HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF

O'CONNELL AND HIS FRIENDS;

INCLUDING

RT. REV. DRS. DOYLE AND MILNER—THOMAS MOORE—JOHN LAWLESS—THOMAS FURLONG—RICHARD LALOR SHIEL—THOMAS STEELE—COUNSELLOR BRIC—THOMAS ADDIS EMMET—WILLIAM COBBETT—SIR MICHAEL O'LOGHLEN, ETC., ETC.,

WITH

A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE DESTINY OF IRELAND.

BY THOMAS D. McGEE.

——— "I LOVE agitation, when there is cause for it; the alarm-bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—BURKE.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THESE UNITED STATES,

ESPECIALLY TO THOSE OF IRISH DESCENT,

WHOSE HONESTY, MORALITY, AND INDEPENDENCE, CONFER HONOR ON THEIR NATIVE-LAND,

AND DIGNITY AND BENEFITS ON THEIR ADOPTED COUNTRY;

THIS VOLUME,

AS CONTAINING SOME FACTS WHICH THEY SHOULD KNOW, AND EXAMPLES WHICH THEY MAY IMITATE WITH PROFIT TO SOCIETY,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

The name of my immortal subject has been familiar to the civilized world for nearly forty years. The free of the earth venerate it—the tyrants and task-masters of men hate its utterance, so ominous of the annihilation of their unhallowed caste. Were those who have been benefited by the labors of his life, to assemble in congress, at the call of gratitude, an assembly would be formed without a parallel in all past history. The Asiatic of the Indian Peninsula would leave his rice crops by the banks of the sacred Ganges; Africa would send forth her dusky deputies; the West Indies their emancipated dark men; Canada her grateful reformers, and Europe the noblest of her free and of her fallen races. The voice of Kosciusko, from the tomb, would command some son worthy of Poland, to join the great chorus of humanity, in singing praises to the common benefactor. It would be a testimonial equal to its cause, if all the world were represented, and not otherwise.

It is the character of true greatness to attract greatness, as the magnet draws towards itself the finely-tempered steel. Of this truth, the life of Daniel O'Connell, like that of a very differently constituted hero—Bonaparte—is a strong exemplification, and much of O'Connell's public character and glory will be found to emanate from his "friends."

The age we live in certainly excels all antiquity in the art of making professions, although it falls decidedly behind the past in men of genuine greatness of soul. There is hardly a public man who has earned an eminent character for consistency, although many are distinguished by starting theories, and afterwards tamely suffering them to be

run down by the roused indignation of dominant custom and dogged prejudice. It is cheering to human nature, and promises better things for humanity, to find, in O'Connell, a man who has outlived, in the obduracy of a steady purpose, an unnatural alliance of republican prejudice, monarchical hatred, and religious animosity; who has been forty years before the world, without giving it reason to despise or detest him; who has overturned more than one monopoly of his own government, and aided, with no unfelt hand, the struggles of every cotemporary nation and people aspiring to freedom. If he has undertaken much, he has achieved much. Ireland rejoices in her free altars, and open corporations; England in the abolition of her odious rotten boroughs; the West Indies in the overthrow of the most indefensible and disgraceful of tyrannies, that of color.

The great work of universal emancipation is scarcely commenced. One of the first in the field, amongst those who labored, and thought, and suffered contumely and reproach for its sake, was the Liberator of Ireland. Whoever may live to see the day when slavery shall cease, if happily such a day will dawn upon this globe of ours, will see also, the statue of O'Connell in every free senate—and hear, in every land, the wise and honorable of that age, repeat his story with reverence. Alone, or perhaps side by side with Washington, he will be placed in the first rank of those worthies of all the world, whose souls were uncribbed by custom, and whose benevolent labors were unconfined to any family, or nation of the earth. In him the everlasting Church will claim a champion, unexcelled amid laymen for the severity of his mission. In him Humanity will claim a priest, entitled to administer at her high altar. In him Liberty will boast a model for all her future reformers.

CHAPTER ONE.

The Family of Mr. O'Connell.—His Birth and Education, collegiate and legal.

The O'Connells are of unadulterated Milesian origin. Their history is coeval with that of Ireland itself, and will most probably remain so forever. The present head of the "sept," was, in his youth, as we are told, not unconscious of the value of the honorable fame transmitted by a long line of brave and pious forefathers, for, like his own, their patriotic deeds were numerous enough to transmit some rays of honor to the humblest and remotest of their descendants.

Kerry, the patrimony of the family, anciently styled Iveragh, was an independent toparchy, amenable to the kings of Connaught, in all matters concerning the general welfare of that kingdom. Originally, it appears, this inheritance extended some distance into the adjoining counties of Clare and Limerick; but treachery, invasion, and hospitality, ultimately narrowed its limits, so that it now yields less than £5,000 per annum, nor has its revenue much exceeded this sum at any time, since the memorable rebellion and confiscation of 1641.

The O'Connells have been, from first to last, an agitating family, firm haters of the Saxons, and bold foragers in the hour of national struggle, and ever ready to wipe out in blood any insult offered to their clan. An Irish MSS. preserved in the British Museum, mentions a Daniel O'Connell, who successfully opposed an invasion of the Scotch, on the northern coast of Ireland, in the year 1245. A yet earlier record (for these are early dates in the dilapidated annals of modern Ireland) is preserved, of the courage and patriotism of this family, many of them having fallen on the memorable field of Clontarf, in defence of the standard of "Brian the Brave." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, *the* O'Connell of Iveragh made a treaty with that sovereign, by which he was guarantied the security of his prop-

erty and the enjoyment of his power. The son of this leaguer is mentioned in history, soon after, as High Sheriff of Kerry. When the last monarch of the Stuarts besought the land he had repeatedly injured, for support against one he had too pliantly conciliated, John O'Connell of Iveragh, raised a regiment of his clansmen, and poured out of his mountain fastness, to aid the dethroned monarch at the Boyne. In that desperate struggle between a wise knave and a foolish one, which stained the ill-fated field of Anghrim in Ireland's true regal blood, and reddened the broad waters of the Shannon, and flooded the banks of "Boyne's ill-fated river," the O'Connells remained firm to the royal weakling, and suffered, as all the best blood of their land have, by that enterprise. The remnant of their regiment, sailed with Sarsfield to France; some returned to Kerry, but the vast majority lay dead on the battle-field, or cold within the ramparts of Limerick city. In the lapse of two generations, Derrynane Abbey, the old residence of Iveragh's toparchs, passed into other hands, and ultimately crumbled into dust, in mournful consonance with the fortunes of its rightful possessors. The present abbey, which is of modern date, stands near the ruins of its venerable predecessor. Its doors are ever open to the stranger, the board is laden as of old, and the vintage of foreign lands, and the usequebaugh of the mountains, are offered as liberally as any O'Connell of the olden time could wish.

Of that portion of the family who emigrated to France after the evacuation of Limerick in 1691, several rose to eminence in the service of various continental powers. Their names, rendered illustrious in many a bloody field of Austria and France, rang through their native isle, cheering the hearts of their kinsmen, and warming others into emulation. The last of eminence disappeared a few years ago from the stage—Count Daniel O'Connell, uncle to the more illustrious bearer of that name. This veteran had had the singular fortune of being a general in the service of France, and a colonel in that of England at the same time. At the period of Bonaparte's return from Elba, he entered the English army, and received a colonelcy, the duties of which command he continued to fulfil, until Charles the Twelfth mounted the Bourbon throne by the right of a legitimacy, too painfully evident in the sequel of his reign; he was then restored to his rank and command. Count

O'Connell was, we believe, a Huguonot, and has left behind him, the reputation of a brave officer.

The father of the Liberator, Morgan O'Connell, of Carhen, mingled the high blood of these illustrious soldiers, with that of a race no less celebrated in the annals of Western Ireland. His mother was a daughter of the O'Donahoe Dhuv, or the black chief of that clan, whose banners for ages had waved over Killarney from the summits of an hundred hills; whose bugles for the early chase, or trumpets for the battle, were for centuries re-echoed from the deep glens of the "Eagle West," and the valleys of Mangerton and the Reeks. His wife was Catharine, daughter of John O'Mullaine, of Whitechurch, Co. Cork; he was one of twenty-two children by the same mother, more than half of whom lived to the age of eighty years and upwards. At the time of Daniel's birth, he was far from opulent, but possessed nevertheless a sufficiency to keep up the honor and dignity of his house, and to bestow upon his sons, John, Daniel, and James, the advantages of a continental education. This, however, was a matter of necessity, not choice; for, according to the brutal penal code, no Catholic could educate his child in Ireland, without being chargeable of felony. The character of Morgan O'Connell was that of an easy and plain country gentleman, without arrogance to those of humbler state, and above the meanness of courting the smiles of men, whose greater wealth was their only claim to distinction. He was a model of the old Irish gentleman —fond of the chase—partial to the follies of his tenantry—a fond father, and a reproachless husband.

The 6th of August, 1775, is ever memorable in the annals of Ireland, as the birth-day of her Liberator. The house in which this event occurred, yet stands, although in a ruinous condition; the roof has fallen in, and the wall-flower shakes in every blast on the crumbling eaves. It stands apart from the village of Cahirciveen, at a short distance from the highway, which no traveller passes, of high or low degree, without pausing to gaze upon the classic spot, where was born the Washington of Europe. The year of 1775 is one memorable in the annals of Freedom. In that year America entered on her long and glorious war with Great Britain; in that year Henry Grattan entered the prejudiced and dependent Irish Commons, whom, after a seven years' war with prejudice and patronage, he enfran-

chised; in that year, Daniel O'Connell was born, to be the saviour of his people. Some coincidences in history seem as if directly ordained by Providence, and of that class I know none more worthy of remark than the one I have just mentioned.

Of the childhood of Mr. O'Connell little more is remembered than that he was of a bustling and intrepid nature; fond of physical exercises, as most healthy children are, and full of pranks and playfulness. His first, and only Irish tutor, was an aged priest, who often partook the hospitality of his father's house, and who, as he became more enfeebled by age, made it in great part his residence. He was one of those, numerous in his day, who suffered a lingering martyrdom for his faith; not a martyrdom which causes death, but one which, instead of taking life away, spares the existence it has rendered burthensome. A man of black-letter knowledge, patient and self-denying; one who had suffered too much to love the world and its ways, but who prayed too much to hate either. A Christian, in the truly evangelical meaning of the word, since his faith in Christ Jesus brought him but sneers and persecution. A scholar, whose views were all impregnated with the salt of sound theology, and whose manner of instruction was often tinctured with the solemn gloom of the cloister. Such was the first priest, with whom the future Emancipator became acquainted, and it would be idle to deny that this good man's character had deeply impressed him with that high admiration, amounting almost to reverence, ever manifested towards the clergy, and that lively sense of the necessity of a Christian life, the practice of which is one of the most glorious traits in his character. The instructions of this good man, however, were chiefly elementary; his pupil at an early age was sent to the French college of Louvain, and afterwards removed to that of St. Omers, where, under the teachings of the Jesuits, he acquired that self-control and regularity of habits, that profoundly Catholic cast of mind, that sound theological knowledge, and that invincible logic, which the libellers of Ireland, and the enemies of his faith have often confessed in the bitterness of defeat.

Saint Omers was then a favorite resort of Irish students; the descendants of the old Irish emigrants in France chiefly frequented it; and it must have been a glorious sight to behold the amity which subsisted between these two branches

of the old Milesian tree—the one flourishing in a free foreign soil, the other preferring to stand on Irish ground, in defiance of every storm, still aspiring under the multitude of its chains. In all their games the French-Irish portion of the students sought out the countrymen of their brave fathers; in their studies they clambered up the steeps of fame together, and woe be to him who breathed a word of reproach against Ireland or France within the walls of St. Omers.

Mr. O'Connell, it is said, had been intended by his parents for the church, but he felt within himself the promptings of a different mission, and with the courage of a true Catholic, feeling by anticipation, the responsibilities of the priesthood, he firmly expressed his determination not to enter on a profession for which he considered himself incapable. Notwithstanding this, he ever admired the character of his much reviled instructors, and truly may we believe him when in his old age he exclaims to the Premier Earl of England—"I love the Jesuits—I honor the Jesuits."*

Many anecdotes are related of the student life of O'Connell at St. Omers, and some of the best have stolen into print. One of the least current, is that of his having fisticuffed a young student, who protested strongly against such an ungentlemanly mode of arranging a quarrel; "*attendez un moment*," said O'Connell, and going to his room he brought forth his sword and pistol, offering his adversary either, as the only *pair* of weapons in his possession. The Frank, however, declared himself for peace, and the affair ended. Whilst he was at college the Jesuits frequently corresponded with his parents, and one, who seemed to have taken a peculiar interest in his progress, represented him from the first as an extraordinary youth, who loved power, and who would rise to eminence by daring and honorable enterprizes. Thus truly, did "the child become the father of the man."

O'Connell studied in France in the days of the tremendous Revolution, which not only shook that country in every part—which overturned the throne, trampled on the nobles, rooted up the deep foundations of Catholicism, laid in the days of Pepin, and hardened in the storms of a thousand years—but set all Europe in commotion, inflaming the

* Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, p. 1.

literati, terrifying the great, and intoxicating the mechanics and the toilsmen. Like a silver speck on the heavens, the nucleus of a tornado, it met the eyes of millions who gazed with admiration upon the gentle purity of the God-sent avenger; but soon it spread forth its lurid wings from horizon to horizon, darkening all above, and wrapping all below in ruin and desolation; filling all space with reverberations of the work of havoc. The young student of St. Omers looked forth with a steady and statesmanlike gaze, on the phenomena at work around him; with a heavy heart he saw the grand theory of freedom swept away in blood-spilling, and in anarchy, and even then he must have felt the necessity of a far different and far better system of revolution. He must have felt that on ruined altars, squares crowded with scaffolds, and streets inundated with blood, Freedom could never look down without horror; and that any indications of a movement which might tend to such scenes in Ireland, have always met his unqualified denunciation, is not strange.

Having completed his education in France, Mr. O'Connell returned home, but was obliged, as an Irishman, to study his profession—that of law—in London. He therefore entered himself of the Middle Temple, where it was only remarked of him that he was a good humored Irishman, and an attentive student. After spending the usual time in attendance on the courts of law, he returned to Ireland, and was admitted a member of the Irish Bar, at Dublin, in the Easter Term, 1798.

The Irish bar was still in the glory of its independence—there was buoyancy in the national heart, and a generous emulation ran through the senate, the bar, and the press. The voice of Curran was heard in the four courts, drying the tears his pathos had caused. The sonorous and terrible energies of Plunkett, "the Wellington of the Senate," still shook the accuser, the criminal, the jury, and even the bench, at will. The silver tones and gorgeous figures of Bushe were there in meridian brilliancy, "charming a verdict by the silent witchery of his manner." The morose, yet unfathomable mind of Saurin, rich alike in logic and in learning, made another giant figure in that group of colossal jurists; while, pressing hard after them in the career of fame, came a younger, and scarcely less noble race—Holmes, Thomas Addis Emmett, Louis Perrin, and O'Con-

nell. Such was the school to which the pupil of St. Omers came—already rich in learning, skilled in elocution, and subtle in debate. Here his first Irish lessons were received, and assuredly he has done no discredit to his instructors.

Just at the time of his admission to the bar, the projected revolution of the United Irishmen exploded; thus teaching him another painful lesson in the science of reform. Had he resided in Ireland in '97, and the previous years, it is probable that he would have entered, with the ardor of youth, into all the perils of a physical contest. But when he arrived from London the train was laid, the match was lighted, and all was completed for a rising. He was already a skeptic in the efficiency and justice of military means to effect political changes, and, happily for Ireland, he survived the exile and executions of the Emmetts, Tories, Fitzgeralds, Orrs, and Russells, to do with other weapons what they had dared to do in spite of the gibbet and the convict ship.

In his twenty-third year he had the singular advantage, to a statesman, of witnessing the beginning and the end of a successful revolution, and an unsuccessful national revolt. It was in this period of unparalleled suffering when the most sanguine scarcely dared hope for the welfare of the country —when the Catholic cause was saddled with all the blame of this unfortunate project—when the props of national independence were one by one silently withdrawn from its support by the fratricidal Castlereagh—when the civil tribunals were closed, and public meetings dispersed at the bayonet's point—that DANIEL O'CONNELL vowed before God to devote his energies to his country, and its altars, and to live but for the emancipation of both. What venal heart could prompt such generous adventure? What sinister design could raise up a volunteer in those disastrous days? Certainly there was nothing to gain, and much—life, friends, fortune, and perchance reputation—to lose, by confronting the insolent foreigner, who had prostrated Ireland lower than ever, and spurned her as she lay, covered with the blood of her devoted heroes.

CHAPTER TWO.

The Act of Union.—O'Connell's Opposition to that Measure.—Robert Emmett.—Review of the Catholic Question in Ireland.—Rt. Rev. Dr. Milner.—Commencement of the Veto Controversy.—Suppression of the Catholic Committee.

The year of 1799 is noted in Irish history for the discussion of the projected legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, emanating from the ministers of the former power, and strenuously opposed by the patriotic members of the Irish Parliament, in both houses. It is often asserted that the Irish Union was a compact made by mutual consent—but the fact of the standing army being 130,000 strong in 1800, and but 74,000 in 1798, during the strength of insurrection, conclusively shows that the means of repressing popular opposition to the act, were considered needful to insure its passage under any pretence.

Many meetings, notwithstanding, were convened, and the mercantile classes of Dublin, especially, were strenuously opposed to the baneful measure of legislative extinction. Lord Castlereagh and his followers had more than once hinted in the debates, that the Catholics of Ireland were in favor of the Union, and to make truth out of their assertions, they held out emancipation as a result of imperial liberality. To disprove the imputation thus brought against them, the Catholics of Dublin called a meeting at the Royal Exchange, on the 13th of January, 1800, where a large number attended, and several spirited resolutions were unanimously passed. It was at an early stage of this meeting that Major Sirr, the hireling of the Castle, and the butcher of the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald, followed by his Janisaries, entered the meeting, and demanded a copy of the resolutions to be read to him. When this was done, and while the bayonets were yet glistening in the hall, a young barrister, robust in form, of an interesting countenance, rose to support their spirit and meaning. The eye of the Irish Marat was glistening upon him. It was his

first public speech, when, as many years later he confessed, "he trembled at the sound of his own voice." As he proceeded, he waxed warm and energetic, and every sentence that fell from his lips, though nothing but peace was spoken, was emphasized by the most treasonable bitterness. There was a boldness, more of manner than language, in his delivery, a feeling, as it were, of his own strength, which he could not conceal. He spoke not long, but with much effect. "I would rather," said he, with a noble vehemence, "see the whole penal code re-enacted than consent to the legislative extinction of Ireland." This young advocate of nationality, and defender of Catholicism, was the future Liberator.

But in despite of all that eloquence could do—of Grattan's words of fire, and Plunkett's thunder, and Curran's most beautiful protests—in despite of all that genius could urge, and talent and intrepidity undertake—the legislature of Ireland was basely, infamously bartered away, and her senators sat in the council chambers of another land, amongst strangers, where her voice could not reach their ears, nor her miseries appeal to their senses.

There were many of the young men of Ireland, who felt goaded to indignation by this act. When they thought on the glories of Dungannon, they blushed; and when they heard of Grattan's triumphs abroad, and looked upon the empty senate house which he had purged eighteen years before, the tears of vexation streamed upon their cheeks. Their fathers had possessed a constitution nearly akin to freedom—they had representatives, who, with all their faults, were national—were Irishmen. It is not wonderful that the youth of a people, proverbially sanguine, should thus have regarded a change from independence to provincialism, from glory to slavery, from plenty to utter want. But of the number who most lamented this foul consummation, history loves to record, with peculiar honor, the names of two—the one Robert Emmett, and the other O'Connell. No two men of the present century, more truly recognized the great principle of disinterestedness; none so closely approached the ideal of patriotism; neither feared for the frowns of placemen, nor of the employers of placemen; both had hope in the native virtue of their downcast countrymen. The only marvel is, that agreeing so well in the premises, they should have differed so widely in

the means of achievement. Yet honor to the man who nobly died—who perished with his country, when he found it impossible to save her! However his judgment may have erred, every fibre of his heart, and every faculty of his vast mind, was responsive alone to Ireland's woes, and employed exclusively in attempts to ameliorate them. Soft be the turf upon his ashes, and reverent be the mention of his name on Irish lips, for assuredly, when the good and bad of all the world, and of all time, shall throng to judgment in the dread Jehosaphat, there shall not arise from the earth nor from the sea a purer-intentioned man than Robert Emmett. If, however, differing from him, Mr. O'Connell preferred to live for his country in chains, to watch over her first returning hour of courage, to catch the faint spark from her soul, and nurse it into a flame, which should overspread the land, and melt down the brazen pillars of ascendancy, in its ardor—who shall refuse to him an honor equally deserved, and more wisely earned? On devoting himself to Ireland, he found two great reforms necessary, viz., the emancipation of the Catholics, who were more than seven eighths of the population; and afterwards a combination of Catholics, Protestants, and Dissenters, in order to attain a repeal of the obnoxious Act of Legislative Union. To establish freedom of conscience in the British empire, to re-create a Senate, and raise a Constitution from the dead, were the vast projects of his young mind; and equally honorable to his courage and his liberality, is the manner in which he has followed up those designs, against all sorts of disheartening obstructions.

A knowledge of the state of the Catholic question, the first labor of the Irish Hercules, at the time he became by common consent its head and front, is indispensable to the due appreciation of the magnitude of his undertaking. Laws of a proscriptive nature, framed upon the sole plea of creed, had been long accumulating on the English statute books, against the Catholics of the empire generally, while several were exclusively against the Irish Catholics. Of the former number were those denying their admissibility to seats in the legislature, to all offices under the crown, and denying them the right of publicly attending Catholic worship, or harboring a Catholic clergyman; these grievances were exaggerated in Ireland by the addition of others forbidding Catholics to educate their children at Trinity College, (the only univer-

sity,) or *at all* within the realm; and disabling them to hold real estate, if known to be frequenters of a Catholic church. To these causes of complaint we might add many others, equally tyrannical, narrow and unchristian. When the Irish Parliament obtained its independence, in 1782, its most able patriots beset themselves to carrying out a repeal of these laws, which, as volunteers, they had solemnly resolved to do, in the Congress of Dungannon. The emancipators of that assembly were more able than numerous, and for some years after they obtained perfect self-control, so many and such weighty questions of international policy were broached, such as Simple Repeal, the Commercial Regulations, the Pension List, and the Regency, that the Catholic cause was not immediately advanced. There cannot, however, be any doubt, but that, if it were not for the union, emancipation would have come to Ireland twenty years sooner than it did at last. Meantime the subject was not neglected, nor did its great advocates, Grattan and Yelverton, suffer it to cool in their custody. There is no record of a session in which these illustrious men did not introduce the subject for discussion, and, year after year, new proselytes were gained, and the minority at last was fast approaching a tie, when the act of union sent its Irish advocates to plead before a less genial audience. They obtained, however, in 1793, a bill empowering Catholics to be educated within the kingdom, and in Trinity College; of taking apprentices and of being admitted to the bar; "the old millstone still being about their neck," says Plowden, "the want of the elective franchise and a fair trial by jury."* It was not long before this period that the plan, afterwards so successful, was adopted by the Catholics, I mean that of co-operating out of doors, by meetings, addresses, and petitions with their friends in Parliament. The Irish legislature had always guaranteed freedom of speech, and the friends of emancipation had resolved to make good use of that inestimable weapon against wrong. They organized and agitated; they poured in petitions to Parliament and to the sovereign, and appointed Richard Burke, son of the immortal impeacher of Hastings, as their agent in London. They induced the lethargic Catholic nobles to join them, who in most cases were a greater obstacle than an assistance to the labors of the ener-

* British Empire, p. 178.

getic. They obtained, later in this same year, (1793,) on the recommendation of the king, another bill, the only part of which, however, really worth thanks, was the title; for, after setting forth that it was to be "A Bill to make it lawful for Papists to hold *any* civil or military office under his Majesty," it commenced a list of *exceptions* so extensive as to take in everything worth having, from the lord-lieutenantcy of Ireland, to a sub-shrievalty. But then it admitted them to the *elective franchise and the trial by jury.* Even this instalment, poor as it was, met with violent opposition from the Lord Chancellor, (Clare,) and was opposed even by the Speaker, (Foster,) a man otherwise of good reputation for liberality. Its great advocates, however, with the aid of many worthy coadjutors, forced it through Parliament after a stormy and protracted debate. These were the only benefits which the Irish Parliament, in its independence, conferred on the Catholics of that country; but even these were promissory of further and wider concessions. As to what it attempted previous to its independence, it is hardly worthy of a moment's consideration. Although Brooke, Curry, and O'Connor wrote, and Wyse, and one or two other men of property, agitated, the lethargy of the Catholic nobles, and the cry of "No Popery," were still too strong for their efforts at amelioration. True, in 1762, they were empowered to lease "*unprofitable bogs*," and in 1778 some portions of the "Act to prevent the increase of Popery" were repealed. But to return to our narrative:—the engine of legislation, whether dependent or defective, was at last totally demolished, and the bold spirit of the people found a dying vent in the spasmodic outbreak of 1803. For a time they lay utterly stricken and hopeless, not daring to raise their eyes to their new rulers, much less to address them. At last, the old system of Wyse, in 1760, and of John Keogh, in 1793,—the system of a Catholic Committee,—was resuscitated, rather than founded, and Lords Fingal, Gormanstown, Trimblestown, and French, Sir Thomas Esmond, Bart., and a few Esquires undertook to hazard the experiment once more.

In consequence of the concession of 1793, Mr. O'Connell did not find himself the only Catholic at the junior bar, and more than one of his brother jurists entered as warmly into the contest as himself. They never lost sight of their degrading position for a moment, but whether in the crowded

assembly, or the social meeting, were ever ready to try their fortune at proselytizing. Of the most prominent (though they all did not enter the vineyard at the first hour) were Messrs. Hussey, Clinch, Scully, and Shiel. It may be supposed that the clergy, who were the most deeply concerned in the struggle, were not unwilling to lend a hand in bearing its brunts; and we find, therefore, the names of Dr. Dromgoole, Dr. Troy, and Dr. Milner, and later in the battle, those of Drs. Doyle and McHale, amongst the most prominent actors in the agitation. These three powers—the nobles, the barristers, and the clergy, took form in 1805, but were so rent by divisions, and agueish with their dread of plain-speaking, that they could hardly be said to exist until 1808. In May, of that year, Lord Fingal reached London, with a lengthy petition from the Catholics of Ireland, on behalf of their committee, which was presented on the 26th of May, by Henry Grattan, in the House of Commons, and by Lord Grenville, on the following night, in the Lords. These gentlemen simultaneously announced to the Parliament the astounding piece of information, that if the prayer of the petition was granted, the Catholic hierarchy would thenceforward and forever allow the sovereigns of Great Britain a veto, or negative final voice in the choice of all the bishops within the realm. Both gentlemen spoke with the words of authority, and there can now be little doubt but that Lord Fingal, the honest, easy, weak-minded delegate of the Catholic Committee, had given Messrs. Grattan and Grenville to understand, that an arrangement of such a nature might be effected; as he also did Mr. Ponsoby. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind, that the origin of these declarations is involved in much obscurity, which even Mr. Wyse, in his history of the Catholic Association, has not been able to penetrate. Subsequent events showed that Mr. O'Connell and the Irish bishops were free from any hand in the base proffer of such an anti-Catholic concession.

At this period Dr. John Milner, an English Catholic divine, of vast erudition and indomitable spirit, was the agent of the Irish bishops in London. His name has already become familiar in the church—his writings are amongst the most approved classics of Catholicism, and his memory will long be reverenced in the British empire, for the highly important part he played in the enfranchisement of the

Catholics. In person, it is said, he was plain and almost repulsive; in address blunt and unconciliating, but the rough rind of the gourd held within the purest milk of human kindness, and encased the kernel of an immortal genius. He had been a scholar from his infancy, a priest from early manhood, and a controversialist of enviable fame, for many years. He was a man without fortune, save in the riches of his library, and without ambition but in the dissemination of the faith which was so firmly seated in his own soul. Had he lived in the palmy days of Catholic unity, he would have been the Chrysostom of the West. Under the pressure of penal bonds, he has reached a niche, side by side with those of Bossuet and Doyle. In all respects he was a powerful pillar of the church—a rough-hewn one to the eye, but having within the adamantine stamina of a Loyola, with the ability of a Ganganelli. His name is written upon the tombs of the penal laws, and, assuredly, his fame shall not pass away.

Dr. Milner was born in London, in 1752, educated at Douay, and admitted to holy orders in 1777. Returning to England, he officiated for some time in London, and afterwards in Winchester. The first occasion of his literary exertions was in the celebrated "Blue Book" controversy against Mr. Charles Butler, and the "Protesting Catholic Dissenters," or Association of Anti-Catholics, of high rank, in England. The object of this association was to persuade Catholics that they ought to appoint their own bishops, to take the oath of allegiance, and, in short, to become Protestants *de facto*, that they might be free from Catholic oppressions. A party of this despicable nature had been gradually growing up in England when Dr. Milner returned to his native country; he saw at once the magnitude of the evil, and the urgency of redress; the following year, his pamphlets came down upon the brooding trimmers as a heron pounces on a lake covered with wild-fowl, and lo! each one screamingly took wing and fled into obscurity. In 1791 his paper, called "Facts relating to the Contests among the Roman Catholics," completely annihilated the "Protesting Catholic Dissenters," of whom we hear no more.

In 1798 appeared his erudite, and now far-famed History of Winchester; in 1803 he was consecrated Bishop of Castabala, and appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Midland Dis-

trict, in England; in 1801 he published "Case of Conscience Solved; or, the Catholic Claims proved to be compatible with the Coronation Oath;" in 1807 he travelled through Ireland, and on his return to London was appointed parliamentary agent to the Irish Catholic bishop; a duty of which he so honorably acquitted himself, that he frequently received their thanks, and those of the Catholic Association. On his return from Ireland, he again entered the lists against Mr. Charles Butler and the Catholic aristocracy, in opposition to their favorite scheme of a *veto*. The only remaining works of Dr. Milner, to our knowledge, not previously enumerated, are, his "End of Religious Controversy," published in 1818; "Strictures on Southey's Book of the Church," and his "Parting Word to Dr. Grier."* Besides these, there are several published letters of his, which, we believe, have not heretofore been collected, with prefaces to some Catholic books, notes, &c. &c.

Dr. Milner died at Wolverhampton, on the 19th day of April, 1826, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He has been justly styled the "Modern Athanasius," and there has been found no sentence in his multifarious writings which the church wishes to disavow.

The morning after the debate in Parliament, in which the veto proposition was put forward by Mr. Grattan, Dr. Milner published a card disclaiming all agency in the new lure held out to dilatory justice; that he did not censure Mr. Grattan, is sufficiently evident from the beautiful tribute to his worth and eloquence which afterwards appeared in his admirable "*Letters from Ireland.*"

When the news of the veto proposition reached Ireland, a shout of universal opposition was raised against it, and with such terrific energy was it denounced, that many *soi-disant* friends of emancipation trembled for the result. The laity were justly alarmed, the clergy roused to defence. A national council of the hierarchy was immediately assembled, and twenty-three of twenty-six prelates eagerly voted for a resolution directly contradicting the assumption that they would ever place so sacred a power in the hands

* Under this name (his brother-in-law's) the Archbishop of Dublin (Magee) attacked Dr. Milner, concerning certain passages in the "End of Controversy." The Archbishop suffered as complete a defeat from this luminary of the English church, as he did from J. K. L., a twin brother, of the Irish hierarchy.

of the sovereign. Lord Fingal attempted a contrary demonstration, and secured four signatures to an address which he prepared in support of the veto. These, like himself, were lords of a peculiar stamp, who were much more anxious to sit in the upper house, and dine at the table of kings, than to preserve the independence of their spiritual guides. In the petition of 1809, the slightest hint of any such concessions on the part of the Catholics was distinctly avoided, and the resolutions of March, 1810, wherein the Irish clergy asserted their venerable and never-ceeded independence, gave to their opposition a still firmer aspect. This open variance between the old Catholic nobility and the hierarchy, was daily widening to a breach, when an event took place which crushed the old organization of the Catholics—drove some to lethargy—silenced the controversies of others—and left Daniel O'Connell the sole leader in a troopless field, the pilot of a ship without crew or compass; I mean the suppression of the Catholic Committee, by Wellesley Pole, then Secretary for Ireland, and since Lord Maryborough. This was effected by enforcing the "Convention Act" of 1793, originally framed by the famous Lord Clare, against the united Irishmen and defenders. On the meeting of the Catholic Committee, in 1809, Lord Fingal and other members were arrested, and Mr. Kirwan and Dr. Sheridan were tried before Chief Justice Downes, for violation of the law regarding public assemblages. The defence was conducted by Mr. O'Connell, and, though the packing of a jury for the purpose of a conviction was notoriously evident, still Kirwan and Sheridan were acquitted. They, then, at the instance of their victorious counsellor, instituted a prosecution against the Chief Justice, which, as was to be foreseen, ended only in a vexatious acquittal of that functionary, a result tantamount to a reversion of the former verdict. This prosecution, however, although it failed in securing obnoxious individuals, gave to government a temporary triumph in the terror it had caused in the Catholic body, and the gradual falling away of the most prominent members of the Committee.

At that time Mr. O'Connell had been twelve years in Dublin, and the Committee had been in existence five. He had been the great lever of the people. He had worked in the wake of Fingal and Dr. Troy. He now saw that his probation had closed, and that he must step boldly forward

and uphold the tottering fabric of emancipation, which otherwise would inevitably fall. The hazard was great, but the prize even more so; and, girding up all his strength, as one who embarks on a perilous journey, he bravely took the post of danger, anxiety, and labor, resolved to leave it but in death, or crowned with success. The members of the shattered Committee, with O'Connell at their head, assumed the title of "The Catholic Board," and entered vigorously upon the new contest. Every member of the new board was an anti-vetoist, and if it possessed less titles than its prototype, the Committee, it had certainly more energy, and far greater effect upon the destinies of the great Catholic question.

CHAPTER THREE.

The Catholic Question continued.—The Veto Controversy in England.—Richard Lalor Shiel.—Rome and the Veto.—Father Hayes.—His Career and Character.—His Death.

The Catholics of England had given before this time but few and feeble responses to the invitations tendered them by their brethren of Ireland. They were indeed a body far from powerful; weak-minded, low-spirited, and almost ashamed of the faith, they could neither resign nor defend. The vast majority of their clergy, and all the Catholic nobles of England, with two or three honorable exceptions, were in favor of the veto; consequently the truckling policy of Lord Fingal and his friends had found favor in their sight. Great and influential as Dr. Milner was amongst his Catholic fellow-countrymen, he could not infuse his own Catholic spirit into their grovelling souls, nor make his potent voice heard above the din of ten thousand minor advisers. In the different views which they took of this important question, we see the strongest illustration of that temper, which has rendered all attempts at an amalgamation of the Catholics of Ireland and England most unprofitable and painful to their common friends. The Irish, more severely and systematically persecuted; deprived of prop-

erty; shut out from education; their priests hunted, banished, beheaded; their hereditary leaders in exile, or impoverished, with all lost but an independent spirit, which no law, no administration, could extirpate,—boldly and at once denounced the vile project, and declared their undying hostility to the principle on which it was founded. In so doing the laity vied with the clergy in the emphasis of their reprobation. In England, on the other hand, the Catholics, few in number, but rich in lands and heraldic honors, had received treatment of a less demoniac nature. True, the day had not long passed, when Lord George Gordon, the commander-in-chief of a miscreant rabble, had pillaged their churches and residences in London, under the very eyes of the Parliament and the Court. True, those yet lived, who remembered the illustrious Challoner, hunted from door to door, and forced to offer the divine sacrifice of the altar in a filthy ale-house, under pretence of social meetings with his flock. But these grievances were confined to the *canaille* of English Catholicism, and to those Irish missionary priests, who chose to lead such a life of perpetual persecution, to save the souls of porters, laborers, and other unimportant persons. The Surreys, Howards, and Talbots, who yet held old England's faith, as well as old England's legitimate nobility, felt not these stinging oppressions. The legation of every Catholic court had its chaplains in London, and the iron walls of Allnwick and Alton could conceal a priest with impunity, while the mud walls of the Irish peasant's shed were no barrier against the bloodhounds of religious fury. The influential Catholics of England were, as we have said, vetoists; the majority of the English hierarchy agreed with them; and if any one amongst the mass was opposed to its being so enacted, his voice was drowned in the opposing torrent, or his lips self-sealed in deference to superiors, temporal and ecclesiastical. With the exception of the Irish Catholic peers, the Channel may be said to have divided the Catholic body into vetoists and anti-vetoists. The controversy began to look serious—the brotherhood, so necessary in the attainment of Emancipation, daily disappeared in mutual recriminations, while the enemies of religious equality laughed to scorn the foolishness of its friends, and chuckled over their suicidal differences.

Such was the state of feeling among the emancipators of the empire, when the Catholic Board came into existence;

in 1810, and for the three years ensuing, little or nothing was done, on either side, but the issuing of pamphlets and the making orations for and against the veto. In the mean while, the enemies of Catholic enfranchisement were not idle. Several pretended a sudden conversion to the cause, but to range themselves with the anti-Catholic or veto faction, inciting its members to further breaches, and rejoicing over its prospective ruin.

At this time appeared in the Catholic councils a young man, two years beyond minority—Richard Lalor Shiel, a native of Waterford. Like Mr. O'Connell, his father's fortunes had reached at his birth almost to the zero of prostration; like him, also, he received his education in most part from the glorious Jesuits. He had studied at Stoneyhenge, where, encircled by the young Catholic nobles of the empire, he rose up to a prematurity of fame, such as few men of original genius have attained in their boyhood. At nineteen, he was as famous in his academy, as Hortensius in Rome at the same age, according to the panegyric of Cicero. It was here, beyond doubt, that his mind was first crippled into that aristocratic mould, which only the tropic rays of the most intense popular demonstrations have been able to dissolve from around it. Here, in the gorgeous dreams of his ambitious youth, was the germ of a spurious feeling laid, which nothing but chance and insult had prevented from flowering into indolent luxuriance beneath the genial star of high-born society. Here, rambling through the druidical pillars, burthened down with the long accumulating load of centuries, with the first-born of England's most exalted families as his companions, his imagination was carried captive by the obstinate aristocratic genius of a land, which has stolen away more than one illustrious disciple from democracy. But between him and nobility there was a fearful obstacle, or rather two of almost paramount difficulty. He was an Irishman and a Catholic. The son of a country without name, flag, or senate—the child of a church, without patronage in this world, yet chained and pressed down with the most perverse assiduity. A Christian separated from, and trodden on by all others. A subject, yet regarded as a slave and a pestilence in the state. Even in his boyhood he was too proud to change his creed or deny his country, and too bold not to hope that these burdens, now hanging like millstones around his neck,

might yet become stepping-stones, bearing his footsteps to eminence and renown. That he might be ennobled by achieving such two-fold celebrity, he gave up a mind rich in stores of imagery, acutely and intuitively logical, dwelling with nearly equal delight on the honeysuckle and the night-shade, displaying by turns his hoards of sweets, and the infallible poison of a deathly sarcasm. His industry was a strange mixture of the wasp and bee; his mental complexion incongruously formed of the most seductive beauty, and the most terrible ferocity. All antiquity was rifled of its bitterness and its splendor. Prætors, archons, usurpers, tyrants, were modeled out in the world around, and having given them Roman power and Roman tyranny, he borrowed the weapons of the dead satirists and tribunes, wherewith to demolish the inheritors of the vices and the ambitions they had scourged of old. A most excellent linguist, and by instinct eloquent, he found himself insensibly on the track of every mighty mind that has swayed the democracies of ancient time, or left its tokens of existence among the tangled by-ways of ancient history. With a keen and headlong haste he rushed forward in the pursuit, and before other men begin to study popular eloquence, Shiel came forth upon the world, to rule the rudest of Ireland's peasantry, in a Roman toga, with a wand of Greece.

From Stoneyhenge Shiel went to Trinity college, and there graduated, but with no peculiar honors. He then commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1814. It was, however, in the two preceding years that he laid the foundation of his literary and political fame. While yet a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he was entered in 1811, he composed in rapid succession, the brilliant tragedies of "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," "Bellarmina," "The Apostate," and "Evadne." Connected with this pillar of his reputation is an anecdote, which, for his own sake we wish it were in our power more adequately to explain. The late celebrated writer, and scarcely less eminent patriot—John Banim, submitted his glorious tragedy of "Damon and Pythias" to the supervision of Mr. Shiel; and to the great surprise of the author, on its parentage being publicly and repeatedly attributed to that gentleman, he rather admitted than denied the rumor. From a brother Irishman, this was certainly very reprehensible treatment. It is a fact generally received, and one which does as much credit to Mr.

Shiel, as the foregoing (if true) is discreditable, that the accomplished and reproachless actress, Miss O'Neil, took many of her lessons in attitude from the author of the "Apostate." Mr. Shiel's fame as a dramatic writer is based upon his own imperishable genius, and it is no little addition to our large stock of national vanity, that of the few really good tragedies recently introduced upon the English stage, three fifths at least are the productions of Irishmen.*

On the 10th of December, 1813, he entered the Catholic Association, with his already high reputation upon a brow of extremely juvenile aspect. His *debut* on that celebrated occasion, in his speech against the resolution proposed by Dr. Dromgoole, asserting the independence of the Irish Catholic church, is one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of the Catholic question. The Irish vetoists hailed him as an apostle of their cause, but the clergy and the people, while they admired and applauded the singular power which had enabled him, at the very outset of his career, to cope single-handed against such gigantic minds as O'Connell and Dr. Dromgoole, were nevertheless not a little grieved and chagrined at its misapplication. When he had closed a maiden speech, unparalleled, we will venture to say, in either ancient or modern times, "the Atlas of the Association," rose to reply; and for many a day, O'Connell and Shiel, on opposite sides of the question, were tugging like giants in the contest, pressing logic, wit, rhetoric and facts into their several arguments, with a reckless prodigality, which would have left bankrupt any other minds in the empire. It was, like the combats of Homer's immortals, unseen in the eminence of inspiration, yet the thunders of their strife surged louder and louder over the land, rivetting the public mind on the magnificent spectacle, and filling the air with their alternate notes of victory. In years and girth of mind, in the firm dogmatism of a rigid resolution, Mr. O'Connell stood like a rock in the deep sea, whilst his

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that in this catalogue the *Gysippus* of Gerald Griffin, the Damon and Pythias of Banim, the Alasco of Sir M. A. Shee, the Virginius and Tell of Sheridan Knowles, and all the plays of Shiel, find place. We might extend the list to comedy, and be equally gratified in enumerating the productions of Tobin, Knowles, Lover, and Mrs. Gore. Assuredly, the land of Congreve and Murphy did not cast away, at their birth, the die of excellence in which she had moulded them.

antagonist waged a Parthian warfare, steel-clad from head to foot in the shining robes of an exhaustless invective, with but one vulnerable spot, and that in the unsoundness of the ground on which he planted his standard, not in the heart or the head of the champion. The latter had his partizans, but the former had the whole nation at his back; therefore he triumphed, but the first hour of victory was that, likewise, of the downfall of the Catholic Board. Shiel and his friends deserted it, and the more violent anti-vetoists, having now no one to contend with, gradually sunk into their former indolence, leaving O'Connell and one or two others alone. In 1814 the Catholic Board disappeared from the public eye, and nine long years of unmitigated anguish to the Irish nation, was the penalty of the veto controversy. During this interregnum many events of importance to Ireland, and of course connected with the life of O'Connell, took place, which we shall briefly glance over.

The Catholic Board had hardly sunk into the repose of annihilation, when a rescript, addressed to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, signed by Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Quarrantotti, conceding to the sovereigns of England a veto over the appointments of Irish Catholic bishops, reached the laity and clergy in their lethargic sleep. A meeting was immediately called in Dublin, a remonstrance drawn up on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, and Richard Hayes, a Franciscan friar, was appointed ambassador, on their behalf, to Rome.

This gentleman was born in the historic and ancient town of Wexford, in the year 1787. His family were and are respectable, not only for their comfortable circumstances, but the integrity of their character, and the charity of their hands. From boyhood, the future ambassador gave indications of extraordinary ability, quickness, and sagacity, qualities which no Irish Catholic parent ever considered as thrown away in holy orders. During the terrible scenes of 1798, when the streets of his native town were drenched in blood, and its hearths left desolate, or became the biers of their unburied possessors, his young mind did not sleep. Another tinge of care came upon his thoughtful face, for the boy was already a patriot. In 1802 he went to Rome, and after studying for the priesthood, in the college of St. Isidore, was duly ordained, and afterwards admitted to the order of St. Francis. After an absence of nine years he

returned to his country, rich in theological lore, and eloquent above any other ecclesiastic of his years. For three years he officiated in Wexford, where his name is never mentioned but in a tone of awe and reverential love. In 1814 he removed to Dublin, to the universal regret of those he left behind, who addressed him as a bereaved family might be supposed to apostrophize a dying and darling parent. "Do not leave us," they said, "dear father. You are one of us; remain in your native town, and we will endeavor to live worthy of so good a pastor." The dictates of duty, however, were stronger in the young ecclesiastic's heart, than the yearnings of nature, and he departed, amid sighs and benedictions, never to return. No sooner had he appeared in the metropolis, than all ages thronged to hear him. Amongst others, came the great agitator, himself. He saw in the young divine, then but in his twenty-seventh year, a mind of no common order, a resolution and a dignity of bearing, a cautiousness and a fervor, which struck many a responsive chord in his own feelings. From that moment O'Connell resolved to enlist him in the cause of emancipation, and he found the gifted Franciscan nothing loth.

On the arrival of Quarrantotti's rescript, the Rev. Mr. Hayes was accordingly despatched to the eternal city, where he arrived towards the end of October, 1815, with the written remonstrance of the Irish Catholics, and with discretionary powers to defeat the machinations of the vetoists and the intrigues of the British ministry.

His after history, alas! is briefly told; and therefore, we will tell it here.

On his arrival in Rome, he was presented by the superior of his order, to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to several of the sacred college. Amongst those cardinals, whom he found most favorable to the object of his mission, was the celebrated Gonsalvi, father of the Papal Constitution, of 1816, which abolished the last fragments of feudal prerogative in the Roman States. But the vetoists had long filled the ear of Pope Pius with representations of the refractory character of the Irish Catholics; and the independent carriage of Father Hayes, who felt himself the exemplar of his country and her unchanged creed, was artfully twisted into a want of the due respect, ever to be shown to the successor of St. Peter. The ambassador of the Irish Church was ac-

cordingly arrested, and afterwards ordered to depart the city, which with all humility he obeyed. He returned, with one satisfaction; Quarrantotti had been frequently reprimanded by his Holiness and the Cardinal Secretary of the Propaganda (Cardinal Litta) for his rescript. Of him, Father Hayes wrote in one of his letters to the Irish Catholics—"He is an aged and weak man, and is in compassion allowed still to countersign the rescripts of the Propaganda."

When the Irish Catholics heard of the treatment of their deputy, and saw him return in ill-deserved disgrace, they drew up a strong, yet respectful remonstrance to Rome, which rather augmented the power of the vetoists in that city, and drew from the Pontiff a fatherly rebuke. But the firmness of the Irish hierarchy triumphed, and they were once more preserved from the shackles of ministerial patronage.

Mr. Hayes did not again come before the public until 1821, when, being in London, on the morning following Mr. Plunkett's proposal of "A Bill of Pains and Penalties," he opposed that sinister mode of emancipating the Catholics, in a document of great power, which sealed its fate forever. It was at this period, that his "Vetoistical Catechism" appeared, in which all the authorities of all ages were searched throughout, and human reasoning lavished in building up opposition to the odious and much dreaded measure. In 1822 he commenced the publication of his admirable sermons, so universally read and admired in the church. In 1825 he was one of the *ten* originators of the Catholic Association, but in the following year consumption, which, "like a worm in the bud," had been undermining slowly but incessantly his constitution, at last overpowered him. On the 24th of January, 1824, he died at Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, and his mortal remains were honorably laid in *Pere la Chaise*.

Thus in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and the twelfth of his celebrity, the most eloquent of modern Franciscans departed from this world. He was a man of meek and humble character, without pretension and without pride, a ripe scholar, a powerful reasoner, able, untiring and poor. His sermons are amongst the best of the Irish pulpit, and will not blush by comparison with the most admired of the French. His services to Ireland were many and important; a young man forced into an arduous and delicate

embassy, he conducted himself without reproach, and failed without dishonor. To Rome he was deeply and ardently attached, and it is ennobling to see how truly catholic was the spirit in which he protested against feeling any want of respect to the chair of Peter. On the reply of the Pontiff to the remonstrance of the Catholic body being read at a meeting in Dublin, Mr. Hayes rose, and spoke thus, in relation to the censure it contained, of his course.

"By faith a Catholic; by ordination a priest; by obedience a child of the Holy See; I bow with unhesitating submission, respect and veneration, to the centre of Catholicism and source of ecclesiastical subordination, the vicegerent of Jesus Christ. I solemnly declare, that I should choose death, rather than allow any private or personal feeling or consideration to betray me into the slightest contest with or disrespect towards the authority and dignity of the head of the Catholic Church, Pope Pius the seventh. My tongue shall never utter a syllable of complaint, nor my pen trace a line of vindication; for lest scandal should arise, in the words of the prophet, I exclaim. "first take me up and cast me into the sea."

On another occasion some priests in America, chafing against authority, invited him amongst them, to become their patriarch and head. But he spurned the insulting proposal, laid it at the feet of his spiritual superior, and eloquently reprimanded those from whom it came.

So deeply impressed did the Sovereign Pontiff become with the lofty character of Father Hayes, that he was repeatedly urged to accept ecclesiastical preferment; but, no; he was amply rewarded for his anguish of mind, in being restored to Rome's esteem, and he died a friar. Beautiful unity! Happy subordination! Truly must their faith be evangelical, and their religion unalloyed by the world, who can thus suffer, and thus remain faithful!

CHAPTER FOUR.

Mr. O'Connell's Personal Career.—Duel with D'Esterre.—Challenge from Sir Robert Peel.—Kerry Election.—Endeavor to establish a National Party irrespective of Creed.—George the Fourth visits Ireland.—Formation of the Catholic Association.

Mr. O'Connell stood higher than ever in the estimation of the Irish people, not only from his hostility to the veto, but because he was made the mark for the bullets of an assassin, hired by the Dublin Corporation, and for the challenge of a detested Irish Secretary, Mr. (now Sir) Robert Peel.

As duelling is a practice alike to be reprobated and detested, it is well to understand the particulars of these quarrels, the former of which ended in the death of the challenger, but the latter was fortunately prevented; from both, we will find, the personal character of Mr. O'Connell came forth unstained by cowardice,* as it was free from crime.

The corporation of the city of Dublin, by their notorious bigotry and partizanism, had drawn down upon themselves, more than once, the satire of Mr. O'Connell. At a Catholic meeting in Dublin, on the 21st or 22d of January, 1815, he had called them "a beggarly corporation." To resent the indignity, and rid the Protestant ascendancy party, at the same time, of the only man in the kingdom before whom they trembled, was the pious thought which immediately suggested itself to their outraged worships. On the 26th he received a demand for explanation, signed, "N. I. D'Esterre," who stated himself to be one of the corporation

* I am aware that Mr. Willis, in his "Pencillings," has asserted, on the authority of Moore, that Mr. O'Connell was, by nature, a coward. It has been long settled, however, on both sides of the Atlantic, that all is not gospel which Mr. Willis has preached in his time, nor is it to be questioned that a gentleman who could report private conversations, might, in the matter of pencilling, draw from a fanciful design.

thus stigmatized, and professing to consider it as personally applicable to himself. This gentleman had been an officer in the navy, but had retired, and become a merchant, in Dublin. He was an unerring shot, a noted duellist, and a violent partizan. Two or three notes passed between the parties, and then for a day or two nothing further occurred. Mr. O'Connell gave his word of honor to Mr. Justice Day, that he would not be the aggressor, and was therefore allowed to go at large. In the meanwhile D'Esterre dogged him in the streets, and was in the act, on one occasion, of going into the Four Courts, to offer him personal violence, when he was met and stopped by Mr. Richard O'Gorman, a prominent emancipator. The first note from D'Esterre had been written on a Thursday, and it was not until the Wednesday following that the meeting took place, showing the most fixed determination on the aggressor's part. On the 1st of February, at forty minutes past four in the afternoon, the combatants stood upon the ground, at Bishop's-Court Desmene, Kildare Co., at the distance of ten paces, each with a pair of loaded pistols, one or both to be fired. D'Esterre was accompanied by Sir Edward Stanley, Barrack Master of Dublin, and Surgeon Peel, while Surgeon Macklin, and Major McNamara, of Clare, (his second,) were with Mr. O'Connell. The word was given, the seconds fell back a few paces, and D'Esterre was mortally wounded. Two days later the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last, a sacrifice to the preservation of an unworthy faction.*

In the August of the same year, in consequence of some expressions used by Mr. O'Connell at a public meeting, a hostile correspondence took place between Mr. Peel and that gentleman, which, however, ended as it had begun. Mr. O'Connell was arrested and bound to keep the peace within the kingdom; they then agreed to go to the continent, but Mr. O'Connell was again placed under arrest on reaching London. Much controversy occurred relative to this affair,

* Mr. O'Connell immediately settled a handsome annuity upon the widow of his fallen antagonist, which she has ever since continued to receive. This conduct contrasts most favorably with a fact, well known in the best informed Dublin circles, that the Corporation had bound themselves to pay the family of Mr. D'Esterre, a certain sum, if he should fall in the conflict—an obligation which they never fulfilled; thus truly proving themselves deserving the epithet, D'Esterre had died to wipe away.

but the only plausible or fair conjecture is that some friendly Argus kept the police on the *qui vive*, to prevent the shedding of valuable blood. Enough has been written to prove Mr. O'Connell's personal courage, and his love for peace; his vow against duelling needed the former quality as much as the latter, in a state of society, and in scenes of such danger, as England and Ireland presented thirty years ago.

In digressing upon the personal career of Mr. O'Connell, we cannot omit alluding to his standing, at the bar. On almost every case of consequence he was engaged on either side. He regularly went the circuit, and was always retained against the crown, in cases smacking of political offences. In some of these pleas, he was truly masterly and overwhelming; in the defence of the "Whiteboys" of the south, for agrarian offences; in the defence of Mr. McGee, of the DUBLIN EVENING POST, for libel on the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, and in various other cases belonging to the same class, he was invariably the victor. He knew more of the Irish character than any other man, except, perhaps, the illustrious Curran; his style of examining a witness, like his style of pleading, was all his own—original in every bearing. The happy mixture of humor and severity, the same dexterous boldness, and manly love of a joke, was immediately applied to the person before him, after a moment's careless prelude, in which he had grasped the length and breadth, the depth and strength of the mind upon which he had to operate. By the overpowering influence of his will, he effected a mental somnambulism, during which the victim of his genius confessed involuntarily all he wished to have known. Himself tenderly alive, as ever was man before, to the charms of domestic life, he pleaded, with surpassing pathos, the case of a parent or an only child. Himself loving Ireland, as few Irishmen had done before, he expanded into the majesty of a dictator, when the theme was to be followed into the gloomy recesses of the national heart. Himself a Catholic, rigidly sincere, and sanguinely enthusiastic, he felt all the holiness and greatness of his task, when he had occasion to speak of the faith of the apostles. At the bar, as in Parliament and in the public assembly, no man could listen to the tones of his voice, whether gay or sad, passionate or playful, without being smitten by his sincerity,

and carried captive by his energetic zeal. It has been well said that "he was not only the advocate, but the partizan of his client."

The chief public act of Mr. O'Connell's life, next succeeding the Catholic meeting, held on the return of the Rev. Mr. Hayes, in September, 1817, was the agency he took in the Kerry election, consequent upon the dissolution of Parliament in the following year. In supporting the claims of the Knight of Kerry, against the Ascendancy candidate, Colonel Crosbie, he delivered one of the most splendid orations which was ever uttered from the lips of man.*

In 1819, a dinner was got up in Dublin, for the purpose of uniting both Protestants and Catholics, at which Mr. O'Connell drank, "the pious and immortal memory of William of Orange," toasted the Lord Mayor, and kept his tongue off the Corporation. In return, the Lord Mayor eulogized the stewards, (Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel,) and the few Protestant gentlemen present endeavored by courtesy and mutual concessions, to banish the symptoms of failure which were evinced by certain empty seats. The movement, unhappily for both, expired still-born, and the throne of anarchy was further propped up in Ireland.

The visit of George the Fourth, in 1821, to his Irish subjects, raised once more their hopes, filling them with the most sanguine notions of speedy emancipation, which were again destined to be disappointed. Lord Fingal was presented with "a yard of blue ribbon," the only boon offered to the Catholic body. Mr. O'Connell was one of a deputation to present an address to the monarch, and was, of course, most graciously received like the others, by the heartless "Vitellius," who knew how to smile and hate at the same time. It was in reference to this, as he regarded it, slavish reception of the head of the House of Brunswick, and in retaliation for Moore's "meddling with his dear Carbondri," that Lord Byron penned his bitter, yet beautiful satire on the Catholic leaders and the Irish people generally, in which these stanzas occur:

* Hush, in his voluminous and ill-arranged Memoirs of O'Connell, (London, 1836,) publishes, by some singular oversight, several pages of a written address of Charles Phillips to the Electors of Sligo, as the peroration of O'Connell's speech at the Kerry election! The whole address is to be found in the collection of Phillips' speeches.

Wear, Fingal, thy fetters! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments, his, and thy country convince
That a moment like this is worth ages of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest young prince."

Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?—
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves who now hail their destroyer with hymns?

The reception of the king was indeed far beyond his deserts. A sensualist, in the most unqualified sense, he could not appreciate the rich tide of affection which the Irish nation rolled at his feet; neither would he, as an honest tyrant, command them, Canute-like, to be rolled back. By nature lecherous, by education obstinate, inveterate habits of dissipation had seared his heart all round and to the very core; so that there was no chord which the hand of humanity could thrill, no feeling which a noble sentiment could count upon for support. A son, undutiful and headstrong; a husband, foresworn and faithless; a friend, who regarded men as toys to amuse his leisure hours, and to be cast off, from any whimsical cause; he was a monarch only amongst libertines, and the sovereign scoundrel of his age. Yet, he professed to love the land of Sheridan as he had loved her sons, and in the end that profession was found to be true. While the cheers of her peasantry were ringing in his ears, he blandly smiled; whilst the glorious mansions of her old nobles held wide their gates to admit him to fairy scenes, he praised her; to the Dublin aldermen he was prodigiously polite, and to the castle belles the "rascaliest, sweetest young prince." But the channel once between Ireland and himself, the people, the nobles, the civic authorities, even the matchless maidens he had paid homage to, no longer held a place in his remembrance or his affection. George the Fourth had neither for the grievances of his subjects, for he had them not for his bosom friends, nor for his wives.

But a new star is dawning over the land, fairer than any of the delusive hopes of the past. It did not shine from the mansions of nobles, nor over the palaces of kings, but in a humble bookstore, up three pair of stairs, in the city of Dublin, with but ten witnesses of its ascent, and some of them very unwillingly so. It was in May, 1823, that

O'Connell and Shiel met, without previous design on either side, at the house of a mutual friend in the county of Wicklow, where a hearty reconciliation took place between them. It was then and there resolved to found an association, whose members should pay a small subscription annually, to be called the Catholic Association, but at the same time to take in men of all creeds, who approved of its objects. On the 25th day of May, 1823, the last Catholic Association was formed in Coyne's bookstore, Capel street, Dublin. A preliminary meeting had been held, at which a committee was appointed to frame regulations for the Association, and the following gentlemen were its members: The O'Connor Don, Sir Ed. Bellew, D. O'Connell, Nicholas Mahon, Eneas McDonnell, Richard Shiel, R. Lonergan, and Messrs. Callaghan, Scanlan, Oldham, and Hay. Such are the immortal names of the founders of an association, which soon planted its tributaries in America, in India, in Australia, and the remotest corners of the earth; which strangled, in its worst form and most strongly fortified position, the foul centaur alliance of church and state, which gave freedom to Christendom's old church, and swept away from the greatest empire of our times, a favorite system, founded in the morning of its greatness, allied to all its modern glories, planted on every inch of its new territory, and flowing through every channel of its greatness; a system on which, for three centuries, the British senate had propped itself up; which had accompanied her victorious generals, and become as the shadow of her fortunate flag. At first the Association was a feeble infant, but its growth to maturity was rapid, and the industry of its working members could only be surpassed by the energy of its several champions with the pen and the voice.

CHAPTER FIVE.

Sketches of eminent Writers on the Catholic Question.—Right Rev. Dr. Doyle.—Thomas Furlong.—"Honest Jack Lawless."—Thomas Moore.

The Association had no sooner been fairly a-foot, than the attention of the whole country became rivetted upon its progress. Its two orators—O'Connell and Shiel—were long known to the people, as men of surpassingly great genius and the most profound sincerity in the Catholic cause. Others there were of various prominence, but these were such favorites that the Irish heart could take in no other idols. The people were never wearied of travelling to hear a speech from either; the newspapers were considered worthless if the question—"Is there anything from Dan, or Shiel?"—should be answered in the negative. Eloquence, in savage or in civilized society, must be felt, and will find its weight—but it is particularly formidable, if orally delivered, and in times of revolution. There arose, also, from the people of Ireland, champions of different device and weapons, but of no less zeal, and little inferior strength, to guide and goad, by turns, the free longings of the nation. Of these great pensmen, some must necessarily be overlooked in our limited space; I have chosen four names, however, not alone for their greater celebrity, but because their walks of usefulness were widely apart, and their advance characteristic of themselves. Each one's life might be the subject of a volume of fruitful narrative; but to them all, we can give only one poor chapter.

Thomas Furlong was born in the barony of Scarawalsh, convenient to the ancient town of Ferns, in the county of Wexford, in 1794. His father was, in the country phrase, a "snug farmer," who gave him a liberal English education to fit him for commercial pursuits, to which end he was sent to Dublin as an apprentice, at the age of fourteen. Unlike poor Dermody, he attended punctually to business, and was loved by his employers for his gentleness and attention. Soon after the publication of "The Misanthrope,"

his first poem, in 1819, Mr. Jameson, an eminent brewer of Dublin, bestowed on him a confidential office, which gave him a handsome return, and allowed him every opportunity for prosecuting his mission as a patriot-writer. His first effort having ran through three editions, stimulated him to further labors: and in 1824 he published the PLAGUES OF IRELAND, A SATIRE.

Previous to this time, he had made the acquaintance of Moore, Lady Morgan, and Charles Robert Maturin, all of whom entertained for him the highest regard, and in their several circles, were of much assistance to his reputation, which they took an honest pride in establishing. He also contributed extensively to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1822 had projected the *New Irish Magazine*. He became deeply interested in the progress of the Catholic question, as well from an innate love of justice, as from being himself one of the number of proscribed Christians in a Christian land. His pen was often employed, and his purse as freely produced its aids. He was master of that terrible gift, which few of our writers possessed or exercised in verse—the gift of portraying men's innermost thoughts, follies, and weaknesses, in language as apt as the effect was evident. Since the days of Swift, there had been little satire written in Ireland, and that little was of a character most unworthy of its subjects. Moore had just opened a new vein, in which he displayed wonderful powers of ridicule, and brilliancy of fancy; but he could not be said to belong to the legitimate school of satire. He seized upon the foibles of nobles, and dandled them with the mischievous activity of an unvicious schoolboy. He never grappled with their darker passion—with the criminalities of the court of the fourth George, or the bitter antipathy of the Eldons and Percivals to everything like concession. He had too many flowers in his chaplet already, to covet a wreath of henbane. It was left to another to shed poison in the cup of the oppressor; and he performed this duty with terrible liberality. There were few so high as to escape his destroying potion. *He* had never basked in court sunshine—had never dispossessed the lap-dogs of fashionable countesses—had never courted the smiles of the effeminate skeletons who called themselves the nobles of the land. He had been nursed amongst the people—was little given to romance, and less to gallantry. His nature was transfused through his writ-

ings; frank, bitter, terse, and direct in his attacks, he came upon the castle hacks and demagogues of the land, like the destroying angel smiting with a sword of flame. He came not to ridicule, but to exterminate. He has left us this portrait of the then viceroy:—

"Talk not of Wellesley! though there was a time
When that high name stood forth in prose and rhyme!
Talk not of Wellesley! who that saw his day
Of more than regal pomp, and sovereign sway—
Who that hath marked him in his time of pride,
Of hosts the leader, and of realms the guide;
When the crushed nabobs shuddered at his name,
And millions bowed before him as he came;
The source of power, the organ of the laws,
The mark at once for envy and applause—
Who that hath viewed him in his past career
Of hard-earned fame, could recognize him here,
Changed as he is, in lengthened life's descent,
To a mere instrument's mere instrument;
Begirt with bigots, and beset with fools,
Crippled by Canning's fears, and Eldon's rules;
Sent out to govern in his sovereign's name,
Yet clogged with those that thwart each liberal aim;
A mournful mark of talents misapplied,
A handcuffed leader, and a hoodwinked guide;
The lone opposer of a lawless band;
The fettered chieftain of a fettered land?"

It is chiefly on the merits of this poem, that many biographers have agreed in assigning to him the title of the *Irish Churchill.* In this, however, Furlong committed a great fault in coupling the agitators with the enemies of the land, but one which he more than redeemed by the energetic co-operation which he lent them, after being convinced of their sincerity. Nor was he an unrecognized advocate of religious toleration; the great leader of that struggle declared him "a thorn in the side of the enemy," and at its termination, his portrait was engraved for the Catholic Association, in common with those of Moore, Byron, and Shiel.

As on this work his reputation chiefly rests, we cannot refrain from indulging our disposition to extract a couple of passages further, indicative alike of a just conception of the satirist's office, a faultless versification, and an ardent patriotism.

Amongst other characters distinguished in "Saint" Farn-

ham's train, was the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Magilligan, a small beer poet and a foaming apostle to the Gentiles. Of him Furlong gives a finished sketch :—

"Lo! as his second, in these troublous times,
Comes crazy Graham, with his ribald rhymes;
View the vile doggrel, slowly dragged along,
To mock at grief, and sneer away a wrong.
Mark how he stoops, laboriously to drain
The last low oozing of his muddy brain,
Until at length, as champion of the cause,
He gains his end—promotion and applause.
It comes! 't is his—his object from the first—
'T is his! and now let Popery do its worst;
The low-born crowd may toil to swell his pride,
'T is his to take—to triumph and deride;
'T is his of new-framed acts to make the best—
To jeer his slaves, and call his faith a jest;
'T is his to grasp what cant or craft hath won;
'T is theirs to strive, to struggle, and pay on.
View this, ye dolts, who prate about the poor;
View it, ye scribes, and say, shall it endure?
View it, ye race, who reason from the past,
And ask your hearts if such can always last."

The following glorious passage, in relation to the intolerant Orange factions, the poorer classes, and the insensibility of the government to the state of the nation, will conclude our selections from this, alas! too rare poem :—

"Name not the 'Gang,' let no harsh truths be told
Of those whom senates in mute awe behold;
Breathe not a fault! perchance, ere drops a sound,
Their air-drawn hosts may rise and hem thee round;
Their mustered myriads may be poured along,
And by some thrust, or hedge-shot, stop thy tongue;
Bludgeons or bottles may adorn each hand,
And blazes, blows, and bluster scare the land;
Great is their power! think how the lodgers run,
Though none had e'er began at number one.
Great is their power! nay, turn and gaze again
On the black brethren of Cathedral Lane;
On the lean race who snatch a scanty pay
From hammering nails and Popery through the day;
On those who stitch, and those who mount the loom,
Round Mitre Alley, or along the Coombe;
On those half shod, half shirted, and half fed,
Who steal at night to deck the Dutchman's head.
Great is their wealth! say, can their stock be small,
When twelve and six-pence came from Donegal?
Great is their learning! though some letters tell
That even their great Grand Masters scarce can spell;

Great is their zeal! their piety! and great
That cant which links their cause with Church and State.
* * * * *
Let Brownlow talk—let Dawson trumpet forth
The deeds that grace the myriads of the North;
Let raving Lees prolong his holy lies,
And Goulbourn plead, and Peel apologize;
Let riots spread, let murders still increase,
And long processions blast the hope of peace;
Let oaths be sworn, or added marks be told,
More dark, more fearful, than they seemed of old;
Let lodges curse the country and the town—
Still, late or soon, the faction shall go down.
Yes! though connivance makes endurance long,
Still truth works onward, and her light is strong;
Though sloth or dulness makes oppression sure,
Necessity itself must bring the cure;
Though caution comes, and slowly cries, 'Forbear!'
There 's something drowns that warning—'t is despair.
Yes! if the dolts who rule, their aid withdraw,
Man stands self-armed—'t is nature's leading law;
If those who govern, still betray their trust,
And will not act, a tortured people must!"

But in another character than that of the political poet, we find him equally patriotic. As the translator of Carolan's Remains, Thomas Furlong is an exception in the history of Irish genius. For the previous two centuries, no man had arisen to unlock those treasuries of song, which in the crumbling cloister, or the wild, roadless mountain-glen, betimes found a voice to charm the ear of the wanderer. No hand had been stretched forth to roll the stone from the door of the sepulchre, where slept the soul of patriotism and of chivalry, of religion and of love—the national music, in an obscure tomb hewn by stranger hands from the chilling rock.

Carolan, the greatest of the modern lyric poets of Ireland who wrote in the ancient language of the land, was born about the year 1670, at Newton, near Nobber, in the county of Meath, and died, according to O'Connor, on Saturday, the 25th of July, 1738.* With high social qualities, he united all the suavity of manner that usually characterized the wandering children of that gentle craft. He was at once the author of words and the composer of notes, and the names of more than three hundred original airs are preserved,

* Vide Hardiman's Minstrelsy, vol. 1, page 42.

to which he gave birth—and many of which, Bunting informs us, were played at the great meeting of the Belfast Harp Society in 1792, by the harpers, O'Neil, Fanning, and Hempson.* At the age of eighteen he was terribly attacked with the small-pox, which almost deprived him of life; and he only arose from the bed of suffering, to pass his days and years in incessant darkness. He then began to make a profession of that which had been previously his amusement; and equipped by the kindness of a benevolent lady, he commenced a devious pilgrimage, that only ended at the grave.

But here we have no right to pursue the singular story of his life. He lived; he wrote and played, and loved, and died—but was *not* forgotten. In the days of the Parliament, appeared the works of Walker, Miss Brooke, and Bunting, on the musical antiquities of Ireland. These patriots were followed in their enterprize, by Mr. James Hardiman, of Galway, who, in 1831, published the first full collection of the original words, with translations, of Irish melodies, that deserves the name.

The last labor of Furlong's life was the translation of the songs and short lyrical poems of Carolan, for this collection. In their intrinsic worth, he at first had no faith; but on examination, he found them so pregnant with passion and harmony, that he entered into the labor with all his soul.

As works in which those translations have appeared, are very rare in cis-Atlantic libraries, it is presumed that the reader will not find the following specimens unworthy of his perusal:—

PLAXTY STAFFORD.

AIR—*Carolan's Receipt.*

"When in sickness or in sorrow I have chanced to be,
My hopes, my dear Stafford, were placed in thee;
For thy friendly care and skill,
And thy drink more cheering still,
Left the jolly-hearted bard from evil ever free:
At midnight all merrily our cups went round;
Our joys in the morning the gay cordial crowned;
For the past had plainly shown
That in this, and this alone,
Old Thurlough unfailingly true comfort found;

* For the particulars of this celebrated meeting, see Introduction to Bunting's Ancient Irish Music, 3d edition, Dublin, 1840.

Drinking, drinking,
Never thinking—
Roaring, raking,
Harp-strings breaking—
Oh! this is my delight—'t is the life for me;
Then let glasses overflowing
Still o'er the board keep going,
Bright gleams of bliss bestowing
On the sons of glee.

Oh! many joyous years may my friend still see,
This—this my fond prayer to the last must be;
Let the country all around
With my Stafford's praise resound,
As the lover of wild merriment and harmony;
Filling, quaffing,
Joking, laughing—
Ever pleasing,
Never teasing—
Still plying the gay bard with the song-fraught wine;
Oh! Stafford, dear thou art
To this old but honest heart;
Aye! its fondest, warmest part
Throbs for thee and thine."

The following is in a different strain :—

NANCY COOPER.

"Oh! loved one, how temptingly fair is that face,
On which thousands have gazed but to sigh;
How winningly smooth seems each notion of grace,
When thy shape of soft brightness glides by;
Though some in thy absence a throb may excite,
When near thee their triumph is o'er;
They shrink in thy presence—they fade in thy light;
They droop, and look lovely no more.

Those brilliant gray eyes, with those tresses all curled—
That bosom where love holds his throne—
Dear! these are thy dowry for what were a world
To him who could call them his own?
Of millions the beauty seems blended in thee;—
But why on this theme should I dwell?
Through life there 's but sadness and silence for me—
Farewell! Nancy Cooper! Farewell!"

These most pathetic stanzas are the language of a really poetic soul :

CAROLAN'S MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

"Were Heaven to yield me, in this chosen hour,
As an high gift, ordained through life to last,

All that our earth hath marked of mortal power,
The concentrated genius of the past—
Were all the spells of Erin's minstrels mine,
Mine, the long treasured stores of Greece and Rome;
All, all with willing smile I would resign,
Might I but gain my Mary from the tomb.

My soul is sad; I bend beneath my woe;
Darkly each weary evening wears away;
Through the long night my tears in silence flow,
Nor hope, nor comfort cheers the coming day.
Wealth might not tempt—nor beauty move me now,
Though one so favored sought my bride to be;
Witness, high heaven! bear witness to my vow—
My Mary! death shall find me true to thee.

How happy once! how joyous have I been,
When merry friends sat smiling at my side;
Now near my end—dark seems each festive scene;
With thee, my Mary, all their beauty died
My wit hath passed—my sprightly voice is gone—
My heart sinks deep in loneliness and gloom;
Life hath no after-charms to lead me on—
They wither with my Mary, in the tomb."

Such is an inadequate sample of the powers of the translator, and the genius of the original. It is hoped, however, that as the life of a hero is sometimes preserved in the remembrance of a single action—as we judge of a palace or a monastery of other days by the greatness of its fragments—that these simple and random selections will enable those unacquainted with the Gaelic language, to form a favorable opinion of the skill and poetic taste of Furlong, as well as of the real genius of Carolan; to those who know the latter in his native garb, we need say nothing of the appropriateness of his Anglo-Irish costume. In executing his great undertaking, Furlong possessed no notion of patronage; an undying love of country, and warm admiration for the efforts of her genius, was at once his motive and reward. The following fine lines were the last he ever wrote, probably suggested by a self-examination on the bed of death, when he might have asked himself whether he had deserved the gratitude of his country:—

"Loved land of the bards and saints! to me
There 's nought so dear as thy minstrelsy;
Bright is Nature in every dress,
Rich in unborrowed loveliness;

Winning in every shape she wears,
Winning she is thine own sweet airs;
What to the spirit more cheering can be,
  Than the lay whose lingering notes recall
The thoughts of the holy, the fair, the free,
  Beloved in life or deplored in their fall?
Fling, fling the forms of art aside—
  Dull is the ear that these forms enthrall;
Let the simple songs of our sires be tried—
  They go to the heart—and the heart is all.
Give me the full responsive sigh,
The glowing cheek and the moistened eye;
Let these the minstrel's might attest—
And the vain and the idle may share the rest."

In his political life we cannot find that he ever appeared as a speaker but on one occasion—when the health of Tom Moore was proposed at a public meeting in Dublin. Mr. Furlong spoke briefly in response, giving to the bard of all Ireland the following eloquent character: "It is impossible," he said, "to speak of Moore in the ordinary terms of ordinary approbation—the mere introduction of his name is calculated to excite a warmer, a livelier feeling. We admire him not merely as one of the leading spirits of our time; we esteem him not merely as the eager and impassioned advocate of general liberty—but we love him as the lover of his country. We hail him as the denouncer of her wrongs, and the fearless vindicator of her rights."—Such was the language of his convictions, weighed in the balance of a kindred genius, and a not inferior patriotism. They had been personally acquainted many years before. When Moore visited Dublin, in 1815, Furlong forwarded to him, for perusal and judgment, a poem in blank verse, written previous to his nineteenth year—to which the following considerate and encouraging answer was sent:—

"I have read the poem which you did me the honor to entrust to me, and think highly of the talent and feeling with which it is written; but I should deal unfairly with you, were I to promise you much success from the publication of it. There is nothing less popular at the present day, than blank verse; as some proof of which, I need not perhaps tell you, (for your subject and his are somewhat similar,) that the "*Excursion*" of Wordsworth, one of our first geniuses, lies unbought and unread on his publisher's

shelves. If, however, notwithstanding this discouragement, it should still be your wish to try the fate of your poem in London, I shall be happy to give you all the aid and recommendation in my power.

"Yours, &c., THOMAS MOORE.

"MR. T. FURLONG, &c. &c."

"The Misanthrope," and the "Doom of D'Renzy," with his better known political musings, and several smaller pieces of great merit, to be met with in old Dublin magazines, would form an exceedingly beautiful and interesting volume—one worthy, in point of genius, to keep companionship with any in the language. Sooner or later, there will come some man of taste and liberality among the tombs of the bards of Ireland—the bards of her dark and sunny seasons; and to him will the honor be awarded of introducing the neglected muse of Furlong, bright in her immortal beauty, to the admiration of the world.

Unfortunately for his country, the life of this "great *young* man," as Lord Mansfield said of the second Pitt, dwindled to a most untimely span; a constitutional weakness, akin to consumption, appeared gradually to undermine his health, and he grew alarmingly feeble in the spring of 1827. He lingered on till midsummer, eating nothing, sleeping but little, his body exhibiting to what a shadow mortality may be reduced, and yet live on. In the long, weary hours of his gradual dissolution, his religious and moral habits strengthened and supported him; as he sank towards the grave, *two* objects alone engaged his mind—the freedom of his country and the salvation of his soul. In his earliest days he had been deeply impressed with the pure truths of revealed religion, and one of his youngest efforts was this elegy on the death of a dear friend:—

"Ah! if the Atheist's words were true,
If those we seek to save,
Sink—and in sinking from our view,
Are lost beyond the grave!
If life thus closed—how dark and drear
Would this bewildered earth appear!
Scarce worth the dust it gave.
A tract of black sepulchral gloom,
One yawning, ever opening tomb.

"Blest be that strain of high belief,
More heaven-like, more sublime,
Which says, that souls that part in grief,
Part only for a time!
That, far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
There spreads a brighter clime,
Where care, and toil, and trouble o'er,
Friends meet, and, meeting, weep no more."

On the 25th of July, 1827, the patriotic poet breathed his last. He is buried in the churchyard of Drumcondra, near Dublin, close to the grave of GROSE, the celebrated antiquary, and above his ashes is this expressive epitaph:

To the Memory of
THOMAS FURLONG, ESQ.,
in whom the purest principles of
Patriotism and Honor
were combined with
Superior Practical Genius,
This Memorial of Friendship
is erected by those who valued and admired
His Various Talents, Public Integrity,
And Private Worth.
He died the 25th of July, 1827, aged 33 years.
May he rest in Peace.

Simultaneous with the publication of Furlong's satires, appeared the letters of the immortal Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, which, for vigor and purity of composition, are unexcelled. From the importance attached to them on both sides of the channel, it is but just to say, that he was amongst the ablest of those who facilitated by their genius the advent of emancipation.

Born in an age when his country was about to emerge from her long night of sufferings, war and impoverishment, he rose sublimely above the darkling millions of his brethren, and the genius of his mind became the precursor of a brighter and less mutable radiancy. Placed in a rank where he held power without its semblance, and exercised its influence without ostentation, he harbored no thought but what the Immaculate Founder of Christianity might sanction, and lived by the doctrine that, "no life is more pleasing to God, than that which is useful to man." Through a struggle unprecedented in the histories of civilized nations, he passed without a stain upon his robes, although no other

was so constantly enveloped in the din of its conflicts; for, like those great generals we read of, he who gave orders with such wisdom, did not disdain to labor with the miner and the pioneer. Himself one of the aggrieved, the charge of selfishness never was preferred against him; his worst opponent could accuse him of nothing in his extensive controversies, unworthy the pen of an ecclesiastic and a ruler in the church; but by blending his sacred love of charity and admiration of tolerant institutions, with education, the cause of the poor, and the enfranchisement of conscience, he gave to politics the spiritual character of the loftiest philanthropy. His patriotism was generated in his soul, and the shadow of the altar was with him on the rostrum. No public man ever possessed greater firmness of character; no Christian divine more gentleness of carriage and meekness of heart; the homage of a nation could not spoil him for an hour, nor the eminence of a delinquent shield him from his rebuke; the presence of a British Parliament catechizing him as to his faith and practice, could not abash him, nor their repulsive sternness render them insensible to the presence of a superior being—the minister of a more dread tribunal. In private life ever active for the salvation of souls, modest and retiring even to taciturnity, pious in his practice, generous to the poor, he never thought for himself when parting with his last sixpence; persuasive to the habitual sinner, he preferred the mission of mercy to that of justice, and attracted many to the church by his apostolic demeanor, whom the most eloquent appeals could never soften into compunction. In a word, his life was the best commentary on the doctrines he preached, and they were of God.

The town of New Ross, in the county of Wexford, has the honor of being the birth-place of Doctor Doyle. His parents were of humble rank, but respected by all their neighbors for their honesty and pious lives. James, their distinguished son, was born in 1786. Of his childhood we can learn nothing, except that he early evinced a studious habit of mind, and was fond of entering the churches when few were assembled in them. At school, his readiness in acquiring every task assigned him, marked him out from all his juvenile comrades. These indications suggested to the minds of his parents the station in life for which he was best qualified. At the age of eighteen he was sent to the

college of Coimbra, in Portugal, where he completed his studies, and first entered into orders. He was one of the last of the Irish Catholic priesthood that obtained an education on the continent, as the royal college of St. Patrick's, at Maynooth, near Dublin, was opened previous to his leaving Ireland. In the early ages of the church, science, affrighted from the continent by the barbarian hordes who swarmed above the prostrate colossus of the Roman empire, made Ireland her isle of refuge, because where the Roman had never been, the Vandal never followed. 'T was then that the Continent incurred an educational debt to Ireland, which it generously repaid with the interest of centuries during the period when penal laws exiled the scholar, and made the acquirement of letters a felony in the first degree. For more than two hundred years the cloisters of Louvain and Salamanca, of St. Omers and Coimbra, beheld the stalwart forms, and rang with the jocund mirth, of Hibernian students. Of the college life of Dr. Doyle, we only know that it led to distinction at an unusually early age, and was rudely broken off by an irruption of the French army, under Bonaparte, into Portugal. At one period, as he informs us, his mind vibrated between the Atheism of the French philosophers and the truths of revelation; but, happily for religion, he passed from skepticism to faith. During the war in Portugal he joined the army, and laying aside the garb of an Augustinian, to which order he belonged, "he took up the cap and sword,"* as much perhaps in defence of the monastic institutions of the country, as from his strong notions of the allegiance due to the British crown. Another countryman became the deliverer of Portugal—and the friar returned to his duties and his home. In 1818 he returned to Ireland, and proceeding to New Ross, he had the satisfaction to find his parents in good health; after remaining with them for a short time and exchanging congratulations with his friends, he went to Carlow, with the intention of applying for a professorship in the newly-founded college.

At the request of the president he became Professor of Classics, and, during the seven years of his continuance at Carlow, filled successively the chairs of Natural and Moral Philosophy, and of Theology and the Sacred Scriptures; in

* Vide Life, p. 11.

all of which situations, he displayed a profundity of knowledge, pleasure in his labors, and a kindness of disposition, which endeared him to his pupils, and rendered him of immense value to the college. In 1819 Dr. Corcoran, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, died, and at a meeting of the clergy, on the 27th of August of that year, Dr. Doyle was nominated with two others, as candidates for the vacant see; in October the Pope's bull arrived, confirming the first nomination, and on the 14th of November he was ordained bishop in the parish church of Carlow, by the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, assisted by the Right Rev. Messrs. Murray, Everard, Marum, and Walsh.

In a time of peculiar distress and public excitement, at the early age of thirty-three years, he is placed over an extensive diocese, whose peasantry turn their eyes towards him for advice as naturally as do the clergy. A band of fanatics, proud, wealthy, and domineering, were thrusting Bibles into the hands of the pauperized laboring classes, and with supreme charity offering the bread of life to starving and uneducated cottagers. To relieve present sufferings and prevent the approach of those in perspective, was the duty of the prelate and the patriot. With much of the statesman in his nature, and an energy equal to any amount of exertion, he used all his powers and influence to bring about four great political changes,—the emancipation of Catholics, the abolition of tithes, the enacting of poor-laws, and a provision for national education. His various letters and essays on these subjects would fill several volumes, besides others purely polemical, which are marked with all the power, ease, and dignity of his style. The most eloquent series were his "Letters to a Friend in England," and "Letters on the State of Ireland," under the signature of J. K. L. As a political writer he is assuredly one of the first of his age; clear, massive, logical, in his arguments, and unsurpassed in the felicity with which those arguments are arranged. In his polemical warfare he was engaged against Archbishop Magee, the ablest man that the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland ever enrolled in its ministry. This learned and truly gifted dignitary was a student of Trinity College when the celebrated Hely Hutchinson was provost. After entering minor orders he conceived an opinion of going to the bar, and applied to the provost for his consent, without which he could not prosecute his intention. Hutch-

inson was the pink of courtiers, and as an election was about to take place in the university, Mr. Magee was given to understand that if he *voted the right way* his request might be complied with. After the election he called on Hutchinson, who, assuming his blandest smiles, took him by the hand and solemnly addressed him thus:—"*You know, my dear sir, that I am placed a guardian over the youth of Ireland, and how could I answer to my conscience, if I were to spoil so excellent a tutor, by allowing your request?*" Mr. Magee was successively Dean of Cork, and Archbishop of Dublin. He is the author of a celebrated book on the Atonement, and some others, less successful, on various religious subjects. He was justly the darling of his party and the champion of his church. With all his fame and influence, Dr. Doyle entered into controversy with him, on two occasions: the first, on the contents of a charge delivered at his annual visitation, on the 24th of October, 1822, in which he used the terms that "the Presbyterians had a religion without a church, and the Romanists a church without a religion." In December the charge appeared in an authorized shape, but the obnoxious passage was much mitigated, the words "without *what he called* a religion" being substituted. In 1827 Dr. Magee, in another charge, termed Popery, "the slough of a slavish superstition;" and on this was founded his second and last contest with J. K. L. The Marquis Wellesley, who was then lord-lieutenant, gave it as his opinion that his friend, the archbishop, "got the worst of it." Moore, in his well-known book, the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*, says, in view of Dr. Doyle's great exertions, "If St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and a few more such flowers of the churches, had been able to borrow the magic nightcaps of their contemporaries, the seven sleepers, and were now, after a nap of fifteen centuries, just opening their eyes in the town of Carlow, they would find in the person of Dr. Doyle, the learned bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, not only an Irishman whose acquaintance even they might be proud to make, but a fellow Catholic, every iota of whose creed would be found to correspond with their own;"* and the Earl of Shrewsbury, in his "*Reasons for not taking the Test*," speaking of the reply to the second charge, "recommends it to every dispassionate

* Vol. 1, page 71.

reader;—for argument and eloquence it stands unrivalled." From Dr. Magee's ability or fame we would not detract one tittle; he certainly was equal to his gifted adversary, in every attribute of genius, learning, and research; partizans will contend, on one hand, that he was superior, and on the other, that his weakness was in the cause he had espoused—the more likely supposition.

One of the most important events in the life of Dr. Doyle, was his examination before the Parliamentary committee, in 1825, on the civil and religious state of Ireland. In this arduous position, he bore himself with a self-possession, candor and ease, that astonished his examiners and the public. Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Dawson, M. P. for Down, and brother-in-law to Sir Robert Peel, both bitter enemies to the Catholic claims, confessed that their scruples were removed by his answers. The lords spiritual and temporal, from thenceforth spoke with less dogmatism and arrogance of the church of Rome and its Irish professors. The bigot remained,

"With the bow-string of his spirit all unbent,"

and only random shots were fired, and they not with much effect, at the Catholic clergy, from that time up to 1829, when the emancipation bill was passed. Thus, the gratitude of his country was doubly due him; and had it pleased Heaven to spare him to his nation, he would have gone on laboring for her weal until she would become bankrupt in rewarding him. From '29 to '34 he wrote several able letters on a Repeal of the Union, Poor-laws, against secret societies, and on the necessity of a Literary Institute for Ireland. But his chief and greatest labor was for the abolition of tithes. On this topic he was mighty indeed; every source of his strength was fathomed to the bottom, and no one labored more effectually to instil his own precepts. He once expressed a hope that in every Irishman's soul "the hatred of tithes might be as lasting as their love of justice." Events have proved that neither this deed of justice, nor a cure for her overgrown pauperism, has Ireland to expect from a foreign legislature.

The death of this able and exemplary prelate took place on the 15th of November, 1834, in the 59th year of his age, and the 23d of his episcopacy. For some months pre-

vious, this sorrowful event was looked for with certainty. It was on a Sunday morning at ten o'clock—the hour of prayer. A new and splendid cathedral, which he had erected at Carlow, was crowded as usual—when there came over the kneeling crowd an announcement of their great, their irreparable loss; quickly the dreadful tidings leaped from lip to lip, and then the hundreds, as if prostrate by a general paralysis, fell motionless before the altar, and their moanings only told them to be things of life. But his mourners were many without that bereaved congregation. The tidings of his death struck on the heart of the nation like the herald of a fearful distemper. The desolation of orphanage sat on every face; and in voiceless misery of heart, for many a day the sad event was lamented. The void which he left in public affection, was the most unequivocal acknowledgment of the importance of his position while living—and the liberality with which all sects became his mourners, the best testimony to his utility. Surely there can be no spectacle more truly sublime than the undivided respect poured forth above the resting-place of the good—when the barriers of sectarian life no longer shut out the pilgrim, whose impartiality leads him to the shrine of virtue, even if it be the grave of an opponent. Then, the petty controversies of life are overlooked in the melancholy conviction that a holy and a useful man has bidden farewell forever to those he taught and those he loved. Such was the unanimous feeling of regret that pervaded the people of Ireland, on the receipt of the intelligence that their J. K. L. was cold in death—that the tongue so eloquent, and the pen dipped in inspiration, were henceforth to be numbered with the things that were. To the disgrace of their authors, one or two snarling obituaries were directed against his memory; but they sought to pierce granite with their goose-quills. Censure, to be feared, must be felt; every one could discover the falseness of the assertions derogatory to him, whose character was known to all—for it was simply that of a pious, learned, and highly-gifted prelate, a taintless patriot, and a most benevolent man. Long may it cease to be otherwise looked upon; for then the altar, science, and civilization will have reached the evening of their decline, and ingratitude, infidelity and barbarism will strain eagerly to fill their vacant seats.

In a letter to the Rt. Hon. Spring Rice, Dr. Doyle has

rightly laid down his own principles: "I am a churchman, but I am unacquainted with avarice, and I feel no worldly ambition. I am attached to my profession, but I love Christianity more than its earthly appendages. I am a Catholic from the fullest conviction, but few will accuse me of bigotry. I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings."

Thomas Moore, whose biography, such as the public know it, is as extensively read as the efforts of his genius are admired, contributed in a great degree, by his Irish melodies, the Epistles of the Fudge Family, and other political pieces, to establish the success of the Catholic cause. His life, indeed, has been but one prolonged effort of patriotism—one endless succession of thoughts on Ireland. We find it under his theology in the Travels of an Irish Gentleman; we meet it in the groves of Persia, and on the Gheber's hill of refuge. In the melodies it melts us into tears, or rouses us to indignation; in the epistles it convulses us with laughter; in the memoirs of Captain Rock, it assumes as many colors as the chamelion—while it is the spirit and soul of all his thoughts throughout. Mr. Moore was born at No. 12 Angier street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1780. His first teacher was Mr. Samuel Whyte of Grafton street, who had likewise under his tuition Brinsley Sheridan. Under the teachings of this kind-hearted domine, the tenacious memory of his pupil was stored with wonderful rapidity; in his 12th year he meditated and actually commenced the translation of the odes of the Greek poet, Anacreon. His proficiency in the Latin and French languages was equally remarkable, and in the history of the middle ages, a study of which he was always fond. Amongst other peculiarities, Mr. Whyte had a rage for private theatricals; and so great was his experience in these matters, that he frequently managed the "getting up" of the amateur performances, in which the resident nobility of Dublin were anxious to excel. In these performances, his little pupil often figured, and occasionally wrote the prologues. Thus, at an age so tender, Moore by his own merit entered the high places of the aristocracy, and acquired an unhappy preference for their habits, which has remained with him through life. The relief bill of 1793 enabled Moore to

enter Trinity College, where he resumed the translation of Anacreon, which he completed in 1799, and published, with a dedication—by permission—to George, Prince of Wales. The work is more admired as a beautiful version, than for the truthfulness of the translation.

In 1801, Moore, having gone to London, published a volume of original songs, odes and sonnets, under the title of "Poems, by Thomas Little the Younger," which contains many splendid proofs of a fine imagination and sprightly wit, but greatly tarnished and obscured by a pervading spirit of lasciviousness. The result of this was, as may be expected, that the critics rose in arms *en masse*, and the only trouble amongst them seems to have been, who should devour the largest portion of the unfortunate Mr. Little. This point, however, was universally ceded to the celebrated Jeffrey, at that time editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, whose strictures, cutting with the easy voice of the south wind, were far less bearable than the stormy wrath of all the other defenders of morality and religion. The hot blood of the bard was stirred within him; he chose not to pay back scorn for ill usage, like Byron, but after his own Milesian method of revenge, he sent the critic a challenge, couched in words of fearful determination. They met at Chalk Farm, near London, a notorious duelling ground—but the authorities interfered, and on drawing the charges from the pistols of the hostile men of letters, discovered only *paper bullets!* This friendly invention of the seconds was seized upon by Byron, in 1809, in his masterly satire directed against "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and he rallied both parties without mercy on the occasion. Once more the irritable Anacreon challenged; but this time there was no meeting, as Byron was on the shores of the Bosphorus before it reached him; on his return from the Childe Harold tour, matters were amicably arranged by the interference of Samuel Rogers, and the two bards became bosom friends. Moore's intimacy with the Prince of Wales is well known; the cause of its sudden irruption has been variously accounted for—but it appears that it was occasioned by the Regent's asking him if he was related to a certain peer whose family name is Moore; to which the poet promptly replied, "No, my liege! my father was a grocer of Dublin." A sneer of contempt rose on the noble faces at the board, and rested even on the lip of George;

and from that night Moore was not seen again in royal company.* The inheritors of the blood that triumphed at Hastings and Agincourt, whose bastard sires had enrolled their names on the roll of Battle Abbey, turned coldly from his conversation; and this was the true source of his falling into "contempt at court,"—disgrace, that, in the eyes of all upright men, will be a title to everlasting honor! In 1811 he was very busy at politics, and published two excellent pamphlets on the subject of the Catholic claims—one, "A Candid Appeal to the Public," and the other in the form of "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin"—both of which were of great usefulness at that time. In 1812 he produced the "Fudge Family in Paris," a series of satiric letters on the then government, in which an agent of British diplomacy at Paris, Mr. Fudge, an expatriated Irishman, Phelim O'Connor, and one or two others, are the writers, and Lords Castlereagh, Liverpool and Eldon, Dr. Duigenan and others of that ilk, are the prominent butts. This work appeared with the anonymous signature of Thomas Brown. The "Two-Penny Post Bag," the "Skeptic," "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress," and "Intolerance," are his other prominent satires, all written in a mingled vein of severity and humor, that teaches the reader to despise the objects of his spleen without sympathizing in the severity of their punishment. It was in the same year, we believe, that he commenced his "Irish Melodies," the grandest combination of sweet sounds, historic truth, and the eloquent pleadings of suffering patriotism, ever produced by a single pen. These melodies are the proudest feature in his literary career; they are universally admired in Europe and America; they have been rendered into many languages, and furnished the gallant Poles with their last war songs. The Irish heart, barren after the sorrow of centuries, felt their reviving influence; and in some measure his own words of hope are verified:—

> "The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
> The sound of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
> Till thy tyrants themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
> Shall pause at the song of the captive, and weep."

* Illustrative of the Regent's extreme vanity of rank, there is an anecdote told of that counterpart of Chesterfield, the late Beau Brummell, who laid a wager with some friends, in an hour of excitement,

They have been so often judged and re-judged, and so often eulogized, and by so many eminent critics, that it is needless to dwell on their claims to universal favor; for to those who are acquainted with them, (and who is not?) all praise is needless. Moore's musical acumen has been matter of surprise to the most eminent composers; amongst others, Dr. Burney and Sir John Stevenson have borne evidence to its delicacy and ripeness. The airs he wrote to, although not originally known by very poetic names, are amongst the sweetest in the world. The great Gemanini declared he had heard nothing so original west of the Alps, and Handel has said he would rather have composed "Aileen Aroon," than his most prosperous operas. The historian of the Life of Godfrey of Boulogne, the leader of the second crusade, remarks that "but for the Irish harp, there would seem to be no music in these wars;" and an Italian professor of great skill exclaimed, on hearing for the first time the same instrument, "that must be the music of a people who have suffered slavery." To Moore, next to Bunting, is due the chief honor of reviving the fame, if not the use of his country's neglected melodies, and the resuscitation of her harp. For who but himself could have recognized the spirit of the "Red Fox," as chanted by some country crone, and infuse it into that glorious song, "Let Erin remember the days of old,"—or, that words divine might be wedded to the popular ballad air of "Thady ye gaudher?"

As a prose writer, Mr. Moore's fame is not equal to his reputation as a poet. His "Memoirs of Captain Rock," published in 1825, is, however, one of the very best books that ever was penned, on that prolific theme of many pens, the sufferings of Ireland. The knowledge, the philosophy, and the wit displayed in its composition, were never equalled, to our belief, in a similar work. The "*Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*," it has been bruited, was a penance imposed on Mr. Moore for the sins of Mr. Little—which, to judge from its pages, was performed with scrupulous diligence. The biographies of Byron, Sheridan, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, are all works of industry, and unblemished specimens of fine style.

that he would call the Prince by his proper name in their presence. He won the wager; but a servant was ordered to call Mr. Brummell's carriage, and he supped with "George" no more.

The History of Ireland, his most pretending prose work, is one of the best as yet written of that country, although very far removed from perfection. It is a singular truth that no Irish history now extant can be divested of some radical defect. Taafe is too declamatory, McDermott too metaphysical; Keating believes over much, and Tom Moore over little. But the latter has done more for Irish history than any other writer in our time who has made it his study or subject.

From this summary, and it may appear dogmatic manner of speaking of the important productions of our national bard, we pass again to his poetry;—we leap with willingness from Ireland's sad realities to Persia's gay romance. *Lalla Rookh* needs no praise, can never feel censure, and stands impregnable to all the beleaguering hosts of criticism. Original in its conception as in its execution, it has appeared like one of those rare meteors, whose birth a seventh age is only destined to witness. It has struggled out of the fast declining age of English poetry, and side by side with the *Revolt of Islam*, illuminates the literary character of the nineteenth century. Human nature has no feeling that it does not reach; it puts in motion all the complex machinery of the heart. It is throughout "a string of gems"—a sheet of gold, scattered with every delicate and gorgeous flower that "the land of the sun" produces. With a little stretch of imagination, he has supposed that the pure-minded Emmet, or the great rebel chief (who seems fated to be the last of the Geraldines) stood before him for the portrait of his heroic Hafed. The betrayal is another trait of resemblance; and we would not desire a prettier epitaph for the late Mr. Reynolds of Kilkee Castle, or loyal Major Sirr, than that sublime malediction commencing with the line,—

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave."

It is only a little too good for either. "Lalla Rookh" has passed through the hands of millions; every dialect in Europe has its version, and of all the people who read it in the original, there is not one who does not ever after love the name of Moore. Shortly after its publication, it was dramatized and enacted at Berlin, the Queen of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia taking the characters of Feramoz and Lalla Rookh. In a letter written by Byron to Moore,

he says, "I shall not suffer the Misses Byron to read it, lest they discover there is a greater poet than their father."

It is an honorable testimony to Moore's private character, that those who have written of his career or life, prefer dwelling on his social virtues and accomplishments, rather than the triumphs of his fancy or the splendor of his wit. His conversational powers are attractive and varied, while no man brings less of his literary pride into company than he does. With the ladies he is still successful, and, for a veteran adorer of the sex, he writes love songs with nearly as much spirit as he did forty years since. He sings, too, delightfully; for, like another Fitzeustace, he

> "Can frame love ditties, passing rare,
> And sing them to a lady fair."

After all the wear and tear affections suffer in passing though a life like his, his heart is still full of fresh feeling and vigorous attachment. When he visited Dublin in 1835, his stay was celebrated as a public event of great importance; the high hopes of his original designs for Ireland eked out, and discovered the same heart then, that once waked into life and gave a name to her national melodies. His public reception at Bannow, in the native county of his parents, was much after the manner of a Roman ovation. Nine peasant girls, bright as the beings of his own fancy, crowned him with a coronal of laurel and roses interwoven. The entire population sang his praises, in their own untutored style, and the following beautiful stanzas, from the pen of Macdonald Doyle, a young author of increasing celebrity, commemorates at once the bard and his liberal entertainers.

> "Welcome! thou minstrel of the West!
> While thousands throng to greet, to bless thee,
> In feeble strain among the rest,
> A rustic rhymer dares address thee;
> Unskilled to pour the polished lay,
> And nursed in life's less favored ranks,
> He ventures in his homely way
> To welcome thee to 'Bannow's Banks.'
>
> When first I sung, 't was when thy strains
> Their wizard spell around me threw,
> Of tears, and loves, and flow'rs and chains,
> I fondly tried to sing like you;

And if 't was Moore's entrancing songs
That plumed my muse's early wing,
To whom if not to Moore belongs
The little she was taught to sing.

Lone, pining in her dark retreat,
A nameless, friendless thing, she grew,
Wild as the wild flower at her feet,
As simple and as lovely, too;
In sooth she was a lonesome muse,
And few would care to test her voice,
Till, as she sung of Ireland's woes,
She touched the manly heart of Boyse.*

You first awoke her infant lyre—
He bade the puny numbers thrill;
You kindled first its minstrel fire—
He trims and feeds and fans it still.
From you the mimic warbler springs—
You urged her tiny wings to soar;
If you approve the strain she brings,
Can 'minstrel boys' solicit more?

O long shall Bannow's unborn race,
As countless ages roll along,
In Bannow's rural records trace
This visit of 'The Child of Song.'
Then pardon this untutored lay,
And deign t' accept his humble thanks,
Who, rhyming in his brain-sick way,
Thus welcomes thee to Bannow's banks."

In his matrimonial affairs he has been happier than most men of letters. His cottage at Slopperton is as inviting a homestead as ever was the residence of a mind so active and an imagination so brilliant. His lady was chosen after his own mode of courtship. "You may go in for eighty years," was remarked by his friend Byron; he is now sixty-four, and the completion of the noble poet's prophecy, is, to human vision, nowise improbable.

The revival of the Catholic agitation, in '23, which had drawn out the letters of Doyle, and the muses of Furlong and Moore, produced yet another name well worthy of honor. Mr. Lawless was a native of Belfast, and one of the most devoted advocates of emancipation. His disinter-

* Thomas Boyse, Esq., of Bannow—himself a poet of no humble merit, a patriot eloquent and liberal, and naturally, therefore, a friend of Moore.

estedness was carried almost to a fault; for there can be little doubt but that his incessant labors, by night and day, with voice and pen, sapped the feeble foundations of his constitution, and precipitated him into a premature grave. He was a man, whose soul was formed for martyrdom, one of those gentle-hearted enthusiasts, whose character it is almost impossible to define, so delicately are the womanly and heroic virtues blended in their natures. He was a scholar passionately fond of the history of every noble people, and an idolator of his own. In the old Irish character he saw realized the firm virtue of the Roman, with the fiery spirit of the Greek character. He was a poet from the inspiration of a noble sympathy with the great: to his mind, McMurough was worse than Satan in his treachery, Cromwell more terrible than Caligula, and Owen Roe O'Nial, the perfection of a soldier and an Irish prince. Wrapt up in these noble contemplations, his own mind became saturated, as it were, with sentiments of chivalry, and he would as readily have expired beneath the headsman's hands, in Ireland's cause, as he would have despatched a Beresford or a Foster, by a few dashes of his fearless pen, in the columns of the IRISHMAN. In person, MR. LAWLESS was neither powerful nor commanding, and his peculiarly stiff carriage was only redeemed from ridicule by a countenance at once noble and commanding. A Roman nose, set as irrevocably as destiny; an eye, large, lustrous, and incessantly flashing with the innate light of a well-stored mind, and an enthusiastic fancy; a brow, firm, comprehensive and open, with a bountiful growth of hair, made him conspicuous in every assembly. His voice was sonorous, and capable of exquisite moderation, and his action in speaking abundant and appropriate. His intellect, originally clear and creative, had been sharpened by classic lore, and strengthened by long and frequent libations from the delicious fountains of history. In every pursuit the intensity of his nature led the way, and its generosity left no estimable fact or thought unnoted; though he had been an ardent and discursive reader, he remembered much; and few men ever better knew, than he did, how to embellish a rhetorical picture, or strengthen a position by apt references to the conduct of antiquity. Such was the man, who, after battling with all the Vandalism of the north, appeared in *propria persona*, to work the machinery of the great engine of emancipation.

The Irish people knew how to understand so unusual a character. Themselves without selfishness and without fear, the name of Mr. Lawless became endeared to them at once, and during his life the love which they bore him increased every day, more and more. A scholar without pretension, and a favorite without vanity, his personal friends believed they never could sufficiently display the high respect in which they held so rare and admirable a mixture of modesty and worth.

The loss of Dr. Doyle was beginning to be less felt, although not less lamented, when another of the ablest friends of O'Connell and Ireland was taken away, in the death of Mr. Lawless. He died in London, and was there buried.*

It is singular and degrading, that the best of Irishmen rest abroad, while the traitors and tyrants—the Castlereaghs and McNallys, have been carefully restored to her. Grattan, Lawless, Sarsfield, the O'Neils and O'Donnells, the Laceys, Daunes, and Brownes, have been coveted in death by England, France, Rome, Austria and Russia; while Duingenan and Reynolds are given to the soil, whose very worms sicken on their perjured ashes. How unworthily does Ireland's acquiescence in such an unnatural arrangement, compare with the conduct of France towards Bonaparte? Mr. Lawless died in Cecil street, London, on the 8th of August, 1837, and was buried on the 16th of that month. The London and Dublin Orthodox Journal for Saturday, the 26th of August, contained the following record of the mournful event:

"The mortal remains of this gentleman were, on the 16th instant, deposited in the vault attached to the Catholic chapel in Moorfields. Several friends of the deceased wished to offer to the Irish patriot the tribute of a public funeral; but the absence of almost all his political compeers from town induced those more immediately interested to adopt a different course. * * * The hearse being in readiness, the procession moved slowly along the Strand, Fleet street, &c. The first coach contained Philip Lawless, the eldest son of the deceased, Captain Lawless, (his brother,) Henry Williams, Esq., and Dr. Best. In the second, were Sheridan

* We have seen it stated, recently, in the Irish papers, that an attempt was about to be made to bring home the bones of Lawless, and we hope it will succeed.

Knowles, Mr. J. O. Cumming Hill, Mr. Witham and Mr. Ireland; while the third was occupied by Captain Roberts, R. N., Dr. Alley, Mr. Robese and Mr. Shea. The funeral rites were celebrated by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer, brother of Earl Spencer, and the Rev. Mr. Hall. The ceremony was highly affecting, every individual present having for years been 'linked in bonds of closest amity' with their departed friend."

That the influence of the illustrious writers whose names we have grouped together, was much felt, not only in Ireland, but in all parts of the empire and in foreign countries, may be readily conceived. For what with the pure logic and lofty eloquence of J. K. L., the irresistible keenness and crushing sarcasm of Furlong, the bold rhetoric and infectious pathos of honest Jack Lawless, and the wit, the imagery, the pointed commentaries, and the vivid declamation of Moore, there perhaps never was a subject more thoroughly handled by such brilliant, yet such diverse talents. The mind and the heart were the provinces in which alternately these intellectual giants reigned at will, stirring up old memories to feed the fire of revolution, or arming and elevating the reasoning powers of the chained populace to the level of a free destiny. In this, the most glorious mission of genius, three of them, it is plainly known, sacrificed time and health; the third yet lives—the last of the race of bards. The brightest lamp of his generation has burned the longest of that host who shed light from Olympus over every history, country, and passion. Him, of whom the great Byron wrote:—

"Anacreon Moore,
To whom the lyre and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song;
He won them nobly, may he wear them long!"

CHAPTER SIX.

The Catholic Question in foreign Countries.—America.—Thomas Addis Emmet.—France.—Germany.—British Dependencies.—Growth of the Association.—English Protestant Liberality.—Rev. Sidney Smith.

The fame of the wonderful league of mind and enthusiasm which formed the Catholic Association, soon spread abroad. The Irish in America were amongst the first to give back an echoing cheer to their far-distant kindred, toiling for emancipation, which they had won at the sad penalty of exile. Meetings were held in all the important cities of the republic, and the honored names of Emmet, McNevin, Cary, and Custis, were mingled with the most disinterested sympathy, and the most munificent donations. The three first named, survivors of the bloody catastrophe of 1798, drew around their every proceeding the reverence of the older emigrants from their own country, and the deference of others, who, although they knew not Ireland, knew enough of the story of the disastrous finale of the United Irish Society, to treat with peculiar respect the noble few who survived its wreck. The last born on the soil of freedom, nearly allied to Washington, and the inheritor of his principles, was no less devotedly an advocate of Catholic emancipation. Nor did he stand alone amongst Americans; for many good citizens shared his wishes, and participated in his labors. The name of the first mentioned sympathizer has occurred before in these pages, and it cannot be tiresome or uninteresting to devote a brief space to the consideration of a character, in which we will find blended, the best virtues which our nature can cherish, with the noblest fortitude, and the loftiest purity.

Thomas Addis Emmet was born in 1764, in the city of Cork; his father was a doctor of medicine, who soon after removed to Dublin, and became physician to the castle. His father intended to educate him for his own profession, and for that purpose he studied at Edinburgh, and graduated with distinguished honor. Here he had for school-

fellows, Sir James Mackintosh, Home, afterwards Lord Advocate of Scotland, and a Swiss, named Constant, who became a tribune, under the French Republic. He spent three years in Edinburgh, and his popularity may be imagined from the fact that he was president of no less than five college societies at the same time. Leaving college, he visited the continent, spending two years on his tour; he observed institutions with the eye of a philosopher, and analyzed their conditions with the keenness of a politician. In all, he could perceive ten thousand voices speaking of equality, and protesting against the injustice of class legislation. He returned from his tour, an earnest and enthusiastic republican. Nor did he hold singular ideas of government. Already the example of the colonists of North America had created an anti-monarchical party in the old world—a party which has ever since been going onward, strengthening and extending—which is dignified by the learning and exalted by the disinterestedness of its professors—which has been established with a cement of blood, drained from the noblest hearts of Europe.

On his return to Ireland, Mr. Emmet passed through London, where he met his old schoolfellow, Mackintosh. In their conversation, that eminent man advised him, strongly, to choose law as his profession, assuring him that, if he did so, he was destined to rise. On his return to Dublin, he found his eldest brother, Temple, dead, and soon after entered himself as a law student, and in 1790 was duly admitted. The succeeding year he prosecuted, on behalf of James Napper Tandy, the lord-lieutenant and council, for issuing an illegal proclamation! This bold step reminds one of the old adage, of warring with the devil, and holding the court in his own dominions. Nothing resulted from it favorable to the national cause except the evidence of Emmet's legal ability. The government were astonished at the boldness, the research, and acuteness of the young advocate; and a proposition was immediately made to him, of judicial preferment. The viceregal wire-pullers have ever respected the talent which they feared; it has been their constant object to pickle and preserve patriotism, by clothing it in wig and ermine; they have thirsted and yearned after the preferment of those whose opinions are at variance with their own. But Thomas Addis Emmet was a man, and an Irishman—a benevolent man, and he

therefore refused the proffered honor. It was not for such a gentle heart and majestic mind as his to be "the intermediate executioner," as his eloquent brother said of those brutal statutes which punished theft with death, and everything above it in like manner. He was born to alter bad laws, not to execute them; and he would as soon have invoked paralysis upon himself, as have sat on the same bench with a Norbury or an O'Grady.

Mr. Emmet was often engaged in defending the United Irishmen previous to his actual connection with them in 1796. After that period, by previous arrangement, he seldom appeared on behalf of any of his fellow-revolutionists. On one occasion, in defending a prisoner for having administered the oath of the society, he took up that document, which is as follows, and read it, distinctly, in open court:—

"I, A. B., in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country, that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in parliament; and as a means of absolute and immediate necessity in the establishment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavor, as much as lies in my ability, to forward a brotherhood of affection, an identity of interests, a communion of rights, and an union of power, among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, without which, every reform in parliament must be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, delusive to the wishes, and insufficient to the freedom and happiness of this country."

"Having read the test," says Dr. Madden, "defended its obligations with a power of reasoning and a display of legal knowledge, in reference to the subject of the distinction between legal and illegal oaths, which the counsel for the prosecution described as producing an extraordinary impression, he addressed the court in the following terms:—

"My Lords: Here, in the presence of this legal court, this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal—here, my lords, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take the oath."

The jury were electrified at his boldness—the bench were mute with astonishment—the prisoner was acquitted, and the court adjourned.

Nor did he confine himself to his profession in serving the cause. He wrote an excellent and vigorous style, and, as he thought deeply and reasoned well, his contributions to the press attracted much attention.

Emmet and his companions were arrested at Oliver Bond's, in Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1798. When he was conducted to prison, his wife accompanied him, and, with heroic fortitude, withstood every effort of her friends, as well as of those in authority, to remove her from his side. Young and gentle—reared amid the refinements of a luxurious city, this noble woman feared not sickness, shrunk not from the dreariness of her gloomy tenement, regretted not the loss of that liberty, more irksome than a loss of sight; but dead to the world, she lived for twelve months in prison, like a fair plant of another clime cast by stern mischance upon a most ungenial soil.

No sooner were the leaders of the revolution in prison, than false advisers sprung up amongst the people. Rashness was mistaken for zeal—deliberation for cowardice; and victory was lost. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Tone were no more. France was a passive spectator of the grievances she had fostered; the south had been unsupported, and the north unsuccessful; and the rekindled flame of liberty went out, because there was no wise hand to tend it. Mr. Emmet and his friends, therefore, entered into a treaty with the government, stipulating for their personal safety, and offering, as a bonus, to leave the kingdom forever. To this proposal they received answer, that if they would disclose the names of others, not leaders, but men of importance in the society, their terms should be acceded to. This, of course, they indignantly refused, and accordingly, their imprisonment continued. Early in '99 they were transferred from Newgate to Fort George, in Scotland, where they continued three years—Mrs. Emmet still remaining with her husband. While confined here, Mr. Emmet applied to Rufus King, the United States Minister in London, for permission to emigrate to this country, which was sneeringly refused. On the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, in 1801, his application was more successful; and in 1804, after spending two years on the continent, during which he had an interview with Napoleon at Paris, he sailed for New York, where he found a hospitable home, and built up for himself both fortune and renown.

His style of pleading is well described by CHARLES GLIDDON HAINES, of New Hampshire—himself an eminent lawyer—in a neat biographical sketch of Mr. Emmet.

"Helvetius remarks," says Haines, "that the sun of glory only shines upon the tomb of greatness. His observation is too often true; but facts and living proofs sometimes contradict it. Mr. Emmet walks on in life, amid the eulogiums, the admiration, and the enthusiastic regard of a great and enlightened community. Without the glare and influence of public office, without titles and dignities, who fills a wider space, who commands more respect, than Thomas Addis Emmet? Like a noble and simple column, he stands among us proudly pre-eminent—destitute of pretensions, destitute of vanity, and destitute of envy. In a letter which I recently received from a friend, who resides in the western part of the Union, a lawyer of eminence, he speaks of the New York bar. 'Thomas Addis Emmet,' says he, 'is the great luminary whose light even crosses the western mountains. His name rings down the valley of the Mississippi, and we hail his efforts with a kind of local pride.'

"If to draw the character of Homer needs the genius of the immortal bard himself; if to portray the powers of Demosthenes requires the gigantic intellect of the great Athenian orator, Mr. Emmet has nothing to expect from me. In presenting the features of his mind, I shall describe them from the impressions they make on me. I paint from the original. I catch the lineaments of the subject as living nature presents them.

"The mind of Thomas Addis Emmet is of the highest order. His penetration is deep, his views comprehensive, his distinctions remarkably nice. His powers of investigation are vigorous and irresistible. If there be anything in a subject, he will go to the bottom. He probes boldly, reaches the lowest depths by his researches, analyzes everything, and embraces the whole ground. He may be said to have a mind well adapted to profound and powerful investigation. In the next place, he has great comprehension. He sees a subject in all its bearings and relations. He traces out all its various operations. He begins at the centre and diverges, until it becomes necessary again to return to the centre. As a reasoner—a bare, strict reasoner, Mr. Emmet would always be placed in an elevated rank. No

matter how dry, how difficult, how repulsive the topic; no matter what may be its intricacies and perplexities, if any man can unfold and amplify it, he is equal to the task.

* * * * * *

"I have spoken of his talent for deep and rigid investigation. I will now again recur to another feature of his mind—his talent for reasoning on whatever data or premises he relies on. All the illustrations and all the analogies which can well occur to the mind, are readily and adroitly arranged in his arguments. He makes the most of his cause, and often makes too much—giving a front that is so palpably over-formidable, that men of the plainest sense perceive the fruits of a powerful mind, without being at all convinced."

Thus spoke an American of his mind; hear now an Irishman, on the qualities of his heart:—

"In men who are 'fit for treasons, stratagems and broils,' the passions and mental qualities we expect to find are ambition, vanity, malignity, restlessness, or recklessness of mind. Were these the characteristics of T. A. Emmet? The question, with perfect safety to the memory of Emmet, might be put to any surviving political opponent of his of common honesty, who was acquainted with those times, and the men who were prominent actors in them. Emmet's ambition was to see his country well governed, and its people treated like human beings, destined and capacitated for the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom. For himself he sought no pre-eminence, no popular applause; he shrunk from observation where his merits, in spite of his retiring habits, forced them into notice. No man could say that Emmet was ambitious.

"Emmet's vanity was of a peculiar kind; he was vain of nothing but his name; it was associated with the brightest of the by-gone hopes of Irish genius, and with the fairest promises of the revival of the latter in the dawning powers of a singularly gifted brother. No man could say with truth that vanity or selfishness was the mental infirmity of Emmet.

"No malignant act was ever imputed to him. The natural kindness of his disposition was manifested in his looks, in his tone of voice; those who came in contact with him felt that his benignity of disposition, his purity of heart

and mind were such, 'and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man.' Malignity and Emmet were as dissimilar in nature as in name."*

Such is a brief sketch of the man who was the most dreaded of the insurgents of '98, and one of the most sincere of emancipationists. A rigid Protestant, he exemplified in his own conduct that freedom from prejudice, yet firmness of faith, which he long hoped to see established as a national characteristic of Ireland, but which, unhappily, he did not live to see effected.

In all struggles against tyranny, it is reasonable that those who would be free look to the free for sympathy or encouragement. In this case, they were not deceived. The Irish emigrant, toiling in the forests of Illinois and Michigan, was startled at the awakening cry of his country; he flung down the axe, and thrusting his hand into his scanty strong-box, gave a hearty cheer and his mite, with an indifference to the amount, which would do honor to a *millionaire.* His brethren in the city were not idle; and month after month, for five consecutive years, the claims of Ireland to religious liberty were echoed from one frontier of the confederacy to the other. This was a new source of strength to the friends of emancipation, and of terror to their foes. It is a point on which we fain would dwell, if not reminded by the title that we must economize space. The names of those now departed, who were then amongst the foremost in the fight, are hedged in with such honor as shields them from the ingratitude of flippancy. We would not leap over their tombs for a king's ransom. The names of those who survive, are scarcely the legitimate property of a biographer; nor is it any slight to their services that their merits shall be left to repose in the memory of their beneficiaries, until they are gathered to the sleep of peace. The emigrant was found faithful, in spite of distance and disappointment. The call of every appealing land had been answered by some portion or other of the population of the free new world; and it remained for those who owed to Ireland the debt of descent, and were attracted towards her by the generous warmth of kindred blood, to transmit to her a share of those blessings and benefits

* Madden's Life of T. A. Emmet.

which freedom had placed in their own hands. They became liberty's almoners to their own country, as other classes of citizens have been to Poland, Greece, and South America.

Nor was the foreign assistance which so materially benefited Ireland, exclusively from the western world. In the farther Indies, the spirit of O'Connell stalked abroad, and many munificent contributions were the result of its appearance.*

France, the hereditary friend of Ireland, gave also from her treasuries large sums of money, ardent exhortations, and promises, faithfully observed, of continued co-operation. She had before given station to Irish soldiers, and learning to Irish scholars; it only remained to complete the debt of international benefaction, that she should have aided in giving her freedom also.

Germany, the native land of Lutheranism, sent to the Catholic millions, from many of her states, the most cordial and cheering assurances of interest, with the more tangible encouragement of the purse.

The British dependencies in every latitude, felt, more or less remotely, the influence of this wonderful association. Its tracts were imported to Canada—perused in the Australian wilderness, and upon the icy shores of New Zealand. Its debates were asked after, on every arrival, by the rulers and the ruled; and not unfrequently, an animating voice was heard from the most distant colonies of the empire. Canada, and the North American provinces generally, were honorably conspicuous for their friendship. Thus, in God's inscrutable providence, were the foes of British tyranny raised up in every section of the British empire, until, at last, the accumulation of their execrations forced even the tory chief of Waterloo to tremble, and finally to yield.

Such were the workings of Catholic agitation abroad, during 1824, and the five succeeding years. Let us now return to the records of the Association.

The Association having once fairly raised its head, Mr. O'Connell devoted all his attention to render it thoroughly operative. For this end, he contrived that no class should preponderate in its councils—that the nobles, the clergy, and the people, should have as nearly as possible, an equal

* Amongst others, one of £3000 from British India.

control over it, equal interests, and equal honors. Thus also he continued to remind the latter, that emancipation was but the precursor of many other struggles and victories—of associations to procure the abolition of tithes, the repeal of the Union, and other dear but distant schemes of the popular ambition. This tended to make the people jealously watchful of the Association—to keep their gaze riveted perpetually upon it, not only as the engine which was to batter down the ministerial bolts and bars upon their church doors, but as the precursor of many important advantages. The clergy also exercised a legitimate influence on the question; and if there was weakness anywhere, it was where a reforming body can best afford to have it—in its aristocratic members. The harmony thus engrafted on the growth of the Association, never once declined; there were many discussions, but no bitter retorts; many things were proposed, and afterwards rejected, but no member of consequence retired in dudgeon, or remained to make reprisals. The various committees were found enthusiastic in their labors; the delegates labored with heart and unanimity, and a glorious brotherhood existed between all the organs of the Catholics. Through all these pleasing scenes, it was cheering to mark how generously the great leader gave from the abundance of his own laurels, to his chief assistants—to Shiel, Doyle, Lawless, Moore, and the other great lights of the agitation.

In 1825, the Association had reached a strength perfectly irresistible, in consequence of O'Connell's management; aggregate meetings were held all over the country, and the spirit of Ireland was transmitted through the deputies, Shiel, Bric,* and O'Connell, to the Catholics and the people of

* This gentleman, by profession a barrister, was snatched from society by the bloody and barbarous practice of duelling, in the very dawn of his usefulness. He was a young man of extraordinary eloquence, one of the school of '82; and had he been longer spared, would unquestionably have left behind a reputation inferior to no orator of the age, for grandeur of imagery and perfectness of style. He had been called to the bar in 1824, and commenced at the same time law and politics. In the very first term of his legal career, he was retained by the Catholic Association on an important prosecution instigated by the Association against Browne, a chief constable of police in the county of Wexford. In 1825, he was again the advocate of the Association, on the part of the people of Killishandra, in the county of Cavan, recently the scene of a desperate party affray.

England. Amongst these English demonstrations, one deserves to be particularly noticed; not, indeed, from the importance of the parties assembled, but from a very witty and really valuable speech delivered on that occasion by the Rev. Sidney Smith.* The meeting was composed of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East-Riding of Yorkshire, held at the Tiger inn, at Beverley, within which lay Mr. Smith's rectory of Londesborough; and its intent was to petition against Catholic emancipation. In opposing the object of the meeting, he commenced by saying:—

"Mr. Archdeacon—It is very disagreeable to me to differ from so many worthy and respectable clergymen here assembled, and not only to differ from them, but (I am afraid) to stand alone among them. I would much rather vote in majorities, and join in this, or any other political

"Saint Farnham" sat among the Judges; and yet the judgment and justness of the advocate carried his cause, with an Orange jury and a most one-sided bench. The next period in Counsellor Bric's career was his celebrated effort, in conjunction with Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel, against the "Biblicals" in the city of Cork. He was not the least eminent of the famous English deputation, and it was not undeservedly that his "brothers-in-arms" gave to him, on their return, the palm of excellence, humbling themselves to their companion. On the controversy of "the wings" proposed to be attached to the emancipation bill, in the shape of pensions for the clergy, and the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, when O'Connell was most ferociously attacked by William Cobbett, and that attack was welcomed by Cobbett's friends in Ireland, Mr. Bric stood fast by his friend and country. A meeting was held in the city of Cork, in which Mr. Dominic Ronayne defended Cobbett's scurrility, and charged Mr. O'Connell with many grave errors, and even wilful faults. Mr. Bric rose in reply, and delivered a masterly oration. Gallantly he grappled with the allegations of his antagonist; and firmer than ever before, he established the name and the services of O'Connell in the generous hearts of the West. The speech was read in England with the warmest sensations of applause, but Cobbett could never forgive its author. In his Register, Mr. Bric was abused as the vilest of men —as "a ball of new-dropped horse-dung," "the son of a pauper," and every other epithet which malice and coarseness could invent. But Mr. Bric outlived Cobbett's malice, to fall a victim to a less deadly though less erring intention. In 1827, during a visit to Cork, he became embroiled with a gentleman of that city, which led to a duel between them, terminating fatally, as we have before said, to this eminent Irishman.

* This gentleman also rendered vast service to the cause of emancipation by his inimitable letters, over the signature of Peter Plymley. Indeed, he has been the fast friend of many a good cause.

chorus, than to stand unassisted and alone, as I am now doing. I dislike such meetings for such purposes; I wish I could reconcile it to my conscience to stay away from them, and to my temperament to be silent at them; but if they are called by others, I deem it right to attend—if I attend, I must say what I think. If it is unwise in us to meet in taverns to discuss political subjects, the fault is not mine, for I should never think of calling such a meeting. If the subject is trite which we are to discuss, no blame is imputable to me; it is as dull to me to handle such subjects as it is to you to hear them. The customary promise on the threshold of an inn, is good entertainment for man and horse. If there is any truth in any part of this sentence at the Tiger, at Beverley, our horses at this moment must certainly be in a state of much greater enjoyment than the masters who rode them. It will be some amusement, however, to this meeting, to observe the schism which this question has occasioned in my own parish of Londesborough. My excellent and respectable curate, Mr. Milestones, alarmed at the effect of the Pope upon the East-Riding, has come here to oppose me; and there he stands, breathing war and vengeance on the Vatican. We had some previous conversation on this subject, and in imitation of our superiors, we agreed not to make it a cabinet question. Mr. Milestones, indeed, with that delicacy and propriety which belongs to his character, expressed some scruples upon the propriety of voting against his rector; but I insisted he should come and vote against me. I assured him nothing would give me more pain than to think I had prevented, in any man, the free assertion of honest opinions—that such conduct on his part, instead of causing jealousy and animosity between us, could not, and would not fail to increase my regard and respect for him."

In conclusion, he assumed a more serious tone:—

"I have also, sir, a high spirited class of gentlemen to deal with, who will do nothing from fear—who admit the danger, but think it disgraceful to act as if they feared it. There is a degree of fear, which destroys a man's faculties, renders him incapable of acting, and makes him ridiculous. There is another sort of fear, which enables a man to foresee a coming evil, to measure it, to examine his powers of resistance, to balance the evil of submission against the

evils of opposition or defeat; and if he thinks he must be ultimately overpowered, leads him to find a good escape in a good time. I can see no possible disgrace in feeling this sort of fear, and in listening to its suggestions. But it is mere cant to say that men will not be actuated by fear in such questions as these. Those who pretend not to fear now, would be the first to fear upon the approach of danger; it is always the case with this distant valor. Most of the concessions which have been given to the Irish, have been given to fear. Ireland would have been lost to this country if the British legislature had not, with all the rapidity and precipitation of the truest panic, passed those acts which Ireland did not ask, but demanded in the time of her armed association. I should not think a man brave, but mad, who did not fear the treasons and rebellions of Ireland in time of war. I should think him not dastardly, but consummately wise, who provided against them in time of peace. The Catholic question has made a greater progress since the opening of this Parliament, than I ever remember it to have made; and it has made that progress from fear alone. The House of Commons were astonished by the union of the Irish Catholics. They saw that Catholic Ireland had discovered her strength, and stretched out her limbs, and felt manly powers, and called for manly treatment; and the House of Commons wisely and practically yielded to the innovations of time, and the shifting attitude of human affairs.

"I admit the Church, sir, to be in great danger. I am sure the State is also. My remedy for these evils is, to enter into an alliance with the Irish people—to conciliate the clergy, by giving them pensions—to loyalize the laity, by putting them on a footing with the Protestant. My remedy is the old one, approved of from the beginning of the world, to lessen dangers by increasing friends and appeasing enemies. I think it most probable that under this system of crown patronage, the clergy will be quiet. A Catholic layman, who finds all the honors of the state open to him, will not, I think, run into treason and rebellion—will not live with a rope about his neck, in order to turn our bishops out, and put his own in; he may not, too, be of opinion that the utility of his bishop will be four times as great, because his income is four times as large; but whether he is or not, will never endanger his sweet acres

(large measure) for such questions as these. Anti-Trinitarian dissenters sit in the House of Commons, whom we believe to be condemned to the punishments of another world. There is no limit to the introduction of dissenters into both Houses—dissenting Lords or dissenting Commons. What mischief have dissenters, for the last century and a half, plotted against the Church of England! The Catholic lord and the Catholic gentleman (restored to their fair rights) will never join with levellers and iconoclasts. You will find them defending you hereafter, against your Protestant enemies. The crozier in any hand, the mitre on any head, are more tolerable in the eyes of a Catholic, than doxological Barebones and tonsured Cromwells.

"We preach to our congregations, sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces, I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging; she is still veiled in darkness; her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floors of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history anything but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine and disease, as never existed in the annals of the world? This is the system, which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences, which those laws your petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart to that memorable proclamation which the Head of our Church, the present monarch of these realms, has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*that no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have

been destroyed; fleets have been captured; formidable combinations have been broken to pieces—*but this sentiment in the mouth of a king*, deserves more than all glories and victories, the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man. Great as it is, sir, this is not the only pleasure I have received in these latter days. I have seen within these few weeks, a degree of wisdom in our mercantile law, such superiority to vulgar prejudice, views so just and so profound, that it seemed to me as if I was reading the works of a speculative economist, rather than the improvement of a practical politician, agreed to by a legislative assembly, and upon the eve of being carried into execution, for the benefit of a great people. Let who will be their master, I honor and praise the ministers who have learned such a lesson. I rejoice that I have lived to see such an improvement in English affairs—that the stubborn resistance to all improvement, the contempt of all scientific reasoning, and the rigid adhesion to every stupid error, which so long characterized the proceedings of this country, is fast giving way to better things, under better men, placed in better circumstances.

"I confess it is not without severe pain that, in the midst of all this expansion and improvement, I perceive that in our profession we are still calling for the same exclusion—still asking that the same fetters may be riveted on our fellow-creatures—still mistaking what constitutes the weakness and misfortune of the church, for that which contributes to its glory, its dignity, and its strength. Sir, there are two petitions at this moment in this house, against two of the wisest and best measures which ever came into the British Parliament, against the impending corn-law, and against the Catholic emancipation—the one bill intended to increase the comforts, and the other to allay the bad passions of men. Sir, I am not in a situation of life to do much good, but I will take care that I will not willingly do any evil. The wealth of the Riding should not tempt me to petition against either of those bills. With the corn bill I have nothing to do at this time. Of the Catholic emancipation bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation-stone

of a lasting religious peace—that it will give to Ireland not all that it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be of any avail.

"When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law; when this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall; when this bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall; when this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin, than that flag which blends the Lion with the Harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of freedom and of joy—the only banner in Europe, which floats over a limited king and a free people."

About the same time, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, in his seat in the House of Lords, delivered a very hearty speech on behalf of the Catholics, the peroration of which ran thus:—

"I have to detain your lordships only a few minutes more. If it could be proved—but I think it never will—that the worldly advantage of any particular ecclesiastical establishment of Christianity cannot be maintained without an obvious violation, on the part of its members, of the leading principles of the Christian religion; such, for instance, as that most excellent precept, to 'do unto others, in all cases, as we would they should do unto us,' and that 'new commandment, to love one another'—new, both in degree and in extent, which our Divine Master bequeathed to his followers, as his last and best legacy; if, I say, even the Church of England cannot stand, unless its members be called upon to act in direct opposition to those distinguished precepts of our holy religion, I, for one, should say, without the smallest hesitation, let it fall; for, my lords, it must never be forgotten, that an ecclesiastical establishment is no part of Christianity, but the mode only of propagating its doctrines; as has been accurately and justly remarked by Archdeacon Paley. It seems, then, to follow, as a legitimate consequence, that the outward building, the mere fabric of the temple, would hardly be worth preserving, if that charity, which is the guardian angel of the inner temple, had taken its flight, and 'the glory was departed.'

"I shall, perhaps, be asked—indeed, I have been asked more than once—if I feel prepared to abide by the result of

my opinions; a result which, in tne judgment of some, must be attended with the entire loss of those pecuniary advantages, and of the honor of a seat in this House, which I derive from my present situation in the Established Church? To my present situation in the Established Church? To this question, my lords, my answer is very short and very sincere. Worldly advantages, of whatever description, which can only be secured by the oppression of five millions of loyal fellow-subjects, and conscientious fellow-Christians, have no charms for me; they are poor and valueless; I do not wish to hold them by so bad a tenure; on the contrary, I would gladly relinquish them to-morrow, and 'eat my bread in peace and privacy,' if, by so doing, the cause which I have at heart could be effectually promoted.

"These, my lords, are my genuine sentiments; they have been the same for more than half a century, and I am now much too old to change them. I dare not, however, rashly say, as has been said, that whatever alteration of circumstances may occur in this ever-shifting scene of human life, these sentiments will remain unaltered; but I will say, that reflecting seriously upon what has passed, and is still passing before my eyes, there is very little probability of my thinking differently from what I now do.

"With respect to the political part of the subject now under your lordships' consideration, it is not in my province; and if it were, I should be unwilling to weary your lordships' attention by a repetition of those unanswered and unanswerable arguments which have been so often urged in behalf of the Catholics, by many of the best and wisest men of the age in which we live; I must, notwithstanding, venture to observe, that your lordships have, once more, an opportunity of doing tardy justice to a large portion of his Majesty's subjects,—an opportunity which, if neglected, is likely to be followed, and at no very distant period, by events which neither the wisdom nor the power of government may be able to control."

We have copied these sentiments of two Protestant ecclesiastics, as a delightful evidence of the consoling truth, that in all religions, there are true Christians—even in the church of a state. Because, also, they are rare evidences of a spirit, a little of which would not be thrown away upon certain divines of other countries, more especially of this.

But our readers must not suppose that the path of emancipation was, by any means, a thornless one. There is not, in the history of government, a precedent for the determined hostility with which the ministers regarded emancipation. The "great captain" of Waterloo, and his worthy croupier of Tamworth, solemnly and repeatedly, and in the face of the nation, declared they never would sanction its principles becoming a law. But the Duke of York, the profligate and spendthrift Duke of York, who had neither faith nor conscience of his own, who regarded no creed, and reverenced no altar, although a bishop and a Brunswick, made even a more solemn declaration than theirs; for, in the House of Lords, he blasphemously swore, that—"so help him God, in every situation he would uphold the principles of hostility to Catholics, in which he had been brought up."* This expression coming from the heir presumptive to the throne, was justly regarded as a great strength to the enemies of emancipation, but the Duke was soon called from the "situation" in which he then stood, to answer before the great tribunal of all mankind, for his excesses, his bigotry, and his rash swearing.

The Catholics of England felt the influence of the Asso-

* A metrical travestie of this "speech presumptive," appeared in one of the London morning papers, and has been invariably ascribed to the pen of Moore. The following is a sample of this amusing satire:—

"Though Mr. Leslie Foster winced,
From what he once asserted;
Though Mr. Brownlow is convinced,
And Mr. North converted;
Though even country gentlemen
Are sick of half their maggots,
And rustics mock the vicar, when
He prates of fiery fagots;
Though Hume and Brougham and twenty more,
Are swaggering and swearing,
And Scarlett hopes the scarlet whore
Will not be found past bearing;
Though Reverend Norwich does not mind
The feuds of two and seven,
And trusts that humble prayers may find
A dozen roads to heaven;—
Till royal heads are lit with gas,
Till Hebrews dine on pork,—
My lords, this bill shall never pass;
So help me God!"—said York.

ciation, and assumed a more decided attitude than before, in their demands for redress. On the 25th of February, 1825, was held an immense meeting, at the Freemasons' Tavern, London; his Grace the Earl Marshal of England, in the chair. At that meeting the genius of both isles was blended, and the spirits of the common sufferers flowed in sorrowful and indignant union, through all the proceedings. Messrs. Stourton, Blount, and the chairman, represented one land, and the twin-brethren of Ireland's embattled hosts were there. Mr. O'Connell's speech was, as all his speeches are, a wonderful mixture of all sorts of style, from the most lofty to the most plain; he was by turns, speaking to the olden chivalry of the land, in terms courtly and polished; but, far oftener forgetting their presence, he flung his burning words, rough-hewn, amongst the masses of his auditory, lashing them into the most uncontrollable excitement. He was in the capital of England, with her nobles and her citizens around him, and not a few of his own humble countrymen, who, to escape the petty tyrants of a province, had fled to the refuge of the capital of misrule.

In such a position, with such an audience, his creed and his country the subjects, Mr. O'Connell was truly impressive and masterly. When he had concluded, Mr. Shiel was called upon by the vast assembly, and with nervous haste he stepped forward. The place and the scene had its influence upon him in like manner—it brought back his musings at Stonyhenge, his rambles through romance, and in the mazes of dramatic history. He saw the Talbot, the Percy, and the Clifford, before him—the great pillars of the old name of England—and his heart beat time to the fairy dance of his imagination, as he said to himself, I will plant these fallen columns upon their bases again—I will raise them up from the dust—I will tear the cobwebs from their family escutcheons, and unbolt the parliament their fathers created, to these, their sons. It was a proud thought, and inspiring; but it was less patriotic than that of O'Connell, who could see in these coronets nothing better than emblems, of themselves worthless, but which shed some tinge of nobility on his cause. The different inspirations which they drew from the same cause were fair exemplars of each man's mental character. This meeting and one or two others during this year, greatly advanced the cause in England; several new accessions to its ranks occurred;

amongst the rest Mr. Horton, M. P., for Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other gentlemen of fortune and good family.

In 1826, the Association resolved to try its strength with the ascendancy party in Ireland. The people had been trained—the treasury was full—illegal combinations were almost extinct—the public awaited some new step, and the Catholics of Ireland resolved to take a bold and decisive one.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

General Election, of 1826.—*The Association resolves to contest Waterford, Louth, and Monaghan.—The Result.—Triumphs of the Catholics in England.—Publications.—The Press.—Death of Edward Hay, Esq.—William Cobbett.—Controversy of the "Wings."*

Amongst the families devoted to the "Protestant Ascendancy" interest, the Beresfords, in the south of Ireland, and the Fosters, in the north, were of the most wealthy, ardent, and prominent. These houses were radically aristocratic, from very different causes. The latter was of comparatively ancient origin—dating backwards to the days of Cromwell, and some say earlier; they had been, for a century, the dictators of their locality; and long accustomed to undisturbed authority and the exercise of extensive patronage, both civil and ecclesiastical, they had gradually persuaded themselves to believe that their absolute power was, of divine right, hereditary.

The origin of the Beresfords was somewhat different, and less remote. In the year 175–, the first of the family came over to Ireland, as a subaltern in an infantry regiment. In a ball-room, at Waterford, he met with Catharine, dowager-countess of Tyrone; a lady advanced in life, but possessed of many a broad acre of dowry, in various parts of the island. The subaltern was athletic and courteous, and with the manor of Curraghmore in perspective, saw in

the noble bereaved the perfection of her sex. After a brief courtship a marriage was the consequence, and by that means was entailed upon Ireland, one of the most ruthless and brutal races of her provincial tyrants. The marquisate dates from 1787. In the memorable era of 1798, the name of Beresford acquired a murderous celebrity amongst the enemies of the people. John Claudius Beresford (whose Roman patronyme reminds us of Macauley's fine expression, in one of his immortal lays of ancient Rome—

"There never yet was Claudius, that did not wish the Commons ill"—)

was particularly active in that era of treachery and bloodshed. He was a secretary to one of the first Orange Associations ever organized in Ireland—which were merely the continuation of other anti-national secret societies. Of this particular society, Thomas Verner was Grand Master. Nor was the disinterestedness of this family very conspicuous; among the items which made up the enormous "secret service money" expenditure of that period, we find the following:*—

July 4, 1798—J. C. Beresford, - - - £50 00 00
April 8, 1802—J. C. Beresford, amount of money expended for the government, between 1798 and 1802, - - - - £470 11 8½

And in another place we find,

Feb. 25, 1802—Marquis of Waterford, £162 00 00
March 15, 1798,—do. do. - - - £70 00 00

The name of this illustrious family is also connected with a highly original invention, that of converting a riding-school, in Dublin, into a house of torture, in which scenes were enacted, almost beyond the power of credulity to believe. In this earth-hell, poor, naked wretches, the tender youth as well as the decrepid grandsire, and even women themselves, were scourged by the orders of these "private gentlemen," who often regaled their friends with the odious spectacle, and took occasionally a hand at the cat-o'-nine-tails themselves. Having so figured in the prologue, it was natural to find them, towards the *denouement* of that drama,

* For these and other extraordinary facts, see Madden, Appendix, 2d vol. *United Irishmen*, where it is shown that nobles, bishops, and even "patriots," were hirelings of the castle.

which, like most of our modern novels, commenced in a quarrel, and ended in "a union." We find three of the Beresfords voting for the legislative union, in the last Irish House of Commons, and for this exertion of loyalty, they were again most richly recompensed, and at the expense of the nation.

Such were the two tyrant tribes against which, in 1826, the Catholic Association entered the lists, as the champion of the people. Both had been enriched by the division of the booty consequent upon the capture of Ireland's constitution; both had displayed their loyalty unmercifully austere in the disastrous scenes of '98; both had many church livings at their bestowal; both held local commands, and took precedent in all political displays—addresses to majesty, etcetera, which might originate in their respective provinces. Both were wealthy, imperious and revengeful.

Against such influence the Association could only array the integrity of the yeomanry of Louth and Waterford, and the eloquence of the orators of the Corn Exchange. It was hard to call upon the people to stand out boldly against their unforgiving landlords. The friends of emancipation felt that it was so, but the trial must be made. The chances of certain defeat deeply impressed the minds of the most courageous, yet the Association felt that the anxiety of all its friends required some brilliant exploit, and boldly overlooking the difficulty, they saw nothing but glory beyond it.

Lord George Beresford, on the dissolution of parliament, was nominated for the representation of Waterford, and on his behalf was exerted all the interest of his family, as well as that of the Duke of Devonshire, and other extensive landholders of the county. The candidate of the Association was Mr. Villiers Stuart, by birth a Scotchman, possessed of some property in Waterford, and of well-known pro-Catholic principles. When the determination of the Catholics to contest the county became known, the greatest activity pervaded their friends and their opponents. The Beresfords published a sullen and unyieldingly "Protestant" address; Mr. Stuart announced himself in a manly and modest appeal to the electors; the Association sent down its best and ablest members, to arrange all preliminaries with the local agitators; the priesthood openly espoused, and rigorously advocated the claims of "Stuart and emancipation," and many were the startling scenes which oc-

curred between the enthusiastic *Soggarth** and his sorely pressed parishioners. The tory candidate, on the other hand, had active canvassers in the field, offering money to some, leases to others, and inducements to all. It was a trial of fearful importance to the character of the people, as well as to the success of their cause. Everything that could seduce, tempt or terrify, was brought to bear upon the unfortunate tenantry of the unscrupulous conservatives.

The day for action at length arrived, and the master spirit, O'Connell, appeared in person on the hustings. The masses of the population had pledged themselves against all intoxicating liquors; they had also taken a solemn and deliberate pledge not to violate the peace, no matter what insults they might receive. Both these pledges they kept with unscrupulous fidelity. The strongest man might have been spat upon by a liveried manikin, and not a word of reproof would he utter, nor a finger be raised to avenge it. The reception of O'Connell augured well for the success of his experiment, and accordingly, Mr. Stuart was elected by an overwhelming majority.

The fate of the Beresfords was merely a prototype of that which awaited the Fosters. In Louth, Lord Oriel and Lord Roden were the chief patrons of the county, and Mr. Leslie Foster and Mr. Fortescue were their candidates. On their part the emancipationists induced Mr. Dawson, a retired barrister, to stand forth in the breach, to bear the brunt of as heavy a contest, as ever, perhaps, occurred since or before. Here again the genius of Ireland, and the high-toned sense of honor indigenous of her noble peasantry, triumphed over coronets and wealth, and the blandishments of an aroused and unscrupulous aristocracy.

Simultaneous with the elections of Waterford and Louth, where the genius of emancipation, in the persons of O'Connell and Shiel, had prostrated Protestant ascendancy, was that of Monaghan, in which the ill-fated and gifted Bric, after displaying abilities and judgment inferior to neither, beheld the cause of the people crowned with similar success, in the return of Westenra. This triple triumph was a heavy blessing for the Association to bear, but they were equal to the plenitude of their suddenly-acquired laurels. The brightness of their triumph did not blind them to the

* Anglice—Priest.

difficulty of making the best use of it—nor the glory won by their agents content them, while unaccompanied by substantial benefits. They resolved to husband up their energies—to bear their triumphs quietly—to treat their opponents forbearingly—and, in short, to lose no time in following up the vantage blow they had struck at the hoary head and iron sceptre of Intolerance.

These memorable elections caused, at the period of their occurrence, an intense excitement amongst men of all classes in the empire, and were watched to the issue, with feelings of mournful forethought, by the advocates of the old regime. The aristocracy drew closer to each other, from a sense of impending danger, and allied by their fears, looked with awe and silent bitterness at the progress of the people. The popular cause no longer crept like a snail upon its path, but bounded like an eager steed, straining for an imperishable prize. A sudden conscience struck the souls of the ascendancy party, that their days were not to be prolonged upon the earth; yet, consistent to the last, they swore rather to perish than concede. The Marquis of Waterford, after desolating his extensive estates, by a wholesale ejection of his courageous tenantry, vowed an eternal hostile farewell to the land, on which his father had landed a beggar; but while on his way to the Continent, was overtaken with a mortal illness at an obscure village in Wales. He who had made so many homeless, thus closed his own eyes in a strange country—unwept, unwatched, and unprepared.

The same period, in which took place the events we have tried to chronicle, was also remarkable for indications of growing liberality in the choice of representatives at the English elections. At a meeting of the British Catholic Association, held immediately after the issue of the general election of 1826, on the 26th day of July, Edward Blount, the secretary of that body, a most influential and able agitator, said:—"Our opponents had directed all their efforts to influence the public mind against us, and had vainly imagined, that under the delusion of an unprincipled war-whoop, the voice of justice, honor, humanity, and liberality would have been extinguished. They reckoned without their host. In the whole range of the country, hardly a solitary instance, to their immortal honor be it spoken, can be discovered, where this appeal to prejudice and passion

has been successful." In the same address, Mr. Blount stated that three hundred thousand documents of various sizes had been circulated by the British Catholic Association. If to this we were to add the innumerable tracts, speeches, sermons, and pamphlets from the press of the Catholic Association, we would find a vast, an almost unprecedented amount of research and argument arrayed on the side of religious liberty.

While on this view of the subject, we cannot fail to notice the pre-eminent zeal with which the Irish metropolitan press followed up each new success of the people, stimulating and supporting them to even higher victories. The REGISTER, then conducted by Mr. Stanton; the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, originally established by the no less famous than able Dr. Lucas; and the EVENING POST, edited by Mr. Frederick Conway, led the van of the metropolitan Irish press. Nor was the provincial press inferior in spirit or in watchfulness, to their more fortunately located co-laborers; in every national sheet, the most ardent zeal appeared, and often clothed in language equally pertinent and classical.

Few stimulants are more useful to the purification of the press, than the zest which extensive legislative changes gives to political controversy. In such seasons, the minds capable of thinking and reasoning, are taxed to their utmost; they descend to the sources of government and of law; the origin of social wrongs, and the false construction of society, are revealed to them, even as the pearl-diver in his vocation marks the formation of worthless weeds, and explores the haunts of monstrous creatures. In such a time it is easy to distinguish who possesses the metal of true genius, and who the sounding brass.

In October of this year, died Mr. Edward Hay, of Ballinkeel, county of Wexford, best known as the historian of the insurrection of 1798, in his native country, and for many years secretary to the Catholics of Ireland. Mr. Hay was a gentleman in the most liberal sense—as much from the respectability of his family, and of his own life, as from public spirit and a strict personal regard for integrity of conduct. His family were prominent in the first shoal of Norman invaders who swarmed along the south-eastern coast of Ireland in the days of the second Henry, skulking into patrimonies on the banks of the Slaney, the Barrow, and the Suire. They were originally men of large landed

possessions; but their descendants, by preserving their creed, sacrificed their estates. Notwithstanding, the father of Mr. Hay was considered a wealthy man; he is remembered in that neighborhood as an inveterate duellist and sportsman; and many a haughty, bigoted 'squire has suffered his nose to be plucked, rather than measure swords with old Hay. His son, in 1792, was one of the Catholic delegates who, with John Keogh, of Mount Jerome, laid the complaints of their brethren at the foot of the throne—and this, against the express wishes of his father, who disinherited him for his patriotism. A few thousands, however, were left him in his own right; but of this he was also deprived by the unnatural litigation of his brother, Major Hay. In 1798, Mr. Hay took an active part in the ill-advised rising of the peasantry of his native county, of which he has given a modest and accurate account in his patriotic and trustworthy history of that unfortunate insurrection. In the general ruin which followed that desperate strife of the unarmed people with their long-prepared rulers, Mr. Hay would have undoubtedly been a partner, were it not for the representations of Lord Kingsboro' and other officers of high rank who had served in Wexford, who were not forgetful of his humanity in their days of danger, and of his incessant efforts to prevent the cruelties of the justly exasperated peasantry. Of Mr. Hay's public life we find nothing on record, subsequent to the publication of his "Narrative of the Insurrection in Wexford," until his appearance at the Catholic Board meetings in the capacity of secretary. For the few years preceding his death, he had retired from that position, on account of some difference with Mr. O'Connell, to whom he never afterwards could be reconciled. Like many another able and honest man, he died not worth a shilling, leaving but his poverty to his numerous family, and that carriage of blended dignity and gentleness, which gives a sanctity to misfortune, and renders even rags respectable.

Their victories, in 1826, filled the hearts of the emancipationists with new strength, and accelerated the final triumph of that measure. But there was one obstacle, and a formidable one, a great cause for intestine dissensions—I mean the well-known controversy relative to the "wings" already mentioned in connection with the name of Counsellor Bric. The chief advocates of emancipation were at

variance on this subject, and each contended for the adoption of his own particular views. Mr. O'Connell was for recognizing the freehold wing, but opposed the clerical wing; Mr. Lawless ably and incessantly decried the freehold wing, which was the abolition of the forty-shilling qualification. Several titled leaders, and many liberal Protestants, were in favor of pensioning the Catholic clergy; while the immortal J. K. L., and the scarcely less gifted Dr. Machale, courageously opposed their own aggrandizement, at the expense of their laity and church. The wings were likely to kill the entire measure, by the sources of difference they carried with them; and Parliament knew not for a time, nor cared to know, whose opinion to take, as the foundation of a satisfactory act.

Foremost in this most interesting controversy, stood a sturdy form, possessing a mind shrewd, vigilant and logical, of unvarnished speech, and matchless determination. To talents of a simple class, unbedecked by study, but clarified in the philosophic sedateness of his mind, William Cobbett added a daring at once novel and prudent, in his contests with the ascendant bigotry and toryism of England. His many public acts and writings form consecutive links between those singular circumstances through which, without any personal consistency, he transformed himself from a private in an infantry regiment, into a member of Parliament for the town of Oldham. Born in the humblest circle of plebeian life, in the county of Hampshire, and bred a common soldier, he found himself master of some knowledge, of vast penetration, and a thoroughly English style of composition. In his regiment he was remarkable for great studiousness of disposition; and during the many long nights he passed in the provincial garrisons of North America, whether on the sentinel's walk or in his quarters, his active mind was never idle. In one of his officers, as he himself informs us, (the renowned and chivalric Lord Edward Fitzgerald,) he found a friend and patron, who could appreciate his acquirements, and who readily assisted in bettering his fortunes. On the return of their regiment from the North American service to England, Lord Edward immediately procured his release from the army. At this time he possessed a young wife, whom he had wooed in his own original manner, and a small sum of money, the savings of his scanty hire. After spending some months in

England, he started his REGISTER, devoted to the interests of the working classes, the emancipation of Catholics, the abolition of tithes and large banking institutions, and the attainment of a reform in Parliament.

The novelty of his style; the bold prudence of his declamation; his hostility to the church establishment; and his contempt for the aristocracy, drew him speedily into notice. One or two libel suits furthered his notoriety, and in a few years his paper became really formidable. It was his great ambition to be considered "the man of the people," and to this end he endeavored to interweave his name with their most domestic concerns; he wrote "Cottage Economies," works on gardening, "Advice to Young Men," and sermons against tithes, usury, etc. These works were issued chiefly in six-penny numbers, and from their point, simplicity, and sound sense, became immense favorites with the people of England. His writings speedily crossed the channel, until his "History of the English 'Reformation,'" and his "Life of General Andrew Jackson," established his fame and his REGISTER in Ireland.

At the period to which we have arrived, the tide of Catholic agitation was at its full; and of all the names it bore along, none, save O'Connell's, bore, for the time, a prouder front than that of William Cobbett. But he yielded too much to popularity, and was swept away in its turbid current. He took a firm stand against both wings, and put forth all his energies against their adoption by the Catholics. The forty-shilling freeholders, the trades union, and Mr. Lawless greeted his accession to their views with joy, while the clergy were no less pleased with his homespun denunciations of those who sought to bribe them into indolence, and thus to insure their dependence on the will of the government. For a time, O'Connell's fame seemed to vibrate; Cobbett saw its crisis at hand, and unwisely poured forth a torrent of bitter personalities, which effectually injured his own reputation, and re-acted powerfully in favor of his adversary. When, too late, he saw the errors he had committed, his exasperation prevented his making any atonement, and he madly persevered in his ferocious libels on the great leader and his most devoted disciples. Yet the honesty of his intentions was not then doubted by the majority of the Catholics, and their unsuspecting dispositions saved him from utter disrepute.

Cobbett was a useful and remarkable man, but by no means possessed of the lineaments of greatness. To those who differed from him in detail, he was as hostile, and often more hostile, than to those who opposed totally the questions he espoused. He hated O'Connell in his soul—which was a mark of unquestionable littleness. A pine may flourish bravely in the shadow of an oak; and so can true greatness grow in the shadow of a superior nature. Cobbett could no more have been O'Connell, than O'Connell could have been Cobbett. Their natures were essentially different—their powers and capabilities were dissimilar; and in forgetting this truth, Cobbett unmade his own character. He was not born to be the tribune of the people; he was not a "thinking machine on two legs." Had he sedulously and consistently followed the example of Swift, he might have left behind productions as nearly equal to the Draper's Letters, as the masterpiece of the Roman poet is to its prototype, the Iliad. He had the humor, the courage, the experience, and the language, with a much greater theme than the manufacture of woollens, upon which to establish a political fame akin to Swift's. The Archimedean point for him was his closet; his pen, and not his voice, should have been his lever.

Cobbett was an inconsistent and unsteady public man. In every pursuit he seemed more in earnest than he really was. His views of the Catholic religion, at various periods of his life, will illustrate this assertion. Thus, in his letter to Pope Pius, dated Nov. 8th, 1828, he rebukes Dr. Doyle for not showing sufficient respect to the sovereign Pontiff. "Dr. Doyle," he says, "has not confined his labors in this way to works from the press, but has, in evidence given by him before the houses of Parliament, spoken in the most light, not to say contemptuous, manner of the influence and authority of the Pope relative to the Catholic Church." Yet in his Register for February 11th, 1815, we find the very same pen writing down this sentiment in relation to Joachim Murat, king of Naples:—"With regard to what is said of Joachim's designs against the Pope, nothing has appeared in a shape sufficiently authentic to enable me to form a correct opinion, though I should be well pleased to hear that the temporal, as well as the spiritual power of his Holiness, had received an irrecoverable blow." Nevertheless, when he heard that his "Reformation" had been men-

tioned with praise at Rome, he forthwith addressed a familiar and respectful letter to his Holiness, leaving this and other like opinions unretracted, before the public. He was, moreover, by turns the libeller and the flatterer of individuals and states; his praise and censure were equally unqualified in relation to America and Ireland; his attacks on O'Connell, Burdett, Grattan, and other eminent public men, were modified according to the degree of attention which they gave them. In all his definitions of character—in all his religious and political essays, he attacked principles because their defenders were his enemies, and seemingly from no higher motive; thus the sins of a blunt advocate were visited upon his cause, howsoever pure and unimpeachable it might be. He lived an agitator without principle himself, while he could not bear coadjutors more honest; he advocated Catholicism against all the charges brought by the church of his own country, yet he had not the strength or sincerity to adopt its doctrines, while he censured others severely for having cast them off.

But we must not imagine that this unbroken and insincere spirit was without its better moods, or that its great energies were expended without effect.

Self-interest, the circumstances of his birth, his defective education, and the popular bias of his mind, gave to Cobbet's career a sort of consistency which though it did not spring from motives of conscience, rendered his middle age formidable on account of his past triumphs. His egotism or ambition was of so towering a nature as to look down upon, rather than up to, aristocracy; and sneering on the many lords who were sovereign in their own petty circles, he resolved to be lord of all the land, moving its lower strata, and thereby shaking even the throne if necessary. The dictatorial tone of his Register would never have been tolerated in any other newspaper writer, but one, who, while he dared thus speak to the people, used the same style in his epistles to the king, to the Hartford conventionists, to Bonaparte, to Louis of France, to the Pope, seemed privileged to be unceremonious. His consistent and habitual courage led him to oppose the last American war, and to denounce the Congress of Vienna; he wrote a book and published it in praise of General Jackson, while yet the beaten troops of Packenham lived and told their tale of shame around him; and he eulogized Bonaparte at the very mo-

ment he was in open arms against England. Such a man, although intolerant of the superior popularity of his coadjutors, was yet a man for the multitude, in the feverish and partially-awakened state in which the French Revolution left the less than half-educated masses of the British islands. They were attracted by his fearlessness, they were charmed with his theories, they echoed his oracular decisions, and became accessory to the fulfilment of his prophecies. There was more strength in his pen than all the reviewers of the land could muster, and his facts were as inexhaustible as his logic was vivid. In short, he was a man who, without the aid of principles, did much for the lower ranks of England—much for the dissemination of historic truth and political knowledge, and who gave to others what he did not himself possess,—firmness of purpose, and a consistent eagerness for social amelioration, and parliamentary reform. He lived to see the fulfilment of many of his desires—to sit in the senate of his native land, and to fill a place in her literature. A more disinterested spirit could not have been more amply rewarded, while many such have fared much worse after undergoing a harder public novitiate.

Cobbett's accession to the formidable opposition to the wings, but gave renewed energy to O'Connell; he saw that the forty-shilling freeholders should be disfranchised to carry the greater measure of emancipation. He argued that there was no great gain without some sacrifice; that to save the land from a civil war, and religion from a new persecution, it were better to allow this wing to be affixed to the bill, while at the same time he firmly refused to sanction or connive at the project of pensioning the clergy. His genius and the necessity of the time succeeded, and the forty shilling freeholders were disfranchised accordingly, and the long-delayed measure was carried.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.—O'Connell is nominated for the Representation of Clare.—The first Clare election.—Mr. Steel.—O'Gorman Mahon and Father Maguire.—Passage of the Emancipation Act.—O'Connell in St. Stephens.—He is refused a seat under the new Act.

The general election of 1826 had placed in the councils of the nation many gentlemen favorable to the liberation of the Catholic body, to a certain extent, although the number of thorough-going emancipators was very limited. One triumph, however, it gave to the cause, in the repeal of the odious corporation and test acts, for which the year 1827 is chiefly remarkable in the annals of the Catholic question. To the English whigs the merit of first moving in this matter is justly due: Lord John Russell being the author of the motion. It is fair also to add that several tory members, including the Duke of Wellington, without whose aid it could not then have passed into law, supported the bill. The present Earl of Shrewsbury had written a very able little book, styled "Reasons for not taking the Test," which had its share in this result; while Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and the radical reformers, to a man, stood by it and voted for it from the first.

It was in consequence of the part he took in effecting the repeal of these acts, and as some say, at the suggestion of Lord John Russell,* that Mr. O'Connell moved, in the Association, to rescind a resolution binding that body to oppose the election of all candidates for Irish seats in Parliament who refused to pledge themselves against the Duke of Wellington's administration. In this he providentially failed, and that failure was a chief cause of his own election for Clare.

On the meeting of Parliament in 1828, it was announced

* *Vide* Huish, p. 434.

that Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the sitting members for Clare, had been raised to a seat in the new cabinet, which occasioned a vacancy in the representation of that county. A new writ was issued accordingly, and Mr. Fitzgerald, as a ministerialist, resolved to contest any candidate who might be brought forward by the Catholic Association. Descended of a good family, of great personal popularity, large fortune, and respectable talents, he came into the field with many advantages. His father had filled the office of Prime Sergeant at the Irish bar for many years, an office in which he had been preceded by Malone, and other illustrious jurists. He was a member of the last Irish Parliament, and an active opponent of the Union; his son, therefore, could not be an object of dislike to the generous electors of Clare. Mr. Fitzgerald had employed his ministerial influence for the benefit of many in his native country, for which he really entertained a sort of patriotic affection. It may readily be imagined that the defeat of such a man was a very different, and much more difficult task, than the overthrow of a Foster or a Beresford.

In virtue of their anti-ministerial pledge, the Association chose an opposition candidate, and their choice fell upon Major McNamara, a gentleman of better family than fortune, who had been O'Connell's second, in the duel with D'Esterre, and withal was popular in Clare. He had no pretensions to ability, except in settling affairs of honor, and the highest flight of his ambition was to clear handsomely a five-barred gate. He was now beyond life's half-way house, a portly and courteous country gentleman, much respected by his acquaintance, and honored by the humbler classes. He was known to have strong pro-Catholic feelings, although a Protestant, and was, in short, the only man the Association could reckon upon as a candidate. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon was despatched to acquaint him with the fact of his nomination, and after an absence of two days, returned to Dublin with the astounding intelligence, that Major McNamara's obligations to Mr. Fitzgerald were such as to prevent him, "in honor, from running in opposition to that gentleman." The receipt of this news caused the Association the deepest vexation, which was further increased on learning that Dean O'Shaugnessy, an influential clergyman of Ennis, and a relative of Mr. Fitzgerald, was supposed to be favorable to his election. Without the

co-operation of all the clergy, the Association felt the contest would be fruitless, and without Dean O'Shaugnessy's aid, such co-operation could hardly be attained. Having announced their intention of opposing Mr. Fitzgerald's return, and having refused to drop the anti-ministerial pledge, the Associates felt obliged to proceed, but were completely at a loss for a nominee. There was no one found anxious to be a member of Parliament. In this dilemma, a lucky thought of O'Gorman Mahon saved the character of the Association, and insured the speedy passage of the long-sought-for act. He proposed to Mr. O'Connell, and afterwards to the Association, that O'Connell should become the candidate of the Association, and if elected, should in his person seek to establish the right of Catholics to seats in Parliament. It was a bold and happy thought, as the sequel will show. The Association adopted, *viva voce*, the motion; and the whole empire was astonished by the publication of the following address to the electors, promptly issued by O'Connell:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CLARE.

"DUBLIN, JUNE, 1828.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—

"Your county wants a representative. I respectfully solicit your suffrages, to raise me to that station.

"Of my qualification to fill that station, I leave you to judge. The habits of public speaking, and many, many years of public business, render me, perhaps, equally suited with most men to attend to the interests of Ireland in Parliament.

"You will be told I am not qualified to be elected; the assertion, my friends, is untrue.—I am qualified to be elected, and to be your representative. It is true that as a Catholic, I cannot, and of course never will, take the oaths at present prescribed to members of Parliament; but the authority which created these oaths, (the Parliament,) can abrogate them: and I entertain a confident hope that, if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing from the chosen representative of the people, an obstacle which would prevent him from doing his duty to his king and to his country.

"The oath at present required by law is, 'that the sacrifice

of the mass, and the invocation of the blessed Virgin Mary, and other saints, as now practised in the church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous.' Of course I will never stain my soul with such an oath: I leave that to my honorable opponent, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; he has often taken that horrible oath; he is ready to take it again, and asks your votes to enable him so to swear. I would rather be torn limb from limb than take it. Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me, who abominates that oath, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who has sworn it full twenty times! Return me to Parliament, and it is probable that such a blasphemous oath will be abolished forever. As your representative, I will try the question with the friends in Parliament of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald.—They may send me to prison.—I am ready to go there to promote the cause of the Catholics, and of universal liberty. The discussion which the attempt to exclude your representative from the House of Commons must excite, will create a sensation all over Europe, and produce such a burst of contemptuous indignation against British bigotry, in every enlightened country in the world, that the voice of all the great and good in England, Scotland, and Ireland, being joined to the universal shout of the nations of the earth, will overpower every opposition, and render it impossible for Peel and Wellington any longer to close the doors of the constitution against the Catholics of Ireland.

"Electors of the county of Clare; Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald claims as his only merit, that he is a friend to the Catholics—why, I am a Catholic myself; and if he be sincerely our friend, let him vote for me, and raise before the British empire the Catholic question in my humble person, in the way most propitious to my final success. But no, fellow-countrymen, no; he will make no sacrifice to that cause; he will call himself your friend, and act the part of your worst and most unrelenting enemy.

"I do not like to give the epitome of his political life; yet, when the present occasion so loudly calls for it, I cannot refrain. He took office under Perceval,—under that Perceval who obtained power by raising the base, bloody, and unchristian cry of 'No Popery,' in England.

"He had the nomination of a member to serve for the borough of Ennis. He nominated Mr. Spencer Perceval, then a decided opponent of the Catholics.

"He voted on the East Retford bill, for a measure that would put two virulent enemies of the Catholics into Parliament.

"In the case of the Protestant Dissenters in England, he voted for their exclusion, that is, against the principle of the freedom of conscience;—that sacred principle which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cultivated and cherished, on which we framed our rights to emancipation.

"Finally, he voted for the suppression of the Catholic Association of Ireland.

"And, after this, sacred Heaven! he calls himself a friend to the Catholics.

"He is the ally and colleague of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel; he is their partner in power; they are, you know, the most bitter, persevering, and unmitigated enemies of the Catholics; and, after all this, he, the partner of our bitterest and unrelenting enemies, calls himself the friend of the Catholics of Ireland.

"Having thus traced a few of the demerits of my right honourable opponent, what shall I say for myself?

"I appeal to my past life for my unremitting and disinterested attachment to the religion and liberties of Catholic Ireland.

"If you return me to Parliament, I pledge myself to vote for every measure favorable to radical reform in the representative system, so that the House of Commons may truly, as our Catholic ancestors intended it should do, represent all the people.

"To vote for the repeal of the Vestry bill, the sub-letting act, and the Grand Jury laws.

"To vote for the diminution and more equal distribution of the overgrown wealth of the established church in Ireland, so that the surplus may be restored to the sustentation of the poor, the aged, and the infirm.

"To vote for every measure of retrenchment and reduction of the national expenditure, so as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation, and to bring the question of the repeal of the Union, at the earliest possible period, before the consideration of the legislature.

"Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; choose between him who has so long cultivated his own interest, and one who seeks only to advance yours; choose between the sworn libeller of the

Catholic faith, and one who has devoted his early life to your cause; who has consumed his manhood in a struggle for your liberties, and who has ever lived, and is ready to die for the integrity, the honor, the purity, of the Catholic faith, and the promotion of Irish freedom and happiness.

"Your faithful servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

It is impossible adequately to conceive the enthusiasm caused by this resolution amongst those to whom it was thus announced. The friends of Mr. Fitzgerald could scarcely believe it to be the serious intention of the Association, until the arrival of Messrs. Steele and O'Gorman Mahon, as precursors of the coming of the great agitator, aroused them to the necessity of using every exertion within their means.

The names of these gentlemen being historically associated with that of a most interesting period of O'Connell's life, a digression explanatory of their standing and character, may not be out of place, ere we meet the "Liberator" on the hustings. Both yet live—but alas! how sundered and how separated. Steele is found by the side of his leader and companion, while Mahon, fallen from his high estate, is ———. Both, however, must be sketched upon our canvass; less fully, to be sure, than they deserve, but faithful at least even in outline.

Mr. THOMAS STEELE is by birth a native of Clare. His family are of some antiquity in that county, and of highly respectable fortune. He was born heir to an extensive and valuable property, which he has spent to the last farthing upon scientific experiments, and in patriotic adventures. His education was commenced in Trinity College, where he obtained the degree of B. A., and advocated Catholic Emancipation. From thence he went to Cambridge and entered Magdalen College. A characteristic anecdote is related of the manner in which he decided between the relative advantages of studying at Oxford, and on the Cam. Having arrived in London without deciding on this point, he sat one evening at the door of his hotel in Holborn, and seeing a stage-coach, marked "Cambridge" pass by, he called to the driver, ordered his trunk, and jumped into the vehicle. Here, he could more congenially, than in "Old Trinity," devote his time to his favorite mathematical

studies. He left this university with the degree of M. A., accompanied by the friendship of its most illustrious inmates.

Returning to Ireland, the possessor of a comfortable fortune, he had resolved not to adopt any profession. The first evidence of his aspirations for fame on record, was his daring conduct in the *melee* of the Trocadero. With Sir Robert Wilson, and other enthusiastic Irishmen, he had entered all soul into the Spanish struggle for independence, which occupied the years of 1820—3. From the resources of his private fortune, he had often drawn liberally for the support of the public cause, and on abandoning that desperate enterprize, he found himself surrounded by so many fellow-sufferers that he heavily mortgaged his property to alleviate their distresses. The knavery of a young lawyer, his relative, whom he had placed as agent over his estates, still further involved him in debt, and it was with little surprise that a short time since those who knew his personal history, heard of his having availed himself of the provisions of the "insolvent act." It must have been a hard struggle that reduced him to such extremity; even the judge who presided (Chief Justice Pennefather) bore willing testimony to his honorable character, and declared him stainless from the ordeal.

Mr. Steele's scientific reputation stands deservedly high; his improvements in the diving-bell, his plan for reclaiming the mudlands and improving the navigation of his native Shannon, as also his scheme for supplying Dublin with water through the valley of the Liffey, are acknowledged by all competent judges, to be highly useful and strikingly able projects. In fortification and engineering, indeed, in almost every branch of mathematical science he has few, if any, superiors in the empire.

In person, Mr. Steele has nothing of the Adonis in his mould, but he is far from being insensible to the soft influences of the gentler sex. On this point he is perfectly Quixotic; his "silent love" is proverbial; when smitten with the charms of some fair Irish girl, he "never names her, never," but lets

> "——— Concealment like a worm in the bud,
> Prey upon his damask cheek."

On more than one occasion, when smitten with peculiar adoration he has retired to his cot amidst the hills of Wick-

low, and hermit-like, sighed away his soul "to the listening deer." Whenever he has occasion to mention the ladies, he does so in language equally enthusiastic and respectful; in a word, he seems to have been made for mediœval times, not for ours. There is in his nature an enthusiasm so lofty, a sincerity so sincere, a sense of honor so keen, a delicacy and a daring so extreme, that, of him more than any other man of the nineteenth century, may it be said,—"we shall not look upon his like again."

But my readers must not suppose by the foregoing sketch, that I regard Mr. Steele as an impracticable being. So far from it, that there is no man more easily advised, none who possesses less egotism or self-opinion. His nice sense of principle clothes with respect and will perpetuate his name to the latest generation of Ireland's sons. His perpetual remembrance of his duty; the military devotedness with which he follows the beck of O'Connell, cause him to repress his natural impetuosity, which, under a less venerated leader, would often break forth, and occasion mischief. It is impossible for a selfish nature to realize what manner of man Mr. Steele is, and, alas! how few who are not so, have we in the nineteenth century to appreciate his "erratic virtue," to honor his consistent and unparalleled disinterestedness.

Of Mr. Steele's coadjutor in the canvass of Clare, Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, we desire to say but little. It is one of the most painful tasks which the pen of a genial chronicler can undertake, to enumerate the early services of one who afterwards becomes a traitor to his country and to his own convictions. Such, unhappily, was the case with him of whom I am now speaking. There was a time—which can never come again—when few men stood so high in the estimation of his country, and of all who have forfeited her good will, few have sunk so low. Blinded by a malicious anger, he has of late irrevocably stained his name by heaping calumny on his early friend, Steele, in a court of justice, in the moment of his humiliation. The reader would not thank me for the details of that scene.

In 1828, O'Gorman Mahon was a young and promising man. Of great personal grace, manly form, and undoubted courage, he was well calculated for an efficient canvasser in an Irish contested election. He boasts the inheritance of undiluted Celtic blood, and no man represents more truly

in outward form, the *beau ideal* of a Milesian aristocracy, as handed down by history and tradition, than does he. His address is good, his language select and appropriate, yet it were an injustice to style it eloquent. In fashionable life, he is the idol of the ladies and the envy of the men; he excelled in all manly accomplishments, and showeth in all his actions that *bon hommie* so irresistible in securing the affections of an Irish peasant. When a member of the British Parliament, he usually entered the Commons dressed in the antiquated style of an Irish country gentleman, and attracted no inconsiderable share of ridicule. On a certain occasion, while sitting in a club-room adjacent to St. Stephen's, he had the pleasure to hear himself criticised very elaborately by a couple of fashionables at a distant table. After dissecting "his barbarous style of dress" and swaggering carriage, one of them undertook to wager that he must be a poltroon. This startled his Milesian blood, and striding over to this imprudent personage, he looked him sternly in the face for a moment, handed him his card, and gave him the alternative of an immediate challenge, or an apology on his knees before the club. The cockney, after a good deal of hesitation, thought the latter the better way of escaping from the dilemma.

Such, in outline, were the two men who now agitated the constituency of Clare, from the highest to the humblest of its members. Their zeal never tired—their bodies needed not rest, nor their thoughts sleep; they travelled, talked, reasoned, appealed; apathy disappeared at their approach, and hostility was converted into generous co-operation. But they were not alone in the herculean enterprise. Mr. Lawless was also in the field, a formidable assistant; and Mr. Ronayne, anxious to make amends for his conduct in the controversy about the "wings," exerted himself arduously in haranguing the people in their native, glorious Gaëlic. In the midst of the exertions of these gentlemen, there arrived in Ennis a coadjutor of no secondary order, in the person of Father Maguire, the priest of Ballinamore, and one of the first scholars and logicians of the age.

His fame as a controvertist had been already established at the expense of more than one champion of Protestantism. His famous controversy with the Rev. Alexander Pope, in 1827, had been regarded by the Catholic church as a complete triumph, while the Catholics of Ireland were particu-

larly elated at its result. At several of their meetings, into which this oral discussion was protracted, Mr. O'Connell frequently acted as chairman, on behalf of Father Maguire, and at the close declared that "a simple, unpretending priest, from the bogs of Leitrim," had given a death-blow to the doctrines of the established church. Armed with such recommendations, and, perhaps, desirous to counteract the neutrality of Dean O'Shaugnessy, Father Maguire volunteered to pay an electioneering visit to Clare, which was gladly accepted of by the Catholic Association. And here, if any cold-blooded rationalist, or sneering sectary inquires whether this was the duty of a clergyman, in this case, I answer him boldly that it was. We can admire those recluses of the Peninsula, who seized the swords of the slaughtered peasantry, to resist the influx of Gaelic invasion; we admire the heroism of those Vendean ecclesiastics who aroused their flocks to combat against the bloody dynasty of the *Illuminati*, at the peril of extermination; our bosoms glow with admiration when we read of those fields of death, on which millions are mowed down with a scythe of flame, where defenceless priests walk intrepidly through the dying and the dead, anointing with holy crism the expiring patriot soldier. If these things be admirable, as indeed they are to men of feeling, why should we blame the man who, ordained to the service of God, and placed as a sentinel over man, beholding the slavery or liberty of his charge at hand, raises his voice or his hand to place them beyond the influence of chains, ignorance and poverty? Mere party politics will defile a robe consecrated to the altar; but there is such a thing as a sublime science in politics—a science of justice and mercy, of suffering or comfort, life or death. The priesthood of Ireland are essentially a popular body, by birth, disposition and inheritance;—when they assumed holy orders, they did not cease to be sons of Ireland, nor to feel, and think, and act for her welfare. It was thus Dr. Doyle stamped immortality on his fame—it was thus that Mac Hale has become a consecrated name in the Irish annals of our time—it was thus that Father Maguire felt, when he arrived in Clare to co-operate for the election of O'Connell. Nor was his visit a useless one. His priestly character, his powerful logic, racy and plain language, and his theological reputation gave him great advantages; and whilst the lay canvassers merit all praise,

there was, perhaps, no individual amongst them, whose presence exercised an influence so beneficial as did Father Maguire. By these hands were those elements of strength gathered together, which, bursting from the hustings of Ennis, broke down the policy of the Reformation, altered the constitution of England, and gave liberty of conscience to the Catholic millions and the dissenters of the whole empire. The names of these men are deserving of everlasting remembrance; they will be sought out by the future historians as deserving the highest panegyrism; for through them O'Connell was elected, and through him British intolerance received its death-blow.

The day of election being near at hand, Mr. Shiel, appointed counsel for Mr. O'Connell, left Dublin for the scene of action. On arriving at Ennis, he ascertained that the tenantry of Sir Edward O'Brien (who, although a Catholic, refused to support Mr. O'Connell) had been brought to their master's way of thinking, and were *pledged* to vote for Mr. Fitzgerald. The energetic counsellor saw there was no time to be lost; it was Saturday evening, but he started immediately, and after travelling from twilight until nearly noon, he arrived at the humble mountain chapel of Corrofin, where the electors he sought were then at mass. After the sacrifice had been offered, the celebrant introduced him, by a few remarks in Gaëlic, to the congregation. They were old men and young, widows, wives, and children gathered before the low door of that rugged temple. It was a wild scene, well suited to the genius of the spokesman; he was amid the venerable hills of Thomond, and his soul, like Ossian's, went abroad amongst the children of the mountains. Visions of glory rolled along their summits, studding the sky with the sparkling of armor and the clashing of shields. The orator's chest heaved, his lips trembled, his eye fired, and then, after a long pause, as if for breathing, out rushed the language of inspiration, pouring like a torrent fresh from a long pent-up cavern, and overturning every obstacle in its career. The auditory felt the inspiration that burned or melted in his words; they were swayed before his breath, as forest trees wave in the tempest; they yielded to the magic of oratory, and followed the enthusiastic speaker, on the morrow, to the polls.

This scene at the chapel of Corrofin could only be exceeded by that which was enacted in the streets of Ennis,

on the arrival of Mr. O'Connell. Those who were eye-witnesses have never lost the actual sight, while no man hath attempted to describe it; even Shiel, who pounced upon every incident calculated to give a pictorial interest to the sameness of political advocacy, has left that subject untouched because of its magnitude. The streets were crowded; the thoroughfares leading to the town were crowded; the ladies of the adjacent country graced the windows and balconies; the housetops were bristling with human bodies, and the prolonged cheers of the vast throngs surged like the Atlantic upon a rocky shore at night—loud, awful and mysterious. At length O'Connell arrived, and then the voices of the multitude rose in simultaneous cheers, deafening each other. Who, in such an hour, but would feel himself a conqueror?

On the appointed day, the Court House was besieged with persons anxious for admittance. The sheriff read the writ of election. Beside him, on the left, stood Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, surrounded by the chief gentlemen of Clare. On the opposite side appeared the stalwart form and laughing countenance of Mr. O'Connell, with more frieze coats than broadcloth in his body-guard. There was a gentleman in tabinet, however, who had perched himself, by a feat of unusual agility, upon a cross-beam of the court, that rendered him no small service. This was no other than Mr. O'Gorman Mahon. The high sheriff, observing the attention he attracted, rather tartly desired him to take off a broad green badge, from which hung the medal of the order of Liberators: "I tell that gentleman there," cried the functionary, "to take off that badge." There was a brief pause, when Mahon slowly replied—"This gentleman tells that gentleman, that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman or any other gentleman while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." This reply struck dumb the pompous sheriff, a loud cheer burst from the body of the court, and a look of deep vexation fastened upon the countenances of the ministerial candidate and his friends. When silence was obtained, Sir Edward O'Brien proposed, and Sir A. Fitzgerald seconded the nomination of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, "as a fit and proper person" to represent the county of Clare in Parliament. Mr. O'Gorman Mahon then proposed, and Mr. Steele sec-

onded the nomination of Daniel O'Connell in the same words. The candidates then addressed the electors—Mr. Fitzgerald having the precedence. His speech was allowed upon all hands to be a very able and appropriate one; his modest allusion to his own services in the Catholic cause, and to those of his father, (at that time lying on his death-bed,) in the days of the disastrous union, softened every bosom towards him. There was an amiable sincerity in all he said, which evidently impressed the vast assemblage within the walls, who saluted him, on sitting down, with renewed and enthusiastic approval. Mr. O'Connell succeeded, and delivered one of those long and magnificent speeches by which he has bound to himself the heart of Ireland, so that no man can take it from him. He was everything by turns—sportive and sad, severe and charitable, and the people doubled with him as supple as young hares sporting on a fallow. They were now roused up to the most indignant pitch of patriotic hatred, and again melted into feminine softness by the pathos of their favorite. After a brief exordium, he had them all his own way, and he took good care to preserve his advantage. Of that effort all description would be needless, as all praise would be in vain. It will suffice to say, that after one of the closest contests in the annals of electioneering, Daniel O'Connell was declared by the high sheriff "duly elected" for the county of Clare. The excitement died away—the people returned to their homes—the gentry to lament their overthrow, and O'Connell to plead before the bar of the House of Commons, for the recognition of the religious rights and civil liberties of his countrymen. His name was not a stranger to their ears, for years before he entered that assembly, his spirit had disturbed its bigotry, and shaken on its escutcheoned pillars, the antique cobwebs of conservatism.

Before, however, he could enter Parliament, the ministry resolved to force through a bill of emancipation; and thus they succeeded in depriving him of the honor of the victory, though they could not shield themselves from the ignominy of defeat.

The autumn of 1828 beheld the Irish nation on the verge of civil war. The commander of the forces communicated to the ministry the fearful news, that the loyalty of the army could not be depended on. Aggregate meetings, pa-

rochial meetings, and every other mode of evading coercive law, was resorted to; and the fires of a new rebellion began to gleam forth from the bustle and confusion of the vast open air demonstrations, in which the people thrust forth their thousand hands. The rulers of the empire became, or affected to be, really alarmed. A call of the Houses of Parliament was accordingly made, for an early day in the ensuing year; and on the 5th of March, the first day of their assembling, Mr. Peel moved a committee of the whole house, to go into a "consideration of the civil disabilities of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." This motion, after a two-days' debate, was carried by a majority of 188. On the 10th of March, the bill was read for the first time, and passed without opposition, such being the arrangement entered into while in committee. But even in five days, the ancient bigotry of the land had been aroused; nine hundred and fifty-seven petitions had already been presented against it; that from the city of London was signed by more than "an hundred thousand freeholders."* On the 17th it passed to a second reading, and on the 30th to a third, with large majorities in each stage of debate. Out of 320 members who voted on the final reading, 178 were in its favor. On the 31st of March it was carried to the Lords by Mr. Peel, and instantly read a first time; and two days later, (on the second of April,) it was read a second time, on motion of the Duke of Wellington; a bitterly contested debate of three days followed; on the 10th, it was read a third time, and passed by a majority of 104. Three days later, it received the royal assent—and in three more, the unanimous welcome of the Irish Catholics, as well as of all their brethren in the three kingdoms, and of the dissenters.

Thus was proposed, debated and enacted, in the brief space of five weeks, one of the most important measures ever considered by a British Parliament. From the time of the Revolution, there had been no such change effected; for this was, in reality, an alteration of the Constitution. Great popular concessions had been made, from the days of King John, by bad or weak monarchs; able and popular senators had carried through Parliament some miniature reforms; but with the exception of the Bill of Rights, there

* *Vide* Croly's "George the Fourth."

is no legal advance of the legislature to be at all compared, in the extent of its operations, or in the importance of its results, with the act of Catholic emancipation. When we consider the vast number of persons suddenly restored to their civil rights, from a state of hereditary outlawry, we cannot but regard with awe and admiration the unconquerable spirit of the man, who trampled upon custom, prejudice and intolerance, and forced the minions of sectarian ascendancy to destroy its immunities, and break down the bulky exclusiveness with which it had, year after year, and age after age, surrounded the franchise, and laden down the civil and social rights of the people. The British Empire probably contained, at that time, 150,000,000 of souls, or about one fifth of the people of the earth. Of these a mere moiety belonged to the Church of England, and an honest man of any other creed could not consistently take the test oath, or the oath of supremacy. He who believed in the apostleship of Knox, and he who held the primacy of Saint Peter; the disciple of Priestly, the proselyte of Paine, the follower of Wesley, could never in conscience swear that in the person of the lecherous and foppish George the Fourth, they recognized the deputy of the All-Pure, and the visible head of the only true church. In short, no matter what the difference between their dissent from the Thirty-Nine Articles, if they were in earnest in their antipathy to that definition of the faith of the establishment, they could not swear to the contrary, in truth or with a safe conscience. When, therefore, Daniel O'Connell liberated the Catholic, he by the same blow struck off the fetters from the dissenter, and released private judgment from its ancient disabilities. One fifth of the people of the entire world are now his debtors for the acknowledgment of the principle and practice of religious toleration by their imperial legislature, and crown.

While the measure of emancipation was calculated to bestow so many and such extensive benefits on the whole empire, the ministry, with mean dexterity, attached to it a clause by which Mr. O'Connell was deprived of its benefits, he having been elected previous to its enactment. The story of this petty insult is as follows:—

On Wednesday, the 5th of March, 1829, a petition having been presented against Mr. O'Connell's return, a parliamentary committee met to take into consideration that

gentleman's eligibility to sit for Clare. Some days previously, he had published an elaborate legal argument, proving his perfect right so to do. His counsel before the committee were Mr. F. Pollock, Charles Phillips, Mr. Alderson, and Mr. Lynch. Those of the petitioners were Messrs. Harrison, Adams and Doherty. The proceedings of this committee are so well described in the London papers, and are of themselves so important, that I cannot refrain from giving them in detail.

"Mr. Walmesley, the clerk of the committee, read the petition against the return of Mr. O'Connell, which set forth that on the hustings he (Mr. O'Connell) said he was 'a Roman Catholic, and would so continue till the end of his life;' that 'he would never take the oaths,' &c. It also detailed the placards, acts of intimidation, commands of 'vote for your religion,' &c.

Mr. Harrison asked whether it was requisite to read the whole of the petition? All the allegations were abandoned except that as to the *eligibility* of Mr. O'Connell. The question, in fact, reduced itself to a question of law.

The Chairman, after consulting with the committee, acquiesced.

Mr. Harrison then said, that he had made a proposition to the counsel of Mr. O'Connell. He was instructed to submit, that Mr. O'Connell was ineligible to sit as a member, and therefore to be elected. He had, consequently, to urge on the committee to direct the inquiry first to be made, whether Mr. O'Connell was eligible? If the question were decided against him, such decision would close his case, for all depended on that question. He quoted several cases from Douglas' Reports and Election Law, to show that the committee, where there were several points of inquiry, had frequently decided that the material point, whether of law or otherwise, should be first settled. It would materially save the labor of the committee if this course were pursued. The only question he and his friends had to raise was, whether Mr. O'Connell was eligible? If Mr. O'Connell were not eligible, then it remained for him to show that Mr. O'Connell was a Roman Catholic—that the fact was notorious—and that the election proceeded on the notoriety of such fact.

Mr. Adam spoke to the like effect, observing, that by the

committee coming to such decision, the time would be materially saved.

Mr. F. Pollock, on the part of Mr. O'Connell, complained of being taken somewhat by surprise, and of the want of courtesy in its not having been communicated to him what course would be pursued. His learned friend had chosen to assume that Mr. O'Connell was a Roman Catholic; and on that was to be raised a dry abstract question of law, without any knowledge of the facts on which that barren question was to be raised. There was new law, too, pronounced—that Mr. O'Connell being a Roman Catholic, as was assumed, was ineligible to be elected. But 'Roman Catholic'—he had read all the acts, and he nowhere found the words, as to whether a 'Roman Catholic' was eligible or ineligible. What was meant by 'Roman Catholic?'

Mr. Harrison.—Well. I will not quarrel about terms; I mean Papist.

Mr. F. Pollock admitted that there were certain barriers to protect the representation, and that the committee could decide by what course they would pursue the inquiry; but he implored the committee to allow him to hear the facts to which they intended to apply the alleged law, before they were called on to argue an abstract question of law. Let the facts first be stated.

Mr. Alderson followed on the same side. He admitted where there were different points, it was convenient to separate the objects of investigation, and complained of the unfairness of being first, and unexpectedly, required to argue a dry question of law.

Mr. Harrison begged to observe that he had meant no unfairness; that he had pursued the usual course in election cases, and that during twenty-six years' practice before Commons' election committees, he had never given the previous notice now complained of as not having been given. He thought it was by far the best course to settle this question first. If he were thrown upon the proof, he would appeal to the notoriety of the fact, and to the repeated declarations of Mr. O'Connell, that he not only was a Roman Catholic or Papist, but that he would ever continue such.

Lord W. Russell desired Mr. Harrison to say, in distinct terms, what was his proposition.

Mr. Harrison.—It is this—that Mr. O'Connell, being a

Roman Catholic, or Papist, was ineligible to be elected, to be returned, or to sit.

The committee then desired the room to be cleared. After about ten minutes' consultation, the counsel and agents were re-admitted.

Lord W. Russell then said: 'As chairman, I am desired to inform you, that the committee are of opinion the counsel for the petition should first proceed to prove the fact.'

Mr. Harrison.—That is, to prove the whole of my case.

The Chairman.—Yes, the whole facts of your case.

Mr. Harrison then rose for such purpose. He began by observing, that he should have to trespass at great length, by first stating the law of the case, the several statutes passed to exclude Papists from the Houses of Parliament. namely, 5th Elizabeth, 3d James I., 7th James I., 30th Charles I., and 1st William and Mary. They required the oaths of allegiance and supremacy first to be taken before the Lord Steward, or his deputy, and then in the house, with the Speaker in the chair. That course continued down to the present time. The 1st of William and Mary particularly described the former oaths, the modes of taking them, and again enacted that they should still continue to be taken in such manner, and none other. This was requisite to be enforced by the convention Parliament, because the dissenters would not take the oath of supremacy any more than the Papists or Roman Catholics; for the one said that Christ was the head of the church, as the Papists declared the Pope to be. The first act of William and Mary was the only act that applied to the case, though others had been referred to—he meant by the gentleman against whom he petitioned. He did not know how to describe that gentleman. He was not the sitting member, because he had not appeared to take his seat; he did not like to call him the 'franking' member, as some had termed him; he would therefore style him by a term that was well known and much used in Ireland—the 'titular' member for Clare; and that would be equally applicable after Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald should have taken his seat for Clare. (A laugh.) He contended that, next to the laws existing, the constant practice of the law was the strongest proof. No one ever dreamed that unnecessary oaths had been taken, till the titular member for Clare came with his new light; but he maintained that 1 William, c. 8, was the governing

statute, and referred to by 1 Geo. I., 6 Geo. III., c. 53, as well as the Act of Union, recognized it. The forms of oaths were there settled, and so continued down to the present time. [Mr. Harrison argued these points at great length, reading the several clauses of the different acts.] But it was said that no time was prescribed when the oaths should be taken; this was answered not only by the acts already named, but by the 33 Geo. II., chap. 20, all which prescribed that the several oaths, &c. must be taken 'before they can sit and vote.' Then, unless the member, whoever he might be, intended not to go into the house—he spoke seriously—unless he desired to continue the 'titular' or 'franking' member—the member must take the oaths 'before' he took the seat, and voted. Unless he read the acts, it would hardly be believed that a barrister, who ought to have known better, could have asserted in print, the pamphlets having been most industriously circulated, that 'no time' was specified for taking the oaths. The like omissions on broad assertions were made respecting Yelverton's Act, the Union, &c. He contended that the act of Union, 39 and 40 Geo. III., c. 67, said, as regarded peers, that they should take the oaths and make the declaration as then established by law. It abrogated no laws, except where that was specifically done; but on the contrary, enjoined the taking and subscribing of oaths, &c., as previously established. As to the doctrine held to the contrary, it was puerile and absurd. And as to 'Roman Catholics' being nowhere mentioned, as was alleged by Mr. Pollock, the 33d Geo. III., c. 21, was expressly 'for the further relief of Papists or Roman Catholics.' The learned gentleman then proceeded at some length to show, that by the construction of those acts a Roman Catholic was ineligible to sit, and, being so ineligible, a person declaring himself to be a Roman Catholic, and that being a matter of notoriety, he was ineligible to be a candidate, or to be returned, and that therefore his election was, to all intents and purposes, null and void. At the conclusion of his address, the learned gentleman put in the return of the high sheriff, to which were appended a certificate from the office of the Crown and Hanaper in Ireland, of Mr. O'Connell having been sworn in as a Roman Catholic barrister, also an affidavit of his having declared himself a Catholic.

Mr. F. Pollock objected to those documents being re-

ceived with the return, and contended, that the sheriff had no right to make those additions to his return; and that on that ground they could not be received. Nothing could be received as evidence but the return. In some particular cases the sheriff might no doubt receive evidence; for instance, in that of a boy of tender age, and notoriously a minor, he might receive evidence of the fact, and append it to his return; but in most other cases, and in the present, his office was purely ministerial, and he was bound to make the return, and any addition to it would be irregular on his part, and could not therefore be admitted as evidence with the return itself. It was suggested to him (Mr. Pollock) by his learned friend Mr. Alderson, that a clergyman entering a register of a baptism, and adding in it the age of the child, the register would be legal evidence of the baptism, but the entry of the age could not be received as evidence of the age, because the party was authorized only to register the fact of the baptism, and not the age. In like manner an entry or addition to the return, which the sheriff was not authorized to make, could not be received as evidence of any fact with the return.

Mr. Harrison contended, that the sheriff was bound to state, in his return, the special circumstances of any peculiar case, and to add any evidence that he might have received of those circumstances; and that such addition must be received along with the return. As to the case which his learned friend had cited, the entry of the clergyman of the age of the child could not be legally received, because the clergyman could not know the fact of his own knowledge.

Mr. Pollock, in reply, observed, that let the same test be put to the case before the committee, and it would at once put an end to his learned friend's argument. How, he asked, could the sheriff know anything of the affidavit? It was handed to him as sworn; but how could he know that fact, or know that it was true?

After some further discussion, the room was cleared, and strangers were excluded for about twenty minutes.

On the return of counsel, they were informed by the chairman, that the documents appended to the writ might be read; but that reading was not to be considered as evidence of the truth of their contents.

The documents were then read by the clerk, after which

Colonel Fitzgerald was put into the box, and proved that he had heard Mr. O'Connell declare at the hustings that the freeholders had to choose between him and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; that Mr. Fitzgerald had sworn, on taking his seat in Parliament, that their religion (that of the Catholics) was impious and idolatrous, and was ready to swear it again, should he be returned; but that he (Mr. O'Connell) being a Roman Catholic, would never take any such oath,—that he would sooner die first.

On his cross-examination, Colonel Fitzgerald admitted that Mr. O'Connell more than once declared that it was not necessary that he, as a Catholic, should take the oaths,—that he would try that question.

Mr. Dillon Macnamara gave similar testimony as to the declarations of Mr. O'Connell of his being a Catholic.

In his cross-examination, he made the same admission as to Mr. O'Connell's assertion, that it would not be necessary for him to take the oaths previously to his taking his seat.

In answer to another question, as to whether Mr. O'Connell had not expressed his determination to try the right, witness replied, that no doubt he had, but the right could not be tried till the return was made. This produced a laugh among Mr. O'Connell's friends; and Mr. O'Connell observed to one of his counsel—"Certainly it could not, and that is the whole of the case."

Harrison said he should call no further evidence on this part of his case.

The chairman, after consulting with the committee, declared it would be advisable to adjourn the committee till the following day, when it again met, and Mr. Pollock intimated that it was not intended to examine any witnesses on the part of Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. Adam said that that would throw some difficulty in his way, and then proceeded to argue in support of the petition. The learned gentleman, in the first instance, directed his attention to the various text writers and authorities, proving the necessity of taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy before the Lord Steward, prior to any member's being admitted, under the law of the 1st of Elizabeth, to enter the House of Commons. The principal act, however, on which he relied in this part of his case, was the 3d William and Mary, c. 2, which extended to Ireland the provisions of the statute 30th Charles II.; and he referred

to the history of that period in support of his construction of this act, in order to show that the object of it was to exclude Papists. That was effected by one of the clauses, which declared the Invocation of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the mass to be superstitious and idolatrous, which was a test that the Catholic could not get over. That, however, was not the only test. It had been attempted to be denied that Yelverton's Act, which recognized these statutes, did not adopt them so as to create exclusion. But a very slight consideration of the very words of the statute would suffice to prove the futility of such an argument. From the passing of that act up to the time of the Union, members of Parliament took the oaths prescribed by the English statute of Charles II., and it was not until lately that this new light broke in, by which it appeared that these statutes had no reference to Ireland at all. The 9th section of the act of 1793, which relieved the Catholics, also mentioned that no one could sit in Parliament unless the oaths and declarations were made and subscribed according to the law as then in force, thereby expressly recognizing the act of William and Mary. If the act of Union did, as he contended, continue the law, it was certain that no Catholic could sit in Parliament; and if even there were any doubt upon that act, the 41st Geo. III., ch. 52, 101, left no doubt upon the subject, and seemed as if framed in anticipation of the arguments used at the other side. It could not be deduced from either of them that it was the intention of the legislature at the time of the Union to let Roman Catholics into Parliament. He admitted that if the prohibitions in these acts were established for the first time, they would not amount to a disqualification. But the act enjoined the taking of the oaths before accustomed and known to be taken by the members of both the Parliaments, which were then united; and it was therefore impossible to say that all the consequences which were applicable to English members of Parliament would not equally apply to Irish members. It was said that there was no time, place, or person appointed for the administering the oath, which would leave the act open to this interpretation, that no oath at all need be taken. The nature of the act pointed out a place, for the 30th Ch. II. merely said that the oath was to be taken in the House of Commons, and no more; therefore, it would be absurd to say that there was no place to be

found for the purpose. The time, place, and manner were provided by the different acts to which the act of Union referred, and it was not necessary they should be set out *modo et forma*, as if they were to be inserted in a special declaration. A distinction was drawn also between the act of Union with Ireland and that of Scotland, because in the latter the disabilities were directly declared to follow from the refusal of the oaths, while in the former there is only an injunction to take the oaths theretofore usually taken. Both of them, however, were equally valid; the latter might, no doubt, have been as special, but it was not reasonable to infer from the absence of special and precise terms, that it was the intention of the Legislature to omit the fulfilment of what it had before enjoined. The learned gentleman then proceeded to argue, that the 41st Geo. III., c. 52, applied to all persons returned to Parliament. In proof of this he referred to the title of the act, which described it as showing "what persons" are disabled from voting and sitting in Parliament. There were three classes of persons so disabled by the act, the first and second of which had no particular reference to placemen, but applied equally to all. The learned gentleman, after concluding this part of his case, proceeded to argue, that if a Papist could not sit and vote, he was not eligible to be returned. He began by asking for what purpose would a member be sent to Parliament if he could not sit there, except indeed to give considerable trouble in the first instance, and to leave a portion of the king's subjects unrepresented. There was nothing more jealously looked for than having a full House of Commons, and it was therefore the intention of the Legislature that every member should be able to sit; otherwise the law would allow, what it never does, that something should be done in vain. The 6th section of the 41st Geo. III. proved this; for it said, that "if any person declared incapable, or disabled from sitting and voting, should nevertheless be elected, such return or election was declared null and void." The consequence then must be, that a new writ should be issued, and a new election be had. Assuming, therefore, that a Roman Catholic could not sit, he contended that the election of one was void. The learned gentleman supported this argument by several quotations from Blackstone, Douglas, and by reference to the cases of Sir Richard Allen and Mr. Ongly, which arose under the acts of King

William and Queen Anne, with respect to placemen. He contended, further, that a member was complete the moment he was returned, before he either sat or voted; and in proof of this he cited "Hatsell, page 88," who instanced, in support of this doctrine, the case of Sir Joseph Jekyll, who was chosen on the committee of secrecy, in 1715, before he took the oaths at the table of the house. He concluded by calling on this committee to look at the history of all these acts, and he was of opinion that they would decide with him, and declare the return of Mr. O'Connell as one who could not sit in the house, to be null and void.

Mr. F. Pollock, for Mr. O'Connell, said that he would not follow either the course of argument pursued by his friend, Mr. Harrison, the day before, nor would he make any allusion to the first two hours of Mr. Adam's speech. It was unquestionable, that before the Union between Great Britain and Ireland any Catholic refusing to take the oaths would be undoubtedly excluded from sitting or voting in Parliament. Agreeing in all that Mr. Adam stated up to that period, he denied his conclusion; and with respect to the Act of Union, and the subsequent Act, he would not trouble the committee, because the question must be decided elsewhere. The general question of emancipation had nothing to do with this particular subject, which must be considered as a mere point of law. He had nothing of overweening confidence in his own opinion, nor would he enter into those differences or mistakes which might have been fallen into by some gentlemen who wrote pamphlets. He, however, doubted whether what Mr. Harrison stated was anything more than a re-publication of what had been published by a learned member of the House of Commons. But it had very little to do with the question then before the committee. The first point, he asserted, was, that up to the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, any person was entitled to be elected without any disqualification affecting a Roman Catholic as such; for that, although the oaths and declarations were necessary to entitle a person to sit and vote, yet until that period had arrived, and he failed in doing so, he was completely a member of the House, to all intents and purposes, and his election was good and valid; that he proved by reference to the first statute quoted, which directed that members theretofore elected should take the oaths before the Lord Steward, and should not otherwise be

deemed knights of the shire. The language of the 30th Chs. II. was equally clear in recognizing the validity of the election, but left it on the conscience of the member whether he would take the oath in the time and manner specified. Peers and members of Parliament were on the same footing. The Act of William and Mary was the only one that applied to Ireland, and that said that no peer could sit and vote or give his proxy without taking the oaths, nor any member of the House of Commons could sit or vote without taking the oaths thereinafter mentioned. That statute thus recognized him to be a member, and only enacted that he could not sit and vote, until he had taken the oaths, &c. It went on to say, that such peer or member of Parliament should be disabled from thenceforth; wherefore the distinction was plain. The committee were only to decide upon what was enacted, but they could not decide, that if an individual were once a Catholic, he should be incapable of being at any subsequent period elected. It was urged at the other side that there was a test, and yet they would not abide by it, nor by the care and the provisions of Parliament, but would call on the committee to declare that there was no necessity for that test. Those enactments were devised because the Legislature found it impossible to dive into the consciences of men, and perhaps with a view that by being allowed to be elected, persons might be induced to take these oaths. Peers were entitled to their seats on merely taking the oaths; but still the king could create Catholic peers. He would then leave that part of the question, satisfied that the validity of elections was recognized by every statute up to the Union. The second point he contended for was that the Act of Union left the question precisely where it found it. This part of the subject the learned gentleman illustrated by a number of quotations from the Scotch and Irish Acts of Union, and continued to say that if the Act of Union provided that all members must take the oaths before they voted, that alone must settle the question, and that Mr. O'Connell was not subject to any disqualification that was not shared by others in the kingdom—namely, the not taking the oaths. The learned gentleman proceeded to say, that he merely assumed that it was necessary to take the oaths for the purpose of the committee entering his protest, that that part of the question must be decided before the House of Commons. The question for the committee

was, not whether there was evidence of Mr. O'Connell's being a Catholic, or of his final perseverance in the Catholic faith, for they could not know what he might do, when he went to demand his seat in the House. The term disability could not refer to Mr. O'Connell; he was under none; for there was no diving into a man's conscience, and no one could say whether he might or might not take these oaths, although it was contended that Mr. O'Connell was at this moment disabled, because, by and by, he might not choose to take the oaths that were required. Blackstone had been referred to; but that eminent constitutional lawyer, amongst the disabilities he enumerated, never mentioned the fact of Catholics being disqualified from being elected. [Here Mr. Adam put into the hands of Mr. Pollock Mr. Coleridge's edition of Blackstone, which in a note enumerated Papists, peers, and outlaws, as having been omitted in Blackstone's catalogue of disqualified persons.] Mr. Pollock commented shortly upon this note, and asked what necessity existed to enumerate peers amongst disqualified persons, when even judges who were commoners were included in the list on account of their attendance on the Lords' House. He proceeded to say that he was not there to deny Mr. O'Connell's being a Catholic, but merely to watch the evidence given. There was, however, no Act of Parliament which fixed the indelibility of the Catholic faith upon a man, like holy orders; and the history of the country showed, from the many changes of religion which had taken place, that the Legislature intended to give the very last moment for the taking of those oaths. What was there to prevent Mr. O'Connell from taking those oaths, although his learned friends at the other side would argue, that although he did so, he could not yet be a member of Parliament? The committee must, to decide in favor of the petitioners, adopt two propositions—first, that Mr. O'Connell will not take the oaths; and, secondly, that when he presents himself for the purpose of doing so, he will not be permitted. That discussion could only arise when Mr. O'Connell presented himself to the House, and then a great question would have to be decided. He trusted that Mr. O'Connell was returned to try a great right, and that the committee would give him an opportunity of doing so, and that they would not come to a decision contrary to the usage of all tribunals, by anticipating what any individual might do at a future period.

The learned gentleman ceased speaking at half past three o'clock.

"The chairman of the committee (Lord William Russell) then asked whether the case was closed on both sides, and having been answered in the affirmative, strangers were ordered to withdraw, when the committee, after a few minutes' deliberation, adjourned until the next day.

"On the meeting of Parliament on the following day, Lord John Russell, as the organ of the Committee appointed to take into consideration the petition of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., reported to the House, that Daniel O'Connell, Esq. was duly returned, and that the opposition of Thomas Mahon was neither frivolous nor vexatious."

This decision was received with evident chagrin by the ministers, who were not prepared to disprove it, although resolved to do so, if possible.

On Wednesday, the 15th of May, Mr. O'Connell entered the House of Commons, considering himself entitled to sit there, by the provisions of the late act, as well as by the decision of the committee. On his way thither, he had found the streets crowded by a breathless mass of human beings, straining their eyes on each actor as he passed to the stage, and eagerly expecting the result. When he entered the house, which was unusually crowded, he felt himself the object of an absorbing curiosity; every eye was on his manly form, and every brow stamped with thought and not a few shaded with trouble. Lords Ebrington and Duncannon accompanied him to the table, where stood the clerk holding the tablets, on which the oaths were printed. He crossed the floor, hallowed by the footsteps of so many great senators, with a monarch's dignity; since the days of Sir Thomas More there had appeared within those walls no layman fit to be his peer. He felt that though the walls around him were inanimate, still they had been consecrated to genius in the echoes of Burke's orations and Chatham's early eloquence. Genius reverences genius, and a less sensitive nature than his who stood before the Commoners of England, would have been impressed with a solemnity of the place. When the oaths were tendered to him, he pointed out such passages as in conscience he could not take, which the clerk of the House reported to the speaker. After examining the objections, the speaker rose and briefly

stating his reasons why the proposition of Mr. O'Connell, to take certain portions should not be allowed, ordered that gentleman to retire. This being done, a very animated debate ensued upon the propriety—1st. Of hearing the honorable gentleman's objections. 2d. Of where he should be heard; whether at the table or at the bar. On this question there was a great diversity of opinion; the chief debaters were Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Mr. Wynn, in favor of hearing the objections forthwith, and Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Sugden for adjourning the debate until the the following Monday, giving members time to examine carefully into the merits of the application. The latter prevailed.

On Monday, the 18th, the debate was resumed on Mr. Brougham's motion; viz., "that the honorable member for Clare be heard at the table, on his objections to the oath of supremacy." Sir Robert Peel moved, as an amendment, that he be heard at the bar, and, after some mutual concessions, the amendment was carried, and Mr. O'Connell was introduced.

His argument on that occasion was long and powerful; it was marked with courtesy towards the House, and at the same time with the strongest convictions of his own right to sit therein. "The question is," he said in conclusion, "is it not my right on this return to take the seat to which I have been duly elected? Is the question free from doubt? If there be a doubt, I am entitled to the benefit of that doubt. I maintain that I have a constitutional right, founded on the return of the sheriff and the voice of the people; and if there be a doubt upon the subject it ought to be removed. The statute comes before us to be construed from the first clause. I did—and I am not ashamed to own it—I did defer to the opinions of others, and was averse from calling for that construction, and if it had not been for the interests of those who sent me here, my own rights should have been buried in oblivion. But now I require the House to consider it. Will you decide that a civil right does not mean a civil right? And if this case of mine be not excepted, will you add it as an additional exception? It might have been said by some of those who supported the bill that it was intended by that measure to compensate a nation for bygone wrongs, and to form the foundation stone of a solid and substantial building, to be consecrated to the unity and

peace of the empire. But if what is certain may be disturbed; if what words express may be erased; civil rights may be determined not by civil rights, if we are to be told that, by some excuse or by some pretext, what is not uncertain may be made so, we shall be put under an impossibility to know what construction we must hereafter place on the statute. I have endeavored to treat this House with respect. My title to sit in it is clear and plain; and I contend that the statute is all comprehensive in its intention, in its recital, and in its enactments. It comprehends every principle and measure of relief with such exceptions as are thereinafter excepted. But while I show my respect for this House, I stand here on my right and claim the benefit of it."

The honorable gentleman thus closed his plea, and withdrew amidst the renewed plaudits of nearly all the members and persons in the galleries.

The Solicitor General then rose to reply, but first hoped the House would permit him to say that the plea of the member for Clare "was characterized by that ability which they had a right to expect from one so distinguished in his profession," and that the temper he had displayed had done him "great credit as a man and a gentleman;" he then went into a learned and copious argument on his inadmissibility, and concluded by moving, "that Mr. O'Connell, having been returned a member of this House before the passing of the act for the relief of the Roman Catholics, he is not entitled to sit or vote in this House unless he first takes the oath of supremacy."

Mr. George Lambe differed materially from the Solicitor General, and hoped the old act was not to be revived "and levelled at the honorable member for Clare."

Mr. Fergusson supported the views of the Solicitor General.

Mr. W. Fitzgerald contravened several of the propositions of the latter gentleman.

Mr. Sugden followed in an elaborate argument in favor of the Solicitor General's views, but declared in his peroration that—"for one, he should be very happy to see the honorable and learned gentleman in the House; convinced as he was, from the temper and ability which he had that evening manifested, that he would be a very valuable acquisition."

Sir James Scarlett followed on the same side in a true lawyer's speech. He agreed with Mr. Sugden as to the admirable conduct of the honorable member of Clare; "it certainly would be a subject of great regret to him, if the House should feel obliged, in the discharge of their duty, to vote the exclusion of so able a man." He did not think that his honorable friend (the Solicitor General) had answered all the objections of the honorable member for Clare. He hoped that it would not be made a party question, and then proceeded to the merits, which he discussed with distinguished ability.

Mr. Wynne was in favor of another, of a new act, which should embrace the case of the member for Clare.

Mr. Doherty felt it his duty, although a relation of Mr. O'Connell's, to support the motion of his right honorable friend, the Solicitor General.

Mr. Brougham rejoined in a very convincing speech. After what had been said, no member of the House need be ashamed to confess his doubts upon the nice points of law involved, and if so, the member for Clare was entitled to the benefit of their doubts. "They had all heard the able and manly, though mild and unobtrusive manner, in which Mr. O'Connell had urged his claims at the bar. That argument had not been touched."

Mr. Peel had no doubt whatever upon the subject, and went into a long argument to prove that the oaths of supremacy and abjuration could not have been repealed by the first of William and Mary.

When he concluded, the question was put and the House having divided, there appeared for the Solicitor General's motion, 190. Against it, 116. Majority, 74.

The following day, immediately on the members' assembling, Mr. O'Connell was sent for to the bar of the House, when the resolution was read to him by the speaker, and it was then demanded of him whether he would take the oath of supremacy. Having asked for, and received from the clerk, a copy of the oath, he said, in a clear and resolute voice,—"There is one assertion in this oath which I do not know to be true; there is another which I do not believe to be true. I cannot, therefore, take this oath." Then he bowed to the House and withdrew.

Immediately on Mr. O'Connell's leaving the House, the Solicitor General moved for the issue of a new writ for

Clare. On this motion another lengthy debate ensued between Messrs. Wynn and Sir James Mackintosh against its immediate issue, and Sir Robert Peel and the Solicitor General in support of the latter's motion. The house then adjourned until the 21st. On that day, Mr. Spring Rice, in a lengthy speech moved the amendment of the "Catholic Relief Bill,* Chap. 7, in relation to the oaths to be taken by Catholic members." This motion, however, was lost, the previous one carried, and a new writ issued for Clare.

CHAPTER NINTH.

O'Connell is reëlected for Clare.—View of the State of Europe.—Various Successes of Revolutionary Efforts.—Influence of the Emancipation upon the Reform of Parliament.—Agitation.—Motion for a Repeal of the Union.—Death of George the Fourth.—His Reign, and its History. The new Irish Representatives.—Sir Michael O'Loghlen.

The invalidity of his claim had been no sooner decided by parliament, than Mr. O'Connell addressed himself to the electors of Clare, calling upon them for their suffrages. He commenced by informing them that the House of Commons "had deprived him of a right which the people of Clare had vested him with," and then recapitulated the objects he would have in view, if returned, and the interests of the country in having him in Parliament. In conclusion, he noticed one or two objections which had been advanced to his election, and, amongst others, this:

"It has been said that I am a stranger in Clare. Me a stranger in any part of Ireland? Foolish and absurd! I am identified with the people of Clare in everything that can identify man to man. All however, I can claim, is the

* Throughout this discussion the term "Relief" is used as synonymous with Emancipation.

ratification of the former election. I ask only the sympathy of Clare upon the vacancy; I have a title to that sympathy by the community of interest, and generous feeling and exalted resolves."

A bill had been brought in, the previous February, by Secretary Peel, to suppress the Catholic Association, and it had been passed almost without opposition, the agitators having been given to understand, than by such a sacrifice alone could majesty be propitiated or the ministry reconciled to the bitter necessity of their late concession. But no sooner had Mr. O'Connell again announced himself for the field, than an "aggregate meeting" was held in the Association room, addressed by the Association orators; and after a merry meeting, they voted from the funds of the Association £5000 towards defraying the expenses of a new canvass in Clare. This appropriation was zealously opposed by Mr. Eneas McDonald, then a prominent advocate of Catholic claims, but who has been ever since a confirmed opponent to the just demands of his country.

The second Clare election possessed little of the dramatic interest of the first. Mr. O'Connell "walked over" unopposed, and delivered to his supporters one of his most tranchant and successful speeches. There was great festivity in Ennis, and his route homeward to Dublin was a prolonged ovation, creditable to the people, and worthy of his gigantic services.

It is well to pause here, and looking upon the character of the times, especially the condition of the British Empire, to consider what place amongst reforms the measure of Emancipation ought justly to hold, and in what rank amongst the political benefactors of mankind the name of O'Connell deserves to be placed.

It was not alone within the bounds of the British Empire that this greatest triumph of our age was felt by all, and joyously received by those who sought freedom of conscience. Hitherto, in Europe, since the days of the "Reformation," religious toleration had been a mere name—a thing all pretence, and of no real existence. Catholic and Protestant governments were almost equally coercive on conscience. At the head of the first stood France; the leader of the second was England. In nearly every country which ranged under these separate banners, the spirit of political reform had been at work, but not a few had mistaken the

wild impulse of innovation for a desire to extend just principles. The famous congress of Vienna, in 1815, had refastened legitimacy upon the necks of Europeans; and its rulers, freed from the awful presence of Napoleon, pressed heavier bonds and obligations upon their subjects. The terrible discipline they had received from the hands of a Corsican Plebeian, on a thousand fields, where they appeared but to retreat, had left much more of the irritation of defeat than the experience of adversity behind it. Within a period of fifteen years there were attempts at revolt in nearly all the countries of the continent, which kept their worships of the "Holy Alliance" pretty busy. Old constitutions died giving birth to new each successive year. In 1816, by a peaceful and voluntary effort, the constitution of the papal states was abrogated to make way for one much more liberal; a similar attempt at reform had been forcibly suppressed in Naples, some time after, by the overwhelming power of an Austrian army. The Peninsula was the scene of other and more violent attempts at change. Portugal was once more ruled by a Braganza, under the title of John VI., who granted, on his return from exile, an improved constitution to his subjects, whilst his son, Don Pedro, whom he had left behind in Brazil, assumed, without the knowledge of his father, the title of Emperor of that province, with the consent of the people. Spain was not spared in this visitation of nations. In 1820 the new constitution was proclaimed, but very much to the dissatisfaction of the patriot party, who still remained in arms. Ferdinand sought aid of France, and the Duc de Angoulême, son of Charles X., crossed the frontier to the support of absolute monarchism, with an army of seventy thousand men. The fields of the Peninsula, rifted and seared with the thunderbolts of France, of England, and the allies, had not yet felt the restoring influence of peace, when a new campaign again broke over their deathly stillness. The story of that war of independence is briefly sad;—Ballesteros was forced to submit; Reigo, in spite of the royal pledge, was put to death, and Mina was driven into exile. The rising in Piedmont fared a similar fate with that of Spain. The armed interference of Austria flung its leaders into the dungeons of Milan, where many of them lingered out life in an unremitted solitary confinement. In England, the spirit of change had taken a different shape, but not a less active existence, from

the same stimulating causes. In 1819 occurred the Manchester massacre, in which five hundred persons were mutilated by the bayonets of a ruthless soldiery, abetted and led on by the magistracy of the place. This event occurred on the 16th of August, in open day: a vast assemblage of between forty and sixty thousand persons having assembled to hear a speech from Mr. Hunt, a favorite orator of the democracy. In the following year the death of Henry Grattan* and of George III. materially affected, in their results, the cause of reform; but the return of Queen Caroline to England, and her memorable trial for adultery, before the House of Lords, gave to the popular party new and formidable advantages, which they failed not to employ to the best advantage against the ministry and the court. The Cato-street conspiracy, for which Thistlewood and five others suffered death—the death of Bonaparte—the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry, (Lord Castlereagh,†) and

* It is not sufficient that the name of Mr. Grattan should be mentioned in connection with the early progress of the Catholic question. For forty-five years, in the parliaments of both kingdoms, he had been the strenuous advocate of the largest liberty of conscience. Independent of his great claims on Ireland, as the father and defender of her constitution, he added another paramount to these by his untiring efforts, through a long series of years, to secure the abolition of the penal laws. Mr. Grattan was born in 1750, and commenced his public career at the age of twenty-five. His father had been Recorder of Dublin, and was one of that influential family of whom Dean Swift said, in answer to an inquiry of who they were—"Not know the Grattans! Why, they could raise an army at their bidding." Mr. Grattan was educated at "old Trinity," admitted to the bar in 1772, where it does not appear that he practised, and entered the Irish Commons under the patronage of Lord Charlemont, in 1775. In 1805 he became a member of English Parliament, and died in 1820, having served fifteen years in the councils of each. "The style of his speaking," says his patriotic son, "was strikingly remarkable,—bold, figurative and impassioned, always adapted to the time and circumstance, and peculiarly well suited to the taste and temper of the audience that he had to address."

† This man, whose name possesses such an infamous celebrity in the latter history of Ireland, was born in 1769, educated at Cambridge, and entered the Irish parliament in his twenty-first year, as member for the county of Down. He was then an ardent reformer; but the fire of his enthusiasm soon exhausted itself, and in 1797 he was appointed chief secretary of Ireland. By the application of upwards of two millions of pounds sterling in the purchase of votes, and having secured the populace by martial law, and the suspension of the habeas corpus act, he effected the long desired object of his employers—the legislative extinction of Ireland. As a reward for this

the death of Queen Caroline, were the chief domestic incidents which gave zest to public life in England, and topic to the advocates of Reform, previous to 1830. On the continent, the spirit of change seemed still at work; the Peninsula and France were still the theatres of its most active operations, and even at this day the public mind of these countries is troubled and restless; nor can a reasonable anticipation be formed of where the commotions ever since going on may end.

I have taken this partial glance at the political state of Europe, in order that the reader may more readily comprehend the value of that great concession which was accomplished without bloodshed, and retained without force. We are entering upon a new age, and the contemplation of that immediately preceding cannot be an irksome or useless task. The age of Napoleon was an age of revolution, in the wildest signification of that extensive phrase. It was an age, also, of terrible physical conflicts, by which the good effected was marred, while the evils attacked were only strengthened, and driven more deeply into the soil. The stimulating spirit of France was blindly aggressive—that of England recklessly conservative. The one, after trampling scores of old thrones beneath her feet, took back her own, and its tenant, the alms of an invading army of sovereigns; the other, after being the champion of every royal race in Europe—the griffin sitting at the portal of legitimacy—found herself repaid by an enormous debt, and honored with the fears and jealousies of her *protegés*. The character of the masses bore some resemblance to their respective governments;—in France, an insurrection was the work of a week, equally brief and bloody; in Britain, it was the long matured exercise of popular strength, care-

revolting conduct, he was appointed Minister of War in 1805. In 1811, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs; in 1814 was Minister Plenipotentiary to the allied powers, and in the following year represented Great Britain in the congress of Vienna. In 1821, he succeeded his father as Marquis of Londonderry, but did not long enjoy that title, having committed suicide on the 12th of August, 1822. As a statesman he was subtle, wary and consummately politic; one every way fitted to play the game of diplomacy with Talleyrand, Pozzi di Borghi and Metternich. In Ireland his name will be immortally odious; but England has many reasons to remember his abilities, though few on which to assert his integrity, or to recall his name with satisfaction.

ful of the good, while destroying the obnoxious features of legislation. The stability of the measures thus established have shown themselves durable or transient, according to the haste or caution with which they were concocted and carried.

The much-needed measure of a reform in Parliament had long been a favorite object with the whig party in England. In this they were latterly sustained by the radical reformers, or more ultra advocates of popular rule. To the former class belonged Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, Lord John Russell, and other eminent commoners. Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, were the chief radicals in the House of Commons; while Sir Charles Wolsey, William Cobbett, Mr. Hunt, and a few others, were conspicuous in the "out-of-door" work. This coalition, however, was marred by contentions and recriminations; and many of the earliest friends of reform went down to the grave, seeing the cause as far from the goal of fulfilment, as they had found it half a century before. During the emancipation debates, the whigs were steady, and the radicals ardent friends of the Catholics. Both, therefore, justly anticipated additional strength from the passage of that measure. This expectation was not disappointed.

Early in the session of 1830, Mr. O'Connell took his seat with the opposition, in the English Commons. There had been much speculation as to the course he would probably pursue in Parliament—some supposing that he would, like MALONE, content himself with one great triumph, and spend his days in indolent repose; while others more justly predicted a continuation of the career of agitation, by which he had already accomplished more than two hundred years of argument had been able to effect. These last found their supposition fully realized. The passage of the emancipation bill had been always regarded by Mr. O'Connell, a measure as much preliminary as positive in its operation. It was necessary to secure freedom of worship, and easier at the same time, than to effect the freedom of corporations, the spread of the franchise, or a repeal of the Union. In agitating for it, the altar became a rostrum, and the consecrated of God, a popular adviser; the awful paraphernalia of religion surrounded every effort of the Catholic leaders, and her superhuman voice penetrated to the lowest deep in the depth of Irish slavery. But conscience being unfet-

tered, the people began to survey their actual temporal condition, their deprivation of learning, their disfranchised freeholders, their unemployed millions, their wasting resources, their enormous taxations and tithes. In the midst of these minor evils which glared upon the country, there arose one of greater dimensions and more chilling presence —the absence of their old Parliament. It was a matter of policy on the part of the victorious leaders of the people, whether they should aim first at the greatest grievance, in whose fall all minor ones were to be crushed to pieces, or whether they should demolish the outworks before they opened upon the main fortress. They decided on the first, but, four years afterwards, changed their tactics, and have since then zealously and successfully labored to repeal the tithe rent charge—to open the close boroughs of the Irish corporations—to extend municipal reform—to provide for the national education and for the poor; until at present they draw up once more, in augmented and experienced numbers, before the grand bulwark of foreign domination in Ireland—the act of Union.

The question of a Repeal of the Union was warmly advocated by Mr. O'Connell, by Shiel, and many other of the veteran emancipators. The cry of "Independence, or else ———" rang through the atmosphere as of old, and was met with counter shouts of separation and ascendancy, as it had been before. Alas! how often had Ireland come up to the struggle for nationality! With what wary and almost fearful steps, she had climbed the brow of that precipice, though laden with penal irons. Her old Milesian leaders had fled the land with the eclipse of the Stuart star —men of bold hearts and lusty arms, who brooked no union in substance or in name—whose swords had written in blood their protests against and hatred of English tyranny, on Beal-an-ath-Buidhe, on Kinsale, and Aughrim. In the darkness of the succeeding night, another heroic race, of different lineage and temper, of another creed and name, stood up her advocates and champions. Molyneaux and Swift, Lucas and Malone, Yelverton and Grattan, sought to supply the stead of those hereditary leaders, whose birth, accomplishments, and creed, once gave them sovereign sway over the hearts of the millions. But with O'Connell, the Milesian and the Catholic leadership had been revived; and not the great Tir Owen was more for-

midable to Cromwell's schemes, than was he to that other iron subject, and almost sovereign tyrant—the victor of Waterloo. But though a great triumph had been won, a yet greater was to be commenced. The public purse had been well taxed of late in the service of agitation; the public mind had been harassed with alternating hopes and fears; and as it was necessary to call forth every energy of the people, Mr. O'Connell resolved not to summon them ere they could safely come into the field.

With this wise project, in which he had the concurrence of his ablest friends, he started the "National Union Association," which was to operate in favor both of Reform and Repeal, and to preserve intact the machinery of future movements. This body was located at Dublin, and was chiefly composed of the same persons who successively assumed the titles of the "Liberal Club," "Precursor Society," etc., until at length they have chosen to abide by that of the "Loyal National Repeal Association."

O'Connell had been in Parliament but a few weeks when George the Fourth died, in the 63d year of his age, and the 10th of his reign. This event occurred on the 26th day of June, 1830. Within his regency and reign occurred many of the most important events of modern history; within his life-time, the great empire over which he held the sceptre began to settle down into a reasonable and compact body. A huge limb had been lopped off by the treaty of Paris, but the pruning knife of Franklin sent back the sap of strength to the old trunk of many branches. Great Britain lost much of continental influence towards the close of his reign; Russia, under Alexander, became her formidable rival in the North and East, while France, emerged from her trials and her costly triumphs, with an insignificant national debt, an abundance of experience, and possessed of a new generation of ministers, who, from dining beneath the Damoclean sword of revolution, had outgrown the volatility of their nation. She had lost also much of her German influence; and for all the blood spilt upon the Peninsula, she had not acquired one solitary concession. The opposite to all this, she had been in the middle of the last century, before George the Third became a driveller. or Edmund Burke a tory. But when Chatham was laid with his fathers, an obscure Corsican outwitted and browbeat her armies and her cabinets; showing to continental Europe that England

was neither invincible in arms nor infallible in diplomacy. In his mission he was a teacher of kings. To him a Guelph was no more than a Bourbon or a Branganza; he scourged them all with rigorous impartiality. His ships were freighted with kingly emigrants, and his strides, like those of Asmodeus, were from one dwelling of corruption to another—from St. Marks to the Kremlin, from the Escurial to St. James'. He broke down in his wonderful career the ascendant fame of England's prowess, which it had taken Marlborough a life-time to establish upon land, and Nelson many victories to ratify on the ocean; and though, in his turn, he was defeated, his demonstrations on this head are yet unforgotten in the councils of the continent.

O'Connell had been within the empire what Bonaparte had been without. Its rulers prided themselves equally as much upon being the political champions of Protestantism as on being the regulators of the "balance of power." Two insular plebeians, one born in Corsica, and the other in Ireland, snatched the "flattering unction from their souls," and straitened them into those reforms which never would have been voluntarily enacted. The reign of George the Fourth, in seeing the consummation of those things, saw a mighty change, and the parent of other changes greater than the first.

The new Irish members, chosen in consequence of the passage of the Catholic Emancipation bill, were chiefly men who had been connected with the agitation of that question, although the majority of their members were of the Protestant religion. O'Gorman Mahon was elected for an English borough, Maurice O'Connell for Tralee, Mr. Ronayne for Clonmel, Mr. Lawless was nominated but not elected for Meath, Mr. Shiel was elected for Tipperary, and Sir Michael O'Loghlen for Dungarvan. All these were good men and true, and, with some few faults, such sons as their country might well pride in.

The last name goes to the heart of every true Irishman. It was borne by one of the purest souls that ever moved over, or improved this earth by its presence. It beat with unvarying ardor for Ireland, and the image of O'Connell was erected within its most sacred recesses. It were guilt to pass over the history of such a name, for, in politics as in law, it is one of the most truly honorable of the age.

Sir Michael O'Loghlen, as Master of the Rolls, was ad-

mitted by all parties to be a judge of unblemished impartiality, application, and sagacity. Few characters, in a partizan land like Ireland, are so difficult of attainment as this; there has not been a dozen in the past and present century to whom it can be justly given. Whigs at the bar have been whigs on the bench, and tories in the courts have been tories still, whether dressed in stuffs or ermines. To make the judgment-seat honorable in the eyes of good subjects, to rescue the laws from the disrepute to which mal-administration had brought them down, to blend the avenger's with the guardian's character, was reserved for one of the people, by birth, descent, religion, education and feeling. That man was Michael O'Loghlen. From his infancy he seemed born for a high mission. Patient, retentive and mild, without strong passions, always animated and cheerful, kind and inviting in his exterior, penetrating and observant, firm as a rock in the maintenance of his probity. When a boy at school, it was remarked by his teacher that he never appeared in the sports of other scholars, and having watched him one day after the usual dismissal, he found that instead of going out at the appointed time, he conveyed himself under the benches, and when all was restored to quietness, resumed his seat and book. The teacher, who was a man of the Bonycastle school, and could hardly forgive even *such* disobedience, called for the culprit when all the classes were reassembled, and demanded of him where he was when they were dismissed. "I was hiding, sir," was the manly reply. It is unnecessary to say he went unpunished.

Sir Michael O'Loghlen, born on the 1st of October, 1789, was the fourth and youngest son of Colman O'Loghlen, a Justice of the Peace who resided at Port, Co. Clare, and traced his blood through royal veins to the "Princes of Burrin." His son inherited with his blood a portion of heraldic vain-glory, of which he gave a remarkable proof when, as Sergeant O'Loghlen, he contested the borough election of the city of Dublin. His opponents, Mr. Recorder Shaw and Lord Ingestrie, were residents of the city, and they did not hesitate to use, in its most unfriendly sense, the term "stranger," toward the sergeant, who retorted with great force, by repeating their expression—"Stranger!" said he, "why, *they* are the real strangers, and I, an O'Loghlen, am the true native." At the age of twenty-two he was called to the bar, but was not immediately taken

notice of. His personal appearance about that time is well discribed by one who knew him. "His bright blue eye continually sparkled, and gave his face a playful and juvenile appearance, while his bony and unruffled forehead, broad and high, looked conscious strength and serenity. He was then about that period of life when the extremes of age and youth meet, the sweet simplicity of one with the ripened observation of the other; and yet there was a glowing and youthful freshness about him, which seemed to defy the intrusion of advancing years. You could not have looked a moment on him without being attracted by the silver chord of sympathy—such a generous play of cheerfulness in his countenance—such winning condescension in his manners—such warmth and affection in all he looked and uttered!" *

His first day of eminence was occasioned by an accident, to him, at least, of a very fortunate nature.† He was em-

* Metropolitan Magazine, vol. v., page 74.

† Lord Eldon, also, it appears, owed his first success to an accident somewhat similar, which is thus pleasantly related by Mr. Horace Twiss:—

"The following story is current at the bar, of Mr. Scott's (Lord Eldon) first success on the circuit in a civil action. The plaintiff was a Mrs. Fermor, who sought damages against the defendant, an elderly maiden lady, named Sanstern, for an assault committed at a whist table. Mr. Scott was junior counsel for the plaintiff, and when the case was called on, his leader was absent in the Crown Court, conducting a government prosecution. Mr. Scott requested that the cause might be postponed till his leader should be at liberty, but the judge refusing, there was no help, and Mr. Scott addressed the jury for Mrs. Fermor, and called his witnesses. It was proved that at the whist table some angry words arose between the ladies, which, at length, kindled to such heat, Miss Sanstern was impelled to throw her cards at the head of Mrs. Fermor, who (probably in dodging to to avoid these missiles) fell or slipped from her chair to the ground. Upon this evidence, the defendant's counsel objected that the case had not been proved as alleged, for that the declarations stated the defendant to have committed the assault with her hand, whereas the evidence proved it to have been committed with the cards. Mr. Scott, however, insisted that the facts were substantially proved according to the averment in the declaration, of an assault committed with the hand, for that in the common parlance of the card table, the hand means the hand of cards; and thus, that Miss Sanstern, having thrown her cards in Mrs. Fermor's face, had clearly assaulted Mrs. Fermor with her hand. The court laughed; the jury, much diverted, found the plaintiff's allegations sufficiently proved, and the young counsel had the frolic and fame of a verdict in his favor."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

ployed as junior counsel to O'Connell in a trial of great importance; but it so happened that his leader had, on the morning of trial, decamped to fight the ill-starred D'Esterre. The case was called, and the bench peremptorily announced that it could not be postponed. Under this difficulty O'Loghlen shook off his natural diffidence, and stood forth the sole counsel of the clients. His age, appearance, and habits of seclusion drew particular attention to his *debut*.

He commenced in a deprecating tone, which gradually rose into a bolder and more assured enunciation; the judges shook their wigs in astonishment; the senior bar opened their eyes, and his young colleagues of the outer bar were audible in their approbation. After a masterly plea of two hours, he sat down, and although there were ranged against him some of the ablest and oldest men of the four courts, his case was triumphantly carried. From that hour his reputation was established, and briefs accumulated on each other, until his blue bag became one of the best filled that was ever dragged or carried by a *nisi prius* lawyer.

In 1834 he was appointed Solicitor General, by the Melbourne administration, and while in that important station effectually aided the Attorney-General, Perrin, in bringing about a purer mode of administering justice than had existed previous to their time of office. In 1835 he entered the British Parliament, where he was very successful as a debater, and won for himself, in an incredibly short space, the reputation of one of the best informed members and deepest thinkers in that assembly. Towards the close of that year Mr. Perrin was exalted to the bench, and Mr. O'Loghlen became Attorney-General for Ireland. During the two years in which he continued in that onerous and laborious station, the country presented a more peaceful aspect, than for many years previous had characterized the rural districts. Crown prosecutions were few and far between, and the odious habit of setting aside jurors on account of their religious principles, became entirely extinct. From this sphere he was still higher elevated to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This office he only held a few weeks, when the death of Sir William McMahon leaving vacant the Mastership of the Rolls, it was offered to him, and was at once accepted. Here then was a period to his promotions, though not his honors; he was afterwards created a baronet, and continued to dispense justice in judgment until the summer

of 1842, when his health showing symptoms of decay, his physicians advised him to try the air of England, for which country he accordingly departed, leaving his lady and family behind him in Dublin, promising, in his usual animated manner, to return in a few months completely restored. But the glory of the judgeship was never again to sit upon the throne of Justice; the father was no more to sit delighted amongst his happy family. About the middle of September news reached his friends that he was suddenly worse, and they were gently advised to expect that death was inevitable. His eldest son, the present Sir Coleman, set out immediately for London, but arrived too late—for, on Wednesday evening, September the 28th, the just judge had breathed his last. The following week his remains were conveyed from Liverpool to Dublin, and from that city, by slow stages, to the old family vault, at Ruan, Co. Clare. The procession was everywhere the cause of the most profound sorrow; large bodies of grown persons accompanied it from one village to another—shops were closed, and laborers forgot their toil; it was a unanimous expression of national grief, honorable to the living, and thrice honorable to the dead. It was an evidence of the deep, the ineffacable gratitude of genuine Irish natures to a benefactor.

As a judge, O'Loghlen seemed perfectly at ease on the bench; he despatched more business in a day than his predecessors could in a week. McMahon had not quickness or promptitude, and Curran had far too much of the sublimity of sleepless fancy in his soul, for the place to which he was appointed; but the late judge was precisely such a man as Justice herself would have selected to fill the office. Had emancipation secured no other benefits to Ireland than honors for one such mind and heart, it would have deserved her gratitude.

Sir Michael married in 1811, being then in his 22d year, and for thirty-one years lived in a domestic millennium, such as rarely falls to the lot of public men. He was the father of six or seven children, all of whom, with his amiable lady, have survived him.

CHAPTER TEN.

Irish Transactions, from 1830 *to* '34.—*The Reform Bill.*—*The Abolition of Tithes demanded.*—*The Coercion Bill.*—*Mr. Wyse and National Education.*—*Dr. Doyle and the Poor-Laws.*—*Continuation of the Repeal Agitation.*—*Motion in Parliament.*

HITHERTO our course, dear reader, has been all towards one point—the great result of 1829. Having reached that period of our sketching progress, we find many paths diverging, on all which the friends of Ireland have entered, seeking some good for her people; while the Great Leader, standing on the apex of his fame, far seeing, and speaking with a monarch's voice, directs, encourages, and controls these various undertakings. No day passes into night until he has cast some sunshine and blessing on the land of the West. To write a diary of his correspondences, speeches, and journeys, would require the pen of one of those strong-handed chroniclers, who, before the birth of Guttemberg, transcribed with precision every syllable of the great Christian code, and whole volumes of ancient authors. From the moment of the passage of the emancipation bill, we find him, the ambassador of all Ireland when abroad, and the monarch of all Ireland when at home. He had obtained the power and popularity of Washington, but there had not as yet come a time, when he could honorably have returned the influence and its responsibility, to those who had invested him therewith. Condemned to the hard labor of command, he entered upon it with that brisk and buoyant temper, and religious fortitude, which hath ever marked his career from the vulgar herd of prosperous politicians. These alone could have been his support through the scenes that awaited him—wherein false friends laid in ambush, and concealed enemies raised unfounded alarms—in which he was to encounter deception, ingratitude, malice, and treachery, in all their protean shapes of hideousness—in which old bonds of friendship were to be rudely rent, and new ones broken in their first trial—in which all were

to desert him save the clergy, the people, and his own indomitable spirit. The first desertion was that of the "moderate" emancipationists, who considered the achievement of that measure a sufficient boon for one generation to grow thankful upon. These wheeled off, in a slow phalanx, from all future connexion with him who had restored them to the rights of conscience. Then followed individual desertions of pragmatical subalterns, anxious to gain a temporary notoriety by bearding their great leader—of honest, but crochety minds, who could only see plainly in one direction, whilst every other view seemed full of dangers, traps, and precipices, to their wry optics—of insidious and intriguing place-hunters, who felt uncomfortable beneath his penetrating eye, with pliant patriots of noisy speech, whose fiery irruptions had long before exhausted their lava-like vehemence, and were no longer anxious to devour cities or nations in their wrath,—all these found their policy in capitulation, and learned to fear or hate the gallant chief who resolved to keep the field while one fortress of invasion was still possessed by the enemy. But, thank God! we have not undertaken to treat of Mr. O'Connell's enemies, which would be, in good truth, a herculean task, but rather to string together some memorial of those good and eminent men who were his assistants, admirers, or friends, and of the events in which they showed their patriotism and fidelity.

The year of our Lord 1831, was a busy year for the statesmen of the British empire. Although many occurrences of great importance to Ireland took place in that year, the magnitude of the reform-bill agitation, in some sort overshadowed all other topics of the time. The pertinacious and long-continued hostility of the Tories towards the people drove the latter to desperation, and the spirit of agrarian outrage blazed over hamlets and cornfields, destroying alike the habitations of the wealthy, and the sustenance of the poor. The breach was completed on the 7th of October, by the rejection of the reform bill in the House of Lords. The reception of this intelligence caused the most alarming symptoms of insurrection all over the country—in several of the cities the muffled bells of the churches tolled—noonday mobs rioted in the streets—the ministers' carriages were arrested in London, on their way to the Parliament House—even the services of the Duke of Wellington could

not shield him from the hisses of the populace. Royal proclamations were torn down from the very gates of the palace—and the soldiery partook of the disgrace of their king, and were everywhere treated with the greatest indignity. The twenty-one bishops who voted against the measure, were unmercifully caricatured—the Bishops of Carlisle and Durham, and Dr. Phillpots, incurred peculiar odium; their effigies were repeatedly burned in various parts of the kingdom. A new ministry had been formed in August, of which Earl Grey was premier; Mr. Brougham, with a title, Lord Chancellor; Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was leader of the House of Commons; and Mr. Stanley, (*then* an ardent reforming whig, but now Lord Stanley, a confirmed tory,) was made Secretary for Ireland. All the members of the new cabinet were pledged to reform, and on coming into power, Earl Grey and his friends lost no time in redeeming their promises to the people. The most important indication of their anxiety to meet the question was in the speech from the throne, on the dissolution of Parliament, in the following November, wherein his Majesty cordially recommended it to the earliest consideration of Parliament, in the ensuing session. But their aims were thwarted once more, by the bloated lords of the blood-stained establishment, and that inflexible old man, who, more than any other, might have served the cause of liberty in Europe—the Duke of Wellington—he, the most powerful subject of the age, the most fortunate and the least generous, once more chained the honest hands which were assiduously tearing up the foundations of the rotten borough system. Within six months there was a double change of ministry; but at last, in the spring of 1832, the English and Scottish reform bills were carried through both houses, and received the royal assent. There was a nine-day jubilee and great rejoicing throughout the land; the torch of the incendiary was quenched, and the two great classes of the people began to regard each other with greater inward respect, if not with more apparent cordiality. The Catholics of both houses were undoubtedly the class who carried this measure; for out of the many commoners who were elected in consequence of emancipation, but one voted against it; while in the upper house, but one Catholic peer was found to oppose it. Thus passed a measure which had been agitated ever since the revolution, which previous to that

time had given many a proud head to the block; aye, which brought even a monarch's thither, and one worth a thousand of the world's kings—the ill-fated, noble Russell. The work began by the stout barons at Runnymede, which stood, half finished and crumbling from exposure, during three hundred years of Protestant supremacy, was now completed by the hands of those who held the same faith as its illustrious founders. Old Sarum was blotted out—borough-mongering was no more, and that barrier with which Chatham, Fox, and Romilly struggled in vain, gave way before the muscular strength of a plebeian Irishman and his co-religionists.

As was but just, O'Connell and his friends expected reciprocal aid from the English and Scottish members, who had gladly accepted his alliance to accomplish reform for themselves, in his attempts to carry through an adequate Irish reform bill. But many of these worthies had no such notions—they still wished to have one law for one side of the channel, and another for the other; so that having obtained all their desires, they came unwillingly and partially to the support of their late assistants. The Grey ministry also showed great reluctance to extend the boon to Ireland—and when at last they stretched their condescension so far west, it was with so stunted a grace, that it seemed more like an insult than a right conceded. The Scottish reform bill had been introduced by the Lord Advocate, a Scotsman—the English reform bill had been given to the charge of Lord John Russell, an Englishman; but the Irish reform bill was presented by Mr. Stanley, who was even then no lover of the land, and had been more than once censured for his anti-Irish feelings. It lingered many months after the others were carried—was maltreated and mutilated in committee, until, like Scott's Palmer, its parent would scarce have known his child; it was spat upon by lay lords, kicked out by the holy fathers in the upper house, and after several months of clipping, hair-splitting, and re-touching, the ill-proportioned thing was at length presented to royalty towards the close of 1832, and received King William's assent. And the result of all this was, that Ireland got an increased representation of five members!

The Emancipation struggle had hardly closed when the abolition of tithes began to be publicly advocated, to the no small alarm of the mitred Nebuchadnezzars, who browsed upon the wide-spread glebe lands of Ireland. The exces-

sive tyranny of tithes was never so completely exemplified as in the system inflicted upon Ireland, for the maintenance of the law church. A few proofs of the enormity of this system cannot but strike terror to the soul of him who is favorable to a church-and-state alliance in any degree. "It is on record," says an intelligent author, "that three bishops, in fifteen years, left £700,000 to their families. A bishop of Clogher went to Ireland without a shilling, and after eight years died, worth £400,000. The bishop of Cloyne, who died in 1826, left £120,000 to his children; and a Welsh bishop, who died recently, although his bishopric was called a *poor one*, left £100,000.

"By the probates at Doctors' Commons, it appeared in 1828, that the personal property of twenty-four bishops who had died within the preceding twenty years amounted to the enormous sum of £1,649,000, an average of nearly £70,000 for each bishop. This was the sworn value of the personal property only, and some of the bishops are known to have had very large possessions in real property. Now, we will venture to assert that in no other profession will it be found that so large an average of wealth has been left by the heads; take the twenty-four last generals, the twenty-four last admirals, the twenty-four last judges, nay, the twenty-four last merchants, and their personal property will not equal that of the bishops, nor approach it.

"Nor have they been at all particular as to the mode of amassing their wealth. The Earl of Bristol, when Bishop of Derry, realized £4,000 a year, by the ingenious practice of buying up old church leases, holden under himself, and granting new ones for fines, of course, considerably *larger* than the sums he thus paid. Whether this practice has been continued we know not; but as there is no law to prevent it, very large profits might be made by it."*

The next, is a yet greater proof of the avaricious character of the Irish law church. Mr. Grattan, on the 12th of July, 1842, produced, in the House of Commons, in a debate touching this subject, the following extracts, from the probate of wills in Ireland, by which it appears that,

Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin, left, at his death,	£150,000
Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, ...	250,000
Agar, Archbishop of Cashel, ...	400,000

* Book of the Poor Man's Church.

Stopford, Bishop of Cork,	25,000
Percy, Bishop of Dromore,	40,000
Cleaver, Bishop of Ferns,	50,000
Bernard, Bishop of Limerick,	60,000
Porter, Bishop of Clogher,	250,000
Hawkins of Raphoe,	250,000
Knox of Killaloe,	100,000
Total,	£1,575,000

From a publication of undoubted veracity, we select the following statistics, in proof of this heinous rapacity of the English church.

There are benefices in the Irish Church,			£1,556
One of which (in the co. Down) is worth per an.,			2,800
Ten, between	£2,000	and	2,600
Twenty,	1,500	"	2,000
Twenty-three,	1,200	"	1,500
Forty-eight,	1,000	"	1,200
Seventy-four,	800	"	1,000
One hundred and forty-eight,	600	"	800
Four hundred and eighty-one,	400	"	600
Three hundred and eighty-six,	300	"	400
Four hundred and sixty-five,	30	"	200
Number of acres,			669,257

If we estimate the acres, continues our authority, at £1 per acre, it will yield £660,257, for the Bishops' lands alone. There are also 13,603,473 acres of land subject to tithe, all of which is a grievous tax upon the poor, either in the shape of rent charges or otherwise.

The report of the commissioners state that in Ireland there are one hundred and fifty-one parishes *having no member of the Church of England*, and eight hundred and sixty parishes having *less than* seventy-seven *Protestants.*

Parliamentary grants since the Union in 1800, in Ireland :—

For building Protestant churches,	£525,371
For building glebe-houses,	336,889
For Protestant charity schools,	1,105,867
For Church Society to discountenance vice,	101,991
For Kildare Place Society,	170,502
Total,	£2,310,662*

* Black Book for 1844.

On these and similar facts, equally strong and unanswerable, those of the emancipators who still retained a love for agitation, founded an Anti-Tithe party, which finally reduced the magnitude of the evil, and divided the remainder, in shares between the landlord and tenant. But this great good could not be accomplished legally without much persevering exertion, although if ever people had cause to take to themselves vengeance, it was in the war against tithes. In 1830 and '31, elated by their past triumph, they began systematically to oppose their collection; a few bailiffs were pitchforked, and some peasants transported, at first. But the men of God waxed warm in the conflict; they resolved to come out against the Philistines, and to smite them hip and thigh, from the rising to the setting of the sun. The cassock was flung by, and their reverences, at the head of the police, scoured the country, laid siege to dairies, and carried off the scanty bed-clothes of the poor, with the most distinguished gallantry. One Parson Blood (a fitting name) led such a rabble in a broil at Skiblereen, county Cork, wherein some few lives were taken. Newtonbarry, in Wexford, was the scene of another massacre, in which from twenty to thirty persons were killed on the spot or mortally wounded. There was a young man sacrificed to the same desperate spirit of avarice at Rathcomac, "and he was an only son," —like the dead youth of Nain,—"and his mother was a widow." The dungeons of the prisons groaned with the press of heroic martyrs, who declared it, as their fixed determination rather to rot in the humid cells with manacles crushing their writhing frames, than to give sanction to so odious a system, by obeying its executors. Many, unhappily fulfilled the heroic vow, expiring in the companionship of felons,—

> "Alas, nor wife nor children more for to behold,
> Nor friends, nor sacred home!"

And while these poor victims grew stiff upon their iron couches, the consecrated murderers who sent them there, plied their sparkling wine, or played at hobby-horse in their holy nunneries. O'Connell, of course, was one of the most strenuous opponents of the tithe system. Shiel and Dr. Doyle were found, as of old, by his side; while Steele, Lawless, Cobbett, and other able agitators, trod once more the paths in which previously they had been so much

distinguished. In August, 1832, was enacted Stanley's Commutation Tithe Act, which reduced and re-formed the impost, and became law in November, 1834. Lest, however, this concession should alarm the church usurious, it was accompanied by an infamous coercion act, which was enforced for two years with great rigor, and at its expiration, in 1834, was attempted to be further extended by its author, Mr. Stanley, who from this and other matters of difference with his colleagues, resigned his seat in the cabinet and went over to the tories. The parsons were terribly annoyed by the new commutation act; they announced their miseries and proclaimed aloud their starving condition; nay, so far did they carry this beggar's opera or farce, that they actually petitioned the treasury for a loan of £1,000,000 sterling to save them from utter destitution. A grant of £900,000 was made, which was distributed to "the hungry," in the following liberal proportions:—

	£	s.	d.
The Rev. Dr. Beaufort received, . .	2,463	4	5
The Hon. and Rev. George de la Poer Beresford, ...	167	0	4
The same, ...	350	16	6
The Rev. G. D. Beresford, ...	215	18	4
The Rev. Marcus Gervase Beresford, .	1,053	14	4
The Bourkes—three of them Hon. as well as Rev., ...	8,027	6	7
The Burghs, ...	1,195	16	8
The Butlers, ...	6,755	1	9
The Chichesters, ...	3,772	19	8
Dr. Cotton of Dublin, (three advances,)	4,080	19	3
The Crokers, ...	2,265	0	10
The Dawsons, ...	1,557	11	9
The Ebringtons, ...	3,612	7	0
Thirteen Hamiltons, ...	10,446	17	0
Six Knoxes, ...	2,581	4	5
Sir Harcourt Lees, ...	420	7	0
Ten Moores, ...	5,329	17	5
Four Hon. and very Rev. Mahons, .	3,812	16	8
Two Ryders, of Rathcormac, ...	557	19	4
The Stephensons, one of them living in Chester, ...	5,072	5	3
Five Hon., Ven., and Rev. Stopfords,	7,776	1	1

The St. Lawrences, (one of them Ven.,)	3,114	6	6
Five Townsends, ...	2,681	10	3
Nine Trenches—Hon. and Ven., . .	7,710	13	7
Three Whittys, ...	1,207	11	6
The Archbishop of Cashel, ...	2,063	4	1
The Dean and Chapter of Cashel, . .	795	17	5
The Lord Bishop of Clonfert, . . .	1,291	10	3
The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, ...	455	14	11
The Dean and Chapter of Cork, . . .	613	10	6
The Lord Bishop of Ferns, ...	2,198	4	4
The Lord Bishop of Kildare, . . .	1,892	3	0
The Dean and Chapter of Kildare, .	11	14	8
The Dean and Chapter of Killaloe, . .	999	99	9
The Dean and Chapter of St. Cenice, Kilkenny, ...	588	13	6
The Vicars Choral, of Kilkenny, . . .	48	7	8
The Vicars Choral of St. Finnbars, Cork,	1,552	15	4
The Dean and Chapters and Vicars Choral of Lishmore, ...	1,012	8	6
The Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's,	910	2	10*

This list contains the names of the wealthiest members of the church of England's ministry—men of large patrimonial inheritance, holders of rich pluralities, and non-residents. In this manner the sum extorted from the public pocket was meted out, to propitiate the incensed avarice of these apostolic persons. Before we quit this subject for a time, we cannot do better than append the following proofs of the non-residence of some chief recipients of this princely grant. The Book of the *Poor Man's Church* supplies us with these facts.

"When a parson is non-resident—when he can afford to live in Dublin, or Bath, or Chester, or to roam about the country as a clerical agitator—he is not to be reckoned among those entitled to receive alms. But we find among the clerical recipients forty residents in Dublin, exclusive of the Rev. Charles Boyton, who is put down as living in Dovea, in Letterkenny. Mr. Boyton's tithes were in arrear for one year only, to the amount of £1089; and he had an advance of £912. Was Mr. Boyton one of the

* Parliamentary Document. 1834.

distressed? We have not the least doubt, that many are entered as resident clergymen, who are not so really; for we observe, in repeated instances, that the duty of small livings is done by curates, when the rectors are said to be on the spot. The famous Mortimer O'Sullivan is said to reside at Killeman, Moy; but it does not appear that anybody did the duty of his parish, while he was notoriously tramping through England, on his missions of bigotry. Several avowedly live in England; and among them we note the Rev. Hans Hamilton, of Maida Hill, London, who had £2,793 19s. 1d.; and the Hon. and Rev. James S. Segar, of the Circus, Bath, who was assisted to the amount of £2,494 11s. 9d. So much as a specimen of the non-resident claimants for relief."

Such was the tithe question in Ireland ten years ago; we will have need to mention it again.

Simultaneous with the agitation of the tithe abolitionists, was another of great importance, though of less stirring character; I mean, the National Education movement, at the head of which, in Parliament, stood Mr. Wyse, the popular member for Waterford. This gentleman combined with great dignity of character, talent of no ordinary description. He had been long a mourner over the havocs of the penal laws; by hereditary right he was a Catholic agitator, and he had played no ignoble part in some of those scenes which his pen has well commemorated.* The chief features in this movement were the withdrawal of the grant long continued to the Kildare Street Society, which from an educational had become a proselytizing institution —the enlargement of the paltry grant to Maynooth College, and the establishment of primary schools throughout the country, on the Lancastrian model, without any attempt to influence the religious views of the pupils. The benefits of this latter plan could only be practical as far as the commissioners appointed were faithful and diligent; there were those in Ireland, however, who resolved that they should not slumber for need of some one to remind them of their duty. Amongst the latter, the Bishop of Maronia, now Archbishop of Tuam, was the most powerful sentinel of the people. His eye saw every forthcoming danger,

* History of the Catholic Association.

every covert attack, and every insidious favor; and his vigorous pen provided remedies against most of these evils, although, I believe, he never sanctioned the system, as a whole. Chary as was the ministerial provision for the education of the youth of Ireland, it was yet a benefit, the first of the sort which the latter kingdom had ever received from her proud step-sister, who, on this score, owes her an awful retribution.

The Irish Catholic hierarchy, assembled in synod at Dublin, in 1831, had agreed on two petitions to the imperial Parliament—the one relating to the education of the people, and the other asking a legal provision for the Irish poor. It was admitted on all hands that great destitution prevailed; but, as usual, there were various remedial theories. Mr. O'Connell demanded employment for the able-bodied, and out-door relief for the old and infirm; but Dr. Doyle contended for a more safe and extensive system, which should erect houses for its purposes, as was the case in England. The famous letter of the latter, addressed to Mr. Spring Rice in 1831, had no small effect upon the success of his project. To the reasoning of this letter, Mr. O'Connell declared himself a convert, but he afterwards recanted that profession, on which the Doctor wrote him a short but severe rebuke. This, from him, the great agitator received without retort, although time has since vindicated the superiority of his design over that of a legal provision. After a protracted agitation of ten years, poor-houses, or bastiles bearing that name, have been erected on the soil of Ireland, where the mendicants are separated from each other—the husband from the wife, and the child from its mother—where a bell tolls three times per day, to call forth the skeletons to their scant and unsubstantial food, and three times more to command them back to their tomb-like chambers. Such is the present Irish poor-law.

While these topics were being debated in and out of Parliament, Mr. O'Connell and his friends ceased not for a moment to strengthen, by every means within their reach, the Repeal agitation. The many great wrongs of the country afforded them weapons dangerous for an offensive war. The ministry imagined they could close his lips by allowing him the distinction of a King's Counsel, and fetter him with a silk gown. This—the only ministerial com-

pliment he ever accepted—was conferred upon him in November, '31; but so far from diminishing his zeal, it but added to his desires to bring back the plundered Parliament of '82. A similar mark of favor somewhat later was conferred on Mr. Shiel, with a more pacific result. These things gave to ardent repealers a pang of suspicion and pain, but it passed away in a moment; for O'Connell regarded it as his right as a jurist, and continued to treat the ministry as if nothing had occurred. His independence galled them not a little; and Earl Grey declared in the House of Lords in '32, that "the effect of the government's desire to conciliate Mr. O'Connell, was far different from what they anticipated." This they had afterwards many reasons to be reminded of, but on no other occasion more strongly, than on the following. The scene which took place upon the occasion of the motion for a repeal of the Union, in 1834, is so well described by Mr. Huish, (who was an eye-witness,) that I cannot refrain from giving a portion of it here:—

"The mournful tones of the death-bell—the mercenary indications of parochial regret—were sounding at intervals from the steeple of St. Margaret's church, as we passed by on our way to the House of Commons on the evening of the 22d of April, the time appointed by Mr. O'Connell for his proposition of a repeal of the Legislative Union; and we felt a kind of cheering presentiment conveyed to us with each clang of the death-knell, so totally disassociated with the idea of mortality which they were intended to convey, that we involuntarily exclaimed, as we entered the precincts of imperial legislation—'that is the knell of the ill-starred Union! From this night its decline will commence, and its dissolution will be as certain as that of the nameless being, whose decease is now sought to be communicated by these dismal sounds.'

"Upon the eve of great events, trivial incidents often serve to encourage or depress those whose feelings are interested in the approaching result; and there is scarcely a circumstance, however trivial, that will not influence a mind excited by such a contemplation. The first discussion of the question which involved the fate of the Irish nation, was in itself an event sufficiently important to raise in the minds of every person belonging to Ireland, emotions of the

strongest nature. They were not, however, like those which are experienced upon the eve of an expected crisis, for every one felt that the fate of the Anti-Union cause was not at stake in the impending discussion, nor was it to be retarded by the defeat that the numbers on a division would array against it. It was the manner in which it would be discussed, not the circumstances under which it would be denied, that was to be regarded—the overwhelming nature of the host prepared to resist it, left no hope of encouragement from the latter, but the anticipations connected with the effect of the former were cheering; and accordingly, the friends and advocates of Repeal waited the coming struggle with that calm confidence which they who have truth and justice on their side always feel when those pure and eternal principles are about to be investigated. As the hour approached for commencing the evening sitting of the House of Commons, the lobby became a scene of unusual bustle. The entire representation of the United Kingdom was summoned for the occasion, and the members crowded into the house at an early hour for the purpose of securing seats for the night. A call of the House upon the occasion of resistance to a motion of one of the opposition members, was a circumstance sufficiently unusual to indicate that the ministers regarded the question with no inconsiderable degree of apprehension, and proved that they relied more upon the strength of the numerical force which they would parade against it, than the success of the arguments and eloquence with which the principle of anti-unionism would be resisted. The call of the House was therefore an indication that Mr. O'Connell's motion was regarded as one of those great occasions upon which the ordinary attendance of members was not competent to decide, and accordingly the summoned senate met *en masse* to hear and dispose of the daring proposition.

"Public rumor had for some time bruited it about that Mr. O'Connell's proposition was to be resisted in the breach by Mr. Spring Rice, at the head of a strong column of financial forces, and that the ambitious invader of imperial power was to be overthrown by a few discharges of vulgar arithmetic; nay, it was also stated, that for several months entire branches of the financial department were busily engaged in preparing the *materiel* for the magnanimous Under Secretary, and that all he would have to do

to put an end to the contest, was to meet the assault by a judicious disposition of the principles of Cocker, and a copious use of arithmetical, instead of oratorical figures. He, therefore, as he tripped in and out of the house, became an object of regard, as one to whom the important duty of resistance was entrusted; and, if we were to judge by his demeanor, he seemed fully impressed with the consequence which he seemed to derive from the occasion.

"O'Connell, for a few minutes, appeared upon the lobby. He had been in the house all the time during which an election ballot was proceeding. He now came to the door, as if he sought for some person in the crowd. A few persons immediately surrounded him as he came out, but, with his usual avoidance of common-place colloquy, he soon broke from them and re-entered the house.

"The election ballot being terminated, the strangers were admitted, and we soon found ourselves upon a bench under the gallery, which gave us a full view of the entire assembly. By a preliminary arrangement the members who had repeal petitions were allowed to present them before the order of the day would be called on, and accordingly a great number from various parts of Ireland were rapidly given in without any other preliminary than the reading of their titles. Mr. Emerson Tennant was the only person who brought up a petition from the anti-repealers, but when he announced the nature of the document to the House a simultaneous cheer seemed to break forth from both sides, as if the solitary instance of Belfast was a triumphant counterpoise for the heap of petitions of an opposite nature which, at the time, seemed to cover the table. At length, the monotonous formalities of presentation having terminated, the Speaker, with his fine, sonorous voice, called out, Mr. O'Connell. The mention of the name seemed like 'the chain of silence' to produce an instantaneous attention; and the mover, rising from his seat, approached to the table where he had previously placed some small portfolios containing the extracts and documents with which he intended to support his statement.

"We had seen him in almost all the various situations which his extraordinary political career afforded. We had seen him oftentimes haranguing conventions, where the green valley was the arena and the vault of heaven the only limit to the scene. We had seen him in all the variety of

positions which the arbitrary laws, passed on purpose to counteract him, compelled him to adopt, and yet we felt that the occasion which now found him about to address the Imperial Senate afforded the greatest epoch of his life, and whether the cause of which he is the great defender, failed or prospered, that the twenty-second of April, formed an era which cast upon his past existence a brilliancy, emanating from the grand and magnificent project which he now stood up in the British senate to propose. In that brief interval, which elapsed between the moment when the Speaker pronounced his name and the sound of the first words with which he began his address, an indescribable sensation seemed to pervade the entire assembly. The effect was not produced by any forethought of his capability as a speaker, for the members were familiarized with the style and manners of the orator who now stood before them. Neither was it the effect of that expectation which strangers feel prior to the opening words of some speaker, whose fame has raised their anticipations of his oratorical power. No!—the associations connected with the *man*, great and peculiar as is their nature, still they were secondary at that moment. It was the cause—his cause, and the consequences of its triumph with a misgiving in their own power to prevent it, that awed the boldest of its predetermined antagonists, and produced the almost breathless stillness which at that time pervaded the assembled Senate. To the surprise of many persons present, Mr. O'Connell commenced by relating an anecdote of an honorable member who, in conversation with himself a few days before, had said that the Canadas are endeavoring to escape us—America has escaped us, but Ireland *shall not* escape us. This exordium, although it produced a momentary disturbance, seemed however to enforce a more reluctant but still greater attention to his speech than if he had opened in the ordinary manner, for it compelled the members not to involve themselves with the sentiment of the pre-determined gentleman, by betraying an unwillingness not to listen to the case which he was going to detail. He reproved the first slight interruptions by a timely intimation that it was too soon to begin them, which being accompanied with the sanction of the injunctional 'order, order,' from the speaker, the assembly, with exemplary patience, seemed to resign itself to the infliction, and yielding its

unwilling attention to the narration of English domination and Irish endurance.

"The consciousness of having for an auditory a class of persons whose interests and feelings are different, if not even opposed to those which are cherished by the speaker, is perhaps the greatest disadvantage that is to be encountered in public life. A promiscuous assembly will bear down the efforts of the person that endeavors to inculcate principles which are not held in general repute; but, whatever allowances may be made for the madness of an association composed of heterogenous elements, no excuse should be allowed in extenuation of such conduct in a delegated and deliberative assembly. The consciousness even of this disposition, without its overt action, is in itself sufficiently embarrassing, for the speaker does not know at what part of his address the latent hostility of his hearers will rise against and compel him to retire. The attention with which Mr. O'Connell was heard throughout his address that night was evidently the effect of a discipline which he has at last been able to enforce, chiefly by means of the constant reproof with which he meets those manifestations of his parliamentary unpopularity. The aversion borne towards him by the great mass of the members present, was chiefly indicated by their avoidance of any participation in those occasional cheers which arose from a few others, whenever any just or generous sentiment fell from his lips,—sentiments which deserved to be applauded, and to which perhaps, if they had heard them from any other quarter, they would have responded with sincere acclamations. O'Connell was encouraged by the cheers of the Irish voices alone, and, as far as any symptoms of the perception of his argument by any of the English members present was concerned, his orations might as well have been bestowed upon the inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum. One solitary occasion, however, betrayed them into something like a stir of vitality. It was at that part of his speech where he bore testimony that military violence was resorted to, in order to crush the efforts of the anti-Unionists, and described the meeting at the Royal Exchange, which was entered by a military party. The reference to the occasion was highly interesting. It afforded an irresistible proof of the consistency of the speaker upon the question he was advocating: and the occasion was also distin-

guished by another circumstance to which, perhaps, the life of any other public character does not supply a parallel. Amongst various documents, that relate to the period at which the Union was achieved, he read from Plowden's History an extract of a speech made by himself upon the foregoing occasion—his maiden essay upon Irish politics—from which it appeared that, on the first proposition of the Union, he gave it all the opposition that undistinguished youth could command, and now that after an interval of five and thirty years, he was still laboring, in the autumn of his existence, to reverse that national calamity which thus, in the opening of his remarkable and eventful life, he had vainly endeavored to avert.

"It was evident, both from the nature and arrangement of his speech, that, as he had declared in his exordium, he spoke not for the present hour, nor adapted his language to his present auditory, and he evidently treated those who were to oppose him with a corresponding disregard. Anticipating the species of evidence reserved by his opponents, he haughtily taunted Spring Rice with the pettifogging nature of the arithmetical logic upon whom he relied, to refute the claims of a country containing eight millions of inhabitants, for the resumption of her legislative independence; and, observing Mr. Stanley taking a note during the delivery of an important sentence, he suddenly paused and said, that, 'perceiving the Right Honorable Secretary for the Colonies taking a note, he wished to afford him full time to complete it,' and then proceeded. Upon another occasion, alluding to Spring Rice, he inadvertently designated him the Hon. Member for Limerick, but, immediately correcting the misnomer, he satirically repeated, with peculiar emphasis, 'I beg *Limerick's* pardon, I should have said the Member for *Cambridge*.'

"The speech occupied five hours in delivery, and when, at length, the mover had closed his last impressive sentence and the clerk of the House read the resolution, we then expected to have seen the son of Henry Grattan advance to second its proposition, but we were somewhat surprised, however, to hear that Mr. Fergus O'Conner had already performed that office. The Speaker immediately pronounced the name of Spring Rice, while a few voices called 'adjourn,' which conflicting propositions being reduced to a motion, the *ayes* were declared adverse to the endurance

of the Under Secretary's eloquence for that night, and he was therefore obliged to reserve his thunder for the next.

"A few minutes after five on the following evening we found Spring Rice upon his legs as we entered the House. He had just turned a few sentences upon the designs of the mischievous agitators, which were intended to ensure some encouraging cheers at the beginning of his course and gain him confidence and courage to sustain the very arduous service he had undertaken. With the exception of Stanley, perhaps, the Treasury bench does not contain one that would enjoy the ungracious task of vindicating British domination over Ireland more than the Anglo-Irish Under-Secretary. He brought to his aid the ultra virulence of an Irish auxiliary under English pay, and entered upon his duty with an effrontery that evidently arose from a consciousness of the mercenary nature of his advocacy against the cause of that country to which he nominally belonged. Aware, however, that he was open to a reproval for this desertion of all the obligations of nationality, he took an opportunity of renouncing every association of country, and having mentioned the name of Scotland, he artfully corrected himself, and said *North Britain*, and then in a parenthesis, he had the audacity to insinuate that he wished the name of Ireland should also undergo a similar mutation, and be distinguished in future geographical arrangements as *West* Britain only. This shameless admission was sanctioned by an applauding shout from the 'Gentlemen of England,' who, although they encouraged the traitor, to serve their own purposes, must have secretly despised the meanness that could thus unblushingly exult in his own degradation.

"Spring Rice possesses many of the requisites necessary for a parliamentary speaker; a fluent and graceful delivery, a good voice, a facility of intonation, the command of copious and appropriate expressions, with a judicious arrangement of language, enable him to sustain a much greater consequence on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons than in the subordinate station he holds under his Whig patrons at the Treasury Board. He who is their best defender, who, in the attributes of oratory is at least their equal, takes his seat as their very humble servant and secretary at Whitehall. The controversy upon Repeal, which he had courted, was now commenced; the cham-

pions of either side were in the lists, and Irish skepticism in the indissolubility of the Union was to be reconciled by a course of reasoning, which, like the discussion of rival disputants in matters of religious faith, generally was likely to render that skepticism even more fastidiously attached to its own opinion than it was before the controversy commenced. Rival polemical disputants have mostly afforded unbelievers some advantages, derived from the different extremities to which they mutually drive each other; and the subject which was now to be investigated was likely to afford those who stood aloof from Unionism on one side, and simple Repeal on the other, abundant material to strengthen and confirm that speculation which they cherish, but have not yet ventured to extend by precept. Spring Rice rushed into the nature of the connection between the two countries with a flippancy that deprived the important subject of much of its supposed importance, and discussed international interests in terms that considerably diminished preconceived notions of the reciprocal advantages that both England and Ireland enjoy from the compact of Union. I am to describe, however, the incidents of the debate, and the nature and tendency of the arguments used on both sides. Mr. O'Connell had occupied five hours during the delivery of his luminous and powerful address; and Spring Rice, having the advantage of a day's preparation, made himself up for a reply that should be equal to the service for which it was intended, by being commensurate at least in length; and from the prolongation of his arguments to a six-hour speech, it seemed as if his reliance was placed more upon the length than the strength of his oratorical production.

"On the conclusion of Lord Athorpe's speech, a number of voices called upon O'Connell. It was evident that the toleration of the house did not extend to the endurance of another speech. Mr. Lalor and Mr. E. Ruthven both had to give way to the inexorable rudeness that prevailed; and so impartial was the House in its determination to hear no more, that the efforts of the Unionists and Anti-Unionists were suppressed with equal promptitude. Mr. Shaw and Mr. William O'Reilly were denied a hearing, as well as the members for the Queen's County and Kildare. Mr. O'Reilly was the last that essayed to speak; and after he had been permitted to deliver a few sentences, a voice

called out, in the most impatient tone, 'O'Connell—O'Connell!' The member for Dundalk looked towards the quarter from whence the voice proceeded, and said, 'I wish I could find out the gentleman who called "O'Connell," and I would keep him here all night, only that I would not like to trespass upon the other members of the House.' It was rather an extraordinary threat of punishment for one who had so offended, and implied an acknowledgment of a very unflattering nature. 'I will punish the person who has interrupted me,' said the member for Dundalk, 'by compelling him to listen to me!'

"Mr. O'Dwyer, taking advantage of a pause in the storm, attacked Mr. Shaw, whom he denounced as an agitator of the sinister school, which, coming at the close, relieved the tedium of the debate by the dash of invective which he infused into it. The patience of the collective wisdom, however, would endure no longer; a simultaneous summons was given. O'Connell now approached to the table, and there was silence. He had not delivered more than one or two sentences, when we foresaw that his reply would be equal to any of his former displays of eloquence; he appeared to be now in the mood most favorable to the command of his peculiar powers. A degree of fierceness, tempered with levity, rendered him merciless in invective, and irresistible in ridicule to those who had provoked his retaliation by their personalities in the preceding debate. Animated almost to a degree of exultation, he seemed proud of the success that his motion had attained, and the great importance that even its antagonists had acknowledged to be attached to it. Confident, notwithstanding the ablest leaders of the whig and tory parties had combined against his cause, that still their joint exertions had failed to discourage its friends, or to produce a crisis fatal to its advance, he commenced his reply under auspices so favorable, that it was impossible he could have been otherwise than what he was, throughout the entire of his address.

"In replying to the personalities that had been used by many of the preceding speakers, it was expected that he would have severally taken up the individuals who had indulged in them, from the mover of the amendment down to the member for Dundalk. This course, however, he judiciously avoided; but, in order that their conduct should not pass unnoticed, he selected from the band of his assailants

one individual only, the most distinguished, because the most virulent of those who had followed his example during their participation in the debate. Before Mr. O'Connell had commenced to reply, we observed Mr. Emerson Tennant suddenly leave his seat behind the treasury benches, and rush through one of the side-doors that lead to the members' gallery; there, removed beyond the eye which he anticipated would soon be endeavoring to mark him amongst the crowd below, he seemed to await the moment when the vial which he himself had filled, would be poured upon his head. It came, and shortly; for it was the first topic that he touched upon after his exordium. 'The first person that assailed me,' said the speaker, 'was the honorable member for Belfast. I presume he is in his place.' 'Hear!' said a voice from the gallery, and O'Connell continued—'I am glad of it; and I now ask, was there ever anything more indiscreet in a government than to take such a person as a seconder of their motion? If I could have desired to have lessened the effect of what had fallen from me—if I had desired that my arguments should have as little weight as possible in Ireland—if I had desired that my opinions should be disregarded there, the course which I should have taken, would be to have as my seconder a factious and furious partizan, who would have pronounced an invective against the people, their religion, and their clergy, and taunted as "adventurers," men upon whom *he*, at least, ought to be sparing in casting such an imputation. The government knew that there was a corporation inquiry, to forward which, the greatest anxiety has been expressed by them. Now, what has been done by the honorable member for Belfast? Why, with an equal love of truth and chivalry, he denounced, long since, that very inquiry as an inquisition, and assailed one of the commissioners in a manner that did not terminate very creditably to himself. This is one portion of his political conduct; and now look to a preceding part of his career. When the reform bill was to be carried, the modern conservative was an old republican. "A pampered prelacy," and "the folly of a hereditary aristocracy," were then his favorite topics; and these, too, were expected to be abolished by him, as blessings which should follow from the reform bill. And this—*this* is the person the government has selected as the seconder of their motion, and whom,

also, they have enthusiastically cheered, when he assailed me! I shall not, however, retaliate; but I can imagine a being who would assail me so—a being, at one time exulting in all the fury of republicanism, then a speculating adventurer, and dwindling at last into a mean and mercenary political dandy; I can conceive such a being servile and sycophantic in one situation—petulant and presumptuous in another—calumnious and contemptible in all.'

"O'Connell occupied about fifty minutes in his reply, which space, considering that he noticed almost every speaker of any importance that had opposed his motion, proves how successfully he must have condensed his arguments within that compass, and how little time he had for the exercise of any of those oratorical expedients by which public speakers are often enabled to produce a considerable effect. He succeeded, without the aid of any of these advantages, by the powerful energy of his own talents alone, and in despite of a predetermined and inexorable host by whom he was surrounded. If, as he said, his first speech was not intended for his audience, he made amends for the omission by adapting the second in a more decided manner to the minds of his brother members; and although it failed to array them upon his side at the division, the general acclamation that burst forth as he concluded, proved how far at least he had gained upon their admiration and respect."

This debate occupied seven days; and when, on the 29th, the question was finally put, there appeared a vast majority opposed to it. The result was no sooner announced, than Mr. Spring Rice immediately moved an address to the king on the subject, which motion was also carried through both houses by large majorities. His Majesty appointed the 1st of May for receiving it, which he did, according to report, with great satisfaction.

Thus for a time the destiny of Ireland seemed an endless dependance, and all her complaints no better than the vain howlings of a prisoner in his subterranean solitude. Those who feasted and revelled in their lordly chambers above, suffered no thought to penetrate the distance through which they imagined no voice could reach them. But Ireland was laboring under a thousand unredressed wrongs, and the reign of Agitation could cease only in the reign of Right.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Accession of the Melbourne Ministry.—The Five Years' Truce with England.—Orangeism.—The Fruitlessness of Peace.—Revival of Agitation.—Just Judgment of the Whigs.

The close of 1834 saw another change of ministry, a new one being formed of the old Peel and Wellington stamp, with the addition of the Duke of Richmond and Earl Ripon, two members of the deceased Reform Cabinet, who loved power better than consistency. A repeal of the reform bill was threatened, under pretence of an amendment; and an "indemnity" of the established church, for the reduction of tithes, was another favorite project of the new rulers. Alarmed at such prospects, O'Connell called around him all the patriotism of Ireland, and exhorted them to combine and stand together, that they might thus keep the advantages they had struggled so hard to obtain. They formed themselves into the Anti-Tory Association, (on which the National Political Union was abandoned,) and labored strenuously to avert from the empire, more particularly from Ireland, the probable calamities of a new tory *regime*.

A general election occurred in the interim between the dissolution of the Parliament of 1834 and its re-assembling in '35; the Irish people, thoroughly aroused to the impending danger, exerted all their energies, as if the battle of emancipation was to be fought over again; this resulted in the return of a large majority of reformers—the effect of which was, the new cabinet were defeated on the very threshold of their triumph; the opposition Speaker, (Abercrombie,) was chosen by a majority of ten, and the speech from the throne was amended by a majority of seven. After a brief service of about three months, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues resigned that power they had predetermined to abuse, and the Melbourne administration followed.

This new administration obtained the confidence of Mr. O'Connell, and could they have fulfilled their promises, would have continued to deserve it. They chose for Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Mulgrave, now Marquis of Normanby, a statesman of enlarged views, and distinguished for liberality. They gave him for Secretary, Lord Morpeth, one of the purest and most high-minded of Englishmen; they placed Perrin and O'Loghlen in the two highest Irish legal offices; they made Mr. More O'Ferall an under Lord of the Treasury; Shiel, Master of the Mint, and disbanded the Orange faction. Surely, such a commencement augured well to Ireland from their future legislation. The prime sin of the Grey administration had been their patronage of tories, on which rock they split. That premier was also unfortunate in the choice of his subordinates, for there could not have been a worse selection for Ireland, than the Marquis of Anglesea and Mr. Stanley. Both hated O'Connell, as if by instinct; and his feelings towards them were, from the first, of the most hostile description. But when these worthy gentlemen laid violent hands on the father of the Irish people, and attempted to incarcerate his person, they showed too plainly how unfit they were for the station they held. There can be no doubt that this circumstance hastened the fall of Lord Grey, and facilitated the rise of Melbourne. The latter saw clearly through the great blunder made by his predecessor, and he solemnly resolved, and publicly vowed, to take the warning. But the vow did not last many years; and the lesson forgotten brought on a similar punishment. Lord Melbourne resolved to steer wide of such an error; but, unhappily for liberal principles, he, like many another politician, while avoiding Scylla, ran plump into Charybdis.

On Monday, May 11th, 1835, the new viceroy arrived in Ireland, having been recalled from the government of Jamaica,—where his departure was regarded as a public calamity,—to preside over the destinies of another island of slaves. His reception was on a scale of unusual magnificence; triumphal arches, decked in the glowing productions of surviving looms—the earnest faith of the people—the hoarse voices of the cannon, and the brilliant *cortéges* which blocked the magnificent streets of the long-misruled metropolis—were all promissory of better times for Ireland. But cold would have been that noble viceroy's welcome,

had he not come from England with a character endorsed by the eulogium of O'Connell. This was the secret of the clamorous joy which everywhere met the ear, and of the costly exhibitions of remaining grandeur, which neither crown nor coronet, wealth nor promises, could have procured for an untried ruler, from that justly suspicious race. But Lord Mulgrave in the sequel showed himself not unworthy of the *cead mille failthee* * he had received; and had his colleagues in the cabinet of England, endeavored to earn an honest popularity by a like upright and consistent course, the Melbourne administration might have held the reins until this day. Not only Mulgrave, but the whole cabinet had been vouched for by Mr. O'Connell; and the earlier measures, as well as appointments of their making, fully justified the confidence he asked for them.

With a momentary interruption, this ministry retained power until 1840. Within that period, many great concessions were made to Ireland by the imperial legislature, at the instance of Mr. O'Connell. Of these the chief were the Irish church reform bill, and the Irish corporate reform bill. By the provisions of the first, tithes were lessened from 75 to 68 per cent.; by the operation of the second, municipal religious tests, and municipal Orange exclusiveness have been abolished. Both were assuredly triumphs of no secondary order; they were a necessary sequel to the emancipation act. The operation of the latter has been attended with the most gratifying results, since within two years last past, we have seen the five chief cities of the country presided over by mayors of the long-proscribed Roman Catholic persuasion. Dublin rejoiced in the paternal care of O'Connell, and forgot, for a time, her misery and altered state in the honor conferred on her by such a choice. The southern cities, and even Derry, forgot ancient feuds; and at the civic board, the high courtesy of honorable minds succeeded the narrow and gloomy bigotry of an associated privileged sect. But for these blessings, the House of Lords took care Ireland should owe them nothing. They had gone to the most indecent extremities in their opposition to these, as well as to all other necessary and commendable changes.

One of the earliest and most important services of the

* *Anglice*—A hundred thousand welcomes.

new ministry, was their *expose* of the nefarious system of secret combinations called Orange Lodges. Of all the formidable conspiracies which ever fettered government, or thwarted social advancement amongst a people, this was assuredly the most criminal and destructive. From long-continued impunity, its leaders at last lost all sense of shame and honor, and their annual processions on the anniversaries of the chief victories of William the Third, were marked with blood and sacrifice in the memory of the empire. But the northern province of Ireland was their great stronghold. The fertile valleys of Tyrconnel, the broad lands of O'Neil, the picturesque patrimony of Maguire, and the rich domains of Mageinns, had been, in the 16th and 17th centuries, torn from their legitimate proprietors, and bestowed upon adventurous Scots, bestial Hessians, and the promiscuous followers of the Prince of Orange. These races combining together in the north, and conscious of the illegality of their title-deeds, strove by exciting feuds and jealousies between the two kingdoms, to retain the Catholics in bonds, and to attract toward themselves all the fat of the land, with the approbation of the English governors. Though some amongst them knew and practised a better creed, the immense majority had bitterly opposed emancipation, and all the smaller concessions that followed in its train. It was, therefore, a victory to the Irish, when a committee was appointed by Parliament, on the 23d of March, 1835, to inquire into the nature, oaths and obligations of this confederacy. On the 4th of August following, Mr. Hume, the chairman of this committee, introduced the annexed resolutions, as containing the minutes of evidence examined before them, and their opinions thereon :—

Resolution 1. That it appears, from the evidence laid before this House, that there exists at present, in Ireland, more than fifteen hundred Orange Lodges, some parishes containing as many as three or four Private Lodges, consisting of members varying in number from sixteen to two hundred and sixty, acting in communication and correspondence with each other, and having secret signs and passwords as bonds of union, and all depending on the Grand Lodge of Ireland.

Resolution 2. That the Orange Institution of Ireland

is unlimited in numbers, and exclusively a Protestant Association; that every member must belong to a private lodge, to which he is admitted under a religious sanction, and with a religious ceremony, carrying a Bible in his hands, submitting to certain forms and declarations, and taught secret signs and pass-words.

GENERAL RULES OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

"No. 1. The *Orange Institution* consists of *an unlimited* number of brethren, whose admission is not regulated by any other test than those of their religious character and principles.

"2. No person who at any time has been a *Roman Catholic* can be admitted into the Institution, except by special application to the Grand Lodge, or Grand Committee, accompanied by certificates and testimonials, transmitted through the Grand Secretary of his county, which shall be so perfectly satisfactory as to produce an unanimous vote on the occasion.

"3. Any member of the Orange Institution who shall print or circulate anything connected with the Institution affecting its character, or the character of any of its members, without the sanction of the Grand Lodge, or of the Grand Committee, shall be expelled by the Grand Lodge.

"4. That every member of the Orange Institution *shall* belong to a *Private Lodge*, and that no person shall be proposed as a member of a committee, unless the Lodge to which he belongs is mentioned."

Resolution 3. That no Lodge can be constituted without a warrant of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, signed by the Grand Master and office-bearers for the time being, and having the seal of the Grand Lodge thereto affixed.

COPY OF A WARRANT OF THE "ORANGE INSTITUTION."

Day of ——— 18— } Statue of William III. { County of ——— *District of ———

"By virtue of this authority,
our well beloved Brother ORANGE-MAN of the Purple Order (and each of his successors) is permited to hold a LODGE, No. , in the county and district above specified, to consist of TRUE ORANGE-

MEN, and to act as MASTER, and to perform the requisitions thereof.

(County Seal) Given under our Great Seal.

(Great Seal.)

(Copy.) ERNEST, Grand Master.
(Copy.) ENNISKILLEN, Deputy Grand Master.
(Copy.) HENRY MAXWELL, Grand Secretary.
(Copy.) WM. SWAN, Deputy Grand Secretary.
(Copy.) ALEX.'R PERCIVAL, Grand Treasurer.
(Copy.) H. R. BAKER, Deputy Grand Treasurer.

Countersigned by _____
County Grand Master."

I am authorized to state, on the part of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, that a marching warrant *only* differs from this,* in the district being filled up thus: "District of ——— Regiment."

HENRY MAXWELL, Grand Sec.

COPY OF RULES FOR PRIVATE LODGES.

"No. 23. *No Private Lodge shall be held without the authority of a warrant from the Grand Lodge*, signed by the Grand Master, a Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Secretary, Deputy Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, and Deputy Grand Treasurer, and countersigned by the Grand Master or Deputy Grand Master of the County, and sealed with the seals of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and of the Grand Lodge of the county in which such Lodge shall be held.

"24. All applications for warrants shall be made through the *District Lodges*, *in the County Grand Lodge*, to be thence forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, under their respective seals, transmitting therewith the sum of one guinea; with renewals, the sum of five shillings."

COPY OF A RESOLUTION OF THE GRAND COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY RULE NO. 18 OF THE GRAND LODGE.

[See Resolution No. 4.]

Moved by Rev. C. Boyton, seconded by Francis Kierman.

April 22, 1830.

"That this Committee recommended to the Grand Orange Lodge, at its meeting on the 5th of May, to establish a law,

that all warrants in future be signed alone by the Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, by the senior D. G. M. of Ireland, the Grand Secretary of Ireland, and countersigned by the County Grand Master.

"W. BROWNRIGG, Chairman.
"THOMAS NIXON, A. G. I."

Resolution 4. That it appears by the laws and ordinances of the Orange Institution in Ireland, dated 1835, that the Secretary of each Private Lodge is directed to report to the Secretary of the District Lodge; the Secretary of each District Lodge to report to the Grand Secretary of the County Lodge; the Grand Secretary of the County Lodge to report to the Deputy Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge in Dublin; and the Grand Lodge to hold meetings at stated periods, to transact ordinary business of the society: and the Deputy Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge to communicate half yearly to each Lodge in Ireland, and also to the Grand Lodge of Great Britain.

COPY OF RULES FOR PRIVATE LODGES.

"No. 5. *The Secretary of each Lodge to make a return* as soon as possible after the regular meeting in February *to the District Secretary* of the names and residences of the several officers in his Lodge, together with its place of meeting and post town, and number of its members.

"13. *Masters of Lodges shall make returns* to their District Masters of the names and residences of the members of their respective Lodges, at the district meeting in March.

"14. In order to establish a fund to defray the expenses of the *Grand Lodge of Ireland*, each lodge shall transmit a subscription of not less than 2s. 6d. annually to the County Treasurer, to be by him forwarded (at the same time with the return of the County Grand officers in April) to the Deputy Grand Treasurer of Ireland."

RULES FOR DISTRICT LODGES.

"No. 3. *District Masters shall make returns to the County Grand Lodges* of the names and residences of the brethren in their districts, and of individuals rejected or expelled within said district, at the county meetings to be held in April.

"5. *The Secretary of each District shall make a return*, as soon as possible after the regular meeting in March, to

the County Grand Secretary, of the names and residence of the several officers in his District Lodge, together with the name and residence of each of the Masters and Secretaries of the Private Lodges, their places of meeting and post towns, with the number of members in each; and *wherever the County Grand Lodge is not formed of the district officers*, the Secretary of each Lodge shall make a return to the County Secretary, similar to the one to be made to the Secretary of the district."

RULES FOR COUNTY LODGES.

"No. 6. The Grand Master of the Counties shall make returns to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, of the names and residences of the brethren in their counties, at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in May.

"7. The Grand Secretary shall make a return of the County Grand Officers to the Grand Committee, within one week after the election.

"8. The Grand Secretary of each county shall *make a return as soon* as possible after the meeting in April, to the Deputy Grand Secretary of Ireland, of the names and residences of the several District masters in his county, together with the names and residences of the Masters and Secretaries of the several Private lodges, places of meeting and post town, as also the number of members in each Lodge.

"The Grand Secretary *shall make a return to the Grand Lodge of Ireland*, of the names and residence of all persons rejected or expelled within their respective counties, at the meeting in May."

RULES FOR GRAND LODGE.

"No. 2. The Grand Lodge of Ireland shall have two stated meetings in the year, viz., in May and November.

"The Grand Lodge shall, after the general election of officers for the ensuing year, proceed to transact their ordinary business.

"12. The Grand Officers of Great Britain are members of the Grand Lodge.

"13. All members of the Grand Lodge are members of every other Lodge in the kingdom.

"14. No member of the Grand Lodge whatsoever, shall be allowed any privilege as such until he has paid his subscription for the current year, of one guinea.

"17. The Deputy Grand Secretary shall communicate in the half yearly report to each Lodge in Ireland, and to the *Grand Lodge of Great Britain*, the names and residences of all persons that are rejected or expelled from the Orange Institution.

"18. The duty of the *Grand Committee* shall be, to watch over the interests of the Orange Society while the Grand Lodge is not sitting, and to decide upon applications from subordinate Lodges, conformably to the rules of the Institution, as the exigencies of the different cases coming within their knowledge may appear to require. All the acts of the committee shall be submitted to the scrutiny of the Grand Lodge at its ensuing meeting.

" 1. All official communications sent to the Grand Lodge, or the Grand Committee, shall be transmitted through the *County Grand Secretary*, or grand officer holding the county seal, and sealed with the same."

Resolution 5. That Orange Lodges have individually and collectively addressed his Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant, and others, on special occasions, of a political nature, such as on the subject of the Colonies, the Change of Ministry, the Education of the People, the Repeal of the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform of Parliament.

EXTRACTS FROM BOOKS OF PROCEEDINGS OF COMMITTEE OF GRAND ORANGE LODGES OF IRELAND.

"That the Rules submitted by the D. G. S. for the government of the colonies be adopted, and that publicity be given to the same."

Moved by J. Butler,
Seconded by J. H. Jeboult, } Passed.

"That the address to the King on the subject of the Colonies be adopted, and forwarded to the Trustees for signature. 31st Oct., 1829." [Vide Appendix.]

5th May, 1832.

"[Appendix 76.] That circulars be forwarded to the several Masters of the Orange Lodges in Ireland, requesting them to procure petitions from their several lodges, to both Houses of Parliament, against the new *Irish Education* system, also against the Irish Reform Bill, and to forward them without delay to the Right Honorable, the Earl of Roden, House of Lords, London, endorsed, 'Parliamentary Petition.'"

28th November, 1828.

"Resolved, That we deem it essential for the preservation of our Protestant constitutions, that we should co-operate with the committee of the Brunswick Club in procuring and obtaining signatures to Petitions, to be presented to his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, against further concessions to persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic Religion."

Resolution 6. That the Grand Lodge of Ireland has interfered in political questions, and expelled members for the exercise of their constitutional and social rights; has interfered at elections and defended criminal prosecutions, as appears from the evidence and from the minutes of proceedings in the book of the Grand Lodge, produced before the select committee.

[Q. 1935.] "That Mr. Archibald Fisher was expelled the Society, for canvassing and being an active partizan, and heading processions of bodies of men whose principles may be judged, from their shouting, 'O'Connell and the Repeal of the Union.'

[Q. 1937.] "That John Hitton was removed from the Committee of the Grand Lodge, for not having voted at the late city election, that being on the 9th of June, 1831.

[Q. 1938.] "That the Grand Committee be directed to remove from the list of officers of the Grand Lodge the name of any person or persons supporting the Reform Bill, as proposed by his Majesty's present government.

[Q. 1939.] "That the Rev. Henry Cottingham and the Rev. Samuel Willis were expelled the institution on the 8th June, 1831, for sacrificing their principles as Orangemen, by voting for the reform candidates."

EXTRACTS FROM THE APPENDIX.

"1st September, 1831.

"That Major Brownrigg be expelled from this committee, in consequence of his conduct at the recent election in Dublin, and that his expulsion from the institution at large be recommended to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the King's County Grand Lodge.

"12th February, 1833.

"That the sum of £10 sterling be placed at the disposal of brother M'Neale, for the purpose of defending an Orangeman, at present in the gaol of Dundalk.

"24th December, 1834.

"That a document be prepared to be forwarded to the Orange electors of the city of Armagh, calling on them most strongly to support a Protestant candidate, and give their most determined opposition to the return to Parliament of Mr. Dobbin, or any other person professing the same radical principles."

Resolution 7. That it appears by the books of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, produced by its Deputy Grand Secretary, before the Select Committee of this House, the undermentioned warrants for constituting and holding Orange Lodges have been issued to non-commissioned officers and privates of the following regiments of Cavalry and of Infantry of the Line, at home and abroad; to non-commissioned officers of the Staff of several Militia regiments; to members of other corps and to the Police, namely:—

No. of Question in evidence.	No. of the Warrant in the Register of the Grand Lodge of Ireland.	The name of the person to whom granted; of the regiment, and date of warrant.
2244	155	To John Thompson, Glasslough, Monaghan, Militia Staff, 24th Sept., 1828.
2245	334	D. Thompson, 24th regiment, (marching warrant,) 1st Oct., 1829.
2253	415	Peter Duff, Fermanagh Staff, (marching warrant,) 30th Jan., 1835.
	506	Marching warrant, (see Appendix, p. 54.)
2269	564	Marching warrant, (see Appendix, p. 54,) 15th regiment, 15th Sept., 1830.
2271	567	John Kennedy, Dublin, 1st Dragoon Guards, 26th Dec., 1831.
	568	Marching warrant, (see Appendix, p. 54.)
2273	859	George Agnew, 59th regt., 22d Oct., 1833.
	878	Marching warrant, (see Appendix, p. 56.)

2275	879	Samuel Scott, Cork, 89th regiment, 1st May, 1834.
2270	876	James Gresson, Cork, 70th regiment, 1st May, 1834.
2274	1115	Colin Dunlop, 79th regiment, (marching warrant,) 3d Jan., 1827.
2277	1372	J. N. Henry, 4th Dragoon Guards, 1st April, 1835.
2278	1390	7th regiment, (marching warrant,) 28th April, 1835.
2284	1406	James Gillespie, regiment. Armagh, 20th February, 1829.
2287	1412	J. Meineigh, 1st regiment of foot, city of Derry, 2d January, 1834.
2288	1433	W. Gutteridge, Fermanagh Staff, (marching warrant,) 24th Sept., 1828.
2291	1501	J. Fisher, 81st regt., Dublin, 17th September, 1832.
2292	1537	Robert Moore, 15th Hussars, 25th March, 1835.
2293	1592	J. Meineigh, 1st Royal Foot regiment, Londonderry, 7th June, 1834.
2295	1725	W. Evans, 85th regiment, county of Limerick, 14th March, 1834.
2296	1740	John Maberty, 83d reg., 11th September, 1832.
2297	1765	R. Taylor, 2d battalion 1st Royals, 25th March, 1835.
2298	1775	Sergt. N. Hanna, 60th reg., 1st battalion, 1st May, 1829.
2299	1780	Henry Nicols, 50th regt., 4th July, 1832.
2300	1781	Thomas Pownall, 80th reg., 8th August, 1832.
2301	1831	Alexander Mortimer, senior, depōt 32d regiment.

EXTRACTS FROM BOOK OF PROCEEDINGS OF COMMITTEE OF GRAND LODGE.

"1st January, 1834.

"Resolved, That warrant No. 1592 be granted to Joseph Meineigh, of the First Royals, on the recommendation of brother Adam Schoales of Derry. N. D. CROMELIN.

"25th March, 1835.

Present:

N. D. Cromelin, Chairman.

Rev. R. Handcock,	Hugh R. Baker,
Annesley Hughes,	William R. Ward,
Sir D. J. Dickenson,	Allan Ellison,
James C. Lowry,	William W. Childers,
Thomas Marshall,	John J. Butler,
Thomas J. Stoney,	John O. Jones,
James Jones,	William Swan.

"That warrant No. 1537 be granted to brother Robert Moore, for the 15th Light Dragoons." Moved by W. Swan, and seconded by J. O. Jones.

"That Lodge 1575 be permitted to initiate Mr. Talbot, formerly a Roman Catholic." Moved by J. C. Lowry—seconded by Wm. Swan.

"That a warrant, No. 1765, be granted to R. Taylor for second battalion of the First Royals."

"1st April, 1835.

Present:

N. D. Cromelin, Chairman.

Rev. R. Handcock,	George W. Breton,
John Mayne,	William W. Childers,
Isaac Butt,	Hugh R. Baker,
W. C. Epsy,	Stewart Blacker,
H. Murphy,	William Swan.

"That warrant 1372 be granted to brother J. N. King, for the 4th No. on the Dragoon Guards."

EXTRACTS FROM BOOK OF WARRANTS.

Register.

155 John Lee, Glasslough, Militia Staff, Monaghan, Nov. 18, 1823.

1309 John Little, 25th regiment of foot, Oct. 4, 1823.

1406 Serjeant John M'Mullen, Militia Staff, Armagh, March 8, 1824.

1623 John Bushill, 1st Royals, July 28, 1824.

4632 Francis Kennedy, County Limerick Police, Co. Clare, Feb. 12, 1824.
1689 J. Buchanan, Rifle Brigade, June 4, 1824.
1711 D. Dowdall, 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, Feb. 20, 1824.
1712 John M'Matty, 12th Royal Lancers, Feb. 20, 1824.
1723 W. Hannah, 2d or Queen's regt., May 15, 1824.
1725 John Aiken, 2d Royal Veteran Battalion, Derry, May 28, 1824.
1729 H. Holden, 5th Dragoon Guards, June 16, 1824.
1733 R. Kerry, 4th Dragoon Guards, July 28, 1824.
1734 2d Rifle Brigade, July 28, 1824.

"17th December, 1829.

"Moved by Rev. C. Boyton, seconded by E. Cottingham,

"That T. B. White's suggestions be adopted as the resolution of this committee:

"That the next dormant number be issued to the 66th regiment, and the Quebec brethren be directed to send in a correct return, in order that new warrants be issued."

"17th November, 1831.

[Appendix 76.]—"Your committee have received from America the most cheering accounts, and the lodges now sitting there under your warrants emulate each other in evincing their gratitude for the interest taken by you in their welfare."

Resolution 8. That such warrants are sent privately and indirectly to such non-commissioned officers and privates, without the knowledge or sanction of the commanding officers of such regiments or corps, and every Lodge held in the army is considered as a *District Lodge.*

COPY OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM SCOTT TO WILLIAM SWAN, THE DEPUTY ASSISTANT GRAND SECRETARY OF THE GRAND LODGE. [Q. 2856.]

"Sir—We, the Master, Deputy Master, and Secretary of 1458 Orange Lodge, of the 16th *Company Royal Sappers and Miners*, having, in August, 1831, taken out the above warrant from the county of Antrim Grand Lodge—we are increasing in number, and wish to be supplied with any information which the Grand Lodge from time to time sends to our other country brethren. The regulations not pointing out any means for military Lodges holding com-

munication, we have therefore come to the resolution of applying by letter to you for instruction, which will be most thankfully received. From the peculiar nature of our duty, we do not remain long in any place; therefore, your answering this as soon as possible will confer a lasting obligation on your most obedient, humble servants and brethren,

WILLIAM SCOTT, Master.
DANIEL ROCK, Deputy Master.
EDWARD DIXON, Secretary."

"15th February, 1833.

[Appendix.] "William Scott, 16th Company Royal Sappers and Miners.

"That the committee would most willingly forward all documents connected with the Orange system, *to any confidential person in Ballymena, as prudence would not permit that printed documents be forwarded direct to our military brethren.* W. J."

[Q. 2856.] In reply to this is a letter from Mr. Scott, dated 18th February, stating, "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., and take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for the kind and gentlemanly manner in which you have answered last month's letter. I request you will be kind enough to convey the thanks of the brethren of No. 1458, to the committee of the Grand Lodge, for their prompt consideration of our business, as well as for the interest they have shown in our welfare. The parcel, containing the papers, &c., can be directed to Mr. Andrew Crosbie, saddler, who is a faithful brother, and can be depended on."

Resolution 9. That the General Orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces (Parliamentary Paper, No. 395 of 1835) addressed in the years 1822 and 1829, to Commanding Officers of Regiments and of Depōts, and to General Officers and to other officers on the Staff, at home and abroad, strongly reprobate the holding of Orange Lodges in any regiment, as "*fraught with injury to the discipline of the army;*" and "*that on military grounds the holding of Orange Lodges in any regiment or corps, is contrary to order and to the rules of the service;*" and "that a disregard of this caution will subject offending parties to trial and punishment for disobedience of orders."

No. 2.

(Copy.) (Confidential.)

Circular Letter from the Adjutant General, dated July 1, 1822. (Addressed to Officers commanding regiments of Cavalry and Infantry, at home and abroad, East Indies excepted.)

"Horse Guards, July 1, 1822.

"SIR—*Reports* having reached the Commander-in-Chief that measures are taking in some regiments to promote the establishment of Orange Lodges, and that in certain instances *Commanding Officers have been solicited to permit soldiers* to receive diplomas for holding such Lodges, his Royal Highness desires that you will state, for his Royal Highness' information, whether any attempt of this description has been made in the regiment under your command, *as his Royal Highness cannot too strongly reprobate a practice so fraught with injury to the discipline of the Army.* I have, &c.,

(Signed) H. TORRENS, Adjutant General."

No. 3.

(Confidential.)

Circular Letter from the Adjutant General, dated Nov. 14, 1829. (Addressed to Commanding Officers of Regiments and Depōts, and to General and other Officers on the Staff, at home and abroad.)

"Horse Guards, November 14, 1829.

"SIR—In consequence of circumstances which have recently come to the knowledge of the General Commanding-in-Chief, his Lordship has directed me to transmit to you a duplicate of the circular issued on the 1st of July, 1822, by his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and to call your attention to the necessity of strict conformity to it, and of the exercise of the utmost vigilance on your part *to prevent the introduction, or the existence, in the regiment under your command, of the practice therein adverted to, and which was so justly reprobated by his Royal Highness as 'fraught with injury to the discipline of the Army.'*

"In making any inquiry with a view to ascertain whether any Orange Lodges have been made in the regiment under your command, you will cause it to be clearly understood by the men, that the investigation has become necessary *on military grounds*, and that they will not be

exposed to any reflection or disgrace on account of being Orangemen, but that *their meetings being contrary to order and to the rules of the service, cannot be permitted, under any pretence. Finally, that their disregard of this caution will subject them to trial and punishment for disobedience of orders.* I have, &c.,

(Signed) H. TAYLOR, Adjutant General."

Resolution 10. That these resolutions, and the evidence taken before the Select Committee on Orange Lodges, be laid before his Majesty.

Resolution 11. That a humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to direct his royal attention to the nature and extent of Orange Lodges in his Majesty's Army, in contravention of the general orders of the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, issued in the years 1822 and 1829, which strongly reprobate and forbid the holding of Orange Lodges in any of his Majesty's regiments; and also to call his attention to the circumstance of his Royal Highness Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a Field Marshal in his Majesty's army, having signed warrants, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, (some of them dated so recently as April in the present year,) which warrants have been issued for constituting Orange Lodges in the army.

An address, grounded on this extraordinary statement, was accordingly prepared and presented to the crown, to which his Majesty in substance replied that he agreed with the address in considering such combinations dangerous and illegal, and that he would "adopt the most effectual means to prevent the introduction of secret societies" into the army; for on the charge of seducing the soldiery from their duty, the investigation had been established.

These efforts seem to have exhausted the entire stock of whig liberality, and early in 1838, there was much apparent probability of a coalition between them and Sir Robert Peel, "the child and champion of toryism." A ferocious attack on O'Connell by Lord Brougham, and the lukewarm manner in which the whigs saw their own Irish measures mutilated by amendments, convinced the "great agitator" that the sum of ministerial concession was filled up, and farther they would not, or could not proceed. In the career of reform they had forgotten the inspired maxim—"he that

hath put his hand to the plough, let him not look back;" for when the furrow was laid open, when the good grain was half sown, their evil genius, like the magician mentioned in a German legend, metamorphosed them into ravens, and they devoured it. They were a good-intentioned class; but hell, it has been well said, is paved with good intentions. If their cowardice had injured only themselves, it were small loss; but it had a most destructive effect upon the cause of reform in the empire. There were then but two classes in British politics, the people and the tories. The former were fast acquiring energy and wisdom and skill; they were learning their own strength and their rights and prerogatives, but they had not been long enough engaged in such studies to rear a race of plebeian statesmen. They were necessitated, therefore, to look to either of the political aristocracies, and they chose the whigs for their allies and agents. Had they been resolute enough to treat the people as confidants, not as temporary and useful tools, a thorough regeneration of the constitution might easily have been effected. But the whigs slighted the people—the people, in turn, became disgusted with the whigs; and the fox of Tamworth stepped in for the spoil, while both were lying inactively and suspiciously apart.

O'Connell, with his usual foresight, beheld the approaching result, and he resolved to save Ireland, at least, from the apathy so fatal to popular reforms in the sister island. On the accession of Lord Melbourne's administration, it had given to him and the country a solemn pledge that justice should be done to Ireland. The royal speech of the same year echoed this sentiment, and condemned all attempts at agitating for repeal. The accession of Victoria two years afterward, did not change the cabinet; and one of the first acts of her Majesty was a letter to Lord Mulgrave, expressing a wish that he should treat her Irish subjects precisely as those of England. These fine speeches had not been openly violated; on the contrary, they had been, as we have seen, in a meagre measure fulfilled. Mr. O'Connell in '35 had said to the new ministry in answer to their pledges, and to the monarch in reply to his speech, —"I will give you five years to act upon your promises; I will cease for five years to agitate for repeal; you may, perhaps, do us full justice, which I somewhat doubt. Yet, to abolish all argument in favor of the Union, I will try a

reformed imperial Parliament for a fair time; if it fails, there can be but one course for Ireland—to demand and procure the restoration of her own legislature."

For this declaration, he was blamed by the most ultra friends of Ireland, as well as by the tories. "He has deserted us!" cried the one. "A compact, a bargain, a Litchfield House purchase—*he* has sold you!" cried the other. But the "best abused man" pursued the even tenor of his way, striking down the outposts as before—abolishing, foot by foot, the outer defences of Anglican domination ere he returned once more to the main trial. The debate of 1834 had convinced him the time was not yet come when repeal could be peaceably effected; and by no other means would he undertake to accomplish it. The tories were too strong, the whigs too weak, and the radicals too wild, to suffer such an end to come to pass in Parliament; and not only policy, but necessity stimulated to the experiment. Some have contended, that had he continued to agitate repeal, he would still have gained all that he did in the five years' truce—they even assert that such a course might have gained him more. But in this, they are completely mistaken. The case stood thus: had Mr. O'Connell in '35 gained, from the imperial Parliament, all the advantages of which Ireland was desirous to avail herself, or not? It is very evident he had not; then the next consideration is, if repeal were kept in the foreground, would it not have made the whigs less willing to concede, and given to the tories the favorite and not powerless cry of "Revolution?" Any man, who bestows an hour's thought on the constitution of the imperial Parliament at that time, must be fully aware that the only wise course was that of the experiment, or truce.

Although the monarch and the ministry forfeited their promises and pledges, O'Connell resolved to fulfil his to the letter. He found peace useful, to a limited extent; but at a certain point it became inoperative, and he had once more to recur to his favorite weapon, "agitation." As a soldier long parted from his sword—as an artist forbidden the implements of his art, so O'Connell returned to the rostrum, rearing aloft the banner which had braved a thousand threatening storms, with only the mystic words—"Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!" On the 4th of August, 1838, he returned to Dublin, somewhat worn with the

fatigues of a most laborious session. On the 18th, he procured a meeting of his friends and constituents at the Corn Exchange, wherein, on that day, was organized "The Precursor Association," the object of which was to co-operate with the ministry during the remaining two years of the truce, in doing "full and equal justice to Ireland." If in this they were disappointed, it was then to merge into another, to be called the "National Repeal Association." In its origin, the "Precursor Association" was scarcely less promising than that formed fifteen years before, in the same hall, for Catholic emancipation. Mr. O'Connell's companions were not so limited, but the men who had gained fame by his side were no longer there; and the crowd missed them for a season. Shiel was a ministerialist—Steele had retired into private life—Mahon had apostatized—Doyle, Furlong, and Lawless, were gathered to their fathers. The great old man was not only deserted, but openly attacked. Mr. Sharman Crawford, an influential northern member of Parliament, a dissenter, of good fortune, strong talents, and high parliamentary reputation, was filling column after column of the Irish press against what he was pleased to term his evil temporizing; Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald found an opportunity of venting his long-accumulated bile, in a series of bitter letters, fraught with spleen and sophistry; while the Rev. Mr. Davoren, a Catholic clergyman of ability, was on the same side, hammering at the broad foundations of O'Connell's public character. It was under such a conjunction of malignant influences, that the "Precursor Association" sprang into existence; a tour through the island, during the three last months of the year, was sufficient to dispel all the gloom, and to combine all the honest men of the country, "in the last attempt to obtain justice from a British Senate."

The year 1839 opened on Ireland once more aroused to the talismanic truth—

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

Twelve months of agitation passed away, leaving little good behind it. The "Reform Registry Association" was substituted, on the 3d of September, for the Precursor Society. On the 15th of April following, the National Association was established, but early in July it assumed the additional

title and objects of "The Loyal National Repeal Association," which it has since continued to hold. An infamously devised bill of Lord Stanley's, for reducing the paltry number of the voters of Ireland, hastened this final step, from which Mr. O'Connell has not retrograded.

The policy of founding so many associations in Dublin, has been repeatedly ridiculed by Mr. O'Connell's libellers. But they know little of politics or of truth, who would deny their utility. These bodies in some measure served as substitutes for a local Parliament, and in some cases were fully as efficient as that dependent legislature, which existed from the violation of the Treaty of Limerick till the convention at Dungannon. It is true, its members made no laws of themselves, but they found out the grievances and wants of the country—they typified its spirit, and presented wise and well digested plans to the imperial legislature, which in not a few instances they had strength sufficient to force through; they were indispensable monitors of the Irish members of Parliament, who, living in a foreign metropolis, where the actual state of their constituents, lost by distance and banished by the comforts of fashionable society, left them but too prone to degenerate from their hustings' patriotism. Moreover, for the country itself, more especially the peasantry, their influence was most necessary. While the same class in England, under lighter provocations, were breaking out into all manner of agrarian outrage, and while illegal combinations were strengthening in every English and Scottish city—while the Chartists flew to arms, and the prisons were crowded with captured rebels, the humbler classes of Ireland were comparatively quiet. If an Orange murder excited the Catholics of the north, or a tithe slaughter aroused the peasantry of the south, a brief address from "O'Connell's Association" in Dublin restored all to quiet.

It is not for me to enter into minute details of the actions of any of the associations alluded to—much less, of that last named, which is still in such successful operation. Four years have done great things for Irish independence. The spirit of the people and the number of their champions have increased together, until, once more, an assembly is witnessed, combining the majority of the patriotic and gifted of the country, toiling night and day, eagerly and unitedly, for her prosperity and honor. The remnant of

the gallant band of emancipators have rallied around their veteran chief—the chivalrous Steele, the magnificently-gifted MacHale, the resolute Barrett, and the high-minded Lord Ffrench. Some others are dead, and some sleeping; but the watchers are not a few, and they are ready. The son of Grattan, whose name is prouder in its simplicity than barony or earldom could make it; the untiring Stanton; the faithful nationalist, Valentine Blake, and names too many for rehearsal, are amongst the watchers at the sepulchre, from which the crucified spirit of Irish Liberty is to arise, glorious and immortal.

Four years have seen as many attempts to quell the national spirit—and they have failed. Lord Ebrington withdrew all patronage from repealers; De Gray superseded magistrates who felt for their country, and attempted by military means to extinguish it in blood, on Clontarf; a court of justice and a prison have been tried—but the one could not persuade the people that their leaders were guilty, nor could the other alienate the free without from the confined within. Firm in the calm resolve of righting their manifold wrongs—sober as was never race before—studious beyond any other contemporaneous people—religious as the most pious of their forefathers, the Irish of to-day stand in a formidable union, from which they can neither be wheedled nor terrified. And by these signs, more than from any external cause, do wise men predict their political emancipation; for, if Ireland divide not, England must yield up the wrongfully acquired and accursed union.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Anecdotes of the Personal Career of Mr. O'Connell—Various opinions of his Public Character—View of his Genius and its Influence—Conclusion.

We have rapidly traversed the long and active public life of a great statesman. Let us once again cast a glance upon his personal career, since passing that era from which we last regarded it. With the triumph of emancipation, his professional life may be said to close; for, notwithstanding he has often been engaged, since then, in suits of law, at least eleven months of each year is given to politics. The most remarkable of his personal qualities is, perhaps, his power of winning and keeping friends. For, though many have broken from his society, the first disruption has been on his part, and from striking necessities. To Ireland, indeed, he would sacrifice his dearest personal predilections; but however harshly he has dealt by those who seemed to him deserving of it, he has shown, by many extraordinary proofs, that he is far from the selfish egotism his enemies have charged him with. If the dead could speak to vindicate the living, the voice of O'Loughlen, from the tomb, would silence all the babbling of a host of such slanderers. When he himself is no more, a thousand facts will be his monument to posterity as a most loving and faithful friend. In his home—amidst the children whom he loves and watches over, of whom a father might well be proud, the genuine affections of his soul are seen; and no enemy hath ever crossed his threshold and came back as he entered. Those who have often seen him thus, all agree in asserting that there is a charm of manner and of tone about everything he says and does, which they can never afterwards efface from their memory. The mother of his children is now no more; but in them, she hath left behind her so many deputies of her own love, that the matronless board looks cheerful, and the hearth-side gay although there is no mother there. A score of rosy grand-children gladden the thoughtful evening hours of the hoary patriot, and for

the proud name he has made them, return him homage and veneration. If there be on earth no more delightful object than a Christian father seated among his well-taught offspring, in this case it is doubly admirable, where the busy, weary life of the patriot might be an excuse for the omissions of the parent. Politics have been the ruin of many a noble mind, and the warper of many a soul. Ambition, power and popularity have given the great of the earth to man's eternal enemy. Incessant care has blunted the devotional feelings, while an arbitrating destiny has often chased away their faith in God, the Supreme Arbiter. Lordly minds have gloried in a fancied triumph over revelation, and conquering spirits have too frequently spurned the strict allegiance to be ever rendered to the church. All these misfortunes, by God's grace, O'Connell has avoided—of which his household hours are the most convincing proofs. Before such deleterious causes, Napoleon was crushed, and Jefferson yielded; the Catholic and the Protestant have been lost together, while he stands up, amid laymen almost alone, in his deep and uniform observance of religious duty. His very love of country was a temptation, the same by which Richelieu stumbled and Wolsey fell; but over this also has he triumphed.

A life so ordered could not escape the admiration of good and fervent spirits like his own. To its influence we may trace the deep personal reverence which has actuated so many communities to choose him as their representative in the national councils. We find him, within twelve years, sitting alternately for Dublin, Drogheda, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Clare—and canvassed for by the best men of these localities, with an enthusiasm which could not be greater, if he were the bosom friend of each. An anecdote or two will show how worthy of such friends he is.

In 1834, when Mr. Barrett, of the Dublin Pilot, was prosecuted for publishing a letter of Mr. O'Connell's, Mr. Shiel was engaged to defend him. But the day before the trial, that gentleman suddenly and most unexpectedly returned the brief which he had before accepted; and a few hours before the opening of court, it was placed in Mr. O'Connell's hands. So deeply interested did the latter feel for his friend, that he immediately accepted—and, although without previous examination, delivered one of the most effective law arguments he had ever uttered.

At a recent election in Carlow, some of the voters had been decoyed into Mr. Bruin's castle and there confined, lest they should vote against that gentleman's election. Their alarmed wives approached the carriage of the Liberator as he entered the county-town, amid a dense mass of spectators, and held up their children to him, in mute appeal. He took the little ones fondly in his arms, caressed them, and exclaimed with deep emotion—"The tyrants! how could they deprive such innocent beings of their fathers?"

His readiness of repartee is one of the most singular of his gifts. Addressing a meeting in Dublin, favorable to domestic manufactures, a wag in the crowd, observing that he wore a foreign-looking cravat, inquired—"Is that handkerchief on your neck, Irish manufacture?"

"Yes!" rejoined the speaker, "and the man that wears it, too!"

There are stories innumerable told in the Four Courts of his promptitude in reply, and humorous eccentricities; and even the coal-porters and fish-mongers retail the "Counsellor's *bon mots*" with the greatest fidelity. His talent at nicknames is incredible—his *soubriquets* stick forever. Spinning-Jenny Peel, Scorpion Stanley, Lord Mount-Goose, and other equally terse descriptions of character, have been long established as popular phrases.

But he who can thus stigmatize an individual, can bear in his turn with almost any amount of personal abuse, from individuals as well as from assemblies. His conduct in the House of Commons, on two very trying occasions, amply illustrates this quality.

At a public meeting in 1838, he had charged the tory election committees with gross bribery, for which he was censured by the Speaker of the House, on motion of Lord Maidstone. This censure he received with a dignified silence—arose after the speaker had ceased, defended his own conduct, and in the very teeth of his opponents, repeated the original charge.

On a later occasion he was reported to have said in public, that the same assembly contained five hundred scoundrels, and for this he was arraigned, as a fresh breach of privilege. When he arose to explain, he was saluted with the most clamorous outcries. The voices of all beasts were imitated to perfection by his right honorable antagonists; he turned to the chair and said in an emphatic and calm tone

of voice, "Mr. Speaker, am I to be put down by such beastly bellowing?" This added fuel to the flame. A score of gentlemen leaped simultaneously to the floor, and began to gesticulate vehemently; at length it was decided that, if he withdrew the word "beastly," the matter should be dropped; but he very promptly rebuked this nice distinction by inquiring,—"What sounds were they?—surely not human sounds—and how can there be any other sort of bellowing but beastly bellowing?" It was upon this occasion that Sir David Roche, of Limerick, stepped forward, amid the excitement, and boldly declared that if any gentleman would say that he considered himself individually insulted by Mr. O'Connell, he, Sir David, was prepared to give him satisfaction. Indeed, since O'Connell had pledged himself to peace, his friends have more than once, been obliged, at the risk of life, to protect his honor and person. About the time of the Maidstone vote of censure, his son, Morgan, fought with Lord Alvanley, because that nobleman considered a phrase dropped in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Connell applied to himself personally. Mr. Steele and other gentlemen have carried their attachment equally as far, although in every instance without the remotest knowledge on the part of their illustrious friend. Mr. O'Connell himself has been more than once tempted to the field since his vow became known, but he has faithfully observed it, in spite of every provocation.

The usual treatment of living greatness is slander, doubt, and caricature on the one hand, and flattery on the other. If our great subject's eminence is to be measured by the amount of either which he has received, no other public man could rival him. There are, however, many exceptions to this general truth; men of foreign birth and fellow-subjects have made many and sincere attempts to hold up his public life as it has been acted. All agree in assigning him great firmness of character, fertility of expedient in delicate circumstances, deep penetration and a sanguine temperament which no obstacle can change. His worst enemies have allowed him the singular merit of consistency, and, although the tory writers of England endeavored to make him guilty of corruption in the Litchfield House "compact," the charge has never been repeated by a credible authority since the re-commencement of the Repeal Agitation. The reason seems to be, that while O'Connell

was a partisan of the whigs, their antagonist strove by every means to ruin him in the estimation of his country, but when he returned to labor for her alone, and thus insured the fall of his former *protegés*, they ceased to calumniate him. Common sense is sufficient to persuade us of one thing; if Mr. O'Connell were not an honest man, he could not be to-day, as powerful as he was thirty years ago. No democratic champion has, I believe, ever retained so uninterrupted a popularity. No mere orator, certainly, has held his place in the affections of any people. Cicero had his day of idolatry and of exile. Demosthenes was within ten years the most powerful, and the most abject of Athenians. But the one gave way to an overweening vanity, and the bribes of Harpalus justified the ingratitude of Athens towards the other. Burke was once, perhaps, in a fair way to become formidable as a public man, at that time when his foresight was vindicated by the anarchy of France and the insurrection of America; but he had more of speech than action in his soul, and though his gifts of language were beyond those of created beings, they could not cover up the absence of that greatest requisite of greatness—practicability. These men were all more eloquent than O'Connell, in the general interpretation of the word, but they fall immeasurably below him in the results they have produced. Had Cicero used his triumph mildly over the Catiline conspirators, and withstood the seducing flatteries of Cæsar, the Roman Republic might have seen other ages of glory and conquest and letters; had Demosthenes thought less of himself and more of his country, Athens had not fallen with him in the estimation of the neighboring states; had Burke formed a political school on his own plan, (which he might easily have done,) the latter history of Europe would not be so blasted with civil wars, and desperate attempts at revolution. But the orators seem to have forgotten that speech is only valuable as it induces or excites action.

The generosity of O'Connell's public character has always been admitted by his respectable enemies. There is hardly any sort of personal offence which he has not forgiven for the sake of union in a good cause, or for Ireland. The Earl of Shrewsbury, a pious and well-meaning man, of long descent and vast property, a Catholic for whom O'Connell had opened the House of Lords, the Premier Earl of England, and deservedly one of the British laymen

most honored by the successor of Saint Peter, this Earl, published, a couple of years since, a philippic against the revival of agitation in Ireland, and reflecting pointedly on the public character of O'Connell. Ingratitude, it is said, would incense an eremite: the Liberator wrote a rejoinder famous for its terrible pungency and its unanswerable logic. "Stand forth Saxon and stranger," he said, and meet your benefactor, whom you have thus wantonly outraged. The Premier Earl must have felt the lash in his soul, and it went deeper and deeper when he recalled his own unprovoked attack, but a few months ago, before the eyes of assembled thousands; this mistaken man forgave, and was forgiven. Another delightful instance of the same class, it may be well to record. Sir Abraham Bradley King was one of those Orange Corporators of Dublin, who, before the passage of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, rioted in civic indolence, drank to "the glorious and immortal memory" of the violator of the treaty of Limerick, and hiccoughed, "To h—ll with the Pope," over his turtle soup, provided at the expense of the Catholic metropolis of a Catholic nation. Sir Abraham became poor, and put in his claims for a pension of £5,000 per year; the man who obtained it for him was Daniel O'Connell,—that man, who narrowly escaped death from the pistols of the corporation bravo, and who was libelled at every sitting of that body, and vilified by every individual who belonged to it. Many other proofs of the same loftiness of soul might be rehearsed, but these two are worth a million.

One of the most ordinary charges against Mr. O'Connell's public character is, that like the Turk, he

"Cannot bear a brother near his throne."

But of this, there is, in his history, as far as I am acquainted with it, no proof whatever. Had he been so unqualifiedly ambitious, he had never wrought so long in embryo, behind the banners of Lords Fingal and Killeen. In 1808, on the revival of Catholic Emancipation, he was in his thirty-third year, a prominent member of the first profession in the land, of genius generally recognized, and sincerity unquestioned,—and yet we find him for many years after, content with the name and rank of a subordinate, while in fact he was the head and heart of the board. It was not until 1823, that he may be said to have assumed that political

supremacy to which he might well have aspired a dozen years before. This certainly does not look like inordinate ambition, in his youth. Had he made the effort, he might have been as prominent in Ireland in his twenty-fifth year, as Bonaparte was in France, or Pitt in England, at the same age—but principle forbade him. He saw around and before him, men who had grown gray in advocating, however feebly or fitfully, the emancipation of conscience; he saw Grattan in the senate, and Killeen and Kenmare in the associations, and he resolved to let them play out the monarch's part upon the stage; he respected their venerable years, and was ambitious only in practising that most difficult of virtues for a politician, self-denial. Since the Emancipation Bill, how often has he told the men who cavilled with his egotism, that he would ever be as willing to follow as to lead? Have they tried him, ere they condemned? No, to their confusion, be it told. The only evidence which his most bitter opponent can bring to bear on this assertion is entirely presumptive. The fact is, that Mr. O'Connell could very well afford to allow any other man the *eclat* of leadership, for he would ever be the leader in point of fact. Like the great Earl of Warwick, although unwilling to be king himself, he could be more—a king-maker. There never was a public man more free from jealousy. He has given merit to every consistent friend of his country or cause, and for the memory of past services he has often overlooked present derelictions. Mr. Shiel and Lord Plunket, are cases in point. Both are men of transcendent oratorical ability; both devoted the flower of their youth to the cause of Ireland, and nobly held the breach against the most formidable of invasions, and both, unfortunately, in a certain degree, have destroyed the reputation for which they dared so much. Yet, when Mr. O'Connell mentions either name—though Plunkett prosecuted him to prison, and Shiel begged for mercy, where he should have demanded justice—he has always preferred to dwell upon their better deeds, avoiding their desertions. In a word, he seems as superior to jealousy as he is above rivalry. There have been times when he has prostrated an ambitious politician by an unmerciful exertion of his power, but these instances are very few, and the cases extreme. There is nothing farther from his nature than deliberate malignity, or long-cherished personal feelings. He has been forced to

become the single leader of Ireland, and in a country whose hereditary curse was disunion, it was better far to have a dictator, than a triumvirate. The one may err, and has erred, but the other would have perpetuated for ages, the slavery of the soil. But almost all his designs have been practicable. If he made enemies he converted them by his generosity into friends. He followed others until obedience became folly, and he has since led without fear or dogmatism, although in every new stage victorious.

The genius of O'Connell has been much descanted on by writers, but with indifferent success. A celebrated French writer considers it, in Parliament, "as a huge plant under a glass case," and in this opinion the majority of his critics are agreed. I am inclined very much to doubt the accuracy of this decision. When we consider him as born in Ireland and educated in France, we cannot but wonder that he has had so many triumphs in the English Parliament. When we consider, also, that he is a sincere and enthusiastic Roman Catholic, and a determined stickler for Irish nationality, and that five sixths of those around him are Protestants of different shades of dissent from Rome, and four fifths of them avowed enemies of Ireland, or at least careless or prejudiced on Irish matters, this decision will at once disappear. Taking everything into consideration no other man has been able to accomplish so much, in the teeth of such various and important difficulties. Night after night, and session after session, has he stood in St. Stephens, the target of six hundred marksmen; but having his quarrel just, he was armed in triple mail, and had a heart beneath it, which never blanched, never despaired. Men who have faced death in its worst forms, who have looked unterrified on the carnage of the Peninsular, or, that wild unearthly conflict when the elements combat around, below, and above—the mariner—would have fled in dismay from such a position. But the courage of O'Connell failed not; his active voice and wonderful mind were not hushed before the clamor of the mighty majority, nor diverted by the insolence of the cowardly allies of the strong cause. He has faced all that prejudice could array against him; and what can it not? Every attempt to stifle his voice has been defeated, and whenever he has retreated, in haughty silence, for a time, but to return and pay back scorn for scorn, the

plaudits of his worst enemies have not unfrequently accompanied him.

If we follow him from the senate house to the rostrum, we find the same wonderful faculty of adaption strikingly visible. His genius seems then in its natural channel, so smoothly and so irresistibly does it pour along. He speaks more than any one else, and he is better relished. Whoever may be present, O'Connell is the lion. Whether it be, that royal blood presides, and the aristocracy form the audience, as at the anti-slavery gatherings at Exeter Hall; or that an humble priest presides, and the peasantry are his hearers, as in some of his Irish meetings, he pursues the self-same train of argument, in a style but little altered. There is a sameness, indeed, in nearly all his orations, but from an indefinable charm, they never tire either hearer or reader. There are not many attempts at rhetoric in his speeches, although at times he has produced as fine passages of this class as any other speakers of our age. His sarcasm is one of his most powerful gifts; it is a miracle of bitterness when he exerts it to the full, and woe betide the wight whose portrait he is to draw while in that mood. He little thinks of refining it, but, as Wilson well remarks of Burke's imagery, "It is like a tropical shower which washes down virgin gold and worthless sand together." It is as unhewn as Swift's, though far less concise, and as subtle as Sheridan's without the classical nicety of that great joker. It is a weapon which, like the dagger of the knight's errant, he uses upon all occasions, in opening an amorous epistle at the bar, roasting an adversary in the commons, or in despatching him on the rostrum. Few there are of note in Britain who have not felt it, and none who have been able to forget it.

The influences of O'Connell's genius and life will be of great benefit to mankind. He is the founder and father of a new political philosophy, which promises great results in futurity. The system of moral agitation is the work of his hands, and his immortal motto will be, ere many years, as universal as the science it embodies—

"He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

There is another aphorism of his, not unworthy to be placed beside the last; viz., "Nothing can be politically right, which is morally wrong." On these two precepts

depend the whole secret of his success, and the glory of his history. The principle is at present for the first time recognized as a political truth, that the better way for men to recover lost rights, is by degrees; such piecemeal revolution, whilst it prevents the intoxication of sudden success, teaches the mind to expand, as its privileges increase; thus suiting the slave to bear the novelty of freedom by a gradual acquaintance with its blessings. And to this end, neither war, munitions, nor bloodshed, are required; in peace such revolutions commence, and in peace they terminate. The nature of a struggle thus drawn out, taxes, to the utmost stretch which nature can support, the energies, fortitude and religious firmness of a people. As they endure, so is their reward, until at last, having no other trials to pass through, they are admitted in peace to the fulness of their desires, and the consummation of their ambition.

There now are, and ever will be in the world, advocates of war and bloodshed. Men, who, constitutionally sanguine. or insensible to Christian truth, will teach that by blood alone is right to be acquired, and liberty obtained; who take their philosophy from Korhner, and their politics from Paganism; nay, the world has seen "divines" (so called) who have contended with martial ferocity for the literal truth of our blessed Saviour's declaration, that he came not to send peace but the sword; and if they considered themselves as sent, they certainly endeavored to live up to their interpretation, in thus becoming firebrands and scourges to society. The Mahomedan's motto—"The Koran, the tribute, or the sword"—finds advocates even at this day amongst the meek disciples of a crucified Redeemer. It is hard to stifle the bigot's thirst for slaughter, whether he be a political zealot or a sectarian partizan, yet a day will arrive when mankind will learn to estimate their own happiness and honor better than in giving way to brutal appetites for physical conflict. The man who has done most for the peace principle, is beyond doubt, in our time at least, Mr. O'Connell. The best of causes may deserve to be put down, if their friends should attempt by force to establish them; and how often in this world is the oppressor strong-handed, while the neck of the slave is weak and bowed from habit? Ireland's modern history is the most striking proof of the insufficiency and danger of using physical means to redress political or social wrongs. Within seven

centuries, that unhappy country has been led into twenty attempts at revolution, and each time she failed. She had leaders and allies—numbers, courage, and wrongs; and yet she failed. At an early period of the English connection, Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, sent over his brother Edward, and followed himself with a large army, to assist the northern princes in regaining their independence; but this effort failed. Spain sent her veterans in the sixteenth century, with ships of war, and stalwart cavaliers, and gold of Peru, to co-operate in the rising of the south and west against Queen Elizabeth; and this also failed. France, in the last century, made three different attempts of a similar nature, and each of them failed. The poor aborigines, who clung to the soil as naturally as grass, were thus left to suffer the penalty for both parties; confiscation performed its deadly work; a mercenary soldiery were let loose upon society; industry was murdered in the cities, and plenty banished from the rural districts; the fiery spirit of the people went down for a season, until another generation, unterrified by the example of the past, should spring up to act the same part, and share in the same punishment. Indeed, there ever seems to be a fatality attending forcible revolutions, so much so that for one that has succeeded, one hundred have failed. The Christian religion, properly enforced and understood, is the only power capable of implanting in a people the better way of redress. We hear men declaim warmly against a brace of worthless fellows, who go forth to pistol each other; yet we do not hear half so much said in denunciation of the wholesale slaughter, where contending thousands meet to destroy one another in an imaginary quarrel. A more rigid morality in the mass of mankind—a larger spiritual authority in the pulpit, is the only hope of the friends of universal peace. Whoever would spread this principle must be an O'Connell in faith, in practice, in sincerity—a man who will reverence the altar, instead of trying to abolish it; who will respect ecclesiastics, not seek to bring their high office into disrepute; who will observe the Lord's day, and the days set apart to commemorate the virtues of His saints—not a scoffer, a Deist, or a contemner of holy ordinances. Without a temper and a soul like this, it will be in vain to imitate one, who, by such inward strength, has braved

countless perils, and called down the blessing of Providence upon his designs.

But not for Ireland alone has this life been led, nor to her alone has the lesson been taught. For thirty years, in the greatest of modern empires, and the most extensively read of modern languages, he has done great deeds, the records of which shall not pass away. For the last twenty years of that time, the eyes of all civilization have been upon him. There is no land so remote where his name does not penetrate—no court so far removed from Britain, where his influence does not enter into the calculations of statesmen. Few peacefully inclined politicians have obtained so singularly extensive a reputation, and no other perhaps has possessed so deep a controlling influence beneath it. Englishmen have railed at him, yet while they railed they felt the majesty of his prestige weighing on their hearts. Foreigners, passing from England to Ireland, having their optics pre-arranged in London, have observed many derogatory traits in his character,—while those who visited Ireland first, and viewed things and men with unclouded eye, have not failed to proclaim him as the greatest man in the empire. But though often exasperating, by the vehemence of his temporary anger, the sensitive national feelings and prejudices of foreign countries, his name has not been discarded from any; the wise and better minds of every nation have made allowance for a man, whose too rigid honesty is his only error as a politician. When they recall his sayings of England and its Parliament—the boldness of his denunciations of both the great parties of that kingdom, uttered at their own doors, they always acquit him of dishonest motives, however they may question his prudence, or deny his assertions.

There is hardly a crowned head in Europe, with whom he has not been personally at war. Although but a subject, he has reached with his strong voice the tenants of thrones, and maddened the wearers of crowns by the keenness of his attacks. Cloth of gold and marble walls have been unable to keep out his hostility, and more than one monarch has trembled beneath the infliction of his lash. He has been well styled "one of the great powers of Europe;" and assuredly he has given his brother sovereigns some unfriendly tokens of his supremacy. Untitled, unpensioned and unpatronized by his own or any other

government—simply as Daniel O'Connell—he exerts more influence on European affairs than any single man, premier or prince, of the present age. With Catholic countries he secured this influence in '29; with Protestant kingdoms he secured it by his advocacy of the rights of dissenters; and wherever the leaven of democracy has entered, his anti-church-and-state principles, and his universal-suffrage doctrines have secured to him a permanent host of admiring friends. Long may he continue to exert his power—to curb the ambitious schemes of speculating princes—to teach republics justice and kingdoms a just appreciation of human rights! Long may he live to be the father and saviour of Ireland—the best benefactor of the black slave, and the ablest advocate of his white brother, in all quarters of the globe!

My labor of love is nearly done; and, with all its imperfections on its head, I commit it to the eyes of the world. The canvass was small—the group a large one, whose members were all models in their respective departments. The main figure would require the best pen of the age, to do him justice; and the most gifted author might not refuse to take any one—the humblest—of his followers, as a subject. Their features will be engraven on the immortality of history; and as the tide of time bears posterity farther downward from the nineteenth century, the veneration of ages will but increase, and the brightness of their fame be multiplied more and more. Others whom I have overlooked, for the sake of brevity, will be added; and the names of O'Connell and his friends will shine a constellation through the night of slavery, and in the noon-day of liberation;—and as future chroniclers relate their actions to other generations, they will add, to the young and ardent of the earth—"Go ye and do likewise."

The time has not arrived, and I trust for years will not arrive, when it shall become necessary to add a final chapter to the history of O'Connell's life. At the good old age of threescore and ten years, he now stands before the world. The temperance of his habits, joined to a constitution originally lusty and sound, has sustained the repeated shock of midnight debate and constant travel. Within a year the world has resounded with the magnitude of his triumph over an unscrupulous combination of perjured jurors and partizan judges; and as he slowly and erectly

progresses toward the grave, his good deeds shine more vividly around him. A hundred years from now, his name and fame will be even better known, and his actions more favorably interpreted. Ireland will recall his memory, as the Greeks of old deified their departed great; and while his few faults will be forgotten and blotted out, his sufferings, his genius, and his courage will only be remembered. It will then be recalled with wonder, how for half a century he battled against the wealthiest of nations and the most wily of governments; how they assailed him with gold, and he yielded not—laid coronets and ermine at his feet, and he trod over them; how in an era of darkness doubly desolate, he emerged from the grave of his country's murdered independence, and smote down, with his single arm, all the legions of the land of the destroyer; how before his voice chains were burst, and dungeon walls impregnable were sundered, and altars were relighted, and monopolies broken like reeds; and how he taught the people to secure all the fruits of revolution without risking any of its calamities and horrors.

When these truths are unfolded to an unprejudiced world, in what position will Ireland be? Will she be free or enslaved—elevated to the pinnacle of prosperity, or sunk to the lowest depth of pauperism? This is a consideration which we will enter into presently. It will here suffice to say, that when all O'Connell's triumphs are rehearsed, and his moral victories recounted by posterity, may the list contain—(and we doubt not for a moment but it will)—as one of the most glorious of his achievements,

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE DESTINY OF IRELAND.

The destiny of a people is in a great measure, indeed nearly altogether, the work of their own creation. To penetrate the mysterious ways of Providence, by unveiling the hidden face of futurity, has been given to few even of the most favored of men, and for no trivial purposes. But hope and observation are in some degree prophets; and it is because I have firm hope in Ireland's ascension, and have observed for years past her growing mind, that I have ventured to throw out the following reflections as a fitting sequel to the sketches just concluded.

There is no enslaved people who within the present century have given such cause for hope to their sympathizers, as the Irish. When we contemplate the self-denial they have observed since arriving at a knowledge of their wrongs, we cannot but allow them the possession either of a more phlegmatic disposition than they have hitherto been suspected of, or a deep and all-pervading religious sentiment. Within fifteen years the mental eye of Ireland has been opened; education has been progressing; her history has been unsealed. The first lesson she learned was indeed of surpassing bitterness. Her first triumph brought her to the knowledge of herself, of the high estate from which she had fallen, and of the almost universally received calumnies on her character and name which England had propagated as wide as ships could sail, or travellers penetrate. There was no people in Europe less known, previous to the days of the Irish Volunteers. From '82 to 1800, Ireland nobly vindicated her fame as a mother of genius and an ardent seeker after liberty. But the union demolished the fair rising structure, and again England ruled and libelled unopposed. In 1830, Ireland was again on her feet; looking around, she beheld all the horizon covered with the mists of prejudice and calumny. From one quarter alone, there came a ray of cheering light—from the land in whose service Sarsfield and Wolf Tone had died. Fourteen years are gone, and Ireland has learned some-

thing of her own history, and something also of the mournful truth that mankind are always more prone to give credit to the charge of the powerful, than the defence of the subjugated. A wise resolution was taken; the people resolved to undo practically before the eyes of the whole world, the filthy web of misrepresentation with which England had surrounded them. Every educational society and improvement was adopted, and a new one was formed which redounds to her great credit—I mean, "The Christian Brothers." MR. RICE, a man of the most exalted purity of soul, the most generous enthusiasm, and the highest order of practical ability, was the founder of this admirable system. He realized in his own life many of those great qualities which distinguished Ignatius Loyola, with the shrinking modesty of a pure, devoted soul. His institution has conferred on Ireland innumerable advantages thus far, and many more and greater may fairly be anticipated from its rapid increase. GERALD GRIFFIN, the inspired author of *Gysippius*—the poet, novelist and philosopher—the scholar of nature, and child of all the muses, was so deeply impressed with the utility of this excellent association, that, divesting himself of the world, he descended (or rather rose) from the instruction of kingdoms, to be a teacher of the poorest of the children of Ireland. The Ursuline community, devoted to the education of female children, are at present very numerous in Ireland, and the minds of the future mothers of the people are being expanded and improved to a degree which many generations before them have not been able to compass. The "national education" system, with all its faults, is also producing its effects; and, acting on the system of the ingenious Mr. Lancaster, is sowing the seeds of an abundant harvest. To these we cannot omit to add the lately-established method of "adult" self-culture, by the founding of reading-rooms and night-schools. The Dublin newspaper press deserve everlasting credit for their unceasing efforts to propagate this most useful and admirable system. Taking all things into consideration, we can very well agree with a late intelligent tourist, in the belief that the rising generation of Irish men and women will be as well, or better educated, than any other portion of the European populace.*

* Dr. James Johnson.

There cannot be a truer maxim than Homer's:—

> "Jove makes it certain, that whatever day
> Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

The Irish people, pressed down for so many ages—rendered reckless by an invariable infliction of want, incurred to a frightful extent, the odious habit of drunkenness. In this they are generally conceded the "bad eminence" of superiority; but there are unanswerable proofs that the Scottish people exceeded them in intemperance.* But of one fact there can be no question—that there are few among the population, on whom this terrible habit had not fastened. The Directory of the United Irishmen, in 1797, proposed to the people a pledge against all intoxicating liquors, which was not generally adopted. Mr. O'Connell, at Waterford, in '26, and in the first Clare election, had pledged the peasantry to total abstinence until the contests should be decided; but the effects of these vows were limited by their duration. It is more than twenty years since the Rev. George Carr of New Ross introduced the system of Temperance Societies into Ireland, which languished through a fluctuating existence until the year 1838, when THEOBALD MATHEW appeared as the moral regenerator of the people. Within five years, as many millions of the Irish people have taken a solemn vow, before God and their fellow-men, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks; this they have most rigidly adhered to, and faithfully endeavored to propagate. The contagion of their example has spread into Scotland and England, and accompanied the Irish emigrant to the Pacific, and America; and the world is now indebted for the brightest example of moral heroism which modern times produces, to the longest oppressed and worst ruled portion of its people. The career of Father Mathew is a miracle of success; quietly and humbly, without pomp, or bribe, or flattery, he has induced the people to cast off their prevalent and perilous habit. Sobriety has paved the way for study; the national love of music has been revived; the staple produce of the metropolis is poetry; the old airs are caught upon the mountains, as they were

* Among other documents tending to place the Irish people in their proper relation to other nations guilty of drunkenness, is the Parliamentary Report of the Excise Commissioners of 1835, in which their secondary proficiency is clearly established.

departing forever; and an emulative improvement actuates all the classes of society. Meanwhile, the good apostle, like another Patrick, traverses the island round and round, imitating that illustrious saint in the industry and self-sacrifice with which he pursues his mission, strengthening social bonds and virtuous societies, shedding peace and comfort into many a long-desolated home. His ways are not those of self-opinionated reformers, nor his wisdom as their wisdom. Yet in those distant ages when half a dozen names, at most, will be well remembered, out of the multitude of men dignified at this day by the cheap prefix of "great," that of Mathew will hold a first place. Political systems will perish; monuments of civilization will disappear; nations, leaving scarce a name, shall have expired—but his memory shall endure. The "abomination of desolation" shall fill cities and empires; false creeds shall have lived and died; false prophets and their rhapsodies will have vanished—but the name of this illustrious friar will not pass away. Their greatness is made with hands, or with the voice—while his is erected out of the inexhaustible energies of his own soul, and the edifice partakes of the immortality of the instrument of its erection. Their work is a work of pride, stimulated by passion—his, rising from humility, touches the heavens; and sustained by the most unbounded benevolence, makes all the earth its resting-place. In them we see the workings of man, the mere animal—but in him, the exhibition of one, all soul, and love, and disinterestedness.

There is no other phrase which so well expresses the character of Irish political history, as the single word, *extraordinary*. Singular, indeed, have been the fortunes of the Hibernian Celts, and their descendants. Ireland was old when Christianity exiled the Druids from their sacrificial forests; her commerce was known at Rome, but not her captives; Tyre and Sidon had bartered with her, before Romulus and his brother had forsaken Alba. Her military fame, at an early time, was equally celebrated; her soldiers trampled down the Roman fortifications, and were about to scale the Alps, when an arrow of lightning, launched from the thunder-cloud above, struck down Dathy, their daring general—yet a handful of needy Normans overran her sea-coast, and, profiting by the jealousies of rival chiefs, seized on the pleasant plains of Leinster. Seven hundred

years of slavery have scarcely cured them of that besetting sin. Early in her Christian ages, when Europe was buried in barbarism, letters and science found a shelter amidst her glens, where like a conservatory, those precious plants were screened from the inclemency of that Gothic winter which had set in on all the cities and states of the continent. When literature "revived" abroad, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, penal laws and Protestantism had commenced the work of devastation in Ireland; then, what the Vandals had done for Rome, and the Saracens for Spain, Henry and Elizabeth performed for Ireland. With the accession of the Guelphs this was completed; and ignorance and the Reformation were established by law together. This eccentric destiny clung to the land even later; in the history of the Stuart war in Ireland, it is strangely exemplified. The revolution of 1688 gave new security to the liberties of the empire, but refastened the fetters of Ireland. Her soldiers went abroad to win glory in a foreign service; her scholars were proscribed and incarcerated; and while the reign of Anne is the brightest era in English literary history, it becomes the darkest in that of Ireland. In 1793, the Presbyterians and Catholics first combined to save the constitution, and enlarge its pale so as to take in all creeds; but again a blight came o'er their councils—and from willing comrades in danger, they were artfully turned into enemies, underrating and suspecting each other.

But, strange as it may appear, the singularity of this destiny has preserved through every change the great characteristics of the Milesian blood; which, although in some respects chilled or changed by slavery, is yet gushing from the heart. Their hatred of control has preserved the love of learning, because learning was denied; and persecution has established Catholicism more firmly in the hearts of the people, than it would probably have been fixed, in an uninterrupted course of national prosperity. Every people west of the Alps have, at some time or other, yielded up their old faith and its imposing forms—but Ireland has only clung to them more fondly in the lapse of centuries. The sons of her rightful princes entered the sanctuary, and the expounders of Christian doctrine became also the hope of the bondsman. For nearly two centuries, the Catholic clergy were the only educated portion of the aboriginal population; and from this cause they were obliged to be

the advocates and defenders of the people—the councillors and conveyancers, as well as the teachers, of the masses. The clergy became the conservers of antiquity, the narrators of history, and the preservers of a national spirit. In the gloomy glen, or in the cavern's darkness, haranguing their faithful flocks, it was impossible for them to avoid mentioning the laws which had driven them thither, and the transition thence was natural, to the men who made them. The upstart antiquity of the Saxon race—their treachery, injustice, and inferiority to those whom they oppressed, were kept constantly before the down-trodden masses; and thus was perpetuated that sturdy sense of ancestral dignity, which is always the companion of your true Irishman. Young patriots loved and cherished this useful vanity, feeding it with declamation, and celebrating it in fiery strains of never-dying song. At length, proscription wearied of its ineffectual labors, the penal laws were abolished, and the heart of Ireland swelled out to its original greatness. It has since voluntarily cast out much of the folly of a false pride, and in its place now wisely cultivates a knowledge of the defects of native character, with a view to their remedy.

It would be rash to assert, dogmatically, that the Irish of future times will be a great people; but we may say with certainty, that few countries ever had a fairer field, to win for themselves solid and legitimate greatness. In politics, they have produced the most remarkable statesman of the day; in morals, they possess the most wonderfully apostolic man; and in education, they are fast tracking up the steps of the best taught communities. It is true that in Austria and Prussia there are wider and deeper systems of study; but these are entirely governmental, and have not originated with the people. The peculiar genius of a nation ought to be represented in its system of culture; for if the system harmonizes not with that genius, it becomes a clog around its neck, rather than a beacon to light it onward. The Irish system, now rapidly tending to an established existence, will be of the people—all the better, insomuch that instead of being compulsory, it is formed by the same hands which are to use it. In this view its practicability is vastly superior to the schemes of the continental cabinets.

But there is a higher cause for hope, than all the work-

ings of the national spirit convey, although these certainly are far from dubious or equivocal. It is the hope we all have (or should have) in the merciful guardianship of a just and retributive Providence—Him, of whom it is written that a sparrow falls not to the earth, unknown to His all-pervading intelligence. To Him, on behalf of the oppressed, the freeman should always look—for the emancipation unsanctioned in heaven is valueless. We have many causes to look there on behalf of Ireland. The birthland of five hundred canonized saints, and many thousands of beatified martyrs, cannot surely, in His justice, be left longer as the footstool of a hereditary despotism. The land from which the patrons of Scotland and Northumberland, of Germany and Gaul, swarmed forth, as St. Bernard says, "in an inundation" of pious zeal, is not to continue forever a nursery of paupers, partizans, and mercenary soldiers. The vessel in which such goodly forms were moulded of old, has not been doomed—Oh! never can be doomed—to the shaping of hideous shapes, of slaves who go forth to make slaves, and maniacs who execute the laws of those who manacle them. Nations shall confess the justice of God, and kings tremble before his judgments. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," but his word never!

We see the evidences of this propitious Providence in the men now employed to raise up the people of Ireland, as well as in the improved temper of the people themselves. Their ancestors of old, revelling in plenty, and indulging in unattacked freedom, grafted on their hereditary Milesian impetuosity, a wilder and more hazardous daring. To this they joined an unsuspicious disposition, pampered by an overweening sense of their political security and military invincibility, which in reality "sold the pass" upon them, and gave their patrimony to the invader. But their sons, so long as they retained lands and gold, scorned to degenerate from the olden rule; it was only confiscation which could teach prudence, and beggary which introduced frugality. Two generations lay paralyzed in each of those extensive changes, which, under Elizabeth, James, Cromwell, and William, gave a new race of proprietors to the soil. Had the present and wisest attempt at national elevation been the work of impulse, or the promptings of a temporary resolution, we might well distrust it; for the swiftest steed is often the first to give out, and the wave

which throws itself highest on the beach, returns most quickly to the bowels of the ocean. Such, however, is not the nature of the present Irish agitation, that, like a natural crop in a wholesome soil, has appeared faintly at first, but, overcoming the inclemency of many obstacles, flowers, and at last brings forth the long-expected fruit for general nourishment and preservation. The Providence which has given Ireland an O'Connell in political, and a Mathew in moral reformation, has also given her the heart to receive, and the understanding to follow the teachings of these great men. Without this innate virtue, and a strong native sense of duty, all preachings of peace and charity and forgiveness would be thrown away, and Father Mathew's reputation would still be limited to the congregation of Blackamoors Lane, and O'Connell would have been little more than "a stout special pleader." That consciousness of deserving better times, and hilarity of temper which distinguishes the people—their fervent Catholic enthusiasm, and lofty appreciation of the value of letters, are materials out of which sincere and industrious advocates can easily effect many salutary improvements. No country that endured slavery so long, has emerged from it less deteriorated by the contact. The sons of the Italian republics are wanderers on the earth, pedlars of bad music and retailers of comfits; the posterity of Greece lie most complacently beneath the heel of the Moslem, although their fathers were freemen before the Hegira, while yet Arabia slumbered in a state of tinselled barbarism.

The situation of Ireland, and her natural advantages, should long since have made her eminent amongst nations. An island compact and well watered, with as many harbors as there are leagues in her circumference; placed to the west of all Europe—the last Atlantic landmark of the old world, and the first European beacon for the new—she has been regarded by commerce as a mere Eddystone, useful when a wide berth is given her. Yet, what a mistake is here. Her northern coast—that wonderful museum of geology—instead of attracting attention only by its curiosities, should have invaded the ocean with moving monuments of art, more wonderful than the eternal pillars planted by giant hands, in defiance of the angry North Sea. Her southern shore tempts the approach of Mediterranean commerce, while her vast western havens ought to be covered

with the fleets of the new world. Through the means of Ireland, a revolution will some day be effected in British commerce; and if the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol will not take time by the forelock, they may behold a time when the warehouses of Galway shall be large enough to oblige few ships to brave the dangers of Channel navigation.

Dr. Kane, in his recent admirable work, has demonstrated, with the most beautiful accuracy, the immense fund of mineral wealth which lies unemployed beneath the feet of the idle and half-starving peasantry. This laborious author has developed the extent of vast coal-fields, hitherto but little known, the wealth of which will be inexhaustible when Newcastle and Whitehaven are no longer productive. He has divided these fields into provincial classes, of which one is in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught. The first occupies the greater portion of the county of Kilkenny, the Queen's County, and part of Carlow, and is bounded by the rivers Barrow and Nore. "This district," says the Doctor, "forms a great mineral basin; its strata consequently incline from the edge toward the centre—the undermost appear on the outer edge, and the uppermost in the interior of the district." * * * "Mr. Griffith estimates the area occupied by this coal at 5000 acres, (Irish,) and its specific gravity is 1.591; the total quantity of pure solid coal may be calculated at rather more than sixty-three millions of tons." The Tipperary coal-field is about twenty miles in length by six in breadth; yet the quantity of coal at present raised from it does not exceed fifty thousand tons per annum. The great Munster "formation" is the most extensive coal-bed in the British islands. It occupies much of the counties of Clare, Kerry, Limerick, and Cork. Mr. Griffith has discovered in it six different layers; "three of the most valuable, locally known as the bulk-vein, the rack-vein, and the sweet-vein, have been recognized at the opposite sides of the undulations." Yet this vast source of wealth is almost untouched. The coal formations of Ulster, in Tyrone and Antrim, are not very extensive; in the former, however, there are between seven and eight thousand acres, comprising the Coal Island and Anahone districts. The hills around Lough Allen encompass the Connaught coal fields, which extend through Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim, and a portion of Cavan, or

about sixteen miles in each direction. This also has been to the present but little worked.

Such is the fuel power lying inactive in Ireland. Of her immense water power, it has been acknowledged that it could turn all the machinery of Britain and France. There is no other European country so well watered; an innumerable variety of streams dash down her declivities, and float onward to the ocean, like the unemployed hours of a sluggard, never to return. O, Nature! how thy boons are squandered upon slaves! What profits it to Irishmen that they live in a land flowing with milk and honey, when their hands are chained, and their limbs fettered? Of what avail are all the benefactions of a good Providence, when tyrant laws have reversed the order of nature, and reared up beggary in the very nursery of abundance? But the day of the destroyer is fading into twilight, and the sun of a new age is smiling serenely on "the plains and rivers of the land."

I have cast this hasty glance upon the moral, intellectual and physical capabilities of Ireland, for building up a name and nationality, because it is always an agreeable task to show that men are capable of better things than most philosophers suspect them of; but it is peculiarly so to believe that the slave is to have his turn of fortune, honor, enlightenment, and independence. It is delightful to contemplate the possibility of Ireland's ascension—to think that, when England's star shall pale, and her "felon flag" be furled forever, her long-oppressed sister-isle shall assume a glorious destiny, and practise toward her prostrate oppressor, "the noble vengeance of forgiveness."

Ireland has a deep, abiding faith; vast natural wealth; increasing intelligence; a firm sobriety, and a good share of political education. If she be but true to herself, no country ever shaped out a nobler futurity than she can. As the people are to themselves, so shall their posterity be to the world. The inheritance of liberty and eminence is before them, and over its portal, like to the enchanted chamber, it is written—"Be bold! be bold! but be not too bold!"

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ERRATA.

Page 9, line eleven—for "Eagle West," read *Eagle's Nest.*
Page 13, line fourteen—for "Tories," read *Tones.*