, and how are the Miss Letts."
"Phy," said Paddy, looking about the room, "I've a great' all to tell you,—a bushil full of news, Masther Robert, but the not a bit of a stool myself can see to sit down upon."
"I am sorry, Paddy, that I cannot accommodate you."
"O, then, bad luck to 'em that sent you here, any how; but no matther, now, I must tell you the news. You knew limpin Nero?"
"Limping Nero! No; I believe not."
"O, shure you, that Inniscorfy scaldher that Masther Lett brought down wid 'im."
"Oh! Mr. Sparrow, you mean."
"Ay, troth, the same; sweet bad luck to 'im,—the dure is shut, I believe; ay, so it is. E' then, Masther Robert, jewel, 'tis that limpin parishesen that has done the mischief about Dunmore."
"Mischief! What mischief?"
"Why, he have formed an Orange Lodge, in Tim Jeffray's ale-house, an' burnt Father Keely's chapel."
"Burnt the chapel!"
"Troth, ay; an' done somethin' on the alther that I'm ashamed to mention; 'tis an' old trick of theirs; but," he continued, in a whisper, "their day is a most come, for we're all united: I swore in three hundred last Sunday, myself, upon the little podhreen."
"I am glad of it," was Robert's ejaculation.
"E' then, I knew that," said Munster Paddy; "an' Mon White said you would; but how will you get out of this hell of a hole?" And he proceeded to inspect the nature of the place.

"We must wait for that," returned Robert; "but first tell me about home, and my mother and brother."

"Phy, asthere, your mother is amost broken-hearted, as well she may be, for they swear that the poor captain will be hanged outright. Oh! there's bloody murther goin' on, an' I came here to see what was become of you, an' to take back word whether you was dead or alive."

"And how did you gain admittance?"

"Faith, hard enough; Mr. Lett waited here two days and couldn't get a glimpse of you; an', when he came home, he sent me off wid a bit of a letter,—an', speakin' of letters, here's one for you,—I believe 'tis from the little widow's daughter, an' a fine girl she is,—but that's true, you are bent, the Lord be praised, another way."

Robert snatched the letter, but the evening had advanced too far for him to read it; and, after a fruitless effort, he gave up the attempt, and turned to Paddy, who detailed the means by which he gained access. The letter from Joss procured him the assistance of a Protestant of influence, through whose means the business was accomplished. "And now," continued Paddy, "there's no time to be lost; that black-lookin' rascal, wid his keys rattlin', like a man in chains, will be here in a minute, an' turn me out like a dog. Stay! No; the windy won't do," and he paused; "I have it," he cried, in a tone of smothered exultation, and commenced stripping himself. "Come," he continued, "put on these ould duds, an' give me your's. I'll do the villains."

At first, Robert refused to avail himself of Paddy's friendly offer, as the consequence might be dangerous to both, in case of miscarriage, and fatal to one of them in case of success. But the time was urgent; the situation of his brother pressed upon him, and, as it might be possible to reach Dublin in disguise, he calculated much on the influence of his uncle in being able to liberate not only the captain, but Paddy, from imprisonment. Buoyed up with this hope, he changed clothes with his disinterested deliverer; and, when the turnkey came to release the visitor, our hero walked out of the castle with an indescribable feeling of alarm.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Robert had fairly gotten beyond the precincts of the temporary bastile, he increased his speed, and, in a few minutes, found himself without the town. Regarding the road as no longer secure for so suspicious a traveller, he betook himself to the fields; but, being ignorant of the surrounding country, he found it necessary that he should seek the friendly shelter of some neighbouring hedge until morning. We shall not stop to describe him during his nocturnal seclusion, because we consider ourselves totally inadequate to the task, for more passed through his mind in half an hour, than we could detail in twenty-four.

When morning dawned, he viewed the gloomy castle in the south, and from this perceived that he had taken a northern direction. Keeping the Slaney on his right, he reached Scarawalsh before any one had
arisen, and, deeming the direct road unsafe, and considering inquiry
dangerous, he resolved to prosecute his journey through in an indi-
rect way, but by an unerring guide. The Slaney, he knew, took its
rise among the Wicklow Hills, not far from the metropolis, and,
consequently, by keeping it in view, he should ultimately arrive at the
place to which he was now eagerly travelling. His route thus deter-
mined upon, he crossed the bridge of Scarawalsh, and, at an early
hour, came within view of Newtownbarry; leaving this pretty village
on his left, he abandoned his former guide, and struck into the coun-
try in an opposite direction, crossed the hills of Ballyellis, and
slept that night at a peasant's cot within view of the Wicklow Moun-
tains.

Next morning found him early on the road; and, towards even-
ing, the spires of the metropolis became visible. The sight inspired
him, he knew not why, with confidence; Dublin was the residence
of an uncle whom he was taught to look up to, not only as the orna-
ment, but the benefactor of his family. His influence with govern-
ment and great men was regarded by his relations as perfectly su-
preme, and, on this occasion, Robert felt no inclination to call in ques-
tion that power which he hoped to see exercised for the liberation of a
beloved brother and his generous-hearted deliverer. Pushing on vi-
gorously, he reached Dublin a little after dark, and, having inquired
his way, he penetrated through Kevin Street, to the Coomb, not far
from which he was directed to the house of Mr. Dempsey, the great
army clothier. He was too eager to gain admission, to spend any time
admiring the splendour of the edifice, but, seizing the knocker, he
gave a rap that almost alarmed himself. A liveried servant opened
the door; but, on seeing the mean appearance of the visitor, was
about closing it in his face, when Robert whispered in his ear,—
"Conduct me to your master, I have business of importance to com-
municate." The times were alarming—arrests were hourly taking
place, and the man of bows and lace, thinking his employer in dan-
ger, did not hesitate to comply with a request so urgently made.
Our hero was forthwith presented to the great man of the family, who
was soon convinced that the visitor was his nephew. His power,
however, of serving his friends, had been sadly curtailed by recent
events; he went to the Castle next day, but returned with the disagree-
able intelligence, that the county of Wexford was proclaimed to be in
a state of insurrection; and that Robert Meyler had been advertised as
an outlaw, a reward being offered for his apprehension. From all
this, it was evident nothing could be done by Mr. Dempsey. The
captain could not be brought up by any application to the Court of
King's Bench, and the government would not interfere, particu-
larly as it was suspected both brothers were implicated in the con-
spiracy then discovered.

Still Mr. Dempsey had hopes of interesting some persons in be-
half of his nephews, and, therefore, delayed Robert's departure until
it was evident that it was no longer the interest of either that he
should continue in Dublin. Having procured a more becoming suit
of clothes, he bent his steps homeward, where he arrived three days
after, having encountered much danger on the journey; the roads
being at this time guarded, at convenient intervals, by the military
and yeomanry.
CHAPTER XIV.

His arrival, for very obvious reasons, was kept as secret as could be expected, where the fact was known to hundreds, lest some of the Orangemen, who had recently started up in the neighbourhood, should claim the large reward offered for his apprehension. Suspicion, however, was created, and Mr. Horseshaw was frequent in his visits at the house of widow Meyler. This activity of the magistrate's, obliged Robert to spend as small a portion as possible of his time at home; but, though denounced by the laws, and sought after with eagerness by the civil authorities, he was very far from finding verified the sentence of the outlaw. Instead of every man's hand being raised against him, he met with universal sympathy and kindness; the peasantry had learnt enough of proceedings elsewhere, to identify him with the cause of justice; and, as Catholics were now a proscribed race, it necessarily follows that Robert was regarded as a martyr for his religion. What added to the prevailing opinion in his favour, was the circumstances which had taken place in Dunmore, since the arrival of Sil Sparrow, at Narristown. An Orange lodge had been established, about a dozen brothers sworn, and, as a further separation from the people, these had all entered into the Taghmore corps of yeomanry. The most active amongst them was Jachan Lett; and, as a reward for his past services, or as a stimulus to further activity, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

These things did not take place without exciting the suspicion and ridicule of the people. The name of an Orangeman was associated in their minds with burnings, whippings, and cruelties; and, naturally enough, they regarded the introduction of Orangemen amongst them, with a feeling of dislike, approaching to hatred. Possessing all the quick and warm passions of their countrymen, they were not slow to manifest their horror of Jachan and his partisans; and, on more occasions than one, gave practical proof of their sentiments. This, naturally enough, produced a reaction: the peasantry were disarmed; Jachan executed the duty of carrying off their guns and fowling-pieces; and, thus left defenceless, the Orangemen became more and more daring. They hoisted the symbols of their party, celebrated openly their detested orgies, and hesitated not to proclaim themselves the brethren of those who presided over the councils of the nation. To much cunning, the peasantry of Bargie added considerable prudence. They saw very plainly that the time had not arrived for questioning the truth of the Orangemen's allegations; but they were not hopeless of such a time. Under the direction of Munster Paddy, a counter society of united Irishmen was formed; and, though at first the people did not manifest as much zeal as that incipient republican desired, the conduct of the Orangemen soon helped to swell the list of his disciples. The burning of father Keely's chapel, and the outrage committed in the house of God, provoked a spirit of indignation and revenge, which was truly favourable to the progress of the new doctrine of liberalism; and, as this was followed by successive provocation, every man in that part of the country was soon sworn in. The flame, now, only wanted vent to burst forth; and, on Robert's return, the peasantry availed themselves of the opportunity to place
him at their head; his sentiments, by this time, though more enlightened, being in perfect accordance with theirs.

His office, however, was far from being a sinecure. Every night he had to attend a muster of the rustic conspirators, on the lonely borough of Ballyeige, and, though the retreat was perfectly secure, he had considerable difficulty in persuading his followers to refrain from taking immediate vengeance on the Orangemen. He was grieved to find that his early playmate, Jachan, was an object of great detestation; they even attributed to him acts which he knew to proceed from other quarters; and, though Jachan had given way to an unworthy spirit, the necessary consequence of his new connexions, Robert lamented that the sins of the son were likely to be visited on the father. Joss, with a laudable feeling, refused to credit the complaints made of him; and at length, through a spirit of obstinacy, seemed to applaud that conduct which the people reprobated. Perhaps the military rank held by Jachan, flattered the old man's pride; perhaps he did not like openly to disapprove of proceedings which he could not prevent; but, whatever was the cause, Joss had tacitly identified himself with the Orangemen, and, consequently, he was now an object of public hatred. All intercourse betweens the Letts and the Meylers had ceased. Good feeling had therefore quitted the neighbourhood of Dunmore; while the popular frenzy threatened every moment to break out into dreadful acts of retaliation.

One evening, a little before twilight, Robert was proceeding leisurely along the banks of the river, immediately under the lands of Narristown, ruminating on "coming events," and the part he had undertaken to perform, when he accidentally met Bodder Fanny, who was walking in an opposite direction, towards the little cabin which Sally Lett had temporarily fitted up for her residence, while her own was undergoing repairs, in consequence of the fire. The dummy was rejoiced to see him; she put the stocking she was knitting into her apron, and commenced a manual oration, which Robert did not very well understand. She alluded to Miss Lett, to himself, to Joss, to his brother; but so rapid were her significant evolutions, that he found it impossible to follow her. Still, he felt interested; and, without knowing why, he walked by the side of the dumb creature, until he reached her cottage. He observed that the "bush" was removed from before the door; but Fanny, guessing the cause, put her finger archly to her lip, turned upon Robert with a smile, and, as she affected to steal in quite cunningly, beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed; and, entering, the first object that met his eye, was Sally Lett. She held a little basket in her hand; and, had, evidently, been on a visit of kindness to the poor forlorn creature who now lived upon her bounty. She appeared more pallid and melancholy than when last they parted; but the rencontre soon called up enough of blood in her face, to hide every indication of sorrow. With more than her wonted kindness, she extended her hand to meet his; but, as if apprehensive of having exceeded, under the circumstances, the proper bounds of decorum, she sank sensitively back, and sat down upon a form.—Robert took his seat beside her.

"You are a stranger at Narristown, Mr. Meyler," said Sally, her eyes bent on the ground.

"Unfortunately, it is so," returned Robert: "we have fallen upon

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evil times. Recent events have sundered ancient friendships; but I regret these circumstances still more, if they occasion you to imagine, for an instant, that I do not still entertain all my former esteem for Mr. and Miss Lett."

"In other, and, alas! far happier times, Robert, you used to be less formal; you were then in the habit of familiarly calling me Sally. I do not—I will not doubt your esteem; and, be assured, none lament more than we do, the untoward circumstance that has befallen you and Captain Meyler."

"My brother, Sally—since you permit me to be thus, once more, familiar—I hope, is aware of your kindness."

"I believe he is: I heard from him yesterday; for he has proved less forgetful, and a more punctual correspondent, than his brother."

"He has been more honoured—I have been favoured with no such tokens of female regard as I suppose he is pleasingly obliged to reply to."

"I thought I had written—I mean, I thought my cousin Rebecca had written to you, by your servant man, after my father's return from Enniscorthy."

"I beg pardon; but really I never read the letter; for, in the hurry and confusion of my escape, I omitted, in changing my clothes, to remove the letter from my side pocket. But—"

Here a scream from Sally interrupted him. He started up, and, living in continual apprehension, his hand naturally snatched his pistols from his side pocket, before he was aware of the cause of Sally's alarm. Turning round, however, he saw Jachan Lett and Sil Sparrow enter. Upon the face of the latter there was an ironical smile, of demonic character; while the rage of the other seemed to burst in flashes from his eyes. "Villain!" he exclaimed, presenting a pistol at Robert, "surrender. In the name of the king, I command you to surrender."

"Never!" was the resolute reply, levelling his pistol in self-defence.

"Forbear!" exclaimed Sally, rushing between them. "Let there be no blood. Spare him, brother; O, spare Robert."

"Hussy!" cried the enraged brother, "do you fear for your gallant—the Popish outlaw? Away!" he continued, seizing her hand and flinging her aside, "you have disgraced yourself and family for ever, by this vile assignation."

"Jachan Lett," said Robert, his pistol still presented, "you wrong your sister—by heaven, you wrong her; our meeting was accidental. But, were it not, sir, I want to know how she could be disgraced. I loved her once, with more than a brother's love; and, though that time has passed, she shall never be insulted, even by you, with impunity. So, now, if you value your life, withdraw instantly," and he advanced upon him. At the instant, Sally, who had recovered, and Fanny, who had hitherto stood inactive, from fright, rushed between them. The elomorous interference of the dummy greatly incommodecd Robert, for whose safety she was evidently most solicitous; and Sil, taking advantage, advanced upon him. They grappled—Sil was flung to the ground, and Miss Lett, from excessive agitation, sank to the floor. Regardless of his sister, Jachan rushed upon Robert, and, as Fanny was solely occupied in taking care of the young lady, the affray must have terminated fatally, were it not for
The opportune entrance of Munster Paddy, with a cockade in his hat, and a broad sword, naked in his hand.

"Hello!" he cried, "what's all this. O, you murtherin villains! You limpin rascal, don't you know that the country is our own. The Romans have carried the day." And he quickly separated the combatants, crying out, incessantly, "you murtherin villains, your hour is come; though, troth, I don't like to have your blood upon me, seein’ one o' you is the son of an honest man."

A parley now took place. The rebellion had broken out in the northern part of the county; and, Enniscorthy having fallen into the hands of the insurgents, Paddy had obtained his liberation. The two Orangemen did not wait to hear the full account, but, taking Miss Lett with them, hurried from the cabin, it being no longer prudent to attempt the arrest of Robert.

CHAPTER XV.

The exclusive loyalists quickly shrank from the spirit they had aroused; they fled with indecent haste, or submitted with shameful obsequiousness, while the peasantry, eager for revenge, rushed to hills and camps, as if the more readily to spy the enemy from the eminences they generally chose to congregate upon. The Orangemen of Dunmore joined the army in its flight to Duncannon, while their families, to obtain security at home, manifested an edifying pliability of doctrine; they learned, in a very short time, how to go through all the external ceremonials practised by Roman Catholics.

The martial propensities of the people were soon called into action: already they had triumphed in several engagements with the king's forces, and the people of Dunmore, unwilling to be out-done in daring achievements, longed for an opportunity of displaying their martial accomplishments. A day or two after the surrender of Wexford, Robert Meyler was formally called to command; his followers he found ready prepared for active service, and, notwithstanding his intimate acquaintance with the whole preparation, he was surprised at the iron wood of pikes which they exhibited: some, less fortunate, had provided themselves with pitchforks, others with scythes attached to poles, while not a few of the recruits were obliged to rest satisfied with a case-knife, lashed closely to spade-handles. Music was not wanted; for Munster Paddy, now in his element, was considered no mean performer on the file. A blind fiddler was added to the band, and, an itinerant piper having been seized that morning, "Patrick's Day" and "Garryowen" were by no means indifferently performed, as they set out "in rank and fine order," from the ancient village of Dunmore. Mon White, mounted on one of Joss Lett's best horses, fulfilled the duty of adjutant, while Robert, as commander-in-chief, rode at the head of his forces; subordination was not yet quite established, for the horsemen were indiscriminately mixed with the ranks. Our hero, though sanguine, was not without his occasional misgivings; but still the confidence he felt "in the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm," and in what he considered the justice of his cause, largely predominated over obtruding apprehensions.

On passing Johnstown, they stopped to pay Mr. Grogan a visit, and, concluding that so good a man must be favourable to their cause, they literally carried him from his couch, where he was confined by
gout, and placed him at their head. In Wexford, Robert had the happiness of embracing his brother, and the mortification to find the people guilty of many wanton excesses. These, however, he regarded as the necessary consequences of the sufferings they had been previously made to endure, and felt no way inclined to doubt the final success of their cause. The captain, ever volatile and thoughtless, was easily persuaded to accept of nominal command in the rebel army, and the "Dunmore boys," having paraded during several hours through the streets of Wexford, returned that evening to their homes, previous to their intended expedition against New Ross.

Next morning presented a very different view from that of the preceding day; the wives and mothers of the peasantry felt increased alarm at the near approach of danger. Yesterday was merely a party of pleasure, but now they were going, as Munster Paddy said, "to fight in earnest." Some of the poor women became quite frantic, rolled about the roads in a state of delirium, and tore their hair and garments from an excess of anguish. Three cheers, however, restored the minds of the men to composure, and, though all the females did not exhibit a Spartan spirit, there were those among them not wanting in patriotism, as was evident in the three flags carried before their lovers. The zeal was apparent, but it is questionable whether the devices upon them would pass muster in the Herald's College.

The command was divided between Robert and his brother; and though, in truth, there was no subordination, it was wonderful with what regularity their march was performed. They rested that night on the rock of Carrickburn, where they remained until the 4th of June, when they removed to Corbet Hill, within a mile of the town of Ross. That night was spent in determining on the plan of attack. Captain Meyler being a military man, his opinion was ultimately taken; but the impatience of the insurgents next morning, in consequence of their messenger being shot, defeated his purpose. The "Dunmore boys" rushed towards the three-bullet gate, headed by Robert Meyler, and, after a smart skirmish with the military, precipitated themselves into the town, before the hour had arrived for the other portion of the rebel army to commence operations in their allotted quarters.

In a few minutes they possessed themselves of the town; but the king's forces, having only retired beyond the bridge, availing themselves of the want of discipline which prevailed among the insurgents, returned and recommenced the engagement. The scene was terrific; the thoughtless peasantry were butchered in hundreds; and Robert and Captain Meyler laboured in vain to restore order or repel the army, while the people were making their escape. One part of the military, or rather yeomanry, was headed by an officer whose dress and figure seemed familiar to Robert; his zeal in the work of death was astonishing; men fell before him like corn before the sickle; and, though he could not but admire his prowess, our hero longed for an opportunity of terminating his career of blood. Turning a corner, he found himself almost alone; the people were flying precipitately in all directions, and, as he was a perfect stranger to the place, he knew not what way to turn. While in the pause of indecision, a red coat flashed upon his sight; several soldiers crossed the street as if in pursuit, but one paused, looked at Robert, and beckoned his compa-
The Orangeman.

CHAPTER XVI.

The cause of defeat was attributed by the people, not to their own folly, but to the incapacity of their commander, the unfortunate Harvey; and it must be admitted, that, though a celebrated duellist, he was far from being a brave or prudent soldier. During the action, he betrayed unequivocal symptoms of cowardice; and it was supposed that, when dismissed the "service," he felt any thing but mortified. He was succeeded in command by the Rev. Philip Roache, a man of very different temperament; and, when Robert was introduced to his new general, he was not a little surprised to find, in the insurgent commander, his deliverer and former acquaintance.

"You remember, Mr. Meyler," said he, "our rencontre with the Orangemen, on the road to Gorey; I am glad the fellow didn't die of his wound, nor would I have fired; but, as there was no other way of escaping, it was an act of self-defence—of perfect humanity, particularly as I carried the lives of a thousand men in my pocket.
When I became a priest, I did not cease to be an Irishman, and well the government shall know that."

He then proceeded to pass many encomiums on the valour and address shown by our hero, at Ross, and said he felt happy in ratifying the opinion of the whole camp respecting his merits.

Gratifying as these popular testimonies were, Robert felt by no means happy; his brother had not been seen since the last encounter with the enemy, and, though of inferior note, he regretted that Munster Paddy was also missing. It was barely possible that they might have escaped, and gone off in another direction, but it was more probable that they were amongst the slain. Added to this, was the melancholy fact the people had begun to commit the most atrocious excesses throughout the country. Scallabogue was fresh in the recollection of all, and tidings were now brought that Vinegar Hill was the scene of revolting and wanton cruelties. The butchers in both places were the cowards who shrank from a manly opposition to the king's forces.

If any thing tended to relieve Robert's mind, it was the humanity of Father Philip Roache,—for he was humane*. One evening he summoned him to head-quarters, and gave him a carte blanche to proceed to Enniscorthy, and bring up all the prisoners in the camp at Vinegar Hill, who ran any danger, desiring him to allege as a reason, that heavy charges were made against them in his camp. Robert willingly undertook this duty, and, among others, was instrumental in saving the life of Sil Sparrow, just as he was about to have a pikeman plunged in him, opposite the north door of the windmill.

Sil, it appeared, as well as Jachan Lett, had fled at first to Duncannon; but, not relishing the kind of accommodation the place afforded, had volunteered to quit it, with the intention of aiding the loyal cause; Jachan, as we have seen, carried his purpose into execution, but Sil, less resolute, had made his way to the house of a Catholic friend, near Enniscorthy, where he was apprehended, and carried to Vinegar Hill.

On Robert's return, he found the camp stationed on Lacken Hill. He was invited to the tent of the general, and, while discussing the contents of a bottle of whiskey, a liquor to which Father Philip was particularly attached, a stranger claimed admittance in urgent haste,—it was Father Keely. He refused to be seated. "I come," said he, "to remonstrate with ye both, on the course you are pursuing."

"Drink, father, drink," interrupted the general, holding towards him a tumbler of punch; "we are much obliged to you, but it is a dry subject."

"I want not your pernicious drink,—but do you remember your vow?"

"Ay, what of that?"

"Did you not promise to preach peace and good will towards men?"

"Reverend sir, I have not forgotten my college studies; I know very well what I promised, and I am now doing nothing that militates against the vow I took at my ordination. I am—"
"Engaged in rebellion against your lawful sovereign."

"No, sir; engaged in the noble cause of emancipating my country from tyranny and arbitrary power."

"Oh! mistaken man," said the Rev. Mr. Keely, "remember that we are enjoined to obey the rulers that are set over us—for all power is from God."

"The old stupid casuistry," returned the general, "that has peopled the world with crime, and Europe with slaves. All power is not from God,—the Almighty never gave power to Archy Jacob, and Hunter Gowan, and Hawtry White, and their Orange satellites, to shoot, whip, and strangle the people guiltless of any offence. 'Tis an exploded doctrine, reverend sir. Will you drink?"

The good priest averted his head, as if hopeless of making any impression, and turned to Robert: "Spare your reproaches, my good sir," said our hero, in anticipation of what was coming, "I have done nothing that I regret, or that I would not do again. I have broken no vow; but I have certainly changed my intentions. It is a necessary consequence of recent and coming events; but, since these hands have been stained with human gore, however just the cause, I hold my God in too much reverence to attempt raising them to heaven, recking as they are with the life's blood of my fellow-creatures, and have abandoned all intentions of the priesthood."

Mr. Keely, despairing of effecting his humane purpose, was about quitting the tent, when the drum beat to arms. The general hastily swallowed the remainder of his punch, and went out to inquire the cause of alarm at so late an hour of night. The general cry was, "We are surrounded, and all our men gone home;" for the people went and came as they pleased. In this emergency, Roache displayed the self-possession and ready resources of an experienced general. He ordered several horsemen to take a flag each, and, at regular intervals, along the brow of the hill, to wave them in the face of the enemy, while the footmen were commanded to retreat cautiously, but quickly, through the only avenue now left them. The ruse succeeded; the king's troops were completely deceived, and, when a sufficient time had elapsed, the horsemen galloped down the hill after their comrades; the general and Robert being the last who quitted the post of danger.

Next morning found them quietly reposing on the Three Rocks; for, since the battle of Ross, they remained nearly inactive, in consequence of a total want of ammunition. Having encamped here for some time, the general succeeded in obtaining a small supply of indifferent gunpowder, and, thus qualified, he prepared to march against General (afterwards Sir John) Moore, who was drawing towards the capital of the county. Just as they were on the point of setting off, and as Robert had one foot in the stirrup, he was pulled back by a rude hand, and Bodder Fanny stood before him. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and, with much difficulty, he learned from her that his friend, Joss Lett, was about to be murdered, in Wexford. Without communicating his intention to any one, he mounted his horse and rode straight into town. At the gaol he heard, that the prisoners, intended for execution, were removed to the bridge, and hither he immediately hastened; he was just in time; Sally was on her knees before the pikemen, who stood ready to exe-
cute their dreadful commission, in spite of the tears and supplications of the beautiful girl: and a man cried out,—"Is there any one can say any thing good of this—" "Yes, you ruffians," cried Robert, dashing through the crowd; and, without waiting for further form, he seized Joss, and dragged him away; then returned for his daughter. The populace looked on with wonder; many ventured to applaud the deed, and none attempted to dispute his authority for what he had done, clearly proving that nothing but resolution in individuals was wanted, to put a speedy stop to the excesses of the day.

We shall not attempt to describe Joss's feelings, or those of his lovely daughter. They had participated in the odium brought on the family through Jachan's "loyalty;" and, in the absence of the neighbours, some revengeful people had apprehended Joss, and brought him to Wexford: his daughter followed her father, who must have been sacrificed to the indiscriminate fury of the hour, were it not for the timely interference of Robert. Lest any further danger awaited them, he accompanied them home, to Narristown; and, on the way, heard enough, from lips that gratitude inspired, to make him hope that, come what would, he was not entirely excluded from happiness. Having left a guard to protect his friends, he proceeded to join the insurgent army, who, a few hours after his coming up with it, fought the battle of "Goff's Bridge." The reverend general, on this occasion, was opposed to a disciplined army, commanded by an experienced officer; yet it is but justice to the poor curate to record the fact, that Sir John Moore subsequently admitted, that Father Philip Roache, on this day, displayed the most consummate military skill. Had he more or better ammunition, he must have beaten the king's troops; as it was, he stood the field while a cartridge remained, and, when he retreated, General Moore thought it advisable not to pursue him. Many proofs of valour were exhibited by the insurgents on this day, but by none more conspicuously than the "Dunmore boys," and their youthful commander.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our history now hastens to a close.—Encompassed on all sides by the king's forces, the insurgent leaders began to regard any further effort as useless; and the peasantry themselves, fatigued and dissatisfied, withdrew themselves in considerable numbers from their respective camps. Defeated on Vinegar Hill, they hurried towards Wexford, and at this crisis a proposal of surrender was made. The conditions, it was supposed, were agreed to; and, considering himself among the number included in the terms, the Rev. Mr. Roache proceeded from his station at Sleedough, in company with Robert Meyler, to Wexford, for the purpose of obtaining "pardon" for his followers.

The unfortunate man sadly miscalculated: the terms of surrender were either broken or not kept; for, to the disgrace of the king's troops, and of those bearing his majesty's commission, this incautious leader was instantly murdered—for there was no trial—under all those circumstances of contumely which we may suppose savages, in the last stage of barbarism, capable of inflicting. The brutal soldiery, after his decapitation, amused themselves with kicking his head through the streets. This was the more to be regretted, as it was
well known that Protestants and loyalists were sure of kindness and protection in the camp where he commanded.

Thus perished the Rev. Philip Roache—a man, who, under more favourable circumstances, might have ranked with the most celebrated generals of ancient or modern times. Perhaps he was wrong to abandon the breviary for the sword; but can his worst calumniators say, that there was no provocation?

His companion, on that miserable occasion, was less fortunate; he survived the brutal and wanton treatment of the military ruffians; but, on coming to his recollection, he found himself surrounded with the victims of illegal outrage, in a narrow and dark dungeon. Unlike many of his co-mates, his friends did not abandon him. His mother came to his relief, and brought with her the consoling presence of Miss Lett. Smiling with despair and anguish, the lovely girl endeavoured to cheer the drooping soul of our hero, and anticipated the happiest result from her father's interference, who was then engaged in his behalf; she assured him that word had been brought to Narristown of the captain's welfare.

"There, Sally," said Robert, "make my brother happy when I am gone."

"Oh, Robert!" she returned, the moment favouring and calling for a candid declaration, "you wrong me. I have thought of you as when first we pledged our troth; the captain loves not me, but my cousin—you droop! you faint! some water! He is dead;" and the poor girl sunk upon the floor. Life indeed was extinct: it was impossible he could survive his wounds; and the effort he made to speak to Sally and his mother hastened a dissolution which, however, could not have been much longer delayed.

In three weeks after this sad event, Joss Lett was childless.

The rebellion had just subsided, and order was beginning to prevail throughout the country, when two men, in the dress of peasants, their shoes covered with dust, and their face and hands greatly sunburnt, were seen, in the twilight of evening, stealing along the Coomb, and soon after enter the dwelling of Mr. Dempsey, the "great army-clothier." Next morning, that gentleman proceeded to the castle, and entered the chambers of a certain nobleman. "My lord, I am greatly in want of money," said the clothier; "perhaps you might feel it convenient to discharge your little bond for the ten thousand pounds."

"Ay," returned his lordship, "let me see, one of your nephews is outlawed, I believe,—Captain Meyler, they call him."

"'Tis too true, my lord."

"Well, never mind, you know where he is—that is, you can find him. Perhaps I can do something for him; just give me a call to-morrow, and we'll talk about the bond."

On the morrow, Mr. Dempsey received not ten thousand pounds, but a protection for Captain Meyler and his faithful follower, Munster Paddy. They had fought in several engagements since the battle of Ross, and as they dare not return home, where a smart look-out was kept up for them, they judged rightly that the metropolis contained a friend who might serve them. The captain, having
provided a more becoming suit of clothes than his coarse disguise, hastened to Dunmore, accompanied by his fellow sufferers, and in eighteen months after Joss Lett was dandling a lump of a boy whom he called Robert Meyler. "This," said he, "is the heir of Narristown, on condition that the captain and Rebecca, when they shall have a daughter, call her name Sally."

"Troth, an' well they may," responded Mon White from the chimney-corner, where himself and Munster Paddy were busily engaged in discussing the merits of a jug of "home-brewed," and the bravery of their young leader at the battle of Ross and Goff's Bridge.

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**There is no Pleasure for me.**

The evening flings o'er the blushing sky
A glorious hue, as it hastens by,
   To shroud its orbs in the summer tide;
And the blooming earth is laughing, too,
Like a lovely eye of witching blue,
   When beaming round in beauty's pride;
But, though fair this hour, and though soft it be,
Yet its charms of light have none for me.

The young birds float on their callowy wing,
And their thousand warbles of melody bring,
   To sigh their loves to the radiant eve;
While the minstrel's witch-strings fondly deem
That those sunbeams, kissing each diamond stream,
   Their own sweet hues on their chords should leave;
But, though high their tones, and though bright they be,
Their thousand notes have no pleasure for me.

The sparkling summer its rose-bed sinks,
And its light from the globe divinely shrinks,
   With ray more chaste than it ever throws;
While the waters smile to the parting light,
That gives the nations a fair good night,
   Wherever its thrilling lustre glows.
Though wreathing calm this lustre be,
It hath no joy, no pleasure for me.

If the balmy shade on the evening hill,
If the sunshine's death that lingers still,
   Have no joy for thee, oh! name the thing
That may woo thy soul to a moment's rest?
   —To mantle each thought in religion's vest,
And pinion my flight on devotion's wing,
To leave those scenes on the earth that be,
Is the fairest pleasure there is for me.

Osc—l.  

D. S. L.
A notice of this little journal appeared in the former series of this work; and we are happy to find that it has not only awakened curiosity in a certain portion of the public, but aroused the alumni of St. Mary's College, Oscott, to new and successful efforts. In one of their monthly numbers, they give a candid expression to their gratitude for our approval; but, they should not forget, a great authority has observed that the critic who does only his duty is not entitled to thanks. We accept, however, on the part of our predecessor, their address in the spirit in which it was written, and congratulate our young friends on the honour their talent and their little periodical reflect on the College of St. Mary's.

It would be unjust to this seminary, if we did not avail ourselves of this opportunity to state, that our work has been honoured with the contributions of more than one or two of its students. The merit of the articles, though originally anonymous, secured them an immediate insertion: we regarded them as the productions of veterans in literature, but circumstances have come to our knowledge, which leave no doubt in our minds respecting the youth and residence of their authors. The fact is the more worthy of record, from the circumstance that, since the commencement of our labours, we have not received a single communication from any college or seminary in Ireland adapted for the public eye. This indifference to literary propensities, however, does not argue the absence of either taste or talent. Ireland abounds in both; but a medium of essaying the infant thought, of trying "short excursions," had been so long wanted, that the unfledged genius of the country, unaccustomed to intellectual flights, had no idea of soaring beyond the fugitive columns of an ephemeral newspaper. We are warranted in drawing this conclusion, from the fact, that the "Literary Journal of St. Mary's" bears internal evidence of being the production of Irish students. The incidents of her history furnish most of the themes; and all the tales inserted are illustrations of some fact or tradition connected with that country.—

The names of the editors are not a less conclusive proof; and, among these, we are glad to see an "O'Connell," the son, we believe, of the Irish patriot. At first, the efforts of these intellectual tyros were redolent of promise; as they proceed, we find their genius in full blossom; they have only to persevere, and their leaves will abound with fruit; for, in literary compositions, as in manual employments, practice is necessary to perfection. The hint may be useful to the manual, as well as to the mental operators on the "Oscotian." A little more taste and care would render the typography perfect; we would recommend a less prodigality of margin, and a "pressman" of more sinew.

The utility of such a "journal" as the "Oscotian" may not at first appear very obvious; but, on reflection, it must be pronounced decidedly beneficial; it stimulates the students to think—it compels them to inquire; for, without thought and investigation, no one can write—even a sonnet. It is also a source of amusement, and serves as a vehicle in which the talented may develop, without hurting their sensibility—their powers. This being our opinion, we
seriously recommend the colleges and seminaries of Ireland to follow
the example set them by St. Mary's, Oscot.

As might be expected, poetry predominates in the "Literary Jour-
nal of St. Mary's." Indeed, Oscot College appears to be a complete
nursery over which the Muses preside. Each student seems to "lisp
in numbers," and, though the prose compositions are highly creditable
to their youthful authors, they fall very far short of that excellence
which in general characterizes the poetical pieces. This is natural;
for, where there is more fancy than experience, it would be unreason-
able not to find a decided preference given to the "sacred nine."—
We shall give a specimen or two. Our first extract alone would jus-
tify our commendations:

THE SABINE BRIDES.

"I saw the foe their foemen near,
I saw the vengeful Sabine rear,
With fiery eye, the glittering spear
In bristling ranks most terribly.

I saw the Roman bird that flew
Aloft to heaven's empyreal blue,
With lifted orbs as if to view
Her sun of fame and victory!

I saw each rival's eye on fire,
With all the rage that wrongs inspire;
Each soul was panting with its ire,
To charge its foeman speedily,

The trumpets sound! The chargers neigh,
In gold and purple trappings gay;
The ranks are clad in proud array
Of gold and azure panoply.

Hark to the charge!—each battle blade
O'er every plume is fast displayed;
And every lance in rest is laid,
To charge its heated enemy.

Then furious rush each adverse band,
With flushing cheek and heavy hand,
As when along the desert sand,
The Siroc rushes rapidly,

But lo!—ye Romans—Sabines, stay
Those bloody hands, whom would you slay?
Your children, wives and daughters,
pray?
Oh cease your bloody revelry!

Let not a father's hoary head
Recline upon his gory bed,
Let not a husband's brow be red
With murderous Sabine scimitar.

Let not an orphan's babbling trill
Denounce grief, misery, and ill,
On him, who dared his sire to kill,
And fill another's sepulchr.

Enough! Each rival dropped the spear;
What force could ne'er effect, nor fear;
Was yielded to a woman's tear,
To lovely woman's orison!"
M.

This is good; what follows is nothing inferior; perhaps some of
our readers may like it better:

THE VENETIAN BOAT-SONG.

"The stars were above, and the waters beneath,
And the sunbeams on Venice were fair,
And there broke not a voice, and there rose not a breath,
Save the note of the wild Condolier.

Oh, soft as the glitter of night on the waves
When the twilight of summer is gleaming,
Falls the stroke of our oar on the deep ocean caves,
Where the sun of Italia is beaming.

The tapers are lit on the altars of God,
And the hymn of the Virgin is swelling,
And its effluence rolls through the lofty abode,
Where the pilgrim his sorrows is telling.
The Oscotian.

The song of the novice ascends on the breeze,
Each passion to heaven resigning,
And its melody rolls o'er the dark green seas,
Young hope round the future entwining.

How full are the sails of our light caïque,
O'er the bright swell of waters riding;
And pleasure and music inflame each cheek,
While onward the vessel is gliding.

How calm are the heavings which curl the deep
When the boat o'er the surge is flying;
How swift and how still is the gondola's sweep,
O'er the billows where myriads are lying.

Farewell to the joyance which palaces lend,
Be ours the white foam of the billow,
And oh! may its roughness and blasts ever tend
To rock us to sleep on our pillow."

Riga.

There is another pretty piece by the author of the former, if we are right in our inference, for the signature "M" is attached to both. We give it here:

THE APOSTATE.

"[At this visit, or at the preceding one in 1753, it has been said that he (the pretender) actually abjured the Catholic faith:—performing that ceremony at the new church in the Strand, under the simple name of Charles Stuart.—George III. his court and family, Vol. 3, page 26.]

"And is it so? and have we bled
   Thus vainly for thy fame?
And flowed the blood our fathers shed
   For such a child of shame?

And have the banners of the brave,
   The banners of the free,
In fight been only taught to wave
   For such a wretch as thee?

Oh! could our sires have only thought,
   When glory saw them bleed,
That he, the chief for whom they fought,
   Would crouch to victory's creed:—

The flush in every warrior's cheek
   Of shame would wildly swell;
And hearts that burn, and deeds that speak,
   Their maddening grief would tell.

Thought'st thou by this to rend the chain,
   That might from empire sever?
Thought'st thou by this the throne to gain
   Thy fathers lost for ever?

Oh! it has taught our lips to bless
   The cruel fate, that gave
The crown, a worthier brow to press,
   Than that of such a slave.

But no! I cannot, will not think
   That Stuart's blood like thine,
Would from the creed of glory shrink,
   And bend to slavery's shrine:—

That thou couldst barter power for fame,
   Dominion's gem for glory;
And blot thy name—thy deathless name
   From every page of story!" — M.

We must pass over numerous other specimens of the young intellect of St. Mary's, as we are about to make an extract that indicates a grasp, and force, and genius, hardly to be expected from an inmate of a seminary. We are greatly mistaken, if Oxford or Cambridge has produced any thing fit to be placed in competition with it. We have read many of the prize poems of these receptacles of exploded error, and we believe no one will accuse us of partiality when we say, that we consider them by no means equal to this in the higher attributes of genuine poetry:
"Oh chequered fortune! how thy hand
Has laid the proudest empires low!
Thy frown like lightning seathes a land,
And leaves it—pyramid of woe!
Ah! stranger, look on Afric's shore;
Her day of joy—her triumph's o'er—
Does not her plain, all desolate,
Arrest thy wandering eye, to wail her
hapless fate?

And 'mid this chaos of distress,
Colossus of the destitute!
See Carthage sits, lone, tenantless!
In weeds arrayed, with blood imbued!
From her defiled and dropping head
The cheering smile of day is fled—
She reeks it not—for her night's cloud
Has brighter charms—it veils her in a
solemn shroud.

The stars are met,—in silver pride
The crescent orb shines o'er the wave;
Silence and sleep, twin sisters, glide
O'er the hushed world, mute as the
grave.
And all is still serenity,
Save where the prowling lion's cry
Calls forth his fellow plunderers,
To rifle the lone tomb.—Accursed
revellers!

As lightning from your ruin now,
'Scaped from a cloud—the lamp of
night
Shoots down its ray—What sombre
brow
Meets its cold gaze? Alien from
light,
Who, Carthage, on thy lonely base,
Takes up his darksome dwelling-place?
In frantic converse with the wind,
He sits, in miseries enthroned! in woes
reclined!

Those features wan, that fiery eye,
Those furrowed lines of deepest
thought,
Depict a man of misery,
A soul with pride and vengeance
fraught,
Those pangs that flash athwart his
brow.
Sparks struck from fires that lurk below,
That downcast yet revengeful air
Proclaim some mighty fallen,—some
child of deep despair.

'Tis he, 'tis he! couched on the stone
Like murderer o'er the reeking corse;
'Tis he, stern Marius, dark, alone,
Big with impetuous remorse!
His was the lottery of life,
As shipwrecked sailor in his grief
He oft turns towards his shattered wreck,
Would that in glory's storm he'd po-
rished on her deck!

Ahn he in youthful hardihood
Had quaff'd the cup Ambition gave,
Had panted for the fields of blood,
And snatched the laurels of the brave;
Arms called the youthful warrior forth,
And valour, struggling into birth,
Had borne him first in war's dire race,
And bade him smile, unawed at danger's
Gorgan face.

But ah! his draught of happiness,
Too soon exhausted, left behind
The nauseous dregs of bitterness,
The after-portion of mankind!
His long lapse of resplendent light
Is closing in a double night,
While, writhing in Despair's fierce
throes,
He breaks the solemn gloom—to vent
his teeming woes.

'Gods, is it thus? My wretched soul
Do I yet breathe? Is fortune's
beam
For ever fled? Dark memories roll
O'er my drunken brain! Are they a
dream?
Or has this beacon of the world
Been raised but to be downward
hurled?
The demigod of victory,
Ambition's offspring weaned for ruthless
misery?

'Ah! yes, to anguish I'm allied,
And tears are bursting their con-
trol;
Congeal their drops my wounded pride,
Be strong! be strong, my tortured
soul!
But thou art wretched—that curst
thing,
Sylla, the nursling of thy wing,
Still, blasphemy of nature's laws,
Pursues thee once his lord with angry
vulture's claws.
The Oscotian.

Detested alien from mankind,
Seared by the ruthless blast of grief,
My limbs are withered,—sport of wind,
They tremble as the falling leaf.
The arm that shone 'mid battle rage
Now droops the pasiled limb of age;
The voice that thundered on the foe
Now echoes to the owl a deeper plaint
of woe!

But shall I vent the selfish groan
O'er my hard doom, when at my feet
A gasping world lies overthrown,
Buried in ruin and defeat?
No, skeleton of Afric's queen,
O'er thee I'll mourn, appalling scene.
How woe-begone! Once boast of men,
Thou holdest now thy thinly denizen.

Shrine of sunk glories! Renegade
From fame's enrolment! canst thou lie
Torpid in ruin, undismayed,
With look of clay-cold apathy?
Where is thy pristine high renown?
Thy awful sceptre! spangled crown!
Alas! the ivy's sickly shade
Now winds a cold tiara round thy head
decayed!

Thy towers are wrapped in ruin's shroud,
And totter 'neath a weight of woe,
Yet they can tell how strong and proud
They saw crushed nations pass below!
Yes, where thou archéd colonnade
Spreads for the wolf its horrid shade,
Where the lone tiger passes by,
All once was crowded mirth and bright festivity.

Relics of splendour! Oh how hid!
How sunk are all thy glories here.
Where once sat wealth—a pyramid
Now marks a nation's sepulchre!
Thou Icarus of states! thy pride
Is fallen and gulped in Fate's dark tide,
And why still floats thy misery?
Sink down, ye ruins,—sink to bleak nonentity!

The watch-tower of the wilderness
How dark, how dun, yon pile appears?
Seared by the lightning of distress,
It sinks in night—the wreck of years.
Dark ruin seated on its wall,
Is this her mighty capitol?
'Neath its cold shade hyenas dwell,
While with a drooping head it bids its pride farewell.

Farewell! farewell! an echo dread
Repeats it—and farewell, ye brave,
Who here are moulder—mighty dead,
Who buoyed her up on fortune's wave.
Peace to your manes! may no rude intruder break your solitude,
Marked by a pile that time derides,
A fit sarcophagus for patriot suicides!

But where am I? My brain, my brain
Is turned in sorrow—sympathy
O'er Carthage desolated plain
Has torn me from my misery;
But now again my woes appear,
Grief and despair their foreheads rear,
And cry "weep not o'er others' fate;
Weep for thyself—thou art more dark,
more desolate!"

More dark?—Avant, ye fiends! they lie
For ever shrouded:—o'er their tomb
Stern Fate has stamped eternity—
And is it thus in my dark doom?
No!—Inspiration whispers no!
Marius shall see an end of woe,
His day of power again shall rise,
His sun of glory ride triumphant through the skies!

"The dark horizon of my hour
E'en now is tinged with orient light,
And present woes, as spring-tide shower,
Form but a rainbow of delight;
Hail, Embryo Vengeance! soon a world
Shall tremble at thy flag unfurled;
Colossal Rome shall prostrate lie,
And gaspingly re-echo, MARIUS,
VICTORY!"

HENRY BALDWIN.

St. Mary's College, Oscott.

There is another poem, entitled "Sir Donald of the Isles," which evinces even much higher powers of fancy. Some portions of it are nothing inferior to the best efforts of our first poets. We regret that it is too long for insertion. We shall, however, give the first canto of another poem, from the pen of the same author. It is entitled
"The Fairy King," in which the reader will recognise the popular legend respecting "O'Donoghue's White Horse!"

"The poets sing of citron isles,
Where days of bliss and nights of love,
Embalm'd in fields of rosy smiles,
On downy pinion softly move;
Where, fluttering on its dulcet feet,
Young music holds its vocal seat;
Where lute and harp, in heavenliest tone,
Give voice and song to pleasure's throne,
Where every sylph is passing bright—
Within those isles of glorious light!
Who would not love these Eden lands,
Where every orb is fair;
Where all are bound with sparkling bands,
Like dew-drops hung on air?
Who would not dwell within those halls,
Where splendour keeps its festivals,
And suns are ever warm?—
Where musk-wind lives upon the breeze,
Like balm that dimples Indian seas;
Where careless youth, in gayest mood,
And maddening mirth's enchanting flood,
Assume their gentlest form?
The years swim on a liquid sea
Of blush-dyed waves and kindling tide;
And every bark bounds smilingly
Across its wreaths of featherly pride.
The dark full eye of maiden bloom,
Like autumn skies o'er ocean's foam,
Is lit with bliss for every day,
That rides upon the mantling spray—
Their golden locks, like mermaid's hair,
Of sea-green hue or glistening die,
Are floating down, as wild and fair
As aught that maidens love to tie!
A nightless length of ruby hours,
As full of sweet as summer showers,
Preserve the sway of pleasure here,
Where noon-day time is all the year!
This fairest land that ever sun
Hath shed its orient beams upon,—
Who would not live in such a spot,
And deem him blessed in his lot?—
For thus have bards, in older times,
Oft sung of Hours' native climes;
Where every sound that Peris fling
Comes rolling from the minstrel's string.
The bard may strike his wakening tale,—
His wild chords hymning to the gale—
And he may fancy all, that song
Can feign of thrilling pleasure;
His gifted notes may still prolong
The swelling voice of measure:
While echo mocks the breathing strings,
And every rock an echo brings.
But who will thank his syren strain;
For all its music—all its pain;
When he is shrined with the crowd,
Who lie within their nameless shroud?
What giddy child of restless toil
Will mourn above the ivied pile,
Where minstrel hearts are sleeping;
And think on every seraph tone,
That mortal bard hath ever known,
Nor lend an hour to weeping?
Oh! many be the fireless souls,
Like icebergs at the northern poles,
Who hear the song, nor ever seek
From whence the matchless numbers break;
Who, slumbering o'er the dulcet chord,
Neglect the lips such tones afford;
And when they most enjoy the glow,
But little heed from whence they flow!
Though every charm of sense and sound,
When minstrels tread their mystic ground,
May mingle in a sacred choir,
To gild the language of the lyre,
Yet would they pass unheeded by,
Nor wake for him one pitying sigh.
But let them go! I yet will sing
The glories of the "Fairy King,"
Not mine the isles of ethereal light,
Where love is warm, and maidens are bright;
Not mine such lands as poets frame—
Such lands as purer beings claim;
I sing a tale of simpler truth,
Such as I've cherished in my youth—
A tale, o'er which I oft have hung,
When Hope and song as yet were young!
Fairly blushed the dawning light
Upon the silvery billow;
Where, at the sleep of starry night,
It found a wavy pillow.
The mountain-tops were purest gold,
Entwined with azure shade;
While clouds of mist in beauty rolled
Across the budding glade.
The pearly waters flowed beneath,
In streams all crimsoned with the breath
Of young-eyed morning;
And the whispering voice of song
Was borne in softest strains along,
With wave and spray in whitest sheen,
That e'er on ocean's breast hath been
The lake adorning!
Uprose a vision from the caves,
That lay beneath the coral waves;
And a train of the Naiads, the fairest that be,
Were scattered and strewn o'er this miniature sea.
A chaplet of roses, enwreathed with blue,
By the "Fairy King's" pathway luxuriantly grew;
And a lovely young chorus of brightness and mirth
Cast their shadowy splendour from ocean to earth.
The queen-nymphs of beauty, all blushes and bloom,
With the glance of their blue eyes the waters illume;
And the billows that rolled in their heavenly beam,
Were brighter and calmer than mortals may deem.
A garden of lustre sprung up on each hill,
Whose shadows were softer and lovelier still:
And the monarch that reigned o'er this glorious array
Seemed a flash that was shot from the lord of the day!"

We have alluded to the patriotism of the alumni of Oscot. We shall now give a proof or two. The writer of the following had his heart in the right place:

"MONG THE ISLANDS OF THE OCEAN.

Air.—Garyone.

"'Mong the islands of ocean there is not an isle,
Not a nation more dear, not a lovelier land,
Where young genius awakes with an earlier smile,
Where revenge is more keen in the patriot's brand,
Than where the lash of the western wave
Rolls its weeping waters on Erin's shore,
Where the sons of those sires who lie cold in the grave
Rekindle the ardour that sparkled before.
When the goblet is glowing 'neath beauty's bright smile,
When the wild-wind of fortune is high in the breeze;
Then remember the charms of your own native isle,
Though rock'd on the billows of far foreign seas.

When the meteor of hope sheds its loveliest light,
When laurels enwreath thee, and myrtles entwine,
Oh! think on the land of thy sire's with delight,
And drown all other cares in the sparkle of wine.
Then crown the bowl in this hour of mirth,
Ye sons of Erin, with fairest flowers.
Oh! there is not an isle 'mong the islands of earth,
So lovely, so dear, as this Eden of ours,
When the goblet is glowing, &c. &c."

There is an ode to Daniel O'Connell, which we must omit for want of space, and content ourselves with the following:

TO THE BARD OF ERIN.

"When rocked on the rough-rolling billows of ocean,
When tossed by the tempest of fortune's ill hour,
Or when not a breath, not a breeze is in motion
To ruffle the calm of youth's blossoming flower;
Then dream of the bard whose siren song
Breathes the wild native fragrance of Peri vale,
Who resents the wrong
Of the tyrant throng,
When the blast of oppression infects the gale.

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Land of the bard! hapless nation of Erin,
Thy sons are unlaureled, thy daughters unbless'd,
And there rolls not an eyeball to waken the tear in;
For those she had honoured and those she loved best,
Her minstrel bard his lyre hath unstrung,
Its chords float as wild as the breath of the blast;
His harp he has hung
The willows among,
And his chill aged life's-blood is ebbing fast.

But the Genius of Erin shall burst from its prison,
The phénix of song from its embers shall soar,
And when liberty's star o'er the west has arisen,
By the patriot O'Connell, the poet is Moore.
Then think on the bard of your own green isle,
Who shed his bright beam o'er this vale of tears,
And should fortune beguile
With fickle smile,
Remember the bard of your younger years."

We have already assigned the prose compositions of this little journal a place inferior to that occupied by the poetry. From this, however, we do not wish it to be inferred, that the prose is devoid of merit. Far from it; it abounds with indications of talent, and, were there less inflation and more sobriety of style, it would deserve still higher commendation. "The Fetch," and "The Outlaw," are both interesting tales, while the autobiography of "Jonas Brandly" is quite as good as many of the "Lives" and "Recollections" which proceed from Mr. Colbun's shop. All these, however, are too long for our pages. With the following extract from the "Hermit in Oscott," we close our notice of the "Literary Journal of St. Mary's."

We shall, however, anxiously watch its future progress.

The author is speaking of Christmas vacation:

"Suppose we then all the "farewells" and "happy vacations" concluded; that the chaises have wheeled off on springs not more elastic than the spirits of their gentle burden; and that the Bounds have suffered a diminution of half their compliment; suppose all this, and then follow me awhile into the scene of action, which has so recently been the rendezvous of the congregated populace. You will see the predestined "Bakery," with slow and solemn footstep, retiring one by one to the play-room; dejection on their visage, and obstinate taciturnity on their tongue. The misfactor, as he advances to the block, could scarcely exhibit a more doleful countenance, or wo-begone deportment. They huddle around the fire, which seems to sympathize with their sufferings by dispensing with a great proportion of its accustomed heat. A few irksome hours 'drag their slow length along;' and the well-known monitor summons the early inmates to repose their heads on a sleepless pillow. No sooner are they thus left to their own thoughts, than a miscellaneous troop of 'blue animals,' which for some time have been hovering, like a flock of crows, around the vicinity of St. Mary's, suddenly seize on the vacancies of the sufferers' minds, which readily yield themselves, unsisting victims, to stupidity and ennui, caprice and fastidiousness.

"The morning dawns, but brings no alleviation to their distress; whilst the scanty intervals of broken slumber, during the night, have reinforced their occupants with a double supply of artillery, which is to be levelled promiscuously at every thing and every body, who happens to contradict their humour. They rise from their couches, and perform the duties of the toilet with a tasteless and freftul negligence; then crawl off to the fire-side to give vent to their spleen in unprovoked sallies. One snatches at a book to expel the unwelcome cogitations by which he is besieged; a second seats himself on a bench opposite the grate, and, cushioning his head on one hand, is occupied in raking with a huge stick among, and rumi-
nating over the cinders, as they gradually exchange their vermillion hue for a black and dusty dye. A third, less unsociable, joins a fourth companion at the backgammon table, or is, perhaps, induced, on a second thought, to prefer the less vivifying game of chess. At four o'clock, a pack of cards will, peradventure, make their appearance among the almost lifeless group, who hastily arrange themselves, in some sort of pell-mell regularity, to have a finger in the old-fashioned amusement of 'Pope Joan.' It is, however, surprising to witness what a commotion is excited by this casual introduction of a few slips of figured pasteboard. Like the fermentation of a beer-barrel, when a few pints of yeast have been infused through the aperture, the whole party began to blunder forth their discontent in frothy declamation, until their gall was eased of its superincumbent load, and adapted for a second visitation of the fidgetting gentry. Thus passed one day, and the next, and the next: night undoing what the day had accomplished, and evening compensating, by its loquaciousness, for the reserved melancholy of the morning.

"A bleak atmosphere comes at last to brighten their prospects, and give a soul to their activity. After two nights of severe frost, the congealed surface of a neighbouring pool becomes the object of attraction; and, mounted on the resplendent metal of their skates, which sparkle and glitter in the orient sun, they scour the glassy expanse of ice, now singly riding with the celerity of the rein-deer, now describing a thousand fantastic figures of unequal shapes and sizes, and now forming into regular bodies and sailing along in magnificent convoy. The precarious ground on which they stand, cracks and bends beneath them, till some unfortunate urchin makes an unhappy cut, and is precipitated into a bed of liquified mud. Satisfied with this, he scampers home, rolls into a new suit of habiliments, pays his devotion to the aqna viva cask, then stretches his limbs before the fire, to console himself for his lucky escape. Lassitude, or nightfall, induces the remainder of his companions to return; they once more assemble round the blazing hearth, and make a terrible havoc amongst the pies and tarts of Thomas's prog-basket. Thus glides away the vacation, till the whole concludes with an universal groan, continued, I suspect, more from a reverential observance of an old custom, than an expression of the genuine feelings of the Bakers."

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MATERIALS FOR IRISH HISTORY.

There is no people in the world who have so much reason to complain of misrepresentation as the Irish; yet we believe there are none make fewer efforts to relieve themselves from the effects of calumny. They have nothing deserving the name of a history; nor do they seem solicitous that they should; for they have hitherto been particularly backward to patronize any effort to throw light upon the annals of their country. This is strange, but we are not now going to write a treatise on the subject; we only purpose, from time to time, to seize the materials of Irish History, as they arise upon the surface of literary research, and give them a habitation in our pages. Our first selections will, we fancy, possess the attraction of novelty, and we begin with Mr. Hardiman's paper, read before the Royal Irish

* Mr. Hardiman is one of the few now living, who possesses an intimate acquaintance with the Irish language. The Rev. Mr. Walsh, late of East-Lane Chapel, London, is another; and we regret to say, that notwithstanding his many literary accomplishments, his profound knowledge of the Irish language, and extensive acquaintance with Irish antiquities, he has been obliged, we understand, to accept a chaplaincy in France. We are sorry for this—for more reasons than one. It reflects but little credit on the Irish hierarchy; still less on the Right Rev. Dr. Poynter. We may be provoked to enter more at large into this subject. Though personally unknown to the Rev. Mr. Walsh, we would be doing him an injustice, if we did not add, that those who know him are loud in their praises of his head and heart.
Academy, when submitting some curious "Ancient Irish Deeds," since printed.

In the most gloomy desert, there are a few green spots, and, amidst the darkness of Irish literature, it is no small satisfaction to encounter one, who, to enthusiasm for his country, adds a ceaseless activity in her service. Mr. Hardiman's is not that boisterous patriotism which exhausts itself in declamation, and seeks its reward in popular shouts: it has more legitimate views—its calculated for more permanent good—it belongs to a higher and nobler class—its benefits are more widely diffused—it shuns the crowd, and, drawing its resources from a mighty and a cultivated intellect, secures the patriot all the reward which honest ambition could desire, and his country all the advantage which mental industry and antiquarian research can confer upon her. Her future historians shall mention his name with veneration, and the wise and good perpetuate the merits of the man. When hundreds of those whom the mob point at as they pass shall be forgotten, the name of Hardiman will be green and fresh in the memory of his countrymen: this will be only bare justice, for we know no one to whom Irish history is more indebted. Deep research and enlarged views are found in his work on Galway, and the little treatise before us is characterised by similar attributes. He successfully vindicates the ancient character of his country.

"The abolition," says Mr. Hardiman, "of the ancient tenures of Ireland, and the consequent deduction of title from the crown of England, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, rendered deeds and writings in the Irish language, particularly those relating to landed property, in a great degree useless. Other combining circumstances, but chiefly the policy and care of successive English grantees to destroy all evidence of previous right and possession in the natives, caused those domestic documents to become so scarce, that the few which escaped the general wreck are, at the present day, esteemed valuable rarities, when to be found in the cabinets of the curious. In fact, so rare did they become, that Mr. O'Halloran, in the Introduction to his History of Ireland, has given a translation, accompanied by an elaborate description, of a single Irish deed, which he notices as a matter of great curiosity, though not much older than the beginning of the fourteenth century. This is a loss much to be regretted, but particularly so in an historical point of view; for, next to the publication of the remains of the Brehon law, the written instruments in use under that code would serve to convey more accurate information of the state of society in Ireland, and of the manners, customs, and ordinary transactions of the people, than perhaps any other medium at present extant, the printed histories and unpublished annals of the country being in those respects lamentably deficient."

"This collection," he continues, "principally consists of deeds and instruments relating to property, and almost entirely belongs to that part of Ireland, anciently called Tuath-Mumhain (Thomond), or North Munster. This great territory, which was formerly under the dominion of the powerful family of O'Brien, extended from the Isles of Arran, on the western coast of the kingdom, to Sliabh-Eibhine near Cashel in the present county of Tipperary, thence to Carran-Fearaidh or Cruach-Aine in the present county of Limerick, and from Leim-na-con or Loop-head to Sliabh-Dala in Ossory."
Part of this tract of country was erected into a county, in the year 1588, by Sir John Perrot, lord deputy of Ireland, and received the name 'Clare;' in commemoration of the Anglo-Norman earl, to whom Edward the First had, most inconsiderately, and with crying injustice to the natives, made a grant of the entire district, a grant which caused the loss of thousands of lives.

"Many of these documents are of consideable antiquity. The most ancient are without dates or signatures, having been entered into it before it became customary in these islands to affix either to written contracts. These belong to the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. The greater number, however, are dated. The earliest of the latter class occurs in the year 1419, and the latest in the year 1619, about which time the use of the Irish language in legal writings was discontinued. The deed, No. II. which I conjecture to be as early as the beginning of the 12th century, is a curious specimen of its kind. Of it and No. XXIX. which is dated in the year 1573, fac-similes are given. The rudeness of the one, and the comparative elegance of the other, will show the improvement which took place in the art of penmanship between both periods.

"Their contents are strikingly interesting at the present day, being illustrative of manners and customs which have long since disappeared and been forgotten. Like all collections, some of the present articles, taken singly, may be esteemed of little or no value, but, combined, their utility becomes obvious and unquestionable. They mutually serve to explain each other, and by so doing develop facts which, otherwise, might have remained buried in oblivion. To adduce a few instances. They evince the characteristic piety of the people, who often commenced and concluded these instruments with some word or expression of a pious tendency, and consecrated their ordinary dealings with the solemnity of religion, by frequently calling on God as a witness to their contracts. They also show the state of education, for I was not a little surprised to find so few marksmen, as they are termed, among so many original signatures. But here it must be observed, that the district of Thomond, or Clare; like that of Kerry, has been from an early period, and still is, remarkable for the generally improved education of the various classes of its inhabitants. Further, they afford abundant evidence that the Irish natives of those parts acknowledged no other legal jurisdiction than that of the Brehons, until after the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the laws of England, under James the First, were extended over the whole island, and legal muniments were, for the first time, generally written in the English language. The following instruments, combined with the fragments of the Brehon code, published by the late venerable and learned Vallancey, even scanty and imperfect as they are, will demonstrate how long and how steadfastly the people adhered to those laws, which were established in Ireland before the era of Christianity, and continued to the accession of a monarch to whom the nation willingly submitted, as the lineal descendant of its ancient kings."

This last fact, by the way, is very questionable: we are seriously of opinion, that the pedigree of the Scotch pedant who mounted the English throne was as little cared about in Ireland as his metaphysico-theological works; but this is interrupting our author.

"It must be obvious," he says, "to all capable of considering the
subject with attention, that much preliminary labour yet remains to
be achieved, before a comprehensive history of Ireland can be
fully and faithfully given to the world. When this desirable and
much wished for work shall be completed, the Irish character will
beam forth in all its native brilliancy from beneath the dark clouds
of prejudice and misrepresentation, which have obscured it for cen-
turies. Such a history will, moreover, be an awful warning to present
and future generations, to avoid these internal dissensions, which at
all times, even to the present day, have proved the principal impe-
diment to the happiness and prosperity of the country. Bede and
others, at an early period, described Ireland as supereminently
blessed with the choicest gifts of nature, as an island flowing with
milk and honey. Had this venerable historian lived at a later
period, he would see those boasted gifts of nature trampled under
the foot of the hostile invader. Instead of milk and honey, he
would have described Ireland as an island flowing with blood, and
plunged in all the horrors of almost continuous civil warfare and con-
fusion. Tranquillity was for ages a stranger in the land, except for
those few gloomy and transient intervals, which in general but pre-
ceded more dreadful storms. Yet, even during these short cessa-
tions of war, the native character sometimes appeared, the cheering
sounds of peace were heard, the shuttle and the plough were seen to
move, and numerous flocks and herds covered its hills and plains.
The art of agriculture too, but with frequent interruptions, flourished
in many parts of the kingdom, to a degree that drew forth reluctant
praises from those very men whose policy and interest it was to mis-
represent the country.

"The people of the west, remote from the calamities in which the
other quarters of the island were generally involved, retained to a
late period many of the simple primeval customs of rural and even
of pastoral life, as the instruments before us in many instances testify.
Amongst them, debts were contracted and paid in living money,*
lands were given in mortgage or exchange for cows, horses, sheep,
&c., and tributes and rents were rendered in cattle or in ounces of
gold and silver. In reviewing the manners and state of society in
former times, care must be taken not to draw hasty conclusions from
the present advanced position of human cultivation.† The improve-

* "Mr. Henry, in his valuable History of England, states, that living money,
which was so general in England before the Norman conquest, is not mentioned
by writers after that event.—Vol. III. p. 510.—It appears to have been in use to
a much later period in Ireland."

† "In England, in the days of Edward I., and even so late as those Henry VI.,
we know that £10 or £20 a year were considered a competent estate for a gentle-
man. One possessing £150 yearly was esteemed rich, and Sir John Fortescue lays
down £5 a year 'as a fair living for a yeoman.' In 1414 the expense of a scholar
at the University was but £5 annually. In 1476 counsel's fees were lower than
in our times. In the account of the churchwarden of St. Margaret, Westminster,
we find, 'Roger Fylpot, learned in the law, paid for his opinion given 3s. 8d. with
4d. for his dinner.' In 1493 Sir William Drury, one of the richest men in
Suffolk, bequeathed fifty marks to each of his daughters.—The value of money
then was about twenty-four times more than at the present day.—See Henry's
valuable History of England, whose excellent plan will yet, it is hoped, be
extended to Ireland.—See also Fleetwood's Chronicon Preciosum."
ment of man is ever progressive, and in Ireland, notwithstanding the exaggerated allegations of prejudice, and the many obstacles which the people had to contend with, it is certain that they were not more backward in civilization than those of most of the other nations of Europe. The testimony of that distinguished chief justice of England, Lord Coke, concerning the Irish people, remains recorded in his Institutes, a triumphant refutation of previous and subsequent misrepresentation. 'I have been informed,' says this great and good man, 'by many of them that have had judicial places there, and partly of mine own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice than they (the Irish) are, which virtue must of necessity be accompanied by many others.'—Can it be supposed that a declaration of this kind would be made, and that by such a man, if the Irish people were really what they had been represented by his countrymen and cotemporaries? But his is not the only testimony. Sir John Davies uses even stronger language to the same effect. Every remnant, therefore, which tends to illustrate the manners and customs of such a people must be interesting and valuable, not alone in a rational point of view, but as a leading feature in the history of mankind. These are the considerations which induced me to undertake the task of preparing these ancient fragments for inspection, and to deposit my humble mite in the treasury of public information."

We shall give a few of these ancient documents. The first is a Brehon decree, from which it will appear that the ancient Irish anticipated Lord Ellenborough. Perhaps it was from this document he took the hint of his celebrated act which attached the same penalty to the attempt as to the deed itself. The Brehon laws, however, were less sanguinary than our criminal code; a certain number of cows atoned for the life of a man, and, what is not a little strange, according to this decree, 'deadly wounds' were not followed by death:

"These be the allegations and challenges I have in the behalf of Donagh Mac Seayn and Teig Mac Fynyne, against Cahall O'Connor and his people, viz. That Cahall O'Connor, together with his people, came forcibly to the land of the said Donnah, and seized upon prey belonging to him, and have taken away with them [ ] cows of the said prey, and have also taken with them the said Donnogh and Teig prisoners, and the rest of the [prey] being taken [from] the said Cahall against his will; but having beaten, bruised, and deadly wounded the said Donnogh and Teig, therefore I say that they came [with intent to] kill the said Donnogh and Teig, and that they [shall have] remedie and redressie as if they had been killed, in regard to the said Donnogh and Teig never submitted themselves to the mercy of the said Cahall and his people, but scope by their own valour and assistance, as by the law in that behalf appereth, which is in hec verba, &c.—[The words of the law are not given.]"
"The punishment," says Mr. Hardiman, speaking in reference to this decree, "appears to have been by eric or fine; for, as murder was punished by an eric, so a bare attempt to commit it, as in the present case, though unsuccessful, was also subject to a like penalty. From this fragment it is manifest, notwithstanding some assertions to the contrary, that the decrees of the Brehons were committed, in regular legal form, to writing. It further shows that they were accustomed to insert in their judgments the terms of the laws on which they founded their decisions. In the present instance, such was the case, but the Irish original has not been handed down, and the words of the law are diminished by an &c. in this old translation."

Conveyancing must then have been but an indifferent business, for a mortgage which would now fill half a score sheepskins, was then comprised in a very moderate compass. The following is a specimen:

"This is the amount of the mortgage which Donagh O'Ivar has for the half quarter of Kill, the quarter of Each [ ], to wit 12 milch cows and two bulled cows. The witnesses are Donagh Mac Turlough Mac Murogh, Morniertagh Mac Torlogh, John Mac Sheeda Mac Owen, Sheeda junior, Eugene O'Conary, Donagh O'Ivar, and his son Donagh junior. These are also witnesses, viz. the two sons of Malachy Mac Con, to wit, Loghan and Rorey and Judith O'Malley; that, with the consent of the children of Malachy Mac Con himself, he should not have it in his power to give the said land for a higher mortgage to any other person from Donagh O'Ivar except to his own descendants, and that the power of redeeming it should be vested in the posterity of Mac Con and Conor Mac Torlogh O'Brien chief of Thomond."

In 1493, chaisness seems to have prevailed in all its purity. The following deed of agreement, however, indicates a rather uncomfortable state of society:

"This is the covenant and agreement of the Sept of Mac Shane with the Slattery family, viz. Teige oge Mac Teige Mac Coinnheadha, Teige Mac Loghlan Mac Shane, Sabia daughter of Teigh Mac Donagh and Dermot Mac Loghlan, viz. that the Slattery family are to obtain their (i.e. the race of Mac Shanes) handwriting and letter, assigning Ballyslattery unto the Slattery family now present or in being, viz. Donald Mac Donagh Mac Donald Mac Dermott O'Slattery, and Loghlan Roe Mac Donald Mac Donald Mac Loghlan O'Slattery. The sept of Mac Shane are bound to give their warrant, deed, and sign manuel to the Slattery family, that they (the Sept of Mac Shane) should go into court and to council to make good their inheritance in Ballyslattery. The Slattery family are to pay at present to the Sept of Mac Shane 20 shillings and two ounces yearly for two years from this date, and are bound to honour the Sept of Mac Shane with suitable food and rayment according to their ability, and the Sept of Mac Shane are bound to be

[affirm] for Mac Mahoun and his coheirs inheritance that belong unto them.—The prior of Killhanan—Twelve priests of the Societe of Iniskatry, affirming that Teig Mor Mac Mahony gave Ciocknahuaruns unto God and Sainct Seanan, the same being piece of Kilfinny.—Also the undernamed poeplens of the chiefest of Corkavaskyn have affirmed that the sept of Teig Mor Mac Mahony have successively enjoyed Kilfinny.—Mahon Mac Teig boy—The sons of Morough Moel —Donnough Mac Kennedy—Donnogh Mac Carroll—Teig Mac Thomas—Moranny Brien."—These translations were made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

"The ruins of Iniscatha or Scattery Island, in the Shannon, mentioned in the foregoing translation, are venerable and interesting. It formerly contained eleven churches. The round tower, 120 feet high, is in perfect preservation. In the east end of the cathedral, and in the stone that closes the top of the altar window, there is yet to be seen the head of St. Seanan, with his mitre boldly executed, and near the tower they show his monument."
element to that family. And if it shall happen that both parties should preserve the land from those dealing unjustly towards them, then after the expiration of 2 or 3 years from this time, the treatment of the sept of Mac Shane by the Slattery family shall be as regulated by Teige Mac Clancy, Mahon Mac Shane Mac Donogh and Rory O'Hickesey from thenceforth.—A.D. 1493.

The witnesses are Teige Mac Clancy, Rorey O'Hickey and Mahon Mac Shane Mac Donogh and the parties themselves, viz. the sept of Mac Shane and the Slattery family, viz. Donald, Loghlan and Teige.”

A marriage settlement was, even then, a very formal piece of business. The “circulating medium” in which this lady’s dowry was paid was very tangible; Cobbett would prefer it to “old rags.” This settlement is dated 1560.

Thus has Ulick O’Broder given a dowry with his daughter, unto John Mac Donogh, viz. 8 in calf cows, 6 dry cows, 7 heifers and a bull, in all 21 cows and 3 horses, viz. a mare with her colt and a good gelding; and these are the sureties which he gave to the said John, viz. Shane Oge Mac Owen Mac Shane; Hugh Mac Conagh Mac Loghlan dun, and Malachy O’Meenahan, together with a quarter and a half of land, an orchard, and the site of 4 houses with 4 gardens, over and above the said sureties. The said land is situated in the country of O’Haye. Donald Mac Donogh the eldest son of Donogh Mac Donald is surety for them all. Mahon O’Connin, the priest, is witness hereto; and this deed is written in the year of our Lord, 1560.

These sureties look very suspicious. We wonder if there were much affection between the cooping pair.

The next relates to funerals; it is dated 1592:

“Amen.

“This is the settlement and award made by Brian Mac Rorey and Coinmedha Mac Teige oge Mac Teige Mac Mahon, between Loghlan roe O'Slattery and Honor daughter of John of the Glen, respecting all the cattle belonging unto Mary Shaughnessy that remained due of John, son of Morough O'Slattery, viz. they awarded a dry stripper in-calf, with one in-calf heifer and one barren of the present May from said Loghlan roe to said Honor, she to take the best payment that Loghlan can give in place of that barren cow according to the times. Furthermore, Cosny Mac Brody is guarantee for the said Honor, that if any charge be made on the said Loghlan concerning the land, he shall be entitled to Mary Shaughnessy's claim in the quartermire of Tuighe, viz. the three cows left to her thereout to be enjoyed by him therein. In the year of our Lord 12 years, 4 score, 5 hundred and 1000,* and on the first day of harvest this has been written, by Teige O’Clery at Ennis with the consent of both parties.

Loghlan roe O'Slattery. Bryan Mac Rorey, the Umpire.

Cosny Mac Brody and Coinmedha Mac Teig.

More, to which Loghlan roe is entitled, out of the same land, viz. a great cow which was killed for the funeral of John Mac Morough O'Slattery, together with all the wheat and liquor provided for same.†

“I Honor, daughter of John of the Glen, do acknowledge that I received the said three cows from Loghlan roe O'Slattery and I Honor.”

* “This custom of the Irish to reckon from unity, is deserving the attention of the learned.”

† “The ancient Irish indulged in feasts and banquets at funerals, and this habit they are said to have borrowed from the Germans. Sir James Ware makes the..."
People were then, however, very pious. The following is a "Will and Testament:"

"In the name of God, Amen.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"This will of Edmund Grace thus begins, viz. First, he bequeaths his soul unto God, and to the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to Michael the Archangel, and to all the saints in the kingdom of Heaven; and his body to be interred in the Abbey of Boole. Item, He leaves his worldly substance in three portions, and these three portions he bequeaths thus, viz. The first for his soul, the second to his daughter and son-in-law John Mac Walter, and the third to his wife.

"Item, he bequeaths 20 English shillings to Mulrony Mac Griffa, 5 shillings to Dermot Mac Griffa, and 5 shillings unto John junior. These are the witnesses present at the making of that will, viz. the priest of his own testament, i.e. Mulrony Mac Griffa, John Mac Walter, Conly O'Collins, and Duncan O'Collins. —A. D. 1606.

"Item, these are the executors whom he appointed over his worldly substance, viz. John Mac Walter and his (the testator's) wife, according to the above witnesses, the 20th day of December, 1606. EDMUND GRACE.

"(Indorsement.)

"The will of Edmund Grace of Walerstown in the Co. of Carlow, diocese of Leighlin, 1606.—Probat'. Theo. Canc. Leighlin."

We have room only for one more; but it is a still more curious picture of the age in which it was written, namely 1584. It is a "deed of appointment by Mac Carthy More," and shows what kind of tyrants the "Irish chieftains" were. They were genuine despot's in their way, and paltry oppressors. The English rulers were bad, the Irish rulers were still worse:

* "To all men greeting.—Where Teige Mac Carthy, formerly Mac Carthy More, alias Teige na Manistraghe, granted to Cathal O'Roukéand his heirs, in consideration of the said Ceshal being Overscore in building or repairing, partie at his own charges, the ware on the river Laune, adjoining Loughe-lene (Killarney) in Dneas-Munhain (South Munster or Desmond,) by the appointment of the said Teige, the office of Wearman, with the usual fees and rightes to the said Cathal and his heirs or Septe succeedhe him, as wearmen, to take the fishe of the said ware, and to sende the same to the house or manor of the said Teige.—Now know ye that I Donell Earle of Clancare do hereby appointe Manus oge following quotation from an old book of canons taken from an ancient Irish Synod;—Every dead body has, in its own right, a cow, and a horse, and a garment, and the furniture of his bed; nor shall any of these be paid in satisfaction of his debts; because they are, as it were, peculiar to his body.—Ant. vol. I. p. 152."

* "The following curious document, taken from the patent roll, 13 Eliz. (1571), presents a striking contrast to the above Milesian grant.—The most humble submission of the unworthy and most unnatural Earl of Clancahir, otherwise called Mac Carthy More, unto the Right Honourable Sir Henry Sydney, knight.—I the most unworthy and unnatural Earl of Clancahir, with inward sorrow of mind and most hearty repentance, calling to mind the great benefits and exceeding bounty I have in sundry sorts received from the Queen's most excellent Majesty, and the place of honor and pre-eminence I have been most unworthily called unto by her majesty, far greater than I, accursed creature, have or can deserve, or that any of my ancestors heretofore have had, which with bitter tears and compunction of mind I most humbly do confess, do so much the more aggravate the hienuousness of mine offencés, and heaps more abundantly her majesty's most just indignation against me, do most humbly acknowledge and confess before you, my dear Lord and Governor, and this honorable Table, that, being seduced by that most perverse rebel James Fitz-Morris and other of the Geraldynes his associates, upon a false pretence to have a parley with me, and to conclude a friendship betwixt the said
O'Rourke, wearem and marshall of all my houses; and I the said Earle do manifestly declare that the said Manus duties and the fees of said his offices are as followeth.---Imprimis he is to receive from O'Sullivan-more, and O'Donoughemoore, and Macgillicuddy, for every night's culdithie they pain yearly, the hydes of all the beoves and the felles of all the shepe that shall be killed for the said Cuddyhies, together with the chines of the said beoves and of hoggies; alsoe O'Sullivan Beara is to give the said Manus his tribute, and from everie other gentleman or person of my countrie or anie other that owes a night's supper, alias a Cuddyhie, the said Manus and his heires are to receive the hydes of the beoves, together with the chines of the beoves and hoggies that shall be killed for the provision of the said Cuddyhies: also I authorize the said Manus whensoever I or my heires shall not be determined to repaire to the said gentlemen's houses, to spende the said Cuddyhies, to take up and collect the same for my use, he the said Manus

James and Mr. Richard Grenville, then sheriff of the county of Cork, which when it took effect, I, forgetting my duty to almighty God and obedience to her Majesty, was, by subtle inticements and most wicked persuasions, induced and brought to take an unadvised and rash oath; which done, I consequently entered into that fury and madness of unnatural rebellion against my most gracious Sovereign, combining myself both with Sir Edmund Butler, and with all the rest of the principle rebels in Ireland, wherein, in sundry degrees, I have disloyally swerved and declined from my allegiance to her Highness, by raising traitorously her Majesty's subjects against her Highness's peace and laws, besieging her towns, shamefully murdering and destroying her subjects, burning her houses and castles, and besides have committed, since my entry into that my disobedience, sundry grievous offences, and heinous and detestable treasons, deserving extreme punishment and sharp correction: which my heinous misdemeanors as I neither mean or can in any sort justify or defend by any color, so I, for the same, prostrate here before your Lordship, with most penitent and humble mind, humbly with all reverence voluntarily and freely yield and submit my body, life, goods, and lands to the order and disposition of her Highness, beseeching, with all humility and due reverence, your good Lordship, my gracious Lord and Governor, and you the rest of the Lords and others of her Majesty's honorable council, to take compassion upon me, and to be means to the Queen's Majesty, that her Highness, who hath been ever, to her immortal fame, inclined to mercy and pity, will now vouchsafe to receive me most vile and unworthy wretch of her creation to her clemency and mercy, and extend upon me, above my deserts, her most gracious pardon, upon assured trust of my loyalty hereafter. For, sith I came first to Sir Hum. Gilbert, and gave in my only son into his hands as a pledge of my loyalty, truth, and fidelity, I have since continued a good, faithful, and a true subject, and ready at all times to employ myself in her Majesty's service, as far forth as my poor ability would extend unto, as both the Earl of Ormond, when he had charge, and likewise Sir Hum. Gilbert in the time of his charge, can well testify and declare, which if her Majesty shall do, by your good means, and the rather for that, I simply here prostrate upon my knees before your honours, submit myself, life, lands and goods, and am come in to present myself voluntarily before you without any pardon or protection, which if I had, either by word, letter, or promise in any sort I utterly relinquish and forsake, reposing myself in your merciful consideration and pitiful regard of my poor and wretched estate, and hoping that those demonstrations and tokens of my loyalty hereafter may move your grave wisdom, to be means to the Queen's majesty for me, and I shall, according to my most bounden duty, pray to Almighty God, to grant her majesty a most prosperous and happy reign over all her dominions and subjects and immortal triumph over all her enemies; and likewise that it should please him to unseal my eyes, and grant me grace, by my dutiful and humble service hereafter, which I do dedicate to her Majesty to the last drop of my blood, to be spent to acquit and recompense some part of my grievous offences past, which I will endeavour myself to perform. In testimony of all and singular the premises to be true, I the said Earl of Clancahir have hereunto subscribed my name.---DONYLL CLANCARE.---(Rot. Pat. 13 Eliz. d. v. 6.)"
being bound to send the same to my house or manor, receiving his accustomed fees; and said Manus and his attorneys are to keep all the meat and victuals that shall be sent to my houses and manors; and moreover it shall be lawful for the said Manus to receive on the marriage of every of my daughters, or of the daughter of a Mac Carthy More, in facie Ecclesie, from the husband of said daughter, five Marks or good hackneys as his fee; and also the fosterers of my children are to pay him his fees; and the said Manus shall have the hydes of all the beoves killed when I the said Earl shall be in camp, alias in fastoheel, with Easter and Christmas offerings, and all other accustomed dues,—Datum vicesimo Septimo die Julii anno Domini 1584, annoque regni Regine nostre Eliz. Vicesimo Sexto.

"Witness. Morsietagh Mac Teige. (Signed) Donyll Clancare."

Teige Mac Dermody.

Cormac Mac Owen."

The following are not less curious: they have just appeared in the second series of "Ellis's Letters, illustrative of English History." We give them verbatim, with Mr. Ellis's comments:

"Letter to King Henry Vth, in behalf of the Lord Furnyeal, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"A.D. 1417.

"[Ms. Lansd. 418. fol. 85. Out of the white book of the exchequer burnt in Sir Frauncis Angir's closet at Jacob Newman's, anno 1610.]

"* * * The annals of Ireland in the earliest periods of its history are obscure; nor are we acquainted with the details of its first connection with England.

"Giraldus Cambrensis is wrong when he states that, till the time of Henry the Second, Ireland had remained free from foreign incursions. We have Bede's authority for its invasion by Egfred King of Northumberland, in 684: and though the charter which represents our Edgar as monarch of Ireland is usually considered spurious, yet other charters of unquestioned authenticity, of a date but little later, recognise its formula; and we have coins both of Ethred the Second and Canute, minted at Dublin.

"That the conquest of Ireland was long an object of ambition with the Kings of England, cannot be doubted; and it is remarkable that it should have been planned by Henry the Second at the moment of his mounting the English throne. His compact with Pope Adrian the Fourth for the reduction of Ireland, is still preserved in Rymer, in a Latin letter from the pontiff.

"Like the formation of the Doomsday Survey, the receipt of his letter was considered as an epoch by the English. An original charter of John Earl of Ewe is extant, which concludes with these remarkable words: 'Hac autem, concessio facta est Wincestrian co anno quo verbun factum est de Hibernia conquircuda. Hanc vero carulum magister Robertus fecit anno 1111. ab incarnato Domino.'

"But Henry could take no advantage of his grant till 1172, when having procured two additional bulls from Pope Alexander the Third, one addressed to himself, the other to the kings and princes of Ireland, he entered upon the invasion, and then followed the submission of the Irish. Henry landed at Waterford, Oct. 18th, 1172, whence he proceeded to Dublin and received the homage of the chieftains.

"John, son of Henry the Second, when Lord of Ireland, established courts of law, the jurisdiction of which was to extend to the limits of the English pale; the territory so designated forming the counties of Dublin, Meath, Kildare, Louth, Carlow, Kilkenny, Wexford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. In what remained, which composed about two thirds of the kingdom, the English influence was only nominal.

"On the intermediate History of Ireland, between the time of John and Henry the Fifth, we have no occasion to comment here. The wars of Edward the Third slackened the activity of the English rule, and opened the way to those revolts
which, by detaining Richard the Second in Ireland at a critical moment, proved his ruin. It may suffice to say that Ireland in the reign of Henry the Fifth was as wild in its country and as rude in its inhabitants as in the reign of Henry the Second. The English pale, as will be seen in the present letter, was little more than a garrison of territory.

"It may be curious to mention here that a band of sixteen hundred native Irish, armed with their own weapons of war, 'in mail, with darts and skaynes,' under the Lord of Kylmain, were with Henry the Fifth at the siege of Rouen. They kept the way which came from the forest of Lyons. Hall says, they 'did so devoure, that none were more praised nor did more damage to their enemies.'

"The Lord Furnivall mentioned in this letter, was Sir John Talbot of Hallamshire, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, so conspicuous as a warrior in the reign of Henry the Sixth. He was made lieutenant of Ireland in the 1st of Henry the Fifth, and received the title of Lord Furnivall by courtesy through his wife. She was the eldest of the two daughters of Sir Thomas Nevil, who had married Joan the sole daughter and heiress of William the last Lord Furnivall. His exploits in Ireland seems worthy of record. He maintained an able government on scanty means. His income for that purpose amounting to little more than two thousand six hundred pounds a year.

"Righte excellente, right gracious, and our righte redoubt and right sovereign liege Lord, Wee doe recomend us unto your high royall Maitre, soe humbly and obediently as any liege men may doe, in any manner, unto there sovereign and redoubted liege Lord; especiallie, and above all other earthly thinges, desiringe to heare and to knowe of the gracious prosperitie and noble health of your renowned person; the same beinge soe gracious joyous newes as any can imagine or thinke to the principall conforte and especiall consolation of us and all your faythfull subjectes; and namely of us which are continuinge in a laude of warr, environed by your Irishe Enimies and English Rebels in pointe to be destroied, if it were not that the soveren ayde and conforte of God, and of you our gracious Lord, did altogether releve us. And righte excellent, righte gracious, and righte redoubted and righte sovereignlie liege Lord, forsoe much as the ho. lord the lord of Furnyvale your faythful subjecte and Lieutenante of this yo'. lande of Irelande was purposd to departe from your land and to repayre to your high presence, to sue for his payment which to him is behinde, for the safe keepinge of this your lande; and we, consideringe the great destruction and disease which hath come unto this lande by his laste absence from us, and eschuinge greater that may come and are likely to falle uppon the same if he shoulde be absent at this presente tyme, wee have requested him in the behalfe of you our soveraigne Lord, and have supplicated unto him on our owne behalfe to attend heare, and not to departe, for the safetie of this yo'. lande and of yo'. faythfull lieges in the same; and wee to write for him to your gracious person for his recommendations for the great charges, labours, and travels, by him had and sustained in theise partes, and that he mighte have his said payment to the safety of the same your landes, and of your faythful subjectes therin; whereupon, our righte soveraigne Lorde, if it please you, wee doe signifie unto your Royal Maitre, and to others to whom it shall appertaine, the great labours, travels, and endevoirs made by your said Lifetenaunte, heere after his firste arrival in this land until his laste repaire to yo'. highe presence, and of other, after that, by him done. Firste your said lifetenaunte, taking unto him the adviise of your Counsell on this side, and of other lords temporall,
knightes, esquires, and other good commoners, made many greate
jernies and hostinges uppon one of the strongest Irishe enimies of
Leynstre, called O'More of Layse, a great cheefetaine of this Nation,
beinge in his contry for six dayes and nightes twice, which was not
done before in our tyme, and takeinge his cheefe place and goodes,
burninge, foraging, and destroying all his contry, his corne, and his
other goodes, and burninge and breakinge certaine of his castles
called the Castle of Colyndragh and the Castle of Shennich, and
rescuinge divers English prisoners there, beinge without payinge
raunsome, and woundinge and killinge a greate multitude of his
people, and made such ware uppon him that he was forced againste
his will to make peticion to have yeo'. Peace by indenture, and to put
his sonne in pledge into the handes of your said Livetenaunte, to
keepe the peace safely, and to amende that wherein he had offended
againste your faethfull subjectes; and more over to serve & travell
with your said Livetenaunte uppon his warninge against all Irishe
enimies & Englishe rebellles at his commandement; soe that by
meanes thereof the said O'More came with two battyles, one foote &
on horse, to serve uppon a stronge enimie & a cheefetaine of his
nation called Mac Mahon, the distance of forty leagues from the
partes of Layse, and he beinge with the same yeo'. Livetenaunte, &
under his safe conduite, and in ayde of him in the foresaid country of
Layse two other greate cheefetaines of theire nations of Leynstre
wth. theire people. That is to say O Braun and O Rale........
shame and overthowe of the warr against him may be continued
which God grante: and the said O Ferall and O Rale doe still con-
tynue peticiones to enjoy your peace. And alsoe he roode againste
Mac Mahone a greate Irishe enimie and a powerfull cheefetaine of
his nation in the partes of Ulnestre adjoyninge unto the County of
Louth, and him did stronglye invade longe tyme by divers laborious
hostinges and journeyes, some on foot, by sixteene leagues, and
burnte and destroyed one of his cheife places, with all his townes &
corne aboute, & wounded & killed a greate multitude of his
people, until hee must of force yealde himselfe to your Peace, &
deliver divers Englishe prisoners without ransom, which he and his
people have taken, and that he underetook by indenture to travell
with the same your Lieuetennant agaynst whatsoever enimie or rebell,
on his warning, in such sort that hee sent Manus his brother with
a greate multitude of their people to serve uppon that sayd Oc Conor
which is forty myles and more from their country; & also he rode
agaynst O Hallon a greate chiefetayne of his nation and Irish enimie
in the same partes of Ulster, & warred so stronglye upon him that
hee was compelled by force to yeeld himselfe to your peace, and un-
dertooke to ride agaynst all Irish enemies & English rebells at his
pleasure, in such sort that he did serve with three hundredth men &
more uppon the forsayd Mac Mahone; & after that disloyally rose
up agayne in warres & distroyed your faethfull leiges; and pre-
sently your syd Lieuetennant therupon ordered divers greate
jornyes upon him in his country, where he burnt, forraged, & dist-
royed many thereof & wounded & killed many of his people, & cutt
a greate place thorrow a longe wood, in breadth of two leagues or
more, thorow terror of which thinge he dayly made supplication to
have peace, & put in his hostages for the safe keeping therof, &
therupon the greate O'Nele pretendinge himselfe to bee Kinge of
the Irish in Ulster. And O Neleboy sonne to Mc Qwenous, Mc Gwere, O Downenell, greate and powerfull chieftaynes of their nation, & divers other Irish enimies, hearing of the cutting of the same place, & of the damage & distruction done also to the sayd O Hanlan, & doubting the like to be done to them by your Leifetenaunt, sent to him to have peace & to doe him service, & also to serve wth. him upon all other Irish enimies & English rebelles; & also he caused in many places every Irishe enimie to serve upon the other, which thinge hath not beene scene by longe tyme in these partes untill the coming of your Leinutenant aforsayd; & he hath accomplished divers other jorneis & labours for the sayd releife and comfort of your faythfull leiges on this side the sea, and in especially at the making hereof, in repaying & mending of a bridge called the bridge of Athy, sett in the fronture of the borders of the Irishe enimies of Luyes, for the safe keeping whereof he hath erected a new tower upon the same for a warde to put therwith a greate fortificaon aboute the same for resistance of the sayd enimies, to the great conforte and releife of the English & greate over-throw of the Irish enimies; by which bridge your faythfull leiges were oftentimes prayed & killed, but now your sayd leiges, both their & els where, may suffer their goods and cattels to remayne in the feilds day & night without being stolen, or sustayning any other losse, which hath not beene scene here by the space of these thirty yeares past, God be thanked & your gracious provision. And now after this upon Monday in the Whitson weeke, att Lasenhale in the county of Dublin, Morice O Keating chieftayne of his nation, traitor & rebell to you our gracious' Lord, for the great feare which he had of your sayd Leifetenaunt, for himselfe & his nation, yeilded himselfe to the same your Leinetenante, without any condition, with his brest agaynst his swords poynst & a cord about his necke, then delivering to your sayd Leifetenaunt without ransom the English prisoners which he had taken before, to whom grace was graunted by inden- ture, & his eldest sonne given in pledge to bee loyall leiges from thence forwarde to you our soveraigne Lord. Wee humbly beseeche your gracious' lordship that yt would please you of your especiall grace to thinke upon your saied land, & in the works of charitye to have mercie & pitty upon us your poore leiges thereof, who are environed on all sydes in warre with English rebells & Irish enimies to our continuall destruction & sorrow, & alsoe to have your sayd Leinetenant as especially recomended to your soveraigne Lordship for the causes aforsayd, & more over to provide soe gratiously such a sufficent payment for him that he may make himselfe stronge enough to resite the malice of your enimies on this side the sea, & his soulidiers able to pay for their vittals and other thinges which they toke of your faythfull leiges for the safetye of your land aforsayd, & of your poore leiges therin, considering our redoubt leige Lord that yt your forces be not here alaways soe strongly mayntained & con- tinued without beinge deminished, your Irish enimies & English rebells yt they may espie the contrary, although they have putt in hostages & are otherwise strongly bound to the peace, yet they will rise agayne unto wars, which is a private Conquest of your land aforsayd. And furthermore the mony which your sayd Leiftenaunt doth receive of your gracious Lordshipp for the safe keeping of this your land is soe little that ye doth not suffice to paye so much unto
the soldiers as is likely to mayntayne your warres heere by a greate quantitye, by reason whereof they can pay but litle for any things taken from your saide leidges for the sustenanc of them & their horses, which is to the importable charges of your leidges & perpetuall destruction of them yt they be not gratiously succored & releved by your gracionous lordshipp in that behalfe; & moreover wee beseeche your gratious Lordship to have yo. sayd Lieu tenant especially recommended unto you for his great continuall labours & costes which he hath borne & sustayned about the deliverance of the Earle of Dessemond, who was falsly & deceitfully taken & detayned in prison by his unkle, to the greate distruction of all the contry of Mountre, untill now that he is gratiously delivered by the good and gratious government of the same your Leutenant. In witness whereof wee your faithfull & humble leiges the bishop of Kildare, the gardeins of the spirtualities of Ardmarke, the abbot of the House of our ladie of Fryme, the abbot of the House of our ladie of Kenleys, the abbot of the House of our lady of Balkinglas, the abott of the House of our ladye of Beckty, the abott of the House of our ladie nere Develin, the abbot of the House of our ladie of Novan, the prior of the House of St. Petter of Trime, the prior of the House of our lady of Louth, the prior of the House of St. Leonards of Dondalke, the prior of the House of St. John of Reulys, the prior of the House of our lady of Colp, the prior of the House of our lady Urse of Droghd, the prior of the House of our lady of Dvyveleck, the prior of the House of St. Johns of Droghd, the prior of the House of St. Lawrence of Droghd, the prior of the House of our lady of Conall, the prior of the House of St. Johns of Nass, the prior of the House of St. Johns without Newgate of Duelein, the prior of the House of the Trinitye in Duelein, the prior of the House of Powre, the prior of the House of God of Molinegare, the prior of the House of our lady of Trysternagh, the archdecon of Kildare, the archdecon of Priell, Thomas Lenfant barron of Atherde, Richard Nugent barron of Delbin, Matt. Huse barron of Galtrym, Thomas Mareward barron of Skryn, Edward Perrers knight, John London knight, the maior & bailifes of the Citie of Dublin, the Commons of your towne of Droghd, the Commons of Dondalke, the Commons of Atherdee, the Commons of Kenlys, the Commons of Tryme, the Commons of Athboy, the Commons of Naas, the Commons of Clane, the Commons of Treseldermot, the bailifes of Lonthe, the sheri of Dublin, the sheri of Kildare, the sheryfe of Priell, & the sheri of the Crosse of Meth, Christopher Plum, James Uriell, John Fitz Adame, Robert Burnell, William of Tynbegh, Robert White of Killester, Thomas Talbott of Malahede, John Clinton of Kepp, Christopher White, Henry Drake, Walter Plunke, John Taff, Robert Heiron, William Rath, John Clynton of Drumchassell, Walter Congagham, Thomas White of Priell, Mathew Tanner, John Heyron, Thomas Rath of Croffkill, Walter Ley, William Deveros, Andrew Tuitt, Robert Bet, John Fitz Richard, John Dillon, Richard Lynelham, George Fay, John Beery, Symon London, Richard Talbott of Mith, John Dardits of Gryll, W™. Fitz Willm, John White of Conall, William Heron, Mories Welsh, Nicholas Gaberd, Patrick Ley, Walter Harrold, William Welsh, Gylbaugh, Nicholas Brown, Patrick Flatesbury, John Eustace of Newland, Edward Ewstace, Thomas Penckeston,
Richard Fitz Ewstace, William White of the county of Dublin, Nicolas Gawarry, John Drake, Robert Gallan of Dublin, Thomas Cusack of Dublin & Lucas Dowdalle of Dublin Esquires, have put our Seales. Dated the syx and twentieth day of June in the fift yeare of yo'. gratious Reigne.

"There is one fact in the history of Ireland which has not often been adverted to by the English historians, and to which it may not be quite irrelevant to call the attention of the reader, when speaking of the former condition of that country. It is, that at a period even earlier than the Norman conquest, Ireland was the greatest, as probably the nearest mart for English slaves. Malmesbury, in his Life of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, has given a minute account of this extraordinary traffic. For, in those times, and long before, when any person had more children than he could maintain, or more domestic slaves than he chose to keep, he sold them to a merchant, who disposed of them in Ireland, Denmark, Italy, or elsewhere, as he found most profitable. The people of Bristol were the chief carriers in this trade as far as it related to Ireland. Malmesbury says that young women were frequently taken to market in their pregnancy that they might bring a better price. The Ecclesiastical Council of Armagh, held in 1171, passed a resolution to liberate English slaves."

"The chief Persons in the County of Kildare to Richard Duke of York, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, A.D. 1454, giving an account of the condition of the Country.

"[From the Orig. among the Cottonian Charters."

"Stowe says, that in 1449 there began a new rebellion in Ireland, but Richard Duke of York being sent thither to appease the same, so assuaged the fury of the wild and savage people there, that he won such favour among them as could never be separated from him and his lineage."

"In 1451, he left Ireland to prefer his title to the crown of England, still retaining his lieutenancy.

"In justice to the Duke of York it must be stated, that the acts which were passed in the Parliament of Ireland under his administration, reflect the greatest credit on his memory.

"Righte hye and myghty Prince and oure righte gracious lorde, Richard Duke of Yorke, we recomaunde us unto you as louly as we can or may; and please youre gracious Hynes to be advertised that this lande of Irland was nevir at the poynyt fynally tobe destrued sethen the Conquest of this lande, as it is now, for the trew liege people in this parties dar ne may not appier to the Kynges oure said soverayn lordes Courtes in the said lande, ne noon other of the trew liege people ther, to go ne ride to market Tounes, ne other places, for dred to be slayne, to take other spouled of thar godes; also the myrsule and mysgovernaunce had, done, and dayly continued by dyvers gentlemen of the Counte and youre libertee of Mith, the Countes of Kildare and Vriell, and namly of a variance had betwix thelle of Wilteshiers lieutenant of this said lande and Thomas fits Morice of the Geraldynes for the title of the maners of Maynnoth and Rathmore in the Counte of Kildare, hath caused more destruccionne in the sayde Counte of Kildare and libertee of Mith within shorte tymefor many years passed, and dayly doth, then was done by Irish enemys and English rebelles of long tymeforbe; and is likely to be fynally destruccionne of the said Counte of Kildare and liberty of Mith. For Henry Bonyn knyght, constituted Treasurers of the saide lande under the grete Seall of the said lande, assemblyng with hym

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Edmund Botiller cosyn germayn to the said Erle of Wilteshie and William Botiller cosyn to the said Erle, with thar sequele, of the which the moost partie was Irish enemyes and English rebelles came into the said Counte of Kildare and ther brant and destroied dyvers and many Tounes and paroche Chirches of the trewe liege people, and toke dyvers of them prisoners and spouled them of their godes. And after the departre of the said Henry and Edmund, the said Wylyam abydyng in the said Counte of Kildare, by the avice and counsaill of the said Henry and Edmond, did so grete oppressiounne in the said Counte of Kildare and in the Counte and Liberte of Mith, that vj'''' Tounes and more which was well enhabite in the feste of Seynt Michell lass passed been now wasted and destroied. And for asmuch as thes partes so destroied, with alytell partie more that remayneth not destroied, in the said Counte of Kildare, is the dayly sustenance of the Cite of Dynelyn, and the destruccione of hit is like tobe the fynall destruccione of the said Cite, and the destruccione of the said Cite wilbe cause of the destruccione of the said lande, which God defend. The Maire and Comens of the said Cite wrote dyvers tymes unto the righte reverend fader in God John archiebisshop of Ardmagh deputie lieutenant to the said Erle of Wilteshie to have this remedied: and at har instance the Kyngoure said Soverayne lorde Consaill here, wrote to the said deputie lieutenant for dyvers of thes oppressionns and mysgovernaunces that they shuld be remedied, and he remedied them not. Also the said William Botiller after this destruccione so done assessed upon smale Villages and Tounes in the said Counte and Liberte of Mith, and in the said County of Kildare, certeyn summes of money to be reryd accordyng to hys wyll, be cause of which he and his men rered in dyvers of the said villages grete and notables summes of money and in dyvers villages toke all the plowbestes and other bestes of the said villages, and the moost sufficiants husbandes, and held tham his prisoners, and ostages ther, to that ende that they shuld make fyne and raunson with him; upon the which matere the said Maire and Comens compleyned also by mouth to the said Depute, and ther upon he ordeyned no remedy. And for as much as all this mysrule done by the said Henry, Edmond, and William, by statutes and lawes made in the said lande as well in the tyme of our said Soverayn lorde as in the tyme of hys noble progenitoures, is treyson, and also who soever of the trewe liege people here, knowyng such mysrule, wold not arysye to arrest such mysdoers, shuld be deemed felonies, the lorde and gentles of the Counte of Kildare consdyeryng the emynent myscheve and fynall destruccione of the said Counte, and also the desolacionne of the said Cite, desired the said Maire and Comens to come into the said Counte of Kildare to put away the said William with his sequele and to abide all this mysrule; upon the which they went with the said lorde and gentles, and, by the grace of God, avoided all the said myrsrule out of the said Counte. Also please your Hynes tobe advertryed that the said Wylyam Botiller, Nicholas Wogan, David Wogan, and Richard Wogan, came with dyvers Irish enemys and English rebelles to the Castell of Rochcody ther, as Anne Wogan sumtyme wyffe to Oliver Eustace, then beyn the Kynges widue, was dwellyng, and brant the yates of the said place, and tokehir
with them and Edward Eustace, son and hire to the said Olyver, and
sonne and heire apparent to the said Anne, and of the age of viij.
yeres, and yet holdeth them as prisoners, and toke gode and catalys of
the said Annois to the value of v.C. marks. Also the said Henry
with a grete multitude of people, armed in maner of were, came to
Osbornestone in the said Counte, an ther toke and enprisoned
Christofre Flatesby, and destroied and wasted the said Toune, and
VOKE all gods and catalys of the said Christofre to the value of C".

" Beseeching youre gracious remedy and help upon all theses ma-
teres; and for asmuch as theses materes been trewe and that it wold
please youre Hyares to yeve faith and credence to thes premisses, We
Nicholas Priour of the Houes of Conall, Edward Eustace
knyght, Portreyves and Comens of the Naas, Portreyves
and Comens of Clane, William fitz Eustace, Christofre
Flatesby, Nicholas Sutton, Walran fitz Eustace,
Christofre Fitz Eustace, Patric fitz Morice, James
Lang, Philip Brytt, Robert fitz Eustace, John
Sauuer, and John White, have put to this oure Seales.
Written at the Naas the xxiiij. day of Januery the yere of the reane
of the King oure Soverayne lord that now is xxxij".

"The Harlean Manuscript, num. 433. fol. 265 b. contains the instructions
given by Richard the Third to his counsellor the Bishop of Enachden, to be
shewed on his behalf to his cousin the Earl of Desemond, and other nobles and
geneties of his land of Ireland, in the first year of his reign. He adverst in them
to the government of his father the Duke of York.

"Furst, where the said Bishop hath enfourned his said Grace of the good
toward disposition and harty desire that the said Erle hath for to doo him pleasur
& service to his power, as faithfully and humbly as any other of the Kings sub-
jettes. the said Bishop shall on the kings behalve thanke him; shewing that
aswele for the noblesse of bloode as remembring the manyfold notable service
and kindnesse by the Earle's fadre unto the famous Prince the Duc of York the
kings fader, at diverse seasons of grete necesite in those parties to his gre
dangeres and charges doon causeth the Kings Grace to accepte and receive him
in the tender favor of the some, trusting of his cortymance.

"Also he shall shewe that albeit the fadre of the said Erle, the King than being
of yong age, was extorciouly slayne and murdered, by colour of the laws within
Irland, by certain persons than havyng the government and rule there, ayenst
all manhood, reason, and good conscience; yet notwithstanding that the semblable
chaunce was & hapan sithen, within this Reynge of England, aswele of his
brother the Duc of Clarence, as other his nigh kynnesmen and grete frendes, the
Kinges grace alwayes contymuth and hath inward compassion of the deth of his
said fader, and is content that his said cousyn now Erle by all ordinate meanes and
due course of the lawes, when it shall lust him at any tyme hereafter to sue or at-
tempt for the punyshment thereof.

"Also the Kings grace wol that the said Bishop have auctorite for to take
in the kings name, of the said Erle, his othe of ligeaunce as other lorde have
doon here within this his Reynge, after the fourme here ensuying. 'I, A. Erle of
Desemond become true and faithful liegeman unta my soverayn Lord Richard
jij". by the grace of God king of England and of France and lord of Irland and
to his heirs kings of England, and to him and them my feith and trust shall bere
during my lyf naturall, and with him and in his cause and quarell at all tymes shall take
his partie, and be ready to leve and dye ayenst all earthly creatures, and utterly
endeavour me to the resistence and suppressing of his enemies, rebelles, and traitors,
it shall any knowe, to the uttermost of my power, and no thing conceale that in
any wise may be hurting to his noble and roiall persone; So helpe me God and
thise holy evangelyes.'
"Also, the said Bishop shall shewe unto the said Erle the Kinges gret pleur touching his dealing or entring into any marriage with any blood withouth'advise and knowledge of his Grace; considered that the same with all celerit entended for to ordeyne and provide in that behalve for his said cousyn in suche wise and of suche noble blode as shall redounde to his weele and honnor, and of all his frendes and kynnesmen, trusting that the said Erle wole remembre the same and utterly appele him thereunto.

"Also the said Bishop, upon perfite understanding that the said Erle shalbe of hoole entencion and promise to his powair to perforume the premisses, and over that, utterly to dispose for many consideracions concerning the Kings heigh pleur and entent, renounce the seering and usage of the IRISHIE ARRAYE; and from thenceforth to geve and appele him self to use the manner of th' apparel for his person after the Englishe guise, and after the fashion that the Kinges grace sendeth unto him by the said Bishop aswche of gownes, doubllettes, hosen, and bonettes, and soo followingly in tyme comyn, as the caas or change of the said fashion shall require; that then the said Bishop shall deliver unto his said cousyn, in most convenient place and honnorable presence, the Kinges byrecce, that is to wite a COLEIR of GOLDE of his DEVISE and other apparell foresaid for his persone.

"Also, above all other thinges, he shall shewe unto the said Erle that the Kinges Grace in no wise wolle ouere hooly modere the Churche to be wronged, deroged, or prejudiced, neither in liberties, fraunchies, grauntes, costumes, or any other spirituell emolumentes belonging to the same, but that his said cousyn shal main- taine, assiste, and support it in every behalve, as justice and right requirereth. And, over that, to see that no manner robberys, spoliations, oppressions, or extorci ons be suffed to be committed amongst any of the kinges subgiettes of those partes, of what astate, degree, or condicion soever they be; and in caas any happen to beto see them so offending utterly to be punyssed according with the kings lawes. And that the said Erle shalbe, by all weys and means of pollyce, see and provide that by the passage of the commune high wayes there the kinges subgiettes may be as- sured to goo and pass without robbeing and unlawfull letting: so that the said Erle according to the kings gret trust, and also to his gracieous demeanyng here in this Reyne of England, may appere and be named a very Justice, aswche for his propre honnor and wele, as for the Common wele of those partes, &c."

"O'Donnel, the Irish rebel, to King Henry VIIIth, exculpating himself."

"[Ms. Cotton. Vespasian. F. XIII. fol. 144 b. Orig.]

"* * The O'Donnels of the North of Ireland were a powerful family in the regists of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth. One of them, probably the writer of this letter, has been already mentioned, from Hall, as receiving knighthood at the justs which Henry the Eighth held at Westminster in 1511, in honour of the birth of a prince.

"The intercourse which was carried on between the O'Donnels and James the Fourth and James the Fifth of Scotland gave Henry the Eighth some uneasiness. The O'Donnel of the present letter, who, it is believed, was Odo the son of Odo O'Donnel, seems to have been sensible of it.

"After all due and moste humble recommendacions, please it youre Grace to cawes the Letter that y do sende unto your Hyghness by this youre servant and subiecte, Pers Yonge, mariner and master of the Mawe- deham of London, dwelwynge at Reclef besides London, to be rede in the presence of youre Grace. Also y beseeche youre grace to here the saied Pers to speke in my behalfe, and to lyme gwer credence for myn excus, which in my mynde y needede not for any offence that ever y dude against youre Highnesse, but only for the murmor that that he ben for my goynge into Skotlande, unto whiche y thinke your Grace have taken no credence. And that it wold please youre noble grace to cawes youre
gracious mynd to be write unto me, in and for the causes that ye have write unto youre Hignes; and allso of suche as the saede youre subject Pers, afor write, shall shewe your Grace; and after youre wryntyng had, y shall endewoyre myself the best y can or may unto my power for the honowre of youre Hignes and the wellthe of this pore Lande, by the helpe of God ho ever encreas the prosperite of youre moste victorious and Royall estat. Writ in Maner of Dongall, the xij. day of Janywer, the yere 1514.

"Youre humble servant,

"O Dornaill."

A Night Scene.

The silver moon was on the sea,
Its beams were on the wave,
And every breeze rolled smilingly
Above each ocean cave;
When love and I, with beauty's queen,
Arose to taste its gentle sheen.

Not softer is the hazel eye,
That lights the young gazelle;
Not sweeter is the rapturing sigh,
Where bliss and passion dwell,
Than were the orbs of lovely flame
That seemed encased in Helen's name.

The imag'd stars looked fair and bright,
Upon their azure bed;
Nor half so fair as was the light,
Her Peri lashes shed.
They seemed to tremble on their way,
While matched with beauty's thrilling ray.

A breath came o'er the whisp'ring tide,
Enjoyment in its balm;
But gentler far the blush of pride,
More pure the seraph calm,
That set on beauty's swelling cheek,
When highest passion dared to speak.

Her sparkling lashes bent on me,—
Her soft brow turned upon
The ripple of that tideless sea,
Where night and water shone;
She seemed a beam from fairy land,
To bind my soul in mystic band.

Oh! never shall that glorious eve
Be blotted from my view;
Her young eye's smile must ever leave
The impress which it threw.
And, though my heart by time be blighted,
Yet may her love still be to light it!
TALES OF THE SOUTH.—NO. III.

THE LAKE.—THE DIAMOND PILLAR.

The usual coterie of provincial literature had assembled at Castle Lough: politics, and the chit-chat of the neighbourhood, had been, in their turn, discussed; and conversation was becoming exhausted, when O'Fogerty had recourse to his accustomed panacea, a story. On the last evening, he had related the legend of O'Donoghue; and as their contiguity to Lough Lane seemed to entail a particular demand on his attention, he deemed it a duty to immortalize its tales, by giving them priority in those which he selected for the amusement of his guests.

"It was a beautiful morning in September," commenced the host: "the air was fresh and exhilarating; a slight frost had rarified the atmosphere; and the keenness of the temperature contributed an equal degree of elasticity to the mind, and of clearness to the horizon, when I called my dogs from their kennel, placed my gun on my shoulder, my leathern flask, well replenished with the native, in my pouch, and set off for the mountains, absolutely determined on enjoying a good day's sport. Our pursuit led us to Tusk,* and here we wandered about for a considerable time, partly successful, partly unfortunate, in our warfare; then, at last, fatigued as well from the intensity of the heat, as from the continued exertion of some hours, we stopped to partake of our meridien. A branching little stream, that murmured over an exquisite bed of variegated pebbles, as it rolled along through a fine collection of timber, now and again chafing with the rocks that barred its progress, and dancing in magnificent spray, from their sides, invited us to take advantage of a delightfully romantic situation. Like Don Quixote, under his alcornôques, we seated ourselves beneath the foliage; and, with appetites entirely as voracious as Sancho's at the wedding of Camacho, we paid our devoirs at the cold meat, and the other edible apparatus of a shooting-party. We had scarcely completed our meal, when Larry Clonin, pointing to the stream which I have just noticed, and which happened to be the Lane, an insignificant rill, that gives its name to the Lake, exclaimed:

"'Arrah, then, masther, if Plunkett had the heart of a chicken, long ago it is he would have been made a man of. Shure enough, that he would!"

"At a loss to account for the strangeness of this assertion, I asked my friend Larry what or whom did he mean?"

"'Och! shure,' replied he, 'but I thought your honour had hard it all.'"

"I intimated my utter ignorance; and, on requesting that he would inform me of the particulars of the story to which he alluded, he thus proceeded:—"

"'Twas as beautiful a day as ever came out of the heavens, an' the ould lord, God be good to his soul, wid half-a-dozen or so of

* Any of my readers who may have visited Killarney, will recollect this splendid and lofty mountain, which gives its name to that enchanting sheet of water, the Middle or Tusk Lake.
the Blarney dragoons wid him, came gallivanting an' rackating up the mountain. Billy Plunkett was wid him, of course; for when did he go widout Billy, for a spalpeen? They had their guns an' their arms on their shoulders, just as became the likes of 'em, fine sthrapping jintlemen, 'till at last, after rummagin about all the day, and murdheren all the game in the country—for they were great shots, an' why not?—they came to the strame yondher. In them times, no one at all, at all, never found the bottom; an' though many's the person thried, 'twas all to no purpose; for, ding the bit of it, the best of 'em could be after finden. Well then, plase your honour, when they came to the strand, the ould lord up an' attacks Billy Plunkett; for you must know Billy was a mighty swimmer an' diver, as they call it.

""Now, Billy," says he, "shrip off like a man," says he, "an' rot your bones, find a bottom for 'em," says he.

""Bathershin!" says Billy, "but that I will, plase your lordship," says he, "whethere there is one there or no," says he.

"'So, wid this, Billy, widout sayen another word, took off his cau-been, laid his cravat a one side, stripped himself mother naked as the day he was born, and plunged into the river. Down, down, he went; an' widout ever tinken of the bottom, or any thing at all about it, he kept sinken like a stone, till at last, he begins to ax himself where he was gone to, at sich a kip-o'-the-reel; when, lo an' behol thee, he found the wather lave him, all on a sudden, an' rubber his eyes, where would he find himself, but in the heart of the finest an' most beautifulest rooms that he ever seen in all his born days. Well, Sir, he didn't know what to do at first, whethere to go in or stay out. The room was stuffed with all soorts of di'mons, an' jewels, an' bags of goold; more nor you could count for a twelvemont, were shinen, like cat's eyes under a bed. Billy looked about him for a bit, when he seed a fine speckled greyhound, wid a chain of goold round his neck, walken about quite soberly; an' when he seen Billy, he gave a look at him, you may be shure, no ways pleasant. Billy, though as bound a man as any in the parish, was biginning to be frightened enough, when the greyhound up an' says—

""Kunasteen thu;* now tell us, Billy, what brought you here?"

"Billy, sweaten for the very life of him, didn't know what to say; an' so he answers him, thinken it best to be civil—

"Moch na mohaguthe, kunasteen thu fain?—I hope no offense, your honour," says he; "but I was only jest for taken a bit of an excision."

"Ah! is that all, then, you omadhaun?" says the greyhound. "Augus na bouhel bawn dash a shin?! But never you heed, Billy," says he; "help yourself, an' welcome to any thing you have a liken for."

"Wid this the greyhound walked away; an' Billy thanked him

* How do you do. I am not aware that I am exactly correct in the orthography; however, it seems to me most advisable to spell according to the pronunciation.
† Very well, thank you, and how do you find yourself.
‡ Literally, and are not you a fine fellow.
very civilly, as well he should, being bent—the thief of the world—to take one of the bags of goold wid him.

""" "Billy Plunkett," says he to himself, "now or never;" an' wid that he laid his hand, fair an' softly, on what was next him. But, sir, he was jest putten the bag on his shoulders, an' thicken himself as happy as a king, when he hard a voice cryen out:

""" "Billy Plunkett, you murdherer thief, where are you stolen away wid my money;" an' at the same time, he felt as if all the pins an' needles in the wide world were sticken through his back an' limbs.

""" "Mielle* a murdher. Sweet bad luck to you for a greyhound!" says Billy, "what in the world will become of me?" an' away he threw the bag, and ran up wid himself as hard as he could swin.

""" When he came up, the masther was wondheren what kept him all the time; an' so he says to him:

""" "Arragh, Billy, what a fine fellow you are, an' I waiten here for you;" so Billy tells him all about the matther, an' surprised enough were the jintlemen at it. The ould lord wanted Billy, right or wrong, to go down agen; but Billy got enough of it, an' he swore that no-then would make him venture his body an' soul wid the likes of 'em. No person, an' more's the pity, has ever since thried to dive so far, an' there the treasure must stay till the time of the enchantment is over."

When Larry had finished his narration, the shadows, fast descend-ing to the lake, reminded us that it was time to desert the scene of his fable; and, as we had yet some miles to traverse, another story seemed the most rational way to cheat the distance.

"You have never told me the circumstances of the 'Diamond Pillar;' let us have them now," said I.

Larry looked as those who are asked to sing, and yet, though conscious of their own powers, do not feel exactly inclined to gratify the wishes of the petitioner. He shrugged up his shoulders, com-plained something about the lateness of the hour; but, not reading much commiseration in my countenance, at length began.

"As you honour will have it, phy I spose we've no business sayen agen it. 'Twas airily in the mornin', about the biggin of July, an' my gran'father was returning, as merry as you plase, from the fair of Ken-ner; not a mother's son was wid him; an', not caren a fig for the best of 'em, he was walken with his shilelah in one hand, an' his brogues in t'other, whistlin' an' singen by turns. Though 'twas a pleasant mornen for the time, yet 'twas not over light, nather; an' he was gaen through Jack Mahony's farm, when what would he see, more luck to him, but the whole sky as 'twere afire. He didn't know what to make of it, an' so, steppen up, he looks about him; an' he was more and more beside himself, when he saw that it looked for all the world as if 'twas broad day, barring 'twas only two in the mornen. On this, sir, the thought came across him, that he had hard talk of the ' di'mon pillar that was hidin in the lake, an' that used to appear at night;' so he turns his head, an' looks down where the lake

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* The meaning is sufficiently obvious. The double l should be pronounced as the ll in Spanish, and the gl in Italian.
was, an' true it was for 'im, there he seen the very pillar risen up from the wather to the clouds.

"Wisha, masthur, if you hard him tell all about it, but you'd give your two eyes to see such a sight. In all the dear days of his life, he used to say, God rest his soul! that he never seed any thing that could compare wid it. There 'twas risen up from the middle of the lake, all covered wid di'mons an' goold an' silver that shone like nothen! The whole lake was a-fire, an' all the country seemed just as if 'twas the noon-day. He staid there, as your honour may spose, looken at the grand spectacle for some time, wondheren where all the brobras came from, 'till at last they fell into Smithereens, an' all the precious stones an' things disappeared. The poor man did not know what to make of it; an' though he often watched for it, he never had the luck of seen it afther."

"Can you tell me, Larry," I interrupted, "if any other person has ever since witnessed this extraordinary exhibition?"

"That I can, an' phy not?" continued my chronicler, "but to give you a plain answer, not a soul ever saw it since, barring one or two; an' the raison's good enough, as you'll hear when I tell your honour. It happened then that a great murdherer Englisher hard all about the pillar, an' so says he, 'I'll manage 'em;' an' well, in his way, off he comes, an' stays watchen, watchen, till it appeared. As soon as it came up, down he goes, an' widsout any more palaveren, away he takes it wid him, botheration to the bloody villain! He took it off wid him, to England, an' became, as people say, a great marchant; at least, he never was heard of in these parts afther. Tandher an' ownkers to all the breed, for they never brought any good wid 'em; sorrow one of 'em but always brought mischief an' poverty to ourselves an' our little cabins."

I perfectly agreed with Larry's concluding observation, as I am deeply impressed with the conviction, that the Irish, a people proverbially hospitable, generous, brave, and talented, have had the buddings of those finer qualities poisoned in the very germ by their communication with their victorious neighbours. The union of the two kingdoms has been productive of incalculable detriment to the weaker; and, although Ireland, as she is now situated, could not well stand without the support of England, yet I am persuaded, that all her miseries are to be traced, in the first instance, to this unfortunate conjunction. This fable, continued O'Fogherty, of the Diamond Pillar, is by no means one of our most common. I have not frequently heard it, but yet it has been told to me sufficiently often to enable me to assure you that it may be safely placed among "The Legends of the Lake."

Osc—t.

D. S. L.
THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

The balm of the zephyr was floating along,
With the fragrance of musk o'er the pearly sea,
And the murmur of waves, like the music of song,
The soul of its melody scattered on me

I looked on the isles, that were studding the billow,
Like roses, when vying with young beauty's cheek,
And the vision that slept on the bright coral pillow
Was crimsoned by hope, with its loveliest streak

A thousand soft spirits were swelling their breath,
And the fairies and gnomes were adorning the scene;
Gay pleasure was twining its mystical wreath,
And expectancy danced in its gaudiest mien.

On the foam of the ocean that whitened around,
The splendour of fortune was filling its sail,
And the cadence that spoke in the oar's splashing sound
Was entoned in the magic of eastern tale.

Oh! many were they, that had launched on the tide,
Whose sparkles were frothing with pleasure and mirth:
On the pinions of love, o'er the waters they glide,
With the lightness of sylphs when they visit the earth.

But see you yon bark, that is kissing the spray?
The Cupids of love with their quivers are there;
And Beauty is blushing, all lovely and gay,
As the bird that is carelessly warbling in air.

Their pennons are wooing the odours of spring,
And her glossy black ringlets are decking yon maid;
The soft laughing smiles that young Peris would fling,
When first they awake in their palace of shade.

These, these were encircling the bark as it flew,
And gladness and luxury reigned on its deck:
'Mid the sunshine of Heaven, and its glories of blue,
They thought not of tempest, of storm, or of wreck.

In their grandeur they rolled o'er the "feathery foam,"
And the youth that was quaffing the draught of delight
Seemed joyous and glad, as if greeting his home,
While the blue sea was beaming with heavenliest light.

But this scene of luxuriance deserted my gaze,
And the bliss of that youth was enveloped in cloud,
And I saw not the children that lived in its blaze,
For they lay like a warrior enwapt in his shroud.

The dream of my fancy arose to my sight,
And changed were the pair that had challenged mine eye,
For their lustre was shrouded in darkness and night,
And confusion had eclipsed the orb of their sky.

The hearts that were swelling with fondness and truth,
Were broken, and rent by the anguish of care,
And the cheeks that were dimpled with valour and youth
Were livid and pale as the lamp of despair.

In the dawning of life, and unstained by a tear,
They strayed, 'mid those gardens of roseate hue,
But at eve they reclined on their comfortless bier,
When passion was damped by the sepulchre's view.

Osc—t.

D. S. L.
IRISH BULLS.

A FRIEND of mine attended a lecture at Cambridge, when the celebrated Dr. Clarke, the traveller, was Professor of Geology. The subject happened to be coal; and the lecturer, having described the different kinds, and exhibited specimens, concluded by stating that the Kilkenny coal, in Ireland, of which he had no specimen, was precisely similar, in every respect, to Kendal coal, in England; and that a specimen was not necessary. After the lecture, my friend took the liberty to remonstrate with the doctor, on this confusion of substances, by representing that no two species of the same inflammable genus could be more dissimilar; and was actually obliged to send him a piece in a box to convince the lecturer and his auditors, that there was such a substance in nature, peculiar to Ireland, as Kilkenny coal.

Nor is this the only instance in which Doctor Clarke has shown his ignorance of Ireland; which, however, he does not hesitate to abuse whenever an opportunity occurs. In his travels in the north of Europe, he visited Drontheim, of which he says the true name is Dronyen; but that the Irish, who visited the port, corrupted it, as usual, into its present barbarous appellation. The doctor gives no reason why the name, if it be a corruption, might not as well have been altered by his own countrymen, the English, who were much more in the habit of visiting the place, and notoriously addicted to that licence. He knew very well, of all nations on earth, the English are distinguished for corrupting the names of places; changing, without scruple, words originally very appropriate, but in a language which they did not understand, for others of similar sound, which have not the slightest allusion to the thing meant, but of which they understand something of the import. Without dwelling upon those in England so often quoted, such as Bull and Mouth, for Boulogne Mouth; Goat and Compasses, for God encompass us; and Bag o’ Nails, for Bacchanals, which last is still commemorated by hanging up a bag of nails as the present sign of what was the Bacchanals’ Tavern,—we see abroad that the English, wherever they have gone, have left behind them traces of this barbarous propensity. The Archipelago, a modern Greek name expressive of the situation of the Egean Sea, the English call the Arches; the promontory at the entrance into the Dardanelles, named by the Turks, very properly, Yeni Hissari, new castles, from two fortresses built there, the English have changed into Cape Janissary; and the Port of Comuna, in Galicia, they have altered into the odd, and not very delicate, appellation of the Groin; and, that nothing might be wanting to complete and perpetuate these and similar absurdities, they are also set down, and preserved for the benefit of posterity, in the English maps.

But there is no country that has suffered more from this perversive aptitude of John Bull, than poor Ireland; she is not only charged with blunders which she never made, but with all the coarse and ridiculous blunders which John Bull has made for her. In fact, her character, like the lands of Lennox in feudal times, is “fair for every man to harry,” and accordingly every English marauder has harried it without scruple, from Twiss down to Clarke.
"The first thing," says Twiss, "which strikes a stranger on his entrance into the Bay of Dublin, is the notice of three bulls—the North Bull, the South Bull, and Ringsend!" We shall first examine these bulls before we proceed to others.

Among those who have repelled the charge that the Irish are more disposed to blunder than other people, is Miss Edgeworth, who, in a very ingenious "Essay on Bulls," has clearly proved, that whatever appears extravagant in this way, arises from the more vivid fancy of the people, and the figurative structure of their language. This idea has been adopted and enlarged with considerable effect by Dr. Walsh, in "The History of Dublin," where he has proved that the names of places in Irish have all either figurative meanings, or are expressive of some natural circumstance connected with them; and, further, that many of these names have been corrupted by the English into others of a similar sound, but of the most ridiculous import; thus themselves first making the blunder, and then charging the natives with the effects of their own ignorance. Of these he gives numerous instances, and the first I shall advert to are the bulls in the bay.

"The North and South Bulls," says Dr. W., "presenting themselves to a stranger at his entrance into the Bay of Dublin, among the first objects he sees and the first names he hears, have been the occasion and subject of silly sarcasm. The Bull is so called from the belowing of the waves, which, at particular times of the tide, roll over it on the calmest days with a loud and continued roaring. In justification of the name, it is only necessary to observe that Homer adopts the terms βοῖς, βοSCO, from βώς, a bull, for the same reason:

OvS twi aolaoSoi ejX 6tou bomai proi ëou. 1. p. 265.
Homer: boi'sw iriutomevios alois éxw. 1. ë. 394.

And Cowper, his most judicious translator, despairing of attaining to the beauty of the original word, endeavours only to imitate it by a juxta-position of others:

"As when, within some deep-mouthed river's bed,
The stream and ocean clash—on either shore
Loud sounds the roar of waves ejected wide."

Those who have passed up the Bay of Dublin when the current of the River Liffey meets the influx tide of the ocean, will readily acknowledge the truth of Homer's onomatopoeia, and the propriety of the Irish in adopting the figurative name. He further adds, in confirmation of this etymology, that the town of Cloutar was originally Kluan Tharir, the bay of the Bull, as lying behind this great sandbank, and continually hearing its roar. Wherever similar sandbanks occur on the coast of Ireland, they are called Tharir, or Bulls, for the same reason; as, at the entrance of the Bay of Barrow, in the county of Wexford, and in other places. It may be added that the Irish, without corrupting native names in other countries, sometimes confer their own finely figurative terms upon natural objects: though no one but Dr. Clarke can tell where and how they frequented and corrupted the port of Tronyn, every body knows they frequented Newfoundland more than any other people, and that they have given the name of Kluan Tharir, or the Bay of Bulls, to a harbour in that island, which, for the same cause, bellows like the Bay of Dublin.
The other bull of Mr. Twiss, Ringsend, is explained in a similar satisfactory manner. The village stands upon a promontory of sand, projecting out between the confluence of the rivers Liffey and Dodder. Such a promontory the Irish call Rin, as Rinsark in the Bay of Tramore, county Waterford, and other places. The name has a remarkable affinity with the Greek term ἐν, literally a nose, which the Greeks used also to signify a promontory, like ness in Norwegian, and mere in Saxon. Aan is tide or current, and hence Rinaan signified, very expressively, the point where the currents of the two rivers met. This was first corrupted by the English into Rin sand, and, finally, into Ringsend; and there it stands at this day, a memorial, not of an Irish bull, but of an English blunder, in converting a most expressive native name into a most absurd foreign appellation.*

No one would imagine, that the Phenix Park was another instance of this extraordinary propensity of John Bull. The origin of this name, as well it might, has puzzled many scholars unacquainted with the Irish language. "Whence it has got its name," says Campbell, in his Philosophical Survey, "I cannot imagine." Dr. W. has explained it. It derives its appellation, it seems, from a manor-house, on whose site the present powder-magazine was erected, in 1738. On the manor was a well of very clear water and reputed medicinal qualities, much resorted to in early times. After a long lapse of years, its virtues again came into notice and reputation, about the year 1800, and the families of two or three viceroys having received much benefit from its use, it was inclosed and beautified, and is now one of the ornaments of the Park. This well was anciently called, in the language of the country, fionn-nisge, meaning, fair or pure water. This, in the rapidity of oral utterance, was and is pronounced finisk, which the English, not understanding, soon corrupted into phenix. Several streams in Ireland are called finisk, or pure water, at this day. In the county of Cork is a limpid river, which the natives now call by this appellation, as contrasted with the darker current of the duvisk, or black water, near which it runs into the sea; and so it is called by the judicious Smith, in his history of Cork. This stream, however, Dr. Beaufort, in his ecclesiastical map of Ireland, has converted into a phenix. But the Earl of Chesterfield did more for the Dublin water. He erected a phenix on a pillar in the centre of the park, in allusion to the name. He might as well and better have erected a goose, for any thing his imaginary bird had to do with its true appellation.

I shall extract but one more instance from the History of Dublin, and have done. Indeed, it is so perfectly English, that it deserves to form the climax of their most absurd propensity. In the vicinity of where St. Andrew's Church now stands, was a very ancient monastery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, called in Irish væurkia ogh; ogh, in the native language of the country, signifying virgin. This, of

* Some have conjectured that, possibly, there might have been buoys with rings to moor vessels, fixed to this spot, and hence it was called Ring Sand; but this conjecture seems as unfounded as that of the name of Ship Street, where it was also supposed there were rings to which vessels ascended up the Dodder river, and moored. It is shown, in the History of Dublin, that Ship Street was originally Sheep Street, and in the old records called Vicus Ovicum.
course, the English, who, go where they will, never leave the H behind them, soon converted into hog; and the monastery was called, in barbarous Anglo-Norman French, St. Marie de Hogges, and translated St. Mary of the Hogs. The green adjoining, now called College Green, was, till the college was built, called Hoggen Green, the English terminating hog in the plural hoggen, as ox, oxen; and, that nothing might be wanting to complete this chain of English absurdity, old Gerard Boote, who in one place asserted that the beastly people got the leprosy "by eating salmon as raw as a scalded head," in another, has declared that this green was called Hoggen Green, "because the filthy Irish there fed their hogs!"

MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—NO. VI.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

Dublin, May 20.

You were, of course, greatly alarmed by the concluding part of my last—you have often borne testimony to the many excellencies of the excellent Mrs. Fegan, and, consequently—but let this drop—I am relieved from my soul-harrowing anxiety; she is well! perfectly well, and sits at this moment before me, smiling like an approving angel upon my literary labours.

Well, I believe we may say that Canning is finally fixed in the saddle; at all events, it is not the bungling tilting of the Lethbridges or the Londonderrys that can unsettle him. The Morning Herald, a ready but imbecile tool of the X.'s (not the Y.'s), talks of the hard straight-forward hitting of the latter. Now, in my mind, to use, like the Herald, the slang of the fancy, the poor marquis has, throughout the attack, hit in any way but a straight-forward one; he has been literally "all abroad." It is a shame for his seconds to be pushing him on; after the first slaughtering round, he should have been taken out of the ring. Lord King peppered him rarely—the ex-diplomatist got his head at once into chancery, and, after the fibbing which it underwent there, it is quite fair to suppose that the aforesaid head will be of very little use for a long time to come. By the way, that King is a sly satirical rogue: a few of his little touches are sometimes more effectual than serious reasoning—indeed, reasoning is almost lost upon those with whom he has to deal. Lethbridge even boasts of being impenetrable to ridicule; it is evident, however, that it galls him!

I have just heard of the accession of Lansdown, Tierney, and Maconald; this alliance—truly a holy alliance, for it is the alliance of talent and of honesty—must leave Canning triumphant in the lower house. I know not what to say of the other; the dunces, no doubt, are strong in numbers and in wealth, but they may, as they have done in another instance, overrate their power. At all events, they dare not calculate on obtaining an easy victory there; the plain but manly eloquence of Lansdown and of Goderich, the keen quizzing of King, with the powerful reasoning and the withering sarcasm of Plunkett, cannot fail of producing an impression somewhere. Canning, at all events, has the country to rely upon; let him proceed—let him continue to deserve the support of the people, and he shall have it.
Huskisson's speech on the trade of India has given me much pleasure; there is something cheering in it. We may still live to see better times. Will Beaumont bring on his threatened motion? It will prove a finisher to the faction.

In this our own "sweetest isle of the ocean," matters are going on tolerably; there is some talk of famine in the south, and trade in the capital, too, is rather dull; but these are trifles. We are accustomed to poverty—we are a volatile race that can even be merry in the midst of misfortune—we are so well pleased with the discomfiture of the saucy bigots in England, that we for the moment forget all our troubles.

The Catholic leaders have acted with consummate prudence! I can forgive O'Connell all his faults, for the good sense that he has evinced on this occasion. As I have now alluded to his faults, and as I have, in a former letter, particularised some of them, allow me here to say a few words with regard to what I call his merits. Fully impressed as I am with his weaknesses, his errors, and his mistakes, I will not, after all, hesitate to say that O'Connell deserves well of his country. "He is the man that has kept the people together:" this sentence is re-echoed through every quarter of the land, and probably it constitutes his highest praise.—He it is that has revealed to them the secret of their strength, and taught them how to evince it constitutionally;—he is, if not the inventor, at all events the founder of that formidable engine, the "rent:"—he it is that has organized the association, and consequently promoted the union of the clergy and the laity,—that union that has rendered the Catholic body so important in the eyes of their friends, and so formidable in those of their enemies. Without O'Connell, the Catholics would, of course, be still numerous and influential, but they would be scattered and spiritless—they would not have been what they now are, a united nation,—a mass of millions actuated but by one spirit! Others may have aided in the forwarding of the work, but without him it never would have attained its present form or consistency. The splendid eloquence of Sheil has effected much for the cause, but he never would have taken the trouble of entering into trifling, but necessary details, as the other has done: indeed, he is physically incapable of it; his frame is of too delicate a texture for the accomplishment of so arduous a task. Lawless, ardent and talented as he is, has not sufficient tact; he is generally "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient;" he bears too great a resemblance to Earl Grey in his political opinions,—his speech at the last aggregate meeting is an instance of this. Upon O'Connell, then, the weight of the business has rested, and must rest; he has frequently erred, but it is from these things that men ultimately acquire wisdom. The Orangemen here are evidently in the lowness of spirits,—there is much in the present aspect of affairs to trouble them,—they see that the castle, though still almost untouched, must be ultimately purged of party men; they see that retrenchment is and must be the order of the day, and consequently some little perquisites will disappear; they perceive that liberality, and the hated term, "conciliation," will become fashionable; and that they are likely to be left in the most miserable of all miserable minorities. Their "honours" of the corporation, too, are in a most melancholy state; nothing would please them but law, and they have got it with
Frank Fegan's Familiar Epistles.

a witness! Between the Paving Board and the city, they are called on for about £100,000: verily, the strawberries and cream must disappear,—turtle shall not be forthcoming, and a long farewell must be taken of the calapash and callipe.

Your friend, Doctor Gregory, has been cast in a serious suit, which he commenced against the Dublin Library—the radicals have conquered, for once. The Lord Drury showed no mercy, though his name is coupled for ever with the Guild of Merchants. By the way, the doctor has at last got up the long-promised picture in the hall on Wellington Quay. The frame is very well gilt, and two "mighty nate" gold battle-axes at the top of it. There are some well-painted robes, too, that look "mighty nate," but, unfortunately, the face and figure, which the doctor declares to be that of the late Duke of York, really belong to no less a personage than the worthy Alderman Dar-ley!—to pay £300 for the alderman's picture is the devil altogether. Have you heard anything of Dr. Brennan's forthcoming volume? He is actually bringing out, as Biddy Fudge says—

"Not a tale or romance—"

No (ye gods, would it were)! but his "Travels in France:" the book, I have been told, will prove quite a curiosity! The learned doctor styles the Munseers, "a bloody set of chattering spalpeens"—as ignorant as dray-horses, because they couldn't conser his Irish English, as if he'd set about larning their blasted lingo! He says (now would you believe it), that some of them never tasted corn'd beef, or turpentine, or potteen; that he called even their counts and dukes shabby sneaks and koowts to their teeth, and they hadn't the spirit to strike; they only stared at him. All this will be new to the public.

Our controversy fever, thank God, is subsiding: you have, of course, read or heard all about it. The saints are tolerably quiet, and the second reformation seems nearly at a stand: so much the better for all parties. That talented paper, the Sun, in its review of the May magazines, has paid you a compliment—no, it has only done you justice. It says, "The greater number of the articles in the 'London and Dublin,' are distinguished by vigour, humour, and good sense; and the poetry of a superior order:" this, from an unbiased critic, is flattering. Some of the other periodicals are rather heavy: Black-wood is sinking sadly. Who wrote that sad stuff about poor Maturin, in the New Monthly? Where are the sketches of the Irish bar, now? is the supply exhausted? I hope not. The "stations" and the excursions of the Dublinites are commencing. Come over, and we shall tread the hills and glens of Wicklow, as of old: Mrs. Fegan joins in the request.

Believe me, my dear Editor, your's ever.

Mount Street.  

FRANK FEGAN.
THE TALENTED CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS OF DUBLIN.

Yes! reader, there are such beings in existence as talented chimney-sweepers—there are among this body, men of a high and enterprising character—men who, by dexterity and perseverance, are calculated to work themselves, not merely to the chimney-top, but literally to the top of the state, and to the highest rank in society, if circumstances only favoured them. Witness, in 1793, the lofty aspirations, the elevated ambition of Horish: he first destroyed the Irish House of Commons! a bold effort—then nothing less than the rank and residence of a peer of the realm would satisfy the generous cravings of his expanded heart; he was in the habit of reading, and he knew the full force of Cowper's lines—

"Matted locks and black complexion
Cannot alter nature's frame;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same."

The sense in which Mr. Horish took the word "affection" was, probably, not the most correct; he understood it as implying a regard for one's own family, and the having an attentive eye to their interest and advancement. In the mind of Horish, however, all these aspiring ideas were finally crushed; the lash of the big black effected an alteration, both moral and physical. It is, after all, in the more engaging and tranquil walks of literature that these sons of the brush appear likely to acquire distinction. We know that in Dublin there are several of these "gentlemen in black," who are admired in their limited circle for the taste and originality displayed in many of their compositions. A bundle of MS. poems lies at this moment upon our table, and we will venture to pronounce them quite a literary curiosity; they have been left with us by an Irish friend—they are from the pen of a chimney-sweeper, one Daniel O'Brien, residing in a cellar, at No. 12, Cole's Lane, Dublin—they are a fair specimen of untaught Irish genius. Mr. O'Brien, it appears, has written several "hanging and lamentation" songs, that are very popular. We have been allowed to make a selection, and we give to our readers one little squib as a sample; it bears upon what we will call the master nuisance of our day, "autobiography." We hope Mr. O'Brien may be induced to publish the "Anecdotes of the Kitchen," alluded to in the poem. It will be seen that he is an attentive reader of modern publications:

AUTobiography—a sketch.

By Daniel O'Brien, of Cole's Lane, Chimney-sweeper.

Good Lord! was ever age like ours,
When folks in every station,
Knowing what trash the crowd devours,
Show forth their self-dissecting powers,
To edify the nation.

De Genlis, first, our praise must merit,
When in "new milk" she swallow'd,
And all the world will bless her spirit
When each, like me,
Her words shall see,
When the "young pike" she swallow'd.
The Talented Chimney-sweepers of Dublin.

And then the wandering Margravine,  
With whom shall we compare her?  
Such stuff she spreads through every line,  
So gaily sad—so coarsely fine;  
For one I cannot bear her.

Next Kelly comes to raise our wonder,  
Of fiddling folks the glory;  
Guns, trumpets, "fudge," and "drums and thunder;"  
Run rattling through his story.  
How one play'd slow—how one play'd fast,  
How sounded fife and tabor;  
How some one deign'd with him to dine,  
Took sauce, took snuff, and eke took wine;  
What said Lord Something as he pass'd,—  
But through the book, from first to last,  
"The mountain is in labour."

Then Lindley Murray makes his way,  
With self-applause quite smitten,  
A mighty author in his day—  
A comma-settler, as I ween,  
Well known where penny books are seen;  
But of a primer-maker, pray,  
How can so much be written?

I cannot quarrel with O'Keefe,—  
He's poor, and more's the pity;  
His volumes brought his age relief,  
And, though of bards not quite the chief,  
His farces still are witty.

But there's an author, "awful small,"  
Must surely figure in my rhymes;  
Ye lovers of mock-heroic all,  
Go read what Reynolds deigns to call  
His!—yes—his "Life and Times."

For me, though but a sooty sweep,  
Condemn'd through life in gloom to creep,  
I've tales—or can invent them:  
I've anecdotes of kitchen folks;  
I've slang of the fish-dealing tribes;  
I know of watchmen's tricks and bribes;  
I've butlers' lies and footmen's jokes,—  
Let Colburn buy and print them.

This specimen will, we trust, prove to our readers that, even in a cellar, in Cole's Lane, genius may start and flourish. Mr. O'Brien will be sought after! We are not sure that Mr. Powell (Pole), the successor of Horish, in his establishment on Redmond's Hill, has written any poetry: we know, as Sheridan said, "the stuff is in him;" he has the capacity, but probably wants the inclination. Every one in Ireland has heard of his appearance at the police-office, some time ago, when he went to complain of a person who had interrupted him in the perusal of Lalla Rookh; the Dublin newspapers took no notice of it, but we have had a sketch of the affair from a friend. Major Sirr presided:—

**Plaintiff.** Please your worship (affectedly)—

**Major.** Pray, Mr. Powell, what are you?
The Talented Chimney-sweepers of Dublin.

Plaint. Why, your worship, I'm a person—a—a—gentle—a—
Deft. He's a sweep, your worship.
Major. No matter! How has this gentleman injured you, Mr. Powell?
Plaint. I was sitting in my parlour—
Deft. It's a cellar, your worship!
Plaint. It is a ground floor, indeed—I confess it; well, your worship, I was sitting in my parlour, reading Lalla Rookh to some ladies beside me, when this gen—ma—person put his head through the window, and—
Major. What! through the pane of glass?
Deft. Through a piece of brown paper, your worship.
Plaint. He put in his head and said—
Major. Aye! what did he say?
Plaint. Oh, cruel Tom!
Deft. By the "virtue of your oath," was it Tom Powell or Tom More, I meant?
Plaint. I won't swear.
Major. Dismiss the summons.

So much as explanatory of Mr. Powell's talent and taste; his neighbour and rival, William Blackham, of Digg's Street, is really a "talented chimney-sweeper." The song of the "Poor Little Sweep," is said to be written by him; it is a sweet and simple ditty. Montgomery ought to have had it in his Album. The lines upon Mr. Blackham's own showboard are indicative of his high poetical power; we remember but two couplets:—

"William Blackham lives here,
Sweeps clean, and not dear;
If your chimney is on fire,
He'll put it out, at your desire."

These are but hasty specimens: we could swell out a very long article, by citing passages from the acknowledged productions of this neglected and ill-treated body of men. For the present, we shall be satisfied with giving one more specimen—we find it among the papers already alluded to. It is from the pen of a boy in the employ of Daniel O'Brien: he is not literally an apprentice, nor yet a journey-man; but he has outgrown his indentures—he is, in fact, too big for climbing. Talk no more of the Bloomfields, and Clares, and Hoggs: they may hide their diminished heads when Billy Doyle appears. The following has something original in it:

THE CLEAN LEAF.

How shall I use this leaf,
That hath as yet no harm in it?
What feeling reigns the chief,—
Shall love, or joy, or grief,
Guide or impel me for the minute?
If love-strains I indite,
Or sing of Marys, Janes, or Nancys,
Each will exclaim, what right
Hath this wild dreaming wight
To tease us with his love-sick fancies.
The Isle of the West.

Let me not talk of joy,
A thing on earth but rarely tasted:
It still hath some alloy,
Its spirit to destroy,—
But words on such a theme are wasted.

Should I my grief display;
Or tell of tears that fall in showers;
What will each cold one say?
Why, let him weep away,
His grief is no affair of ours.

But I can choose a theme:
Here goes—it will not prove lost labour:
'Tis one that each will deem
Diverting in the extreme:
I'll blacken and abuse my neighbour.

With this specimen of Mr. Doyle's poetical powers we conclude:
in a future number we shall probably resume the subject; and, like
the dexterous preparers of sal ammoniac, discover, even in the soot,
something partaking of purity and brightness.

THE ISLE OF THE WEST.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

There is an isle renowned in story,
An isle where saints have deign'd to rest;
Of bards and chiefs the boast and glory,
When harps rung loud and fields were gory—
An isle by Heaven beloved and blest—
Oh, 'tis our own lov'd isle of the west.

Green are her hills in richness glowing;
Fair are her fields, and bright her bowers;
Gay streamlets through her glens are flowing;
The wild woods o'er her rocks are growing—
Wide spread her lakes 'midst laughing flow'ers;
Oh! where's the isle like this isle of ours?

Turn where the thousands are contending;
Go where Destruction works his will;
Gaze on the band with front unbending;
Their chosen post to death defending;
Untam'd by fear or force or skill—
Sweet isle, thy sons are warriors still!

Beauty to thy gay girls is given;
Fair are their forms; their minds more fair!
Oh! that dark thoughts could hence be driven,
Lov'd land, thou wert an earthly heaven;
If slavery tainted not thine air,
Shedding her hoard of poisons there.
MY DEAR EDITOR,

"Oh, then," as Murtagh Delaney says, "I wish I was at home again, for this is a devil of a place." I'm like a fish out of water, in this here London. Except language (and more's the pity that our own fine old one should be dying away), I have nothing in common with the people here. They eat, drink, think, act, walk, talk, feel, pray, and, I verily believe, sleep and dream after a fashion of their own; and, in every particular, it is a fashion "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

A young fellow—an Irishman, too, who is not above ten or twelve years out of his country—asked me to dine with him. He is in business, as a ship-chandler, I think he called it—that is, one who furnishes ships with all necessaries, from a twelvepenny nail to a mainmast—ropes, candles, victuals, &c. inclusive. Though I promised myself no great entertainment from his society, yet, as it was the first piece of hospitality offered me since my arrival—always excepting your kind reception, my dear fellow—I did not think proper to refuse it. Besides, as I had not met many of my countrymen in London, I wished to see what effect a dozen years' residence had produced upon this half-naturalised cockney. What hour do you dine at? I asked. Why, the usual hour, he replied: but be punctual, as we are rather punctual in our engagements here. On the day appointed, I called at half-past five, to the minute, and was ushered into a parlour, where I found my host, that was to be, his sister, a young girl of his acquaintance (rather a good-looking damsel, who, it seems, was specially invited on my account), and a maiden aunt, sitting quietly to—tea.

"Why did you not come to dinner, as you promised?" was the first question asked me. "But perhaps you were busy, and business must be minded; so sit down, we're just going to tea, and we can pass the evening together, at any rate." "But I am come to dinner," I replied. They all stared at me—the aunt held the urn-cock open, till the water, flowing over the pot, inundated the tea-tray; the girls tittered; and mine host looked rather foolish—I am sure I looked much more so. "Bless you," says he, "we dine at one." "The devil you do," I cried. "Didn't you tell me at the usual hour? And here I am, half-past five, to a minute."

"Twas an awkward situation. The womankind burst into loud laughter, in which I could not help joining. Their mirth somewhat
relieved my embarrassment; though, whilst my dinner was being prepared at a side-table, I twenty times wished myself at Jericho.

When I had taken dinner and tea, for—

"Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon,"
a few glasses of generous old port put me in good humour with myself and the world. We chatted, laughed, and talked of old times, until the girls (deuce take their consideration), imagining we wished some private chat, left us.

"Would you like a glass of whiskey punch?" asked mine entertainer.
"Would I? Would a duck swim?"
The decanter was produced; upon which I seized incontinently, and, having made a glass of pretty passable stuff, had nearly got it half discussed, before I perceived my companion was idle.

"Don't you mean to drink any punch?"
"To be sure, dear boy."
"Well, and where's your glass?"
"Sure you have no objection that you and me drink out of the same glass, have you?"
"Is there but one rummer in the house?"
"Oh, aye, plenty; but isn't one sufficient?"
"One?"
"Aye, they don't mind it here."
"Oh, then, my fine fellow, me and you, as you say, will use two, if you please, and not drink punch, as pigs drink hogwash, each ramming his nozzle into one trough. Did you ever see such a thing in your own country? two fellows sipping and drivelling in one glass—faugh!! Dirty as these impudent cockneys call the Irish, they have not descended to that beastliness yet. I'd as lief sit down to that drink described in Cook's voyages as produced by mastication, and then spit into a bowl for its savage bibbers, as condescend to such a custom. Mine host stood (sat) abashed: and the remainder of the evening passed off heavily enough. The fellow had lost every vestige of his own country, except its hospitality. His English was most barbarous: and his only conversation was of ropes, bacon, butter, iron, bread, beer, sailecloth, and all the other etcæteras of his business, interlarded, here and there, with essays on eating—the only thing, next to his trade, on which an Englishman loves to descant. This fellow had become one.

On my way home, I strolled into a coffee-house, and planted myself in a box, among three or four others. Their conversation turned on the superstitions of the Irish, and arose out of an observation in the Literary Gazette, where the editor, speaking of Caesar Otway's Sketches in Ireland, says, "There are many singular facts relative to the strange and degrading superstitions practised by the lower classes." I found these gentlemen inclined to improve upon even Mr. Jerdan's good opinion, each surpassing the other in execrating my poor country, and denouncing the knavery of the Roman Catholic clergy, to whose designing interference they attributed the darkness in which the land was enveloped.

'Twas time for me to take up the cudgels, and I said, "Well, gentlemen, now that you have been kind enough to take so much trouble with my country, will you look for a moment at your own; and ask yourselves whether none of this superstition exists there. Look a
little closer, and you will find it even more degrading than any that prevails in Ireland. Was not Mrs. Southcott, with her embryo Shiloch, many of whose disciples yet remain in the land, the most disgusting and revolting instance of fanatical credulity that ever disgraced the annals of any country? Does not your daily press, as well as that of the "moral north," teem with relations of old women tortured to death, or near it, by the ignorant and superstitious boors who put their necromantic powers to the test of trial by ordeal?—and for what?—Because they have a few wrinkles extraordinary; a greater elongation of the nasal cartilage, depression of mouth, or protrusion of chin!

'Twas only last week that we read the case of a poor woman in Wales, who was dragged from her wretched home, soured in a horse-pond, the hair torn from her head, and her limbs lacerated with briers, till the blood flowed copiously—and this, too, in the presence of her daughter, whose tears and entreaties were of no avail against the barbarities of the savage actors in this ferocious scene—and all because she was suspected to have killed, by her incantations, some sheep of a neighbouring farmer, who was master of the ceremonies on the occasion.

What was the defence set up by the advocate of these semi-humanized and stultified miscreants? Why, that some judge of other days believed in the power of witchcraft? Does Ireland show such scenes as this? You'll tell me of the Wexford priest, but remember he was a maniac.

I don't deny that there are superstitions in Ireland, but I deny them to be more degrading than those of any other land. They partake of the fanciful and imaginative disposition of the people. They are wild, and wonderful, and sometimes humorous; whereas, yours are mere common-place ghosts, in which, by the way, the majority of your people believe more firmly than in their bibles. Amongst us, every "bosky dell," and leafy nook, and moonlit glade, and wimpled burn, has its fairy or its sprite, its lay or its legend. No castled keep, nor ivied tower, nor mouldering abbey, but can tell of fitting shades at silent midnight; of snow-clad lady, gliding with noiseless tread through tower or hall; of mounted knight keeping his airy watch; or shade of meditating monk, that loves to haunt the ruined isles where erst his holy meditations rose to heaven. And then the green sward teems with tiny forms, that drink, from cowslip-cups, the May's rich dew-drops; or, nesting in the violet's purple cell, repose in purfumes. The very filament that mocks the gazer's eye, and seems the link between substance and nothing, serves for their slack-rope dancing. These are the fairy nobles: next to these (but grosser in their persons and propensities), appear the base mechanics,—the tiny builder of the fairy's shoe,—a curious construction, by the by. I remember my grandfather's wife (my grandfather was twice married, and his last wife, my mother's stepmother, was rich in fairy legend), used to enter into a most minute description of this species of Liliputian artizanship. She could tell (for she had herself seen a specimen), the very number of stitches which enclosed the fiftieth rind of the most delicate fairy mushroom (all mushrooms of fairy creation are uneatable), between two lily leaves, in the formation of a high-heeled shoe, sported by a Cluricawn lady of high fashion at a
Denis Murphy's Journey to London.

civico-rural dance. She could tell you precisely,—and she would not hesitate to bet against Gulliver himself,—the length of a Leprechan's pipe, the diameter or perforation of its tube, the depth, the width, or formation of its bowl. She knew, by his dress and general bearing (demeanour), the tye of his shoe, the adjustment of his cravat, the curl of his wig (habits don't change frequently amongst the good people), the cock of his cady (hat), the carriage of his cane, the direction of his whisker, the development (old word, unknown) of his moustach, the swagger of his gait, and, more than all, by the peculiar manner in which that herb, ycleped sword-grass, swaggered at his side, whether the moonlit wanderer of the smooth-shorn autumnal heath, or herd-clipped pastoral, was,—like the prince of darkness—a gentleman, or like Hamlet—not Shakspeare's Hamlet—but Hamlet the jeweller, in Sidney's Alley, a base mechanic. By the by, your base mechanics of the present day are not such despicable fellows. They tell me the jeweller and silversmith is worth a million—a million!! By the powers, as my cousin Denis says in the play, 'tis a sum!!! There is one thing that my poor grandmother (rest her soul!) would be puzzled about, if she lived down to the present time,—I mean the distinction made between class and class by the pipe and the cigar; for the pipe was one of her most unerring standards. Now, if she met a cockney, "for in these days there are not giants in cockney land," and a little lord, whom I won't name, from the west end of the town, she certainly would be quite at an amplus (as we say in Ireland) to decide, either by his dress or smoking apparatus, to which class of fairy generation she should assign him. But, my dear editor, I am giving you a history of my grandmother, instead of the conversation between myself and the cockneys. You cannot think in what amazement I held these spoonies as I ran over the "pop through the keyhole" tricks of these diminutive jugglers: the metamorphosing of bullrushes into fairy nags,—the guzzling of rich men's wines—the wiles by which they decoy the poor drunken tinker, the village smith, or (their yet more desirable guest), the hamlet's fashioner, to join in their revelry. I told them of the rich, sweet, swelling, intermittent sounds that sweep along the listening glade, or the low, plaining, and unearthly tones, wildly but sweetly musical, that sigh through the shaded grove, and cease as you approach them. I described (only from hearsay, though), the fairy tournaments to celebrate the spring's approach,—when some broad fungus forms the arena, on which the little warriors bend their diminutive coursers, whilst "ladies bright" are ranged around, in chariots formed of various flowers, from the gaudy glitter of the golden cow-cup, through all the various hues, down to the modest lily of the vale, or ranged on platforms of the sweetbrier's slenderest stems, and carpeted with rose leaves.

Then the less courtly sports of hurling, football, single-stick, leapfrog, shuffle the brogue (anglice, hunt the slipper), &c. &c.

Now, gentlemen, I continued, contrast these with the superstitions that exist here—and mark, too, they exist with much more force.—Ours are only retained, because there is so much of fancy mingled with the creed, we would not willingly resign it. I have often, myself, when resting on some sloping bank, where the rich autumnal moon loved to diffuse its lustre, and bid the sparkling dew-drops glitter like
unnumbered diamonds. I have often strained my eager eyes to catch a glimpse of the tiny revellers, in a spot so suited to their gambols; aye, and cursed the troublesome intrusion of common sense, when he came to dissipate my reverie, and tell me I looked in vain. Now, what man or woman of fancy, from the poet to the nursery-maid—for the latter is "of imagination as all-compact" as the former, would watch with such anxiety for the things which, on this side the water, "visit the glimpses of the moon?" Some old maid, "that hanged herself last Monday in her garters" for the love of a smart serving-man, who married her for her money, and then ran away with "Sally of our alley," even before the first week of "sacred wedded love" flew by "on downy wing." Some butcher's wife and her babe, who were killed by her cruel husband in a fit of jealousy; some highwayman, hanged for a crime he did not commit, though confessing to twenty others, each sufficient to cause a suspension of his profession; some scratching girl, whose trick deceived even the "potent, grave, and learned signors" of this highly enlightened metropolis. These are the English superstitions—low, vulgar, and unimaginative. I remember a song connected with one of them, telling the tale of a cobbler, called Dicky Day, and Miss Nancy Viggins, whom, in the words of my author, he courted—

"All for the lucre of her gold:"

but, after making himself master of the treasure, by marriage, as they were walking one evening by the Thames, Dicky thought proper to launch his rib into the river. This new mode of divorce, however, was not successful; for—but take the poet's own words—

"Her lily-vite shift was a floating upwards,
All like a guardian Hangel's and;
Hand it caught the hye of a gallant sailor,
Who quickly brought her safe to land."

Miss Viggins, immediately ven she got her clothes changed, proceeded to Dicky's lodging; where, having found him in gentle dalliance with "another ladye," she immediately proclaimed herself her own ghost. Dicky, though somewhat daunted, resolved to put a bold face on the matter; so, taking up his wooden pin, that lay beside him (for he stood upon a different footing from the generality of mankind), and, telling her he did not care a brass varden either for ghosts or ghostesses, levelled the supplementary member with such deadly accuracy at poor Miss Nancy's pericranium, that, as Hamlet says, he "made a ghost" of her in reality. The charleys, hearing the heavy fall down stairs, broke into the lodging-house. Poor Dick was nabbed; and, his conscience smiting him shortly after, he confessed the "double barbarity," for which he was hanged by the neck until he was dead. Full many a time and oft, since the melancholy occurrence, has Miss Viggins been seen in the neighbourhood of their former residence, marching with the ghost of master Richard's timber toe on her shoulder, and hopping after, intreating, with asking eye and "piteous action," the restitution of his shadowy pin. Why, three or four active sweeps, with a few phosphorous-bottles and white sheets, would make ghosts, and furnish songs and legends, sufficiently dolorous and terrific for all England. When I concluded, I left my gen-
I think I mentioned, in my last, that a friend promised to conduct me where I should hear a preacher of deism. On the Sunday succeeding the conversation which I have just now detailed, he called on me to fulfil that promise. After breakfast, we proceeded through Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, kept the right of St. Paul’s Church-yard, passed through a place called Watling Street, into Cannon Street, and there (No. I forget), we beheld the man. His areopagus, as he calls it (dic mihi causa nominis?) is a little chapel, built after the fashion of a methodist house, but different as far as regards the reading-desk; the space behind his being large enough to display his progress in dramatic gesticulation. If I remember, the hangings of the desk were velvet, and there was a good deal of mummery beside, which, in consequence of the non-development of any mantuamaking organ in my pericranium, I at present forget. This I know, that, considering the simplicity of such a religion (if a religion it be, and we cannot deny it the name when we allow it to Socinianism) as deism, I thought these trappings not only useless, but even a reproach on the man whose creed was principally founded on objection to form.

His action was the most studied and fantastical I ever witnessed; so grossly and obviously artificial, that I wonder how even the credulous English could swallow it. Shakspeare makes one of his dramatis personae in The Tempest, say, “If I had this thing (Caliban) in England, I'd make my fortune;” and the national love of sights has not diminished a whit since the days of Fancy's first-born. If nil admirari, as Horace insists, be a proof of knowledge and improvement, these people are far from any claim to the character. Your regular Englishman will stop, however hurried, at the least incitement. Yesterday, I saw a crowd, of at least two hundred persons, witnessing a fight between two children not above twelve or thirteen years old; but, to return. His action, I said, was artificial and fantastical, but his utterance was indescribably affected. Less vehement than the Scotch parson, described in my former letter, he was more inveterately intolerant; all who differed from him he described as impostors; and superior sanctity, more abundant charity, and more exalted virtue, was, according to him, but a better performance of a fictitious character. His sentences, which were pretty passably rounded, were delivered somewhat after the manner of Young, with the exception that, whenever he came to a point which he intended to be ironical (and of these he was not sparing), he started into that abruptness which marks both the faults and beauties of Kean, and gave it in the tone and after the manner in which that extraordinary actor utters “a weak invention of the enemy.” I must not be understood, when I name this humbug with Kean and Young, that he was any thing like them. He reminded me of them, but it was only as a jackass would remind you of a horse, a swaddling cobbler of Saint Paul, or Wellington of a Napoleon Buonaparte.

This mountebank was arrayed in nearly the same costume as the one I attempted to describe in my last letter, except that foppery seemed to preside at his half-clerical toilet. He wore a sort of toga, that made him look like the metamorphosis of a Bond-Street.
Dandy into a Roman orator; his fingers were loaded with rings, his hair frizzed a la Brutus: he lisped, and simpered, and strove to look amiable, whilst the gaping idiots beneath him took him for another Cicero. His discourse was rather curious. He meant it as an essay on cheerfulness, and strove to make a contrast between the gloom of fanaticism and the placid joy of what he called rational infidelity; but he was a bad painter: his colours ran into and destroyed each other,—the lights were muddy and confused, and the shadows did any thing but relieve them.

I took notes of three or four sentences, from which you may gather the manner, as well as the matter, of his discourse. Insisting that all vice arose out of, and was in its nature melancholy, he said, "in vino veritas, in vino virtus. See the murderer, stalking with Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design; his soul is bent on blood, his heart is wedded to murder, every evil passion of his nature is up in fearful and appalling agency; he has supped full of horrors; his eye is a meteor flashing destruction; every hair of his head is rigid with terrific energy; every muscle of his countenance works in the anticipated joy of his vengeance; his compressed lip speaks horrid determination; no human power can arrest his progress; no pitying voice can stay his step; nor heaven, nor earth, nor man, nor angel, can divert him from his design.—Yes! a straw in his path will stop him. Three single words, three single syllables, will suffice for the purpose—'Fill your glass.' When you meet one of those monsters called serious people, oppose them with good humour, and you are sure of a victory over their bearded babyhood. Woman, in particular, should study cheerfulness: to her is intrusted, in early childhood, the formation of the after character; to her, in manhood, we turn for solace from the bitter ills which will sometimes ruffle the most subdued tempers; and from her, in age, we seek those balmy attentions which soften our regrets for life we are leaving behind us, and which women alone can bestow. Venus' fabled girdle was nothing else than cheerfulness; and it was this, not beauty, made the world's masters Cleopatra's slaves. To cultivate this virtue, we should feed well; never, if you can help it, fast a moment beyond the time necessary to concoct the sauce of appetite. Observe your acquaintance,—do they not look handsomer after dinner? and be sure, if you want a good-natured office from any man, to learn from his cook, not his doctor, the time to ask the favour. The greatest enemy to cheerfulness is Christianity. It leads to doubt, and melancholy must ever accompany uncertainty; once establish the falsehood of its doctrines in your own mind, and then give yourselves up to confidence and pleasure. Entertain a good opinion of yourself first, and the love of your fellow-creatures will follow of course. Wear gay dresses, look on gay colours, keep gay company; do not move about like a mourner at a funeral, hid and buried in drab and coffin furniture. This is my plan, but my enemies will not suffer me to pursue it. Delenda est Carthago."

I waited till he came out, and he did present a most curious specimen of puppyism. His hat was a sort of a mule, begot by a fire-shovel on a four-in-hand. His coat seemed as if, in the cutting, the

* Alluding to the action instituted against him.
shears (accustomed to the dandy form) was momentarily running riot out of its newly prescribed clerical road. The rest of the dress was equally incongruous, and his gait was in keeping with his costume—something between an amble and a stride, as if he had taken lessons alternately, from John Kemble and Frederick Jones.

I have a good deal more to tell you, but, as the month is near its close, I must close my letter; besides, to confess the truth, my prejudice against the English girls is wearing away daily. Like Bob Acres' courage "oozing out at his fingers' ends," my dislike has oozed out at the point of my "grey goose quill;" and I promised to take tea with a little Peri, this evening, with such eyes!—black as the thunder cloud, and as full of electric lightning; and her cheeks—I think her mother must have eaten peaches when she conceived her; and her lip—did you ever see a cleft cherry when the sun has kissed it into its deepest vermillion?—Well:

"Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something still that is dear;
And that, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near."

Adieu, my dear boy!—you must insert two or three stanzas for me in your next, addressed to this charmer.—I know you are flooded with sonnets and odes, but you won't hesitate to oblige.

Your's truly, Denis Murphy.

P. S. Do you remember that splendid piece of bathos in Martinus Scriblerus?

"And thou, Dalhousie! thou great god of war!
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar!

I discovered one lately that beats it "all the world to nothing." It is in the Imperial Magazine, and, as the work circulates only amongst the serious, I intend to send the lines down to immortality, through the medium of the Dublin and London—to give them "a local habitation and a name:"

"You kneel, which now upon my silence breaks,
Heralding thoughts that weigh my spirits down,
Beulahing all my hopes—for, lo! it speaks
Of Butterworth, a man of high renown."

What do you think of that? Poor Joe Butterworth, the biblical and bookseller, "a man of high renown."—Well done, Johnny Raw.

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MY DINNER.—NO. II.

"And often and long,
Amidst jest and song,
May we gather to taste of his cheer, my boys."

Furlong's Carolan.

Present, The Editor, O'Rourke, Murphy, Rock, O'Toole.

Editor. Come, gentlemen, fill,—I've a toast to propose—"George Canning."

O'Rourke. How is that, Denis? you turn down your glass.
Murphy. I object to the toast—I do not like Canning.
O'Toole. Cobbett,—bit, by the mass!
O'Rourke. As a man of talent, of extensive views, and rather liberal notions, the premier is entitled to the support of every enlightened mind in the country.
Murphy. Umph!
O'Rourke. What! Is he not favourable to Catholic Emancipation?
Murphy. I consider the Catholic question as one of the greatest importance; and would desire most ardently to see it decided. Not so much because justice demands it, as because it would wrest from ministers one of the most efficient instruments by which they divide and distract the people. But what, in reality, are the prospects of success held out for this question by the present ministry? Does not the Catholic cause retrograde rather than advance at this very moment? What was the last we heard of it? Why, that its advocates will not urge it on, but suffer time, and the increasing liberality of the age (stuff!) to work against the prejudices of the English people. The Catholics should be much obliged to their "friends in the house" for this active advocacy. You tell me of Mr. Canning's ability. If he have ability (which in my mind is problematical), so much the worse. He has cunning too. He is exactly what Milton describes man—

"Looking before and after."

O'Toole. Hem! Shakspeare: I knew we should have a quotation.
Murphy. But, unfortunately, neither Canning's prospective or retrospective powers reach farther than himself. Do you remember that able stroke of little policy, his telling the king to form a cabinet purely Protestant, when he knew that it was not in his majesty's power to do so. That same cunning, efficiently exercised, will retard the progress of the only measure calculated to benefit the nation—Reform of Parliament. Reform and Emancipation are in one bottom: each must succeed either. And, knowing this (for he must know it), do you think Canning's support of the measure any thing more than a show? He stands now in a very ticklish situation; and if he manages to keep his place for any time, he is a better mountebank than I thought him.

Rock. Stuff! Cobbett at second-hand; Reform and Emancipation! Why, Denis, if you mean "Radical" Reform, it has no connexion—at least no necessary connexion, with Emancipation. The truth is, however, neither one or the other will be carried in a hurry. The king has put his fiat on the one; and such is the structure of our beautiful constitution that it admits of no violent improvement. You must wait till light gets in through the chinks that time may make.
Murphy. Radical Reform, however, captain, is the only panacea for all our evils.

Rock. I never yet met a man who could give me a plain definition of radical reform. The truth is, the public mind is not yet sufficiently enlightened to know the kind of reform which would be really beneficial. An amplification of members in the Commons House of Parliament would be only an amplification of ignorance and cupidity. The same system would go on—the minister would still buy support.
Murphy. No, no, captain; there would then be more than he could purchase.
Rock. My dear Denis, there is an axiom in political economy which you would have understood, had you read my "Book of Political Knowledge," namely, whatever is most in demand will be most abundant. Now, a vicious minister might want knaves, and, consequently, the more members in the house the more knaves.

Omnés. Ha, ha, ha!

Rock. In every assembly, the majority will be knaves; that's an axiom in morals: and, in case of radical reform, the minister would purchase one thousand votes for the same sum which is now paid for four hundred; the price, in this instance, would be regulated by the supply; and, depend upon it, there would be a superabundance of the venal.

O'Rourke. Denis, you must, you see, not confide in Cobbett.

Murphy. I go no farther with Cobbett than reason warrants.

Rock. You go a great deal too far. To show you how radical reform would benefit the country, we have only to refer to Cobbett's opinion on free trade. Now the majority of the people—because they are uninformed, agree with Billy on this question; and, supposing them to return, which would be natural, representatives holding these opinions, what a blessing to the nation! Oh, what a pickle we should be in! Bah! your radical reform would be a great curse! The people, sir, have much to learn before a beneficial reform can take place—they must first reform themselves—they must study political science; political knowledge must become popular. Until then, give me Canning and Huskisson instead of Cobbett and Hunt. The ministry have done more for real reform during the last three years, than the radicals would do in a hundred.

O'Rourke. I agree with you, Captain. Come, gentlemen, fill—"Mr. Huskisson."

Rock. With all my heart. His speech on the shipping question displayed that kind of eloquence which is irresistible—the eloquence of facts. He showed the blessings which must flow from free trade—which have flowed from a partial removal of those restrictions which the Cobbettites would perpetuate. Never was the practical triumph of opinion more conspicuous.

O'Toole. What then, captain, are your notions of reform?

Rock. Plain and consistent, Terence. An abolition of all laws but those which are necessary to the preservation of good order. A freedom from legislative interference on all questions but those touching the police of the country. Nothing more is requisite: God has surrounded us with all the necessaries of life, and those necessaries would be possessed permanently by all, were it not that man has impiously attempted to improve that which the Almighty had made perfect. We owe all our miseries to legislative interference with those things which concern only individuals.

O'Toole. Vide, "Captain Rock's Book of Political Knowledge."

Omnés. Ha, ha, ha!

O'Rourke. Denis, you must abandon Cobbett. No man of character can associate with him after his display at the Westminster dinner.

Rock. I fear I shall never be able to infuse right notions into three fourths of my countrymen. Two years ago, I drew the mask from Billy—held him up in his proper colours, and foretold, absolutely
foretold, that he would disgust and disappoint them. But still they clung to him; passed him votes of thanks and praised his writings—His writings! twenty years ago, they were well enough; but the information of the age has gone far beyond Billy's understanding.

O'Toole. It has often astonished me how inaccurate the Irish people are, in their notions of men and things in Ireland. They view things through a false medium; thought Cobbett popular here, when he was despised, and even quote the opinions of the Morning Herald. Now, the opinion of that stupid Thwaites is regarded here with as much respect as that of my granny would be.

O'Ronrke. Ha, ha, ha!

O'Rourke. What ails you, Denis?

O'Toole. Thinking of the Tories—the ex-ministers.

Murphy. Ay, ay, poor Wellington. (Sings.)

WELLINGTON'S NAME.

How bless'd were the moments when liberty found thee,
The first in her cause on the fields of the brave;
When the young lines of ocean were starting around thee,
With the strength of their hills and the rush of their wave.
Oh, chieftain! what then was the throbb of thy pride,
When loud through the war-cloud exultingly came,
O'er the battle's red tide, which it swell'd as it died,
The shout of green Erin for Wellington's name!

How sweet, when erne thy garland was wreathing,
And the fires of thy triumph blazed brightly along,
Came the voice of her bard, all its witchery breathing,
And halo'd thy name with light freedom and song.
And, oh! 'twas a strain in each patriot-breast,
That woke all the transport, that lit all the flame;
And raptured and bless'd was the isle of the west,
Where her own sweetest bard sung her Wellington's name.

But 'tis past—thou art lost, and thy country's sad story
Shall tell how she bled and she pleaded in vain;
How the arm that should lead her to freedom and glory,—
The child of her bosom, did rivet her chain:
But think not for ever her vengeance shall sleep;—
The harp that once praised, shall ring louder thy shame,
And, where'er o'er the deep its wild numbers may sweep,
Bear the frown of a nation on Wellington's name!

O'Ronrke. Bravo—encore!

Murphy. Well, O'Toole, am I in love think you with him:

"Whose name is one of the ill-omen'd words,
They link with hate on his native plains;
And why?—They gave him hearts and swords,
And he in return gave bonds and chains."

No, no. Though as adverse to Canning's ministry as the last, I am indebted to him for humbling the "hot duke." 'Twas a cure for the spleen to hear the braggadocio proclaiming his merits in the house after he got the bag. "And your own trumpeter, too, my lord." I did not think 'twas in man to display such stupid vanity:

"He roar'd so loud, and looked so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him."
Pity there was not some Falconbridge in the house to ask—

"What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With such abundance of superfluous noise?"

O'Toole. Denis is himself again. But didn't you hear that song before?

Murphy. Very likely. It was written by my townsman, Callanan, "the noblest Roman (I mean poet) of them all." Cork abounds in talent: but Callanan soars above them all. His is the real inspiration—the soul of fire. I remember a few lines, on Googawn-barra, in a long MS. poem of his—ay, here they are:

"And its zone of dark hills:—oh, to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
And the streams issue down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And widely the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Meloc, the eagle is screaming;
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or high-land,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island!"

O'Toole. Pray, Denis, did not Campbell, of the New Monthly, reject the poem in which these beautiful lines occur?

O'Rourke. If he did, the fact was more disgraceful to the editor than the contributor.

Murphy. "Tis a fact, however: your great poets are fonder of lauding inferior bards than those who approach or surpass themselves. Turk-like, they can bear no rival near their harem.

Editor. What's that about editors?

O'Rourke. Ha! ha! The allusion to the craft aroused him from that stupid volume before him.

Editor. Stupid do you call it! Listen to the exordium:

"'Tis morn on the mountains—the night-clouds retire—
And the bright sun hath lifted his banner of fire;
At each step glows his eye-beam less timidly tender,
'Til the porphryy mountains are filled with his splendour;
On the couch of the soldier he flashes his beams
To summon him back from the region of dreams;
He blushingly breaks on the young maiden's pillow,
But her soul is awake as the storm-stricken billow;
And the bright dews are gleaming in many an eye,
Which the warmth of his brilliancy never can dry.

Away in the morning the shadows have roll'd,
The men of the Prophet his standard unfold;
The city arises in beauty and tears
At the tramp of her troops and the flash of her spears,
And the voice of her war-trumpets brazenly breaks
Where the trembling of lips and the fever of cheeks,
And the tear-dropping lid and the cloud-covered brow,
Are signs of the wild bosom's agony now;
For her young ones and strong ones have mustered their might,
And the charger and sabre are girded for fight:
The column of archers is lusty and long,
The slingers and riders are many and strong,
And the light of the sun on each uplifted lance
Flashes death on the foe that would check its advance:
My Dinner.

And the youthful and fair of the city are press’d
To the tremulous beat of the war-cover’d breast,
And the friend and the sharer of happier days,
Ere battle’s voice chang’d them to glory from ease,
Presses on to behold and embrace ere they part
The light of his childhood—the friend of his heart.

The banners advance, and the army appears
Passing on with their far-spreading forest of spears;
The roar of the multitude, and the loud hum
Of the strong-hearted soldiers—the roll of the drum—
The sounding of trumpets—the trampling of steeds,
The crowding of camels from mountains and meads—
And at intervals up thro’ the populace sent
From some silver-hair’d father the bursting lament—
The wild words of sorrow in moan and in shriek
From the heart of some maiden or mother that break—
The waving of banners—the vigorous bound
Of some proud Arab steed at the shrill trumpet’s sound—
The people who gather to mourn or behold
That thundering host to the battle-field roll’d,
As countless—as bright—and as loud in its sweep
As the stars of the sky or the waves of the deep—
And the lattices crowded with forms that appear
Like beautiful flowers in the bloom of the year—
All send up to heaven a sound and a sight
Of gladness and sorrow—despair and delight!

But who at the head of that multitude rides
As fearless and strong as the charger he guides?
Tho’ the high marble brow has no time-trace for him,
His smooth cheek is pallid—his young eye is dim.
The soul-stirring shouts of that fanatic crowd,
Like the voice of the thunder-peal, lofty and loud—
And the echoing voices re-echoed again
Loud, louder and deeper from valley and glen,
No change to the cheek of that chieftain have brought,
So immured is his soul in the region of thought:
But he breaks that contemplative gloom with a glance
As bright as the light of the sun on his lance,
And turns to that place where a white kerschief shines
Midst that sad city’s fast-fading dwellings and shrines,
And speaks, as he wheels round the deep mountain’s swell,
In that lingering look, a heart-broken farewell!
The crowd has dispers’d—the host has pass’d on—
And the lady who wav’d that white signal is gone.

And who is that lady—and who is that chief,
Too youthful for glory—too lovely for grief—
And what is this life, when its sorrows are flung
In darkness o’er creatures so beauteous and young—
When its current is poison’d and stain’d ere it flings
Its waters one pace from the fount whence it springs?
Oh! the few sparkling glimpses its surface receives,
How quickly the storm of affliction destroys,
And the only true blessing life’s pilgrimage gives
‘Are the fleet sunny moments our childhood enjoys!

Had you met with that chieftain and maiden unblest,
In youth like two doves in the same sunny nest,
Or by the gold sunset of warm summer weather,
Round some cool shining fountain pursuing each other,
With that innocent playfulness which we remember
With bleeding regret in life's dreary December,
When each now unattainable pleasure appears
Like yesterday's bliss thro' the vista of years:
Or in days more mature, when the hot blood ran high,
And the warmly ingenious glance of his eye
Drew life from her heavenly features, and she
Was passionate, faithful, and youthful as he;
When her eye, with its soft sleepy languishing light,
So cloudlessly blue and so mellowly bright,
Enthrancingly burn'd at each quick sunny dart
With the answering passion that leap'd from her heart;
Or in their own bow'r, while he blushingly hung
In the warmth of his passion, adoring and mute,
While to the sweet flight of her fingers she sung,
O'er the love-breathing chords of the exquisite lyre,
When care touch'd more lightly her innocent breast
Than the negligent folds of her gossamer vest,
Oh! who thus could have known and beheld them, nor sigh
That twin blossoms like these were e'er destined to die?

Do you call that stupid, Rory?

"Tis morn!—that rapid charge of rosy light
Flings back with laughing scorn the sullen night;
The bird, upspringing from his grassy nest,
Breaks into song from his refreshing rest;
The rose awakes in blushes to inflame
The fanning freshness of the ambrosial gale,
And the wild flow'ris their glittering lids unclose
To gaze upon that glory as it grows."

There is a description of morn for you!

O'Toole. Beautiful! Is it Moore's?
Murphy, No; 'tis from my friend Shea's Rudekki.
Editor. Listen!

"The sun had stol'n, with many a rosy ray,
The dews that gleam'd-like pearls on flower and spray;
The winds that crisp'd the wave began to cease,
And gradual died into a voiceless peace;
A hotter day succeeded that cool hour,
A warmer breath pervaded grove and bow'r;
And flow'ris beneath the ray droop'd their bright faces,
As maidens do in love's too warm embraces.
Such was the burning hour when Nourmah went,
In lonely beauty, towards the bow'r that bent
Its cool shade o'er the silvery stream that passes
Through banks of breathing flow'ris and odorous grasses;
A light verandah in its shade was plac'd,
Whose gilded shaffs a clustering rose embrac'd
In its ambrosial clasp, and, drooping, cast
Its blushes on the waters as they pass'd.
Along a silken ottoman the maid,
From the day's warmth, her languid beauty laid;
Her falling curls one lovely hand disclos'd,
And one upon her bosom round repos'd;
The long-fring'd liss fell languishingly slow,
O'er the blue heaven of light that wan'd below,
'Til sleep—deep sleep, with a magician's might,
Wing'd her young soul for fancy's fields of light."
Well might Rudekki fall in love with such a creature.

*Murphy.* Allow me the book. In "The Lament of Hellas," there are some fine passages. The allusion to Byron is most happy:

"There lies the wreath-and-helm-surmounted bier,
Where slumbers Freedom's wizard bard—the chief,
Whose rainbow mind bade Hellas cease to fear;
There sleeps he, fall'n in his young summer leaf;
Mark you the wild, unostentatious grief
Of the funeral city, and the eye
Of Missolonghi's beauty, on whose brief
But dazzling dreamings burst the gathering cry
Of men who look'd and ask'd, and fear'd to get reply.
Mark you the rocky hearts of Suli there,
That idol-chieftain's chosen citadel,—
Their fiery eyes dilated with despair,
For him they serv'd and lov'd so wildly well;
And darkly too the word of terror fell
Into thy heart, Albania's mountaineer!
For fondly did thy hope of freedom dwell
Upon that star of promise—and the tear,
His summer-presence dried, flows doubly quick and clear.
Free let it fall, the bosom's gushing rain—
For Hellas' gladdening soul was unprepar'd
For this tremendous shock: weep on, tho' vain
The anguish of thy heart, for thou hast shar'd
Like me—like millions, of the hope that rear'd
Its angel vision in the patriot's breast;
'Twas but a light that flash'd and disappear'd,
And here we meet—Oh God! to see our best,
Our dearest chieftain, borne to his eternal rest."

The minor pieces are good; particularly "The Exile." I shall read it for you:

"Those mountains are as bright with morn—those billows are as blue,
And the deep glens are green as those mid which my boyhood grew;
And beauty's eyes that beam around, so full of mirth and mind,
Are not less bright and beautiful than those I've left behind.

But when I view those mountains that, girt with forests, rise
In their tremendous grandeur—the pillars of the skies—
I gaze awhile in wonder, but wizard memory speaks,
And to my own—my native hills, this bursting spirit breaks.

And when I view and bless thy wave, so fearless and so free,
Careering through its chainless world—the child of liberty,
I only weep and think upon my own Atlantic waves,
That roll as if in mockery round a land of sleeping slaves.

But let me hear that strain again, there's something in the lay,
That breathes so fresh a feeling of the glorious olden day,
Ere the invading stranger broke our island's bosom rest,
And chang'd into a vassal mart the Eden of the west.

'Twas from Mononia's mountain heights, at summer twilight, first
I heard that song of freedom o'er the broad Atlantic burst;
Then first I felt this struggling soul awaken and expand,
And wing its way to other times—the glories and the grand.

And listening to thy song of life I deemed myself again
Amid the scenes of other times—the son of other men—
The hero-men by chains untouch'd—by slavery uncontroll'd,
And fearless as the surge that round their island-dwelling roll'd.

Land of my birth—my love—my prayer: of mountain and of glen,
Haply thy shore the exile's foot may never meet again;
Yet be it so—I envy not the patriot hearts that sigh
Over each trob thy wild heart gives—each tear that wets thine eye.

Enough—enough for this lorn heart to know thou livest on,
Like a wreck'd ship amid the storm, when every hope is gone,
When the few brave but barkless friends are looking o'er the wave,
Distracted and despairing on the wreck they cannot save.

'Tis not the first—'tis not the last, with which this heart must swell,
For oft 'tis heaven to turn to thee, and sigh 'farewell—farewell!'
Once more farewell, my worshipp'd isle, enough for me remains
To know—to feel thou'rt still a land of beauty and of chains."

Field. Why, Shea is a poet.

Editor. One of a very superior order. His Rudekki indicates high imaginatives powers, great skill in versification, and a very intimate acquaintance with the poetical attributes of the east. There is one fault, however: the plot is too common-place, and the interest not sufficiently sustained: the reader anticipates the conclusion of the story before half the poem is read. This, however, is an error in judgment only—there is abundant proof of poetical talents—of poetical powers—not yet sufficiently developed. Time and study will render Shea an ornament to his country.

Field. He is that already. If you only spent an evening with him over a bowl of punch, you'd like him still better. I recollect a song of his on this subject.

O' Rourke. Sing it, Denis.

Field. I'll try. (Sings.)

Come, send round the bowl.

"Come, send round the bowl, 'tis the centre of life and light,
The planet around whose orbit we circle to-night;
Let silly ones worship the sun in his glorious roll,
But we love the night, and our planet of worship's the bowl.

And doth it not seem, as we gaze on its fragrant form,
Like young, like innocent love, so brilliant and warm?
Oh, looks it not now, as its sparkling charms we kiss,
Like the eye of young beauty swimming in tears of bliss?

I never shall envy the gloomy asetic beside,
The soft, the luminous flow of his forest tide,
Whilst this fountain of bliss, whose sweetness woos me now,
Reflects in its wave the light of my meeting brow.

Come, drink of this cup, thou sad one: did water inspire
The deep, the heart-thrilling touch of Anacreon's lyre?
Did a sigh ever burst—ever steal from his sorrowless soul?
But its worth needs no praises of mine—come, give us the bowl!"

O' Rourke. That's a beautiful air, if you heard it well sung. I beg your pardon, Denis, but you're no nightingale. There's a gentle melancholy in that melody, and, at the same time, a richness and fullness of tone, that adapt it to almost anything. Sung in a lady's bower at midnight, 'twould wile away a vestal. After a triumph,
'twould seem to fight the battle o'er again: or, at the festive board, you see what even Denis can make of it. When first I heard that air (oh! there's home in it), 'twas by a daughter of one of my father's tenants; a beautiful girl, with one of the sweetest Irish voices—that round, exulting voice, as if the heart uttered it, which you only hear in Ireland. The words, too, were Irish; the tune, the subject—even the recollection, is enchanting.

Murphy. Cork is now, at all events, the Athens of Ireland. We have half a score poets.

Rock. Too much poetry, Denis.

Murphy. You want fancy, captain. You've got no ear.

Rock. Perhaps! but a widely diffused poetical taste argues the absence of perfect civilization.

Murphy. I am glad of it. May we never have perfect civilization if it renders us indifferent to the muses.

O'Toole. Good, Denis. Do you know Meagher?

Murphy. Yes; he is a young fellow, a Bantry man, who has lately published a poem, called "Zedechias." I am not a sufficient scripturian to tell you from what part of the Old Testament the story is taken, nor do I now remember it, though I read the manuscript.

Editor. Do you remember your opinion of the work?

Murphy. Yes, I desired the writer to burn it. You may think that harsh, but I did so, because I had a good opinion of his talents, and did not think "Zedechias" a fair specimen. Some of his little pieces are very beautiful. What a pity young authors won't learn to burn!

O'Toole. I don't subscribe to your opinion of "Zedechias." From a review of it which I have seen, I think your opinion harsh. One passage was pretty:

"And the eye of the antelope,
   Full and as bright
As the cloud-belted moon
   On a cool summer's night—
Glanced wild as he bounded
   O'er hill and o'er mountain,
To cool his parched lip
   In his own sunny fountain.
And the rose of the hillock
   Laid bare her full breast,
To catch the cool gale
   As it came from the west;
And the lake—'twas as calm
   As a saint just forgiven
In his visions of bliss
   When his dreams are of heaven."

Murphy. Not an original idea in the whole passage.

Rock. But 'tis pretty; and that's all the merit that modern poetry can claim.

Editor. The Irish are, certainly, a very poetical people; and I have a letter in my possession which will show you that they have very extravagant notions respecting poetical remuneration.

O'Rourke. Read it.

Murphy. By all means, let us hear it.

Editor. It is addressed to Mr. Robins, our publisher.
My Dinner.

Mallow, April 23, 1827.

SIR,—I hope no intrusion in stating to you a singular circumstance: to you it must appear extraordinary, but the poor will be for ever poor; therefore, this is no time for contemplation: I cannot say much in the limits of a small letter. There is a youth in Mallow who has made many literary attempts this time past, one of which, I am directed to inform you, is a melodrama in two acts, and eight scenes, with eight dramatic persons, and new scenery, &c. The first scene opens in India; and, in the course of the piece, is a grand procession, with a sketch of the late disturbances in Ireland, the title of which is the Irish Pilgrim, with an old Irish melody appropriate. The poetic piece consists of the Irish Pilgrim, who was abandoned from his home, and travelled to India—there took refuge; his son seeks him after many disadvantages; and, further, it shows the manners and customs of the Indians, not yet explained entire on the English stage; and more I have to say, written by a young boy not sixteen years. I am no prophet, but I would venture to say it would meet with much applause on the next season. Now I am after conversing with the boy: he says he would come to any agreement in respect of having it published, and has chosen you before any other company in the kingdom, the reason of which he says he liked some works that came from your press; namely, Captain Rock and the Weekly Gazette, which I can assure you was read extensively in Mallow. Now he has determined to have a subscription for the work, and some would subscribe and others would not. Now this agreement is put off; as for my part, I believe some of them never read a dramatic sketch in their life. I suppose the young lad, if we agree, must go to London to point out the different passages, or the original copy must be sent. I see no use in saying any more; but your terms are most anxiously requested, and all particulars will be attended to if by a letter post paid (or free) to Richard Cur-rew, Mallow, as no other person will receive any commands. I remain, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN CONDON.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

O'Tooole. Insert it in the Magazine, and it will save the expense of postage; for every one in Ireland sees the London and Dublin.

Rock. Poor fellow, what absurd notions he has of London. Only think of his coming here merely to superintend the printing of a melodrama! Why, Grattan's new tragedy won't pay for paper and print. Poetry is, indeed, a drug. Southey's poems don't pay the expenses of publication; Moore's "Loves of the Angels" is still on hand; and Campbell's Theodoric is yet on Longman's shelves. Whoever wishes to see the defunct muse lying in state, has only to pay a visit to Mr. Chidley, the literary undertaker, in Goswell Street.

O'Tooole. The waste-paper man!

Rock. No, sir, the Jack Ketch of literature. He executes after the critics have recorded judgment.

O'Rourke. Well, gentlemen, remember that you are to sup with me in Bedford Square. 'Tis time to depart. Mrs. O'Rourke will be waiting for us.

[Exit Omnes.

THE CRITIC.—NO. II.

I owe twenty thousand apologies to the readers of the "London and Dublin," in having departed from the promise made them three or four months since, to give them, monthly, my opinion on all new books. The omission has been attended with very unpleasant con-sequences, for my table is now so crowded with the works of authors crying for judgment, that I almost shrink from the task of deciding upon their merits; yet begin I must, and first—
The Pocket Encyclopedia of Natural Phenomena.*—This is really one of the most entertaining and instructive books I have read for a long time. It professes to be compiled by Mr. Forster from the MSS. and journals of his late father, and is addressed to mariners, shepherds, gardeners, husbandmen, and others (in which class I am included), being a compendium of prognostications of the weather, signs of the seasons, periods of plants, and other phenomena in natural history and philosophy. "Perhaps," he says, "one of the most useful purposes to which meteorology can be applied, is that, when accurately studied with reference to the prognosticative import of particular phenomena, it enables us to predict with greater certainty the future changes of the weather. Soon after my attention was directed to atmospheric science, I observed that mariners, shepherds, husbandmen, and others whose employment kept them constantly out of doors, could foretell with more certainty what sorts of weather were coming than the more scientific meteorologists could do; they seemed to me to have a sort of code of prognostics of their own, founded partly on tradition, and partly on experience: they used numberless trite sayings and proverbial adages respecting the weather, which were handed down from the remotest antiquity, but which, in the long run, seldom failed to be right. I collected these, and compared them with the most ancient Grecian and Roman writers, and also with my own observations. I perceived a striking agreement between the prognostics of Theophrastus, Aratus, Virgil, Columella, and other ancient writers, and the proverbial prognosticology of more recent times: and the same was confirmed by my own experience. It soon after occurred to me that a collection of them, alphabetically arranged, in the form of a small pocket dictionary, might prove a useful compendium of signs of the weather." Hence the work before me: I shall adduce a few examples from the prognostics; I often wondered myself what beetles were intended for: Mr. Foster philosophically explains their utility. "Beetles," he says, "flying about late in an evening, often foretell a fine day on the morrow." Mice are, too, a kind of domestic barometers, which old women ought to be careful of; for "when they squeak much and gambol about the house, they are said to foretell a change of weather, and often rain." But there is no need of listening to mice: every one carries a kind of weather-guage about his person—I mean, his ears; for ears, "When there's a tingling noise, or what is called a singing in them, afford thereby a sign of a change of weather, not simply of rain, as has been said, but of barometrical pressure in general." The sudden increase of pressure, like the descent from high mountains, or from balloons, causes in many persons a temporary deafness and roaring in the ears. A sudden fall of the barometer affects also the ears, but in a different manner, like mounting a high hill."

Domestic animals are also very sensible of atmospheric mutations, viz.: "Dogs, before rain, grow sleepy and dull, and lay drowsily before the fire, and are not easily aroused. They also often eat grass, which indicates that their stomachs, like ours, are apt to be disturbed before change of weather. It is also said to be a sign of change of weather when dogs howl and bark much in the

* Nichols and Son: London, 1827.
night; they certainly do this much at the full moon, which has given rise to the saying relative to the dogs that bay at the moon. Dogs also dig in the earth with their feet before rain, and often make deep holes in the ground."

"Cats are said, when they wash their faces, or when they seem sleepy and dull, to foretell rain. The same is said of them when they appear irritable and restless, and play with their tails."

Birds are also instructive in their actions:

"Cocks, when they crow at unwonted hours, often foretell a change of weather. We have often noticed this before rain. But this is by no means so certain a sign as many others, because, at particular seasons, and in particular kinds of weather, cocks habitually crow all day. During the calm, still, dry, dark, and warm weather sometimes occurring in the winter months, and which may be called the halcyon days of our climate, cocks keep a constant crowing all night and day. — There appear to be three principal cock-crowings in ordinary weather; namely, about midnight or soon after, about three in the morning, and at day-break; the latter is never omitted. We have noticed, however, that when cocks crow all day, in summer particularly, a change to rain has frequently followed."

"Shakspeare, in Hamlet, has a well-known and beautiful passage relative to the crowing of cocks all night at Christmas. The fact is, that during the dark months of midwinter these fowls actually do crow on some occasions the whole of the night.

"Cocks are said to clap their wings in an unusual manner before rain, and hens to rub in the dust and seem very uneasy."

"Geese washing, or taking wing with a clamorous noise, and flying to the water, portend rain. Geese are excellent guards to a house against fire or thieves. Hence Ovid, speaking of the former white colour of the crow, observes, in allusion to the geese who saved the Roman capital:

Nec servaturis vigili capitolia voce
Cederit anscribus, nec amanti-flumina cycno.

"When wild geese are observed to migrate to the southward or westward in greater numbers than usual in autumn or winter, they are said to indicate hard weather; and in general the early appearance of flocks of these and other wild fowls in the south, foreshow a severe winter."

"Jackdaus are said to be more than usually clamorous before rain. These birds frequent the flocks of rooks, and with them go out to feed, as if they were aware of the superior sagacity of the rook in finding out the most productive pasture, and had learnt to avail themselves of it. Starlings sometimes do the same. Sometimes, before a change of weather, the days make a great noise in the chimneys wherein they build, and the sound coming down the flue is distinctly heard in the chamber."

Even "Jack-o-the-lantern" may teach us a useful lesson. Dreams do foretell what is to happen; and the——

"Incubus, or nightmare, though it commonly comes of a loaded stomach, will, nevertheless, often occur on the occasion of a change of weather in the night, which seem to produce the effect by disturbing the digestive organs. The same observation holds good with regard to those frightful and impressive dreams which some persons have in particular kinds of weather, and about the period of change. An east wind beginning to blow in the night will often cause them; and sometimes the same effect is produced by that state of the atmosphere which immediately precedes a large fall of snow; though the latter phenomenon more often produces dulness and languor of the whole animal system of the body."

Whoever wants further instruction must refer to this very amusing volume.

"View of the World, with an Art of Memory." This is by the author of "The French Genders taught in Six Fables," and displays a great deal of ingenuity. "To the intelligent student of
history,” he says, “it would be superfluous to expatiate on the necessity of committing figures to memory, as, unless the various dates are firmly imprinted on the mind in their proper order and relation, historical records can present nothing but a confused mass of events, of which no clear idea can be retained. It is extremely difficult to remember figures, especially in any number: as they give no image or object to the mind, there is nothing on which the memory can rest. This difficulty can be overcome only by assigning to each figure some object that can be grasped by the memory, and is capable of being called to mind in a successive order. The best objects that can be selected for this purpose are the letters of the alphabet, which are attached to words, and so easily committed to memory. For the assistance of the learner, I have not assigned letters to the figures arbitrarily, but have given a reason for each letter’s being appropriated to its figure, which will serve as a clue to the memory, to connect them together, and enable it easily to refer the letter to the figure, or the figure to the letter.

“ To each of the ten figures I have attached two letters, either of which may be employed at pleasure; they are as follows:—

“ To 1. A and I.

“ The learner will easily remember that A stands for One, as it has the first place in every alphabet: it is also the first letter in the name of Adam, the first man: and of Apollo, whom the Pythagoreans call unity. I, is a designation of the first person, and in shape exactly resembles the figure 1.

“ To 2. T and S.

“ Moses brought down from the Mount, two Tables of Stone. Two is also called the number of Thought, and Science, and Society: and there are two Testaments, and two kinds of Spirits.

“ To 3. G and J.

“ Three is the number of the Graces: Jonas was three days in the body of a fish.

“ To 4. E and Q.

“ There are four Evangelists, four great ancient Empires, four Elements, and four Qualities in the Elements, four Quarters of the Earth.

“ To 5. F and H.

“ Five Fingers on the Hand.

“ To 6. B and L.

“ The number of the Beast is entirely made up of the figure 6, viz. 666; and on the Sixth day man began to Be, being created on the Sixth day. Six is also the number of Labour, as labour is to be done Six days; Six years the earth is to be sown; Six years the Hebrew servant was to serve his master, according to the law given to Moses.

“ To 7. D and W.

“ There are Seven Days in the Week.

“ To 8. C and P.

“ The Eighth was the day of Circumcision, and, among the primitive Christians, the day of Christening. Eight was the number of our Parents who were Chosen and Preserved in the ark. David, the
Eighth son of Jesse, was Preferred to be Prince over the Chosen People. Eight is called the number of Conservation,—I suppose on account of these events.

"To 9. N and M.

"Nine is the Number of the Muses.

"To 0. R and O.

"A Cypher is circular, like a Ring: and the letter O resembles the figure of a cypher as nearly as possible."

"A little practice in turning figures into letters, and letters into figures, will enable the student to call to mind, in a moment, the dates fixed by this Art of Memory.

"The plan I have adopted in applying words as the means of fixing figures in the memory, is by employing the initial letter only to represent a figure; which allows a copious choice of words, so that any person, wishing to fix a date in his memory, by this system, can always select words appropriate to his subject, and consequently so much more easily impressed and retained. How extremely appropriate the words may be selected, the reader may be convinced by turning to the epochs at page 10.

"Thus, the date of the Exodus, or the escape of Moses and the Israelites from Egypt, in the year 2513, is fixed by the words, "Safety For All Jews," which is certainly very appropriate to their deliverance from the tyranny of Pharaoh. The reader must remember that the initials of each word give the figures composing the date: S stands for 2, F for 5, A for 1, J for 3.

"Again, in the fifth Epoch, the taking of Babylon, and destruction of the impious Belshazzar, by Cyrus, in the year 3468, can any words be more appropriate than these, "God Ends Belshazzar's Power," which fix the date, G standing for 3, E for 4, B for 6, and P for 8? Also, in the Epocha of the birth of our Saviour, in the year 4004, the words, "Earth Receives Redemption Eternal," are as suitable as possible to that happy event, E standing for 4, R R for two cyphers, and E for 4. The reader will take care to bear in mind, that, in the sentence fixing the various dates, it is the first letter only of each word that represents the figure in its proper place. I have composed sentences for the principal historical dates, which the learner must carefully commit to memory, as he peruses this book. A little practice will enable him to form sentences on this system for any other dates he may wish to remember, as well as to apply this art to other useful parts of knowledge, of the method of which application I will insert an example, at the conclusion of the work.

"It is this aptitude, or consonance, of which I have just cited examples, between the matter to be remembered and the artificial clues by which it is to be fixed in the mind, that is chiefly desirable in Arts of Memory, and it has generally been a deficiency in this point that has constituted the difficulties in the systems of former Memonists. I shall be truly happy if the obstacles that have hitherto impeded the more general cultivation of this very useful branch of knowledge, are in any degree removed by the system I have here recommended. That an easy and efficient Art of Memory, for fixing figures in the mind, is of very extensive utility, cannot be disputed. In the every-day occurrences of life, it is frequently desir-
able to commit figures to memory, and in the pursuit of many of the noblest sciences, it is absolutely necessary. An adept in this art is amply compensated for the exertion it may cost him to acquire it, in the facility it affords in committing to memory, with exactness, numbers, weights, measures, dates, distances, longitudes, latitudes, &c., as, without a competent knowledge of these matters, History, Chronology, and Geography, can exhibit to the mind and memory nothing but an unprofitable medley, and a perplexing labyrinth of confusion.

The remainder of this neat little volume contains a well written epitome of the history of the world, in which the learner is taught to apply the rules as laid down in the Art of Memory. It is decidedly a useful work, and free from all the objections generally made to artificial methods of assisting the memory. If you do not improve your memory by it, you inform your understanding and gain a knowledge of general history.

"System of the Science of Music, by J. B. Logier."—The didactic works on music are so numerous, and many of them so well calculated to disseminate the knowledge they profess to impart, that our attention would scarcely have been drawn to the work now before us, but for the singular, and, we may say, striking cast of its features. Its object is, not only to inculcate the principles of the harmonic art, but to give a complete development of the system of instruction originally invented by the author, and which has been studied and successfully adopted by many masters. After four years' residence at Berlin—to which city Mr. Logier was invited by the Russian government, to propagate his principles of tuition—he has resumed his practice in London, and drawn up so full and regular an exposition of his plan, that we think it cannot be read without pleasure and satisfaction by those who are sensible of the advantage of learning, and learning thoroughly, much in a little time. Till this volume came into our hands (the first of two, of which the whole work is to consist), we were not among the most forward to give Mr. L. all the credit he exacted for his novel mode of instruction: but a more perfect acquaintance with his doctrines, derived from the perusal of his publication, has convinced us of their advantage; and we really think the public obliged to him for so clear and unreserved a communication of his principles as we here find—at least, as far as the present volume proceeds.

The merit of the publication is two-fold; since it not only develops a new and facile mode of tuition, but explains that mode in a way equally novel and satisfactory. All, therefore, who know the value of an improved manner of instruction, will be sensible of the worth of so manifest an exposition of a system, the benefit of which has been experienced not only by pupils, but by masters; and which is now proved to deserve all the approbation and encouragement it has received from various governments and countries.

While, however, we thus freely admit the general merit of Mr. Logier's book, we must as freely object to it in some of its particulars. There are certain passages which do not partake of all the clearness of others; and in some instances there is a want of that order which prevails in the work as a whole. But, whatever our opinion may be
in this respect, we shall, in part, reserve the expression of it till we see the second volume of the work; which, possibly, may so far give an improved aspect to the whole publication, as to induce our still higher opinion of its claims to public estimation. At any rate, we must think highly of its author, whether viewed as the ingenious projector of a more advantageous mode of musical instruction than had been adopted before his own time, or as the patron of his profession, in so unreservedly revealing a method of teaching, at once calculated to abridge the labour of masters, and facilitate the progress of pupils.*

**Literary Wreath.†** This little gem contains fifty engravings, and upwards of four hundred pages of letter-press. The first are the productions of the most eminent artists in London; the latter consists of the contributions of the first writers of the day. It is got up with all the neatness and elegance of our "Souvenirs," but contains much more both in the pictorial and letter-press departments. It is admirably adapted for a present to young people; consisting, as it does, of nothing but what contributes to inform the mind and gratify the eye.

I have no room for extracts,—it is not necessary I should give any, for all who want to see literature and the arts assisting and illustrating each other, must have recourse to the volume itself.

**Calisthenic Exercises; arranged for the Private Tuition of Ladies. By Signor Voarino.†** The signor may be mighty popular among ladies of a "certain rank;" but confound me if ever he shall give a lesson to Mrs. O'Rourke, or one of her daughters. The following are his directions for "skipping and touching behind!"

"The pupil, placed with her hands by her sides, the body thrown back, and the heels on a line, at the words *skip behind in place*, she must rise upon the toes, springing at the same from the ground, bending the legs backward, and raising them as high as possible; she must then alight gently to the ground on the toes, and repeat the exercise several times."

The next is called "crossing *legs* in place:"

"The pupil, placed with her hands on the hips, the shoulders thrown back; at the words *cross legs*, she must cross the right leg over the left, the hip stretched, the toes touching the ground; bring it afterwards to the right as far as possible, then cross it behind, and return with the heels on a line; the same movement is to be made with the left leg, observing that during this exercise the upper part of the body must be kept steady."

This is nothing, however, to what the signor calls the "high step:"

"The pupil, placed with the heels on a line, the body erect, the arms *a kimbo*, must raise the right leg sideways as high as possible, the knee stretched; then set the foot to the ground, and do the same with the left leg, bringing the heels on a line; the same movement is to be performed forward with the right leg, and backward with the left, repeating these exercises several times."

Then comes the "high step complicated:" 

"The pupil, placed in the same manner as in the preceding exercise, must execute this by hopping twice on the toes of the left foot, raising the right leg side-

* These observations have been furnished by a scientific friend.—R. O'R.
† Robins: London, 1827.
† Hailes: London, 1827.
ways as high as possible; then hopping twice on the right foot, raising the left leg in the same manner, she must bring the heels on a line; the same is to be done by raising the right leg forward and the left behind; and by a double hop change legs, bringing the left before and the right behind; then return to the walking pace. This exercise is to be performed without stopping."

This, I think, is quite enough. I hope none of our delicate females will practise these Calisthenic exercises of Signor Voirano.

Lewis's English Grammar.* Notwithstanding the pious demeanour of the late Lindley Murray, I question if he found St. Peter more than politely civil, on his application for admission into the kingdom come. The blood of many an unfortunate school-boy must have cried to heaven for vengeance; for who could avoid a whipping when compelled to learn grammar from the books written by that greatest of all dunces. To the disgrace, however, of teachers in general, "Murray's Grammar" is still usually put into the hands of children; and so habitual has this title become to schoolmasters and scholars, that it will require no small effort to dislodge it from our academies. Parents, however, who claim the privilege of choosing elementary books for their own children, ought not to be led away by the mere name of an author, whatever its popularity may be; they ought to choose those books only which are best calculated to forward the pupil in that branch of knowledge to which he applies himself. Now, grammar is of the first necessity,—it is universally studied, yet few understand it perfectly. The reason is obvious: hitherto, the pupil's road was encumbered, and, notwithstanding years of toil, he found his knowledge of the science somewhat confused. Recent writers have endeavoured to obviate former impediments, but none so successfully as Mr. Lewis. For the trilling sum of two shillings and sixpence, he furnishes us with a most amusing and erudite little work. The necessary rules, as he lays them down, could be committed to memory in a few days, while the illustrations and examples, exemplifying these rules, are of such a nature, that they afford nothing but pleasure and instruction. School-boys could not possibly have a better work put into their hands; and adults, whether learned or unlearned, will find in it that the bare perusal of which cannot fail to teach them much they did not know, and all that is necessary to be known, by those who wish to speak and write correctly their mother tongue. I recommend this work, because I have experienced its utility in my own family. The young O'Rourke's are all provided with "Lewis's Grammar."

Lewis's Catechisms. These are by the author of the grammar; and here again I find every thing to commend. Pinnoch's catechisms are excellent in their way, but still very inferior to these, both in matter and manner. In the first place, they contain much more, and are sold for one-third less, being only sixpence each. In addition to this, they abound with illustrative engravings, elegantly executed, while every subject is treated in that familiar manner which makes abstruse things plain, and introduces youth in the most agreeable manner to a concise and general knowledge of the arts and sciences. Of all the modes of instruction, the interrogatory seems the least

* Robins & Co.: London.
objectionable; but even here Mr. Lewis has introduced a material improvement. Children, it is well known, are in the habit of learning like parrots — of committing the words, rather than the meaning, to memory. The former mode of question and answer favoured this propensity — the question furnished the cue to what the pupil should answer. Now, Mr. Lewis's catechism obviates this, by leaving the form of the interrogation to the discretion of the teacher; each paragraph is numbered, and forms an answer to a certain question; while the question itself is found in a kind of appendix — useful only as a reference for those who are unskilled in the art of teaching. There are already seventeen catechisms published: each catechism contains the elements of some particular science, such as History, Astronomy, Architecture, &c. The young may peruse them with delight — the aged with advantage.

The Castle of Villeroi, or the Bandit Chief.* This novel is by "Anne of Kent," and comes up to my ideas of a good novel — there are castles and conquerors — lovers and rulers — counts and lords: beautiful women and ugly women — good men and bad men — plots and counter-plots — and, last scene of all — a marriage. I have read it through without yawning, and that is more than I can say of De Vee. I must own, however, that I am sometimes unfashionable; on these things, however, I always take the opinions of my cook, and it is only justice to add, that she is in raptures with "The Castle of Villeroi."

The Log-Book.† — Though no sailor, I take in the "Log-Book." It comes but once a month — I wish it came daily — it costs but threepence; it is well worth three shillings to those who, like me, are partial to the amphibious race — to fun and eccentricity — to bravery and folly — generosity and thoughtlessness. Poor Jack Tar! he was once his country's pride, but, since the battle of Waterloo, he has fallen sadly into the shade; and, what is worse, the rascally canting methodists are endeavouring to destroy those attributes of a real sailor which made him unlike the ordinary sons of men; he belonged to an element of his own — he lived there in his glory — but he will reap glory there no more, if an English seventy-four ever comes to be manned by swaddlers! Pretty fellows they would be, indeed! but there can be no apprehension of such an event. A sailor could never sing psalms — he would rather read the "Log-Book," and I commend his judgment; for 'tis full of fun, anecdotes, and tough yarns. Besides, there is Jack's own profile — and a fine ruby-nosed looking fellow he is — in the first number, drawn by George Cruikshank, and every succeeding number has some embellishment equally good. But it is to the well-spun yarns I turn with most delight — shall I give you one? — no, they are too long. Then take the following anecdote: —

American Hospitality. — It was some time in the autumn of that year in which the great Napoleon bid a final adieu to the theatre of his glory, and of those extraordinary vicissitudes which attended his public career, that we arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the ship Ajax, Captain Tyler; whither we went to procure a cargo of lumber for the estates of our owners, situated in the island of Jamaica. And it was while we remained at Norfolk, that we experienced the peculiar instance

of American hospitality of which we are about to speak. Having been repeatedly invited to spend an evening on shore, we availed ourselves of a little leisure that occurred, and, accompanied by a young Scotchman, a resident of Norfolk, we went on shore, to spend an evening at one of the taverns—we think it was the Navy Tavern; be that as it may, the room was full of American naval officers, who appeared to vie with each other in speaking disrespectfully of the British, as they called us, but more especially of the British navy, and its officers. Now, there was one of these soli-disant Yankees, who seemed determined to quarrel with us if possible; he came in front of the table at which we were sitting; and, flourishing his glass of grog in our faces, began to sing in commemoration of the capture of the Guerrier by the Constitution; but he was soon called to order by some of his companions, who said, that as America was the land of liberty, strangers should not be molested in their presence, and that every man had a right to enjoy his own opinion. But, notwithstanding that order was in some measure restored, they still continued to undervalue the courage and capacity of our naval officers; and one of them went so far as to say, that all the British naval officers who had served on the American station, Captain Broke, of the Shannon, was the only one who ought to be considered as a truly honourable man. 'Then you do consider Captain Broke to be a truly honourable man,' said we, 'Oh, yes,' was the unanimous reply! Then, said we, 'Do you think a truly honourable man would be guilty of uttering a falsehood?' 'Impossible!' exclaimed one and all. Then, said we, 'Have the goodness to attend to an extract from Captain Broke's letter, which announced the capture of the Chesapeake; and, immediately taking an old newspaper, from our pocket, we read as follows:—'I went forward to ascertain the position of the enemy, and I found they were flinching from their guns.' This was quite enough for Jonathan, with whom it instantly settled the question as to Captain Broke's honour; and removed every doubt as to the sort of liberty of speech which prevails in America. For we had no sooner finished the lacerating sentence, than our heads were assailed by a rummer of brandy and water, thrown at us by the hospitable Virginian who was before inclined to amuse us with a song; but who now vociferated, 'I guess you are like all the old serpents, a tartation liar!' And, had it not been for the timely arrival of a couple of friends, Hibernian Yankees, we doubt whether we should have escaped alive to tell the tale.'

R. O'R.

THE POLITICIAN.—NO VI.

That which was long suspected, is now proved: the King entertains sentiments of a character which renders the hopes of the Irish Catholics desperate; and his Majesty took a method of publishing his opinion which leaves no room to question his sincerity. It is quite useless to talk about the constitution, and all that kind of fudge, with which the Whigs encountered this melancholy announcement. The fact is undoubted; the King sent for the Bishop of London, and authorised him to allay the fears of the clergy, by informing them that his Majesty could not assent to the emancipation of the Catholics.—It is very probable that the King would not refuse his assent, provided the measure passed both houses; but, with this record of his Majesty's opinion, will that measure pass during his life-time? He must be a sanguine—a miscalculating man, who would reply in the affirmative. The church and the ascendents will not remain neutral—the expectant bishops well know that an interested vote cannot interfere with their promotion—they well know that to oppose the Catholics, will be to please the King. With this fact before them, it is quite evident, that the Whigs have taken office under the perfect conviction that emancipation cannot be carried. All their intrigues for forbearance were to serve themselves and not the people of Ireland; and the Catholic Association will merit the contempt of the world if they remain a day longer passive. Their only hope now
must be founded on the perpetual agitation of their question. The heir-presumptive appears also to be unfavourable to their claims.—

God help poor Ireland! She can hope nothing from the present administration.

Can the present ministry, under all the circumstances, stand? If they do, it will be from the want of talent amongst the Tories. "The members of the administration," says an English paper, "now formed, are so well known to the country, that any remarks on them are unnecessary. In the House of Commons, never was there a stronger array of men of abilities enlisted in the support of a government. Mr. Canning and Mr. Tierney, each confessedly unrivalled in his style of eloquence—both masters in those branches of the public business to which they have turned their attention; such a minister of commerce as Mr. Huskisson, and such an Attorney-General as Sir J. Scarlett, make up, with the other members of the administration, such a treasury bench, the ability of which to conduct the public business could scarcely be questioned even by Sir T. Lethbridge and Mr. G. Dawson. It will be supported, too—that is to say, against all factious opposition—by Mr. Brougham, by Sir Francis Burdett, and, in short, by every member in the house, except Mr. Peel, who has enjoyed the slightest reputation for abilities. In the House of Lords, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Dudley, Lord Goderich, and Lord Bexley, supported by Lord Plunkett, will have as little reason to dread any opposition which can be offered to them. Viscount Dudley, who has taken less part of late than any other of his present colleagues, in public business, and is therefore less generally known, is one of the best speakers, and one of the best-informed men, in either House of Parliament. It is by its acts that an administration must be judged; but if the present answer the expectations which the abilities and character of its members justify the public in forming, it will be the most useful, as it will certainly be the strongest, which the country has seen within the period of political memory."

Like the Irish Association, the British Catholic Association have come to the resolution of lying upon their ears. On Monday, May the first, they came to the following resolutions:

"That this open committee, adhering to the principles so often promulgated in the various resolutions agreed to by the British Catholic Association, is feelingly alive to the hope that the administration which has been lately formed will meet the wants of the present day, by making justice to all the governing principle of its policy.

"That such a government would speedily rally round it the best spirits of the country, and, among other salutary measures, by restoring the privileges of the constitution to one-third of the population of the empire, make the sovereign, by the ties of affection as well as in law, the father of his people.

"That they do now adjourn."

Things look better in Greece.

The King of France has disbanded the National Guard, the men who composed that body having expressed their joy at the defeat of the project for destroying the press.

The Princess Regent of Portugal has had a narrow escape from death; it is now said that she is likely to recover.

The people of Nova Scotia have evinced their liberality by addressing the king, praying leave to abolish all penal restrictions upon the Roman Catholics of that province.
THE Oligarchy—a Fragment.

BY THOMAS Furlong.

* * * * * * * * *

WELL, have thy way! still order or arrange
The "Whys" and "Wherefores" of this lucky change;
Talk of the causes imperfectly known,
Or, if perceiv'd, perceiv'd by thee alone;
Bend thy dark brows, and, in thy dubious style,
Hint at the power of woman's sigh or smile;
Or, yet unsettled, throw this thought aside,
And prose about a monarch's wounded pride.
Talk as thou wilt—but what have I to do
With whispers, mostly false or partly true?
Enough for me, when dwelling on the past,
To think that worth hath got a chance at last—
Enough to mark the course of cant and crime,
Smooth as it ran! check'd even for a time.

Ye gloomy powers! that watch with patient eye
O'er the warm nests where knaves and bigots lie;
Ye shapes of ill, who cautiously have crept
Around the drowsy couch where drones have slept,
Forming in age or youth the narrow'd mind,
To be the long dull torment of mankind—
Where did ye wander in that luckless hour,
When stilted dulness left the post of power?
Say! ye dark spirits, were ye hovering near
When the sly premier sought the royal car?
Say! did ye slumber when the royal eye
Glanc'd o'er the seven sage scrolls, and threw them by?
And bade the dolts, in terms not over civil,
Go where they pleas'd—aye, even to the devil.
'Tis sad to think that thus the sage ones fail'd—
'Tis sad to see how common sense prevail'd—
Cruel to show each self-approving dunce
His folly and his usefulness at once;
To the world's eyes to make his weakness known,
And, worst of all, to sink him in his own.
Had Peel, in prudence, deign'd to prop the state,
The crowd, as yet, his worth might overrate.
The seat of law, did Eldon choose to fill,
His court might seem a trifling nuisance still.
Had the "great chief" continued yet to rule,
The mob might not have marked him for a fool.
'Tis harsh, the multitude's loud laugh to hear,
And hard to meet a hated rival's sneer;
But worse to think that power away is thrown,
And wealth flung-off by blunders all our own.

Oh! who shall tell what visions of delight
Bless'd the seceders on that chosen night;
When the gray quill stood quivering in each hand,
And "resignations" as a joke were plann'd.
Already each in fancy could survey
The spot where, trebly bound, their monarch lay;
Already each, unconscious of a check,
Plac'd the proud foot on Canning's prostrate neck;
Already each seem'd starting to devour
The promis'd peckings of the coming hour,
And hail'd with gloomy leer the withering reign
Of fraud and folly, brought on earth again.

Cheering, no doubt, to such as these, might be
The groan of him who pant'd to be free:
Pleasing to such the anguish of that heart,
That pin'd to see each cherish'd hope depart:
Trifling to them were grief or hunger's call,
Boroughs, and birds, and bishoprics, were all.
What to this tribe, in place and pensions strong,
Were England's idleness, or Ireland's wrong;
What to this gang, in self-built power secure,
Were the sad toils and struggles of the poor.
Disease or want might prey upon the crowd,
But innovation must not be allowed.
Let trade decay, let hope aside be cast,
But mention not improvement, to the last:
Thousands for aid, for food itself, might cry—
Then! let the wretches emigrate or die.
Post after post of fresh distress might tell,—
No matter! Lowther still his seris could sell.
Clusters in goal unspitied might abide,
But Rutland's pheasants thrive and multiplied:
What cared this gang for aught the world might say,
If the "Corinthian pillar" still look'd gay,
And pensioners and placemen had their way.

Oh! what to them if Ireland, in despair,
Should dare, for once, the garb of war to wear;
What tho' her millions, panting for the sight,
Should even with England's oldest foe unite:—
What tho' that injured isle were lost at last,
And even the peril not with this were past;
Untaught by danger, and unmov'd by ill,
The stubborn fool would wax more stubborn still;—
The port might sink, the army fly the field,
But not one whim the hoary dunce can yield.
Rapine and slaughter thro' the realm might range,
But look not to the bigot for a change,—
Host after host within his view might fall,
Still one fond prejudice is worth them all:
Bless'd be the lucky chance—the happy hour,
That gave to better hands the helm of power.

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TALES OF THE SOUTH—NO. IV.

FITZ-GERALD.

Of witch-art,
Goblins, faeries, and their elfish throng—
Of merry sprites—of power mysterious, and
Of necromantic deeds—of glozing tales,
That gray tradition marks with its enchanting stamp—
Of legend, lake, mountain, glen, and stream.

O’Fogarty was engaged with his literary friends; the evening
was gloomy and winterish; and a smoking tumbler of punch, with the
comfortable blaze of a large fire, testified that every thing was singularly well adapted for the delivery of a story.

"You have all heard," he commenced, "of the celebrated Fitz-Gerald, of magic notoriety. Some ninety years since, there were very few who had a more respectable independence, united to a more eccentric character: he was the father of the poor, and the protector of the peasant; his house was the asylum of the indigent, his hand the refuge of the insolvent, and his kitchen was always thronged with a regiment of mendicants. His habitation was situated near Listowel, and quite in the good old style. Elevated but one story from the ground, an extended suite of rooms formed a front of considerable length; the garden hedge flanked one side, the orchard covered the other, and the collection of out-houses presented, in the rear, a jumblement of dirt and of comfort, of confusion and of plenty. The bawn was furnished with a fine breed of cattle; the cellar stored with abundance of the pothee, for he never would condescend to make use of that "that had seen the face of the gauger;" and the whole establishment supplied with all the appendages of an Irish country gentleman's residence. But yet, with all this, there were certain circumstances connected with his character, which principally induces me to offer him to your attention; he was a student of the ars magica, and, as tradition tells us, he and some other gentlemen of his acquaintance had, like O'Donoghue, made a compact with his satanic majesty, by which they were gifted with some very supernatural acquirements, and of which story makes its general use. The anecdotes, for they are merely anecdotes, of his adventures, are not uninteresting; yet, as they would considerably lose by a translation into the vulgar idiom, I shall give them to you in the words in which I have, at different times, heard them related.

"Arrah, then, who didn't know Misher Fitz-Gerald, an' that well, too?" was the reply made by "Old Nelly," on my asking if she had ever heard of him. "Bad look 'twas for the one of 'em that weren't 'quaunted wid his honour; for 'twas that used to go wid the " good people," an' have all the fun in the world wid 'em. So it was. A fine jintleman he was in them times, an' the devil a betther ever came since, barrin' they used to say that there were bad doens between him and the ould boy. But weren't you axen me, avourneen, to tell you something about him?"

"Yes," I replied. "I wish you would tell me some of those stories to which you have so frequently alluded."

"With a Misher Din, God's blessin' on you, an' don't ax me now, for I have not had my shough* of the pipe all the live long day; an' Pat has my kippin' til he comes from diggin' the pratties. Besides, as they say, 'tis no ways good at all, at all, to be talkin' of 'em afore sunset; an' so your honour had betther wait 'till the heel of the evenin', when we'll have stories, an' plenty of 'em, too; that we will, and no thanks to the best of 'em!"

This, however, was an agreement to which I by no means felt inclined to assent; and, accordingly, after taking a pinch of snuff, and adjusting her cap, "Old Nelly" commenced with all the import-

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* Smoke of the pipe.
Tales of the South.

ance of the eastern sultana, when about to amuse her liege lord with a tale.

"Well, then, Misther Fitz-Garald kept a brave house near Listowel, an' 'twas he that had a welcome for all, gentle an' simple; an' not a day passed in the whole year, nor he had a throop of jin-
tlemen at his table; an' wherever he went, ding the man that would say to him 'black is your eye.' He used to thrave a dale about the countrhy, for all that, an' somehow or other widout any body's guessin' it; there was notten nor he couldn't do. It happened, then, masther, that, on a fine summer's day, he was walken fair an' aisy, wid some of the gintry, an' true a sthreet in Tralee, when what would be doen, nor thinkin' a word about it, but goen up an' down, as if some one was taken him en his arms, an' knocken him agen the pavement. He didn't know what to make of it; and he continued in that japordy for, you may say, about five minits, when who would he see looken out of a window, an' haven his fun at him, but Mr. Blennerhassett. Then, sir, as well became him, he thought that Mr. B. had the same powers wid himself, an' that he'd he only playen some of his fagaries on him; an' as he was cutenough, says he, 'I'll watch you, my man,' says he, an' wid that, Mr. Blennerhassett says, 'Morrow, Fitz, what are you doen there, you rogue of the world?' 'Morrow, kindly,' says he, not pretenden notten. 'Oh! I'm only tryen is the pavement harder nor my bones?' And, wid that, sir, he claps a great pair of horns on his forehead, so he couldn't draw in his head for the bare life of him.

"Turf an' blood, but you're at it, in anrest, for a murderen scoundrel," says B. when he felt the great horns on his forehead; an' Fitz, my dear, not pretenden notten about it, says—

"Arrah, Blennerhassett, what's the matther wid you," says he, "that you've two great horns growen, like a bull, out of your face?"

"Ah! you villain, is that all you know about it?" says Blenner-
hassett. High hangen to you—sure 'tis the divil itself to dele wid you:" an' when he found that he couldn't get the horns off, nor pull his head back true the window, he was glad enough to lave Fitz-Garald alone; so, as soon as Fitz stopped dancen up an' down, he took the horns off th' other, as 'twasn't given 'em, to help themselves in sich misfortunes.

"The fair of Listowel was comen on in a short time after this, an' as the high road was close to the house, ould Fitz, more fun to him, though 'tis like enough he won't have much more of it nather, thought to have his joke out of 'em. Well, sir, on the fair-day he was walken in one of his fields, an' he turns round to Danell Murphy, that was his right-hand man, an' says to him—

"' Danell, do you hear me, you spalpeen? ' Danell,' says he, 'go an' cut some of the ferns yondher, an' make 'em up in a bundle, and tie a soogawn* round 'em; ' an' this he tells him 'til he had more nor half the field by him.

"'Wisha, what would you be wanten wid all the ferns, masther,' says Danell, when he brought 'em all to him?

"'That you'll see, Danell,' says he, 'plase God, if I show you, an' afther repaten a few words in Latten, I spose, for Danell didn't

* A rope of twisted straw or hay.
underconstumble a bit of it, he changed every mother's son of 'em into fine beautiful pigs.

"Now, Danell," says he, 'drive 'em all down to the road yondher, an' we'll have our fun.'

"Danell, small blame to him, was wondheren all the while, what he was goen to do wid 'em all. They weren't long at the road, when what would they see comen at a distance, but a parcel of farmers, wid their shilelahs in their hand, an' their fine speck-an'-span new frieze coats as comfortable as you plase; when they came up to him, they took off their caubeens, an' Fitz-Garald says:

"'Morrow, boys! a fine day for maken' dung, boys,' says he; "an' would you tell a body, where you are goen to in such a dirty hurry," says he?

"'Thank your honour kindly," says one of 'em, 'we're only goen to the fair, to see what a poor man may do there," says he.

"'Well, boys,' says he, 'I don't see what you can do betther, nor buy my pigs'; an' he tould Murphy to bring 'em out of the field; an' clane an' iligant bonnous they were, as you'd wish to see in a day's walk. Ather examen' em, an' looken to see if they had the ma-sles nor any other disaise, one up and says,—

"'What's your price, your honour?'

"'I won't make much difference wid you,' says Fitz, 'an' you can have 'em for a trifle.'

"Wid that they closed the bargen, an' taken out their goold, they walked away wid 'em selves an' their pigs.

"But, my dear, they hadn't gone much farther, when they came to a strame, that was goen across the road, an' there was ne'er a bridge: for want of it, they were obliged to dhrive the pigs true the water; recordingly, they began cracken their whips, an' whatever they'd do, they couldn't get a bit of 'em to cross it for a time.

"Bad manners to ye, for stubborn pigs," said one.

"Hurragh! high pigs!" says another, till at last they got 'em en the strame; but no sooner did one put foot on the wather, than down she went in a bundle of furis.—Another came, an' down she went also—an' another, and down she went; till, this way, they all disappearen! The men staid looken at 'em, wid their mouds open, like a parcel of tinkers, till one says—

"Isn't dis a fine style, for a poor man's money to be goen en?" says he; but come away wid me, an' if I don't settle accounts wid him," says he, 'it's no mather.'

"They went off wid 'em selves till they came back to the very borheen where they bought the pigs, an' here they found Fitz-Garald standen, an' laughen ready to burst their sides. They up an' tould him all about it, an' so he gave 'em back their goold, of course, an' took 'em up wid him to the house, an' gave 'em a dram to drink his health, an' that they did widout much palaveren.'

Here "Old Nelly" felt inclined to cease her task; but, as I was aware that there were some other anecdotes of this extraordinary per-

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* A quaint expression, some of my readers will, no doubt, disclaim. But I have actually heard an Irish squireen, tired of the usual phraseology, make use of the very sentence. However, he was not one of the seven millions; but yet he was Irish in brogue,—in every thing, except religion.
sonage, and of a nature quite as comic as those which I have detailed, I did not evince the slightest inclination of listening to her wishes: I promised that she should have something for the snuff, and this afforded an adequate remuneration for all her trouble: she went on in the old style.

"Fitz-Gerald was standen on a fine evenen in August, looken at the men rapen, as it used to do his heart good, to be watchen all the country business. He was that way for about an hour, tellen 'em what to do, an' talken wid 'em, just for all the world as if he was one of 'emselves, when Jack Moriarty comes up, wid his scythe in his hand, an' says,

"'Would your honour know, what makes all the smoke below there?' says he, 'jest as if there was a great fire,' says he, 'or as if 'twas your honour's chimbley on a company-day.'

"Fitz-Gerald looked towards an ould grove that Jack pointed to, an' sure enough, there he seen a great cloud of smoke risen up to the sky.

"'Do you hear, Jack,' says he; 'lave your scythe down,' says he, 'an' like a tight lad,' says he, run away, an' bring us up word what it is all about,' says he.'

"Wid that, Jack does what he bid him; an' short time he took goen an' comen, an' when he returned, Fitz says,—

"'Well, Jack, what's the news?' says he.

"'Och! sich a thing—och! notten at all, your honour, that's it's only something I never seen afore—och! your honour!'

"'You're raven, Jack,' says his honour; 'but come, man, give us none of your balderdash, but out wid it at once, man,' says he.

"'My blessen an' God's blessen on you, masther, an' don't ax,' says John, 'for I never saw the likes of it afore.

"But all would not satisfy Fitz; it only served to make him more ager, as 'twere, to hear all about it; an' at last Jack took courage an' told him, how that, when he went down, he found a 'norous fire, greater nor ever was in his honour's kitchen on a Patrick's day, an' that there was a fine side of an ox roasten most grandly afore the fire, an' no one at all turnen the spit. This mightily surprised ould Fitz, as well it may, and so he says,—

"'Lay down your scythe, half-a-dozen of you, you lazy garsons,' says he, 'an' run down with Jack Moriarty till you bring up the beef,' says he, 'an' never you heed if you don't have laskins of it too,' says he.

"They weren't long away when they came back wid their fingers in their mounds, to tell his honour, that, do their best, divil a bit they could remove of it. But his honour was minded not to lose the prize, an'so, taken three or four more of the men wid him, down he goes himself; nor was it long afore he sees the piece of beef turnen quite regularly afore the fire, an' no one, at all, at all, minded it; as soon, sir, as he sees it, his mont began to wather, 'twas sich a noble piece; an' never thinken of himself, he was in sich a joy, he wouldn't wait till the men took it; but hopen to get a bite at it, what does he do, but sling himself down on the whole carcass. But, sir, no sooner did he touch the mate, than spit an' beef an' Fitz-Gerald an' all were whipped off, widout a minit's warnen. They were taken up into the air, an' his friends an' wife never saw him after."
'Twas too late when "Old Nelly" finished her tale to offer any comments of my own; and, as other business engaged me, I left the story of Fitz-Gerald, and, until now, have scarcely once reverted to it.

Osc—t.                                       D. S. L.

MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES,—NO. VII.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

My grumblings and complainings, during the last month or two, were not for nothing; they have eventuated, as the Americans would say, in a very sharp fit of sickness, from which I am only just now recovering. As yet, I am not able to sit up, or follow my literary avocations in the usual way. I am now like the ill-fated poet, Boyse, seated in the bed, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, and a large dull quarto (I believe it is Southey's Vision of Judgment) placed upon my knees, as a substitute for a writing-desk. —Well! —and now what shall I or can I say? I have not seen a newspaper for the last three weeks; consequently, I can know but little of what is going on in the political world. I merely hear flying rumours.—I understand that the "Great Captain" (blessings on him) has raised the price of corn,—this must make him a still greater favourite with the multitude. I cannot say what the other marplots are about.—Mr. Peel, I suppose, is still playing the "amiable."—The Catholics are in an unsettled mood, struggling between hope and despondency. —Our highly-gifted countryman, the Lord Plunkett, has appeared upon the bench as Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. To those who have been for years teased and disgusted with the stupid buffoon who preceded him, this change will indeed be an agreeable one. It is said to be only an intermediate step to the chancellorship: on this point, however, the "powers that be" have to decide.

In the utter absence of politics, I have been ransacking the shelves of a circulating library. I have read earnestly and assiduously, but I am afraid to very little purpose, or with very trivial benefit. Among other volumes, I have, for the first time, tried the "Salmagundi" of the over-puffed Mr. Washington Irving. The London publisher very obligingly tells us that the humour displayed throughout the work is unrivalled,—particularly to those who understand the local allusions. Now, with due submission to that lettered satrap, I will venture to say, that a more bungling attempt at being humorous I never witnessed in my life. Even in America, at the very period of publication, it would, to me at least, have appeared "stale, flat, and unprofitable." There are copies of Addison, more than ten times diluted, and miserable imitations of the worst imitations of Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.—This is the character of Salmagundi.

I have read Grattan's new tale,—"The Conscript's Bride." It is characterized by his old blemish of prosiness; all his stories are deficient in incident; he spins out his very slight material to an unconscionable length. His language, however, is easy and elegant, and some of his descriptions extremely spirited.
I tried the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," but I found it impossible for me to proceed. The "Forresters" shared the same fate. Yet the author is a man of talent, but his powers are strangely mis-directed. I turned from these books in despair, and set about reading the "Antiquary" for the third time. After this, I dropped by chance upon a thing called "The Eventful Life of a Soldier." It may be genuine or it may not: it is a point of little consequence, for, to an ordinary reader, it offers nothing whatever of interest. It strikes me, however, that the sergeant steps a little out of his own road, when, in the conclusion, he turns round to combat the Catholic orators,—that part certainly smells of book-making. "Barrington's Sketches" I have not yet seen; they are said to be amusing.

When shall the "Whiteboy" and the "Traditionary Tales" come forth in their proper shapes? I am anxious for their appearance,—they have never, as yet, had a fair trial. When they do appear, depend on it they will be admired. Banim, and the author of these Tales, are the only writers who have given us a fair, unexaggerated picture of the Irish peasantry.

Croker is tolerably fair, but he wants vigour. Miss Edgeworth has too much of pitying "Patronage" about her: and the superabundantly fine lady, Lady Morgan, seems to be holding her nose, while she condescends to sketch, or rather caricature, the "poor wretches."

The "English in Italy" is a work not much spoken of, yet it is one that, to an attentive reader, will yield both amusement and information. Parents, and guardians, and others whose wards or children are anxious for travelling, would do well to peruse it before they consent to a continental trip. It is quite evident that the different pictures introduced are drawn from life.

Thus far I have written without a pause. I feel fatigued,—Adieu!

Mount Street, 21st June.

F. Fegan.

THE LAST AGGREGATE MEETING IN IRELAND.

It is the fashion of the day, with a particular party in Ireland, to deny that a spirit exists among the lower classes of its Catholic population, to regard their political degradation as an evil, or to hail the possibility of its removal as a thing to be looked up to with a deeper or better feeling than the mere love of change and novelty, or the consciousness of gratified vanity, in being placed beyond the sneer or jibe of a rustic compeer of the more fortunate establishment.—This, however, is no means a well-warranted fact; events have passed, and are passing every day, which bear with them, in their rapid and soul-stirring evolutions, the hearts and thoughts, not alone of those whom education and its concomitants have awakened to a painful sense of deprivation, but even of that part of the community whose imaginations have never hitherto wandered beyond the narrow limits of a peaceful and industrious calling,—whose minds have been so busied with domestic circumstance or agricultural pursuit, as to leave but little leisure for political discussion; and whose recollections were too closely engaged in the every-day affairs of existence,
to suffer them to dwell upon the more lofty but less tangible subjects which at present seem to be so sensibly gaining ground amongst them. Many an unwashed artificer may now be found pausing over his stithy or shop-board to discuss the merits and arguments of right-honourable gentlemen, whose very names some ten—nay, five years ago, were unknown to him: and many a rugged-crested and rough-coated inhabitant of the bog and the mountain makes the walls of his shingly shed ring again with the fervour and tact with which he drags forward, criticises, and disposes of the character, bearing, or talent of the friend or foe of emancipation;—to whom, but a little time since, the word itself was one without meaning, or, at least, a holyday term, and never to be brought forward except on state days and high festivals. Ignorance in this particular, however, has passed away, and in its place has arisen a spirit of intense, eager, and insatiable curiosity, respecting a subject which they have learned to regard as, for them, fraught with a deep and well-defined importance. To what cause this change should be attributed, is not my present object to inquire. The priests, with very natural touch of vanity, cast the credit of excitement on the meek shoulders of Doctor Doyle;—the Association, with O'Connell at its head, resist their clerical claims, and insist on the merit of the work as peculiarly its own;—Cobett will have it that national gratitude is defunct unless he be remembered;—and even Captain Rock himself occasionally hints that his name has no right to be forgotten in the scroll which will have immortalized the labours of the illuminators of the nineteenth century. However this may be, or from whatever causes they may have arisen, the effects are certain; and now, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway (I beg Mr. O'Connell's pardon for using his favourite phrase), men and measures—courtiers and cabinet questions—reformations, resignations, and regenerations; Lord Plunkett's consistency; Doctor Magee's cocked hat and orthodox gait, with such like important subjects, are as familiar as household words in the mouths of the lower as well as the higher orders. The village politician, always a personage of sufficient importance, thinks himself now well entitled to assume a more dogmatic and decided tone, because his positions and arguments are admitted, by his admiring auditory, to be more than usually incontrovertible. His hat (if he have one) is thrown on with a more knowing and self-confident air; his arms are more closely folded, as a gesture becoming a man of rare endowment and high consideration; his right leg is thrust more prominently forward as he gives utterance to his oracular opinions; his eye kindles into fiercer expression, and his ruddy cheek becomes still ruddier; his very nod is charged with as many meanings of grave and deep import, as that of Mr. Puff's statesman; and, in fine, he is, beyond all comparison, a lofter, livelier, bolder, prouder, less hesitating, more imposing, uncompromising, bustling, business-like person, than he could, or indeed dare be, under other circumstances, and at a period of less excitation.

It is not, however, among the particular class alone to whom I have alluded, that the symptoms of political illumination have begun to manifest themselves in a steady and straight-forward progression. A more clamorous, and in Irish affairs a much more influential class,
have entered the ranks of those who think that the interests of Kerry will never find an efficient protector, until Mr. O'Connell makes his bow in St. Stephen's, nor the suitor in equity meet with unrepealable decrees unless the legal sagacity of Mr. Sheil shall be engaged in unravelling the intricacy of their applications for redress. The fact (and it is by no means an unimportant one) is, the ladies have entered the field! The distaff is broken—the nursery is forsaken—the toilet is vacated—the card-table is abandoned—the ball-room is given up. Rout and romance have given place to politics and polemics; the brightest eyes and softest lips in the universe waste their treasures in conning over and commenting on the nugacious quartos of half-forgotten historians; tambour and tent-stitch have had their day; scandal itself lies half shorn of its beams, and enjoys little better than a tithe of the consideration which was wont to place it so high in the list of female favouritism: in short, so decidedly do the miseries of Ireland take precedence of all other miseries in the bosoms of her daughters, that, until they are redressed (this hint for Mr. Canning's ear), there can but be slight hope of repressing the enthusiasm which has cast into shadow the multifarious avocations and amusements that have hitherto distinguished them, and rendered their existence indispensable to our comfort, convenience, and happiness.

There is one test, and it strikes me as a very conclusive one, of the magnitude to which the question of Emancipation presses upon the minds of those interested for its realization, and that is, the appearance of an Aggregate Meeting at the present day, contrasted with what it presented some few years since. I myself more than once remember to have heard Mr. Sheil waste his best rhetorical flourish on empty benches, and to have witnessed Messrs. O'Connell and O'Gorman pleading the cause of their country to an assembly which, however respectable in quality, was miserably deficient in quantity.

But times and things have changed since then, and the tempers of men have partaken of the mutation. The first announcement of an Aggregate is now become an event of importance in the city; the tongues of men speak of it, and their thoughts dwell on it, and they go to its deliberations, and witness its proceedings, not with the idle curiosity of mere unconcerned spectators, but as persons for whom its discussions possess a character of importance sufficient to call forth their best energies and deepest attention. The thing is better got up, too, than it used to be; and it struck me, on entering Clarendon-street Chapel, the place assigned for the last meeting, that there was a disposition for effect in the arrangements (mangye the absence of Mr. L'Estrange, the pink of Irish friars), well calculated to have its influence on the multitude, that, with outstretched necks and ill-concealed impatience, awaited, like myself, the arrival of the chairman of the day. The tabernacle and sanctuary were, with a very proper feeling, hidden from profane view, by a close covering of broad deal planks, which at the same time formed a back for the deep and substantial platform that extended itself forward from the altar, for the purpose of receiving the speakers and dignitaries of the assembly. The chairman's seat was placed nearly in centre; and beside it stood the chair, desk, and official documents of the secretary; while, in back, a long narrow table was conveniently placed for those
who were to report the proceedings of the meeting for the public press. Immediately before the platform, in the body of the chapel, a space of forty or fifty feet was railed off, for the accommodation of the female part of the audience; and, long before the discussion commenced, presented a scene of youth, splendour, and beauty, well calculated to infuse into the tongues and hearts of the most sterling patriotism, a richer eloquence and loftier inspiration. Many of the relations and friends of the leading Catholics were pointed out to me as they entered, by an intelligent friend deeply versed in such matters; and I could not help recurring, from time to time, with a more than usual interest, to one or two in particular amongst the fair and flourishing parterre of human loveliness that sparkled beneath me, with eyes, and smiles, and forms, which might have disarmed even the superannuated obduracy of Lord Eldon, and forced the sophisms of Mr. Peel to lean to a cause so richly and enthusiastically supported. There was one lady, however (and I was not singular in my devotion), that claimed, for a long period after her entrance, my almost undivided attention: but then it was not her beauty alone which attracted me, although it was dazzling,—nor her form, though it was lovely,—nor her air, though commanding,—nor her smile, though sweet,—nor her voice, though soft:—I thought of her birth and connexion, and her house and her name. She was the daughter of Lucien—the niece of Napoleon Buonaparte,—the close resemblance of the loveliest of her day, Pauline; and last, though not least, the beautiful wife of a patriotic, virtuous, and highly gifted man, Mr. Wyse, of Waterford. I confess that, as I looked upon her, there mingled a touch of melancholy in my thoughts. A daughter of the house of Buonaparte, dwindled into the partner for life of a country gentleman! The relative of him, at whose chariot-wheels three-fourths of the royalty of Europe were compelled to follow, destined to wear out her life in a private station! The niece of Napoleon seated quietly at an Irish Catholic meeting! I could not help thinking how far different might have been her destiny, had the imperial fortunes triumphed still,—

"Kings for her slaves, and sovereigns proud to serve,"

With all the chivalry of France at her beck,—hanging on her looks and anticipating her wishes, with its proudest, and wisest, and bravest, contending for the lightest glance of her eyes, and the meaknest smile of her lip; and the flattery and homage, and the awe and servility, and splendour—ending by her condescending to become the partner of legitimacy, and the consequent investiture of her beautiful form, and the head and countenance on which nature herself has stamped regality, with a princely robe and diadem. And yet it may be better as it is. There are a thousand thorns in the path of princes from which a humbler fortune is free, and it may be questioned whether happiness is not better secured to her as the wife of the frank-hearted and independent Irishman, than were she the disposer of the favours which servility snatches from the grasp of those to whom the lowly ones of the world are compelled to offer a heartless, and often irksome homage.

Upon the arrival of the chairman, Sir Thomas Esmond, the business of the day commenced, by Mr. Wyse moving a resolution of
thanks, which called up the substantial secretary to the Catholics of Ireland, in whose favour it was embodied. I know no man better qualified to fill the office he holds, than Mr. O'Gorman; and I much question whether another could be found, whose time and talents would be given up so willingly, or bestowed with so little of ostentatious parade. His very person fits him for it. A good deal above the middle height, with a rough, manly, but by no means unprepossessing visage; a deep-toned, firm, and tolerably well-modulated voice, excellently qualified for giving utterance to the sentiments which may be supposed to agitate the internal man of such a person; legs and shoulders upon which the fastidious widow Leary herself might condescend to bestow more than one furtive glance; and a head and heart withal, where ready talent and strong determination are ever at hand to combat false opinion or beat down arrogant opposition. His speech, short, pithy, and laconically expressed, was soon said; and its conclusion made way for Mr. Hugh O'Connor, the very proper, though somewhat pedantic and finical, representative of commercial Catholicism in the assembly. Mr. O'Connor is a single gentleman, of a certain age, and his appearance, costume, and mincing pronunciation, announce his very particular determination to remain so. The neatly brushed coat, to which the slightest approach to blemish would be a treason against taste; the well-fitted and highly-polished top-boot, so far sundered from the 'nameless integument' as to leave the spotless white of the stocking indispensible; the snowy whiteness of the exquisitely folded neckcloth; everything about him, in fact, announces to designing mammas and languishing daughters, the impossibility of a conquest, for which, no doubt, many a dowerless maiden has often and vainly sighed. He is not remarkable for oratorical display. Sound sense and conciliatory sentiment are his chief worth; and the relation of a case of a compromise of felony, in which two clergymen of the established church were the parties, was the only instance I recollect of his forgetting a compact he seems to have entered into, to abstain from even an approach to the species of personal vituperation which has been so frequently urged against many of his associates.

The next speaker was O'Connor Don, a fine and venerable specimen of the genuine Irish aristocrat; with the snows of sixty winters on his head, and the blood of as many princes at his heart. Mild, gentle, generous—quiet in his demeanour, enthusiastic in his spirit, unbending in his patriotic feelings, and unshaken in his loyal ones. I could not but think of him, with his meek accents, silvery hair, soft tone, and kindly countenance, as the personification of patient wisdom, descended among the vehement and ethereal spirits that surrounded him, to curb their impatience by the calm dignity of his demeanour, and control the ebullition of their over-excited feelings by the mildness of his persuasions. Mr. Shiel spoke next; and, as in obedience to the reiterated mandates of a thousand clamorous throats, he suffered himself to be pressed forward to the unoccupied space before the chair. I could not help contrasting his eager, anxious, super-electric frame and phyniognomy, ready to start its cargo over the multitude so well inclined to receive it, with the calm and steady bearing of his predecessor in the debate. Mr. Shiel is a small man, with a sallow cheek, prominent chin, slender, but sinewy limbs, and the eye of a lawyer,—keen, dark, well-opened, penetrating, and
excellently well-fitted for its professional avocation of searching through the human heart for the crannies where guilt and prevaricating subtlety hide themselves, and dragging them into daylight and sunshine, from their well-contrived covert. It is not, however, as a lawyer I am now to speak of him, nor is it on the scene of forensic disputation his admirers will be best content to look upon him.—Careless of external appearance, he carries his independence in this respect into "the Hall," where he may be seen every day, during term, disporting among his companions, with a tolerably filled bag, a rusty and well-worn gown, and an ill-dressed and worse-chosen wig, in whose huge and evil-proportioned dimensions, his head and three-fourths of his face are rather buried than covered. And then, when a call of court interrupts him in a political chit-chat, bustling thither, and proceeding to address the bench in a subdued tone and dispassionate gesture—grappling with coarse matter in common phrase—as studious to reign in the overflows of his imagination, as many a dull surrounding silken brother is to give the spur to theirs—content to convince where conviction alone is sought for or accepted; but still, in his unoccupied moments (and I am happy to say that every succeeding term is diminishing them), seeming anxious, with fidgetty fretfulness, to overlap the icy trammels which pin down his oratorical ambition, and burning with glorious anticipations of the moment when he shall once more shine forth the Magnus Apollo of Clarendon Street or Burgh Quay. To see him thus fettered is to see Hercules with a distaff. It is at the moment when starting from the side of his friend, O'Connell, whose brawny proportions had before obscured him, he bows to "the chair," and then dashing at once into his subject, announces, in the biting tone of sarcastic triumph, that "Peel is out—Bathurst is out—Wellington is out—and, above all (thanking God with uplifted eyes and upraised arms), that the tears and politics of Lord Eldon have melted into thin air," he gives the lie to the tone of sorrow with which he announces the last fact, by the laugh of exultation with which he closes it, and appears as if his only grief on such an occasion could be, that as political opponents they may be hereafter not worth wasting his caustic jocularity upon. It is upon such an occasion as this he may be said to assume his proper station, and to convince us that, "though in his body he's small, in soul he is forty feet high."

In court he is confounded and overtopped by many whose age, rank, influence, and a thousand other circumstances, give them a right, in their own minds at least, to assume a superior position; but in the assemblies of his compatriots, where logic is subordinate to fancy—where the feelings of the man are unshackled by the technicalities of the pleader, and where a quotation from Evadne, or a verse from Anacreon, is worth all Blackstone's Commentaries put together, he is looked up to and treated with the consideration to which talents of the very first order entitle him.

Mr. Shiel is a highly effective speaker when his subject happens to be to his mind—bold, rapid, and highly imaginative, and poetical both in manner and matter; indeed, so much so, that I have heard his periods objected to as being too elaborately worked up for permanent effect, as bearing more the studied gracefulness of the green-room than the involuntary efforts of a frame agitated by lofty and real emo-
tion. But then the objection, I confess, was of British origin; and an Englishman, with his solid sense and matter-of-fact imagination, can form a very imperfect estimate of the quantity of solid, calm, every-day argument, sufficient to stay the stomachs of Irishmen; appetites are set on having the highly seasoned banquets which Mr. Shiel is seldom unwilling to place before them. Besides, careful study and preparation seem necessary to him, however others may dispense with them—his diminutive proportions would never tell, did not their lively and picturesque contortions appeal to us in their favour; nor his sharp, shrill, and wily tones affect us as they do, did they not abundantly evince a careful education under a rigorous taskmaster.

I am not one of those who rejoice at the personalities in which many of the Catholic speakers indulge, and, least of all, can I excuse Mr. Shiel, who has loftier ground to soar to, and an eagle wing plumed for the flight; and yet I could not help feeling amused at his late exhibition of "splendid bile," more particularly as the greater part of it seemed barbed, pointed, and hurled directly at the head of a thorough-paced nestling of ascendancy, the son of a well-known civic dignitary, who stood by, with a haughty air and a sneer of derision, curling his lip, both for the edifice and its inmates. His composure, however, was not destined to hold for the day. As the orator congratulated his countrymen on the "turn-out," as he termed it, of those whom the ascendency-man looked up to with such veneration, I could perceive that the theme was, to his ears, an ungrateful one; as the strokes fell heavier, and told better, an occasional flush of the cheek, or sparkle at the eye, gave notice that passion was wavering in the neutrality it came resolved to maintain. Lord Plunkett and Mr. Canning's panegyrics, given in good style, by no means seemed to soften down the coming choler; but, when waxing warmer, and more hearty in his humour, Mr. Shiel, amidst the waving of kerchiefs and clapping of hands, brought his heaviest artillery to bear on the church itself, with its arch-champions and crack disputants, and its tithes and splendours, and Good-Friday banquets, and God knows what beside—I saw, by the livid lip, inflamed visage, and involuntary movement of muscle, that endurance was well-nigh surfeited; and I felt relieved when his sudden disappearance gave me the consolatory assurance that he would not, by an ill-timed explosion, draw upon himself the unfriendly notice of the wilder and more mercurial spirits of the assembly.

Next to Mr. Shiel, the renowned champion of toleration himself stood forth, and, in a two hours' expectoration of history, humour, politics, wit, theology, sarcasm, law, argument, anecdote, pun, good feeling, Gaffer Goose, the treaties of Limerick and Methuen, quotations from Hudibras, with four-and-thirty digressions, and petitions for pardon tacked to each, contrived to keep the attention of his hearers as fresh, and their patience as unworn, as though they had been listening to the tones of Stevens, or the declamation of Kean, rather than the threadbare tale of Ireland's grievances detailed by a special pleader. To Mr. O'Connell succeeded Mr. Wyse, and to him, again, the "philosopher of Belfast;"—the first, cool, classical, argumentative, and, occasionally, epigrammatic—the latter, brisk, bustling, and, as usual, forward to oppose what, in his judgment, needed opposition;
and, with the recklessness of his country, putting his own somewhat undigested opinions against the veteran popularitv of his leader.—I have heard it said, that there is something like envy lurking in his captiousness, and that his dissent from so many of the opinions and measures of his friend, is dictated by other and less praiseworthy motives than those which, according to his own assertions, actuate him. This, however, is the opinion of others, not mine; for, whatever may be his faults, I hold his intellect and honesty in far higher estimation than to believe him capable of endeavouring to retard a great measure from a mean motive, or of casting the torch of discord among thousands, in the meagre hope that a sparkle or two would prove annoying to a single individual.

Tongues and thoughts, in despite of gags and gagging-bills, are still free; every man is entitled to enjoy his own opinion, and to the utterance of it when and where he pleases; and I can see no reason why Mr. Lawless should not press for immediate petition, if such course seem meet to him, even with the confession on his lips, that the warmest and staunchest friends to his cause have implored him to withhold it, than that Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel should restrain their well-known impatience, and consent to walk into court for another long year, still clanking their chains, and enveloped in stuff instead of silk, when such are the conscientious and well-considered opinions of each.

STANZAS.
BY J. A. SHEA.

Days that left us—days that left us,
Whither, whither, have ye gone?
Of the joys of which ye've reft us,
Oh! restore us even one!

Beauty's spell and manhood's feelings,
Passion's pleasure—passion's pain—
Love's delight and hope's revealings—
These we ask not for again.

For the light of pleasure's bright'ning
Is but dangerously warm,
Like the fatal flash of lightning,
That precedes a thunder-storm.

And what are we but the branches,
On whose transient hour of bloom
Its fiery bolt the thunder launches,
Bringing death and leaving gloom.

But oh! the morn of boyhood's toil,
Bosom light and brow unwrinkled;
Heart upon whose flowery soil
Her holiest downfall virtue sprinkled—
'Tis for these our hearts are burning—
'Tis for these we wail and weep—
'Tis for these the voice of mourning
Breaks upon our midnight sleep.

Days that left us—days that left us—
Whither, whither, have ye gone?
Of the joys of which ye've reft us,
Oh! restore us even one!
LETTER FROM PATRICK O'FLYNN, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

"Am I in Italy?" was the question that Rogers the poet asked his awakening fancy, when he trod the bright land of the valorous deed and chivalrous daring—of the poet, the warrior, and the statesman,—of arts and their satellites; and nearly the same question do I ask my wayward mind, hourly, in this Babel of the world. The locality is changed, but the impress is the same; and, although the associations connected with this magnificent city may not be of so classic a nature as were those that linked the mind of the poet I have named, to that "sunny country of the world," yet are they not less strong,—yet are they more gratifying; for, in contemplating with admiration, and it may be with awe, this extensive metropolis, rich with the spoils of many nations, and towering amid the cities of the earth, no thought can arise of bitter retrospection, or of harrowing regret, for these spoils have been won fairly, and may they be worn long! The wealth and importance of London arose from "patience, and vigilance, and long and weary watching." The blood of nations did not contribute one iota to stain the red flag that her commerce can hoist. She rose by honesty, and as she has won her gold, let her, to use the words of the proverb, "wear it." But a truce to this concatenation! I have ever despised order, and I am too much wedded to the things of custom, to become regular even on paper. Let me fling you a picture of my feelings and of my opinions, and despise all regularity, as mere "vanity and vexation of spirit." By the bye, this quotation is too hackneyed for me;—but let it pass for once.

What do you think of London?" was asked me yestereven, and, though I have been since trying to answer it, I own it has posed me. I did not think a plain query would be so long unyoked to a reply. I see "there are more things in earth and heaven than my philosophy hath dreamed of." It appears to me, that an adequate opinion of London cannot be formed by any stranger in less than a twelvemonth. It would seem as though the various architects were placed in opposition to the dictates of taste. I say so, because not a single public building can be seen to advantage. Look at St. Paul's*—a fit temple to the Living God—and this will appear; the Abbey of Westminster Hall; each and every of these are surrounded by houses trading too closely on their precincts. All are completely sealed volumes to every one, from their propinquity to these mere things of trade, that crowd around them, and clip them of their fair and fit proportions. Had they been placed in any of your noble parks, what city of the past or present times could cope with you? Yet, though I thus declare my opinion of this matter, with the truth, and candour, and manliness, that have always distinguished the family of the O'FLYNNS—whose "last and youngest" I have the honour

* Sorry am I to differ on this subject with my honoured friend and kinsman, Dennis Murphy, Esq.; but differ I do. What possessed him to call St. Paul's an "immense pepper-caster, stuck in a case with two vinegar-cruets?" I fear he made the simile to show his wit.
to be; yet it is declared more in exultation than regret. Mistake me not! as a Briton, I admire the power and the state of London; as an Irishman, with all my recollections of my own dear land, flowing fleetly and fully down the stream of my feeling, I am almost glad that our metropolis has the desiderata that London wants. But we have only the shadow,—your city may boast of the proud reality. We have noble palaces, converted by emigration to inns;*—a custom-house without trade;—a castle without pomp;—a vice-king without state; and a clergy who have only all the fat of the land! We are indeed—

"Fallen, fallen, fallen
From our high degree!"

But a truce to politics, let me avoid these Scyllas and Charibdis's of the soul.

Our's is a land fertile yet poor; our's are a people starving yet generous; the most enlightened theories are our's, and the worst practice; even Washington Irving has allowed that "the Irish are a people of quick and exquisite sensibilities!" When, oh when, will the land bloom again with prosperity and peace? But, Mr. Editor, let us turn from prose to poetry. Did you know I was a poet?---The following I wrote swan-like, in my intervals of sea-sickness, between Passage and the outside of the Cork harbour! This was a glorious time for penning a stanza! !

THE LAMENT OF O'FLYNN.

Yes! let me look a long farewell to thee,
Land of my love! while now the vessel's prow
Is cleaving through the waters, and I see,
Circling thy glorious sky, that radiant bow,
Arc of the Lord! Hope's Iris here below!
But to this heart no gleam of promise springs,—
It sadly feels the bitterness of woe.
Oh! that my soul could soar on morning's wings,
Wafting from earth to heaven its fond imaginings.

But to the clay enchained it must remain;
And from its aspirations may arise
No solace that can cure its deadly pain:
For from the earth it asks no sympathies!
When will it mount and find its native skies?
Yes, when, oh God! will this lone heart have rest?
When will my spirit fleet?—It vainly tries,
Panting in thraldom in my troubled breast,
To wait its path aloft,—here 'tis a fetter'd guest.

And now another pang throbs through this heart:
From thee, my country! do I sadly go;
From thee, unmoved, I never could depart;
To sever from thy charms is deepest woe,
But tears are all our heritage below:
And in my pilgrimage of grief and care
To thee, my lyre! I turn, in high or low;
And whilst the seamen for their path prepare,
My hand strikes out these notes to float upon the air.

* This you won't agree to.—Who asks you?

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Land of my soul!—the heroes' soil! I weeping leave thy shore,  
And though the lightnings flash around, and loud the thunders roar,  
Unheeded are they all by me; their might may still rage on,—  
I only think how lone will be my fate when I am gone.  

For when my memory brings to view the scenes I used to love,—  
The river murmuring by my cot—the bright blue heaven above,  
Oh! wonder not, if deep regret with tears should fill mine eyes,  
And my heart be fraught with grief, and the patriot's sobs arise.  

Land of my love,—my hope—my pride—of beauty as of worth,  
Although I owe thee naught, except that bitter boon,—my birth;*  
And, though my young and sorrowing soul long since was scar'd and riven  
By injuries that have passed away,—or pitied or forgiven,—  

Tho' bitter grief hath marked my course, and sorrow wrung my heart,  
I cannot, from thy bosom's core, without a tear depart;  
It still into mine eyes will spring, and still in sadness flow,  
For busy memory must recall thy name, thy tale, thy woe.  

And when I sadly muse upon the hero-men of old,  
Who led thy fearless children on, the dauntless and the bold,  
What bitter pangs awaken, as standing on their graves,  
I see their land of glory now but a land of slaves.  

The hero's shine is fallen, and the hero's spirit fled,  
The laurel crown no longer wreathes its trophies o'er his head;  
His very name is writ in tears—the tears that nations weep  
When, thro' the vista of long years, they call on those that sleep.  

How can that voice the dead awake, which the living will not hear?  

But, lo! the clouds are veering, and the lightnings flash no more;  
The thunders cease their hollow peal, and all their war is o'er;  
Wild nature's struggles all are past, while still I weep and mourn,  
And sadly view the land to which I never may return.  

From the deck I view thy beauties, as the vessel speeds her way:  
Into the west the sun has set, the twilight dims the day;  
But enough of light remains, oh, thou glorious and thou fair!  
For me to gaze upon thy shores, and mark what scenes are there.  

Tongue cannot tell, nor pen can say, the rapture of delight  
That thrills throughout this bursting heart, as I view thy scenes so bright;  
The evening star has risen; her lustre gilds the land, †  
Shining above the mount and lake, the city and the strand.  
I gaze upon those scenes no more! how could I bear to see  
The fairest pearl the ocean wears—the fairest, yet not free;  
And, thinking on the thing she is,§ and what she once hath been,  
How could I calmly look upon her shores and sky serene?  

* The only gift our country bestows upon us, and too frequently have we reason  
to excrete the hour in which we received it.  
† The missing lines will be supplied when Ireland is free. Till then—  
† It need scarcely be mentioned, that every part of the sea-coast of Ireland is  
eminently beautiful and picturesque. If such beauties strike the eye and captivate  
the mind of a stranger, visiting the land, what charms must they possess for him  
who has sprung from its bosom, and loves it even for its very sorrows!  
§ She is, indeed, as her gifted son, my friend Shea, has said,  

And possesses—  

"A land of beauty and of chains;"  

"The bondage without the redemption of Greece."
And have the chains, the tyrants bound, grown stronger every hour?
Hath man’s heart lost its former glow? man’s arm its former power?
It must be so! or else long since the prowess of thy brave
Had flung thy gyves and fetters as offerings to the wave.

The waves that roll around thee have washed full many a strand,
But none so fair, so green as thine, mine own beloved land!
Well may I weep to leave thee, for I ne'er may see again—
In all the strife and toil of life, this Eden of the main.

Yet, as I cast a lingering glance, hope mingles with my prayer,
That freedom’s sun may shed his beams o’er thee as free, as fair:
When the minstrel’s heart with pride may swell, as, looking o’er the waves,
He sees thy sons who dig no earth for tyrants but their graves!

And if the lyre that here hath given this votive strain to thee
Should ever dare approach the fount of mighty poesy,
Then will my heart remember, that from thee the spirit came
Which could guide my steps through slavery’s cloud to the mighty goal
of fame.

My country! this the lowly lay I sing,
My young lyre’s trembling echoes die away;
Nor o’er the chords will I my finger fling,
No humbler song must sound from it to-day.
The vessel moves her solitary way;
Thy shores are darkly fading from my view:
But of thy memory naught can work decay,—
My soul will be imbued with all thy hue,
And oft, tho’ far from thee, will dreams of thee renew.

“Good heavens,” you will ask, “what is this fellow’s poetry to me?”
Fair and easy, my good sir: if to indulge you I write prose,
I surely may twist a rhyme to please myself. Who knows but I may
soften the tender heart of some of your London maidens to the as
tender passion of love.—Apropos! it strikes me that this passion
is a native of the sea. Primum omnium—Venus arose from the
deep; and next, Lord Byron—heaven bless the mark! says—

“Oh love! no habitant of earth art thou!”

meaning, of course, that he must belong to the other element.—
“ This is a discovery, indeed.” But my pen is worn to a stump, and
my patience, and probably yours, is in the self-same predicament.—
And until a future day, I defer my observations of men and things in
London, to wit—Canning and Co.—Parliament—theatres—Bow
Street—royalty—beggary—St. Giles’s—St. James’s, cum multis aliis,
all equally interesting. So farewell for the present.

Your’s faithfully,

Patrick O’Flynn.

P.S. I forgot to mention that it is my purpose to advertise immedi-
ately for a wife. Indeed, I intend following this plan in every
city I reside in, like the coachman at Bray, who had a wife at every
stage.

* Although not one of those whom the Irish penal laws affect or afflict (for I
am an unworthy Protestant with a Catholic name), yet may I declare my abhor-
rence of a system that flings fetters upon a high-minded nation. Through the
hearts of my friends, the iron enters my soul.
On second thoughts (and the proverb says they are best), I will content myself with thus announcing my intention through your magazine; for a newspaper must have comparatively a limited circulation, whilst your magazine, I suspect, is bethumbed every where, and chiefly by the ladies. A blue-stockinng I won't have, that's poz. And though I write merrily, I am a sad fellow, something between Don Juan and Shelley's personification of himself. The Don is known, so I only subjoin the latter. Let the London beauties exercise their fancies to strike out a happy medium, as my character—

"Mid others of less note came one frail form—
A phantom among men—companionsless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
Acteon-like. And now he fled astray
With feeble steps, on the world's wilderness;
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.'

That is poetry!

Thank you for your attention to res peculiarae—but let me say to you what his Albanian guide said to Lord Byron, "I wish you to love me, not to pay me."

I make no apology for differing in many matters with you as regards opinion. I have so done above, and shall do so always. Free agents, not tied to one settled thing, for me.

P. O'F.

**LOVE IN NEW ENGLAND—A BORDER TRADITION.**

In travelling through the western part of New England, not long since, I stopped for a few days at one of the beautiful villages of that region. It was situated on the edge of some fine rich meadows, lying about one of the prettiest little rivers in the world. While there, I went one morning to the top of a little sand-hill, which commanded a view of the surrounding country. I saw the white houses under the shade of the old elms, the neat painted fences before them, and the border of bright green turf on either side of the road, which the inhabitants kept as clean as the grass-plots of their gardens.—I saw the river winding away to the south, between leaning trees, and thick shrubs and vines, the hills rising gently to the west of the village, covered with orchards and woods and openings of pasture-ground; the rich level meadows to the east, and beyond them, at no great distance, the craggy mountains, rising almost perpendicularly, as if placed there to heighten, by their rugged aspect, the soft beauty of the scene below them. If the view was striking in itself, it was rendered still more so by circumstances of life and splendour belonging to the weather, the hour, and the season. The wide circle of verdure, in the midst of which I stood, was loaded and almost crushed by one of those profuse dews which fall in that climate, on a clear summer's night, and glittered under a bright sun and a sky of transparent blue. The trees about me were noisy with birds; the bob-o'lincoln rose singing from the grass to sink in the grass again,
when his strain was ended; and the cas-bird squalled in the thicket,
in spite of the boy who was trying to stone it out. Then there was
the whistle of the quail, the resounding voice of the pang-bird, the
mysterious note of the pork-driver, and the chatter of swallows dart-
ing to and fro. As a sort of accompaniment to this natural music,
there was heard at times the deep and tremulous sound of the river
breaking over a mill-dam at some distance.

There is an end of gazing at the finest sights, and of listening to the
most agreeable sounds. I had turned to go down the hill, when I
observed a respectable-looking old man sitting near me, on the edge
of a rock that projected a little way out of the ground. At the very
first glance I set him down for one of the ancient yeomanry of our
country; for his sturdy frame and large limbs had evidently been
rendered sturdier and larger by labour and hardship, and old age
had only taken away the appearance of agility without impairing his
natural air of strength. I am accustomed to look with a feeling of
gratitude, as well as respect, on these remnants of a hardy and use-
ful generation. I see in them the men, who have hewed down the
forests and tamed the soil of the fair country we inhabit; who built
the roads we travel, over mountains and across morasses, and who
planted the hill-sides with orchards, of which we idly gather the fruit.
From the attention with which the old man was looking at the sur-
rounding prospect, I judged that he was come to the hill on the same
erand with myself, and, on entering into conversation with him, I
found that I was not mistaken. He had lived in the village when a
boy; he had been absent from it nearly sixty years, and now, having
occasion to pass through it on a journey from a distant part of the
country, he was trying to recollect its features from the little eminence
by which it was overlooked. "I can hardly," said he, "satisfy
myself that this is the place in which I passed my boyish days. It
is true, that the river is still yonder, and this is the hill where I
played when a child, and those mountains, with their rocks and
woods, look to me as they did then. That small peak lies still in the
lap of the larger and loftier ridge that stretches like a semicircle
around it. There are the same smooth meadows to the east, and the
same fine ascent to the west of the village. But the old dwellings
have been pulled down, and new ones built in their stead, the trees
under which I have sat in my childhood have decayed or been cut
down, and others have been planted; the very roads have changed
their places, and the rivulets, that turned my little machinery, are
dried up. Do you see," said he, pointing with his staff, "that part
of the meadow that runs up like a little creek or bay between the
spurs of the upland, and comes close to the highway? A brook for-
merly came down to that spot, and lost itself in the marshy soil, but
its bed, as you see, is now dry, and only serves as a channel to carry
off the superabundance of the rains. That part of the meadow is now
covered with thick and tall grass, but I well remember when it was
overgrown with bushes and water-flags, among which many old de-
caying trunks of trees served as a kind of causeways over a quagmire,
that otherwise would have been impassable. It was a spot of evil
report in the village, for it was said that lights had been seen at night
moving among the thickets, and strange noises had been heard from
the ground—gurgling and half-smothered sounds, as of a living crea-
tunity strangled in the midst of sods and water. It was said, also, that glimpses of something white had been seen gliding among the bushes, and that often the rank vegetation had been observed to be fearfully agitated, as if the earth shuddered at the spot where innocent blood had been shed. Some fearful deed, it was said, had doubtless been done there. It was thought by some, that a child had been strangled and thrown into the quagmire by its unnatural mother; and by others, that a traveller had been murdered there, for the sake of his money. Nobody cared, after dark, to travel the road, which wound about the base of this hill, and thus kept longer beside the edge of the fen than it does now. I remember being drawn once or twice by curiosity to visit the place, in company with another lad of my age. We stole in silence along the old logs, speaking to each other in whispers, and our hair stood on end at the sight of the white bones lying about. They were the bones of cattle who had sunk into the mire, and could not be dragged out, or had perished before they were found. "There is a story about that spot," continued the old man, "which it may be worth your while to hear, and if you will please to be seated on this rock, I will tell it."

There was something in the old man's conversation which denoted a degree of intelligence and education superior to what I expected from his appearance. I was curious to know what sort of story would follow such an introduction; I sat down, therefore, by his side, on the edge of the rock, and he went on as follows:

It is a story that I heard from my grandmother, a good old Dutch lady, belonging to a family of the first settlers of the place. The Dutch from the north river, and the Yankees from the Connecticut, came into the valley about the same time, and settled upon these rich meadows. Which were the first comers, I am unable to tell; I have heard different accounts of the matter, but the traditions of the Dutch families give the priority to their own ancestors, and I am inclined to think them in the right; for, although it was not uncommon in those days, for the restless Yankee to settle in a neighbourhood of Dutchmen, yet it was a rare thing for the quiet Hollander voluntarily to plant himself in the midst of a bustling Yankee settlement. However this may be, it is certain, that, about ninety years ago, a little neighbourhood had been formed of the descendants of both the emigrants from Holland and those from England. At first, the different races looked sourly upon each other, but the daily sight of each other's faces, and the need of each other's kindness and assistance, soon brought them to live upon friendly terms. The Dutchman learned to salute his neighbour in bad English, and the Yankee began to make advances towards driving a bargain, in worse Dutch.

Jacob, or, as he was commonly called, Yok Suydam, was one of these early Dutch planters, and Jedidiah Williams, his neighbour, one of the first Yankees who sat down on the banks of this river. Williams was a man of a hard countenance and severe manners, who had been a deacon of the church in the parish he had left, and who did not, as I have known some people do, forget his religion when it ceased to be of any service to him in his worldly concerns. He was as grave in his demeanour, as guarded in his speech, and as constant in his devotions, as ever, notwithstanding that these qualities in his character were less prized in his new situation than they had been in
Connecticut. The place had as yet no minister; but Williams contrived to collect every Sunday a few of the neighbours at his house to perform the weekly worship. On a still summer morning, you might hear him doling out a portion of the Scriptures, or reading a sermon of some godly divine of the day, in a sort of nasal recitation, which could be distinguished, swelling over the noises of his pigs and poultry, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from his dwelling. Honest Yok read his Bible, too, but he read it in Dutch, and excused himself from attending the meetings at Williams's house, on account of his ignorance of the language in which the exercises were held. Instead, however, of confining himself to the house during the whole Sunday, like Williams, he would sometimes stray out into his fields, to look at his cattle and his crops, and was known once or twice to lie down on the grass under a tree, in the corner of one of his inclosures, where the rustling of his Indian corn, and the hum of the bees among the pumpkin blossoms, would put him to sleep. The rest of the day, when the weather was fine, he passed in smoking his pipe under a rude kind of piazza in front of his house, looking out over the rich meadows which he had lately cleared of their wood, or listening to a chapter of the New Testament read to him by one of his daughters. He was also less guarded in his language than suited the precise notions of Williams; the words "duyvel" or "'donner," or some such unnecessary exclamation, would often slip out of his mouth in the haste of conversation. But there was another practice of Yok's, which was still less to the taste of his neighbour. As was the case with most of the Dutch planters at that time, his house swarmed with negro domestics, and among the merry, sleek-faced blacks, that jabbered Dutch and eat sour crout in his kitchen, there was one who could play tolerably on the fiddle. Yok did not suffer this talent to lie useless. On every New Year's eve, and not on that alone, but on many a long and bright winter evening that followed it, when the snow looked whiter than ever in the moonlight, and you could see the little wedges of frost floating and glistening in the air, the immense fireplace in the long kitchen was piled with dry hickory, the negro Orpheus was mounted on a high bench, and the brawny youths and ruddy girls of the place danced to the music till the cocks crew.—Yok's own daughters, the prettiest maidens that ever ran in the woods of a new settlement, were allowed to acquit themselves exceedingly well on these occasions; but the performances of Yok himself extorted universal admiration. Old as he was, and he did not lack many winters of sixty, whenever he came on the floor, which was generally just before the breaking-up of the revel, the youngest and most active of his guests acknowledged themselves outdone. He executed the double shuffle with incredible dexterity, drummed with his heels on the floor till you would have thought the drumming an accompaniment to the fiddle, and threw the joints of his limbs into the most gracefully acute angles that can be imagined.

Jedidiah, of course, did not suffer these irregularities of his neighbour to pass unrebuked, and Yok always took his admonitions kindly enough, although without much disposition to profit by them. He invariably apologized by saying that he was a Dutchman, that he followed the customs of his countrymen, and the practices of his fathers before him; and that it did not become the like of him to presume to
be wiser or better than his ancestors, who were honest men, and who, he believed, had gone to heaven. The appearance of respect, however, with which he received these reproofs, went far to reconcile Je-
didiah to his practical neglect of them, and a kind of friendship at length grew up between the two settlers and their families. Yok's pretty daughters came constantly to attend Williams's meetings, and Williams's son was a frequent and welcome visiter at the house of the hearty and hospitable Dutchman.

Yok's family, with the exception of the negro domestics I have mentioned, consisted only of himself and his two daughters. Mary, the elder, was somewhat tall, with a delicate shape, and a peaceful innocent look. The climate, and three generations of American descent, had completely done away in her personal appearance all traces of her Dutch extraction, except the fair hair and the light blue eye.—She was a sincere, single-hearted creature, whom the experience of eighteen years had not taught that there was such a thing as trea-
chery in the world. It was no difficult matter to move her either to smiles or to tears, and had she lived in this novel-reading age, she would have been inevitably spoiled. As it was, the poor girl had no book but the Bible, of which there were in Yok's family several copies in the old Dutch letter, and she was forced to content herself with weeping over the fortunes of Ruth and the resurrection of Lazarus. Geshie, her sister, little more than a year younger, had an ap-
pearance of firmer and more sanguine health than Mary, and all that excess of animal spirits and love of mirth, with which youth and high health are generally accompanied. She was ruddier, shorter in stature, and fuller in her proportions than the elder sister, and under the shade of her thick brown hair, her bright eye shone out with a look so arch and full of mischief, that, like the sun in June, it was not a thing to look long upon. The two sisters, though so little alike, were both as kind and good as the day is long, and were acknowledged to be the handsomest girls in the settlement. People, however, were divided in opinion as to which was the handsomer and more agreea-
ble of the two. The greater number gave the preference to the blooming and sprightly Geshie, but James Williams, the son of Je-
didiah, thought differently.

Young Williams, who had come with his father to the new settle-
ment, was a frank, high-spirited, giddy young fellow. He had given some proofs of forwardness in early youth, and his father had set his heart upon seeing him one of the burning and shining lights of the church, emulating in the pulpit the eloquence of Solomon Stoddard, and the sound doctrine of Jonathan Edwards. He had sent him to Yale college to furnish his mind with the necessary worldly learning, trusting to his own prayers and to Providence for the piety that was to fit him for the work of the ministry. But his expectations were wretchedly disappointed, for the young man proved refractory under the discipline of a college, and made so good a use of his opportuni-
ties of rebellion, that in less than a year he was expelled. He came home to read Horace and shoot squirrels, and bear a part in the psalms sung at the meetings for religious worship held at his father's. He could not make up his mind to go back to the labours of husband-
dry, and yet was uncertain to what other course of life to betake himself.
Young men, who have nothing else to do, are apt to amuse themselves with making love. Time hung heavy on the hands of James Williams in the new and thinly inhabited settlement. He wandered the old woods, that stretched away on all sides, till he was weary; he found them altogether too gloomy and too silent for his taste, and when their echoes were awakened by the report of his own fowling-piece, by the cawing of the crow, or the shriek of the hawk, he could not help thinking that these sounds would interest him more, if they conveyed a human meaning. He grew tired of reading Horace in a place where nobody cared for his Latin. At length he would shut his book, and lay his gun on the two wooden hooks in his father's kitchen, and walk down to the house of honest Yok Suydam, where the good Dutchman greeted him with a cordial grasp of the hand, and his daughters with smiles. James was soon master of Dutch enough to tell the story of his college pranks, which usually called a hearty laugh from the old gentleman, a sentence or two of kind expostulation from the elder daughter, and a torrent of good-humoured raillery from the younger. In return for the proficiency which the society of the family enabled him to make in their language, James offered to teach the young ladies English, and the elder readily undertook to be his pupil. As for Geshie, she had no ambition that way; it was, she said, a silken, glowing tongue—the tongue of pedlars and sharpeners, fit only for those who wished to defraud and deceive; she was contented, for her part, with the plain household speech in which she had been brought up—the language of honesty and sincerity. James began to read the New Testament along with Mary, it being the only book with which she was familiar. After getting through with a few chapters, it was exchanged for a volume of Richardson's 'Pamela,' which had then just made its appearance. James had contrived to possess himself of a copy of this work while at New Haven, and concealed it as carefully from the eyes of his father as the quail hides her nest from the schoolboy. He knew, that if it should be discovered, the consequences could be no less than the great wrath of his father towards so graceless a son, and that the offending book would be burnt with fire.

Geshie soon had occasion to pay her sister a multitude of sly compliments on her proficiency in English. She had never known, she said, a tutor so assiduous, nor a pupil so teachable. It was not, indeed, extraordinary that James should fancy himself in love with the prettiest girl in the settlement, nor was it more so that she should be seriously in love with him. The young couple soon understood each other, and Geshie also, although not the confidant of her sister, understood enough of the matter to anticipate a merry wedding, and gay wedding-dresses. The language of Holland has been called barbarous and harsh; in the mouth of Mary, James thought it infinitely more musical than the Latin, and the whispers of affection in her imperfect English seemed to give new graces to his native tongue.—

Their studies, however, were often interrupted by the frolics of Geshie. Sometimes the volume of "Pamela" was missing for several days, and James was obliged to defer his lessons till it could be found; sometimes the master and scholar, on attempting to rise, found themselves fastened to their chairs, and their chairs fastened
together. James was somewhat of a superstitious turn; he had read Mather's "Magnalia," a copy of which by some accident belonged to his father, and had imbibed a deep respect for spirits and goblins. Gesbie was not slow in discovering this weakness in his character, nor in making it contribute to her amusement. She had an abundance of stories of supernatural terrors, and always took care to relate them to James in the evening. On a moonlight night she would tell him of an apparition seen by moonlight, and on a cloudy evening, of a ghost that walked when you could not see your hand. She would then enjoy his evident alarm, as it grew late, and as he looked alternately at his hat and the window. In the mean time, Gesbie, notwithstanding her pretended contempt for the English tongue, was making a progress in learning equal at least to that of her sister. In truth, she was sufficiently indifferent as long as Mary was occupied with the English Testament; but when the first volume of "Pamela" was brought to the house, her curiosity to know its contents prevailed over every other consideration. After that she lost nothing of the lessons James gave her sister; she treasured up in her memory every English phrase she heard uttered; she read "Pamela" by stealth; and her talent for mimicry soon gave her a tolerable command of the English accent.

A year had now passed since James and Mary had become acquainted with each other. The settlement was growing every day more populous, and James had no difficulty of finding companions to cheat him of the tedious hours. There were also the daughters of the new comers, some who might be thought nearly as handsome and agreeable as Mary herself. His affection for her, by a preversity not uncommon in young men who are loved better than they deserve, began gradually to cool; his visits to her father's house became less and less frequent; the poor girl's English studies were woful[ly neglected, and finally discontinued altogether. Once she ventured to speak to him of his altered behaviour; but he gave her an indirect and trifling answer, and, after that, she spoke of it no more. But she felt it not the less deeply; her heart bled in silence and in secret; she became melancholy; was often found weeping by herself, and seemed going into a deep decline. The good old Suydam, who suspected nothing of the true cause of his daughter's malady, after prescribing all the household remedies he could think of, called in the doctor, notwithstanding she protested vehemently against it.—The doctor came with his saddlebags on his arm,—a smock-faced young man just settled in the place, who thought himself happy if his prescriptions did not aggravate the disorder. He examined the patient, seemed to hesitate about her complaint, but, as he was called, he knew his duty too well not to prescribe; he therefore ordered a little valerian, and took his leave. Gesbie, who understood her sister's disorder better than the physician, and knew that it was not to be healed by medicine, threw the drug out of the window as soon as he was gone, and saved her the disgust of swallowing it.

This kind-hearted girl now undertook herself to be her sister's physician. She sung to her all the old songs she remembered, both sad and merry, composed by the mellifluous poets of Holland long ago, and handed down in the American settlements from mother to daughter, for a hundred years at least. She drew her forth to ram-
ble in the meadows, and to pierce the great forest around them in various directions along dark and cool paths, leading to the sunny cultivated openings lately made in its bosom. She collected for her entertainment all the gossip of her neighbourhood, mimicked the accent of the Yankees, danced, capered, and played a thousand monkey tricks to divert her. All her efforts were ineffectual to restore health and spirits to her sister, and she saw, with a sorrow almost increased to despair, that this was only to be hoped for from the return of her lover's affections.

It was now October. The forests around this valley, where there was then little else but forest, had put on their colours of yellow, orange, and crimson; and looked yet brighter in the golden sunshine of the season that lay upon them. The ripe apples were dropping from the young apple-trees by the cottages of the settlers; the chestnut, the oak, and the butternut were beginning to cast their fruit; squirrels were chirping and barking on the branches of the walnut; rabbits were scudding over the bright leaves that lay scattered below; and the heavy whirr of the partridge, as he rose from the ground, told how well he had been pampered by the abundance of the season.

James Williams could not resist the temptation of such fine weather, and so much game. He was absent whole days in the depths of the woods: in the morning you might hear the report of his fowling-piece in the edge of the forest, in the neighbourhood of his father's; at noon its echoes would be sent faintly from the cliffs of that long rocky ridge which bounds the valley to the east. One morning James passed by the house of Mary's father with his fowling-piece. He did not dare to raise his head as he went, nor to cast a look at the windows of the house, lest he should see the face of her with whose affections he had so unfeelingly trifled. He pretended to be very busy about the lock of his gun, until he had fairly passed the dwelling, when he quickened his pace, and was soon out of sight.

—Geshie observed him as he went, and determined to watch his return.

He did not return until after sunset. It was a clear night, except some scattered banks of mist from the river; the moon was shining brightly, and Geshie discerned at some distance the well-known gait of James, and the glitter of his fowling-piece. She saw that this was the moment for the execution of a plan, which she had formed in the hope that it might be of some advantage to her sister, but which she had communicated to no one. A few minutes afterwards, a figure in white was seen stealing down from the house between some high banks so as not to be observed by James, towards the swamp of which I have already spoken, and which is now changed into that beautiful meadow.

It was necessary for James, after passing Suydam's house, to follow the road for some distance along the edge of that swamp. The spot had already begun to have a bad name; the body of an Indian infant had been found in some bushes by the edge, and a drunken German carpenter, who had straggled into the settlement, had lost the road, and perished there in a flood, which covered the meadows, the swamp, and the road itself, with the waters of the river. Among the tales of ghosts and hobgoblins, with which Geshie had formerly
entertained James, were one or two stories of strange sights seen about this swamp, to which, I suspect, she maliciously added some embellishments of her own.

James's heart did not beat with its usual calmness as he approached the swamp. But his timidity rose to fear, and his fear to agony, and his whole frame shook, and a cold sweat broke out at every pore, as he saw a figure in white come out from the bushes, and move slowly towards him. He stood rooted to the ground without the power to fly, but his hands instinctively fumbled with his bowling-piece, as though he would have used it against the object of his fears. The spectre raised its arm with a menacing gesture, and the piece fell from his hands to the ground.—As the apparition drew nigh, he could perceive that it was wrapped in a linen sheet, and the white feet that showed themselves under the lower edge, left him no doubt but that it was the tenant of a coffin who stood before him. He essayed to speak, but his throat seemed filled with ashes; nor was it necessary, for the arm of the spectre was again raised; he saw its eye glistening under the folds of the shroud; he saw its lips move; the words came forth in clear and solemn accents; he swooned, and fell to the ground.

The same evening, as Yok was quietly smoking his pipe by the fireside, and watching the changes in the embers, Geshie entered the room quite out of breath, with an expression of unusual agitation and anxiety on her countenance. She seated herself, and, after a moment's silence, "I have been thinking," said she, "that you are not a very good neighbour to Williams."

"Why so, my daughter?"

"It is so long since you have been to see him. I hope he has taken no offence at it; but, you know, he has not called at our house lately, and James, whom you used to be so fond of, and who diverted us so much, has not darkened our doors for many a long day.

"That is true, girl; I will see Williams to-morrow evening."

"Why not to-night; it is a beautiful night; the sky is so clear, and the moon so bright; it may be bad weather, to-morrow, you know; besides, Williams has really taken offence at your neglect of him; the sooner it is made up between you the better."

"Why, that is true again; and I will even go to-night;"—and Geshie, with a pleasure she could hardly conceal, reached him his hat, and heard him walk away in the direction of Williams's house with a pace quickened by the dampness of the evening air. On the way, Yok found James lying in the road apparently lifeless, and a man who was passing about the same time, assisted in bearing him to his father's house, where, by proper applications, he was soon brought to himself. On his return, Yok related these circumstances to Geshie, who appeared as much surprised and interested, as if she had known nothing of the matter.

To the numerous questions put to him respecting the condition in which he was found, James returned no direct answer, but desired to be left to repose. Sleep did not visit his eyes that night; the event of the evening which he had remembered but faintly on first coming out of the swoon, returned to him in all its circumstances with an impression that grew stronger every moment. Again they seemed present to him; the haunted spot, the spectre, the shroud, the white feet and hand, the gleam of its eye, the preceptible mo-
tion of its lips, and the piercing and solemn tones of its voice.—
Then, also, the fearful words it uttered, returned, one by one to his recollection, and, as they returned, engraved themselves there, as the diamond ploughs its characters on the rock; again he heard himself denounced as treacherous, faithless, and cruel, and warned to escape an untimely end, by a speedy repentance. The morning found him haggard and exhausted, in a state of melancholy bordering on despair.

It happened at this time, that the minister of the parish in which Williams had formerly lived, was on a visit to his old neighbour. Williams, who had been one of the pillars of his church, had implored him so pathetically to come and dispense the word for a season in that destitute place, that he could not find it in his heart to deny him. He was one of that race of excellent old clergymen, of which some specimens yet remain, I am told, in New England, renowned equally for good sermons in the pulpit, and good stories out of it. His round and somewhat florid face was set off by a short fox-coloured wig, and the severity of his brow tempered by the jollity of his cheeks and chin. The clergy, you know, were in those times the nobility of the country; their opinions were oracles, and their advice law. Those were good days, when the farmer sent the best of everything he had to the minister; when every hat was doffed as he passed, and when, in every house he entered, the great easy-chair was instantly wheeled for him to the front of the fire-place, the housewife ran to comb her children, and the husband to broach the best barrel of cider in his cellar. Williams's minister was not a man to abuse the reverence in which he was held; the penitent are always ready to apply to a clergyman, but this good man was also the friend of the unfortunate and the unhappy.

In the morning, as soon as the clergyman was up, James sent for him, and communicated to him the adventure of the night. A long conversation ensued. The clergyman examined James with great minuteness concerning all the circumstances, and satisfied himself of the truth of his story. He then inquired of him if there were any particulars of his late way of life, which might have given occasion to so remarkable a visitation. James hesitated for a while, and at last confessed that he had loved Mary; that he believed he had won her affections; that they had talked of marriage; that he had dis-continued his visits; and that he had been told she was unhappy. Another series of questions ensued, and at the end of the conference it was settled, that James should immediately perform his engagement to Mary, and that the incident of the ghost should, in the meantime, be kept secret between him and the minister.

Mary did not know to what event she owed the return of her lover, for her sister had told nobody of the part she took in the affair. She received him without a word of reproach, but with a countenance in which tears and smiles contended for the mastery. She spoke with sorrow and concern of his altered and haggard appearance, and James wondered how he could ever have ceased to love her. The parents were consulted concerning the match. Yok was pleased because he had always liked James; and Williams, because Yok was the owner of broad woodlands and goodly meadows. An early day was fixed for the marriage. The good parson came all the way
from Connecticut to assist at the nuptials; and the doctor, to whose sagacious prescription Yok attributed the rapid amendment that was taking place in his daughter's health, was also of the party. After the ceremony was over, and the minister had retired, the company adjourned to the long kitchen. A great hickory fire was blazing in the chimney, and the negro fiddler, who had been provided for the occasion, with an associate, was mounted on his bench with the instrument of music at his shoulder. The couples were soon arranged; the bride and bridegroom, in the gayest attire of the day, were at the head; and old Yok himself was on the floor. A November wind was howling in the woods, the old trees creaked and groaned, and showers of the red leaves were driven against the windows; but the bluster without was unheard amidst the merriment within. The black fiddlers threw themselves into the most violent contortions, and drew their bows from the head to the heel at every note. The sound of the instruments, the clatter of feet, the shouts of laughter, the jests that flew rapidly about, taken up by the shrill voices of the maidens, and echoed from the sonorous lungs of the rustic beaux, made the passer-by to stop in amazement. But the guests remembered that it was only a wedding, and at midnight the house was as still and dark as ever.

James did not like the neighbourhood of the place where he had seen the spectacle; and soon after his marriage, he went to settle in one of the villages on the banks of the Hudson, where he long lived quietly and respectably, and where his descendants reside to this day. Geshie was my grandmother by the mother's side, and from her lips I had the tale I have related. It is not known to many, for she never told it until she had arrived at extreme old age, when there were few in these parts who remembered either James Williams or her sister. As for the doctor who had prescribed for Mary, he rose almost immediately into great reputation and extensive practice, from being supposed to have cured a patient in the last stage of a consumption.

THE SPIRIT BARK.

MIDNIGHT's awake, and hark!
I hear the waters dashing!
Saw you yon heaving bark
Upon their bosom splashing?
It seem'd a thing of light,
So gently moving over—
But, 'mid the shining night,
What orbs do you discover?

No orbs are in the sky,
Save one celestial planet:
One boat is sweeping by,
Nor earthly beings man it!
—Yet, see, that shiny star,
Like sigh of young devotion,
Has left its skyey car,
To sleep beneath the ocean.
More Mornings at Bow-Street.

But that ethereal bark,
Where can it, can it wander?
She lights the sea; while dark
Is every wave beyond her!
Say, what the fairy freight,
She bears within her bosom?
What opening myrtles wait,
Around that lovely blossom?

Oh, yes! it is, it is,
The maid I loved the dearest,
When youth's enchanting kiss
Brought love and rapture nearest.
Her brightening eye is pale,
And set her raven tresses,
While every wanton gale
Her lovely breast caresses.

This is the joyless hour—
The first wave rolled above her—
The time when, in her bower,
I first was taught to love her:
And now—a loveless frame—
She points her trembling fingers
To that departing flame
Which o'er the mountain lingers.

It seems to tell that I
Must also fall and perish,
Like those young beams the sky
Will sometimes briefly nourish.
But, she is gone!—Hark! Hark!
She skims the panting water,
And that—the spirit bark,
Bears off a seraph's daughter!

Osc. D. S. L.

MORE MORNINGS AT BOW-STREET.*

The Cockney, like the philosopher's ass, though a grave animal himself, is frequently the cause of much mirth in others. In him is to be found the material of much genuine comedy; great simplicity, great vanity, abundance of absurd self-importance, with a vast quantity of good-nature. Quaint humour is not always wanting, and, though there is a sameness in Cockney-land, the inhabitants are not without their individual characteristics. The butcher is the antithesis of the baker, and no two men can be more unlike than the waterman and Jarvie, alias the hackney-coach-man. This variety of the species in the modern Babylon, leads to frequent collision; and, as every one is dignified in his own eyes, it follows, of course, that grievances are frequently complained of:—hence, applications to the police offices. Imaginary evils, too, sometimes stand in need of redress. Wives are suspected,—children are disobedient,—husbands are hard-hearted,—watchmen are saucy,—and dandies are impertinent. All this is laughable; the daily papers find such food palatable, and accordingly they devote a large portion of their space to the detail of such risible particulars as are elicited before the witty magis-

trates of London. He who could make suitors most ridiculous had the most readers. This was an evil, until Mr. Wight, of the Morning Herald, taught the press-gang that a reporter might write like a gentleman, and tickle the palate of his readers at the same time. Mr. Wight can copy Sterne successfully when he likes, and always gives us burlesque devoid of vulgarity. His reports before us furnish the best possible picture of London life; they give us an accurate sketch of metropolitan characters, from the flying dustman to the consequential black-leg; and, that nothing might be wanted to convey an exact impress of the age and city to future times, Mr. George Cruikshank has lent the aid of his inimitable pencil. The volume contains 25 illustrations by this celebrated artist. Description could convey no idea of their effect; but were we to select one above another, we would particularize for superior humourous conceptions "The Spirits of Wine." In this design Mr. Cruikshank has animated the depositories of the different vinous fluids which steal away the brains of men, while he has given, as it were, to each that motion and action which they are supposed to communicate to those who imbibe them;—a tapering flask of Champaign appears to frisk about with agility on a pair of corkscrew legs; a bottle of Port imitates the drowsy ill-nature of a watchman by sounding his rattle; while a bottle of Burgandy moves off on two tobacco-pipes, with his hands on his sides, as if walking under a touch of the cholick: Hock stands in the attitude of self-defence, and each and every one of the bottles seem actuated by passions and propensities which are respectively imputed to their contents.

The whims and eccentricities of many a Paddy ornament these pages; but, though Mr. Wight prides himself on writing Irish, we can assure him that he cannot report the brogue. His attempts at Irish slang are truly ridiculous.

LIBERTY.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Oh! shame on the wretch who contented can creep,
Through the long way of life, in the garb of the slave:
Oh! shame on the dastard, who calmly can sleep,
When the battle of freedom is fought by the brave.
The daring may die—but dishonour is o'er;
The task-master's taunt can disturb them no more:
The friends who have loved them, in wildness may weep;
The fond and the weak o'er their relics may rave;
But theirs is the slumber all dreamless and deep,—
They taste not of grief in the peace of the grave.

And who would not wish for the peace of the grave,
When the foul gloom of thraldom o'ershadow his day;
When he stands to be spurned by the idiot or knave,
Whom he dreads but despises, and hates but obeys?
When man, in his pride, mars the mandate of heaven,
When the rights known to nature to me are not given;
Oh, then in the cold clammy earth let me lie—
The face of creation no more let me see;
Ere I bear the vile badge of the base, let me die,
For life is not life when we cease to be free.