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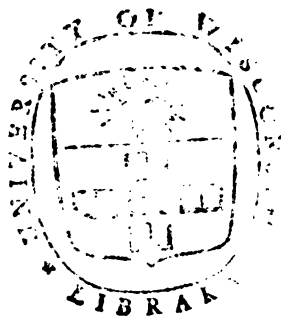
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

1775-1-1

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CO.

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TO

CHARLES GLENDONWYN SCOTT, ESQ.,
OF EDINBURGH.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

I DEDICATE these volumes to you.

They contain some traits of the illustrious man, of whom there was not a more devoted political disciple, nor a more attached personal friend, than yourself.

Their materials have been, in a great measure, taken from such portions of my private diary as record the conversations that I and others have held with our lamented leader. Many memoranda, also, have been furnished by my kind and valued friend, Patrick Vincent FitzPatrick, Esq., of Dublin.

The nature of a book thus compiled must of course
VOL. I. *b*

be very desultory. It was necessarily impossible to methodise the vast variety of miscellaneous topics suggested by O'Connell's colloquial recollections, or started by his companions. Although I have occasionally given details of the public movements in which, under his leadership, you and I actively participated, yet my principal object was to show O'Connell in his private capacity; to show him at ease among his familiar associates, talking discursively away upon the thousand subjects which past and present politics, and personal anecdote, presented to his mind.

There is one thing which these records demonstrate—if indeed it needed demonstration—namely, that Ireland and her interests were ever uppermost in his thoughts.

On his political character and career, Ireland has long since pronounced. Well may his countrymen feel pride in the extraordinary man, who, for a series of years, could assail and defy a hostile and powerful government; who could knit together a prostrate, divided, and dispirited nation into a resolute and invincible confederacy; who could lead his followers in safety through the traps and pitfalls that

beset their path to freedom; who could baffle all the artifices of sectarian bigotry; and finally overthrow the last strongholds of Anti-Catholic tyranny by the simple might of public opinion.

To say that as a public leader he had no faults, and made no mistakes, would be to ascribe to him more than human exemption from error. But it is undeniable that his mistakes were far fewer than any other man in his place would have made; and that from such as he *did* make, he had the tact to extricate himself with promptness and dexterity. Sagacious, wary, and honest; cautious without timidity, and sanguine without rashness; he was inimitably adapted to achieve the great purpose of his mission.

I do not think I err in believing that more than ordinary interest must attach to every reminiscence of the private and familiar intercourse of a man so gifted and distinguished.

If there be any compliment annexed to the dedication of this book, you, my dear Scott, are well entitled to it. Sprung from an ancient and honourable Scottish race, and possessing no other connexion with Ireland than the sympathy excited in a just and

generous mind by the spectacle of unconstitutional oppression, you cordially united in O'Connell's movement for the Restoration of the Irish Parliament. You did so at great personal inconvenience and expense. You have not been chilled by the dispiriting defections that have taken place from the body which he instituted. You have not been wearied by the protracted struggle for liberty. Your activity and devotion to the cause are now as great as on the day when you and I first worked together under the guidance of our departed Chief. When honourable, though mistaken men, seceded from the Association, you were amongst those who stood firmly by the Old Man's banner; justly appreciating the infinite evils of division. O'Connell has more than once pronounced you "an invaluable ally."

Ever believe me,

Your affectionate friend.

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

Kilcascan, County Cork,
8th March, 1848.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER I.

Early Impressions of O'Connell—Curiosity excited by his Fame—O'Connell's Letters on Repeal in 1830—Anti-tithe Agitation—General Election of 1832—Irish National Council—Session of 1833—O'Connell's Repeal Policy—Coercion Bill for Ireland carried by English Reformers.

DURING the period that O'Connell's agitation for the removal of Catholic disabilities was at its greatest height, I was just at the age when political impressions the most strong and permanent are generally imbibed. In every company which I entered, the great Catholic leader was spoken of, and his movements discussed; and as the majority of my associates and connexions were of what are termed "high Tory politics," their renowned oppo-

ment was usually named as a regular political Beelzebub. I invariably heard the Catholic body denounced as a turbulent and ignorant mass, who were impudently brawling for privileges to which they had no manner of claim. Amongst my father's ordinary guests and acquaintance, the only two persons who did not participate in a contemptuous hostility to the Catholic cause, were Feargus O'Connor, and his elder brother, Arthur O'Connor, of Fort Robert.

The Tory atmosphere I breathed did not, however, influence my sentiments. The knowledge that the Catholic body were oppressed, was sufficient to enlist my sympathy in their behalf. I incurred paternal censure for joining Arthur O'Connor in an eager defence of emancipation, one evening that the measure was debated in our coterie at Kilcascan. The only argument produced against it, was, that it would destroy the existing Protestant monopoly; and that argument was deemed perfectly conclusive.

My curiosity was strongly excited by the fame of O'Connell. I was anxious to behold the marvellous Agitator, who convulsed the kingdom from one end to the other. The first time I heard him address a public meeting, was in the winter of 1827. It was at the Catholic Association. He did not

quite realise the expectations I had formed from his fame as an orator. The subject, indeed, was not very inspiring; being, if I remember rightly, some portion of the law of landlord and tenant. His discourse was a plain, easy, argumentative address, of no great length.

Thenceforth, I saw nothing of O'Connell for some years. I rejoiced in his great triumph in 1829; but there was another question in which I had at all times felt a much more vivid interest than in Emancipation. That was the Repeal of the Union. It was, therefore, with the highest delight that I read O'Connell's series of powerful letters, addressed to the people of Ireland, in 1830, inviting the nation to combine in an effort to recover the domestic legislature of which they had been defrauded.

¶ To the settlement of the Catholic question succeeded times of stirring agitation. *One* great injustice was removed; but the tithe system still oppressed the Irish people; and the country was withering from the baneful influences of the Union.

O'Connell's letters, in 1830, were, in the highest degree, spirited and exciting. In point of argument they were masterly. If the advocate of Catholic privileges had awakened my curiosity, the champion of Repeal excited my enthusiasm.

I had, from an early period, been an ardent Repealer. One of the first impressions of which I have any recollection, is the indignant resentment with which I listened to the history of the Union from my elder relatives. To know that we had possessed, for nearly six hundred years, a resident legislature—to know that we were despoiled of that possession by violence and fraud—this knowledge was, in itself, enough to make me a partisan of the Repeal.

Cherishing such sentiments, I hailed, with delight, the new agitation set on foot by O'Connell. He uttered not a word to which the feelings of the nation did not instantly respond. It is a great mistake to suppose that he originated the national desire for Repeal. He did no more than organise the people in a national confederacy, and give public utterance to the sentiments which millions had already entertained. The Irish were Repealers, and would have been such had O'Connell never existed.

In 1831 and 1832 the oppressive exactions of the tithe system had awakened a general resistance throughout the kingdom. O'Connell, of course, took a prominent part in the anti-tithe agitation. He recommended that at every parliamentary election, the tests of "Repeal and No tithes" should be

required from the candidates. The people prepared to act on this recommendation. The county, city, and boroughs of Cork were on the alert. I name them particularly, because I had personal experience of the southern agitation. Feargus O'Connor (now M.P. for Nottingham), incessantly traversed the county of Cork from end to end during the summer and autumn of 1832, addressing public meetings on national grievances, working up the registration of the county electors, and inflaming the masses with a strong desire to rescue the county from both Whigs and Tories. The city and boroughs took care of their own interests; and at the general election in 1832, out of *eight* members there were six Repealers, one Whig, and one Tory returned.*

The elections over, O'Connell invited the Irish representatives to assemble in a "National Council" in Dublin. Many of their number obeyed the invitation. I must own that *I* did so, in the confident expectation that the leader would lay before us a plan for the agitation of Repeal in Parliament during the ensuing session. But O'Connell did not

* I was elected for Mallow. It has often been publicly alleged that O'Connell influenced my election. He had nothing whatever to do with it, not having been even consulted. Equally untrue is the assertion of the *Daily News* that O'Connell "thrust Feargus O'Connor on the county Cork Electors." To Feargus alone is his election of 1832 attributable.

think the question had yet acquired sufficient popular strength to render prudent a Repeal campaign in the English House of Commons. Much disappointment was the result of this opinion. Still greater disappointment arose from the total silence observed in the "National Council" on Repeal; this silence was excused on the ground that some of the persons who composed it were anti-repealers, and were induced to attend it on the faith of our carefully avoiding the forbidden topic. But copious materials for arriving at Repeal conclusions were submitted to the council by Michael Staunton, now Lord Mayor of Dublin. He was introduced by O'Connell on our first day of meeting, and presented us with financial details illustrative of the mismanagement of Irish resources by the English Parliament.

Rumours at this time were rife that ministers intended to introduce a Coercion Bill for Ireland at an early period of the approaching session. O'Connell defied them. He thought it quite impossible that they could have very large English support. The Reform Bill—a new charter of liberty for England—had just been carried by an Irish majority in the House of Commons; and he judged it quite chimerical to suppose that the first Reformed Parliament—indebted for its reformation to Irish

assistance—would disgrace itself by requiring that assistance with an attack upon the liberties of Ireland.

Feergus O'Connor's recent victory over Whiggism and Toryism in the county Cork elicited O'Connell's admiration. Speaking to me of Feergus one day at that period, he emphatically said, "He is a MAN." At a subsequent period he criticised Feergus's declamatory powers; remarking that his harangues were exciting, "but that there was too much bragging about conquering and trampling under foot in them. He also talks in a tone of leadership: now," continued O'Connell, "I never did so: on the contrary, I have always professed myself quite ready to follow the lead of any body who should work harder or better than I did; and my command is only the more readily obeyed on that account."

The commencement of the session found the Irish members in London. There I occasionally met O'Connell, and we sometimes conversed on Repeal, respecting which measure I was anxious to elicit his policy and purposes. He was quite decided upon one point; namely, the imprudence of introducing the question prematurely into Parliament, "But," said I, "you will watch the earliest opportunity for

its judicious introduction; and strike when the right moment comes?"

"Trust me for that, my dear fellow," was his answer.

One morning, at his house in Albemarle-street, the same subject was spoken of. He said he would first try to get all he possibly could from the Imperial Parliament, in the shape of an increased number of representatives, enlarged franchises, &c. He ended by quoting the following lines :—

" Oh Erin ! Shall it e'er be mine.
To right thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head, and see,
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free ?
That glance of bliss is all I crave
Between my labours and the grave."

(The Coercion Bill was introduced by the government. O'Connell's opposition to it forms one of the most brilliant and best sustained displays of vigorous ability in the annals of parliamentary debate. In an assembly, of which the great majority were politically and personally hostile to him, he yet held his ground, displaying a dexterity and promptitude in attack, a readiness in reply, and an inexhaustible fertility of resource. If O'Connell's fame were to be measured by one grand display of unrivalled ability, then I should point to the session of 1833 as

the crowning glory of his parliamentary life. It must be admitted, that the resistance to coercion gave abundant exercise to his energies, without his encumbering himself with a repeal debate. Night after night, he confronted the ablest men in England; and, so far as the war of argument was concerned, he certainly kept them at bay. He fought, moreover, almost single-handed; for, with the exception of one or two good speeches from Sheil, he had really no assistance of any great value.)

He, however, made a concession to the enemies of Repeal in the earlier part of the session, which no motives of parliamentary expediency should have extorted from him. Taunted by Lord (then Mr.) Stanley, with the contrast between his energetic advocacy of Repeal in Ireland, and his careful avoidance of that subject in Parliament, he spoke as follows:—

“As long as I saw the utility of British connexion, and an immense utility may exist, I should prefer seeing this house doing justice to my countrymen, rather than that it should be done by a local legislature. I repeat it, this avowal is likely to be turned against me in Ireland; but I adhere to it, for it is my abstract opinion. If I thought that the machinery of the present government would work well for Ireland, there never lived a man more

ready to facilitate its movements than I am. The only reason I have for being a Repealer is the injustice of the present government towards my country.”*

This doctrine was, indeed, much less likely to be acceptable to the Irish people than that which O’Connell promulgated in the speech he made in 1800 against the Union; namely, that a re-enactment of the whole penal code would be preferable to the abolition of the Irish Parliament. The notion of preferring an absentee legislature to a resident one as the distributor of “justice to Ireland” is self-contradictory; inasmuch as the most important ingredient in “justice to Ireland” is the restoration of the Irish Parliament. Even an indifferent legislature sitting at home would be much more conducive to national prosperity than the very best non-resident legislature imagination can conceive. Nor is the injustice of any individual government to Ireland the sole reason why Irishmen are Repealers. They are so because Repeal is their inalienable right; because the management of their affairs by another nation is utterly incompatible with their welfare; and because it is perfectly impossible that a system of non-resident legislation can be other than unjust to their country.

* O’Connell spoke the passage here quoted, in February, 1833, on the motion for the house going into a Committee of Supply.

The declaration I have quoted, coming from a man "whose words were things," was undeniably calculated to damp the ardour which the stirring events of the past year had excited to a pitch of intensity.

He still battled away against the ministerial measure, and battled nobly. The journals which had abused him, and sought to sneer him down, were constrained, despite their prejudices, to admit that he was a first-rate parliamentary orator. And his triumph in this respect was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he was transplanted late in life from scenes and habits utterly differing from those of the English Parliament.

I took an opportunity, in the course of the coercion debates, to declare my unalterable attachment to the cause of Repeal.

Mr. O'Connell was greatly disgusted at the utter want of sympathy with the people of Ireland, displayed by some of the English Catholics. One night I said to him,

"There is Howard, of Corby, among the ranks of our opponents."

"Ay," he replied, indignantly, "only for *us Irish* he wouldn't have a seat in Parliament, and the grateful return he makes is to do us all the mischief he can."

Mr. Stanley's personal hostility to O'Connell was bitter and vehement. It was incessantly manifested throughout the entire session. His fiery and brilliant invectives, his pungent sneers and sarcasms, would have told with crushing effect upon any inferior antagonist. But O'Connell was too great to be put down by sarcasm or ridicule. He often grappled Stanley with tremendous vigour. When he made a hit he liked to have it appreciated. One night, after a stormy debate, in which he had been particularly successful, I chanced to sit next him under the strangers' gallery.

"I think," said I, "that if you owed Stanley any thing, you fully paid off your debts to-night."

"Do you really think so?" he quickly said, turning round to me with a hearty laugh of satisfaction.

Observing the "internecine warfare" that raged between him and Stanley, I asked him if he had ever been on terms of personal intercourse with his brilliant enemy.

"Yes," said he, "and I have been even favoured with his courtesy. He followed me out into the lobby on the night of my speech in favour of Reform, shook hands with me, and complimented me on my success."

Feargus O'Connor spoke often against the Coer-

cion Bill. An English country member said to me one night,

“The member for Cork is an unbroken colt, but he has good points. With some training he'll make a useful horse by and by.”

The English Reformers were too strong for the friends of constitutional liberty in Ireland. Despite the combined opposition of O'Connell and his allies, the obnoxious bill became law by a very large majority.

CHAPTER II.

Dinner at Bulwer's—O'Connell on the Irish Language—Judge Johnson's Libel—Prolixity of Counsellor Scriven—O'Connell's reluctant Introduction of Repeal into the British Parliament in 1834—General Election in '1835—O'Connell's unalterable Conviction on Repeal—O'Connell *versus* Combinations.

ON St. Patrick's day, 1833, I met Mr. O'Connell at dinner at the house of Sir Edward (then Mr.) Bulwer. The party consisted exclusively of anti-coercion members of the legislature. The author of "Pelham" wore a large artificial shamrock in the breast of his coat, in compliment to his Irish guests. Politics were but little discussed. O'Connell told the traditionary story of St. Patrick's selection of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity. Some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. "Yes," he answered, "and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit; it was first imposed on man-

kind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be of vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I can witness without a sigh the gradual disuse of the Irish."

He said that in 1828 he had made a speech in Irish at a Catholic meeting in the county Louth ; and that at some other place (Tralee, if I recollect aright) the reporters from a London journal were ludicrously puzzled at an harangue he delivered in the ancient tongue of Erin. Their pencils and tablets were all in readiness, when the Agitator advanced to the front of the platform and pronounced a speech of which they did not understand a syllable.

(O'Connell's parliamentary career for the years that followed 1833 presented no such vigorous efforts of genius as his opposition to the Coercion Bill exhibited. He made many admirable speeches ; but he had not the excitement of such stormy elements of strife as those which aroused his great powers in that memorable session.)

In the month of January, 1834, I was in Dublin,

and met the Liberator at a Repeal meeting held in the Corn Exchange. I spoke in reply to a Unionist effusion of Emerson Tennent's. O'Connell then proceeded to assail Mr. Tennent, whom he accused of political tergiversation, styling him "the species of monster we read of in the 'Arabian Nights,' with a green back and an orange tail." After a lengthened attack on the object of our animadversion, the Liberator asked me to accompany him to his house in Merrion Square.

Some allusion was made to the Liberator's political labours, and his relinquishment of his profession. He said, "I believe I am the only person on whom a voluntary annual tribute was ever bestowed by a nation."

Among his reminiscences of bar practice, he mentioned the trial of Judge Johnson for a libel which Cobbett had printed. Cobbett had been previously tried and convicted; and rather than undergo the legal penalty, he gave up Johnson, who was the author of the libel. It was a curious document to emanate from a judge. O'Connell said;—

"It called Lord Hardwicke a sheep-feeder from Cambridgeshire, and Lord Redesdale a stout-built special-pleader from Lincoln's Inn. Johnson's great object was to gain time. He sued out his *habeas corpus* in every one of the courts. The last was the

Common Pleas. One of his counsel was Scriven, whose instructions were to be as lengthy as possible. He accordingly opened by stating that he had eighteen distinct propositions to enunciate. Lord Norbury soon got tired, and tried to cut the matter short by occasionally saying, 'That will do, Mr. Scriven—the Court is with you on that point, so you need not occupy your time by demonstration.' 'That *won't* do, my lord,' said Scriven; 'I must assist your lordship with some additional reasons; I well know the great ability of my learned friends who will follow on the other side, so I cannot possibly accept your lordship's concession.' The first day was wholly occupied by *stating* the eighteen propositions; the succeeding days were devoted to proving them. The opposite counsel, whose game was brevity, let Scriven run on uninterrupted. When he came out of court the first day, he said, 'D—n those fellows! I could not get one of them to interrupt me.' But he and his brethren succeeded in wearing out the term. Meanwhile, the administration changed; the new government (of 1806) let Johnson off easily. He was not turned off the bench, but induced to retire on a pension of 1200*l.* a year."

This Johnson had been made a judge for sup-

porting the Union. He afterwards wrote the remarkable essay on the military capacity of Ireland for self-defence, which was published under the signature of "Philip Roche Fermoy."

(The year 1834 was rendered remarkable by the introduction of the Repeal question into the House of Commons. O'Connell told me he was forced to take this step, bitterly against his will. "I felt," said he, "like a man who was going to jump into a cold bath, but I was obliged to take the plunge." His speech was certainly an able one, but very inferior to the masterly oration in which he introduced the same question, in 1843, into the Dublin corporation.)

Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown by the Coercion Act in the way of petitions to the legislature, O'Connell was backed, on this occasion, by more than half a million of signatures to petitions in favour of Repeal.

It is told of him, that on the day he was going down to the House of Commons to make his motion on Repeal, he stopped opposite King Henry the Seventh's chapel, took off his hat, and blessed himself, saying aloud, "The Lord Almighty be merciful to your soul, Henry the Seventh, who left us so magnificent a monument of your piety.!! You

left provision at your decease to have perpetual masses offered up for your soul ; but from the time that ever execrable brute, Henry the Eighth, seized on the revenues of the church, and of course laid hands on that endowment with the rest, perhaps no human being recollected to aspirate the words 'the Lord have mercy on *your* soul,' until it struck the humble person who now offers that prayer with the utmost sincerity."*

The Repeal debate, of 1834, is fresh in the memory of the reader. Spring Rice, as being an Irishman, and an expert financial juggler, was selected by government as the most appropriate assailant of his country's rights. His fallacies, absurdities, and falsehoods, were affirmed by an imperial majority of 525 to 40.

In January, 1835, there was a general election. The number of Repealers returned to Parliament was not so numerous as in 1832. Some of the Repeal members did not offer themselves again to their constituencies ; others did, and were defeated. The anti-Repeal landlords wreaked terrible vengeance on the electors who had voted at the previous election for Repealers. Those landlords are now paying a bitter penalty for their short-sighted

* I take this anecdote from the "Cork Southern Reporter," of October 2, 1847.

wickedness, in the ruin entailed upon so many of their order by the Union. Much popular inaction was caused by O'Connell's postponement of Repeal for the celebrated "six years' experiment" on which he had embarked. The people of Ireland never entered with any heartiness into that experiment. They had a strong instinctive feeling that it would not succeed. And they thought, that were it even successful, no amount of minor acquisitions could supply to Ireland the want of a resident Parliament.

That such was also O'Connell's own conviction is evident, from the following passage in a private letter, quoted by Mr. Fagan, M.P. for Cork, in his "Life and Times of O'Connell."

"But," asks the Liberator, "may not the Repeal be dispensed with if we get beneficial measures without it? This is a serious question, and one upon which good men may differ; but it is my duty to make up my mind upon it, and I have made up my mind accordingly, that there can be no safety, no permanent prosperity for Ireland without a Repeal of the Union. This is my firm, my unalterable conviction."

I need scarcely add that it is also the firm and unalterable conviction of the Irish people.

In the beginning of 1838, the Liberator gave a proof of his indifference to all popularity which was

not founded on the only just title to public favour—honesty of purpose united with practical utility. Combinations of workmen to compel their employers to increase their wages had become general in Dublin. The results were necessarily ruinous to the short-sighted combiners themselves. The shipwrights were the greatest sufferers; the ship-building trade having nearly been destroyed in Dublin by this foolish and fatal policy. O'Connell denounced the combination system as being unjust in its principle and ruinous in its results. Amongst the combiners were hundreds of his warmest political adherents. They instantly mutinied against him; and for several successive days he was mobbed and hooted at the Royal Exchange. He continued his opposition, undaunted by the outcry; and calmly awaited the period when the combiners should return to their senses; indifferent as to the tenure of any popularity which could be endangered by honest perseverance in the cause of truth and public usefulness. He was taxed with having theretofore charged the decay of trade in Dublin on the Union; “whereas *now*,” said his accusers, “you charge it on our combination.”

“Both causes operate,” was his reply. “If a man suffers from a headache, that is no reason why he

will not suffer still more if a toothache be added to it. The Union struck a heavy blow to trade—combination will complete the mischief.”

O’Connell’s exertions were finally successful : his opponents abandoned the Combination System.

CHAPTER III.

Journey to Mount Melleraye—Foundling Hospital—Judge Norbury—The Catholics and their “natural Leaders”—Peter Bodkin Hussey—Jack Lawless—Anecdote of the Clare Election—Approach to Melleraye—The Monastery—Reception of O'Connell—O'Connell a Novelist !—“Viscount O'Connell”—Offer of a Seat on the Bench.

IN August, 1838, the Liberator quitted Dublin for the monastery of Mount Melleraye, in the county of Waterford, where he intended to spend a few days in retreat. I was anxious to see that establishment, and he gave me a seat in his carriage. When travelling, he was usually very communicative, and every place of any interest along the road elicited some anecdote or reminiscence. On this journey, he talked much of his own achievements in the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and gave some sketches of his political fellow labourers.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a clear sunny day when we left town. On passing the

Foundling Hospital at the western end of the city, O'Connell said to me, "That is one of the institutions of mistaken philanthropy. It encouraged vice by affording an easy mode of disposing of its consequences. And then there was the hideous risk of incestuous marriages, from the foundlings' ignorance of their relationship to each other, or to the rest of the world. The late Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, distinctly traced proofs, that in one case a youth brought up in that foundling hospital had married his own mother!"

A little further on were the roofless remains of the old Court House of Kilmainham.

"That ruin," said Mr. O'Connell, "was a busy place after the rebellion. Its unpopular celebrity was commemorated in a ballad that began, I think, thus:—

'Harkforward, Kilmainham! harkforward, Kilmainham!
 We'll hang 'em, we'll hang 'em, before we arraign 'em.
 Old Toler* leads the bloody hunt,
 This day some wretch must die.' "

He then began to speak of his own recollections of the rebellion, of the Union (on which he made his maiden speech), and of the subsequent position of the Catholic cause.

* The late Judge Norbury, of punning and hanging notoriety.

“The ‘*natural leaders*,’ as they were called, of the Catholics,” said he, “the Catholic aristocracy, were jealous at seeing the leadership, which they were incapable of managing, taken out of their hands by lawyers and merchants. Efforts were occasionally made to control what they were pleased to deem the vulgar violence of our exertions. In 1807, a certain aristocratic banker visited the Catholic Board one day, and delivered himself of some advice that savoured suspiciously of Castle influence. I remember that he accused the Catholic barristers of clamouring for emancipation merely in order to qualify themselves for office. I opposed him, of course, and I had a stout ally in Peter Bodkin Hussey, who discarded all ceremony from his attack on the invader. Peter’s speech was extremely characteristic of his sagacity, his coarseness, and his impudence. ‘I understand this gentleman,’ said Peter, ‘just as well as if I was inside his head. He has talked about Catholic barristers having personal objects to gain. I tell him there are Catholic *bankers* who have personal objects to gain. I won’t mince the matter, and I boldly declare my conviction that his advice is dishonest. I tell him, moreover, that although I only chastise him *verbally* now, in the hope that he may take himself quietly off, and give us no further trouble, *yet I would hesi-*

tate just as little to chastise him personally if he should come here again on a similar errand.' The intruder took the hint and decamped. Peter Bodkin Hussey," continued Mr. O'Connell, "was in general as rough-tongued a fellow as I ever met, saying ill-natured things of everybody, and good-natured things of nobody. He piqued himself on his impertinence. It was not, however, a bad reply he made to another impertinent fellow who hailed him one day in the Four Courts, saying, 'Peter, I'll bet you a guinea that *you* are a more impertinent rascal than *I* am.' 'You'd win your guinea,' answered Peter, 'I am certainly the more impertinent. *You* are only impertinent to those who you know won't knock you down for it—but *I* am impertinent to everybody.'"

I asked him his opinion of the noted "Jack Lawless" as a public speaker.

"He began admirably," replied Mr. O'Connell, "and proceeded wretchedly. His first four or five sentences were exceedingly good; the language excellent, the sentiments impressive, the delivery admirable. But then he began to fail, and continued to the end in a strain of incoherence. Sometimes, indeed, he got off right well—that is, if he was interrupted near the outset. He would then reiterate his opening points with excellent effect, and

with the spirit which the stimulus of a little brushing opposition infused into his manner.

“ But Jack was an unpleasant sort of fellow to transact public business with. One day in committee Jack told us he meant to bring publicly forward at that day's meeting a certain topic, which I was of opinion it would be infinitely wiser and more prudent to leave in the shade. I expressed that opinion very strongly, and was backed by many persons. Lawless seemed reluctant to acquiesce, but at last he said, ‘ O'Connell, you are right—I see you are quite right. I shall say nothing on that subject at the meeting.’ I thanked him for his acquiescence, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, I said to him as we were passing through the little boarded entry into the great room, ‘ Now, Jack, you'll be sure to hold your tongue about that affair ?’ ‘ Do you mean to doubt my word ?’ retorted Jack, rather angrily; ‘ Have I not promised to be silent ? I consider my honour as pledged.’ I was quite satisfied, and we went in. I moved somebody into the chair, and sat down to look over a letter, when up started Jack, and dashed full into the topic upon which he had just promised silence ! Of course I had to draw the sword upon him in reply.”

This wayward and unmanageable gentleman

greatly liked the excitement of a skirmish. I am told that after receiving a severe castigation from O'Connell, he would skip into the committee-room, rubbing his hands in the highest glee, and exclaiming, "Well, had not we a nice debate?"

Speaking of the victory of 1829, Mr. O'Connell expressed his conviction that one of the causes that induced the Duke of Wellington to grant Emancipation, was his grace's knowledge that a large part of the army were devoted to the Catholic cause.

"After the Clare election," said he, "there was a remarkably fine young man named Ryan, as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, who had been made a serjeant, although not more than a year in the army. In one of our popular processions, we encountered a marching detachment; and as my carriage passed, this young serjeant walked away from his men, and asked me to shake hands with him. 'In acting as I now do,' said he, 'I am guilty of infringing military discipline. Perhaps I may be flogged for it—but I don't care—let them punish me in any way they please—let them flog me, and send me back to the ranks—I have had the satisfaction of shaking the hand of the Father of my country.' There were many unequivocal indications of a similar spirit in the army; and doubtless such

a spirit among the troops was not without its due weight with the duke. As to my enthusiastic friend, the young serjeant, I afterwards learned that his little escapade was overlooked—and right glad I was to find that his devotion to me entailed no punishment upon him.”

In talk such as this passed the day. We slept at the Royal Oak, and at six o'clock next morning we resumed our journey. At Kilkenny, where we breakfasted, many of the leading Repealers of the city waited on Mr. O'Connell to urge him to resume immediately the agitation of the Repeal of the Union. He replied, that he felt well inclined to comply with their advice, but that as the period had not yet quite expired which he had resolved on employing in the experiment to obtain from the Imperial Legislature the performance of the pledge they had given in 1834, “to do justice to Ireland,” he would postpone the renewed agitation of Repeal until the end of the session of the following year.

From Kilkenny we proceeded to Clogheen, in the county Tipperary, near which village we quitted the turnpike-road, and ascended the mountains that form the boundary between the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. The weather, which had been showery at Clogheen, became rapidly worse, and ere we had made half a mile of ascent, it blew

a perfect storm. Nothing can exceed the desert bleakness of the northern, or Tipperary side, of these mountains. Mile after mile our zigzag road led us up in traverses, through scenes of apparently unreclaimable sterility, unenlivened with a human habitation. Thousands of acres are nearly destitute of surface-earth, and are covered with fragments of stone. The only living beings that we met for several miles were two miserable sheep, that cowered from the storm beneath a dyke. When at length we reached the highest elevation attained by the road, the quality of the ground seemed somewhat less sterile. We passed a lonely hollow among the hills, in the basin of which was a dark pool surrounded with steep, mossy banks. Some miles of nearly level road succeeded, the quality of the soil still improving ; traces of agricultural industry appeared, and we soon passed well-built farmhouses and thriving plantations belonging to the tenants of the Duke of Devonshire, who is universally allowed to be a humane and considerate landlord, although an absentee.*

* From the example afforded by such landlords as the Duke of Devonshire, some persons have sought a defence of absenteeism in general. These persons say, "Look at the comfortable and prosperous tenantry on the duke's estate, or on the estates of Lords A., B., or C., who are absentees. Contrast the comforts of these tenants with the wretched condition of the tenants of

The southern descent of the mountains between Tipperary and Waterford is as rich and beautiful as the northern side is barren. The road leads for several miles through ravines clothed with luxuriant ash and oak woods, whose solitudes are enlivened with the wild music of rushing waters. From these defiles we emerged beneath the Castle of Lismore.

The greater part of the drive from Lismore to Mount Melleraye is exquisitely beautiful. It is shaded, as far as Cappoquin, by embowering oaks and beech of old growth. On the Melleraye side of Cappoquin, the road becomes very abrupt, and in one or two places dangerous from its great steepness. It runs for about a mile along the upper verge

certain tyrannical *resident* landlords; and then, (if you can,) call residence a blessing or absenteeism an evil!"

It requires little pains to expose the sophistry of such a plea as this. The benevolent absentee landlord is not benevolent *because* he is an absentee, but because he has a humane heart and just principles. His absenteeism has nothing to do with his benevolence; unless, perhaps, it may prevent its full expansion. In like manner, the resident tyrant is not a tyrant *because* he is resident; but because he is extravagant and avaricious; or because he hates the religious and political principles of the people. If a greater number of the benevolent proprietors of large estates who are now absentees resided in Ireland, their presence and example would powerfully tend to shame their grasping and exterminating brethren out of their tyranny.

The advocates of absenteeism are in the habit of assuming that the tyrannical landlords are chiefly to be found among the residents. This assumption, I believe, to be directly the reverse of the fact.

of a wooded glen, through which flows a brook, that, when we passed, was swollen and turbid from the recent rains. I had been looking anxiously out for the monastery, but night fell before we were within two miles of it.

At length we reached the abode of the Trappists, and on arriving at the outer gate we were met by a procession consisting of the abbot, the sub-prior, and about twenty of the brethren, all dressed in their monastic habiliments. The abbot, in episcopal mitre and robes, and bearing his crozier, led forward Mr. O'Connell by the hand, whilst I was conducted by the sub-prior in a similar manner. The monks then followed, chanting a vesper hymn. The loud music had a grand effect as it rolled along the lofty roof. We proceeded through the aisle of the monastery church, of which the extent, partially revealed by the torches borne by the brethren, seemed greater than it really was, from the utter darkness that obscured its farther extremity. When the usual vesper service had been performed in a chapel adjoining the principal church, an address of welcome was presented to Mr. O'Connell, who pronounced an appropriate reply. He begged permission to constitute himself counsel to the monastery, whose inmates were at that period threatened with litigation. The matter alluded to has since been set right.

Two hours after midnight I was wakened by a violent storm of rain and wind. Looking forth upon the night, I saw lights in the chapel, and the chant of hymns was heard in the fitful pauses of the gust. The monks were celebrating the usual service of lauds. The hour—the darkness—the storm—the dim lights of the chapel, and the voices streaming out upon the lonely mountain's side, all combined to produce an effect in a high degree wild, impressive, and romantic.

There are some young plantations adjoining the monastery. I presented the reverend fathers with Cruickshank's work on the "Culture of Forest-trees," of which I hope they have made good use.

During our stay at the monastery, Mr. O'Connell and I used to breakfast *tête-à-tête* in the abbot's parlour. Immediately after breakfast, he retired to his bed-room, where he remained quite alone until dinner, which meal we partook of *tête-à-tête*, and immediately on its conclusion, he would again retire—either to his dormitory, or to the chapel, where he remained for an hour or two. One day, Mr. Villiers Stuart came to wait on the abbot's illustrious guest, and was told he had given strict directions that he should not be disturbed while in retreat. A few days afterwards, a public meeting was held in Lismore, at which Mr. Stuart

alluded to that circumstance, humorously adding, that he was happy to find that Mr. O'Connell's sojourn at Mount Melleraye had not infected him with the *silence* of its inmates, as his adoption of the Carthusian system of the Trappists would seriously injure the interests of popular liberty in Ireland.

After a week spent at Melleraye, we quitted it, grateful for the hospitable kindness of the abbot, and interested in the success of his useful establishment. On our journey to Cork, the Liberator was, as usual, extremely communicative. He spoke of novels and novelists. He complained that Miss Edgeworth had never advocated the Catholic claims in any of her numerous publications. I praised her Irish tales, especially her "Absentee" and "Ormond."

"I don't like 'Ormond,'" said O'Connell, "she has spoiled it, by making the Irish officer in the French brigade such a thorough scoundrel. And then the name she gives him—*my* name—Connal! I am quite sure she was guided in her selection of that name by hostility to *me*."

"*That* I think very improbable," said I. "If such had been her motive, she would have spelt the name as you do yours."

"Oh! that would have been too palpable."

We spoke of a story I meant to weave into a novel.

“ I think,” said I, “ that *you* would be somewhat out of your element, assisting a novelist in his compositions.”

“ Not in the least,” he answered. “ I was once going to write a novel myself.”

“ Indeed!—and what was your story to have been ?”

“ Why, as to the story, I had not *that* fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American war—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles.”

I do not remember whether this adventurous hero was, on his return to England, to have been confronted with his royal father.

The mention of republican principles led the talk to politics generally. O'Connell said that his experiment on Imperial “Justice to Ireland” should only continue another year. Should it fail—as he fully expected that it would—he was resolved to devote the rest of his life to the question of Repeal.

O'Connell's enemies have repeatedly called him a "trading politician." Had this charge been true, it is incredible that he should not, at some unguarded moment of social intercourse, have allowed the imputed double-dealing to betray itself. But, although it was his habit to converse freely and confidentially with his familiar associates, he never uttered in private a sentiment adverse to the political doctrines of which he was in public the apostle. He could easily have made his own terms at any time with the English government; and yet, although far from insensible to the advantages of station and wealth, he steadily rejected all overtures of place for himself.

A zealous, but ill-judging friend, had held out, as a glorious termination to his political career, a seat in the House of Lords of England, and the title of "Viscount O'Connell."

"I'll take nothing for myself," said the Liberator, "as long as Ireland wants me."

In 1838, on the morning when he received from government the offer to be appointed lord chief baron, he walked over to the window, saying,

"This is very kind—very kind, indeed!—but I haven't the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now: not but that, *if she could*, I don't at all deny that the office would have great

attractions for me. Let me see, now—there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country-house near Dublin, and walk into town; and during the intervals of judicial labour, I'd go to Darrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly on every account, if I *could* but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland—**BUT I CANNOT.**"

CHAPTER IV.

**Epistolary Bores—Troublesome Visitors—Troublesome Orators
—Place-hunters—Portrait-hunters—Autograph-hunters.**

MR. FITZPATRICK, of Eccles Street, one of the *Liberator's* most intimate friends, said to me one day, "The number of queer letters that O'Connell receives, boring him upon the most ridiculously trivial subjects, would try any body's patience. A letter once arrived from New York, and as he was not aware that he had any correspondent in that city whose communication could be worth the postage, he deliberated whether he should not return the letter to the post-office unopened. He did, however open it, and found that it contained a minute description of a Queen Anne's farthing recently found by the writer; with a modest request that '*Ireland's Liberator*' might negotiate the sale of the said farthing in London; where, as many intelligent persons had assured him, he might make his fortune by it.

“ Another modest correspondent,” continued Fitzpatrick, “ was one Peter Waldron, also of New York, whose epistle ran thus ;—‘ Sir, I have discovered an old paper, by which I find that my grandfather, Peter Waldron, left Dublin about the year 1730. You will very much oblige me by instituting an immediate inquiry who the said Peter Waldron was; whether he possessed any property in Dublin or elsewhere, and to what amount, and in case that he did, you will confer a particular favour on me by taking immediate steps to recover it, and if successful, forwarding the amount to me at New York.’ ”

At another time a Protestant clergyman wrote to apprise him that he and his family were all in prayer for his conversion to the Protestant religion ; and that the writer was anxious to engage in controversy with so distinguished an antagonist. A similar epistle was addressed to him by a Methodist named Lackington. An American lady wrote to beg he would assist her in getting up a raffle. Some relation of hers, she said, had written a book in praise of Ireland ; and this consideration would doubtless induce Ireland’s most distinguished son to devote to her wishes the very short time requisite to insure the success of her project.

He complained that the letters with which he was persecuted, soliciting patronage, were innu-

merable. "Every body writes to me about every thing," said he, "and the applicants for places, without a single exception, tell me that *one word* of mine will infallibly get them what they want. '*One word!*' Oh, how sick I am of that '*one word!*'"

He expressed his indignation at some correspondents who offered him *douceurs* for his patronage. He threatened to prosecute one of them, and desired his servant to kick another out of the house (the latter having promised to call for an answer).

Some of his rural correspondents entertained odd ideas of his attributes. He said that from one of them he got a letter commencing with "Awful Sir!"

He sometimes announced in public, that he usually burned anonymous letters unread. "I just look," said he, "to see what signature the letter bears—and if I find none, I fling it into the fire."

He once told me, that out of the multitude of anonymous letters he had received for many years, there was only one that contained a suggestion of value. "That," he said, "was the contrast between the Irish and British elective franchises, and an excellent hint it was. I think I've worked it pretty well, too."

The bores of flesh and blood were worse than the paper bores. When engaged with some friend

on important political business, he has often been interrupted by gossiping visitors, who seemed to consider his time their own property. The raptures of patriotic lady-admirers were extremely unwelcome. "How I hate to have those women pelting in upon me!" was his exclamation on the exit of a very talkative specimen of this class. Gentlemen *savans* were no better; one of them broke in upon him one day that his head was full of his next Repeal move, and indulged him with a learned dissertation upon an ancient Egyptian festival, and an elaborate description of the entire ceremonial. It needs scarcely be said that the applicants for place who beset him in person were legion.

Amongst the odd requests addressed to him, was that of a Catholic priest, who stated that as from family misfortunes he could not support himself and his two sisters, he hoped Mr. O'Connell would allow them to make Darrynane their home until more prosperous times. The Liberator's well-known benevolence, the applicant added, induced him thus to seek the asylum of his roof. Mr. O'Connell said he had not the honour of his acquaintance—to which the applicant replied by reminding him they had been introduced to each other some months before on the deck of a steamer.

A species of annoyance to which O'Connell used

to submit with sullen resignation, was the trashy eloquence of his less gifted confederates in the Agitation. At a certain southern banquet he was overwhelmed with the chairman's interminable harangues. He bitterly complained of the infliction the next day to a lady who told me the anecdote. "Mr. — gave me quite too much of it," said he; "he apparently forgot that too much black pudding would choke a dog."

Of another loquacious chairman he said to me, "That poor B * * * has a sad facility of making the most balderdashical speeches I ever heard."

Speaking of a member of the legislature far above those "small deer" in point of intellect, he said, "W—— would speak better if he did not speak so well: but he has a most unhappy superabundance of very excellent English, that quite runs away with him."

Some of the *habitués* of the Repeal Association who knew O'Connell's feelings on such matters, have whispered to me during the speech of a long-winded orator, "Watch Dan, now! observe how bored he is—there he sits with his hat pulled down over his eyes, patiently waiting until this gentleman finishes."

One day when he had been annoyed by a troublesome and loquacious person whom he endured

for a long time with great suavity, I said, "You were infinitely more civil to Mr. — than I could have been."

"My dear friend," replied he, "you will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hogshead of vinegar."

Of two other bores I have heard him complain; namely, that of sitting for his portrait, and giving his autograph. Of his autograph, however, he was generally liberal enough, until age had rendered the exertion of writing difficult. The very last time I saw him (January, 1847) he asked me if I wished for any of his autographs. I replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said he, laughing, "I'll desire my secretary to write as many as you want."

With respect to the portrait annoyance, he was less manageable; unless, indeed, it were to oblige some friend, who had strong claims upon his good offices. I am told that when Wilkie was engaged in taking his likeness, he found the utmost difficulty in getting him to sit, and that the carriage which the artist regularly sent for the distinguished original, frequently returned empty. And when Du Val the portrait-painter, waited on him in order to complete his likeness for a Manchester friend, O'Connell, who detested the idea of giving formal sittings, postponed Du Val from day to day, until the artist,

in despair, at last spoke of returning to Manchester with his work unfinished. He was then told that if he came in the mornings while O'Connell was at breakfast, he might possibly collect some traits for the completion of his picture. He accordingly came, and carried off on scraps of paper the minutiae of expression and feature, which he transferred as well as he could to the canvass. At length Mr. O'Connell gave him one or two good sittings at his studio, which enabled him to produce a successful likeness.

CHAPTER V.

Dame M'Carthy and Louis the Fourteenth—Old Irish Castles and Graveyards—The Annals of the Four Masters—Repudiation of Holy Water—O'Connell's Illness in 1798—Arthur O'Connor—Who was the Greatest Irishman?—Interview with Owen, the Socialist.

SPEAKING of some imposing cavalcade that had escorted one of his political progresses, he said,

“Those things are all comparative. When a lady of the M'Carthy family was sitting in her hotel at Paris, working embroidery, she heard shouts of triumph in the streets for Louis the Fourteenth's grand entry after his successes in Flanders. But the lady stirred not from her task.

“ ‘What!’ said her companion, ‘will you not come to the window to look at the king's triumphant entry?’

“ ‘No,’ replied the lady; ‘I have seen M'Carthy More's triumphant entry into Blarney, and what can Paris furnish to excel that?’ ”

The mention of M'Carthy More led him to talk of ancient times, ancient chiefs, and of the Desmond Castles in Kerry. "What an undigested mass of buildings are the relics of the Earl of Desmond's court at Castle Island! And how much the difference between our habits and those of our forefathers is marked by the architecture of their dwellings and of ours. The old castles, or rather the old towers, of Ireland, were manifestly constructed for inhabitants who only stayed within when the severity of the weather would not allow them to go out. There seems to have been little or no provision in the greater number of them for internal comfort. And what a state of social insecurity they indicate! Small loop-holes for defence; low, small entrance doors for the same purpose; evidently, it was a more important object to keep out the enemy, than to ventilate the house."

Speaking of the elder days of Ireland, he said, "I never can pass the old burial-grounds of Kilpeacon and Killogroin, among the hills,* without thinking how strange it is that they should be totally deserted by the present generation. Nobody ever is buried in either of them now, and they have been disused so long ago, that not even a tradition exists among the peasantry of the time when, or

* I believe between Cahirsiveen and Darrymore.

the cause wherefore, interments were discontinued in them."

He spoke with contempt of the "Annals of the Four Masters." "They are little more than a bare record of faction or clan fights. 'On such a day the chief of such a place burned the castle of the chief of so-and-so;' there's a tiresome sameness of this sort of uninteresting narrative."

The "Annals" [are, indeed, a bald record of facts. But the same objection would equally apply to the early history of every country.

O'Connell constantly reverted to his juvenile recollections of Darrynane. I cannot tell what led to the following anecdote, nor, indeed, to half the anecdotes he incessantly "welled forth" in exhaustless profusion.

"There were," said he, "two Protestant gentlemen on a visit with my uncle during one of my sojourns at Darrynane. On Sunday, as there was no Protestant place of worship near, they were reduced to the alternative of going to mass, or doing without public worship. They chose to go to mass; and on entering the chapel they fastidiously kept clear of the holy water which the clerk was sprinkling copiously on all sides. The clerk observed this, and feeling his own dignity and that of the holy water compromised by their Protestant squeamish-

ness, he quietly watched them after service, and planting himself behind the sanctuary-door through which they had to pass, he suddenly slashed the entire contents of his full-charged brush into their faces! I thought I should have been choked with laughing. You can't conceive anything more ludicrous than the discomfited look the fellows had!" And his fancy was so tickled with the recollection, that he chuckled heartily over it.

He spoke of his illness—a severe typhus fever—which had nearly proved fatal to him at Darrynane in 1798.

"It was occasioned," said he, "by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant's fire, and drank three glasses of whiskey, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Doctor Moriarty was sent for. He pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied that I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were on fire around me. I felt my backbone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to

rise up, and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew it. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines :

‘Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me ;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved ;
And think life only wanting to my fame.’

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the page of history. I hated Saxon domination. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Doctor Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the desert. ‘That is impossible,’ said I, ‘he cannot have done so; they would have starved.’ ‘Oh, no,’ replied the doctor, ‘they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days.’ ‘Ay,’ rejoined I; ‘but had they portable water? For their portable soup would have been but of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.’ My father looked at the attendants with an air of hope. Doctor Moriarty said to my mother, ‘His intellect, at any rate, is untouched.’ I remember the doctor’s mentioning the rumour of an engagement

between the insurgents and the royalists at Ballinamuck, but the result had not then transpired."

I asked O'Connell whether he admired and sympathised with Arthur O'Connor?

"More no than yes," was his answer. "I had, indeed, admired him until Curran disclosed to me that he had a plan for an agrarian law, dividing the land in equal portions among all the inhabitants. *That* I saw at once involved consequences so anti-social, that it greatly cooled my admiration of him."

Except from O'Connell I never heard of Arthur O'Connor's plan for the division of land. But if he meant only such a plan as the small allotment system, which Feargus O'Connor is at present working in England, his scheme cannot have involved anti-social results. The small allotments have been for many years a favourite project of Feargus O'Connor's. Perhaps he derived the idea from his uncle. He detailed it to me at Kilcascan so long ago as 1830; and it seems calculated to promote the comfort of the humbler classes, without encroaching upon the interests or rights of the landed aristocracy.

O'Connell continued: "I travelled with Curran in the Cork mail. We were eight and forty hours coming to Dublin in those days. We had six insides and unlimited outsides. The passengers got

out and walked two or three miles on the rising ground" (I think he said Clasheen) "on this side of Clonmel; and it was on that walk that Curran mentioned to me Arthur O'Connor's agrarian scheme."

(In the course of the conversation I asked him who, in his opinion, was our greatest man ?

"*Next to myself,*" he answered, "I think old Harry Grattan was. But he was decidedly wrong in his controversy with Flood about the simple repeal.")

O'Connell described a curious interview that had taken place between him and Owen, the Socialist. "The fellow called upon me," said he, "and told me he had come for my co-operation in a work of universal benevolence. I replied that I should always be happy to aid such a work. 'I expected no less from your character, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen. 'Would not you wish—I am sure you would—to elevate the condition of the whole human race?' 'Certainly, Mr. Owen,' replied I. 'Would not you wish to see a good hat on every body?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And good shoes?' 'Oh, certainly.' 'And good trowsers?' 'Unquestionably.' 'And would not you desire to see the whole family of man well housed and fed?' 'Doubtless. But Mr. Owen, as my time is much taken up, may

I beg that you will proceed at once to point out how all these desirable objects are, in your opinion, to be worked out?" 'In the first place, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen, 'we must educate anew the population of these kingdoms, and entirely remove the crust of superstitious error from their minds. In fact, the whole thing, called *Revealed Religion*, must be got rid of.' I thought my worthy visitor was going a little too far. I rose and bowed him out. 'I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Owen,' said I, 'it would be useless to prolong our interview. I see at once that you and I cannot co-operate in any work or under any circumstances.'"

CHAPTER VI.

Legislative Riots—The “Collective Wisdom” in a State of Excitement—Peel’s Opinion of O’Connell as a Debater.

IN order to appreciate O’Connell’s success in the English Parliament, we should consider the species of hostility he was constantly obliged to encounter. Envenomed personal hatred was the manifest source of much of the opposition directed against him. In 1839, he stated, what every body knew, namely, that certain election committees were partial and dishonest. Thereupon Lord Maidstone moved, “That Mr. O’Connell should be reprimanded.” The motion was carried; and the reprimand accordingly was pronounced from the chair, and was laughed at by all rational men, as a specimen of the fantastic folly into which a strong feeling of personal spite could betray a parliamentary majority. In fact, the “reprimand” afforded a species of triumph to the intended victim, by giving him a

fresh opportunity of reiterating all his charges, without one word of retraction or apology.

But, perhaps, the most curious legislative riot upon record, was that which occurred on the introduction of Lord Stanley's bill for the annihilation of the Irish popular franchise. Whenever a disturbance ruffles the surface of an Irish Repeal, or other public meeting (and such an occurrence is unusual), the sages of the English press pounce with avidity on the event as a proof of our unfitness for self-government. Perhaps, in their estimation, the remarkable parliamentary *demêlé* alluded to illustrates the capacity of English gentlemen to legislate for Ireland.

O'Connell had committed the offence of calling Lord Stanley's bill "a bill to trample on the rights of Ireland." For this offence he was furiously assailed with a storm of shouting, yelling, hooting, and whistling. He applied the term "beastly bellowing" to the hurricane of discordant noises made by the Collective Wisdom. The Collective Wisdom was highly displeased at this uncourteous designation of its utterances; and a scene of tumultuous wrangling ensued, during a great part of which it was perfectly impossible to distinguish an articulate sentence. Lord Maidstone and Sir Stratford Canning were particularly prominent in this

ruffianly attack upon O'Connell, who, however, contrived in the end to have the best of the skirmish.

What a picture of legislative wisdom is afforded by this curious scene! It suggests humiliating ideas of our boasted human intellect, that an assemblage to whom is committed a trust of the highest national importance, should thus degrade itself by vulgar brawls; which, as one of the members observed, are only fit for the meridian of the ale-house. Whenever the passions of foolish and intemperate partisans thus degraded parliamentary debate, O'Connell was always ready to administer a spirited rebuke. The pigmy host of Maidstones, Cannings, Tennents, *et id genus omne*, shrank into insignificance before him—an insignificance which was only rendered the more manifest by the boisterous efforts of the noisy crew to overwhelm him with factious clamour.

Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. While the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were one day canvassed at Lady Beauchamp's. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said, "Oh, a broguing Irish fellow! who would listen to *him*? I always walk out of the House when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmoreland,

“let me hear *your* opinion.” “My opinion candidly is,” replied Sir Robert, “that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had *with* me this same ‘broguing Irish fellow.’”

(O’Connell’s eloquence, both in and out of Parliament, was principally characterised by a robust strength that harmonised well with the athletic personal appearance of the orator. He seldom sought ornament, and when he did he was not always successful. Sheil is said to have remarked of him, “That he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world, without a rag to cover them.” But on many occasions the fire of his thoughts found vent in extremely felicitous language. He excelled in clear and forcible argument, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful: it sometimes, however, degenerated into common-place personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience.)

CHAPTER VII.

O'Connell's Prepossession in Favour of National Distinctness—His Opinion of Lord Anglesey—Lord Anglesey's Opinion of him—The Repeal Association instituted—O'Connell on the famous Dispute between Grattan and Flood—Machinery of the Association—O'Connell in Committee—Purcell O'Gorman a Musician!—Incidents illustrative of O'Connell's Popularity—O'Connell's Opinion of Feargus O'Connor.

IN the autumn of 1839, O'Connell's mind was intently occupied upon the projected renewal of the Repeal Agitation. Day after day he discussed it with his private friends; and the institution of a confederacy for Repealing the Union was only postponed until a moment should arrive peculiarly propitious to such an experiment.

Whatever unguarded expressions may have escaped O'Connell, when battling with hostile Tories or treacherous Whigs, for the minor measures which then were termed "Justice to Ireland," there is not the least doubt that his prepossessions were entirely in favour of national distinctness; not only for Ireland, but for every country on which God had con-

ferred the great features of a nation. This bias of his mind appeared in trifles as well as in matters of importance. When asked by a friend to frank a letter to "Aberdeen, *North Britain*," he growlingly answered, "I'll frank it to Aberdeen, *Scotland*. The country has an ancient and honourable name of its own, and we'll call it by its own name and not by any nicknames."

Prior to the establishment of the Repeal Association, his old fellow-labourer in the Catholic Emancipation struggle, Purcell O'Gorman visited him at Merrion Square; and after they had talked of the effort to get "Justice to Ireland in a British Parliament" (respecting the ultimate fate of which effort, it is needless to say, they held opposite views), O'Connell said—"My next move now, will be the revival of the Repeal Agitation."

O'Gorman's reply contained some allusion to our *ci-devant* viceroy, Lord Anglesey.

"Poor Anglesey!" exclaimed O'Connell. "The unfortunate man was not wicked, but misguided."

"That is exactly what *he* says of *you*," returned O'Gorman. "One day I visited him he said to me, 'That unfortunate O'Connell means well, but he is misguided.'"

O'Connell laughed heartily. "Certainly," said he, "Lord Anglesey was wonderfully weak and un-

informed. Only conceive his gravely assuring the British Government that I had little or no influence in Ireland!"

When he had finally made up his mind to raise the Repeal cry once more, he sent for his friend Mr. Ray, of the Corn Exchange, to communicate his purpose to him.

"I sent for you, Ray," said he, "to tell you I have done experimenting on the British Parliament. I shall now go for the Repeal."

"I am right glad of it," was Ray's hearty answer. "There is nothing else for Ireland."

"How do you think the people will receive the Repeal Agitation?"

"With the utmost alacrity," said Ray; "they are eager for it. They know that it is the only hope they have."

He still postponed the renewal of the Repeal Agitation until the Easter recess of 1840. He had, indeed, published two or three letters advocating the Repeal; but he did not establish his new Association until Lord Stanley had outraged the people of Ireland, by bringing into Parliament his Bill to diminish still further their already too restricted elective franchise.

(On the 15th of April, 1840, O'Connell said to me, "Daunt, will you come to the Corn Exchange?

I am going there to work in good earnest for the Repeal." I readily accompanied him, and had the honour of being one of the fifteen members of the Repeal Association enrolled on the first day of its existence. The chair was taken by John O'Neill, a venerable and wealthy citizen of Dublin, who had been one of the Volunteers of 1782. O'Connell's speech was admirable. It was logical, spirited, and eloquent. When we were returning from the meeting I expressed my opinion of it.

"Yes," said he, "I felt that the occasion required a great effort, and I made the effort. This day will hereafter be memorable in the history of Ireland.">

I remarked on the scanty attendance at the meeting, whose paucity of numbers contrasted strongly with the crowds that a few weeks afterwards filled the room to overflowing. He was incapable of being depressed by the sight of empty benches.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, "I began the Catholic Association with less than one-sixth of the numbers. The scanty attendance of this day matters nothing. The people remained away because they have not yet found out that I am in earnest; they think I'll drop this agitation yet. But the Repeal spirit is alive and vigorous among them. You'll see how

they will crowd in to us as soon as they find out I am seriously determined to go on with it."

I said, "Thank God, I was a Repealer from ten years old."

"Thank God," replied O'Connell, "I opposed the Union *ab initio*, and the grounds on which I did so are singularly coincident with my whole public life."

Speaking of the discussion of the Repeal of the Union in the House of Commons, in 1834, O'Connell complained that the question had been injured by the hot-headed men who had prematurely forced it into the House. "Nevertheless," said he, "one solitary good has resulted from the discussion. It forced from the Imperial Legislature a pledge to do full justice to Ireland—a pledge they have shamefully violated—and this legislative violation of a solemn pledge immeasurably adds to the force and weight of our arguments for the Repeal."

I may mention in this place, that Mr. O'Connell invariably expressed his conviction that Flood was right, and Grattan wrong, in their celebrated controversy in 1782 on the "Simple Repeal" of the Act 6 Geo. I., whereby laws enacted for Ireland by the British Legislature, were declared to be binding on this country. It may be necessary to remind some of my readers, that Grattan main-

tained that the *simple repeal* of the British statute in question was quite sufficient to secure to Ireland her constitutional independence; while Flood, on the other hand, contended that the British Parliament should not only repeal the declaratory Act of Geo. I., but also expressly *renounce* and *disclaim* the usurped power to legislate for Ireland.

“If Flood had succeeded,” said O’Connell, “it is my firm conviction that the Union could never have been passed. If the Irish popular party in 1800 had possessed the strong grounds of an express renunciation by the British Legislature of all right to legislate for Ireland, they would have been able to make a triumphant stand against all the arts of corruption and all the sanguinary tyranny of the Union-Government.”

When O’Connell spoke thus, he forgot that the renunciatory act for which Flood contended, was actually passed by the British Parliament in 1783.

The real fact is, that a thousand renunciatory acts, or legislative declarations of principle, could not have saved Ireland from the Union in 1800. The Union was carried with a scornful disregard of principle. Its abettors cared nothing for principle. Their engines were bribes, and military terror. By the application of bribery to persons

interested in borough-property, and of military violence to the people at large, they succeeded in their criminal object. Men who trafficked in corruption, or who were the agents of terror, were not likely to pause in their career out of deference to arguments, or principles, or renunciatory acts. I see not how the Union could have been averted at that fatal period, unless by such a thorough reform in the Irish Parliament as would have enabled the people to send honest men into the House of Commons in place of the worthless nominees of borough-patrons. But with the unreformed Parliament we had, the fall of the nation was inevitable.

Mr. Ray was appointed secretary of the new Association. O'Connell was much attached to that gentleman. "Ray," said he to me, "is invaluable as a man of business. There is no nonsense, no fustian about him. He always comes straight to the point. He is the best and most satisfactory man of business I ever met, and has amassed a vast deal of statistical knowledge. And better than all, he is a sincere and excellent Christian."

None, I believe, who know Mr. Ray, will dissent from O'Connell's estimate of his merits.

We look back even now with a feeling of historic interest on the machinery of the Repeal

Association as devised and set working by its founder. Necessarily small in its commencement, its ramifications extended before long into every parish in the kingdom, and also into numerous districts of England, Scotland, and America. The executive Council of the Association were its several committees, upon whom it will be readily believed that a large amount of labour devolved. The Committees sat three or four days in the week; sometimes every day. Here the business of the entire confederacy was discussed and its machinery regulated. There was something impressive in the scene presented by the committee-room, especially in winter. The stranger who visited it saw a long low apartment, rather narrow for its length; of which the centre was occupied, from end to end, by a table and benches. By the light of three or four gas-burners, he discerned a numerous assemblage who were seated on both sides of the long central table, earnestly discussing the various matters submitted for their consideration. At the upper end of the apartment might be seen a man of massive figure, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and a dark fur tippet. He is evidently "wide awake" to all that passes. Observe how his keen blue eye brightens up at any promising proposition, or at any indication of increasing strength—how im-

patiently he pshaws away any *bétise* intruded on the Repeal Councils. Difficult questions are submitted for his guidance; disputes in remote localities are referred to his adjudication; reports are confided to his care to be drawn up. He glides through all these duties with an ease that seems absolutely magical. He originates rules and regulations. He creates a working staff throughout the country; he renders the movement systematic. He cautiously guards it from infringing in the smallest particular upon the law. No man is jealous of him, for his intellectual supremacy places him entirely beyond the reach of competition. And as he discharges his multifarious task, the hilarity of his disposition occasionally breaks out in some quaint jest or playful anecdote.

Such was O'Connell in the committee-room of the Repeal Association.

One day he amused the Committee with the following bar-mess story—how introduced I do not pretend to recollect. Some waggish barrister having accused Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman of being a musician, the charge was stoutly denied by the accused person.

“A jury,” said O'Connell, “was thereupon impannelled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading ‘Not guilty’ to the indictment for melodious prac-

tices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under twelve different *aliases*—such as ‘Con of the Seven Bottles’—‘Con of the Seven Throttles’—‘Crim-Con’—and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant:—‘By virtue of your oath, Mr. O’Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?’—‘Never, on my honour!’ replied Purcell.—‘Come, sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play second fiddle to O’Connell?’—The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence, and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of guilty.”

Ray was the ordinary mouth-piece of all matters submitted to O’Connell in committee for his decision or his advice.—“Here’s an application, Liberator, from Mr. *****, a Presbyterian clergyman, for pecuniary aid to enable him to go on a Repeal mission.”—“Does any body here support that application, Ray? I will oppose it, because I saw the reverend gentleman as drunk as Bacchus at the dinner at ——.”—“But he is quite reformed, Liberator, and has taken the pledge.”—“No matter—after such a public *exposé* of himself, we ought to have nothing to do with him. The case is the worse for his being a clergyman.”—“Very well, sir.—Here’s a letter from the Ballinakil Repealers, wanting

Mr. Daunt to go down to address a meeting there.”
“I’m glad of it; I suppose Daunt will have no objection.”—“Not the least,” said I.—“And here’s a letter from the people of Kells, wanting Mr. John O’Connell to attend their meeting next week.”—“My son John will go—won’t you, John?”—“Yes, father.”—“Then write and tell ’em so.”—“Counsellor Clements,” resumed Ray, “has made an objection to the words ‘We pledge ourselves,’ in the Irish manufacture declaration; he’s afraid of their being illegal.”—“Then alter the passage thus: ‘We pledge ourselves *as individuals;*’—if there be any difficulty, that will obviate it.—“What’s that large document before you?”—“That, sir, is a report sent up by Mr. —; it came by this day’s post. He wishes us to print it.”—“Umph! Let us see what sort of affair it is.”—Ray then unfolds and peruses the report. When he has done O’Connell exclaims, “What a waste of industry! There is absolutely nothing in that voluminous paper that it would be of the smallest utility to lay before the public.”—“I think,” said I, “the last two pages contain a few good facts.”—“Then print the last two pages and throw away the rest.”—Some remark being made on the mortification of a disappointed author, O’Connell half mutters the quizzical compliment paid to a pamphleteer by a

waggish friend—" 'I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet.' 'What was it?' cries the author. 'A penny bun,' says his friend."—O'Connell would then apply himself to the dictation of a report, or of answers to letters of importance, until half-past four or five o'clock; the hour at which the Committee usually broke up.*

O'Connell's popularity continued for a greater number of years, and with fewer interruptions from the fickleness of his adherents, than that of any other political leader on record. The unexampled mode in which he swayed the public mind in Ireland has excited the astonishment of those who did not, or who would not, see that even *his* mighty abilities would have failed to achieve his unparalleled position, if it were not for the national grievances that armed him with more than half his power.

I have sometimes been amused at the whimsical mode in which the popular devotion to him manifested itself. He lived in the hearts of old and young. The very intensity of their attachment occasionally assumed fantastic forms. Travelling

* I do not mean to say that the trivial incidents which I have here thrown together from memory, all occurred at the same time. But their juxta position gives a very fair and truthful idea of the lively manner in which O'Connell bustled through Committee business.

between Dublin and Kilkenny, on one of the Repeal excursions, the carriage stopped at some intermediate stage to change horses, and amongst the crowd that immediately collected, a feeble old beggarwoman with a crutch approached quite close to the carriage window, and begged O'Connell might shake hands with her. He instantly complied. The effect of the venerable lady's delight was electric. She actually tossed up her crutch, and cut a spirited caper in the air, exclaiming : "I've touched his honour's hand—I'm young again !"

Another instance of this enthusiastic feeling was afforded by two English ladies, at whose hospitable house he passed some days. They seemed to idolise their guest. Not content with the ordinary cares of hospitality, they never retired to repose without singing a hymn in his praise, to the tune of "God save the King." But the most remarkable specimen of enthusiasm was yet to come. One of his kind hostesses, who had a painful swelled face, one night applied the Liberator's gold-laced travelling cap to the suffering part, in order to try what healing virtue might reside in it! I am unable to record whether the result of this experiment justified the enthusiastic faith of the fair votary.

I have known two English gentlemen cross the Channel, for the sole purpose of seeing so much of

O'Connell as they could upon the voyage between Dublin and Liverpool.

Ascending the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognised him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favourite, much to the astonishment of the Sassenach; who, accustomed to the solemn and lugubrious decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for an outburst of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse would have doubtless cheered lustily too, if he could.

One curious illustration of the extent of O'Connell's fame, is the following definition, in Flugel's "German and English Dictionary" (Leipsic, 1827):

"Agitator, *n.* an agitator—D. O'Connell especially."

In Scotland he found many admirers. Among the most distinguished of these was the celebrated Chalmers. Differing widely in politics and in religion from O'Connell, Chalmers yet cordially admitted his great qualities; observing, to a foreigner,

“He is a noble fellow, with the gallant and kindly, as well as the wily genius of Ireland.”*

On Mr. Fitzpatrick's visiting London, in 1843, one of the *habitués* of the Stock Exchange said to him: “Your Daniel O'Connell, so far as the money market is concerned, is one of the Great Powers of Europe. His movements have a sensible effect upon the funds.”

In the month of May, 1840, Feargus O'Connor was imprisoned in York Castle, for the part he had taken in the advocacy of Chartism. In a few days after his imprisonment, he published a letter, in which he bitterly complained of the indignities and hardships to which he was subjected. Some of these were excessively severe. And, accordingly, when the case of Feargus' oppression—so disgraceful to those who inflicted it—came before the House of Commons, O'Connell denounced the severities inflicted on the prisoner as being highly illegal, and took part with those who sought their mitigation.

Mr. O'Connell often spoke of Feargus O'Connor's abilities with considerable admiration.

“In addressing the populace,” said he, “Feargus is irresistible. He has great declamatory powers; but he is wholly destitute of logical ability. He

* “Hogg's Weekly Instructor.”

declaims admirably; but he would not do for debate. He has vast energy (he has taken that leaf out of *my* book), and energy always tells well in a speaker, especially a popular speaker."

On being asked whether Feargus, or some Chartist leader, named Taylor, was the abler man, he said "Pshaw! don't compare them. Feargus has *done things*. What has Taylor done?" But his admiration of Feargus did not extend to his writings. On taking up the *Northern Star*, he said "Come, let us see what poor Balderdash has got to say for himself this week. Upon my word, this *Northern Star* is a perfectly unique affair. Look where you will—editorial articles, correspondence, reports of speeches—it is all praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! Well! the notion of a fellow setting up a newspaper to praise himself is something new at any rate. The paper is, in this respect, quite a literary curiosity!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Speculations on War—Was O'Connell a Bigot?—Letter to Archbishop Mac Hale—O'Connell's Reception of a Protestant Member of his Family—The old Orange Corporators—O'Connell and "Forgery M'Ghee"—O'Connell and the Quakers.

IN the summer and autumn of 1840, a general war seemed probable. Utterly averse to the effusion of human blood, O'Connell earnestly deprecated war and its multitude of evils ; but he firmly resolved, if it *should* occur, to avail himself of whatever facilities it might offer him towards the accomplishment of his darling project—the Repeal.

"If France puts England into difficulty now," he said one day after his return to Dublin, "the first hostile shot that's fired in the Channel, I'll have the government in my hand! But what a wretched cause of war! What is the quarrel all about? Just to settle which of two barbarians shall misgovern Syria! And civilised nations go to war about *that!*"

No accusation was more frequently made against

O'Connell, by the unprincipled party orators and writers who hated him because he served his native land, than the charge of sanguinary bigotry. His object was uniformly stated by such persons to be the restoration of papal hierarchy in the plenitude of political power, and the ultimate extermination of the Irish Protestants. I recollect at this period, being shown a private letter addressed by O'Connell to Archbishop Mac Hale—a confidential epistle which its writer never meant for publication, and which in fact, was never published—I remember perusing this letter, which O'Connell had written to solicit the archbishop's assistance in the agitation for Repeal; and among the beneficial consequences held out by the writer, as likely to result from that measure, was "*The abolition of all sectarian ascendancy. There would be,*" he predicted, "*no Protestant ascendancy over the Catholics, and no Catholic ascendancy over the Protestants; religion would be perfectly free.*" This glorious consummation was O'Connell's ardent wish; to achieve it was one of the chief labours of his life; and the man whose earnest aspirations were directed to this laudable end, was habitually traduced by the Tory party, as being quite prepared to light again the fires of Smithfield on the first opportunity.

O'Connell was indeed no bigot. It was quite true that he had a strong Catholic party feeling, which was necessarily generated by his career. But he disliked no fellow creature on account of his creed. Men of all political and religious opinions were alike welcome to the hospitality of Darrynane. A bigoted Catholic observed that it was quite impossible that any Protestant in Ireland could have the plea of "invincible ignorance." "The fellow has no right to judge his neighbour's conscience," said O'Connell to me; "he does not know what goes to constitute invincible ignorance!"

When a Protestant lady became a member of his family, he thus addressed her on her arrival at Darrynane—(I heard him mention the circumstance many years subsequently)—"You are," said he, "a Protestant, and here, at Darrynane, the nearest place of worship of your own persuasion is at Sneem, which is twelve miles off. Now, I have taken care that you shall not want the means of worshipping God in your own way on the Sunday. You shall have a horse to ride to Sneem every Sunday during the summer, and a fresh horse, if requisite, to ride back; and if the ride should fatigue you, your carriage shall attend you."

Her answer was, "I thank you, sir; but I have resolved to go to mass."

“Going to mass is nothing,” rejoined O’Connell, “unless you believe in the doctrines of the Catholic church. And if you do *not*, it is much better that you should continue to attend your own place of worship; I shall provide you with the necessary accommodation.”

When the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill seemed certain of success, four of the Dublin Aldermen, who I presume were office-bearers in the old Corporation, applied for his aid in procuring for them compensation. He readily acquiesced, and said to one of them (Sheriff Hyndman, I believe,) “I want to work out political changes; but I am equally desirous to avoid inflicting individual injury. I war against systems, not against men; and I shall feel particularly happy if by my exertions I can procure for you the compensation to which I deem you most justly entitled.”

The man who could speak thus, may doubtless have been an enthusiastic partisan, but he could at any rate have been no bigot.

But when assailed by unprincipled bigotry, he was not always quite so bland.

There is, or was, near Dublin, a Protestant clergyman named M’Ghee, who possessed some vituperative ability, which was combined with great zeal, and an insatiable thirst for notoriety. In 1836, this

reverend gentleman had produced at a public meeting in London a document forged by another clergyman named Todd, which he passed off as a genuine epistle from the Pope to the Irish bishops. This exploit obtained for him the sobriquet of "Forgery M'Ghee." O'Connell, it seems, was addressed in a letter—probably a controversial one—by this bizarre enthusiast. An emissary from M'Ghee, whose name I think was King, was deputed by the former to visit O'Connell and inquire if he meant to reply to his letter. O'Connell thus described his reception of the emissary:

"When the fellow was announced, I started up from my chair and indignantly exclaimed, 'How dare you, sir, insult me by bringing any message to my house from that forgery vagabond? I should feel more disgraced by holding communication with him than with the vilest wretch that walks the streets. Get agone! get agone!'"

The envoy made a hasty retreat; and O'Connell, when subsequently speaking of the incident, exclaimed,

"What audacity these scoundrels have! What impudence of Forgery to send his epistles and messengers to *me!*"

"What did you do with his letter?" asked I.

“Flung it in the fire when I saw the rascal’s name to it.”

There was another description of dissenters from Catholicity with whom O’Connell was on much better terms than with the proselyting parsons. These were the Quakers. He undoubtedly was not only attached to many of the Society of Friends, but he also admired some of their principles. In both Ireland and England he was in habits of familiar intercourse with certain leading members of their sect; and he referred with particular pleasure to the compliment paid him by old Joseph Pease, who was uncle, I think, to the Quaker member for Durham. That good old man had visited him often in London, and one day he said at parting, “Friend O’Connell, I have for many years watched thine actions closely; I have kept mine eye upon thee, and I have never seen thee do aught that was not honest and useful.” “Truly,” said O’Connell, “it was a satisfaction to my mind to be appreciated by that good man. It is consoling that an impartial and intelligent observer should do me justice. It makes me amends, if I needed any, for a life of labour, and for the vituperation of my enemies.”

CHAPTER IX.

Repeal Agitation—O'Connell's agitating Staff—Hunting—The Value of an Ugly Nose—A Friar's Address upon the Veto of 1813—The Scotch Union—Mary Queen of Scots—Early Professional Success of O'Connell—Castlereagh, Arthur O'Connor, and Cornelius M'Loughlin—Old Catholic Hymns—O'Connell on Place-hunting—Repeal Meeting at Cork—Old Mr. Jeffreys of Blarney Castle—Fox-hunting v. Hare-hunting—Poor "Jack of the Roads"—A meritorious Lie—A Lesson in Cow-stealing—An *impromptu* Speech prepared beforehand—Chief-Baron O'Grady.

IN September, 1840, I made a short tour in the County Cork, for the purpose of stirring up the spirit of Repeal. There were excellent popular meetings in the town of Dunmanway, Skibbereen, and Macroom; and the disposition of the people may be judged of from the fact, that in the last-named town there was an attendance of 10,000 of the peasantry, who mustered thus numerous, although remote from all the machinery of metropolitan agitation. This was at the earlier period of the renewed movement, and a gathering of

10,000 was considered a very imposing display. We had not yet arrived at the "monster meetings." (O'Connell's usual travelling companions during the busiest period of the agitation, were Dr. Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*; Richard Barrett, proprietor of the *Pilot*; Robert Dillon Browne, M. P. for Mayo; Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray (the Secretary of the Association), John O'Connell, and Charles O'Connell, of Ennis. I often formed one of the travelling party until 1843; but in that year so many meetings sprang up, which I was deputed to attend on the part of the Association, that I found it nearly impossible to accompany O'Connell to any of the celebrated "monster" assemblages. For instance, on the very day of the enormous Tara meeting at which 1,200,000 were assembled, I attended a meeting at Clontibret, in the County Monaghan, at which an experienced reporter computed that 300,000 persons were present. Such a gathering would at anyother time have excited a good deal of public notice; but it was quite thrown into the shade by the unprecedented muster which O'Connell addressed on the same day at Tara.)

O'Connell gave me a history of his journey from Darrynane to Killarney, on the 3rd of October, 1840. He had risen at six, and hunted across the mountains from Darrynane to Sneem. He detailed

with the greatest minuteness the day's hunt, describing each turn and double of the hare. "The hounds," said he, "were at fault for a few minutes, and a hulking fellow exclaimed: 'The good-for-nothing dogs have lost the scent!' 'You vagabond!' cried I, 'have you got no better business than to be abusing my dogs?' I had scarcely said this, when a dog recovered the scent, and was joined by the whole pack in full cry. The fellow looked foolish enough."

He narrated these little incidents with an eagerness and minuteness that evinced the interest he took in his favourite sport.

He was, as usual, full of anecdote. One of his odd stories was about a miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed 150*l.* per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose.

"He had made a will," said O'Connell, "disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left miss Mary? He replied that he had left her 1000*l.*, which would do for her very well, if she made off any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honour!' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she has got?'—'Why, that is really very true,' replied the dying father; 'I never

thought of her nose;’ and he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave miss Mary an addition of 150*l.* a year as a set-off against her ugliness.”

He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto :

“ ‘ Now, *ma boughali*,’ said the friar, ‘ you haven’t got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d’ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I’ll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez undherstands Latin. But *I* will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you’ll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that——You see, boys, the veto is a thing that——that the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of ‘hear! hear!’) The veto is a thing that——in short, boys, it’s a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn’t take up more of your time about it now; but I’ll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O’Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!”

We talked of the points of resemblance between the political condition of Ireland and that of Scotland.

“ I do not feel sure,” said I, “ that the Union did Scotland any good ; that is, that the Union gave her any thing that she might not have got without it.”

“ It gave her free trade,” replied O’Connell.

“ I am aware of that ; but I do not see why the Scotch could not have obtained free trade for themselves *without* the Union, as the Irish did in 1779? The American war, which afforded to *us* such a favourable opportunity, must have afforded a like opportunity to the Scotch.”

“ *Quere de hoc?*” said O’Connell. “ If it had not been for the Union, which gave England the command of the military force of Scotland, it is possible that England would never have dared to go to war with America at all. However, I grant you,” he added, “ that it is not now in our power to say but that Scotland might have worked out free trade for herself; if not on that occasion, at least at some other favourable juncture. But we must not forget that the Union conferred free trade on Scotland, fully seventy years before the American war ; so that it afforded scope to Scotsmen for commercial enterprise for the greater part of a century earlier than they might otherwise have obtained it.”

This was doubtless true. But it is equally true that the crushing blow to national enterprise, na-

tional spirit, and national pride, inflicted by the demolition of the Scottish Legislature, paralysed the energies of the Scottish people to such an extent, that the commercial privileges conferred by the Union treaty, were scarcely availed of by the great mass of the nation for fully half a century. During that long period, the unpopularity that attached to the Union seems to have tainted the solitary benefit it contained.

It will also be conceded by all who are conversant with the history of Scotland for the last century, that the Union in all probability cost the empire two disastrous civil wars. It appears unquestionable that of those who took arms in 1715 and 1745, a large number were actuated more by the desire of regaining their parliament than restoring the Stuarts. When conversing on this subject with O'Connell, I once expressed some surprise that the Scotch of the present day did not try to recover the privilege of home legislation.—“One reason why they don't,” said he, “is because the fellows have got no Daniel O'Connell among them.”

He was a zealous advocate of Mary Queen of Scots against all the accusations levelled at her character. His enthusiasm for her memory was very great. “I saw her manuscript,” said he, “in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; I kissed the writing, and pressed it to my heart!”

Passing from Killarney to Mill-street, O'Connell

pointed out to the left of the road, the farm of Lisnababie. "I may say with honest pride," said he, "that I was a good help to keep that farm in the hands of its rightful owner, Lalor of Killarney. I was yet very young at the bar, when Jerry Connor (the attorney concerned for Lalor) gave me two ten guinea fees in the Lisnababie case. Lalor remonstrated with Connor, stating that the latter had no right to pay so expensive a compliment out of his money to so young a barrister. This was at a very early period of the cause, which was tried in Dublin, before Sir Michael Smith. But a motion being made in court to dismiss Lalor's bill, I rose, and combatted it so successfully, that Sir Michael Smith particularly complimented me; and Lalor wrote to Jerry Connor, saying that I gave him the full worth of his money, and desiring (what indeed was a matter of course) that I should be retained for the assizes. We were finally successful, and I had the chief share in the triumph."

Between Mill-street and Macroom he pointed out the old mountain roads, by which in former days the judges were obliged to travel when on circuit. They seemed quite impassable for wheel carriages: but O'Connell said that the old infirm judges travelled on them in their carriages at a foot pace; the younger judges went circuit on horseback.

Something led us to talk of Arthur O'Connor; and his celebrated letter to Lord Castlereagh* was mentioned. "Do you know," said O'Connell, "who got that letter printed? It was your friend, old Cornelius M'Loughlin. He was walking past Kilmainham prison, and was hailed by Arthur O'Connor from a window. Arthur threw his manuscript out, saying, 'Will you do me the service of getting that printed?'—'If I find on perusal that it merits publication, I will,' said M'Loughlin.—'Promise me positively!'—'No—but if I like the production I shall gladly bear the expense of printing it.' So saying, M'Loughlin took it home, read, approved, and got it printed. For acting thus, Cornelius was brought before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. When asked 'who got the pamphlet printed?' he boldly answered, 'It was I.'—'Why did you do so?'—'Because I approved of the principles contained in it.'—Whereupon Castlereagh said, 'That's a brave fellow! we won't inflict any punishment upon him.'"

Rather surprised at this instance of lenity in Castlereagh, I said "I had not thought his lordship had so much good in him."

"Oh," replied O'Connell, "he had a good deal of *pluck*, and liked spirit in others. Besides, at

* Written in 1798.

that period, as the Union was virtually carried, there did not exist any pressing occasion to shed innocent blood."

A silence of about half an hour ensued ; after which, O'Connell began to repeat some of the old Latin hymns of the Catholic church. He frequently did so when travelling. His favourites seemed to be,

"Lauda Sion Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem;"

and the noble hymn commencing with the words,

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Dum pendebat filius."

We slept in Macroom, and resumed our road next morning for Cork, where a vast concourse of Repealers awaited their leader's arrival. He enjoyed the picturesque beauty of the scenery along the route, which is wholly different in character from the Alpine tracts in Kerry. The road from Macroom to Carrigadrohid passes, at first, through a deep and winding glen, clothed with young oak-woods. Thence to Cork, it runs for many miles along the river Lee, traversing a rich and cultivated country, of which the surface is frequently broken into bold and abrupt inequalities. The whole was lighted with a bright morning sun.

Between nine and ten we emerged on the Great Western Road, at George the Fourth's bridge, which spans the Lee about a mile to the westward of the city of Cork. The crowd here amounted to at least 50,000 persons. Some of the peasantry wanted to take the horses from the carriage and draw it into Cork; the Liberator strenuously resisted this attempt. But they earnestly renewed their request, and proceeded to undo the harness. O'Connell cried out in great excitement, "No! no! no! I never will let men do the business of horses if I can help it! Don't touch that harness, you vagabonds! I am trying to elevate your position, and I will not permit you to degrade yourselves!" He thus, with considerable difficulty, induced them to abandon their attempt.

There was a vast meeting at Batty's Circus, every part of which was crammed with anxious auditors. O'Connell expressed the pleasure he felt at renewing the Repeal agitation, reinvigorated as he was by his recent mountain exercise. In his speech he gave a lively description of a hunt among the Darrynane mountains, and of the effect produced by the music of the hounds among the wild glens of Iveragh. "The very rocks," said he, "seem animated—they are vocal with their thousand answering echoes!" The London *Examiner*

had derisively compared the "Repeal cry" to the cry of the Darrynane beagles. "Aye," retorted O'Connell, "but the fellow made a better hit than he intended, for my beagles never cease their cry *until they catch their game.*"

Lord Ebrington, who was then Viceroy, had recently declared, that no person holding Repeal principles should be eligible to any place, office, or emolument within the gift of the government. O'Connell professed himself heartily gratified with the Viceroy's declaration. In the first place, he said, it would save him from the nuisance of incessant applications from all sorts of persons for his interest at the Castle.* In the second place, he expressed his satisfaction that Lord Ebrington had furnished a test by which honest patriots might be distinguished from place-hunters.—At a much more recent period, it is true that O'Connell sanctioned applications for government patronage. But it was under different circumstances: it was at a time when the Repeal placeman was not required to recant his professions of nationality. Further on in this work, I shall offer a comment or two on the subject of patriot-place-seekers.

* To my knowledge, O'Connell has been solicited for his patronage by clergymen of the Established Church, who were desirous of obtaining promotion from the Whigs. He always declined to interfere in behalf of such applicants.

Old Mr. Charles Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, attended the Cork meeting, and moved one of the resolutions. He made a short speech, in which he stated that he had been one of the members of an Irish deputation appointed to lay an Anti-Union petition at the feet of George the Third, in 1799; adding, that he had ever since carefully watched the results of the measure; and being totally unable to discover any good it had produced, he now, although infirm and old, came joyfully forward to join in the efforts of the Repealers.

When Mr. Jeffreys concluded his speech, he felt so much oppressed by the heat and crowd, that he quitted the building for a few minutes. On his return, I observed to him, that I feared his again exposing himself to the inconveniences of a heated atmosphere, and thronged platform, was a hazardous experiment.

“I could not help it,” he answered, with much enthusiasm, “my heart is with you all.”

The old gentleman who thus warmly declared his attachment to Irish independence, was nephew to one of Pitt's principal tools in effecting the Union—the Earl of Clare.

In the evening we drove to Mallow. On the road, O'Connell alluded to Mr. Jeffreys, who, he said, had always been very polite and attentive to

him since one memorable night when they both in early youth had met at the Cork Theatre, where Mr. Jefferys got into some *row*, in which he would have been overmatched, if O'Connell had not promptly come to his assistance.

We slept at Mallow, and early on the following morning, the 7th of October, set out *en route* for Limerick. Passing between Mallow and Buttevant, O'Connell reverted to his favourite topic—the beagles—and declared their superiority in affording good sport, over all other description of dogs in the empire. — “This should be a good fox-hunting country,” said he, as we approached Buttevant; “I believe it is hunted by the Duhallow hounds; but their fox-hunting is poor sport compared to my beagles. Yet the fox-hunter affects to despise hare-hunting. I remember hearing that the Orange squireens used to say contemptuously, that hare-hunting was only fit for papists.”

I mentioned some person who imported his fox-hounds from England. — “The English,” said O'Connell, “only breed their dogs for speed, so that a fox-hunt becomes little more than a mere greyhound chase. I am the only fellow who understands how to hunt rationally—the instinct of the beagle in tracking out the hare is beautifully developed in the Darrynane hunts.”

O'Connell mentioned the origin of the name of Buttevant, which is said to have been derived from "*Boutez en avant*," the war-cry of David de Barry, one of the earliest Norman invaders of Ireland. The Irish name was Kilnamulla.

Our talk then turned to politics. Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of Tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor half-witted creature called "Jack of the roads," who, in the earlier part of the century used to run alongside the Limerick coaches.—"He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run to Dublin from Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so; and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July, 1807, or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of Poor Jack."

"Was the ruffian who fired at him punished?"

"Oh, no! To punish such an offence as *that*, was not precisely the policy pursued by the government of that day. Well, blessed be God! things are better now."

Speaking of the systematic falsehood of the Tory party, I mentioned a "pious" letter which some

person of that faction had written to the *Cork Constitution*, condemning the recent Skibbereen Repeal Meeting; and asserting that Repeal would never have obtained the support of the Irish masses, if they did not regard it as synonymous with the extirpation of the Irish Protestants. "The writer," said I, "must have known the falsehood of this assertion; for in my speech at the meeting which formed the subject of his censorship, I emphatically inculcated mutual affection between Catholic and Protestant; and the tolerant sentiment was loudly applauded."

"That was the very reason the rascal wrote the letter," replied O'Connell. "The greater the lie, the greater their merit in telling it!"

We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered:—'Why then I'll tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow, always go on*

the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed, that when a speaker averred with much earnestness that his speech was unpremeditated, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B—— once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, *that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this cause.*'—'Oh! that's enough,' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"

On our road from Charleville to Limerick, we passed through the barony of Connelloe, which the

Liberator told me had formerly belonged to his ancestors. As we came within view of Chief Baron O'Grady's seat, Mr. O'Connell conversed about the proprietor. In 1813, some person having remarked to O'Grady that Lord Castlereagh, by his ministerial management, "had made a great character for himself."—"Has he?" said O'Grady; "faith if he has, he's just the boy to spend it like a gentleman!"

"O'Grady," continued O'Connell, "was on one occasion annoyed at the disorderly noise in the Court House at Tralee. He bore it quietly for some time, expecting that Denny (the High Sheriff) would interfere to restore order. Finding, however, that Denny, who was reading in his box, took no notice of the riot, O'Grady rose from the bench, and called out to the studious High Sheriff, 'Mr. Denny, I just got up to hint that I'm afraid the noise in the court will prevent you from reading your novel in quiet.'

"After O'Grady had retired from the bench, some person placed a large stuffed owl on the sofa beside him. The bird was of enormous size, and had been brought as a great curiosity from the tropics. O'Grady looked at the owl for a moment, and then said with a gesture of peevish impatience, 'Take

away that owl! take away that owl! If you don't, I shall fancy I am seated again on the Exchequer Bench beside Baron Foster!

“Those who have seen Baron Foster on the bench, can best appreciate the felicitous resemblance traced by his venerable brother judge between his lordship and an old stuffed owl.

“I remember,” continued O’Connell, “a witness who was called on to give evidence to the excellent character borne by a man whom O’Grady was trying on a charge of cow-stealing. The witness got on the table with the confident air of a fellow who had a right good opinion of himself; he played a small trick, too, that amused me: he had but one glove, which he used sometimes to put on his right hand, keeping the left in his pocket; and again, when he thought he was not watched, he would put it on his left hand, slipping the right into his pocket. ‘Well,’ said O’Grady to this genius, ‘do you know the prisoner at the bar?’ ‘I do, right well, my lord!’ ‘And what is his general character?’ ‘As honest, dacent, well-conducted a man, my lord, as any in Ireland, which all the neighbours knows, only—only—there was something about stealing a cow.’ ‘The very thing the prisoner is accused of!’ cried O’Grady, interrupting the ‘witness to character.’”

“ O’Grady,” continued O’Connell, “ had no propensity for hanging people. He gave fair play to men on trial for their lives, and was upon the whole a very safe judge.”

Among the Liberator’s professional reminiscences was the following unique instance of a client’s gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, “ Ogh, Counsellor! I’ve no way *here* to show your honour my gratitude! but I *wisht* I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and maybe I wouldn’t bring a faction to the rescue!”

A tattered-looking stroller recognised O’Connell at some place where we stopped for a few minutes, and asked him for money, pleading a personal acquaintance in aid of his claim. “ I don’t know you at all, my good man,” said O’Connell; “ I never saw you before.”

“ That’s not what your honour’s son would say to me,” returned the applicant, “ for he got me a good place at Glasnevin Cemetery, only I hadn’t the luck to keep it.”

“ Then, indeed, you were strangely unlucky,” rejoined O’Connell; “ for those who have places in cemeteries generally keep them.”

CHAPTER X.

Pageant at Limerick—Peerages granted by Napoleon—Remark upon Napoleon's Power—O'Connell's early Thirst for Fame—Narrow Escape of shooting a Man—O'Connell at Douay—Trial by Jury—Value of the Law that requires Unanimity in a Verdict—Illustrative Instances.

THE crowds who assembled to welcome the Liberator into Limerick were estimated to amount to 100,000 persons. Large numbers of the tradesmen met him about three miles from the city, on the Cork road. The ship-carpenters displayed a sort of pageant; Neptune, bearing a trident, and dressed in a sea-green philabeg and sash, occupied a boat which moved along on wheels; and when the Liberator's carriage approached, the ocean-king addressed him in a quaint set speech, full of such crambo conceits as might figure to advantage in the mythological masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. O'Connell replied in character, declaring "he felt quite refreshed by receiving an aquatic compliment upon the dusty high road;" and expressing his high

sense of "the condescending courtesy of the illustrious monarch of the deep."

Arrived in Limerick, the men hurra'd and tossed up their hats ; a poor woman, equally enthusiastic, but having no hat, tossed up the *child* she held in her arms.

The cavalcade halted in George Street, opposite Cruise's Hotel; and O'Connell there addressed the multitude upon the Repeal of the Union ; alluding with powerful effect to the local recollections of the "City of the violated Treaty;"—the city "consecrated by Irish fidelity—desecrated by English perfidy." Thence we proceeded to the "Treaty Stone," where Steele spoke at length, with energy and fervour. In the evening, O'Connell was entertained at a dinner in the theatre. His speech was admirable. Sentence followed sentence; each an axiom of political wisdom; I never had heard him more effective; yet he was wretchedly reported.

Next morning we set off for Ennis, where 50,000 persons were met ; we spent the evening at the house of Mr. Charles O'Connell, a relative of the Liberator's, where we met my friend Hewitt Bridgman, then member for the borough, who boasted to me with honest pride that the first political act of his life was signing a petition against the Union, in 1799.

On our return from Ennis to Limerick on the

following day (9th of October, 1840), Mr. O'Connell pointed out to me Stamer Park, the seat of the Duke of Rovigo. I expressed some surprise that a French Duke should settle in the County Clare. "He had excellent reasons for doing so," answered O'Connell. "He married an Irishwoman who brought him 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* a year; probably he had not the tenth part as much in France." We spoke of the ancient noblesse, and the peers of Napoleon's creation. "The honours conferred by such fellows as the Bourbons," said O'Connell, "are not one whit better than those given by Napoleon. The creations of Napoleon were confirmed by Louis XVIII. upon his restoration. If Louis had not confirmed them, he could not have kept his throne one hour."

I said, "If Napoleon had possessed the hundredth part as much common sense as genius, he never would have lost France."

"It is remarkable," said O'Connell, "that Napoleon's power gradually increased until it enabled him to abolish the legal infidelity; but when he sought to turn restored Christianity to his political purposes—although his power seemed at the time to be consolidated beyond the reach of fate, yet it gradually crumbled away, till at last it dissolved in a Russian snow-drift!"

Speaking of his own early recollections, O'Connell said,

“My uncle used to get the Dublin Magazine at Carhen; it usually contained the portrait of some remarkable person, with a biographical notice. I was always an ambitious fellow, and I often used to say to myself, ‘I wonder will *my* visage ever appear in the Dublin Magazine?’ I knew at that time of no greater notoriety. In 1810, when walking through the streets soon after some meeting at which I had attracted public notice, I saw a magazine in a shop-window, containing the portrait of ‘Counsellor O’Connell,’ and I said to myself with a smile, ‘Here are my boyish dreams of glory realised.’ Though I need not tell you that in 1810 I had long outgrown *that* species of ambition.”

When we got about five or six miles on the Dublin side of Nenagh, Mr. O’Connell pointed out a particular spot on the right hand of the road. “I was near being a very guilty wretch there,” said he. “Some years ago, when this neighbourhood was much infested with robbers, I was travelling on circuit: my horses were not very good, and just at this spot I saw a man whose movements excited my suspicions. He slowly crossed the road

about twenty yards in advance of my carriage, and awaited my approach with his back against the wall, and his hand in the breast of his coat as if ready to draw a pistol. I felt certain I should be attacked, so I held my pistol ready to fire, its barrel resting on the carriage door. The man did not stir—and so escaped. Had he but raised his hand, I should have fired. Good God! what a miserable, guilty, wretch, I should have been! How sincerely I thank God for my escape from such guilt!”

Talking of a certain person who assumed and acquired a leadership among a numerous “radical” class, O’Connell remarked—

“He has got the Jacobinical notions of his family, and would act upon them to the utmost extremity. His pole-star is self-aggrandisement. I think he would realise, in working out his views by physical force, the abominable sentiment ascribed to Marât, —‘What signify 100,000 lives, compared with the maintenance of a principle?’”

This recalled his sojourn in France, and he repeated the verses composed at the time of Marât’s death—

“*Marât est mort !
 Marât est mort !
 La France encore respire ;
 ‘Satan ! Prends garde de toi,
 Car aujourd’hui s’il entre dans votre empire,
 Demain tu ne seras plus roi !’*”

I asked him if he was in any personal danger at the time of the French Revolution?

“Not except once. I was always in terror lest the scoundrels should cut our throats. On one occasion a waggoner of Dumouriez' army scared me and a set of my fellow-collegians, who had walked out from Douay, crying ‘Voilà les jeunes jesuites! les capucins! les recolets!’—so we ran back to our college as fast as we could, and luckily the vagabond did not follow us.”

We slept at Maryborough, in the Queen's county. Ere we retired to bed, something led to the subject of trial by jury. I asked him if it was not absurd to require unanimity in a jury?—if the plan of the old Scotch criminal juries—namely, that of deciding by the majority, was not the more rational mode?

“In theory it is,” he answered; “but there are great practical advantages in the plan that requires unanimity. To be sure there is *this* disadvantage—that one obstinate fellow may knock up a good verdict in spite of eleven clear-headed jurors—but that does not happen once in a hundred cases. And the necessity for a unanimous verdict may be a vast protection for a person unjustly charged with an offence. I remember a case in which eleven jurors found a man guilty of murder, while the twelfth—a gawky fellow, who had never before been on a jury—said

he thought the deceased died by a fall from his horse. The dissident juror persisted;—the case was accordingly held over till the next assizes, and in the mean time evidence came out that most clearly confirmed the surmise of the gawky juror. Here, then, if the *majority* of jurors had been able to return a verdict, an innocent man had suffered death.”

O’Connell had strong convictions against the law of punishment by death. His own professional experience furnished him with a multitude of reasons for its abolition. He told me an instance where an innocent life was all but lost; the prosecutrix (a woman whose house had been attacked) having erroneously sworn to the identity of a prisoner who was totally guiltless of the offence. The man was found guilty and sentenced to death on her evidence. He bore a considerable personal resemblance to the real criminal. The latter having been arrested and confronted with the prosecutrix, she fainted with horror at her mistake, which had been so nearly fatal in its consequences. By the prompt interference of Judge Burton (then at the bar) and O’Connell, the government were induced to discharge the unoffending individual, who had the narrowest possible escape of a rope.

But a far worse case than this was recorded by O’Connell. I give the narrative in his own

words, extracted from a speech he delivered at a meeting held in London :

“I, myself,” said he, “defended three brothers, of the name of Cremin. They were indicted for murder. The evidence was most unsatisfactory. The judge had a leaning in favour of the crown prosecution, and he almost compelled the jury to convict them. I sat at my window as they passed by after sentence of death had been pronounced ; there was a large military guard taking them back to gaol, positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there ; and she, armed in the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age ; I saw her hang on the second, who was not twenty ; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of the youngest boy, who was but eighteen— and I ask, what recompense could be made for such agony ? They were executed, and —— they were innocent !”

CHAPTER XI.

Death of Brennan, the Robber—Leonard M'Nally and Parsons
—Local Rhymes—Roscrea Castle—O'Connell King of Belgium—Sir Jonah Barrington and Stevenson the Pawnbroker
—Curious Escape from Gaol—Project to re-organise the Volunteers.

NEXT morning, the 10th of October, we rose at seven o'clock, and resumed our route to Dublin.

Passing a gravel pit, O'Connell said, "That is the spot where Brennan, the robber, was killed. Jerry Connor* was going from Dublin to Kerry, and was attacked by Brennan at that spot. Brennan presented his pistol, crying 'Stand!'—'Hold!' cried Jerry Connor, 'don't fire—here's my purse.' The robber, thrown off his guard by these words, lowered his weapon, and Jerry, instead of a purse, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot Brennan in the chest. Brennan's back was supported at the time against the ditch, so he did not fall. He took deliberate aim at Jerry, but feeling himself mor-

* Of Tralee, an attorney.

tally wounded, dropped his pistol, crawled over the ditch, and walked slowly along, keeping parallel with the road. He then crept over another ditch, under which he was found dead the next morning."

At a part of the road between Kildare and Rathcoole, O'Connell pointed out the place where Leonard M'Nally, the attorney, son to the barrister of the same name, alleged he had been robbed of a large sum. To indemnify himself for his alleged loss, he tried to levy the money off the county. "A pair of greater rogues than father and son never lived," said O'Connell; "and the father was busily endeavouring to impress upon every person he knew a belief that his son had been really robbed. Among others, he accosted Parsons, then M.P. for the King's County, in the hall of the Four Courts. 'Parsons! Parsons, my dear fellow!' said old Leonard, 'did you hear of my son's robbery!'—'No,' answered Parsons, quietly, 'I did not—Who did he rob?'"

We dined at Roscrea. The old castle of the Damers is nearly opposite the inn. Its founder made a fortune from very small beginnings. O'Connell repeated the epitaph Dean Swift composed for one of its proprietors:—

"Beneath this verdant hillock lies,
Damer, the wealthy and the wise,

His heirs, that he might soundly rest,
Buried him in an iron chest—
The very chest in which, they say,
His second self—his money—lay !”

O’Connell’s memory was stored with the local rhymes with which rustic bards had celebrated the country towns of Ireland. Speaking of Mallow, he repeated “The Rakes of Mallow;” and the mention of Doneraile elicited some stanzas he had gathered from the diatribe pronounced against that village by Patrick O’Kelly—a wandering poet.

From Roscrea to Dublin we talked politics, of which the tone was not mitigated by the recollections excited by Jigginstown House; the extensive ruins of which, on the right of the road, attest the splendour of “Black Tom”—the name by which the founder (the detested Strafford) is still known in Ireland.

O’Connell mentioned that at the election for a King of Belgium in 1830, which ended in placing Leopold upon the throne, three votes had been given for him.

We talked of the Union, and of its historian, Sir Jonah Barrington. The Liberator told me an anecdote of Barrington, which, if true, is rather more creditable to his ingenuity than to his integrity. “Sir Jonah,” said O’Connell, “had pledged his family plate for a large sum of money to one Stevenson, a Dublin pawnbroker ; and feeling desirous to recover the

plate without paying back the money, he hit upon the following device to accomplish his purpose. He invited the Viceroy and several noblemen to dinner, and then went to Stevenson, begging he might let him have the plate for the occasion. 'You see how I am circumstanced, Stevenson,' said Sir Jonah. 'I have asked all these fine folk to dine, and I *must* borrow back my plate for this one day. I assure you, my dear fellow, you shall have it again; and in order to secure its restoration to your hands, you shall come and make one of our party. I can ask *one* private friend; and you, as a member of the Common Council, are perfectly admissible. Come—there's a good fellow! and you know you need not leave my house until you carry off the plate along with you.' Stevenson, delighted at the honour of dining at the table with the Viceroy, Lords, and Judges, fell into the trap, and went to dinner. Sir Jonah plied him well with champagne, and soon made him potently drunk. At a late hour he was sent home in a job-coach; his wife put him to bed, and he never awoke till two o'clock next day. An hour then elapsed before his misty, muddled recollection cleared itself. He *then* be-thought him of the plate—he started up, and drove to Barrington's. But alas! Sir Jonah was gone, and

what was much worse, *the plate was gone too!* Poor Stevenson recorded a bitter vow against dining in aristocratic company for the rest of his natural life."

As we drove along Skinner's Row, O'Connell pointed out the ruins of the Old Four Courts, and showed me where the old gaol had stood. "Father Lube," said he, "informed me of a curious escape of a robber from that gaol. The rogue was rich, and gave the gaoler 120*l.* to let him out. The gaoler then prepared for his prisoner's escape in the following manner: he announced that the fellow had a spotted fever, and the rogue shammed sick so successfully that no one suspected any cheat. Meanwhile, the gaoler procured a fresh corpse, and smuggled it into the prisoner's bed; while the pseudo-invalid was let out one fine dark night. The corpse, which passed for that of the robber, was decently interred, and the trick remained undiscovered till revealed by the gaoler's daughter, long after his death. Father Lube told me," added O'Connell, "that the face of the corpse was dappled with paint, to imitate the discolourment of a spotted fever."

During this day's journey, O'Connell, while reading the newspapers, suddenly called out—"Oh, have you seen Lord Charlemont's declaration in his speech at the Armagh dinner? He says that 'if

justice be not done to Ireland, we must see the re-suscitation of the volunteer corps.' God bless him! It is just like his father's son."

"And if the volunteers were re-organised," said I, "what command would *you* take?"

"I would be colonel of the First Regiment of Dublin Volunteers."

I said something about "the Peace Principle."

"Oh," rejoined he, "although a military, it would yet be a pacific band; its existence would quietly achieve our rights by showing the futility of resisting them."

"It seems curious," said I, "that so many of our Protestant gentry, who opposed the Union with the utmost bitterness, should have afterwards opposed the Repeal, and adopted what are called Tory politics."

"They got the patronage of the country," said O'Connell, "and the license to misgovern the people. That kept them quiet, and helped to reconcile them to the new order of things."

I spoke of a Conservative barrister named Collis, who in 1800 had written an Anti-Union pamphlet, predicting the ruin of the country from that measure, and who in 1826 had told me all his predictions were fulfilled by the event.

"Ah, I knew Collis, too," said O'Connell; "he

was a clever fellow. He had talent enough to have made a figure at the bar, if it had not been for the indolence induced by his comfortable property. His wife was a Miss Rashleigh,* an uncommonly beautiful woman. He and I went circuit together. Going down to the Munster circuit by the Tullamore boat, we amused ourselves on deck firing pistols at the elms along the canal. There were a small party of soldiers on board, and one of them authoritatively desired us to stop our firing. 'Ah, corporal, don't be so cruel,' said Collis, still firing away. 'Are you a corporal?' asked I. He surlily replied in the affirmative. 'Then, friend,' said I, 'you must have got yourself reduced to the ranks by misconduct, for I don't see the V's upon your sleeve.' This raised a laugh at his expense, and he slunk off to the stern quite chopfallen."

* The punsters said, on the occasion of Mr. Collis's marriage with Miss Rashleigh, "that he had been a long time thinking of marrying, and at last he married '*rashly*.'" The lady, in addition to her eminent personal charms, was a wealthy co-heiress.

CHAPTER XII.

Provincial Repeal Meeting at Kilkenny—Eulogy on the Irish Church—William Cobbett at Kilkenny—O'Connell's Remark on Cobbett—O'Connell's Recollection of his School Days—O'Connell's Account of his First Circuit—Robert Hickson—N. P. O'Gorman—Checkley, the Attorney—How to prove an *Alibi*—Kingstown Harbour—Representation of Kilkenny—Patronage—The “Edinburgh Review” on Catholicity—Visit to Canterbury Cathedral.

(THE provincial meeting of Leinster for the Repeal of the Union shortly took place at Kilkenny.* Croker's Hill, in the vicinity of that city, was the place selected for the meeting. Accustomed as my eyes had been for several years to large assemblies, I was really astonished at the enormous concourse which gathered upon this occasion. The numbers were computed—and I do not think the computation an exaggerated one—at 200,000 persons, of whom at least 20,000 were on horseback. It was a noble sight! that orderly and well-conducted multitude, pacifically met together without riot,) without

* October 14, 1840.)

crime, without violence, to record their hostility to all save domestic legislation for Ireland. They had come to renew the declaration of the Irish Volunteers of 1779—"We know our duty to our Sovereign, and are loyal; we know also our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free."

O'Connell felt the full inspiration of the scene before him, and his thrilling words aroused the spirits and confirmed the resolves of his auditors. As has usually happened with his greatest efforts, the report did not do him justice. I have preserved the following passage, in which he alludes to the faith of the people of Ireland; it is one of the best *morceaux* of his eloquence, as regards both the beauty of sentiment and the felicity of expression. He had been speaking of the penal code—

"Your priesthood were hunted and put to death; yet your hierarchy has remained unbroken—a noble monument of your faith and your piety. The traveller who wanders over Eastern deserts, beholds the majestic temples of Balbec or Palmyra, which rear their proud columns to heaven in the midst of solitude and desolation. Such is the Church of Ireland. In the midst of our political desolation, a sacred Palmyra has ever remained to us. It is true our altars have been broken down, and the gold and the silver have been taken away; the temple has

been desecrated, and its sacred tenants slain or forced to fly. But the moral Palmyra still stands in the midst of the desert. Its columns of eternal truth still tower to the clouds. The Church of the People of Ireland has survived the wreck of time; the hierarchy exists in the plenitude of its integrity—a glorious monument of the religious fidelity and steady faith of the Catholics of Ireland.”

The evening terminated with a Repeal banquet, which took place in a large apartment belonging to Mr. Smithwick, of St. Francis' Abbey.

I was Mr. Smithwick's guest; and that gentleman informed me that Cobbett had passed a week beneath his roof in 1834. Cobbett, during his sojourn, used to rise at five, and promenaded the gardens, with his hands joined behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground. His hostess and her child met him on some of these early perambulations, but he did not condescend to take the least notice of them. During the day, he often inquired with apparent anxiety what he was to have for dinner; and on the whole, he was so much pleased with Mr. Smithwick's *ménage*, as to make it the subject of an eulogistic letter in his *Weekly Register*.

O'Connell said of Cobbett, that “his mind had not an extensive grasp; but what it *could* lay hold on, it grasped with iron force. He was honest: he

never saw more than one side of a subject at a time, and he honestly stated his impression of the side he saw."

O'Connell, as I have already said, was very communicative when travelling. About this period the various Repeal meetings kept the agitators constantly on the road; and he told me several incidents connected with his early life. He said, "I learned the alphabet in an hour. I was, in childhood, remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace: I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others. One day I was idle, and my teacher finding me imperfect in my lesson, threatened to beat me. But I shrank from the indignity, exclaiming, 'Oh, don't beat me for one half hour! If I haven't my lesson by that time, beat me *then!*' The teacher granted me the reprieve, and a lesson, rather a difficult one, was thoroughly learned."

On another occasion O'Connell said to me, "I was the only boy who wasn't beaten at Harrington's school; I owed this to my attention."

His instructors at Douay predicted his future distinction, from the rare abilities he displayed while in that seminary.

In the spring of 1798 he was in Dublin, and

joined the yeomanry, embodied to defend the city from the insurgents. Of the men who were embodied in the corps, many were discovered to be United Irishmen ; a discovery which alarmed O'Connell, who naturally feared, that some officious person might endeavour to implicate him in their disaffection. In June, 1798, he quitted Dublin. The following narrative I give as nearly in his own words as possible :

“ Communication by land with the interior was cut off ; so eighteen of us sailed for Cork in a potato-boat, bound for Courtmasherry. We each gave the pilot half a guinea to put us ashore at the Cove of Cork, where we landed, after a capital passage of thirty-six hours. I then went to Iveragh, and remained some months at Carhen. In the August * of 1798 my career was nearly ended by a violent fever, occasioned by sitting in wet clothes. I tried, for a fortnight, to fight it off, but at last I was compelled to yield. My life was despaired of. By the blessing of God I recovered, contrary to all expectation ; and, after my recovery, I prepared to quit Carhen, to go off circuiting. It was at four o'clock, on a fine sunny morning, that I left Carhen, on horseback. My brother John came part of the way with me ; and oh, how I *did* envy him, when he turned off the road to hunt among the

* See page 48, *ante*.

mountains, whilst *I* had to enter on the drudgery of my profession. But we parted. I looked after him, from time to time, until he was out of sight, and then I cheered up my spirits as well as I could; I had left home at such an early hour, that I was in Tralee at half-past twelve. I got my horse fed, and, thinking it was as well to push on, I remounted him, and took the road to Tarbert by Listowell. A few miles further on, a shower of rain drove me under a bridge for shelter. While I stayed there, the rain sent Robert Hickson also under the bridge. He saluted me, and asked me where I was going? I answered, 'To Tarbert.' 'Why so late?' said Hickson. 'I am not late,' said I. 'I have been up since four o'clock this morning.'—'Why, where do you come from?'—'From Carhen.' Hickson looked astonished, for the distance was near fifty Irish miles. But he expressed his warm approval of my activity. '*You'll do*, young gentleman,' said he; '*I see you'll do*.' I then rode on, and got to Tarbert about five in the afternoon—full sixty miles, Irish, from Carhen. There wasn't one book to be had at the inn. I had no acquaintance in the town; and I felt my spirits low enough at the prospect of a long, stupid evening. But I was relieved, by the sudden appearance of Ralph Marshall, an old friend of mine, who came to the inn to dress for a ball that took place in Tar-

bert that night. He asked me to accompany him to the ball. 'Why,' said I, 'I have ridden sixty miles.' 'Oh, you don't seem in the least tired,' said he, 'so come along.' Accordingly I went, and sat up until two o'clock in the morning, dancing. I arose next day at half-past eight, and rode to the Limerick assizes. At the Tralee assizes of the same circuit, James Connor gave me a brief. There was one of the witnesses of the other party whose cross-examination was thrown upon me by the opposite counsel. I did not do, as I have seen fifty young counsel do; namely, hand the cross-examination over to my senior. I thought it due to myself to attempt it, hit or miss! and I cross-examined him right well. I remember he stated that he had *his share* of a pint of whiskey; whereupon, I asked him *whether his share was not all except the pewter?* He confessed that it was: and the oddity of my mode of putting the question was very successful, and created a general and hearty laugh. Jerry Keller repeated the encouragement Robert Hickson had already bestowed upon my activity, in the very same words, 'You'll *do*, young gentleman! you'll *do!*' "

I asked him who was Robert Hickson?

"He had been originally a Catholic; he then turned Protestant, and was twice appointed High Sheriff of Kerry. In 1799, he wished to turn

Catholic again, and consulted Plunkett, Saurin, and myself, whether by doing so, he would incur the penalties against relapsed Papists. His counsel freed his mind from this apprehension; and he accordingly returned to his original church and died a Catholic."

Among O'Connell's reminiscences of his fellow strugglers for emancipation, he told me the following anecdote of Mr. N. P. O'Gorman. "O'Gorman, previously to emancipation, was one of the most violent out-and-out partisans of the Catholic party. He often declared that I did not go far enough. We were once standing together in the inn at Ennis, and I took up a prayer-book which lay in the window, and said, kissing it, 'By virtue of this book, I will not take place or office from the government, until emancipation is carried. Now, Purcell, my man! will *you* do as much?' Purcell O'Gorman put the book to his lips, but immediately put it away, saying, 'I won't swear; I needn't! my word is as good as my oath—I am sure of my own fidelity!' When Chief Baron O'Grady heard this story, he remarked, 'They were both quite right. Government has nothing worth O'Connell's while to take, until emancipation be carried; but any thing at all would be good enough for Purcell O'Gorman.'"

21st of October.—The conversation turned upon

legal practice in general, and the ingenious dexterities of roguish attorneys in particular. "The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of 'Checkley-be-d——d.' Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes, for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. 'Yes, my Lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.' 'Call them,' said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable-looking, farmer-like-man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. 'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, 'You know the prisoner in the dock?' said Keller. 'Yes, your honour, ever since he was a gorsoon!' 'And what is his general character?' said Keller. 'Ogh, the devil a worse!' 'Why, what sort of a witness is

this you've brought?" cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and looking furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!' 'He may prove an alibi, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.' Keller accordingly resumed his examination. 'Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?' said he. 'He was near Castlemartyr,' answered the witness. 'Are you sure of that?' 'Quite sure, counsellor!' 'How do you know with such certainty?' 'Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots; and, what I thought a great dale worse of—he stole a bran new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labour, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to ketch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a houl't of him.' 'It is quite evident,' said the

judge, 'that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry; and he certainly is any thing but a partisan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?' 'Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips.' 'Go to the Crown Office and swear informations,' said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the alibi having clearly been established; in an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the Crown Office. That gentleman was not to be heard of: the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs hardly be told, that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's thefts of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr.

Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley !”

Talking of the new harbour at Kingstown, O'Connell said, “That harbour proves that you can make a harbour anywhere, provided you have money enough. There could not be greater natural disadvantages anywhere than at Kingstown ; a wild, open bay, and exposure to all the blasts that blow. But see what the money has made of it.” An English gentleman, named Senior, inquired about the chance of getting railways in Ireland. “No chance at present,” was the answer. “You have seen the English Radicals and Tories unite in refusing to Ireland the necessary loan.” “Oh, but that may have arisen from the fear of non-payment ; the million advanced for the parsons has never been repaid.” “There was no deception *there*,” said O'Connell ; “I distinctly told them, before that million was advanced, that it never would be repaid. Not so the advance for railways ; *that* would have been for a work of real utility to Ireland, and the security would have been unimpeachable.” “How did Joe Hume vote ?” inquired Mr. Senior. “Oh, for lending the money, I believe,” replied O'Connell. “You know,” observed I, “that he has an Irish constituency.”* “Oh, he

* Kilkenny.

wouldn't much mind that," rejoined O'Connell. "He is not very popular with his Kilkenny friends now. I do not think they will again return him. Kilkenny is the pleasantest place in the world to be returned for; it costs the member nothing. Hume's election cost him only sevenpence, the sevenpence being the extra postage of a letter he got the day before he was returned. Matters are managed in Kilkenny by three or four families, who are in the confidence of the people. Among the rest, there is the family of Smithwick. The head of that family has made about 4000*l.* a year by trade; a most respectable and patriotic family! I am keeping Kilkenny for a nest-egg for myself, in case I should not deem it advisable to go to the expense of contesting Dublin at the next election. Lord Lyndhurst has got a clause into the Municipal Act which confirms the titles of a vast number of fictitious freemen in Dublin—those fellows might give us trouble."

O'Connell complained that he had received a letter from some person soliciting "patronage." "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "is not this fatuity most unaccountable? In spite of Lord Ebrington's recent declaration, that no patronage should be given to Repealers, here are these blockheads still persisting to suppose that I can get what I please from the government!"

O'Connell was greatly pleased and interested with an article in the "Edinburgh Review," for October, 1840, on "Ranke's Lives of the Popes." I remarked that the Reviewer had ascribed to human policy, that which no human policy could have availed to produce, namely, the essential vitality of the Catholic Church. That vitality can only be ascribed to the care and protection of the Divine Founder of the Catholic religion. No human wisdom could have possibly availed to perpetuate through the stormy vicissitudes of eighteen centuries any institution which merely had *men* for its authors.

"Yes," replied O'Connell, "but it is pleasing to observe, that the Reviewer fully *admits* the vitality, though he errs in his mode of accounting for it. I like the article very much; it is one of the many pioneers of Catholicity in Britain."

O'Connell constantly spoke with much interest of the number of converts in England who were swelling the ranks of the Catholic Church. I remember the delight with which he exclaimed, one morning in London, "Yesterday I dined in company—blessed be God! with fourteen converts!" And he often said, "I hope that I may yet live to see mass offered up in Westminster Abbey, as it formerly was. God has mercy yet in store for England."

He was an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient cathedrals of England. In that of Canterbury he took a peculiar interest, as it was the scene of the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket ; an occurrence which he employed Mr. Alfred Elmore to commemorate, in the spirited picture which hangs in the church of St. Andrew, Westland-row, Dublin. O'Connell said, "I have presented this picture to the church, in the hope that the sight of it may put other people in mind to follow my example."

There was a slight incident connected with his visit to Canterbury Cathedral, which he took pleasure in frequently recording. "While walking through the noble old Catholic pile," said he, "I chanced to remark to my daughter,* who accompanied me, that it was not a little singular that not one Protestant prelate had ever been interred within its walls. This remark was overheard by the female guide who shows the cathedral to visitors. She listened attentively, and after some apparent hesitation, said, 'May I take the liberty, sir, of asking a question?'—'Certainly,' said I.—'Then may I make so bold as to ask, if all those Archbishops were Papists?'—'Every one of them, madam,' said I.—'Bless me!' cried the woman, in astonishment, 'I never knew that before.'—I then described

* The accomplished and highly-gifted Mrs. Fitzsimon.

the effect of the high altar lighted up for the celebration of mass in Catholic times ; when the great aisle, now boxed up into compartments by the organ loft, stretched its venerable and unbroken length from the altar to the portal, thronged with kneeling worshippers. The picture delighted the woman. ‘ Oh ! ’ cried she, clapping her hands, ‘ I should like to see that ! ’—‘ God grant you may yet.’ returned I.”

Then he would sometimes add,—“ and he may yet grant it—England is steadily and gradually returning to the Catholic faith.”

Comparing the cathedrals of Catholic times with those erected since the Reformation, he observed, “ Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s afford us good specimens of this sort of contrast: the very architecture of the former seems to breathe the aspiring sentiment of Christianity ; but St. Paul’s—it is a noble temple to be sure ; but, as for any peculiarity of Christian character about it, it might just as well be a temple to Neptune ! ”

CHAPTER XIII.

“The best-abused Man in the British Dominions”—O’Connell abused by William the Fourth—By George the Fourth—Personal Appearance of George the Fourth in 1794 and 1821—His Object in coming to Ireland—Anecdote of his *liaison* with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

MR. O’CONNELL was in the habit of saying that he was the best-abused man in the British dominions. That he should have served as a target for the factious enemies of liberty to discharge their pop-guns at, is exceedingly natural, when we consider the prominent position he occupied as the champion of constitutional freedom.

“You are used to this now,” I observed to him one day; “but did it not at first annoy you?” “Not a bit,” he replied; “I knew the scoundrels were only *advertising* me by their abuse.”

But he sometimes was the object of abuse of a less usual description than that of pamphleteers or newspaper-paragraph writers.

“ I have had,” said he, “ the honour of sustaining some royal abuse. William the Fourth scolded me in a royal speech; but George the Fourth had previously bestowed a most royal malediction on me. I attended the first levée after the Emancipation Bill passed; the wretched king was suffering from an utterly broken constitution, and the presence chamber was kept as thin as it was possible, to preserve him from inconvenient crowding. When I got into the midst of it, approaching the throne, I saw the lips of his majesty moving; and thinking it possible he might be speaking to me, I advanced, in order to make, if requisite, a suitable reply. He had ceased to speak—I kissed hands and passed out. In some days I saw a mysterious paragraph in a Scotch newspaper, remarking on the strange mode in which an Irish subject had been received by his prince, who was stated to have vented a curse at him. I happened to meet the Duke of Norfolk, and asked him if he could explain the paragraph. ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ *you* are the person alluded to. The day you were at the levée, his majesty said, as you were approaching, ‘ There is O’Connell!—G—d damn the scoundrel!’ ”

A recent writer had praised George the Fourth’s colloquial abilities.

“ Why,” said O’Connell, “ from his rank, he of

course found ready listeners, and he could talk familiarly of royal personages, concerning whom there is usually some curiosity felt. That kind of talk might have passed for agreeable ; but his favourite conversation was like that of a profligate, half-drunken trooper."

" Was he, in your opinion, a handsome, princely-looking fellow?"

" When I saw him in 1794," replied O'Connell, " he was a remarkably handsome-faced man ; his figure was faulty, narrow shoulders, and enormous hips ; yet altogether he was certainly a very fine-looking fellow. But when I saw him in Dublin in 1821, age and the results of dissipation had made him a most hideous object ; he had a flabby, tallow-coloured face ; and his frame was quite debilitated. He came to Ireland to humbug the Catholics, who, he thought, would take sweet words instead of useful deeds. Ah ! we were not to be humbugged !

" I believe," he added, " that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner, Mrs. Fitzherbert said, ' By-the-bye, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the

House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say, that the Prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me!—The Prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, ‘Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.’—‘Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,’ said Fox, rising from table; ‘I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.’* Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day that he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him.”

* One Sunday, in 1796, my maternal grandfather, who was the Protestant Rector of Ardstraw, on returning from church, told some members of his family who had spent the day at home, “that he had publicly prayed in the Litany for Mrs. Fitzherbert.” On their expressing surprise, he replied, “I prayed for the Princess of Wales; and there is not, in the sight of Heaven, any other Princess of Wales than Mrs. Fitzherbert.”

CHAPTER XIV.

O'Connell's Reminiscences of his own Courtship—Hands the goaler—Ballads—Travelling in the Olden Time.

ON one of our Repeal journeys—namely, to Waterford—he adverted, as he frequently did, to the memory of the late Mrs. O'Connell.

“I never,” said he, “proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, ‘Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?’—She answered, ‘I am not.’—‘Then,’ said I, ‘will you engage yourself to me?’—‘I will,’ was her reply.—And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. But I did not care for that. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness.”

“And your profession made you independent?”

“ Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made 58*l.*, the second year about 150*l.*, the third year 200*l.*, the fourth year about 300 guineas.* I then advanced rapidly ; and the last year of my practice I got 9000*l.*, although I lost one term.”

“ Did your wife reside in Tralee ?”

“ She did, with her grandmother ; and it was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter’s want of temper. ‘ Madam,’ said I, ‘ Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.’ ‘ Cross, sir ? My Mary cross ? Sir, you must have provoked her very much ! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault ! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.’

“ And so she was,” he added, after a pause. “ She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath.”

He remained some moments silent, and then resumed —

“ When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol ; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the

* I think I have stated these sums correctly, but am not quite certain.

curtsey with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

It often happened during our journeys, that after a silence that lasted for some time, O'Connell would suddenly break out with a snatch of some old ballad in Irish or English. On this day he sang out,

"I leaned my back against an oak,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent; and then it broke—
'Twas thus my love deserted me !"

I expressed some surprise that these ballad scraps should rest upon his memory. "Oh," replied he, "I liked ballads of all things, when I was a boy. In 1787, I was brought to the Tralee assizes—assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements, and I was greatly taken with the ballad-singers. It was then I heard two ballad-singers, a man and a woman, chanting out the ballad from which you heard me sing that verse. *He* sang the first two lines—*she* sang the third line—both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad."

Among the odds and ends of verse which stored his memory, were some stanzas composed by a luckless Kerry poet, who, when starving in Paris, was recommended to pay his court to the minister

Sartine, in an adulatory address. The first couplet ran thus,

“ Yellow Phœbus, inspire my poitrine,
To sing the praises of Monsieur de Sartine.”

O'Connell often contrasted the rapid mode of modern travelling, with the slower movements of past days. “ I remember,” said he, “ when I left Darrynane for London in 1795, my first day's journey was to Carhen—my second to Killorglin—my third to Tralee—my fourth to Limerick—two days thence to Dublin. I sailed from Dublin in the evening—my passage to Holyhead was performed in twenty-four hours; from Holyhead to Chester, took six-and-thirty hours—from Chester to London, three days. My uncle kept a diary of a tour he made in England between the years '70 and '80, and one of his *memorabilia* was ‘ This day we have travelled thirty-six miles, and passed through part of five counties.’ In 1780, the two members for the county of Kerry sent to Dublin for a noddy, and travelled together in it from Kerry to Dublin. The journey occupied seventeen days; and each night the two members quartered themselves at the house of some friend; and on the seventeenth day they reached Dublin, just in time for the commencement of the session. The steam navigation is of infinite utility in abridging the sufferings of sea-sickness.

In a sailing vessel, you often got almost to land, and yet were tantalised by chopping winds or tides which prevented your landing. I remember in 1817 dodging for eight hours about Caernarvon harbour before we could land. When on shore, I proceeded to Capelcarrig, where I was taken very ill; and I was not consoled by reflecting that should my illness threaten life, there was no Catholic priest within forty miles of me."

CHAPTER XV.

Pitt and Grattan compared—Grattan's Colloquial Powers—A Noble Oddity—Entry into Waterford—Old Mr. O'Connell's Coffin—General Cloney—A Prudent Patriot of '98—The Marquis of Waterford and the Repealers—Bianconi—Peter Bodkin Hussey.

O'CONNELL spoke of the peculiarities of Pitt and Grattan as orators. Pitt, he said, had a grand majestic march of language, and a full melodious voice. Grattan's eloquence was full of fire, but had not the melody or dignity of Pitt's; yet nobody quoted Pitt's sayings, whereas, Grattan was always saying things that every body quoted and remembered. "I did not," said Mr. O'Connell, "hear Grattan make any of his famous speeches; but I have heard him in public. He had great power, and great oddity—he almost swept the ground with his odd action."

"Was he in private society an entertaining man?"

"Very much so. His conversation contained much humour of a dry antithetical kind; and he never relaxed a muscle, whilst his hearers were convulsed with laughter. He abounded with anecdotes

of the men with whom he politically acted, and told them very well. I met him at dinner at the house of an uncle of O'Connor Don, and the conversation turned on Lord Kingsborough, grandfather to the present Earl of Kingston, a very strange being, who married at sixteen a cousin of his own, aged fifteen—used to dress like a roundhead of Cromwell's time; kept his hair close shorn, and wore a plain coat without a collar. Grattan said of this oddity, 'He was the strangest compound of incongruities I ever knew; he combined the greatest personal independence, with the most crouching political servility to ministers; he was the most religious man, and the most profligate; he systematically read every day a portion of the Bible, and marked his place in the sacred volume with an obscene ballad.'

"I dare say," said Mr. O'Connell, after a pause, "that Grattan told O'Connor to ask me to dinner. I was then beginning to be talked of, and people like to see a young person who acquires notoriety."*

We passed some remarkably fine elms on our

* O'Connell had great confidence in the patriotism of the present Henry Grattan, M.P. for the county Meath. One day, when pointing him out to an Englishman, he thus eulogised him—"That is Henry Grattan, son of the great Irish patriot. He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol at his head, and if he were persuaded his own immediate death would secure the Repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of Heaven, fire away!'"

route. O'Connell, who knew my passion for forest trees, exclaimed, "How proud it would make you, Daunt, if your own old elms at Kilcascan were as fine as those."

Thus talking, we arrived in Waterford. The entry into the city was splendid. The long line of banners floated in the breeze—the shipping in the noble river Suir hoisted pennants, and repeatedly fired salutes, as the procession moved along the quay.

Next day, the 28th of October, a large party of Repealers dined at the house of the Catholic Bishop. Old age was talked of.

"My grandmother," said O'Connell, "had twenty-two children, and half of them lived beyond the age of ninety. Old Mr. O'Connell of Darrynane, pitched upon an oak-tree to make his own coffin, and mentioned his purpose to a carpenter. In the evening, the butler entered after dinner to say that the carpenter wanted to speak with him. 'For what?' asked my uncle. 'To talk about your honour's coffin,' said the carpenter, putting his head inside the door over the butler's shoulder. *I* wanted to get the fellow out, but my uncle said, 'Oh! let him in by all means.—Well, friend, what do you want to say to me about my coffin?'—'Only, sir, that I'll saw up the oak-tree your honour was speaking of, into seven-foot plank.'—'That would be wasteful,' answered my uncle;

‘I never was more than six feet and an inch in my vamps, the best day I ever saw.’—‘But your honour will stretch after death,’ said the carpenter.—‘Not eleven inches, I am sure, you blockhead! But I’ll stretch, no doubt—perhaps a couple of inches or so. Well, make my coffin six feet six—and I’ll warrant that will give me room enough!’”*

O’Connell extremely disliked being poked up to lionise at a private dinner-party, although it was sometimes his fate to sustain this species of annoyance. After dinner at the Bishop’s, his health was drunk with all the honours. But he made no speech in reply; he merely bowed, without rising from his seat. †

At Waterford I met General Cloney, who had held a command in the rebel army in 1798. Among his anecdotes of that period, he told me of a certain gentleman who stationed himself in a house near Ross, on the day of the battle. “Although he did

* Mr. William Howitt has published a somewhat different version of this anecdote. I give it, literally, as I heard O’Connell relate it at the Bishop of Waterford’s table.

† I was once at a dinner party in Dublin, when our host proposed O’Connell’s health in a complimentary speech, which he ended by saying that he abstained from warmer eulogy through fear of wounding the modesty of his distinguished guest. O’Connell rose to return thanks, and commenced his speech by saying:—“My friend has alluded to my modesty. Whatever my original amount of that quality may have been, I certainly have never worn any of it out by too frequent use; so that I have the whole original stock quite ready for service on the present occasion.”

not take the field," said Cloney, "yet he was not quite unoccupied; for he changed his uniform four or five times while the battle lasted. He kept scouts to let him know, from time to time, how the fortunes of the day went. Whenever he heard that the rebels were getting the better of it—on with his green regimentals! The next scout, perhaps, would announce that the king's troops were making head—on with my prudent friend's yeomanry suit! and so on, from red to green, and green to red, according to each shadow of veering in the fortunes of the fight."

On the following day, the 29th, there was a Repeal dinner at Carrick-on-Suir, at which the health of the Marquis of Waterford was given. O'Connell was called on to return thanks, which he did in the following terms, amidst general laughter and cheering:

"I could not allow the health of a brother sportsman to be drunk, without saying a few words in reply. The time has been when I little expected I should ever hear a Beresford toasted among a society of Repealers. Far less, that *I* should be selected to return thanks upon such an occasion. But times are changed—and in this respect happily changed. Lord Waterford has evinced a most praiseworthy disposition to expend in his native country a large share of his princely revenues; and

his name has, therefore, been deservedly received amongst you with manifestations of attachment. Himself the centre of the local rank and fortune of this part of the country, the fascinations of his hospitality and of his fox-hounds will, doubtless, keep at home many men of station and fortune, who would otherwise seek amusement in England or elsewhere. Therefore, let us wish him all health and prosperity, and a first-rate hunting season; and as a mark of our respect, the most congenial to his lordship's taste, let us give him, in conclusion, a loud and hearty *Tallyho!*"

This call was responded to by a jovial and uproarious tally ! tally ! tallyho ! from the whole assembly ; amongst whom there were certain ingenious gentlemen, who gave us a very felicitous imitation of the hounds in full cry.

On the following morning, the 30th, our party left Carrick at an early hour for Killarney, and breakfasted with Mr. Charles Bianconi at his house near Clonmel. Bianconi's son and daughter, the girl a lovely child, came in to see the Liberator.

"Do you know, my young friends, that it was I who emancipated you?" asked O'Connell. This was a question he frequently addressed to Catholic children.

Bianconi asked his advice about sending the girl to school. "Oh, no ! no ! no !" replied O'Connell, eagerly, "never take her from her mother ! Get a

governess to assist the mother in your little Kate's education, but never take the child from her mother's care. The tender affection of the parent educates the daughter's heart."

Bianconi made some apology for bringing in the children ; " Your time is so limited," said he ; " and I fear they must tease you."

" Your apology," returned O'Connell, " reminds me of my friend Peter Hussey, who was not remarkable for suavity. ' Dan,' said Peter to me, ' you should not bring in your children after dinner, it is a heavy tax upon the admiration of the company.'—' Never mind, Peter,' said I ; ' I admire them so much myself, that I don't require any one to help me.' My eldest daughter told me she was afraid I should spoil her Mary. ' I don't think I shall,' said I ; ' I know I did my best to spoil *you*, my love, and I could not succeed.' "

O'Connell was a firm believer in the transmission of intellectual qualities from the mother to her offspring. When speaking of a property in Kerry, that the Meredith family had lost many years ago, he said, " Mr. Meredith married a fool ; and, of course, they bred nothing but fools. They had not common sense to keep their estate, and it slobbered away through their fingers."

When we were *en route* from Bianconi's, something led us to talk of Pitt, whom O'Connell said

he had heard in a debate "on the state of the nation."

"He struck me," said O'Connell, "as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the House, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the House."

"Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?" asked I.

"Yes—and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea.) The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence, was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

Mr. Bianconi had lent me "Captain Rock's Letters to the King of England;" a book that professes to give the real origin of many families of the Irish peerage. The author's statements of course

include many particulars omitted from the compilations of Debrett. He has, however, fallen into several inaccuracies, the perusal of which always elicited from O'Connell a contemptuous "pshaw!" and he then would immediately state the real facts, of which he had in many instances become professionally cognisant.

Speaking of pedigrees, he said that his own had been spoiled by the Chevalier O'Gorman, who undertook to draw it up without knowing much about the matter. One of his family, John O'Connell, of Ashtown, near Dublin, the brother of a lineal ancestor, had "*proved his good affection*" to Oliver Cromwell in 1655, conformed to Protestantism, and thereby saved his property from confiscation. "I saw his escutcheon," said O'Connell, "on the wall of St. James's church in Dublin, some twenty years ago; I don't know if it be there still."

He was angry at the disparaging manner in which his family had been spoken of by "MASK," an anonymous writer, who described leading Members of Parliament. "The vagabond allows me a large share of talent, but he says I am of humble origin. My father's family was very ancient, and my mother was a lady of the first rank."

As we travelled southwards, he invited me to accompany him to Darrynane, which invitation I readily accepted.

CHAPTER XVI.

Interview between O'Connell and an Oppressive Landlord—
Inn at Millstreet—Bahoss—Different Modes of Restoring
the Irish Legislature—Recollections of the Hard-Drinking
Times, 1785—Puseyism and Catholicity—Hunting.

O'CONNELL described an interview he had with an Irish landlord of extensive possessions. I give it in his own words, suppressing the name of the landlord, who, I believe, has since then reformed his policy. At least I have seen him gazetted in popular journals as a bountiful friend and benefactor of his tenantry.

“ I heard,” said the Liberator, “ that —— had issued over a thousand notices to his tenantry to quit their holdings; and that he had treated a certain widow in particular with very great barbarity. This intelligence was conveyed to me while I was walking through ——'s domain. While I was there he came up and invited me into his mansion.

“ ‘ I should fear,’ answered I, ‘ that your roof would fall down upon me.’

“ ‘ Why do you say so?’ inquired the landlord.

“ ‘ Because I have heard of the harshness and cruelty you have exhibited to your tenants, and in especial to the widow ——.’

“ ‘ I must have been misrepresented to you,’ said ——.’

“ ‘ I wish I could believe that you were so,’ said I; ‘ but I fear the facts are as they have been stated to me.’

“ ‘ Come in and talk it over,’ said —— ; ‘ and I will show you I was justified in acting as I did.’

“ I refused to enter the castle, but consented to the proffered conference, in the hope of being of some service to the widow. The hope, however, was vain; for after conversing on the subject for nearly an hour, I found I could make no impression, and I came away declaring that if the case should come to trial in Cork, I would specially attend, in order to give the widow my professional assistance gratuitously.”

It was the period of the year when the O’Connell tribute was usually collected; and the accused landlord, resenting the expression of O’Connell’s sympathy with the oppressed widow, soon afterwards published a manifesto, threatening the tenants with his vengeance, if any of them should subscribe to the Liberator’s annuity.

We arrived, after midnight, at Millstreet; where they had not prepared beds, as we were not expected. During the interval of preparation, we sat at an excellent fire in the inn-parlour, which was peculiarly welcome, as the night was cold, raw, and foggy. The landlord got out of bed to receive his guests, and continued to detail all the incidents of local politics, until our rooms were ready. Next morning we departed at seven o'clock.

“The improved roads have injured that inn,” said O'Connell. “I well remember, when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow-travellers to get out of their chaise at night-fall, and to find at the inn (it was then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs. Cotter), a roaring fire, in a clean, well-furnished parlour, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wines (claret and Madeira were the high wines then—they knew nothing about Champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was by far the best inn in Munster. But the new roads have enabled the travellers from Kerry to get far beyond Millstreet in a day; and the inn being therefore less frequented than of old, is, of course, not so well looked after by its present proprietor.”

At ten o'clock we arrived at Killarney, and drove to the Victoria Hotel, which stands about a mile from the town, on the borders of the lower lake. Gansy, the celebrated piper, attended, and played Scotch and Irish airs during the evening, for the amusement of our party. Whenever he played any of Moore's Melodies, O'Connell would invariably repeat the poet's words, after the conclusion of the air. He was a passionate admirer of Moore's Melodies, and constantly recited them. He was also much pleased with Father Prout's ballad, "The Bells of Shandon," which he got by heart, declaring it to be the best ballad that ever was written.

On the 1st of November, we proceeded from Killarney to Bahoss, where a social party assembled at the house of Charles O'Connell, the Liberator's son-in-law. After dinner the Repeal agitation was talked of. Mr. Kean Mahony, of Castlequin, said to O'Connell,

"I am sure the Repeal will be highly useful, if you only can succeed; but I doubt your success."

"My dear sir," replied O'Connell, "the difficulty is far smaller than you seem to imagine. This recent municipal reform act, although it falls very short of full justice, yet does us this much good—that it breaks up one great stronghold of the

Orange party, namely, the Orange corporations. It doubly benefits us, not only by scattering the Orangemen and breaking up their powerful organisation of mischief, but also by exciting in their minds a strongly hostile sentiment against the Union, which could not protect them from reform. This will naturally impel them to join us in seeking the Repeal, now that they find they have no party object to gain by opposing it. Orangeism, heretofore, has infected the Dublin juries. But, henceforth, the sheriff will be a liberal, and can select for his jurymen, *not* bigoted partisans, but honest men, who will be quite as anxious to see justice done as the old Orange juries were to convict all the Liberals and Catholics. When the jury-box is purged of the foul leaven, pray, what is then to hinder us from having a Convention in Dublin? Do you not see what a powerful engine a Convention would be in working out Repeal?"

"But," interposed the other, "if a member of the Convention were prosecuted, could not the Government change the *venue* to London?"

"They passed an act to enable them to do so in the case of the Americans," answered O'Connell, "and what was the result? Why, that they lost America!"

O'Connell did not deem the legislative sanction

of the United Parliament indispensably requisite to the restoration of the Irish Legislature. In the "Report of the Repeal Association on the Reconstruction of the Irish House of Commons" (which document was drawn up by him exclusively), two other modes of re-establishing the Parliament of Ireland are pointed out. I quote the passage at length; it is curious, from the views which it contains of what we may term the *elastic* capacity of the British Constitution to meet all political emergencies. Having first discussed the probability of obtaining the sanction of the Imperial Legislature to the Repeal, Mr. O'Connell thus proceeds:—

"But there are other modes, in which the Crown may easily procure the restoration of the Irish Legislature, should her Majesty be so advised.

"Let it be recollected, that in the judgment of our present Lord Chancellor,* who is Keeper (in Ireland) of her Majesty's conscience, the Union was in itself a NULLITY; that is his precise expression—it was his solemn judgment—and he is bound by it.

"The Queen therefore might be advised to act in either of these two ways:—

"*Firstly*.—She may call together in Dublin, by intimation, or invitation, the 105 Members now representing Irish constituencies. More than forty of them (that is, more than sufficient to make a House) would certainly attend any royal summons, however informal. And her Majesty might easily bring together a sufficient number of the Irish Peers. And thus, with the assent of her Majesty, an Ordinance might be enacted adopting the plan we have suggested for re-constructing the

* Lord Plunket.

Irish Parliament, and authorising the issuing of writs or summonses accordingly.

“The Parliament, when met under such writs or summonses, would have no difficulty in enacting laws, with the assent of the Queen, sanctioning their own appointment, and confirmatory of their own legislative powers.

“*Secondly.*—Let it be recollected, that it was originally the *exclusive prerogative of the Crown*, to issue to such places as it thought fit, writs for the election of Members of Parliament; and this prerogative continued to be exercised down to the reign of Queen Anne. The familiar fact of the creation in Ireland, by KING JAMES the First, of no less than forty boroughs in a single day—boroughs that from that time continued to send members to Parliament until the Union—proves in the strongest way, the power to exercise (as it also shows the abuse of) this prerogative.

“Now, there is NO Act of Parliament in Ireland taking away that prerogative from the Crown. It therefore continues to exist, unimpeached and undiminished; and her Majesty might be advised at once to issue writs to all the counties, and to the several towns named in our proposed plan; and then she may either bring together, or create, a sufficient number of Irish Peers to constitute the Irish Parliament.

“It is quite true, that the proposal we suggest, is one intended to be enacted by the UNITED Parliament; but we are not thereby prevented from pointing out the other means (such as the two modes above described) for obtaining the same object. To each of such modes there are abundant technical and legal objections. BUT WE BELIEVE THERE IS NO CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

“The Constitution of these realms is suited to meet every emergency; and the most irregular proceedings of Parliament have been sanctioned, and become the law of the land.

“For instance, in the year 1399, the Parliament dethroned RICHARD the Second, the legitimate monarch, and conferred the Crown upon HENRY the Fourth, who had no kind of title to that Crown. Nor was he even heir of succession to Richard. This Parliamentary Act regulated the succession of the Crown for three generations, and several of the statutes passed during that interval are binding at the present day.

“Again; the Parliament, in the instance of EDWARD the Fourth, assumed the like power of disposing of the Crown; taking it away from the House of Lancaster, and conferring it upon that of York.

“Again; the case of HENRY the Seventh is yet stronger. The Parliament in 1485, after the battle of Bosworth, gave him a legal title to the Crown; although he had no other title than that most irregular law. It is true he afterwards married the heiress of the House of York; but he took especial care, and indeed the most distinct modes, of disavowing any title as derived from her. *And her Majesty, whose title is so indisputable, derives that title as one of his descendants.

“But the strongest instance remains behind. It is the case of King WILLIAM the Third, of ‘glorious, pious, and immortal memory.’ The Convention Parliament at the Revolution, without any King at all, dethroned the reigning and then legitimate monarch, JAMES the Second.

“They used the word ‘*abdicate*,’ but a word is nothing! The actual fact is, that they dethroned King JAMES, and enthroned King WILLIAM, who had no species of claim to be King—who had no kind of legal right to be King of England, as he was, not only during his wife’s lifetime, but for some years after her decease. He had, we repeat, no other right, save that excellent and efficient one, of a most irregular Act of Parliament.

“No persons can be more thoroughly convinced than we are, that a most legitimate right to the Crown was acquired by the transactions of the Revolution of 1688; we are quite certain, that a perfect title was made out by these transactions. And our allegiance to our most gracious Sovereign, whom may God long preserve, is much enhanced by the principles which were involved in, and sanctioned by the Revolution.

“But what a host of legal and technical objections were and may be raised against each and all the precedents which we have thus cited, including the glorious Revolution itself! We venture to assert, that none greater could be stated to either of the modes of Repealing the Union we have suggested—NO, NOR BY ANY COMPARISON SO GREAT!”

On the evening already alluded to in the present

chapter, the company at Bahoss had drawn much more copiously on the water-jars than on the wine decanters; a circumstance which naturally led to the subject of Father Mathew and his useful labours.

“In my young days,” said O’Connell, “it was deemed an essential point of hospitality to make guests drink against their will—drink till they were sick. I was myself the first person who rebelled against this custom in Iveragh. After I returned from the Temple, I introduced the fashion of resistance, and I soon had abettors enough. It was fortunate for me that I never, while a youth, could drink more than three glasses of wine without being sick; so that I had my personal convenience to consult in aid of temperance. To be sure, I have seen some rare drinking-bouts! In 1785, when less than ten years old, I was at the house of a friend near the sea side, and a sloop came in, of which the whole crew got drunk every night; Monday night on wine, Tuesday night on punch; Wednesday night on wine, Thursday night on punch, and so on; the only variety consisting in the alternation. What a change in our social habits since those days! a most happy change in this respect! I believe there is no nation under heaven save our own, in which the Apostle of a great moral move-

ment could meet the success that has attended Father Mathew."

"A success," observed one of the company, "highly honourable to the Catholics, and probably destined to be one of the means of extending the Catholic religion."

"Oh," exclaimed O'Connell, "that extension is daily making progress—it receives an impulse from various and opposite quarters. Among the devout and religious members of the Anglican Church, the Puseyites hold a distinguished place both in numbers and importance; they have grafted upon their own species of Protestantism, many of the leading principles and practices of Catholicity. The evidence they thus bear to the truth of those principles and practices is placed beyond suspicion, by the fact that they often have indulged in gross abuse of the Catholic religion. Then—look at that powerful article on 'Ranke's Lives of the Popes' in the last 'Edinburgh Review'—evidently written by some philosophical Protestant inquirer, some honorary member of Christianity; who, while he manifestly dissents from the Catholic Church, is yet compelled by his own candour to admit that she contains within herself the imperishable germ of perpetual vitality. It is no trivial feature in the intellectual aspect of England at present, that these involuntary

tributes to the truth of Catholicity should be borne by the most powerful, and at the same time the most dissimilar Protestant intellects."

Ere we adjourned to the drawing-room, Mr. O'Connell announced that he would hunt across the mountains to Darrynane on the morrow. Some person complimented him on his undecaying personal activity.

"Yes," he answered, "activity is with me a habit. I was always active, and my brother John was always active. I remember one morning when John was a lad, seeing him prepare to set off on a walk of several miles at sunrise, after having sat up the whole night dancing, and without having gone to bed at all. I said to him, 'John, you had better take your mare.' 'Oh,' said John, 'I'll spare my mare; the walk will do me good.' So off he set, and his mare expired of fat in the stable the very same day! How often have I heard the voice of *old John O'Connell* calling out at cockcrow under our gate, '*Cur a maugh Shane O'Connell agus an cu!*'"*

* "Send out John O'Connell and the greyhound."

CHAPTER XVII.

Darrynane—Scenery—The House—The Hunting—The Collegians—O'Connell's Description of his Home—Two Things at a Time—Arboriculture.

NEXT day we arrived at Darrynane.

The dwelling-house is situated within a few hundred yards of a little bay, which is separated from the harbour of Ballinskelligs, by a rocky promontory, called the Abbey Island. This promontory is sometimes insulated in particularly high tides. It contains the ruins of an ancient abbey, amongst which are the graves of many of the O'Connell family.

Much of the adjacent coast appears to have been upheaved in some desperate agony of nature. It consists of patches of unprofitable boggy surface, alternating with *débris* of naked rock. But there are some grand and romantic scenes among the hills and on the cliffs.

The house is sheltered to the north and west, by

mountains ranging from 1500 to 2000 feet in height. On the east, the view is bounded by a chain of high rocks, that divide the bay of Darrynane from that of Kenmare. Close to the house is a thriving plantation called the shrubbery, covering some ten or twelve acres of a most rocky and irregular tract, through the irregularities of which there are many very pretty winding walks. In the midst of this shrubbery, perched high aloft upon an ivied rock, is a small circular turret, commanding over the tops of the young trees, a view of the ocean and of the neighbouring hills. To this turret, Mr. O'Connell frequently retired to cogitate in solitude over his future political movements. He had also a favourite walk in the garden, which is picturesquely situated amongst rocks, and contains some of the finest old hollies I have ever seen.

Darrynane house possesses tolerable accommodation, although it often proved scarcely sufficient for the numbers attracted by the hospitable habits and political celebrity of the owner. It was built at different periods, and without the slightest regard to any uniform plan of architecture; a room was added whenever there arose a demand for increased accommodation; so that the whole mass presents a curious cluster of small buildings of different dates, heights, and sizes. In the dining-room are por-

traits of Mr. O'Connell, his lady, and his children: the portrait of the Liberator, although an indifferent painting, is, I understand, the very best likeness ever taken of him.

Up to the year 1839, when the new road from Cahirciveen was completed, the approach from that town to Darrynane was for three or four miles almost impassable for carriages, from its precipitous nature. Men were employed to draw carriages with ropes along the old road. The new line was opened to the public in autumn, 1839; it commands from many points superb views of the sea and the mountains.

On the third or fourth morning after my arrival at Darrynane, I was summoned by Mr. O'Connell to accompany the hunting party. It was not quite six o'clock—the morning was clear and bright, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We followed a winding path called "The Meadow Walk," which crosses and recrosses a merry mountain brook; we ascended the hill of Coomakista, crossed the line of the new road, and ere half-an-hour had elapsed, a hare was started. It was a glorious run; the hare was in view for half a mile or more; and as the dogs ran the scent, they kept so close together, that a sheet might have covered the pack. O'Connell, who enjoyed the hunt with infinite glee

walked and ran from rock to rock, to keep the dogs in view. The mountain air had already sharpened my appetite, and I inquired rather anxiously when we should have breakfast.

“Not until we kill two hares,” replied O’Connell, “we must earn our breakfast.” He then engaged in busy speculations on the course of the hare—she had doubled, and thrown out the dogs—the pack were at fault—they had scattered, and were trying in different directions to recover the scent. Ah! Drummer hit the scent again, and now they were all once more in full pursuit.

It was a glorious scene. Overhead was a cloudless sky; around us, on every side, was the most magnificent scenery, lighted up with brilliant sunshine. There was that finest of all music, the loud, full cry of the beagles, returned by a thousand echoes; the shouts of men and boys ringing sharp and cheerily along the hills; and there was Daniel O’Connell himself, equaling in agility men not half his age, pouring forth an exhaustless stream of jest and anecdote, and entering with joyous zeal into the fullest spirit of the noble sport.

Two hares were killed within a hour and a half; and we then sat down to breakfast in a small sheltered nook. It was a green hollow in the hill-side, about 900 feet above the level of the sea. Imme-

diately over us projected a gray rock, which formed a sort of rude ceiling to the inner part of our mountain parlour. Breakfast in such a spot, and with such appetites, was truly a luxurious feast. A fragment of rock was our table; some of the party sat on stones, whilst others reclined in primitive fashion on the grass. The huntsmen, in their gay red jackets, and several of the peasantry, formed an irregular line upon the outskirts. The noble dogs sat around with an air of quiet dignity, that seemed indicative of conscious merit. Far beneath us was the Atlantic, sparkling in the morning sun; to the right were the mountain isles of Scarriff and the bold rocks of Skellig. "Those Skelligs," said an imaginative English visitor, "are like two huge cathedrals rising out of the sea." The outline of the larger Skellig, as seen from Coomakista mountain, in some measure justifies the comparison. Our telescopes enabled us to discern a few large sail in the extreme offing; but with the exception of some fishing-boats, there were not any vessels in the Bay of Ballinskellig.

The Liberator amused himself at the expense of such of the party as had been deficient in agility; and quizzed one or two Londoners, whose previous knowledge of country scenery had been almost solely drawn from the Beulah Spa, the parks, or

theatrical representations. However, although the *pavés* of Pall Mall and Regent Street afford but indifferent preparation for mountain pedestrianism, yet his London friends, upon the whole, acquitted themselves very creditably.

The post-boy arrived with the letter-bag while we were at breakfast. Mr. O'Connell read his letters on the mountain—the hunt was then resumed, and with such success, that, if I mistake not, we brought home seven hares at sunset.

On days when he did not hunt, the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Darrynane was as follows: after breakfast the newspapers and letters occupied, in general, from one to two hours; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery: whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he has invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks the course of some hunt, and detailed with a minuteness that evinced the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare, and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house, and spend the rest of the day till dinner in his study. One day I found him reading the "Collegians," which he told me was his favourite work of fiction. "I have been reading it over again," said he, "with a melan-

choly interest. Scanlan was the real name of the man who is called Hardress Cregan in the novel. I was Scanlan's counsel at the trial, and I knocked up the principal witness against him. But all would not do—there were proofs enough besides, that were quite sufficient to convict him.”

He always occupied the head of his table at dinner, and, with rare exceptions, was talkative and jocular during that meal. He generally sat about an hour after it, and then returned to the study, where he remained until bed-time.

He certainly enjoyed himself more at Darrynane than anywhere else. Independently of the personal associations that bound him to the spot, he loved the scenes of rude and sterile grandeur that surrounded his home. Writing in October, 1838, to Walter Savage Landor, from Darrynane, he thus describes the coast and mountain scenery:—

“Little do you imagine how many persons besides myself have been delighted with the poetic imaginings which inspired these lines on one of the wonders of my infancy—the varying sounds emitted by marine shells:

“Shake one, and it awakens: then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there !* ”

* The editor has restored this quotation in full. Mr. O'Connell omitted the first two lines.

“ Would that I had you here, to show you ‘ their august abode ’ in its most awful beauty. I could show you at noontide—when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely—the mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam, against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high steepled villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon *imaginary* intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long-faded glories of that land which preserved literature and Christianity when the rest of now civilised Europe was shrouded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes! my expanding spirit, delighted in these day dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years

diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth; and, if possible, to make her what she ought to be—

“Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

“Perhaps, if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all which during the day was grand and terrific has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night—perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue, is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties—

“Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,
and catching, from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean, and Alpine scenes with which he is surrounded, a greater ardour to promote the good of man, in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God.”

One trait in his social character was a remarkable attention to all that was passing, even the most trivial things. Often, when he has apparently been wholly engrossed among newspapers or letters, he

has surprised me by suddenly throwing in an observation or reply to some remark made *sotto voce* at the further end of a long room. His alertness of mind as well as quickness of hearing, made him thus quite alive to whatever passed, even when one least would suspect it.

One day I witnessed the surprise of a rough northern lawyer at this faculty of bestowing attention upon different subjects at once. The lawyer consulted him about an Act of Parliament, and was reading aloud the disputable parts of the Act, when he suddenly stopped short, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. O'Connell, I see you are reading something else; I'll wait till you have done." "Go on! go on, man!" said O'Connell, without raising his eyes from the document with which he was engaged, "I hear you quite distinctly. If you had as much to do as I have, you would long ago have been trained into the knack of devoting the *one* moment to *two* occupations." The other obeyed, and when he had concluded his queries, O'Connell put aside the *second* subject of his thoughts, and delivered a detailed reply to all the questions of his visitor.

Whilst Mr. O'Connell remained at Darrynane, he often devoted an hour or two to hearing and adjusting the disputes of the neighbouring peasantry. He officiated as "Judge and Jury" upon these occa-

sions, and prevented by his interposition a vast deal of ill-will and litigation.

His acquirements did not include any knowledge of arboriculture. We were speaking of some young ash that did not seem healthy. I advised him to cut them over at the root, in order that new leaders might grow up from the stool. He demurred. I assured him it was an old practice with foresters, and that I had frequently tried it myself with perfect success. He laughed, and said, "Of all the preposterous schemes I ever heard, the notion of cutting a tree *down* to make it grow *up*, seems the most comical."

O'Connell's etymology of Darrynane was derived from the two Irish words *Darragh*, an oak, and *Inane*, ivy—"The Ivied Oaks."

CHAPTER XVIII.

O'Connell at Home—Forensic Recollections—A candid Physician—Crosbie Morgan—Hunting—Recollections of the Penal Laws—"Discoverers."

O'CONNELL never appeared to greater advantage than when presiding at his own table. Of him it may be said—as Lockhart has observed of Scott—that his notions of hospitality included the necessity of making his intellectual stores available to the amusement of his guests. His conversation was replete with anecdote; and the narratives which possessed for me by far the greatest interest, were those in which the narrator was personally concerned. His memory was prodigious; and not the smallest trait of character or manner in the numberless persons with whom, in the course of his bustling career, he had come in contact, escaped the grasp of his retentive recollection.

In my journal of the 5th of November, 1840, I find among other memoranda, some interesting forensic recollections of O'Connell. Hedges Eyre, of Orange notoriety, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel. On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic leader. "You've got seven counsel without him," quoth this sage adviser, "and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?"

Hedges did not make any immediate reply; but they both remained in court, watching the progress of the trial. The counsel on the opposite side pressed a point for nonsuit, and carried the judge (Johnson) along with them. O'Connell remonstrated against the nonsuit, protesting against so great an injustice. The judge seemed obdurate. "Well, *hear* me, at all events!" said O'Connell. "No, I won't!" replied the judge; "I've already heard the leading counsel." "But *I* am conducting counsel, my lord," rejoined O'Connell, "and more intimately aware of the details of the case than my brethren. I entreat, therefore, you will hear me." The judge ungraciously consented; and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the nonsuit. "*Now*," said Hedges Eyre, in triumph, to his Orange confrère, "*now* do you see why I gave my money to that Papist rascal?"

O'Connell amused us with the story of a physician, who was detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpoenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses?" demanded the judge. "On the plea of my heavy personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant; "I have been kept away from my patients these five days—and, if I am kept here much longer, *how do I know but they'll get well?*"

He told us he had vainly tried for several years to get a post-office established at Cahirsiveen; until, by good fortune, he gained a law-suit, in 1809, for Edward Lees, the secretary to the General Post-office; and Lees, in the fervour of his gratitude, procured the establishment of the Cahirsiveen post.

He spoke of certain oddities in the legal profession; "amongst whom," said he, "Crosbie Morgan, the attorney, was the most eccentric. He, probably, made more money and spent more money than any other attorney of his time. He had eleven clerks in his office, and every clerk was an attorney! Great as were his gains, his expenditure was greater. Whenever he travelled to Dublin, he used to engage all the post-chaises at every inn where he slept

along the road, and if he found any gentlemen of his acquaintance going to Dublin, he invariably gave them seats gratis! His own personal suite always filled two or three of the carriages."

"What a general reputation for dishonesty the attorney profession has got," observed a lady.

"A very unjust one," returned O'Connell. "Attorneys are neither better nor worse than other men. If a man who is a rogue, happens to be also an attorney, it is true that the nature of his profession affords him facilities for committing injustice, just because it mixes him up in the affairs of other people. Attorneys are often obliged to do harsh things, too, in pursuit of the undeniable rights of their clients; and the profession has become involved in the odium of the harshness."

Nov. 10th.—A capital day's hunting on the mountains. O'Connell detailed the exploits of his dogs with infinite glee after dinner. Although at this time he totally abstained from wine himself, yet he hospitably pressed its circulation among all who chose to drink. A party to the islands of Scarriff was proposed for the following day, and some ancient tombs in the islands were named as being worth a visit. O'Connell mentioned that in Cromwell's time, a friar was murdered for saying mass at Scarriff by some of the soldiers of the Protector's

army. A sword-cut severed the top of the skull, and the piece has been ever since preserved in the O'Connell family.

The fate of the poor friar led us to speak of the penal laws, respecting the operation of which O'Connell detailed some very curious anecdotes. I mentioned an incident illustrative of the effect of those laws in inducing hypocritical conformity to Protestantism. A Mr. Jervois, a Catholic proprietor of land, was threatened with a "bill of discovery." In order to save his estate, he immediately resolved to turn Protestant. Proceeding to the Protestant parish church to read his recantation, he fell, and broke his collar-bone against a tombstone. The misfortune appeared to him ominous, and deterred him from renouncing the Catholic religion; but although he shrank from the spiritual risks of such a step himself, he made his eldest son abjure popery, and thus contrived to preserve the estate in his family.

"The records of those times," said O'Connell, "have a painful interest. In Kerry, there was old James B——, of W——ville, who had been bred a Catholic, and became a Protestant, and a parson, from the inducements held out at the period. When asking two of his Catholic parishioners for tithe, they said, 'do not be so hard on us, your reverence.'

He answered involuntarily, '*It is a great deal harder upon me,*' and very likely he was right. To another parishioner he said, 'My tomb will probably be the only Protestant tomb in the churchyard. I have but one favour to ask, and it is this—When I am dead, never say, 'That is the *minister's* tomb;' only say, 'That is Mr. B——'s tomb.'

"The temptation to apostatise," continued O'Connell, "was strong, and alas! was too frequently yielded to. There was a Mr. Myers, of the County Roscommon, who was threatened that a bill of discovery should be filed against him. He instantly galloped off to Dublin in a terrible fright, and sought out the Protestant archbishop. The archbishop, on learning that his visitor's object was to turn Protestant, examined him upon the points of difference between the two churches, and found that he knew nothing at all about the matter. He accordingly said that he could not receive him into the Anglican Church, unless he should get some previous instruction; and politely offered to commit him to the care of the Rector of Castlerea, who chanced to be in Dublin at the time. This proposal delighted Mr. Myers, for the rector had long been a hunting and drinking companion of his own in the country. With the rector, therefore, the pious convert arranged to dine every day until the

ensuing Sunday; upon which day, as time ran short, it was absolutely necessary that the recantation should be publicly made. Myers and the rector had a jovial booze—six bottles each at the least; and their jollification was repeated every day until Sunday; when the archbishop, on receiving an assurance from the jovial rector, that Myers was *au fait* at the theology of the case, permitted him to make his solemn, public abjuration of the errors of Popery, and to receive the Protestant sacrament. In order to celebrate the happy event, the prelate invited Myers, and several zealous Protestant friends, to dinner. When the cloth was removed, his Grace thus addressed the convert—‘ Mr. Myers, you have this day been received into the true Protestant Church, and renounced the corruptions of Popery. For this you should thank God with all your heart! I learn, with great pleasure, from our worthy friend, the Rector of Castlereah, that you have acquired an excellent knowledge, in a very short time, of the basis of the Protestant religion. Will you be so kind as to state, for the edification of the company, the *grounds* upon which you have cast aside Popery, and embraced the Church of England?’—‘ Faith, my lord,’ replied Myers, ‘ I can asily do that! The *grounds* of my conversion to the Protestant religion, are two thousand five

hundred acres of the best *grounds* in the county of Roscommon!"

The literary organ of the Dublin University, boasted some time since, of the number of the Irish gentry who had embraced the Reformation. The triumphs in question were achieved by the instrumentality of the penal code; but surely it is strange to hear such spiritual influences vaunted in a modern publication!

"Under these iniquitous laws," said O'Connell, "it was not sufficient that a man born of Catholic parents should merely *profess* Protestantism; it was also necessary that the convert should go through the legal forms of abjuring Popery, and receiving the sacrament during service in some Protestant church. I heard of a very curious case, in which the son of Catholic parents, early in the last century, entered Dublin College, professing to be a Protestant. His talents in due time procured for him a fellowship, from which he retired upon a rich College living. He amassed great wealth, bought an estate, and left it at his death to his son; when, behold! a bill of discovery was filed against the son, as inheriting from a man *who in the eye of the law had been a Papist*; inasmuch, as he never had made a formal, public, *legal* abjuration of Popery. So that the Anglican Parson—the F. T.

C. D.—the rector of a college living, who had been in Anglican orders for thirty or forty years of his life—this man, notwithstanding all his Protestantism, was *legally* a Papist; because he had omitted the performance of some legal formula!

“It often happened, too, that points of objection to the legal Protestantism of apostates, were raised by reason of inaccuracy in the certificate of the apostate’s abjuration. These certificates often bore that the conforming party ‘*had received the sacrament DURING divine service;*’ whereas the sacrament in the Anglican church, is administered, not *during* service, but *after* it. There were frequently needy or dishonest persons to watch for, and pounce upon, flaws of this sort.”

“It is wonderful,” observed a priest, “that there were any Catholic estates left in possession of their rightful owners.”

“There would not have been any,” said O’Connell, “only that individual Protestants were found, a great deal honest than the laws. The Freeman family, of Castlecork, were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentlemen in the county of Cork. In Kerry there was a Protestant, named Hugh Falvey, who acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin, there was a poor Protestant, in very humble circumstances, who was trustee for

several Catholic gentlemen, and discharged his trust with perfect integrity."

O'Connell had an estate called Glancara, situated near the Lake of Cahara, which had been in his family from a period prior to the penal laws. I expressed some surprise that Glancara had escaped confiscation.

"Oh!" said he; "they did not find it out; it is hidden among wild mountains in a very remote situation, which was wholly inaccessible in those days from the want of roads—and thus it escaped their clutches."

O'Connell once said to me,—

"If ever I took a title, it would be Earl of Glancara."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hunting—Staigne Fort—Character of the Emperor Nicholas—Remarks on the Exemption by Law from a Second Trial on the same Capital Charge—The Ruined Church of Kilkee—Tradition of the M'Carthy Mhor—Interest taken by O'Connell in English Politics.

THE 12th of November was devoted to hunting. O'Connell rose an hour before the sun, and set off to the mountains near Staigne Fort, where two hares were killed before breakfast.

Staigne Fort is a very curious relic of antiquity. It consists of a circular area, of about fifty feet in diameter, enclosed with a wall of rude masonry, which is four yards thick at bottom, diminishing to about two at the top; and in tolerably good repair throughout the entire circuit. The external height of this wall varies in different places, owing to the inequalities of the surrounding ground; within, it rises to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet from the

level of the central area. The entrance is formed through the side of the building which fronts the estuary of Kenmare. The space enclosed is open to the heavens; and it is quite manifest that the primeval architect never contemplated such a thing as a roof. History and tradition are alike silent respecting the date, the founder, or the purpose of this very remarkable structure. It evidently belongs to a period of the rudest and most remote antiquity. It has been conjectured, that the natives erected it for the purpose of collecting and defending their cattle from Danish or other piratical ravagers.

Staigue Fort is situated on a slight elevation in the centre of the valley opening to the water of Kenmare, and bounded to the landward by a dark amphitheatre of high and craggy hills. It is distant about five miles from Darrynane.

O'Connell returned late from hunting at Staigue; and being fatigued, did not sit so long as usual after dinner.

The public mind had been considerably agitated by the expectation of war; but the papers received on this day conveyed the intelligence, that in both the French Chambers there were majorities in favour of peace. O'Connell observed, that "the pacific acquiescence of France would sink her in European estimation from a first-rate to a secondary power."

He was then asked, "if the recent policy of England had been good?"

"No," said O'Connell. "The policy cannot be good, which involves an alliance with that miscreant, the Emperor Nicholas—a ruffian, who combines in his own person all the hideous enormities of Herod, Dioclesian, and Attila! It is utterly disgraceful to England to form an alliance with *him*. By one sweeping act of tyranny, he compelled two millions of Polish Catholics to conform to the Greek church; and all his acts have been stamped with the same spirit of barbarous tyranny that was conspicuous in this."

O'Connell defended the principle of the law that protects a person once acquitted of a capital charge, from being tried again for the same offence. It was urged that this principle might sanction injustice; as in a case where a murderer had been acquitted through defect of evidence, and where a competent witness volunteered to tender direct testimony against the accused, in the event of a new trial.

"My good sir," said O'Connell, "if the principle of repeating the trial were once admitted, the injustice on the other side would be infinitely greater. If the accused could be tried over again on the appearance of a fresh witness, pray where could you

limit the danger to innocent persons unjustly arraigned? At the expiration of months or years, they would again be liable to trial for their lives, if any unprincipled witnesses should offer themselves as being competent to give fresh evidence."

Our conversation insensibly diverged to the subject of local antiquities. O'Connell asked the Rev. Mr. R—— if he had seen the old church of Kilkee, near Grena, on the road from Killarney. "It was unroofed and desecrated over three centuries ago," said O'Connell. "The Macarthy Mhor of the day was in the habit of attending mass there, and ordered the officiating priest to delay the celebration of mass every Sunday until he should arrive. The priest complied for some Sundays; but one day the chief was so late, that the priest, in order no longer to detain the congregation, commenced Divine Service. He had not proceeded far, when Macarthy Mhor entered the church; and being enraged at the presumption of the priest in neglecting to wait for him, rushed to the altar, and felled the priest to the floor. The bishop could not bear that the scene of such a crime should continue the centre of parochial devotion, and accordingly he got the church unroofed, and another one built in a different part of the parish."

“Were there not a great many marriages in that ruined church?” asked one of the company.

“Yes, the Protestants of Killarney often were married there. When they don't get a license, they must be married in a parish church; and many couples modestly preferred the quiet solitude of the ivied walls of Kilkee, to the crowds that invariably gathered about weddings in the church of Killarney.”

Mr. O'Connell's mind was, at this time, much engaged with the idea of an English Parliamentary Reform and Anti-Corn Law Convention. He entertained strong hopes that the labours of such a Convention would achieve a full measure of political liberty for Great Britain; and in working out that object, he was willing to co-operate. But he did not expect from it the smallest benefit to Ireland. He had learned, from bitter experience, to distrust the efficacy of British friendship for his country. He felt that Ireland could alone be served by her own exertions. To his private friends, the depth and sincerity of his love of peace—of his hatred of bloodshed and warfare—were now made manifest. A war with France had for many months been threatened, and at one period seemed inevitable. Had it actually taken place, it would, in O'Connell's opinion, have greatly assisted the Repeal of the

Union. But, far from lamenting the pacific decision of the French Chambers, he sincerely rejoiced in an event which averted the crimes and the horrors of war, even although war would have made England but too happy to purchase the friendship and good offices of Ireland at the price of Repeal.

(Of war he had a conscientious horror. “*One* murder, or *one* robbery,” said he, “will horrify; and I cannot conceive how robbery and murder are one whit the better for being multitudinous! Yet this is war.”)

His zeal for the popular liberties of England was sincere and fervid. It was highly honourable to his character, when placed (as it necessarily *must* be placed) in contrast with the cold indifference of English Liberals to Irish rights.

CHAPTER XX.

The Crelaghs—The Kerry Colonels—French Revolution—Effects of Catholicity and Protestantism on Social and Mercantile Advancement—Penal Laws—Reminiscences of Father Grady—Birth of the Princess Royal—The Duke of Wellington.

O'CONNELL, in speaking of the improved administration of the law in Ireland, contrasted the present days with the wild times that preceded the repeal of the Penal Code.

“When I was a child,” said he, “there was a horde of cow-stealers called the Crelaghs, inhabiting the mountains of Glancara ; they used to steal cows in Galway and Clare, and sell them in this part of the country ; and then, with admirable impartiality, they would steal cows here, and sell them in Clare or Galway. They were a terrible nuisance to the peasantry ; but they received a sort of negative protection, that is, they were left unmolested by the

leading Protestant gentry, who then were popularly called 'Colonels.' To these 'Colonels' they occasionally made presents of cattle. Impunity emboldened them, and at length they stole fourteen cows from my father, who was in indifferent health at the time. This was intolerable, and my father collected a numerous party to surround the Crelaghs' hut one night, in order to take and surrender them to justice. The Crelaghs rushed out, and made a desperate defence ; two of them were taken, but the rest escaped. My father shot one man through the hand in the scuffle ; but the wounded fellow contrived to get off. Those who escaped still continued their depredations ; and the power of the few Catholic gentry to check them was sadly crippled by the legal incapacity of Catholics to hold the commission of the peace.

" The Crelaghs resolved to avenge themselves upon my father, who got information one dark evening when out riding, that the gang lay in wait to murder him. His informant desired him to go home by a different road ; he did so, and encountered the ruffians, who rushed down the hills to meet him, and fired. His mare, who was very wicked, kicked and threw him. Whilst he was down they fired again, and missed him a second time. He re-

mounted, and striking spurs in his mare, was speedily beyond their reach, escaping several shots that were fired after him.

“ It was not very easy for a Catholic to interest the law in his behalf, even against these pestilent vagabonds. But at length, *by good luck*, one of the gang robbed a Mr. Hasset, a Protestant gentleman, of his purse and dress wig upon the highway. This incited Mr. Hasset to spirited measures, amongst which was his getting himself made a magistrate, and using his justiceship to bring the rogues to punishment. After this, the gang was soon dispersed; three were taken and hanged—the rest escaped.”

So prevalent was the belief in the absolute authority of “the Colonels” at that period, and so lightly was the power of the law esteemed in comparison, that a notion prevailed among the depredators who infested parts of Kerry, that a judicial sentence, in order to be valid, should be backed by the fiat of one or other of these local chiefs. A man was convicted of horse-stealing at Tralee, and appeared quite careless and unconcerned while the judge was passing sentence of death upon him. “ Do you know what my lord is saying, you stupid omadhawn ?” inquired a bystander of the prisoner. “ To be sure I do !” returned the criminal, “ but I

don't care what he says; for Colonel Blennerhassett is looking at me all the time, and *he* says nothing."

Shortly after the first accouchement of Colonel Blennerhassett's lady, a neighbour called at the house, and among other inquiries asked how "the Colonel" was?

"Which do you mean, the *young Colonel* or the *ould one*?" said the servant. The "*young Colonel*" was then somewhat less than a week old.

O'Connell was asked in the course of our after-dinner table-talk, whether he had read Thiers' work on the French Revolution?

"Yes," he replied, "and I do not very much like it. Thiers has a strong propensity to laud every one who was successful, and to disparage those who did not succeed. The best account of the French Revolution is in one of the volumes of Marmontel's *Memoirs*. Certainly," continued he, "that Revolution was grievously needed, although it was bought at the price of so much blood! The ecclesiastical abbés were a great public nuisance; they were chiefly cadets of noble families, who were provided for with sinecure revenues out of the abbey lands. The nobility engrossed the commissions in the army; and both the clergy and the nobility, although infinitely the richest bodies in the state, were exempt from taxes. The people were the

scapegoats—*they* were taxed for all; the burdens of the state were all thrown upon *them*, whilst its honours and emoluments were monopolised by the untaxed. This was a gross wrong—the Revolution has swept it away. It was highly creditable to the fidelity of the French Catholic clergy, that so few of them joined the enemies of religion at that trying time of terror. I question whether a dozen of the French Catholic bishops apostatised; and as for the vast mass of the parochial clergy, they afforded a most glorious and sublime example of devotion and faithfulness. Catholicity, I trust, will rebound against French Infidelity, as she is daily doing against English sectarianism. Ah! that article in the ‘Edinburgh Review!’ I *do* like to see those philosophic gentry compelled to admit that the Catholic religion is perennial and immortal; and as vivacious in the nineteenth century of her existence, as she was on the day of her first institution!”

And he reverted to that celebrated article, of which he had previously so often spoken with delight and admiration.

“The writer,” said I, “has drawn an invidious comparison between Edinburgh and Florence. He says that Florence has nearly stood still since the period of Luther’s revolt, whereas Edinburgh is immensely enlarged and improved; and he attributes

to Popery the alleged non-improvement of Florence, whilst he ascribes the great advancement of Edinburgh to the operation of Protestantism. Now, he omits to notice, that the great enlargement of Edinburgh did not begin until about 1753; so that it remained nearly stationary during above two centuries of very sturdy Protestantism."

"Ay," O'Connell broke in, "and he omits to notice that the cause of its improvement was, *not* Protestantism, but the participation of its inhabitants in the East India trade. More Scotchmen got rich from lucky East Indian speculations, than any other classes in the British Islands; and a great number of these lucky Scotch adventurers brought home their acquisitions, and settled in their native capital."

"And as for England," said another of our party, "whatever advantage or superiority over foreign nations she may possess, is certainly not owing to her Protestantism, for she possessed the same superiority before the Reformation."

"Yes," said O'Connell, "Chief-Justice Fortescue says, in his book '*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,' which was written in the time of Henry the Sixth, that the comfort of good and plentiful food was then much more commonly possessed by the people of England than by the people of France at the same

period; to which we may add, that good food, and enough of it, was more common then than it is now amongst the lower orders of the English, after three centuries of Protestantism, and two and a half of Poor Laws."

I believe we may fairly concede to all who may claim the concession, that there is a much greater spirit of money-getting to be found amongst Protestant than Catholic nations.

The 19th of November was a cold, windy day, yet the bright sunshine tempted all the family to walk. The mountains were covered with a dazzling coat of snow, several feet in depth, which had fallen the preceding night. It was a scene of wild, wintry grandeur. O'Connell walked along the beach until dusk.

Next evening he gave us some interesting reminiscences of the operation of the Penal Laws.

"My poor old confessor, Father Grady," said he, "who was priest of this parish, and resided with my uncle here when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest; but the judge defeated Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favour. There was a flippant scoundrel, who came forward to depose to his having said mass.

“ ‘Pray, sir,’ said the judge, ‘how do you know he said mass?’

“ ‘Because I heard him say it, my lord.’

“ ‘Did he say it in Latin?’ asked the judge.

“ ‘Yes, my lord.’

“ ‘Then you understand Latin?’

“ ‘A little.’

“ ‘What *words* did you hear him say?’

“ ‘*Ave Maria.*’

“ ‘That is the Lord’s Prayer, is it not?’ asked the judge.

“ ‘Yes, my lord,’ was the fellow’s answer.

“ ‘Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner!’ cried the judge; ‘he swears *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord’s Prayer!’

“The judge charged the jury for the prisoner; so my poor old friend Father Grady was acquitted. I wish,” continued O’Connell, “that I could remember all the oddities and drolleries of Grady—some of them were amusing enough. When he lived at Darrynane, he slept in an office near the house. One rainy night, when he returned wet and weary from a distant station, he went to bed, and had not been asleep an hour, when a servant aroused him, saying that Mrs. M’Sweeney had just been confined—that as the infant was sickly,

and probably would not live till morning, his reverence must christen it *instante*. Grady accordingly put on his wet clothes, went through the rain to the dwelling-house, christened the child, and returned to his bed. In another half-hour he was summoned again—the lady had just produced a second child; puny like its predecessor, and requiring to be immediately christened. Grady again put on his wet clothes, ran across to the house through the rain, christened the second infant, and returned to bed. Half-an-hour again had scarcely elapsed, when he was a *third* time summoned! for a *third* child had just been produced, requiring, like the others, instant baptism! Poor Grady's equanimity was somewhat disturbed. He got up and christened the brat; but instead of returning to bed, went straight to the stable, saddled his horse, and was riding away, when old Maurice O'Connell hailed him, and asked what on earth he was about?

“ ‘ I'm going, dear !' ruefully answered the priest.

“ ‘ Going ! Where can you possibly be going such a night, and at such an hour ?' ”

“ ‘ Anywhere at all out of this place, dear ! Mrs. M'Sweeney has some spite against me; and if I stay here, she'll be borning young *raavens* every half-hour till morning !' ”

“ And notwithstanding all that Maurice could

say, his reverence departed, and got a bed at some other parishioner's house.

“At that time there were faction fights between the Lynes and the Eagers at Killarney. One day Father Grady sold a pair of heifers for twelve shillings at Killarney fair, which were well worth two pounds. He did so out of sheer simplicity. Presently afterwards, a faction fight took place; the Lynes raising the war-whoop of ‘*Five pounds for the head of an Eager!*’ On the following day, one of the Eagers, a professed wag, attempted to quiz the priest for his simplicity in selling his heifers so much below the real value.

“‘I hear, Father Grady,’ said he, ‘there were very fine prices for beasts at the fair—especially for heifers.’

“‘In troth, dear,’ retorted Grady, ‘I can’t say I found it so; all beasts went cheap enough *except the Eagers*—but I heard five pounds a-head bid for *them!*’

“Father Grady was at Louvain at the period of the wars in Flanders, and found himself reduced to the utmost distress, his profession not affording him the means of subsistence. He begged his way to the coast, in the hope of meeting some ship that might take him to Ireland; and, amongst other adventures, he fell in with a band of

robbers. One of the robbers was a Kerry man, named Denis Mahony; who, for country's sake, gave the priest the means of proceeding to Ireland. Father Grady used always to say, 'God be merciful to poor Denis Mahony! I found him a very useful friend in need. But troth, dear, it might not have been very convenient to have him as a neighbour!'

"The young men who met Grady at Darrynane, amused themselves quizzing him upon his suspicious connexion with Denis Mahony; and intimated, that what he represented as the robber's voluntary gift, was, in fact, Grady's *share of the booty*."

O'Connell accounted for the appearance of a Kerry man among a Flemish band of robbers, by supposing that Denis Mahony might have been a deserter from Marlborough's army, and have joined the gang in the absence of any other mode of subsistence.

On the 24th of November, the London papers brought the news of Her Majesty's accouchement of a daughter. O'Connell read it aloud, *pro bono publica*, with lively satisfaction.

"Blessed be God!" he said, "the young mother is safe. God preserve the dear little lady! We must illuminate the house next Sunday night, and burn tar-barrels."

In the course of this, or the following day, he

mentioned that he had in his possession, an original letter of the Duke of Wellington's eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, addressed to a Mr. Mockler of Trim, in reply to an application which Mockler had made to the writer (who was then Earl of Mornington), to procure a commission in the army for his son. The brother of the future victor of Waterloo apologises to Mockler for his inability to assist him; saying that commissions were so hard to be got, that *his brother Arthur's name had been two years upon the list, and he had not yet got an appointment.*

It is fortunate for the liberties of Europe, that "brother Arthur" afterwards succeeded in obtaining a commission.

The letter does not bear the date of any year; but O'Connell conjectured that it must have been written in 1787.

The merits of the Iron Duke were then discussed.

"I have two faults to find with him," observed O'Connell; "one is, that I never yet heard of his promoting any person in the army from mere merit, unless backed by some interest. The second fault is, that the duke has declared that the only misfortune of his life is his being an Irishman. There is a meanness—a paltriness in this, incom-

patible with greatness of soul. But abstractedly from sentiment, he may be right enough; for, great as his popularity and power have been in England, I have no doubt they would have been infinitely greater if he had been an Englishman. John Bull's adoration would have been even more intense and devoted, if the idol had not been a Paddy."

A gentleman, who was at this time on a visit to the Liberator, had ridden out to some distance in the morning to shoot, and had taken four men with him to mark the game. He had fagged a good deal all day, and only succeeded in shooting a jacksnipe. On his return he took a warm bath, and was mercilessly quizzed by O'Connell for his day's exploits.

"Only conceive," said O'Connell, "our sportsman was overcome with the monstrous fatigue of shooting a snipe, that he was actually obliged to take a warm bath in order to recruit his strength after such an awful slaughter. John! John! you may lay claim to some originality; for I don't believe that any body else ever brought out four men and a horse to carry home one snipe.—Stay—what an excellent newspaper paragraph might be made out of it—thus—'SPORTING EXTRAOR-

DINARY! Yesterday, John P——, Esq., one of her Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kerry, left home at an early hour in the morning, to enjoy the recreation of shooting, after his late severe magisterial duties. The worshipful gentleman was well provided with game-bags, arms, and ammunition; and after a day's indefatigable perseverance, he, his four attendants, and a horse, returned, laden with an entire jacksnipe!"

O'Connell told us, that in the place where the dining-table stood, there had been a large rock, which he was obliged to blast when clearing the foundation for the dining-room. "When the rock was bored," said he, "and the train of gunpowder ready to be ignited, I stood at the kitchen-door to watch the explosion. There was a cross-grained, ill-conditioned little terrier about the place, a *contankrous* cur, that snarled and snapped at every body, and was a general nuisance; but as it had been my uncle's, I did not get it shot. It was an inquisitive brute, too, always peeping and prying, and I could not help laughing when I saw it peeping into the bore just as the train was about to be fired. 'Ha!' thought I, 'you'll catch it now, at last!' The match was applied—bang! went the rock in fragments, but the cur, instead of being

blown aloft, was merely turned over on his back, and scampered off without receiving any injury, as soon as he recovered from the stunning effects of the shock. No doubt he wouldn't have escaped if he had been the least good in the world!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The "Young Volunteer"—O'Connell's Recollections of the Period of the Union—His first Political Speech—Irish and English Popular Agitation contrasted.

WALKING along the beach one morning, O'Connell pointed out the mode in which he resisted the encroachments of the sea. A paling of alder poles interwoven with bushes, is placed along the beach a little above high-water mark. A bulwark of such perishable materials requires to be renewed once a year ; yet, by checking the action of the tide, it has accumulated a considerable quantity of sand, which preserves the soil within its ridgy barrier from being worn away by the waves. Ere this simple precaution was taken, the encroachments of the sea had been very considerable. The beach presents a fine firm footing of white sand, beneath which, at the depth of a few feet, are the remains of a turf bog.

“There is,” said O’Connell, “a similar bottom under the sands on the beach of Ballinskelligs Bay, near the race-course. I remember when a Cork and Bristol trading vessel, called ‘The Young Volunteer,’ was wrecked there. She was dashed among rocks, where she got firmly fixed ; the crew were going to put into the boats and row ashore, but the peasantry made signs to them to stay where they were. They were not much inclined to attend to these signs, and were rapidly getting into the boats, when a man named William Murphy levelled a musket at them, and thus compelled them to stay in the vessel. They ascribed this conduct to inhumanity, but they soon were undeceived. The receding tide left their vessel high and dry. At low water they were able to wade to the shore; whereas they would have been certainly swamped, had they tried in the high tide and rough sea to reach the shore in their boats.”

The sun was now setting ; his rays were intercepted from the part of the beach where we stood, by the rocks of the Abbey Island. “Come,” said O’Connell, “let us turn. Now, *do* look at those majestic mountain waves,” he continued, facing towards the sea; “how often have I walked down here to watch the white breakers dashing in, and bursting in foam against the rocks!”

It was a beautiful evening. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, and the rocky outline of the Abbey Island was clearly defined against the golden sky of sunset. The pure green waters of the bay lay dark in shadow beneath the rocks to the right; whilst the hills on the other side were lighted up with the last rays of evening.

“Fine weather for hunting,” said O’Connell; “the sky promises well for to-morrow.”

The Repeal was talked of; and he said,

“The year of the Union I was travelling through the mountain district from Killarney to Kenmare—my heart was heavy at the loss that Ireland had sustained, and the day was wild and gloomy. That desert district, too, was congenial to impressions of solemnity and sadness. There was not a human habitation to be seen for many miles; black, giant clouds sailed slowly through the sky, and rested on the tops of the huge mountains: my soul felt dreary, and I had many wild and *Ossianic* inspirations as I traversed the bleak solitudes.

“It was the Union that first stirred me up to come forward in politics. My uncle Maurice was scarcely pleased at my taking a public part; not that he approved of the Union, but politics appeared to him to be fraught with great peril; and he would have preferred my appearing on some

question which would, in his opinion, have more directly concerned the Catholics."

I asked O'Connell if he was in Dublin when the Union passed?

"Yes," he answered, "but there was less excitement than you would imagine; the hatred which all classes (except the small government clique) bore to the measure, had settled down into sulky despondency. I was maddened when I heard the bells of St. Patrick's ringing out a joyful peal for Ireland's degradation, as if it was a glorious national festival. My blood boiled, and I vowed, on that morning, that the foul dishonour should not last, if I could ever put an end to it."

(O'Connell's first political speech was made against the measure of Union. He told me that he never wrote a speech beforehand; but of this, his first speech, he wrote the heads (a practice he frequently observed at all subsequent periods :) and after it was delivered, he reported it at full length for the *Dublin Evening Post*.) The meeting at which it was spoken, was held at the Royal Exchange. Major Sirr endeavoured to disperse the Anti-Unionists. But an application which was made to the Viceroy for permission to meet, was conceded; as his Excellency probably thought the

success of the measure was effectually secured, and that there could be no danger in permitting the remonstrants to assemble.

O'Connell contrasted his embarrassment when making his first speech with the ease and self-possession acquired by subsequent practice.* "My face glowed," said he, "and my ears tingled at the sound of my own voice, but I got more courage as I went on."

Speaking of his own political agitation, as compared with the popular efforts of English Reformers, he thus criticised the latter: "In England they are very aristocratic agitators. If they want a public movement, they are never happy till they get some fellow with a handle to his name; some duke, if they can, and if not, a marquis; and so on down to a knight. Now, in Ireland, if a titled man will join us, well and good—we are glad to have him. But if we cannot get him, why, it never dispirits us, for we know what a movement exclusively popular is able to work out."

* As O'Connell repeatedly declared that his first speech against the Union was the text book of his whole political life, I shall give it insertion in the Appendix.

CHAPTER XXII.

Danger of Secret Political Societies—Arbitration Court—Judge Day—Bully Egan—Who wrote Junius?—Reply of Lord Charlemont to the Address of the Repeal Association.

WHILST we walked up from the beach on the evening mentioned in the preceding chapter, O'Connell said,

“I learned from the example of the United Irishmen the lesson, that in order to succeed for Ireland, it was strictly necessary to work within the limits of the law and constitution. I saw that fraternities banded illegally, never could be safe; that invariably some person without principle would be sure to gain admission into such societies; and either for ordinary bribes, or else in times of danger for their own preservation, would betray their associates. Yes.—The United Irishmen taught me that all work for Ireland must be done openly and above-board.”

On our return to the house, there was a large

concourse of the peasantry awaiting O'Connell's arbitration of their various differences. He constantly held a Court of Arbitration at his gate, in which he heard and determined the disputes arising amongst the peasantry. The litigants, of course, were their own counsel. O'Connell was judge and jury. The proceedings were always conducted in Irish. I am not aware of any case in which the Liberator's decision was appealed from to any other tribunal.

Ere O'Connell entered the house, a poor man solicited from him employment as a labourer. "My labour list is full," replied O'Connell; "but go to my steward, and try what he can do for you. Good God!" he exclaimed, when the man was gone, "what a country is this, in which a fellow-creature solicits as a boon, permission to labour for twelve hours at hard work for eight-pence!"

In the evening he amused us with forensic recollections. He talked of ex-judge Day, who had then for many years retired from the bench.

"He must now," said O'Connell, "be at least ninety-eight;* and he writes as firm a hand as ever, and preserves his intellect (such as it is) unimpaired. To be sure he never had much to preserve in this respect; but all he ever had, he has kept. He

* Day died a few months after the period when these words were uttered.

has excellent qualities of the heart; no man would take more pains to serve a friend; but as a judge—they could scarcely have placed a less efficient man upon the bench. Curran used to say that Day's efforts to understand a point of law, reminded him of nothing so much as the attempt to open an oyster with a rolling pin. He once said to me at the Cork assizes, 'Mr. O'Connell, I must not allow you to make a speech; the fact is, I am always of opinion with the last speaker, and therefore I will not let you say one word.' 'My lord,' said I, 'that is precisely the reason why I'll let nobody have the last word but myself, if I can help it!' I *had* the last word, and Day charged in favour of my client. Day was made a judge in 1798. He had been chairman of Kilmainham with a salary of 1200*l.* a year. When he got on the bench, Bully Egan got the chairmanship."

"Was Bully Egan a good lawyer?"

"He was a successful one. His bullying helped him through. He was a desperate duellist. One of his duels was fought with a Mr. Reilly, who fired before the word was given; the shot did not take effect. 'Well, at any rate my honour's safe!' cried Reilly. 'Is it so?' said Egan, 'egad, I'll take a slap at your honour for all that.' And Egan deliberately held his pistol pointed for full five minutes at Reilly,

whom he kept for that period in the agonies of mortal suspense."

"Did he kill him?" asked I.

"Not he!" replied O'Connell; "he couldn't hit a haystack. If courage appertained to duelling, he certainly possessed it. But in every thing else, he was the most timid man alive. Once I stated in the Court of Exchequer, that I had, three days before, been in the room with a man in a fever, 120 miles off. The instant I said so, Egan shuffled away to the opposite side of the court, through pure fear of infection. Egan used to make a vast deal of money as counsel at elections."

We spoke of that *quæstio vexata*, the authorship of Junius.

"It is my decided opinion," said O'Connell, "that Edmund Burke was the author of the 'Letters of Junius.' There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world that the author of Junius *must* have made, if engaged in public life; and the entire of Junius's letters evinces that close acquaintance with the springs of political machinery which no man could possess, unless actively engaged in politics. Again—Burke was fond of chemical similes; now, chemical similes are frequent in Junius. Again—Burke

was an Irishman; now, Junius speaking of the government of Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle;' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman in those days never would have used. Again—Burke had this peculiarity in writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand. Again—it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply, I would say that Burke was master of many styles. His work on natural society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different in point of style from his work on the French Revolution, as *both* are from the 'Letters of Junius.' Again—Junius speaks of the king's insanity as a divine visitation; Burke said the very same thing in the House of Commons. Again—had any one of the other men, to whom the letters are with any show of probability ascribed, been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book or remaining incognito. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship as fame—and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining incognito. In claiming Junius, he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonour—for Burke died a pensioner.

Burke, moreover, was the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius. Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a presumptive proof of the very strongest nature that Burke was the writer."

O'Connell, who entertained the most unaffected reverence for the memory of the elder Earl of Charlemont, regarded with deep and anxious interest the political movements of his son. He felt pained and disappointed on reading that nobleman's reply* to the address of the Repeal Association, in which his lordship expressed his disapproval of the Repeal Agitation. "Those Ulster Whigs have got about Lord Charlemont," said O'Connell. "I recognise their influence in this! His heart is with us if he were let alone."

* December, 1840.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Return to Dublin—The Duke of Leinster's Volunteer Musket—The Repeal Agitation—Historical Memoir of Ireland commenced and postponed—Chartist and Orange Threats—Judicial Reminiscences—Judge Boyd—Lord Norbury—Judge Daly—Lord Clare—Seats on the Bench trucked for Union Votes.

ON the 21st of December O'Connell re-appeared at the Repeal Association, after a six weeks' vacation among the Darrynane mountains, from the pure air of which he had derived fresh vigour for the performance of his arduous task. He spoke for three hours, and presided in the evening at a charity dinner, where his voice was also heard at considerable length in energetic advocacy of Repeal.

During O'Connell's brief absence in the country, his son John, who had previously abstained from public agitation, came forward at the Corn Exchange. John soon became popular. He was laudably anxious to succeed. He brought with him, to

the agitation of Repeal, the qualities of unwearied industry, and an extraordinary facility in financial calculation. His writings and speeches on international finance are admirable.

Shortly after Mr. O'Connell's return to Dublin, a Committee of the Repeal Association was summoned, for the purpose of hearing a charge made by one of the members against Doctor Stephen Murphy. The accusation involved many paltry malpractices, utterly unworthy any person possessing the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman. O'Connell was chairman, and played off the accuser with amusing dexterity. Dr. Murphy was acquitted, amidst general acclamation ; and O'Connell, in pronouncing the accuser exceedingly "incautious," significantly told him, he might consider himself extremely fortunate in escaping the application of any worse epithet; the charge having manifestly been got up to gratify personal malice.

In every numerous political society, the currents and counter-currents of conflicting jealousies will necessarily often obstruct the public business. There are persons who feel a painful sense of insignificance when following quietly in the wake of a leader; and whose utmost efforts in behalf of the general cause are too unimportant to acquire for them that notoriety so dear to human vanity. To

become remarkable they must become mischievous. Unnoticed whilst they act in harmony with the body at large, they attract at least a temporary observation by creating dissension. This wretched and vicious ambition is by no means uncommon. There never was a man better calculated to deal with factious obstruction than O'Connell; his position, as leader, gave him authority to control the mutineers; whilst his practised sagacity enabled him to discern and expose the paltry motive, in whatsoever corner it lay lurking.

“I am pretty well used to those fellows all my life,” he has said to me; “I don't mind them now.”

O'Connell entertained a deep respect for the house of Leinster. But he could not conceive, how the head of a proud, ancient line—a line that boasted a distinction, in *his* view more illustrious than aught that monarchs could bestow, or heraldry emblazon, namely, the historical epithet, “*Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores;*” he could not imagine how the head of such a line as this could continue a half-asleep adjunct of Whiggery, instead of taking the leading and prominent position in Irish politics—becoming the chief of the Geraldines. I had many opportunities of observing this feeling. One day Mr. Pierce Mahony told him that the Duke of Leinster had recently shown him, in the drawing-room of his

grace's house, in Dominick Street, Dublin, the original picture of the Volunteers parading round the Statue in College Green, in 1779;* and whilst he was looking at it, an old musket came in from the gunsmith's, which his grace told him was the identical one that his father, the old duke, had used on the occasion which the picture commemorated.

“Aye,” said O'Connell, “but why doesn't the slobbering fellow take his honest father's musket,—eh, Mahony, why doesn't he?”

The Repeal Agitation now went briskly on. Besides the weekly meetings of the Repeal Association, and the numerous extempore meetings to advance Repeal, O'Connell was engaged to attend; within not quite a month, over a dozen meetings in widely distant parts of the empire. Of the multitude of his engagements, an idea may be formed from the following extract from a newspaper printed early in January, 1841. It is appropriately headed, “KEEP MOVING”:

“Mr. O'Connell stands pledged to the following engagements:—To attend the Repeal Association on the 4th; to preside at an orphan charity dinner on the 5th; to agitate for Repeal in Mullingar on the 7th; in Cork on the 11th, and in Dungarvan

* Engravings have been made from this picture.

on the 13th ; to attend a Reform meeting in Dublin on the 15th, and in Belfast on the 18th ; on the 19th to attend a Repeal dinner in the same town ; on the 21st and 22nd a Reform meeting and dinner at Leeds ; on the 23rd a Reform meeting at Leicester ; and on the 26th to take his seat in the House of Commons, attired in his gray frieze Repeal coat."

During all this period his health and spirits were excellent. His hilarity always seemed to rise in proportion to the quantity of public work to be done.

I have mentioned that Mr. O'Connell was engaged to attend a Reform meeting at Leeds, in January. On Mr. Secretary Ray's making some inquiries respecting the intended arrangements—

"One of those arrangements," answered O'Connell, "is, that Feargus O'Connor has called upon the Chartists at Leeds to come and oppose me by violence. I am not thus to be deterred from going. I will get a thousand Irishmen there to stand around me, if the fellows dare to wag a hostile finger. But the thing is a threat—a mere threat!"

On his way to Leeds, he had engaged to accept a public dinner at Belfast. Many letters reached him, written with a view to deter him visiting that town by threats of personal violence. Meanwhile, he

merrily pursued his career of agitation, with a heart undismayed, and spirits undepressed by these efforts to intimidate.

On New Year's day, 1841, he attended a Repeal meeting at Howth, and in his speech there, held out to the fishermen the prospect of an increased market for their fish, in the event of Repeal; jocularly adding: "You'll have to steal more dogs, to make buoys of their skins." This allusion to a practice of which some of his amphibious auditors had been accused, excited great merriment. "See how he's up to that same!" cried a jolly young boatman, surprised that "the counsellor" should be so well acquainted with the local malpractices of his piscatorial brethren.

He had a few Repeal friends at dinner, to whom he spoke in high spirits of the Howth meeting, and said that he commenced the new year by beginning to *work in earnest* for Repeal; a mode of expression by which he repeatedly indicated that he looked upon all he had previously done, as nothing, so long as any thing remained to be done.

He drank all our healths *seriatim* in water, and wished us all a happy new year. Temperance *versus* intemperance led him to mention Judge Boyd, "who," said he, "was so fond of brandy that he always kept a supply of it in court upon the

desk before him, in an inkstand of peculiar make. His lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, bob down his head, and steal a hurried sip from time to time, through a quill that lay among the pens, which manœuvre he flattered himself escaped observation.

“ One day it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been intoxicated at the period to which his evidence referred; Mr. Harry Deane Grady laboured hard, upon the other hand, to show that the man had been sober. ‘ Come now, my good man,’ said Judge Boyd, ‘ it is a very important consideration—tell the Court truly, were you drunk or were you sober upon that occasion ?’

“ ‘ Oh ! quite sober, my lord !’ broke in Grady, with a very significant look at the inkstand, ‘ as sober—as a judge !’ ”

We spoke of that unique expositor of law, Lord Norbury.

“ He was, indeed, a curious judge,” said O’Connell. “ He had a considerable parrot sort of knowledge of law—he had upon his memory an enormous number of cases ; but he did not understand, nor was he capable of understanding, a single principle of law. To be sure, his charges were the strangest effusions ! I was once engaged before him upon an executory devise, which is a point of the most

abstract and difficult nature. I made a speech of an hour and a half upon the point, and was ably sustained, and as ably opposed, by brother counsel. We all quoted largely from the work of Fearne,* in which many authorities and cases in point are collected. The cause was adjourned until next day, when Lord Norbury charged the jury in the following terms:

“ ‘Gentlemen of the Jury,—My learned brethren of the Bench have carefully considered this subject, and have requested me to announce their decision. It is a subject of the most difficult nature, and it is as important as it is difficult. I have the highest pleasure in bearing witness to the delight—yes, the delight! and, I will add, the assistance, the able assistance, we have received from the masterly views which the counsel on both sides have taken of the matter. Gentlemen, the abilities and erudition of the counsel are above all praise. Where *all* displayed such eloquence and legal skill, it would be as difficult as invidious to say who was best. In fact, Gentlemen of the Jury, they were *all* best! Gentlemen, the authorities and precedents they have advanced in this most knotty and important case, are like a hare in Tipperary—to be found in *Fearne!* (*fern.*)’

* Pronounced “Fern.”

“ Now,” continued O'Connell, as he related this bit of judicial buffoonery, “ in some years to come, if these things should be preserved, people won't believe them. But Lord Norbury has delivered stranger charges still. When charging the jury in the action brought by Guthrie *versus* Sterne, to recover damages for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, his lordship said:—

“ ‘ Gentlemen of the Jury,—The defendant in this case is Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne—and there, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have him from stem to Sterne! I am free to observe, gentlemen, that if this Mr. Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne had as many Christian virtues as he has Christian names, we never should see the honest gentleman figuring here as defendant in an action for Crim. Com.’

“ The usual style of quoting law authorities some years ago, was not as at present, ‘ Second volume of Strange, page ten,’ but briefly, ‘ two Strange, ten.’ A barrister known by the *sobriquet* of ‘ Little Alick,’ was opposed to Blackburne in some case, in which he relied on the precedents contained in ‘ *two Strange.*’ Blackburne, conceiving the authorities thus quoted against him were conclusive, threw up the cause, leaving the victory to Little Alick. But the Court, not deeming the precedent contained in

'two Strange' so conclusive for Alick as Blackburne considered it, gave judgment *against* Alick's client, and of course *in favour* of Blackburne's. In announcing this decision, Lord Norbury threw off, on the bench, the following impromptu :

'*Two Strange* was Little Alick's case,
To run alone, yet win the race ;
But Blackburne's case was stranger still,
To win the race against his will !'

" The seemly gravity of the bench was in the hands of a bad keeper when committed to the care of Lord Norbury. All who remember him as he presided in Court, can bear witness that nothing appeared to delight him so much as the uproar of merriment created by his volleys of puns. 'What is your calling and occupation, my honest man?' he once asked a witness. 'Please your lordship, I keep a racket-court.'—'So do I,' rejoined Lord Norbury, in gratified allusion to the *racket* which his witticisms constantly excited in Court. It was an appropriate joke at the burial of a joking, hanging judge—that jest of a butcher's apprentice that Brophy the dentist told me. When they were burying Norbury, the grave was so deep that the ropes by which they were letting down the coffin did not reach the bottom of it. The coffin remained hanging at mid depth, while somebody

was sent for more rope. 'Aye,' cried a butcher's 'prentice, 'give him rope enough—don't stint him! He was the boy that never grudged rope to a poor body!'"*

Mention being made of Charles Kendal Bushe, O'Connell told an impromptu he threw off on the occasion of Cæsar Colclough crossing the ford of Ballinlaw, in the County Wexford, in the midst of a storm:—

"While meaner souls the tempest strikes with awe,
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw;
And cries to boatmen, shiv'ring in their rags,
'You carry Cæsar and his saddlebags.'

"That Colclough," continued O'Connell, "was made Chief Justice of Prince Edward's Island, as a reward for supporting the Union."†

We spoke of the judges who received their appointment to the Irish Bench as a reward for Union votes, given either by themselves or their relatives.

"Daly was one of them," said O'Connell. "He went into Parliament to vote for the Union, and to fight a duel if requisite with any one who opposed it. Norbury was one of Castlereagh's unprincipled ja-

* It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death on a man convicted of stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow, you made a grasp at *Time*—but, egad! you caught *Eternity*."

† There may be some mistake here; for the name of Colclough is not in the original black list of 1800.

nizaries. Daly was no better. Daly was made Prime Serjeant for his services at the Union, although he had never held a dozen briefs in all his life. He was on the bench, I remember, when some case was tried, involving the value of a certain tract of land. A witness deposed that the land was worth so much per acre. 'Are you a *judge* of the value of land?' asked Daly. 'I think I am, my lord,' replied the witness. 'Have you *experience* in it?' inquired Daly. 'Oh, my lord,' cried Counsellor Powell, with a most meaning emphasis, 'did you ever know such a thing as a *judge without experience*?' "

It was not, perhaps, the least of the popular evils attendant on the Union, that men were appointed to the bench, who had, as lawyers, no claim whatsoever to that important office, and who were utterly unable to perform its duties. These men were appointed solely in reward for the part they had taken in promoting the Union. No less than nine individuals can be named, who received that elevation as the price of their political iniquity. It certainly was quite consistent that the men whom the Government induced to betray, as senators, their country's constitutional rights, should be appointed by the same Government to adjudicate upon the fortunes and the lives of the people who were thus betrayed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

More Meetings—O'Connell's Doctrine of "Reiteration"—Orange Threats—Doctor Cooke's Challenge—Journey to Cork—Errors in Faith and Errors in Morals—Which are the worse?—Kilworth Mountains—Recollections of Highwaymen—Harry Deane Grady—How to make a Corporal civil—Accident on the Road—Arrival at Fermoy—Arrival at Cork.

EVERY day for the past week, O'Connell attended at least one meeting, sometimes two, for the promotion of Irish manufactures, or for the attainment of Repeal. At one of the meetings for the former purpose, Professor Butt, of Conservative notoriety, came forward, and made a highly popular speech. A very young Protestant lady—a cousin of mine—said to me in reference to Butt's speech, "I rejoice most sincerely to see a man like Butt, who has heretofore been wholly mixed up with the Tories, coming forward to show some useful and practical sympathy with the people of Ireland." When I mentioned this to O'Connell, "Tell your dear little cousin," said he, "that I am sorry she is not my niece, that

I might kiss her for a quarter of an hour for her honest patriotism,"

(It was of course quite impossible that a man who spoke so incessantly and at such vast length upon a very limited number of topics as O'Connell now did, should not constantly repeat himself. Of this he was necessarily sensible; but he deemed the inevitable repetitions eminently useful.

"Now, there are many men," he said to me one day, immediately after having delivered an eloquent *réchauffé* of many former speeches at the Corn Exchange,—“there are many men who shrink from repeating themselves, and who actually feel a repugnance to deliver a good sentiment or a good argument, just because they have delivered that sentiment or that argument before. This is very foolish. It is not by advancing a political truth once, or twice, or ten times, that the public will take it up and firmly adopt it. No! incessant repetition is required to impress political truths upon the public mind. That which is but once or twice advanced may possibly strike for a moment, but will then pass away from the public recollection. You must repeat the same lesson over and over again, if you hope to make a permanent impression; if, in fact, you hope to infix it on your pupil's memory. Such has always been my practice. My

object was to familiarise the whole people of Ireland with important political truths, and I could never have done this if I had not incessantly repeated those truths. I have done so pretty successfully. Men, by always hearing the same things, insensibly associate them with received truisms. They find the facts at last quietly reposing in a corner of their minds, and no more think of doubting them than if they formed part of their religious belief. I have often been amused, when at public meetings men have got up and delivered my old political lessons in my presence, as if they were new discoveries worked out by their own ingenuity and research. But this was the triumph of my labour. I had made the facts and sentiments so universally familiar that men took them up and gave them to the public as their own."

One of the reporting staff on constant duty at the Association, said to me, " Mr. O'Connell always *wears out* one speech before he gives us another."

O'Connell was at this time very vigorous and active. " I rise," said he, " every morning now by candlelight, and often go to mass before breakfast." Not many men of sixty-five could exhibit this activity in the inclement month of January.

One day he said, " I have got so many intima-

tions that the Orange party meditate personal violence against me on my way to Belfast, that I really do believe there is some peril. Whatever it may be I am now committed and must brave it. Perhaps, after all, the peril may prove illusory. But prudence requires that to guard against the worst, I should take loaded fire-arms in the carriage."

Mr. Barrett visited O'Connell to obtain some intelligence for insertion in his newspaper (the *Pilot*), and asked him whether he had seen the challenge of the Rev. Dr. Cooke (the political leader of the Presbyterian Tories of Belfast) to discuss the Repeal.

"Yes," replied O'Connell, "I have seen it. The worthy doctor has, in the first place, rendered it impossible for me to accept his challenge, from the incivility of its language. And, waiving that, what an absurd notion that we should fully discuss such a measure as the Repeal in the short time I could possibly devote to a public discussion at Belfast! The challenge is manifestly one of those valorous defiances that are given in the confidence they will not be accepted."

"You'll allude to it to-day at the Corn Exchange?" said Barrett.

"Yes—I'll laugh at it there. But I should not

object to meet the doctor in Dublin—with rational regulations regarding time, and with tickets equally divided between his friends and my own.”

I objected to the meeting, as being under any circumstances a most profitless expenditure of time; in which opinion, although O'Connell at the moment dissented from it, yet he acquiesced ere he reached the Corn Exchange; where he summed up the substance of our morning's conversation, by saying that a friend had told him that Dr. Cooke was a fool for sending him the challenge, and that *he* would be another fool if he accepted it.

The Tory journals affected excessive exultation at what they termed the cowardly retreat of O'Connell. Just as if the man who was prepared to encounter the ablest opponents of Repeal at St. Stephen's, could feel awe-stricken at the prospect of a conflict with Dr. Cooke!

In the afternoon we started for Cork, where Mr. O'Connell was engaged to attend the Munster Provincial Meeting. On our journey the question arose, whether errors in faith, or errors in morals, were the more dangerous to the soul and the more offensive to God? I contended that errors in morality were the worse; inasmuch as a man may *believe* wrong without knowing it; but a man cannot so easily *do* wrong without knowing it. Invincible ignorance

is much more probable in the speculative errors of faith, than in the practical infractions of morality. A good Protestant would have a chance of going to Heaven; whereas a bad Catholic would have none.

O'Connell contended on the other hand, that errors in faith were the more dangerous. Nothing short of a thorough and perfect sincerity,—and, moreover, a cautious sincerity,—could acquit the holder of erroneous faith from the guilt of heresy. Of course, every person thus thoroughly and cautiously sincere, was free from heretical guilt; but those who belonged not to the Catholic church laboured under the grievous disadvantage of being deprived of true sacraments; or, in other words, they were deprived of those ordinary channels of grace and modes of reconciliation with God, of which *all* stand in need, inasmuch as *all* have at one time or another sinned mortally. Even though a Catholic should have sinned more grievously than a person without the pale of the church, yet the position of the former was in *one* respect better—namely, that he stood a better chance of obtaining the grace of true repentance.

After warmly contesting the comparative heinousness of errors in belief and in morals, we arrived at Carlow about ten at night, and speedily forgot our dispute in the enjoyment of a comfortable supper.

Next morning we left Carlow, between eight and nine, intending to sleep at Fermoy.

Night had fallen before we began to ascend the mountains of Kilworth. The cold was intense, and the roads were slippery from the frost. O'Connell, who had spent the day reading the "*Perpetuité de la Foi*," now got into an anecdotal strain, and told stories of the gangs of robbers that had formerly infested these defiles. The last remaining robber was shot about the year 1810; by the postmaster of Fermoy. Several persons had been robbed a short time previously; whereupon the postmaster and another inhabitant of Fermoy, hired a chaise and drove to the mountains of Kilworth. The robber spied the chaise, and came to rob, upon which the postmaster shot him dead.

"There was," said O'Connell, "a narrow causeway thrown across a glen, which formed a peculiarly dangerous part of the old road; it was undefended by guard-walls, and too narrow for two carriages to pass abreast. The post-boys used to call it 'the delicate bit;' and a ticklish spot it surely was on a dark night, approached at one end from a steep declivity. My first circuit was in 1799. After the Cork assizes, I agreed to post to Dublin with Harry Deane Grady. When we reached Fermoy, we found the inns quite crowded with the judges,

their suite, and their yeomanry escort, so that Grady and I were forced to eat our dinner in a corner of the tap-room. Whilst we were there, a corporal of dragoons and three privates came in, and sat down to drink. Grady and I were anxious to provide powder and ball for our pistols, as we had to pass through these mountains of evil name upon our journey; and with this purpose, Grady turned to the corporal, and said,—

“ ‘*Soldier*, will you sell me some powder and ball?’

“ ‘Sir, I don’t sell powder,’ returned the corporal, tartly.

“ ‘Will you, then, have the kindness to buy me some?’ said Grady; ‘I believe the fellows that are licensed to sell it here are very chary of it.’ (It was the year after the rebellion, and public confidence was not yet restored.)

“ ‘Sir,’ replied the corporal, ‘you may go yourself—I am no man’s messenger but the king’s.’

“I soon afterwards whispered to Grady: ‘I wonder, Grady, that *you* who have so much mother wit, should have been guilty of the blunder of calling the corporal “*Soldier*.” Did you not see the mark of his rank upon his sleeve? You have grievously wounded his pride, and turned him against us, by thus undervaluing him in the eyes of his own soldiers, whom,

doubtless, he keeps at a distance, and amongst whom he plays the officer.' Grady said nothing, and in a minute or two I addressed the offended corporal. 'Serjeant,' said I, 'I am very glad that you and your brave fellows here had not the trouble of escorting the judges this wet day. It was excellent business for those yeomanry chaps.'

" 'Aye, indeed, sir,' said the corporal, very civilly, and obviously much flattered at my having called him 'Serjeant,'—'it was well for those that were not under these torrents of rain.'

" 'Perhaps, serjeant,' resumed I, 'you would have the kindness to procure me some powder and ball in town; we are to pass the Kilworth mountains, and shall want ammunition. *You* can of course have no difficulty in purchasing—but it is not to every one they'll sell these matters.'

" 'Sir,' said my corporal, 'I shall have very great pleasure in requesting your acceptance of a small supply of powder and ball. My balls will, I think, just fit your pistols. You'll stand in need of ammunition, for there are some of those out-lying rebelly rascals on the mountains.'

" Harry Grady was greatly amused at the brilliant success of my civility to the corporal. 'Ah, Dan,' said he, 'you'll go through the world fair and easy, I foresee.'

“ Our warlike preparations, however, were not needed. The robbers did not attack us, and on the third day we got safely to Dublin.

“ Harry Grady was a very dexterous cross-examiner. I remember a good specimen of his skill in this respect, at an assizes at Tralee, where he defended some still-owners who had recently had a scuffle with five soldiers. The soldiers were witnesses against the still-owners. Harry Grady cross-examined each soldier in the following manner, out of hearing of his brethren, who were kept out of court: ‘ Well, soldier, it was a murderous scuffle, wasn’t it? ’—‘ Yes. ’—‘ But *you* weren’t afraid? ’—‘ No. ’—‘ Of course you weren’t. It is part of your sworn duty to die in the king’s service if needs must. But, if *you* were not afraid, maybe others were not quite so brave? Were any of your comrades frightened? Tell the truth now. ’—‘ Why, indeed, sir, I can’t say but they were. ’—‘ Ah, I thought so. Come, now, name the men who were frightened—on your oath, now. ’

“ The soldier then named every one of his four comrades. He was then sent down, and another soldier called upon the table, to whom Grady addressed precisely the same set of queries, receiving precisely the same answers; until at last he got each of the five soldiers to swear, that *he alone* had fought the still-

owners bravely, and that all his four comrades were cowards. Thus Harry succeeded in utterly discrediting the soldiers' evidence against his clients."

Just as O'Connell had finished this anecdote, which he told with great humour, we reached the village of Kilworth, on the summit of the hills we had been ascending. Passing through the street, one of the horses fell, and the people of Kilworth turned out in hundreds, remonstrating against the further use of horses, as the roads were sheeted with ice, and offering to draw the carriage to Fermoy. This, the Liberator positively forbade; but, despite his remonstrances, the people insisted upon drawing the carriage down the steep descent on the southern side of Kilworth, till they brought it beyond Moore Park Bridge.

We reached Fermoy at half-past ten, and on the following morning proceeded to Cork under a smart fall of snow, to attend the Provincial Munster Meeting for Repeal.

O'Connell was visited at the hotel by some Cork friends, who spoke of Lord Stanley's bill for disfranchising the Irish constituencies, and discussed its prospects of success.

"It is most fortunate," said O'Connell, "that Stanley has brought in this opportune attack upon our franchises. The registries were just expiring,

and the people, harassed and wearied, would have let them die on a dunghill, if Stanley had not come thundering against us just in time to arouse the lagging national spirit. And, whether he succeeds or not, we will have a triumph. If we beat him, it will be a noble victory; and if we don't, then his success will drive many excellent and available men into the ranks of the Repealers, and thus materially augment our strength. Oh! this is one of the thousand incidents that have occurred within my experience—events which I neither could control nor foresee, just coming in the nick of time to help me! A politician cannot always create circumstances; his skill lies in seizing upon them when they occur.”

One of his visitors observed that these were busy times in Ireland; three great movements occupying public attention; the Repeal, the Irish Manufacture movement, and the Temperance movement.

“Aye,” said O’Connell, “the temperance—though last not least. I was greatly pleased the other day with a remark in one of those vagabond newspapers—‘A nation who can conquer their own vices, never can be conquered by any other nation.’ It was admirable! it was in fact the purest and the noblest philosophy!”

CHAPTER XXV.

Youghal—The Soda Water Bottle—Tim Driscoll—Remarks on Courtship—O'Connell's Estimation of Posthumous Fame—Journey to Belfast—O'Connell's successful *Ruse* to escape the Orangemen.

ON the 12th of January we left Cork, and slept that night at Youghal. The Liberator's spirits were extremely high, as indeed they usually were after any great Repeal demonstration.

I had ordered a bottle of soda-water at Youghal. The waiter vainly tried to extract the cork with his fingers, and finding the effort unavailing, left the room to get a corkscrew. Whilst he was absent, I managed to open the bottle, and drank off the contents.

"Now," said O'Connell, "cork up the bottle again, and let the stupid fellow open it, and we'll scold him for bringing in an empty bottle. You'll see how bothered he'll look."

The waiter, however, returned just in time to prevent the perpetration of this practical joke.

Next morning on our journey from Dungarvan he got into his usual anecdotal strain. He mentioned Tim Driscoll—for many years known upon the Munster circuit as a barrister of considerable practice.

“ I remember an occasion,” said O’Connell, “ when Tim behaved nobly. His brother, who was a blacksmith, was to be tried for his life, for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798 ; and Tim’s unfriends among the barristers predicted that Tim would shirk his brother, and contrive to be engaged in the other court when the trial should come on, in order to avoid the public recognition of so humble a connexion as the blacksmith. Bets were offered upon the course Tim would take. He nobly disappointed the predictions of his enemies. He waited till his brother was brought into the dock—sprang into the dock and embraced him—remained at his side during the whole trial, and cross-examined the witnesses for the prosecution from the dock, invariably styling the prisoner ‘ *my brother.*’ He carried the sympathies of the jury entirely with him, got a verdict for his brother, and earned glory for himself. Tim had a good deal of minor cleverness—but promotion to a silk gown spoiled him. He was one of those—

“ ‘ Qui brillent au second rang
Mais qui s’eclipsent au premier.’ ”

We spoke of the ardent assiduities of a Mr. O'Kelly* to the widow O'Shaughnessy;* and O'Connell amused me not a little by pointing out in detail the various modes whereby O'Kelly might have made his suit more acceptable to the widow.

“One blunder the fellow made,” said O'Connell, “was that he asked her to marry him at far too early a period of the courtship. This was highly injudicious. Now, by this precipitation, he lost the advantage which female curiosity would have otherwise given him. He might have been tender and assiduous; but he should NOT have declared himself, until after he had rendered her considerably *curious* as to whether he would propose for her or not. That would have created at all events an interest about him.

“Then again, as to his telling her that he was confident of brilliant political distinction, and holding out as a lure, that she would be the sharer of his honours,—it showed great want of tact—great want of knowledge of human nature. If he had tact he would have said,—‘I am opening a career of ambition; perhaps I overrate my prospects of success in public life; but there is *one* thing which I deeply feel would essentially contri-

* These names are fictitious. It would be impossible, for obvious reasons, to give the *real* ones.

bute to it, and that is—*domestic felicity*.' He should have spoken this with a tender earnestness, and left her to conjecture his meaning. But instead of thus delicately feeling his way, the fellow blurted out his trashy brag of successful ambition and fame, and his offer of marriage, all at once. Then as to the raptures—why every woman past girlhood laughs at raptures! O'Kelly had fine opportunities, only that the blockhead didn't know how to make use of them."

Crowds of men now appeared, pouring along the road to Dungarvan, in order to attend the Repeal meeting. I said something of the future fame that would attend O'Connell as the restorer of self-government to Ireland.

"Alas, alas!" he answered, in a tone of great solemnity, "and of what use will future fame be to me, when I am dead and judged?"

"Yet," said I, "I think you certainly indulge in the expectation of fame; have you not often said, both publicly and to myself in private, that your deeds are making part of history?"

"I spoke of it," said he, "as the fact; not as desiring fame. If I know myself at all, I really do think I never did any one action with a view to fame."

"I dare say," answered I, "that in no one

action you had fame *exclusively* in view; I firmly believe in your honest desire to advance the public good; but I think you appreciate very highly the approving opinions of your countrymen."

"Ay," said he, "those amongst whom I live and act; but I do most potently feel the utter worthlessness of all posthumous applause. Little will we care for it when we are like those who lie *there*"—(we were passing the churchyard of Clashmore). "See what a populous graveyard that is! We ought to repeat a petition for the souls of those whose bodies are interred there; yet a little, and we shall need the like charity ourselves."

The indifference he expressed to posthumous fame was probably no more than a momentary feeling. It was certainly incompatible with his often-avowed ambition, and with numberless indications of a wish *volitare per ora*.

After a pause, he said,

"I once thought that all men would soon see and admit the purity of my motives; that I had only to work on steadily in the cause of Ireland, and that my opponents would at any rate admit I was honest. But I found it was a futile hope—facts were denied or distorted—falsehoods were industriously circulated—any thing or every thing was

promulgated except the pure, simple truth. So I quietly gave up the vain hope, and consoled myself by thinking, that in spite of calumny and falsehood, I might yet be an instrument of working out great good for Ireland."

At Dungarvan we found an immense concourse of people. The chair of the Repeal meeting was taken by Sir Richard Musgrave. A violent headache prevented my attendance. On the 14th we drove from Dungarvan to Dublin—a long day's journey. The 15th was the day of the great Reform meeting, which was held at the Theatre Royal; Lord Charlemont presided.

Mr. O'Connell, as I have already mentioned, received numerous letters, threatening him with personal violence on the part of the northern Orangemen, if he should, as they termed it, "invade" their province; the "invasion" in question being simply the acceptance of an invitation to a meeting and dinner in Belfast. It is needless to say, that O'Connell was quite too well aware of the sanguinary spirit of Orangeism to disregard the information which, from various sources, he had received. To my own knowledge, persons of education, and of natural benevolence of heart, were so warped and perverted by the foul and persecuting spirit of that unnatural faction, that they could, and did talk, with

much complacency, of "the Protestant spirit of the North being roused" to resist the *intrusion*, and punish the *intruder*; the said "Protestant spirit" (as they chose to call it), being, in reality, nothing else than the spirit of outrage and massacre. Nay, the fell genius of Orangeism was so potent in annihilating not only the decent observances of society but even the natural kindliness of the softer sex, that a lady of highly respectable connexions, who belonged to that party, boasted, with apparent satisfaction, in my presence, that if, on a previous occasion of which we had been speaking, O'Connell had passed through Lisburn, the true-hearted Protestants would have *sledged* him. When such was the feeling that existed, even amongst those whose position and education, nay, whose sex should have been a guarantee against the utterance of vulgar and truculent slang, it was not to be supposed, that the ignorant Orange boors of Ulster should be wiser or more moderate than their betters.

O'Connell took his measures to outwit the expectant assassins. He had written from Cork to the different innkeepers along the road from Dublin to Belfast, to order post-horses for Monday the 18th of January. Accordingly, the belief became general that Monday was the day he had really fixed for his

journey. I know that one at least of the innkeepers on the northern road, wrote to say that he could not have horses on that day. O'Connell, however, stole a march on the enemy. He also had written to the keepers of the different posting-houses along the line, under the signature of "C. A. Charles," bespeaking horses for Saturday the 16th, and the Conservative press afterwards expressed much amusement at the Liberator's having borrowed the name of "that distinguished ventriloquist."

At five o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 16th, O'Connell and his party left town; Mr. Steele and Charles O'Connell of Ennis were seated on the box of the carriage; O'Connell and Robert Dillon Browne were inside; the servant occupied the rumble, the second seat on which was reserved for Colonel Markey, who was to join the party at Castlebellingham.

O'Connell, prior to this journey, had been praising Markey. "He travelled with me once before," said he, "when the Orangemen had laid a plot to murder me. When we arrived at Castlewellan, we stopped to feed the horses at the inn. The innkeeper, who also kept a shop, informed me that a party were in waiting upon another road, upon which it was expected that I would have travelled. The fortunate accident of the drivers having selected

rather a longer route, took me out of the way of the meditated violence."

The carriage of "Mr. C. A. Charles" rolled merrily along on its northern route. In the earlier part of the journey, a mistake occurred, which, had it happened further north, would have led to serious consequences. O'Connell had said to his servant: "You must inquire at the posting-houses along the road, if they have the horses ready for Mr. Charles's carriage." The servant, not unnaturally thinking that the instructions thus given referred to Mr. O'Connell's relative, who occupied the box, inquired at two or three posting-houses for "fresh horses for Mr. Charles O'Connell's carriage;" thus disclosing the perilous secret. Fortunately, Mr. Dillon Browne overheard and checked this unconscious imprudence, long before they got into Orangeland, thus averting the evil results which would otherwise have followed.

The Right Rev. Dr. Blake had written to advise O'Connell not to be late on the road from Banbridge to Lisburn.

The advice was founded on the prelate's knowledge of the dispositions of the Orange populace of that district. Thanks to O'Connell's precautions, he was not recognised from Dundalk to Belfast. But the Orangemen were busily preparing for the

Monday. Placards of a highly inflammatory nature were posted about. The following was posted up at Lisburn:

O'CONNELL'S INSULT TO THE NORTH.

“PROTESTANTS!—A singular coincidence seems to occur at this time—exactly two centuries have elapsed since Phelim O'Neill, of notoriety, made rapid strides to overthrow all that bore the name of Protestant in the North of Ireland, until he was signally defeated by a few of Lord Conway's troops, in Castle Street, Lisburn. And once more our hitherto peaceful and quiet town is likely to be disturbed by a second Phelim, who possesses a few of the talents, but wants the courage of his predecessor. Now, we the Protestants of Down and Antrim will be the last to offend the laws of our country, or offer an insult to the public peace; but this we avow, that if there be any unusual excitement caused by the entrance of Mr. O'Connell into town, or any thing in the shape of a procession to disturb the public peace; and further, if there be any insult offered, to even a school-boy, by any of his 'Kail-runt Infantry,' we will treat them to a thunder of Northern Repeal, that will astonish the brewers of sedition and treason, and put to route his 'darlint pisintry.'”

The concluding threat is sufficiently significant of the outrages contemplated by the Orangemen. It is amusing to think how sorely disappointed the party must have felt, when they found, on the Monday, that the object of their animosity had quietly slipped through upon the previous Saturday.

I cannot avoid pausing for one moment, to point out the strong contrast afforded by these Orange enthusiasts to the much maligned Catholic peasantry of Ireland.

Whilst the Orangemen evinced the most ferocious designs against O'Connell—whilst an Orange rabble, numerous enough to cause obstruction, although not defeat, disturbed, with unavailing violence, the meeting of Repealers which took place at Belfast—no similar gatherings of the southern Catholics ever threatened to impede the annual progress of the Tory champion, Sergeant Jackson, to his borough of Bandon. At Bandon there is a mixed population, in which Catholics and liberal Protestants immensely preponderate. The number of Tories is comparatively great; it is positively small. What would have been said of the blood-thirsty character of the popish population of the south, if threatening placards had been posted up—if, in fact, the indications of contemplated violence were such as to compel the government, at great expense, to send troops to pro-

tect the Orange Sergeant on any of his periodical visits to his Bandon friends ?

The contrast between the Orange party and the Belfast Repealers was equally marked, and equally honourable to the latter.

The Orangemen gathered in their utmost numbers, and were only restrained by the troops and the police from deeds of violence, on the day on which the Repealers of Belfast assembled.

In a day or two afterwards the Orangemen met, Lord Downshire taking the chair ; and not one Repealer offered them the slightest obstruction or disturbance.

Yet the Orangemen belong to a party who lay claim to exclusive Christianity, and who fling upon the religion of the Catholics every epithet of calumny and insult that ignorant and rabid bigotry can suggest.

I never yet heard of any leading Tory champion, whose advent into any part of Catholic Ireland was sought to be averted by threats, or his person molested with violence. But O'Connell could not accept the hospitality of his friends in Belfast, without arousing the sanguinary ire of the Orange party there ; and so pressing was the real peril, that the Government, who had full information of the Orange movements, sent five companies of the 99th,

two troops of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and two thousand policemen to the north, to assist in keeping the peace.

It is deeply to be deplored that this sanguinary spirit should exist amongst any classes of society. But our regret is augmented, when we find it animating those whose superior station, or whose sacred profession should teach them to control instead of stimulating popular excesses. I have already adverted to the meeting of "Conservatives," at which Lord Downshire presided. At that meeting the Right Honourable George Dawson, adverting to the turbulent Orange gathering of the day but one before, declared amidst the loudest cheers, that "he would like to have been one of the Orange mob." He also proclaimed that every river in Ireland should be made another Boyne if requisite; an announcement which appears to have thrown his audience into ecstasies. The Reverend Dr. Cooke made a speech, in which he triumphantly alluded to the necessity that had obliged Mr. O'Connell's friends to "steal him into the town, and to swear* him out of it;" a necessity arising from the sanguinary ruffianism of Dr. Cooke's political party.

* Alluding to Mr. Steele's affidavit, made before a magistrate, that stones had been flung into the windows of O'Connell's sitting-room.

We are to recollect that the men who uttered these sentiments enjoy a commanding popularity and leadership amongst their political friends, who include a large number of the fanatical enthusiasts termed "evangelical." The notorious Gregg, of Dublin, in a correspondence with Dr. Cooke, emphatically says,

"I thank you for having made Ulster too hot to hold O'Connell."

Alas! that any party in Ireland should look upon such men as lights and "Christian" leaders! Those who are capable of regarding these ferocious people as "Watchmen in Zion," are capable of canonising Juggernaut.

As to Mr. Dawson, his desire to officiate as member of an Orange mob, is the more worthy of enduring notice; inasmuch, as this same gentleman, in the year 1828, gave an eloquent description of the excesses committed on his own domain, by an armed Orange mob, who fired indiscriminately on a number of the Catholic peasantry—men, women, and children.

To return to O'Connell.

Upon his arrival in Belfast, he was quickly waited on by numerous faithful political adherents. There was an open-air meeting, a dinner, and a temperance soir e, given by four hundred and fifty

ladies, of different religious opinions. At this last-named assembly, on O'Connell's health being given by Dr. Blake, he replied in the following terms:

“There is no kind of affectation in my saying that I wish I could realise one portion of the eulogium which has been passed on me by the distinguished prelate. I could sincerely wish I was an orator on this occasion, for never did I so much require oratory as at the present moment. It is not the oratory of stringing sentences together, or even of logical deductions, or of the higher kind of imagery, into which I sometimes venture, with wounded wing, to flap along, rather than to soar aloft; but if I had that oratory of the heart, with which I could describe the ethereal feelings of my soul, after leaving the rough ways of politics and polemics in which I am so constantly engaged; and entering into an assembly where all breathe a magic species of quiet and peace, which, to me, in some measure resembles the sensations of a mariner, who, after being tossed on the stormy ocean, with his sails torn, his rigging shattered, and his vessel pitching about among the waves, suddenly enjoys a transition in his state, and finds himself riding in safety in a secure harbour. Such is the difference between my ordinary life and the scenes which I am now enjoying. Yes, ladies, I thank you most heartily for the kindness which you have bestowed upon me in placing me in such a very honourable position this evening. I have always respected all that is good, and you are all good, in your several circumstances of life. I have ever treated with contempt, as a ribald jest, the giving to men a superiority which they do not possess or deserve, in taking from woman that power which has been given her by her Creator, of mitigating all that is harsh, all that is rough, and all that is cruel in our nature. She is man without his roughness or passions, but with all his patience and intellect.”

O'Connell was fond of making public allusion to his domestic partialities. Of this propensity the following passage furnishes a specimen:

“Yes, I ought to respect the sex in a peculiar manner. I

am the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care; she was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess has been bequeathed by her to me. I may, in fact, say, without vanity, that the superior situation in which I am placed by my countrymen has been owing to her. Her last breath was passed, I thank Heaven, in calling down blessings on my head; and I valued her blessing since. In the perils and the dangers to which I have been exposed through life, I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me; and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than any this world can give. I am a father, and I know what it is to respect as well as to love those whom, in paternal language, I call my angel daughters. They have never given breath to a word of offence against me; they have been always dutiful and kind to me; their affection soothes every harsher moment of my life; and whatever storms I may be engaged in abroad, when I return home, I have, as it were, attendant angels waiting about me, and cheering me on to renewed exertion. I am a grandfather, and the chirping of my darling grand-daughters sounds sweetly in my ears. I am the tribunal to which they always appeal, and right or wrong, they are always sure to have a decision in their favour. And, as I watch their young ideas as they come forth, and see traces of their mother's intellect breaking out, I look forward to the future with a kind of prophetic hope, and I think within myself how happy the man will be that obtains them hereafter."

The passage which follows I have heard him on different occasions deliver in public:

"But that subject brings me back to a being of whom I dare not speak in the profanation of words. No, I will not mention that name. The man who is happiest in his domestic circle may have some idea of what my happiness was—yes, I was her husband then, did I say *was*? Oh! yes, I am her husband still. The grave may separate us for a time, but we shall meet again beyond it, never, I trust, to be separated more."*

* Belfast Vindicator, 29th of January, 1841.

Will it be credited that the sex of the entertainers of O'Connell upon this occasion, afforded them no protection from the assault of the Orangemen? Yet such is the disgraceful fact. Stones were flung into the apartment where four hundred and fifty ladies were assembled; and from the sentiments and declarations of some leading Orange partisans, it does not seem improbable, that one stimulant to the outrage committed by the rioters, was the circumstance, that the meeting was a *Temperance Soirée*.

O'Connell, in a letter to Mr. Ray, gives the following account of his reception amongst the fair teetotallers, and of the Orange outrages perpetrated during his stay in the North:

“ My business to Belfast terminated with a *soirée* in support of the St. Patrick's Orphan Charity. Never was there a more beautiful and brilliant scene.—The ‘lovely and the good’ were there congregated—beauty and elegance were combined with the holier impulses of charity—kindred angels might have looked upon them with a smile of more than mortal complacency.—Yet there were found beings—were they in human shape?—so lost to all that humanity has of a better nature, as to pour in a volley of paving-stones amidst the assembled ladies!!! It is said that one of them was cut upon the cheek. *This* I saw not; but, besides the windows, I saw one of the chandeliers broken by a stone. Is this Orange chivalry? What a pity that the valiant George Dawson, the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, was not there to lead the assault!

“ It was a matter of course that the ‘Cooke-Dawson’ mob should not rest satisfied with their gallant feat of disturbing and intimidating the ladies. Naturally irritated by the success of

the Repeal demonstrations, they took their revenge by pouring in a volley of stones through the windows of the room in the hotel which I occupied. They demolished altogether the windows of a room which had been occupied by some of the officers of one of our gallant regiments; they rushed through the streets, destroying, in a similar manner, the windows of several Catholics, and, as I am told, of some Protestants. Nothing could be more savage, ferocious, and ruffianly than the conduct of this mob."

In a subsequent part of the same letter, Mr. O'Connell says:

"Let me state the following facts:—

"*First*—There never was the least intention of a procession on my journey through any of the towns from Newry to Belfast, nor in Belfast itself. The report of any such procession originated (as I believe) in the rascally *Monitor*.*

"*Secondly*—That when I had letters written, bespeaking horses in my own name, in the towns between Newry and Belfast, the innkeepers were afraid, or personally unwilling, to furnish me with post-horses. I believe, indeed, their refusal was owing to intimidation. But they did so refuse.

"If the innkeepers on any road in Munster, Leinster, or Connaught, had so behaved to any of the anti-Irish bigots or revilers of Ireland, what a yell would be raised against Popish intolerance! Yet see what a specimen this is of Orange liberality in the North!

"I was consequently obliged to bespeak horses under a fictitious name.

"*Thirdly*—There cannot be the least doubt that large Orange gangs assembled at Banbridge, Dromore, and Lisburn. If I had travelled on the day originally appointed, it is, I believe, perfectly certain that they would have destroyed my carriage, and, I suppose, murdered myself.

"I hope I am mistaken, but all the circumstances that have come to my knowledge leave no kind of doubt upon my mind that it would have been so."

* A now defunct Dublin newspaper.

After having accomplished the object of his mission at Belfast, O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Steele, proceeded to Leeds. They sailed from Donaghadee to Port Patrick, at which place some delay occurred in getting Mr. O'Connell's carriage on shore. Still further delay took place, from the sudden death of one of the post-horses, on the road between Paisley and Annan. The Rev. Doctor Cooke, of Belfast, who had triumphed in the riotous spirit of the Orange mobs of Ulster, affected to regard the prostration of the horse as ominous; and accordingly addressed to O'Connell the following prophetic exercitation:—

“I have called you a ‘great bad man!’ Beware, or you will soon become a little one. The towns of Kilworth and Annan have afforded you two ominous warnings. I am not superstitious. But I tell you again to beware—the hand of Providence, and not of accident, prostrated the animals before you—and, be sure, these events are but the ‘precursors’ of the prostration of your character and your influence, if you return not by repentance to the utterance of truth and the practices of peace. I remain, an inveterate enemy to your principles and practices, but a sincere friend to your immortal soul,

“H. COOKE.”

There is a ludicrous incongruity in the above grave recommendation of the "practices of peace;" proceeding as it does from the pacific gentleman who could publicly boast of the obligation under which the ferocity of the Orange party had placed O'Connell's friends, "to steal him into Belfast and swear him out of it."

Passing through the little village of Gatehouse, in the south-western corner of Scotland, O'Connell was surprised to find that his arrival excited the enthusiasm of the quiet rural population of the district. I quote the following description of the scene, from a letter addressed by Mr. George Dun, a native of Gatehouse, to the editor of the *Newry Examiner*.*

"When Mr. O'Connell came out to his carriage to continue his journey, he was immediately greeted with a loud burst of hearty cheering, which continued without intermission till he took his departure. And as his carriage drove off, we followed it with our eyes as far as it could be perceived, and we felt a kind of happy pride that we had enjoyed the honour of shaking hands, and listening for a while to the sonorous voice of the far-famed, able-minded, and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell."

* *Newry Examiner*, 27th of January, 1841.

Mr. Dun thus describes his impression of O'Connell's personal appearance at this period :

“ Mr. O'Connell, we understand, is now sixty-five years of age, but he really bears his years well, for we would have at once pronounced him ten or fifteen years younger. He has got a strongly knit, compact, and active muscular frame ; and his face is extremely comely ; the features being softly mellowed, yet determinedly manly. His noble countenance, which beams with national intelligence, has an expression of open frankness, accessibility, and inviting confidence ; and we could trace nothing in it of that wily malignity imputed to him by the Tories. Indeed, his bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, at once repel the hateful imputation.”

The delays which occurred on the journey, prevented the arrival of O'Connell at Leeds until the day following the great Reform Meeting, to which he had been invited. Steele was O'Connell's sole travelling companion upon that occasion.

Some Tory journal, I forget its name, arraigned O'Connell for having sought to bring the judicial character into disrepute, because one of his speeches at Leeds contained the following commentary upon the judicial wig :—

“ The judges of the land, who come down to preside in your Courts with all their solemn gravity and antiquated harlequinade, astonish the people with their profusion of horse-hair and chalk! For must not every one think what a formidable, terrible fellow he is, that has got twenty-nine pounds’ weight of an enormous powdered wig upon his head? This is all humbug of the old times, and I long to see it kicked away along with many other antiquated absurdities and abuses.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

“Master Humphrey’s Clock”—Charles II. and the Irish Colonel—Attack on George III.—Taaffe, the Historian—Private Plays—H——, the Portrait Painter—Martin Luther and the Reformation—Repeal in London—The Kerry Lad.

O’CONNELL was exceedingly fond of good novels. Among his favourites were the writings of Dickens. He was charmed with “Nickleby;” and he had regularly followed the fortunes of “Nell”—the heroine of “Master Humphrey’s Clock.” But on arriving at the heroine’s death, he threw away the book with a gesture of angry impatience, exclaiming,

“I’ll never read another line that Boz writes! The fellow hadn’t talent enough to keep up Nell’s adventures with interest and bring them to a happy issue, so he kills her to get rid of the difficulty.”

The conversation turned on the knack some monarchs possessed of rewarding their enemies, and leaving their friends unprovided for. One of the party told a story of an Irish Colonel, who having

fought for the Stuarts under General Monk, was utterly neglected by Charles the Second. The discontent of the neglected officer was increased by his witnessing the favours bestowed by the king upon many who had opposed his restoration. Accordingly, he one day said to Charles, "Please your majesty, I have fought in your service and got nothing. An't please you, I can perhaps plead a merit that will find more favour in your royal eyes." "I pray you, friend, what is that?" demanded Charles. "Why, that I fought *against* your sacred majesty for two years in the service of Cromwell," responded the applicant. "Oddsfish, man, we'll look to it," answered the merry monarch, tickled with the oddity of the application; and the Irish Colonel was accordingly provided for. The narrator of this story proceeded to say that in times more recent, a man who had attacked George the Third, and forced himself into his majesty's carriage, in St. James's Street, had very shortly afterwards received a good appointment in Somerset House.

"Forced into his carriage!" cried O'Connell. "*Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire!* I was witness to the whole transaction, and I can state that nobody forced into his carriage, although his life was certainly in imminent danger. It was in 1795—I was over here in London—Richard New-

ton Becket and I went down through St. James's Park to see the king returning from the House of Lords. On passing through Whitehall, there was a tumultuous crowd, and some person flung a penny at the king's carriage, and broke the glass. The dragoons immediately began to clear their way with drawn sabres through the crowd, advancing with great speed along the park, in front of the king's carriage. As the procession approached the place where I stood, I pressed forward to get a sight of the king, and one of the dragoons made a furious cut at me with his sabre, which deeply notched the tree about an inch or two over my head. The mob were all this while groaning and hooting his majesty; however, he got clear of them, and entered St. James's Palace, where he took off his robes in a wonderfully short time. He then came out at the opposite side of the palace, next Cleveland Row, and got into a coach drawn by two large black Hanoverian horses. He was then driven off towards Buckingham House, and just as he was passing the bottom of the Green Park, the mob tumultuously rushed about his carriage, and seizing the wheels, retarded it in spite of the postillion, who kept flogging the horses to no purpose. Whilst his majesty was thus detained, two fellows approached the door of the carriage—the hand of one was on the door-

handle, in the act of opening it—had they dragged the king out, he would, doubtless, have been murdered. But the king had a friend in the crowd ; at this critical juncture, a tall, determined-looking man presented a pistol through the opposite window at the fellows who were going to open the door—they shrank back, the mob relaxed their grasp on the wheels for one moment—the postilions flogged away, and the carriage went off at a gallop to Buckingham House. Never had king a more narrow escape ; the French revolutionary mania had tainted all minds, and men were full of Jacobinism. Richardson was, I think, the name of one of the men who tried to open the coach door ; he was speedily afterwards given a good clerkship in the naval department of Somerset House. One of the rioters, who was tried for high treason, was indicted, among other counts, for *grinning* at the king ; whereupon he got several friends to prove that he was *always grinning*.”

Taaffe, the writer of a book called a “ History of Ireland,” was spoken of:

“ Taaffe was a strange genius,” said O’Connell. “ He was confined in the prison of Kilmainham after 1798, and felt himself affronted because he was placed at the prisoners’ second dinner-table, instead of the first. If the first table was more ho-

nourable, it was also more dangerous, being set apart for those who had been ringleaders in the rebellion, and who knew not, from hour to hour, at what moment they might be ordered out for execution. But 'Taaffe's vanity so far got the better of his fears, that he actually memorialled the Lord Lieutenant against the indignity of being obliged to sit at the second table ; pleading, as his claim to the first, that he had fought as often in the rebel ranks as any of the chiefs who sat there ; and, moreover, had helped to defeat the king's troops in two pitched battles. His claim was admitted ; but he escaped the gallows, which, as times then went, would have seemed an inevitable part of the coveted distinction. His 'History of Ireland' is a curious production. Jack Lawless's 'History of Ireland,' is also a unique specimen of historical writing. Jack takes it for granted that his reader knows every thing ; accordingly, Jack tells him nothing. But he gives copious dissertations on the facts which he does *not* detail, assuming that his reader knows them all beforehand."

We spoke of actors. Somebody said they must lead a very merry life. I said I thought they must lead a painful and harassing existence, if it was only from the perpetual necessity of getting by heart.

“Oh,” said O’Connell, “if they have got tolerable memories, that’s easy enough. I once got sixty lines by heart, with ease, in an hour.”

“Well,” said I, “I was trying for three days to get ten lines by heart, to repeat in a private play, and I had to give up the attempt—I could make nothing of it.”

“Yes,” he answered, “some persons are curiously stupid in such matters. In my young days, we got up a private play at Tralee, in which Ralph Hickson was to take a part. All he had to say, was, ‘Put the horses to the coach;’ and he contrived to blunder that.”

“How *could* he manage to blunder that?”

“Why, he said, ‘Put the horses *into* the coach.’”

One morning in February, I was present, when H——, the portrait painter, called to take O’Connell’s likeness, for a picture which was destined to commemorate some Reform meeting. Portrait painters generally keep their sitters in conversation for the purpose of bringing out the expression of the face. I was amused with H——’s exuberant flippancy. Mr. O’Connell was narrating an instance of his own forensic and political success at some provincial assizes, and the patch-work effect produced in his narrative by his auditor’s incessant exclamations, was ludicrous enough.

"I made," said he, "a long speech on the occasion."

"Yes, yes; a long speech—excellent!"

"And I was listened to at first with silence, but, by-and-bye, the jury began to cheer, and the crowd in the Court House cheered."

"To be sure, to be sure—capital!"

"And I thought the judge looked as if he was going to cheer too."

"Cheer too? No doubt, no doubt! very good. Please turn a little to the left, sir—that's just it."

"But, on the following day, I had a still stronger proof of my success."

"Aye, aye; so I should suppose."

"A sturdy Presbyterian farmer, a fellow who had been a great leader among the Orangemen of the neighbourhood, and a bitter hater of the Catholics, came up to the parish priest, whom he met upon the road—"

"To the parish priest? Ha!"

"And offered to shake hands with him."

"Shake hands with the priest? Bless my soul!"

"And the priest, astonished at this familiarity from such a quarter—"

"No doubt! He must have been amazingly surprised!"

“Expressed his amazement good-humouredly, and asked the man, in the course of conversation, if he had been in court on the preceding day—”

“In court? Yes, yes. Very good. May I ask you to hold up that sheet of white paper to the left of your face, it reflects the light upon it. There precisely so.”

“‘I *was* in court,’ replied the man, ‘and a greater change has been produced upon my mind than I could have thought possible.’”

“Ha!”

“‘I heard Counsellor O’Connell, and, till then, I always thought he was a rough, blustering fellow, who wanted to carry all his ends by bullying and threats—’”

“Ha!”

“‘But, instead of that, he appealed to our reason, and not to our fears, and did so with all possible courtesy and gentleness.’”

“Precisely so,” cried H——. “With all possible courtesy and gentleness. Admirable! excellent! a most intelligent fellow. Please to hold the paper somewhat higher up. I flatter myself this *will* be a likeness. Since you last sat to me, I have been honoured with a sitting by his grace the Duke of Wellington. His grace is exceedingly agreeable—

has much more humour than one would suppose—kept telling anecdotes the whole time he sat, and told them right well.’”

“ Yes,” said O’Connell, “ he has seen so much of life that he must have gained materials for being entertaining. He must, I suppose, abound in guard-room sort of stories. We cannot but admit he is a first-rate corporal.”

O’Connell compared Martin Luther to Cobbett, whom he said the ex-Augustinian resembled much in the power and constitution of his mind.

“ Luther,” said he, “ commenced his revolt from an eminence. Sprung from humble parents, his talents had raised him within one step of being the superior of his monastery. There is, and has ever been, that spirit of democracy in the Catholic Church, that gives to the son of the peasant and the son of the prince precisely similar advantages in all her monastic and ecclesiastical institutions. Talent and virtue will win the race, although combined with humble birth, and opposed to distinguished descent unaccompanied by moral and intellectual merit. Luther’s position in his monastery entitled him to sit at table with princes.”

From this observation O’Connell diverged to some of the results of the Reformation, and then

suddenly said to a Protestant gentleman who was canvassing the character of Luther,

“ Do you know, it has often amused me to think how the fable of Pope Joan, which was invented at our expense by some of the reformed, has frequently been realised in the Anglican Church. The head of your church, is now, for the fourth time, a woman. I understand it was recently proposed that there should be an ecclesiastical regency, during the occasional *accouchements* of the head of the Protestant Church; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury, pending those interesting intervals, should be invested with temporary functions of supremacy.”

Certain Irish operatives residing in London bestirred themselves about this period in support of the Repeal of the Union. They had meetings to appoint collectors of Repeal rent, and to aid in augmenting the number of members and associates. They invited me to attend a public meeting for Repeal on the 14th of February. A day or two afterwards Mr. O'Connell asked me the details of the proceedings. I told him there was great appearance of enthusiasm, of determination to persevere; that the Irish were as noisy and mirthful as ever they had been at the Corn Exchange, and

that the spirit displayed gave me great satisfaction.

"Aye, aye," said he, laughing, "you were cock of the roost there, for I was absent."

I said, that if there were not other cocks to share the honours of the roost, it was no fault of mine, as I had canvassed for the attendance of all my parliamentary acquaintance who were favourable of Repeal, but in vain.

Whilst we conversed he told numerous anecdotes. It would not be easy to remember how they were severally introduced; the reader must have long since have observed, that it was scarcely possible to speak on any subject which did not elicit an anecdote from the stores of O'Connell's recollection. He told me, with great glee, the following story of native Kerry dexterity.

"One day during the war James Connor and I dined at Mr. Mahony's, in Dublin, and after dinner we heard the newsvenders, as usual, calling out, '*The Post! The Dublin Evening Post!* Three packets in to-night's *Post!*' The arrival of the packets was at that time irregular, and eagerly looked for. We all were impatient for the paper, and Mahony gave a five-penny piece to his servant, a Kerry lad, and told him to go down and buy the *Post*. The boy returned in a minute with a *Dublin Evening Post* ;

which, on opening, we found, to our infinite chagrin, was a fortnight old. The roguish newsvender had pawned off an old paper on the unsuspecting Kerry tiger. Mr. Mahon ystormed, Connor and I laughed, and Connor said, 'I wonder, gossoon, how you let the fellow cheat you? Has not your master a hundred times told you, that the *dry* papers are always old, and good for nothing; and that the new papers are always *wet* from the printing-office? Here's another five-penny. Be off, now, and take care to bring us in a *wet Post*.' 'Oh, never mind the five-penny, sir,' said the boy, 'I'll get the paper without it,' and he darted out of the room, while Mahony cried out, 'Hang that young block-head, he'll blunder the business again.' But in less than five minutes the lad re-entered with a fresh, *wet* newspaper. We were all surprised, and asked him how he had managed to get it without money.

"'Oh, the asiest way in life,' said the urchin. 'I just took the *dry* ould *Post*, and cried it down the street a bit—"Dublin Evening Post! Dublin Evening Post!" and a fool of a gentleman meets me at the corner, and buys my ould dry paper. So I whips across to a newsman I sees over the way, and buys this fine, fresh, wet, new *Post*, for your honour, with the money I got for the ould one.'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Ireland both poor and prosperous—Benevolent Landlords and starving Tenants—An impatient Duellist—John Keogh—Difference between his Policy and O'Connell's—A flexible Assembly—Interview in 1793 between Keogh and Pitt—O'Connell's Opinion of Keogh—O'Connell upon Poor Laws—Battle with the *Times*—Reminiscence of his Gray's Inn Days—O'Connell on his own oratorical Brevity—O'Connell compared with Lord Plunkett—Reasons of an English Catholic Peer for not subscribing to an Irish Catholic Chapel—Methodist and Catholic Processions.

ON the 26th of February the division on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill came on. O'Connell made an admirable speech in support of the measure. Some of his points were extremely felicitous.

"You would now," said he, addressing the Tories, "refuse to Ireland equality of franchises with England. What plea do you allege for this refusal? Why, the *poverty* of Ireland! But, mark your inconsistency. When I arraigned the Legislative Union as having caused *poverty* in Ireland, how was I met? Honourable Gentlemen produced multitu-

dinous statements and calculations to demonstrate that poverty was not general in Ireland; that my statements were exaggerated, and that the Union had created great general prosperity in that country. You then alleged the *prosperity* of Ireland as a reason why she should not possess legislative independence; you now allege her *poverty* as a reason why she should not enjoy franchises. She is either rich or poor—prosperous or wretched—just as it suits your convenience.”

Equally happy was his exposure of the incongruous statements of Mr. Recorder Shaw.

“The learned Recorder,” said O’Connell, “has stated that four millions of the Irish nation are sunk in pauperism. He has also stated that the Irish landlords are humane and benevolent men. Let any man who can, reconcile these assertions with each other. A humane and benevolent landlord-class, with four millions of the people destitute! Whether such a condition of things be practicable, I willingly leave to the decision of the English gentlemen who hear me.”

Shortly afterwards Steele congratulated him upon his speech, adding that Peel had been extremely violent. “Yes,” replied O’Connell, laughing, “and as weak as he was violent.”

O’Connell told a story of a Connaught duellist named Blake. He had been challenged to the field;

all parties met at the appointed time and place, except Blake's second. They waited some minutes, but in vain; the second did not make his appearance. "It is a pity," said Blake, "to keep you waiting any longer, gentlemen;" and opening his pistol case (which had been placed in his carriage by the absent second) he deliberately snapped one of the pistols at his opponent. On finding that it did not go off, he began very coolly to hammer away at the flint, saying, "Fire away, sir! I'll be ready for you in no time!" While he spoke, his second came galloping up with many apologies for his absence; but on seeing that the parties had already commenced hostilities, he expressed great astonishment. "Egad, I snapped my pistol," said Blake, upbraidingly, "and it missed fire." "Of course it did," replied the second, "you know it was not charged." "Not charged?" cried Blake, "and pray of what use is a case of pistols if they are not charged?"

O'Connell spoke of his own early agitation.

In 1810, the Corporation of Dublin met at the Royal Exchange to petition for the Repeal of the Union. John Keogh attended the meeting, and made a speech.

"I also spoke in support of the Repeal," said O'Connell, "and thenceforth do I date my first great *lift* in popularity. Keogh saw that I was cal-

culated to become a leader. He subsequently tried to impress me with his own policy respecting Catholic affairs. The course he then recommended was a sullen quiescence ; he urged that the Catholics should abstain altogether from agitation, and he laboured hard to bring me to adopt his views. But I saw that agitation was our only available weapon. I saw that by incessantly keeping our demands and our grievances before the public and the government, we must sooner or later succeed. Moreover, that period, above all others, was not one at which our legitimate weapon, agitation, could have prudently been let to rust. It was during the war, and while Napoleon—that splendid madman!—made the Catholics of Ireland so essential to the military defence of the empire, the time seemed peculiarly appropriate to press our claims. About that period, a great Catholic meeting was held. John Keogh was then old and infirm, but his presence was eagerly desired, and the meeting awaited his arrival with patient good-humour. I and another were deputed to request his attendance. John Keogh had this peculiarity—that when he was waited on about matters of business, he would talk away on all sorts of subjects, *except* the business which had brought his visitors. Accordingly, he talked a great deal about every thing except Catholic politics for the greatest portion of our visit;

and when at length we pressed him to accompany us to the meeting, the worthy old man harangued us for a quarter of an hour to demonstrate the impolicy of publicly assembling at all, and ended by—coming to the meeting. He drew up a resolution, which denounced the continued agitation of the Catholic Question at that time. This resolution, proceeding as it did from a tried old leader, was carried. I then rose, and proposed a counter-resolution, pledging us all to incessant, unrelaxing agitation; and such were the wiseacres with whom I had to deal, that they passed *my* resolution in the midst of enthusiastic acclamations, without once dreaming that it ran directly counter to John Keogh's! Thenceforward, I may say, I was *the* leader. Keogh called at my house some short time after; he paid me many compliments, and repeated his importunities that I might alter my policy. But I was inexorable; my course was resolved upon and taken. I refused to yield. He departed in bad humour, and I never saw him afterwards.

“Keogh was undoubtedly useful in his day. But he was one who would rather that the cause should fail, than that any body but himself should have the honour of carrying it.

“He and his coadjutors made a mistake in 1793. He was a member of a deputation, consisting alto-

gether of five persons, who had an interview with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the Catholic claims. Pitt asked, 'What would satisfy the Catholics?' Keogh replied, 'Equality.' Pitt seemed inclined to comply with the wishes of the deputation, but Dundas started several objections. Pitt then said, 'Would you be satisfied with the bar, the elective franchise, and eligibility to the municipalities?' Keogh replied, 'They would be great boons.' Pitt immediately pinned him to that, and would concede no more. Now, had a lawyer been present, he would have known that eligibility to the municipalities was really worth nothing. *They* thought it was a great approach to equality."

Some short time afterwards, the Cork papers contained a speech of Mr. Joseph Hayes, of Cork, in which he denounced the Poor Law as a gross imposition on the country; a national calamity, which rendered the poor man destitute, and the destitute hopeless. Mr. Hayes, who had originally been an advocate of the Poor Law, concluded by withdrawing himself from the administration of the measure, and retiring from the office of guardian.

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Connell, on reading this, "never had man such a triumph of opinion as I have. I predicted all along that this Poor Law

would be a grievous affliction to the country. Men who were deluded by the specious pretence of relieving the destitute, hoped great things from it. But experience now shows them that I was quite right."

"Allow me to ask," said Steele, "whether a country can be called fully civilised unless there is in it a legal provision, judiciously administered, for the destitute?"

"On the contrary," replied O'Connell, "the existence of a compulsory or legalised provision for the destitute raises up a barrier against the best kind of civilisation—the civilisation of Christian charity. It directly operates to check the charitable impulses of our nature; for it leads the community to say to the applicant for relief, 'I'll give you nothing—go to the poor-house!' A law that compels the public to support the destitute affords the strongest encouragement to scheming knaves to affect destitution in order to be supported at the public expense. You may say that schemers would equally seek to impose on private charity. It is quite true they would. But a man who gives charity out of his own pocket will probably inquire respecting the applicant, and take measures to detect imposition. Whereas the distributors of *public*

charity have not this individual stimulus to ascertain imposture. What is every one's business is nobody's business, and will, of course, be less carefully performed. But, after all, my grand objection to the Poor Law is, that it tends to deaden the Christian sentiment, by laying upon the state the performance of those duties to which religion should stimulate the community. There would be some small set-off against this evil if the condition of the destitute poor were essentially bettered by it. But this, in truth, is not the case. Look at the working of the Poor Law in Dublin and in Cork. It was to have been a model of state-charity; whereas we have already witnessed the cruel neglect of the commonest comforts of the paupers; the absolute and gross inhumanity exhibited towards them in several instances, and publicly complained of by the guardians. Now, if such be the blessings of the system in its very outset, who can calculate the additional abuses which time will doubtless accumulate?"

O'Connell's battle with the *Times* newspaper was carried on at intervals. In a letter addressed about this period to the *Morning Chronicle*, O'Connell says, that no greater folly could exist than to believe an assertion *because* it is found in the

Times. "Indeed," he proceeds, "the contrary inference is conclusive. The *Times* lies like a misplaced milestone, which can never by any possibility tell truth."

O'Connell had frequently battled with the press, both in and out of Parliament; and more than once the corps of reporters had formed resolutions to suppress his speeches. But it would not do. The public demanded the speeches, and the public demand was imperative. Suppression would have injured the journals. The reporters were accordingly compelled to strike their colours, and O'Connell's harangues obtained undiminished circulation.

O'Connell reverted to the period when he was attending his terms at Gray's Inn. He said he used constantly then to amuse himself boating on the Thames; so constantly, that the watermen's fare made inconvenient inroads on his purse. He pointed out to me a court on the north side of Coventry Street, in which he had lodged in 1794.

"I then lived in that *cul-de-sac*," said he, "and had excellent accommodation there." Passing one day through Coventry Street, he stopped opposite a fishmonger's shop, saying, "That shop is in precisely the same state in which I remember it when I was at Gray's Inn, nearly fifty years ago—the same

sized window, the same frontage ; I believe, the same fish !”

On the 8th of May, a visitor asked him whether the debate on Lord John Russell's Corn Bill would probably be over on the following Wednesday. “ I hardly think it will,” he answered. “ — will give us three mortal hours ; then — will get up, and he never can speak for less than an hour. Then Peel will take two full hours at least. Stanley will give us three hours ; and there are some other long-winded fellows. You see, sir, each man thinks that he is himself the wisest person in the House, so they all will bestow abundant tediousness upon this question, to give us the full benefit of all their wisdom.”

“ And, Mr. O'Connell,” interposed the visitor, “ pray how long will *he* speak upon the question ?”

“ Oh,” answered he, “ I make it a rule to condense, as much as possible, all I have to say in the House ; and at the bar, too, I always endeavour to condense. Why, at the last Galway assizes, I replied to a speech of three hours, and to three days' adverse evidence, in a speech of two hours and a half ! And what was still better, he added, raising his fore-finger, and with a humorous expression of sly triumph in his face, “ I got the verdict. Ah, a

good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is *the thing after all!*"

On the 14th of May, we attended a meeting of Repealers, at the Crown and Anchor. O'Connell was attacked by an impudent, illiterate Chartist, named Martin. While he was speaking in reply, a gentleman, who sat next to me,* exclaimed,

"What nonsense, to allege that Dan is a dishonest politician. If he had not been thoroughly honest, his whole family might now have been quartered on the public, at the rate of many thousands a year. Look at Dan's family, and look at the *Hannibals*. And yet Lord Plunket, the sire of the *Hannibals*,† never enjoyed one-tenth of the political influence wielded by O'Connell. Dan might have made his own terms with any government, if he had not been incorruptibly honest, and incapable of bartering his influence for wealth or station."

A Catholic priest connected with Athlone, had come to England to collect subscriptions for the erection of a Catholic church. He applied, for this purpose, to an English Catholic peer.

"Sir," replied his lordship, "I will never give a

* Dr. Dillon, formerly of Brighton; then residing at 34, Alfred Place, London.

† The incomes enjoyed from public offices by the members of Lord Plunket's family, have been estimated to amount in the aggregate to £27,000 per annum.

penny towards any purpose for the use of the Irish." "Why so, my lord?" demanded the priest. "Because," replied the peer, "they subscribe 14,000*l.* a-year to that O'Connell for coming over here to create riot and disturbance."

Soon afterwards we learned that this peer was Lord Petre.

"The ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed O'Connell. "Only for me, he would not have been emancipated. And, moreover, I saved him 30,000*l.* last week, by insisting that the Committee for making the rail-road through his property should adhere to their original engagement with him, instead of procuring a new Act of Parliament to enable them to obtain his ground for 30,000*l.* less than the valuation first agreed upon."

This circumstance was one amongst the many proofs that convinced me that the English hostility to Ireland was less directed against our creed than against our nation. "No Popery" meant, in point of fact, "No Irishry." The fact that the Irish were principally Catholics, elicited English enmity against Catholicism. Had the Irish belonged to any other religious persuasion, then some other rallying cry against us would have been adopted. No nation which hates another is fit to legislate for the party thus hated. The jealous hatred evinced towards

Ireland by a powerful faction in England, although not the leading reason why Ireland sought the Repeal of the Union, was yet undoubtedly a strong stimulant to Irishmen in the pursuit of self-government.

On the 31st of May, a procession of Methodists walked at an early hour along Pall Mall, bearing banners, upon one of which was a portrait of the Methodist apostle—John Wesley. This banner was borne high aloft, and the disciples of the personage whose likeness it displayed formed a numerous and very imposing array. Just as they reached Waterloo Place, they were met by a Catholic procession of teetotallers, bearing an enormous banner, upon one side of which was a full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary; St. Patrick, in pontificals, figured on the other. The Rev. Dr. Magee, seated in a coach, which was drawn by six greys, called at Pall Mall to take up O'Connell, who accompanied the procession through the city. The collision suggested ludicrous ideas; it seemed like "John Wesley *versus* Saint Patrick." Notwithstanding the proximity of the somewhat incongruous elements of Popery and Methodism, the respective parties passed each other quietly; the Methodists filing off into Regent Street, while the Catholics took the direction of Trafalgar Square, on their city-ward route.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Abolition of Slavery—Visit from Dr. Hare, an Advocate of Slavery—Atrocious Cruelty—A “ Good-natured ” Bishop.

O'CONNELL'S aid was eagerly sought by the advocates of the abolition of Slavery. Joseph Pease (senior), who, with Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, Thomas Clarkson, and others, took a prominent part in the good cause, appreciated most warmly the powerful and zealous assistance of O'Connell. I was amused one day at an effort made by a Doctor Hare, an American, to induce O'Connell to relax his anti-slavery agitation. Doctor Hare was a stout thick-set Yankee, with a cadaverous face, grizzled hair, and an easy intrepidity of manner that nothing could daunt. He commenced by declaring that, although not a native of Ireland, he had ever entertained the warmest affection for the Irish. He had known and admired in especial, a young Irish girl, who was quite an epitome of all the warm

affections and estimable qualities characteristic of her country; she was, indeed, a charming creature, and had acquired a lasting place in his esteem. More—much more, to the same pertinent purpose, did the worthy doctor utter with great volubility. O'Connell was desperately bored, but sustained the infliction with smiling resignation. At length, when the visitor conceived that by his extravagant encomiums upon Ireland, he had sufficiently conciliated O'Connell, he ventured to open the object of his visit by assuring him that he was taking a very injudicious part in his opposition to slavery. Abolition would be productive of a thousand inconveniences and evils, which no one could appreciate who was not personally acquainted with American society; and, if O'Connell, with his mighty and penetrating mind, were himself to visit America, he would be one of the first to recognise the impracticability of granting freedom to the slaves. The American doctor furthermore reproached O'Connell with having made extremely harsh national reflections on his countrymen.

“ You mistake me very much,” said O'Connell, “ if you think that in any thing I may have said of the Americans, I have neglected to draw a marked distinction between those among them who are slave breeders, and those who are *not*. My censure

is not bestowed on the American, but on the slave breeder. If the American be a slave breeder, I am not to spare him. Your slave system is atrocious and abominable. It cuts at the root of Christianity, which teaches us to do to others as we would they should do to us; but here you inflict on the slaves that which you would rather die than suffer yourselves. America is placed in a most disgraceful and anomalous position by her slave system. Your Declaration of Independence asserts the broadest democratic liberty; and with the language of freedom on your banners and on your lips, you condemn your coloured population to an existence of bondage and misery. Why, it is but a few days ago, I was revolted and horrified at seeing in one of your newspapers an auction of slaves. Human flesh and blood put up to be sold for money, and to be knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder, just as we would sell cows or horses in this country. There was one lot, a woman and a child; a bidder proposed to divide them, in order to escape the expense of supporting the child, but they were finally knocked down in one lot. Talk to me of not opposing this foul blot on human nature! I promise you, sir, I shall never relax my opposition."

"But, Mr. O'Connell, you ought to recollect that

we got the slave system from the government of Great Britain."

"Aye, you got a *crime* from the government of Great Britain—a precious argument for retaining the crime! Why, now, what do *I* care where you got your crime? *I* am not bound by the iniquities of the British Governments. They have treated my own country cruelly and tyrannically, as I have told them more than once, and will tell them so again, as often as they need it. Why, sir, it would be as good an argument for *me*, if you told me you got it from the Dey of Algiers!"

"I assure you I am not a slave-owner," said the doctor; "but I think you will spoil the abolition cause with your violence."

"Bah! that was said to me a thousand times, when I was working out Catholic Emancipation. Members of Parliament, and popular men, and private friends, used to come to me and say: 'O'Connell, you will never get any thing as long as you are so violent.' What did I do? Why, I became *more* violent—and I succeeded! As to the evils that people threaten from emancipating the slaves, similar evils were predicted as certain to result from the abolition of our own West India Slavery, when that measure was proposed in Parliament. But the prediction never has been realised."

Dr. Hare reiterated much of what he had previously urged, but O'Connell rose, and wished him good morning. Dr. Hare then also rose, and protracted the leave-taking ceremony, by representing the uncalled-for nature of O'Connell's interference in behalf of the American slaves. "You know," said he, "that interference in another man's family matters is never well received."

"I deny they are part of your family," answered O'Connell, who now opened the door, and was bowing out his transatlantic visitor with undisguised impatience. "I wish you a very good morning, sir."

"But if you would only consider," urged the doctor.

"I wish you a very good morning," said O'Connell, manifestly irritated at the pertinacious verbosity of his visitor. At length he succeeded in bowing him down stairs; and having achieved this feat, he turned to me, exclaiming: "Was I not right to treat him *de haut en bas*?"

O'Connell told me that he had collected a large number of instances of the diabolical cruelty with which the slave-drivers treated their victims. One instance I particularly recollect; it was of a negro woman, near her labour, who was flogged out to work beneath a broiling sun. The poor creature

was delivered of her infant in the field. The child was born dead, in consequence of the brutal treatment inflicted on its mother. She begged permission to be allowed to bury her dead infant ; but the overseer refused her request, and drove her into a shed until she should have recovered sufficient strength to enable her to resume her daily labour.

O'Connell, when recommended by one of his friends, to conciliate the American slave-breeders, because they were powerful, said, " No ; what care I for the vagabonds, were they twice as powerful ? I would rather have one Irish landed proprietor of weight than all their slave-breeders. It is *ourselves alone* must work out the Repeal."

" But," rejoined his friend, " you might at least be silent on slavery in the association. You injure *our* question by mixing it up with the slavery question."

" No," replied he, " virtues are gregarious ; and, I assure you, that so far from being weakened, these measures will gain strength by being thus combined."

Some advocates of slavery in Cincinnati had addressed to the Repeal Association a document containing the following passage :

" The very odour of the negro is almost insufferable to the white ; and however much humanity

may lament it, we make no rash declaration, when we say, the two races cannot exist together on equal terms under our government and our institutions."

O'Connell's reply to the slave-breeders of Cincinnati (dated Corn Exchange-rooms, October 11, 1843) contains this characteristic paragraph :

"As to the odour of the negroes, we are quite aware that they have not, as yet, come to use much of the otto of roses, or eau de Cologne. But we implore of your fastidiousness to recollect, that multitudes of the children of white men have negro women for their mothers; and that our British travellers complain, in loud and bitter terms, of the overpowering stench of stale tobacco spittle as the prevailing odour amongst the native free Americans. It would be, perhaps, better to check the nasal sensibility on both sides, on the part of whites, as well as of blacks. But it is, indeed, deplorable, that you should use a ludicrous assertion of that description, as one of the inducements to prevent the abolition of slavery. The negroes would certainly smell, at least, as sweet when free, as they now do, being slaves."

(The following extract of a letter, addressed by Mr. N. P. Rogers, editor of the *New Hampshire Herald of Freedom*, and one of the most devoted abolitionists of slavery in America, to a Mr. H. C.

Wright, an American abolitionist, residing in England, gives an interesting critique on O'Connell's oratorical abilities :

“ You have seen O'Connell. Is he not a chieftain? Did you ever see a creature of such power of the tongue? I never saw any one who could *converse* with an audience like him. Speeches may be as well made by other men, but I never heard such *public talk* from any body. The creature's mind plays before ten thousand, and his voice flows as clearly, and as leisurely, as in a circle round a fireside ; and he has the advantage of the excitement it affords to inflame his powers.”

He was fond of discussing the Puseyite movement. He looked on the Puseyite leaders as the advanced guard of the Catholic religion in England. I think that I have elsewhere mentioned, that he termed them the “ the pioneers of Catholicity.”

Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of episcopal “ good nature.” A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century been desirous to qualify himself, by taking orders, for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theo-

logical knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards, Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? "Oh, very well indeed," replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. "The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions." "But what *did* he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

It is satisfactory to think, that at the present day it would not be easy to find such a specimen as this of episcopal "good nature."

Talking of modern works of fiction, he highly praised Bulwer's "Night and Morning." "I like that book," said he; "I read it with very great interest. I think it is the only one of Bulwer's novels in which a w—— does not figure as one of the leading characters. That is a decided improvement. But he has made a great legal blunder. He requires his reader to suppose that Philip Beaufort has no mode of establishing his own legitimacy except by producing the certificate, or the registry, of his parents' marriage. Here is a great mistake. Philip's

mother would have been a sufficient witness in her son's behalf. Philip need only have levied distress on the estate for his rents; and if his right to do so had been contested, his mother's evidence of his legitimacy would have been received in any court of law as conclusive in establishing his right. It is a great mistake. This comes of men writing of matters they know nothing about. Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer, and always avoided such errors."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Carlow Agitation—Methodist Confessions—St. Mullins—The Contract for Coffins—Father Sheehy—The Carlow Election—Pathetic Appeal from an exasperated Agitator.

IN June, 1841, O'Connell, Steele, John O'Connell, and Mr. Thomas Reynolds, went down to the County Carlow to canvass the electors for the Liberator's youngest son and Mr. Yates. They remained several weeks. I joined the canvassing party for four or five days, and then returned to Dublin to assist in the management of the Rêpeal Association.

During my short stay in the County Carlow, our party proceeded to agitate the barony of St. Mullins, a remote and secluded corner of the county, into which the canvassers had not previously penetrated.

This barony is situated about twenty miles from the town of Carlow, and the road passes through scenes of wood, and hill, and valley, as beautiful as

any in the central parts of Ireland. The domain of the Kavanaghs, at Borris, seems intended by nature as the fastness of an Irish chieftain, with its ancient woods of oak, the wild, steep hills in its vicinity, and the noble castellated gateway leading into the park—no paltry, imitative Gothic, but designed in pure and admirable taste.

The carriage was occupied by O'Connell, his son John, Father Maher, of Carlow, and myself. In the morning there had been a profession at the convent, and crowds had attended to see the novice take the veil. The mention of this circumstance led O'Connell to talk of Catholicity, and the devotion of the Irish to their faith.

“Ireland,” said he, “is fulfilling her destiny—that of Catholicising other nations. Wherever a few exiled Irish get together, the first thing they think of is, to procure the ministration of a priest for their little community. Thus a nucleus of Catholicism is formed, and the surrounding inhabitants are attracted; first, by curiosity; then they are led to inquire; and, finally, several will end by embracing the faith. It is these little colonies of Irish who have largely helped to diffuse Catholicity through England.”

Mr. Maher spoke of O'Connell's letters to the Methodists. “A Tory gentleman told me,” said

he, "that the first of those letters drove the iron three inches deep into Methodism; but the second drove it in beyond the possibility of being extracted."

Mr. Maher gave some interesting details of a meeting of Methodists at which he had been present in Liverpool. He was on a visit with some English friends, not Methodists, whose curiosity induced them to obtain admission to the Methodist orgies by the following expedient: Persons unpossessed of tickets were denied ingress, as the meeting was to be strictly select, and confined to "classed," or "banded" members. One of the Englishmen got up a mock quarrel with the doorkeepers, and whilst the attention of the latter was thus engaged the rest of the party walked in without hindrance. A preacher exhorted all who were present to confess their sins openly. Several persons, upon this exhortation, successively got up, declaring they were moved to lay open their guiltiness; but it somehow happened that in the course of their "confessions" not one of them revealed a single fault. On the contrary, they all made boastful declarations that God had kept them wholly free from sin since their last public confession. According to their own account, a more stainless, spotless set of Christians were not in existence!

After each triumphant revelation of individual purity, the whole assembly set up a loud chorus of "Glory be to the Lamb! Glory be to the Lamb!"

Talking thus, we arrived at St. Mullin's. The fair-green was the destined scene of action. The place possesses a remarkably wild and secluded appearance, from the hills that encircle it on all sides. The fair-green occupies a height overhanging the Barrow, beyond which ascends a steep high bank, covered with oak copse. The day was at first extremely wet, and seemed, therefore, unfavourable for the purpose of the agitators. The people, also, were new to political agitation, and therefore did not receive us with the same alacrity of welcome which our countrymen elsewhere had displayed. O'Connell began by detailing the horrors of Orange domination; he then quoted passages from a document recently put forth for electioneering purposes by the Protestant Association of Great Britain, in which some good, round abuse was bestowed upon the Catholic religion. Of this document, O'Connell made admirable use. When the people heard the language of malignant hatred in which the religion they loved and venerated was spoken of by the Tory associators—when O'Connell pointed out to them that these wholesale revilers of their faith were the party of whom Bruen, the Orange candi-

date, was the ardent partisan, their spirits were aroused; their hearts were touched, and they testified their rising enthusiasm by a louder cheer than had ever been heard before in that wild and isolated spot.

Whilst O'Connell declaimed against Bruen and Toryism, a Mr. Doyne, agent to the Kavanagh estate, was busily endeavouring to carry off a number of freeholders from the fair-ground, in order to put them out of reach of the dangerous orator's influence. Instantly the multitude rushed to the rescue. Doyne took flight, pursued by crowds, who felt indignant at the audacity of his interference with the constitutional rights of the electors. He might have been ducked in the river, or otherwise maltreated, if Mr. John O'Connell had not rushed to preserve him from violence, and, in fact, thrown himself between the pursuers and the pursued. Thus protected, Doyne got safely off, carrying along with him a few timid and terrified electors.

We dined at the cottage of the parish-priest, which is situated on the slope of a hill, and commands a beautiful reach of the winding Barrow. O'Connell, in the course of the evening, told the following anecdote of Colonel Bruen's father:

“Old Bruen,” said he, “started in life with extremely limited finances, and derived his wealth

chiefly from successful and lucrative commissariat contracts in America. He also got a contract for supplying coffins for the soldiers who died very fast from too free a use of new rum. The coffin contract he turned to excellent account, by the novel device of making *one* coffin serve the defunct of a whole company. He had a sliding bottom to the coffin, which was withdrawn when over the grave, into which the deceased occupant then dropped, and was instantly earthed up, leaving the coffin quite available for future interments. As the worthy contractor checked his own accounts, he is said to have availed himself of all his contracts to an extent which, in the present day, would be impossible, and which is almost incredible."

The election took place in July. Mr. William John O'Connell, of London, had come over to assist his friends ; and having sustained some ferocious impertinence from a military bully, he immediately wrote to an acquaintance in town to procure him a second. His letter commences with a graphic description of the *casus belli* ; and he then breaks forth into the following enthusiastic appeal, which might figure well enough as the effusion of the spirited hero of a modern Irish romance :

"Now, my dear fellow," writes William John, "if I am obliged to put up with this, I do not

think life worth preserving an hour. I only want a friend, and a case of pistols, to prove to this fellow, and to the world, that I am as brave a man as ever was born. I NOW CALL UPON YOU TO SEND ME A FRIEND AND A CASE OF PISTOLS; *not saw-handled ones*; and you may rely upon it that I shall give Smith as good a lesson as ever he got. Indeed, you have a right to stick to me in this case. You will find me as brave as a lion. What if you come down here yourself and be my friend? I should do you honour. This fellow has been set at me, because I put down all the fellows in Carlow. And is it not a pity that any stigma should be flung upon me, when I am so well able to take my own part? Do, my dear friend, assist me, and you shall see how nobly I will act. If Dillon Browne was in Dublin, he is a fine hearted fellow, and would come down here if you called on him. I do not like his pistols, they are saw-handled—I like the round-handled best. I at once throw myself upon you, and I ask you, as a friend and an Irishman, not to allow me to be trampled upon, when my heart is as truly brave as the heart of any man living.

“If Somers was in Dublin he would do it for us both. Just look at the noble position it would place any man in to be my friend on such an occasion. Would Clements do it for you? Can you

not find some one in Dublin to stand by me? Where is Rick O'Connell? If he has one drop of the old doctor's blood in him he would fly to me. Is there no Kerry man to be found that would act for me? Do, *do* be up and stirring. I depend upon *you*, otherwise I am ruined for ever. Come to me, or send some friend to me ; or, if not, I am undone, and the Orange faction will have an everlasting triumph. Never allow it! I know you will work for me or come to me. God bless you, and believe me ever yours,

“ WILLIAM JOHN O'CONNELL.”

This appeal, *malgre* the desperate valour that inspired every line of it, was unheeded by the person to whom it was addressed ; and the election passed off unenlivened by a sanguinary fracas.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Repeal party at Carlow, they were beaten at the poll by a small majority. They had, however, effected a vast change in the zeal of the constituency. On the previous election, the Tories had been returned by a majority of 167 ; their majority was now reduced to nine. And had it not been for a few unexpected defections from the camp of Repeal voters, who yielded to their fears of vengeance from their landlords, the Tory candidates would have been in a minority.

CHAPTER XXX.

Influence of Toryism on the Repeal—O'Connell's Remarks on Religion in Ireland and France—Respective Influences of Democracy and Absolute Monarchy upon Religion—Catholicity in Scotland—Troops by Steam—O'Connell's Reply to the Threat—Paul Jones—O'Connell on Religious Persecution.

IT was not easy to create any lasting depression of O'Connell's spirits. When defeated in the contest for Dublin, he said, "I fretted away all my fretting last night—I've got rid of it now." And he declared in Cork (for which county, as well as for Meath, he was forthwith returned), that so far from being discouraged by the Tory victories at the hustings, his motto was, "*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*" We often conversed on our political prospects. His hopes of ultimate success were sanguine. He would not despond for one moment. It was his constitutional impulse, as well as his policy, to look at the sunny side of things.

"This resumption of power by the Tories," said

he, "will help on the Repeal. We will now have many good recruits."

"I rather think not," said I. "Men will stand aloof. They will be afraid to join us. The Tories will put Orangemen upon the Bench, and the fears and self-interest of timid men will make them shrink from agitation."

"You are quite mistaken," said he. "There is no law against our agitation."

"They will make one," I replied. "You'll have an Algerine Act to put down the Repealers."

"Bah! The rules of the House would enable me for *one* session to defend Ireland against any such attempt."

"But not for *two* sessions," said I.

"By the end of the first," rejoined O'Connell, "the iniquity of the attempt would have accumulated around me such a strong reinforcement of the friends of freedom, that they could not dare to pass such an act."

"I doubt that very much," said I. "Our Irish agitation will be such a formidable obstruction to Peel, that he will try to put it down at all hazards. And as the *friends of freedom*, I place no reliance at all upon the English portion of them. They will look on with great composure at an effort to gag us, in which a great many of them will secretly sym-

pathise. Do not you remember their conduct in 1833?"

"Now," said O'Connell, "my view of what is probable is so different from yours, that I dare say Peel won't even try coercion. I do assure you that I fear his affectation of liberality and moderation much more than his direct hostility."

"His supporters will *make* him try coercion."

"Oh, he will try the appearance of candour and liberality. But even if an Algerine Act were passed, I could agitate under it. We could have constant separate meetings. And under the Coercion Bill of 1833, I got up an association for charitable purposes. Peel's great Irish difficulty will be to restrain the excesses of his hot-brained Orange friends here."

One day I met at O'Connell's house M. l'Abbé Le Grand, a Parisian clergyman, who called on him to solicit his support to a Catholic journal. The state of religion in France and in Ireland was talked of. O'Connell said that the agitation of the Irish Liberal party had long been looked on with great suspicion at Rome, where the word "liberal" was held to be akin to "atheist."

"I do not wonder at their mistake," he continued. "In France, the party who called themselves 'liberal,' openly assailed Christianity, and laboured to

uproot all religion. But the Pope is now convinced that there is no similarity in this respect between the liberals of Ireland and those of the French Revolution. His Holiness knows there are not in the world Catholics more attached to their religion, than are those who in Ireland are struggling for political liberty. In fact, the democratic spirit is more favourable to the cause of morality and religion, than the monarchical. In a democratic state, where electoral power belongs to the people, success in the objects of public ambition necessarily becomes, in a great measure, a question of personal preference. The public at large will rather commit their interests to the keeping of a man whom they believe to be under the influence of honest moral principle, than to a notorious vagabond, or scoffer at religion. A candidate for public favour in a democratic state would have little or no chance of success, if it could be established that he was a blackleg, a seducer, or in any way notoriously immoral. But this is not the case in a monarchy. Look at your Louis Quartorze. Look at the pre-eminently infamous reign of Louis XV! Why, not only was morality of no advantage to the candidate for court favour and patronage, but, in point of fact, it was a positive disadvantage! The aspirant for place and power

throve all the better for openly trampling under foot all religion and all moral principle. His chance of success was enhanced in proportion to the greatness of his profligacy. The court was thoroughly and perfectly corrupt. They laughed at religion, and set at nought its precepts. They gave the same evil tone to society. The Church, being burdened with the smothering alliance of a corrupt state, was unable to check the torrent of licentiousness and infidelity."

O'Connell then said that religion had made considerable progress in Ireland.

"I remember," said he, "that twenty-five or thirty years ago, you did not see more than, perhaps, twenty male communicants twice a year. How changed are these things now! Every Sunday you will see many more than you then saw at Easter or Christmas; and this is, at all events, an evidence that the persons who communicate, *intend*, at least, that they will not live in sin."

Speaking of the Tory organs who threatened Ireland with their implacable hostility, O'Connell said:

"What greater insanity can there be, than to enlist against themselves the hatred of Ireland—the right arm of the empire—the nursery for sailors and soldiers! And, moreover, there is scarcely a large town in Great Britain, where there is not a

very considerable Irish population. In London, we muster near 300,000. With the Irish alone, at Covent Garden, we defeated a party of Chartists who came to obstruct us at a public meeting against the Corn Laws. In Liverpool there are 70,000 Irish. In Manchester and Salford there are 50,000. In Leeds there are many thousands. In Edinburgh there are 15,000 Irish. In Glasgow, the Irish population amount to over 70,000. A good many years ago, when a Papist scarcely dared show his nose in Glasgow, the Catholics, few and timid, used to steal, one by one, into a private room where mass was celebrated. A Presbyterian mob discovered this, and assembled to demolish the room, and outrage the worshippers. But it fortunately happened that an Irish regiment were quartered in Glasgow at the time, and they came to the rescue of the Catholics, and routed the mob. After that the Glasgow Catholics gradually acquired confidence. Their numbers increased, and they now have one of the most beautiful places of worship in the empire."

The Abbé attended, with a young French gentleman who travelled under his care, at the meeting of the Repeal Association which took place on the following day. The proceedings appeared to excite in both the most intense interest. The Abbé un-

derstood English sufficiently well to follow the speakers throughout. His companion had not this advantage, but said that he felt himself extremely fortunate at having an opportunity of witnessing the mastery O'Connell was able to exercise over a popular assembly of his countrymen. The language of the ultra Tories had recently attained an unparalleled pitch of insolent malignity. One journal proposed to exile all the priests, and if they should return to Ireland, hang them.* Another organ of that party said, "Steam has given us Ireland inextricably clutched within our gripe."† It was in allusion to some such vaunt as this that O'Connell said, at a meeting held about this period,—

"They threaten us with troops by steam. They say that a few hours will land an army here. Steam is a powerful foe—but steam is an equally powerful friend. . Whisper in your ear, John Bull,—Steam has brought America within ten days' sail of Ireland."

When O'Connell pronounced this sentence, the whole meeting simultaneously arose, and continued cheering and waving their hats for several minutes. The allusion derived great force from the recent communications and subscriptions we had received from our friends in America. We had got 600*l.*,

* *Cheltenham Journal*, 2nd of August, 1841. † *The Age*.

and a promise of 30,000*l.*, if it should be needed. We had also been offered men; an offer which I, on the part of the Repeal Association, rejected.

The noble sympathy evinced by the Americans for the oppressed Irish nation struggling for their birthright, deserved and received our earnest gratitude. The letters which we frequently received from the transatlantic friends of Ireland, breathed the warmest attachment to the cause of Irish liberty.

One day an acquaintance of O'Connell's—the gentleman who first suggested to my mind the idea of publishing these memoranda—warned him against the alleged indiscretion of his language. “It has been said to me,” he observed, “that your long absence from the bar appears to have diminished the watchful caution with which you formerly guarded your language.”

“How have I been incautious?” said Mr. O'Connell.

“Why,” said I, “the strongest language you recently used was your remark about America and the steamboats.”

“Oh,” he replied, “there was nothing incautious in that. What I said was entirely hypothetical. I said that, *if* England should put us under the necessity, we did not forget that steam had

abridged our distance from America. *If* England should go to war with Ireland, there is nothing incautious in saying that we will not lie down to have our throats cut. But I guarded expressly against all misconception; for I took care to say that so long as England left us an inch of law to stand on, so long would we resort to no other weapon than the law."

On this day, when speaking, as he frequently did, of his early recollections, he mentioned that he perfectly remembered when Paul Jones was hovering off the coast of Kerry in 1778. "I was," said he, "a child in my nurse's arms at the time; she carried me down to the shore, and I saw two boats' crews, whom Paul Jones had sent off with towing ropes to get his vessel out of shallow water. These men had been prisoners of war at Brest. They had been given their option of either staying in prison, or sailing with Jones. They had chosen the latter alternative, fully resolving to escape as soon as possible. Their opportunity now offered. They cut the towing ropes and rowed ashore. When they landed they went up to a public-house to drink, leaving some fire-arms in the boats. The guns were found by some peasants, who drenched them; and the sailors were seized by the orders of Mr. Hassett, and conveyed to Tralee to prison. They remonstrated

loudly against this treatment, alleging that they had not committed or intended any breach of the laws, and that the authorities had no right to deprive them of their liberty. I well recollect a tall fellow, who was mounted on a gray horse, remonstrating angrily at this coercion. No legal charge, of course, could be sustained against them, and accordingly in the end they were released."

Next day O'Connell was visited by the Right Rev. Dr. Polding, the Catholic Bishop of New South Wales. Dr. Polding's object in visiting O'Connell was to obtain his assistance in procuring the removal of some grievances which sorely afflicted the flock over whom he presided.

His lordship had been greatly struck with the marked change which the blessed spread of temperance had produced in the aspect of the Irish people. "I have," said he, "travelled, since my arrival, above six hundred miles in Ireland, and I only saw one drunken man."

"And I hope," said O'Connell, "that *he* was what they call a gentleman."

"Yes, he was at all events better dressed than the peasantry. He was very tipsy, *and was drinking the health of Father Mathew.*"

The bishop then entered on the business that had occasioned his visit, and when it was disposed of,

the conversation turned on the subject of religious persecution generally.

“Nothing,” said he, “can be more opposed to the spirit of our Saviour than to persecute for errors in religious belief.”

“Nothing can be more exquisitely absurd,” said O’Connell. “Persecution may make a hypocrite; but it will not make a convert. If a man is already disposed to reject my creed, why I only give him an additional reason for rejecting it if I persecute him.”

The bishop observed that when the local authorities in New South Wales had assisted the Methodist missionaries to coerce the natives to attend their reed-roofed chapels, the coercion succeeded in securing numerous congregations, but so small was its efficacy in converting them to Methodism, that as soon as it was relaxed—the chapels were empty!

“So it will always be,” said O’Connell. “Ah! in Ireland the Catholics have ever appreciated and acted on this great truth. Our hatred to persecution is as strong as our love of Catholicity. We had in this respect vastly the advantage of *you* English Catholics. When Queen Mary’s persecution forced English Protestants to fly from England, they came here, and found refuge with the Catholic Corporation of Dublin. But some of you have erroneous

notions on that subject still. Look at George Spencer's letter in the last *Tablet*.* Why, it is written in the spirit of Queen Mary! That poor gentleman had always a strange penchant for persecution. He visited me in London one day, and the object of his visit was to praise persecution! 'Now,' said he, 'there are a great many Methodists attending their preachers near my residence; if those people could be compelled to come and listen to *me*, would it not be of the greatest advantage to them? They would *hear* the truth.' 'And they would not *receive* it,' said I, 'just because it would come in the guise of compulsion.' Then, I called his attention to the fact that in Ireland where Catholicity did *not* persecute, it was prevalent: whereas, in England, where a Catholic queen had been a violent persecutor, the Catholic religion had been all but extinguished. I think this fact seemed to strike him at the time. But pray, my lord," continued O'Connell, abruptly turning to another subject, "have you seen how our poor Irish boys turned out for Catholicity in the poor-houses of the North Dublin Union, and refused to attend the Protestant service? Eighteen poor Irish children standing up for the old faith—may God Almighty bless them! It was Irish all over. And then the mode in which it was attempted

* July, 1841.

to compel them to turn Protestants—their food was diminished. Really that was a rare idea! Compelling them to *fast*, to make good Protestants of them!”

“I have heard,” said the bishop, “that an Englishman’s wit is said to be in his stomach. I suppose the guardians thought these little fellows’ faith was in *theirs*, and accordingly attempted to starve Popery out!”

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

DANIEL. O'CONNELL, M.P.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER I.

Parson Crampton throwing Stones at his own Windows—Parson Hamilton firing at his own Effigy—Parson Hawkesworth's romantic Affair with Miss Fitzgerald—Newspaper Notoriety—Reminiscences of Country Inns—O'Connell's Contrast between Whig and Tory Governments, and their several Bearings on the Agitation—Civil War of 1798—"Memoir on Ireland"—Misgovernment continued for Centuries—O'Connell on his own Notoriety, and his Nomination to the Throne of Belgium.

ON the 16th of August our usual agitating staff attended a Repeal meeting at Drogheda. Returning, on the following day, O'Connell laughed heartily at the detection of the Rev. Mr. Crampton in the act of throwing stones at his own windows; the reverend gentleman having complained

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of attacks upon his house, and procured the attendance of a party of police to protect him from the aggressions of the Popish conspirators. Two of the police who were placed on this duty detected Mr. Crampton, at night, throwing stones at the windows. The reverend gentleman's explanation was, that he did so in order to test the vigilance of his guard. But if he had not been caught in the fact, we probably should never have heard a single word of this "ingenious device."

"These parsons occasionally do very curious things," said O'Connell. "Several years ago, a parson at Roscrea, named Hamilton, dressed up a figure to represent *himself*; seated it at table, with a pair of candles before it, and a Bible, which the pseudo-parson seemed to be intently studying. He then stole out, and fired through the window at the figure. It was a famous case of Popish atrocity—a pious and exemplary clergyman, studying the sacred word of God, brutally fired at by a Popish assassin! He tried to get a man named Egan convicted of the crime; but having the temerity to appear as a witness himself, it came out upon cross-examination that the reverend divine was entitled to the sole and undivided glory of the transaction."*

* See "Ireland and her Agitators" for a full detail of this curious transaction; the particulars of which were furnished to the present writer by a member of the Egan family.

O'Connell then mentioned a case in which he was professionally engaged—an action instituted by a Miss Fitzgerald against a Parson Hawkesworth for a breach of promise of marriage.

“Hawkesworth,” said he, “had certainly engaged the lady’s affections very much. He had acquired fame enough to engage her ambition. He was a crack-preacher—had been selected to preach before the Lord Lieutenant—his name occasionally got into the newspapers, which then was not often the case with private persons; and no doubt this notoriety had its weight in the lady’s calculations. Things are changed in this respect, my dear Tom,” he said, addressing Steele, who was in the carriage with us; “*now* the difficulty is for some people to keep *out* of the newspapers! If I, for example, go to see the *Belleisle* frigate, next morning it’s all in print! and who were along with me, and how we were received on board, just as if we were princes! But to return to Hawkesworth. The correspondence read upon the trial was comical enough. The lady, it appeared, had at one period doubted his fidelity; whereupon the parson writes to re-assure her in these words: ‘Don’t believe any one who says I’ll jilt you! They lie who say so; and I pray that all such liars may be condemned to an eternity of itching without the benefit of scratching.’ Three thousand pounds’ da-

mages were given against him. He was unable to pay, and decamped to America upon a preaching speculation, which proved unsuccessful. He came back to Ireland, and—*married the prosecutrix!*”

Our approach to Ashbourne, where we were to breakfast, led O'Connell to talk of the different inns in Ireland, and their various accommodation. Some were famous for their breakfasts, others for their dinners and excellent wine.

“ There was the Coach-and-Horses Inn, at Assolas, in the County Clare—I dare say you remember it, Tom, close to the bridge. What delicious claret they had there! It is levelled with the ground these many years. Then there was that inn near Maryborough;—how often I have seen the old trooper who kept it, smoking his pipe on the stone bench at the door, and his fat old wife sitting opposite to him. They kept a right good house. She inherited the inn from her father and mother, and was trained up early to the business. She was an only child, and had displeased her parents by a runaway match with a dragoon soldier. However, they soon relented, and received her and her husband into favour. The worthy trooper took charge of the stable department, for which his habits well adapted him; and the in-door business was admirably managed by the wife.

“Then there was that inn at Naas—most comfortably kept, and excellent wine. I remember stopping to dine there one day, posting up from the Limerick assizes. There were three of us in the chaise, and ——— was tipsy; his eyes were blood-shot, and his features swollen from hard drinking on the previous night, besides which, he had tiddled a little in the morning. As he got out of the chaise, I called him ‘Parson,’ to the evident delight of a Methodist preacher, who was haranguing a crowd in the street, and who deemed his own merits enhanced by the contrast with a sottish minister of the establishment.”

Approaching from Ashbourne to Dublin, some objects of antiquity which Grose had illustrated, recalled that antiquary to the Liberator's mind.

“Grose,” said he, “came to Ireland full of strong prejudices against the people; but they gave way beneath the influence of Irish drollery. He was very much teased while walking through the Dublin markets, by the butchers besetting him for his custom. At last he got angry, and told them all to go about their business—when a sly, waggish butcher, deliberately surveying Grose's fat, ruddy face, and corpulent person, said to him—‘Well, please your honour, I won't ax you to buy, since it puts your honour in a passion. But I'll tell you

how you'll sarve me—*just tell all your friends that it's I that supply you with your mate*—and never fear I'll have custom enough.”

One day I met, at the Liberator's house, two gentlemen from America, one a native American, the other originally from Ulster. They had come to enjoy the pleasure of an interview with the Irish Leader. He told them he considered his facilities for obtaining the Repeal of the Union increased by the accession of the Tories to power. He expected that it would detach from the Whigs, and send over to the ranks of the Repealers, many persons who, while the Whigs retained the distribution of good things, had abstained from joining the Repeal Association. Speaking of the Tory prospects of being able to retain office, he said he did not think their reign would be of very long duration. There was the necessary reaction ; there was the unpopularity always attached to power, in double force when attached to Tory power. “In fact,” said he, “the unpopularity of the Whigs has been all *indorsed over* to the Tories.”

The American visitors reproached him with having censured the Irish insurgents of 1798. He replied, that the scheme of rebellion was in itself an ill-digested, foolish scheme, entered upon without the means or the organisation necessary to insure

success. And as to the leaders, no doubt there were among them some pure, well-intentioned men; but the great mass of them were trafficking speculators, who cared not whom they victimised in the prosecution of their schemes for self-aggrandisement. The Ulster gentleman then said something in praise of the Northern Presbyterian Insurgents; *they* had, at all events, good organisation.

“Not they!” said O’Connell. “Not one regiment ever stood to arms as such. All seemed very fine upon paper, but there was little reality. Their officers used to meet at taverns, plotted together, made valiant resolutions, and saw every thing *couleur de rose*. The Presbyterians fought badly at Ballinahinch. They were commanded there by one Dickie, an attorney; and as soon as the fellows were checked, they became furious Orangemen, and have continued so ever since.”

“But the people had great provocation to take up arms?”

“Oh, indeed they had. In Wexford, they were actually driven into insurrection by the insane cruelty of Lord Kingston, who, since then, has died in a strait-waistcoat. There was a serjeant of the North Cork militia, nick-named Tom the Devil, from the unheard-of atrocities he perpetrated on the peasantry. Oh, the cruelty of the adminis-

trators, great and small, of English power in Ireland! Why, since the world began, there never was any thing like it. I am compiling a book to illustrate this fact. I'll have it out in November next. I'll read you one or two passages, just to show you how the same horrible tyranny has been exercised at widely different times, the circumstances different, the actors different, the spirit always identical."

So saying, he took up the manuscript of his "Memoir on Ireland," and read passages from the chapters on Henry the Second, Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth.

"And this system of tyranny was continued for centuries?" said one of the visitors.

"Poh, it is continued to this hour," said O'Connell. "If they do not slaughter with the sword, as they formerly did, they massacre by extermination. The Tory landlords, who drive the peasantry in thousands from their cabins, put an end to human life by the slow wasting process of hunger and destitution."

(The Ulster gentleman asked, whether Robert Emmet's character should not be exempted from the censure Mr. O'Connell had pronounced upon the insurgent leaders in general.

"Poor man, he meant well," said O'Connell, "but I ask whether a madder scheme was ever de-

vised by a Bedlamite? Here was Mr. Emmet—having got together about 1200*l.* in money, and seventy-four men; whereupon he makes war upon King George the Third with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command! Why, my good sir, poor Emmet's scheme was as wild as any thing in romance! No—I always saw, that divided as Ireland is and has been, physical force could never be made an available weapon to regenerate her. I saw that the best and only effective combination must be that of moral force. I have combined the peasantry in moral organisation; and on them, with their revered pastors to guide them, do I place my reliance. And I am proud of them—they are the finest people in the whole world! They are so moral—so intelligent. They have flung away drunkenness—they frequent the coffee-shops, where they instruct and inform their minds with a weekly newspaper.) And then the good sense of the fellows—whenever I've asked them what part of the paper they read first, they've always answered me, 'We read the *prices* first, sir, and then the *speeches*.'

One day O'Connell said, "I regret that when Emancipation passed, I did not thenceforth write my name *O'Conal*; it is the original Irish mode of spelling it."

“Yes,” said FitzPatrick: “the present mode of spelling it is plainly an English innovation.”

O’Connell said he had felt very proud the first time he had ever seen his family name in print. It was in an announcement that the four following colonels had been selected to lead the Vendean expedition—Delacherrois, De La Chasse, Conway, and O’Connell.

“My name is better known now than it was then. That’s a good story John O’Brien tells of the postillion at Heidelberg in Germany. O’Brien asked him had he ever heard of O’Connell. ‘I did,’ said the postillion, ‘*he is the man who discovered Ireland.*’ Do you know,” continued O’Connell, “that three persons voted in 1830 to make me King of Belgium?”

“You might have had a good chance if you had offered yourself,” said FitzPatrick.

“I should have a better chance if the election took place *now*,” replied O’Connell, “I am far better known than I was in 1830. If the revolution hadn’t happened till now, and if I stood against Leopold,” he added, laughing, “I think I’d run the fellow close enough.”

(Mr. O’Connell now, at intervals, was engaged in writing his historical “Memoir on Ireland.”)

The spirit of the lawyer is evident in the conception and arrangement of that book. It is a case for

the indictment of England, for sundry national crimes and offences; and the witnesses for the prosecution are principally the English perpetrators of the several iniquities recorded.

It is much to be regretted, that O'Connell only completed the first volume. The second would have embraced the period of the Penal Code. In addition to the illustrations of that era accessible to other historians, he possessed some exceedingly curious particulars, of which he had acquired the knowledge—partly from the narratives of his early associates, and partly from the vast fund of information on the Irish affairs of the last century, opened up to him by his extensive legal practice.)

O'Connell anticipated with great glee the abuse his book would elicit from the English press. "I never hit the rascals right in the face till now," said he. "The statements rest upon no adverse authority. They are given in the very words of their own partisans and historians."

In September, he applied himself with diligence to the "Memoir," and composed matter sufficient to make a thick octavo volume. He often amused himself speculating on the excitement the work would produce among friends and foes.

"That's the book," said FitzPatrick to me,

“that will be bitterly assailed! Its author, however, will care little for hostile criticism. I think Brougham was right when he said of O’Connell, that assaults made against him produced about as much effect as paper pellets thrown at the hide of a rhinoceros.”

The book now went briskly on, until its progress was arrested by the business of preparing for the new municipal election. O’Connell was candidate for the office of Lord Mayor in the new Corporation; and the preliminary task of organising the several wards of the city of Dublin fell chiefly upon him. Whilst thus incessantly engaged, his attention was still further occupied by an attack from Lord Shrewsbury, levelled at the Repeal Agitation. His lordship advised the English Catholics to desert O’Connell, to desert the fallen Whigs, and to array themselves on the side of the Tory ministry. O’Connell, in reply, accused Lord Shrewsbury of ingratitude to his old Whig friends, and of folly and inconsistency in joining the Tories, who numbered amongst their ranks so many men bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion.

“The secret of Lord Shrewsbury’s foolish attack upon me,” said O’Connell, “is this; there is a party among the English Catholics who dream of the

possibility of procuring, through the medium of the Puseyites, a union of the Churches of England and Rome. Now, they cannot conciliate the Puseyites without first throwing *me* overboard: hence Lord Shrewsbury's bitter attack upon me."

The 25th of October was the day on which the new aldermen and town-councillors were elected. The result gave a majority of forty-seven Repealers to thirteen Tories—the total number being sixty. O'Connell was asked if he purposed attending mass in his Lord Mayor's robes. "No," he replied, laughing; "The Emancipation Act forbids me to do that. The mayor may be a Catholic, but his robes must be Protestants. However, I'll drive to the church gate in my robes, and leave them at the priest's house next door; and I'll put them on again when I come out from mass."

Walking through College Green, a countryman took off his hat and cheered him—such incidents, I need not say, were of constant occurrence. O'Connell said—"One day I was walking through London, with Tom Campbell the Poet, and a negro took off his hat and begged to thank me for my efforts against negro-slavery. Campbell's poetical fancy was smitten, and he exclaimed with great fervour, "I would rather receive such a tribute as

that, than have all the crowned heads in Europe making bows to me!"

Passing the corner of Grafton Street, where it opens into College Green, a child stopped to stare at him. "That's just the spot," said he, "where I stopped to stare at Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I ran on before him, and turned about to enjoy a good stare at him; he was a nice, dapper-looking fellow, with keen dark eyes."

Mr. — passed at the opposite side of the street. O'Connell pointed him out to me, saying, "That is one of the richest men in Dublin, and he took a sure way to be so. Of every shilling he ever touched, at least elevenpence-halfpenny stuck to his fingers."

In the midst of his multiplied engagements, O'Connell found it utterly impossible to take his usual autumn recreation at Darrynane. When a friend asked him if he could contrive to go there, he answered, with manifest vexation—

"Why do you talk to me about it? You know I can't! It is like speaking to an exiled Swiss about his native mountains."

His absence from his mountain home at this period, was equally deplored by the country folk. A letter from his son John, dated Darrynane, October 22, 1841, commences thus :

“MY DEAR FATHER,—It is a cruel disappointment to all here, as well as to yourself, that you are so likely not to be able to come down here this year. There was quite a *scene* upon the mountain yesterday when Denis M’Cruachan told the huntsmen you could not come. Two or three of them, led by Curramuc, fairly sat down and cried. Darrynane itself is dull, as much as it can be out of doors, and very dull within. * * * * * Your hounds are quite well, but look lonely without you.”

In a few days afterwards, John addressed the following letter to a friend in town :

“We are all here going on in quiet and steadiness, and good health; but in great annoyance that my father is to lose his trip to Darrynane. It is very cruel that he should be deprived of even a fortnight’s sojourn at Darrynane, which he so greatly desires. Tell me if there be the slightest hope of a change occurring in this respect, and of his being able to run down to us. The disappointment, not only to *us*, but to the poor people here, is extreme; and there are curses, ‘not loud, but deep,’ on all corporations that ever existed. It is the greatest and most constant damper on the enjoyment of Darrynane, the thought that he cannot come down, and the lonely feeling of his absence.

“ We have had a play, which we were preparing for him, and which we acted at last four or five days ago, as there appeared no immediate prospect of his coming here. But we had great hopes of being able to act it again in his presence, until Eliza received the disheartening intelligence that he could not come. I don't like to give up all hope even yet.”

Thus wrote John; but Darrynane was for the present unattainable.

O'Connell had written circular letters, canvassing the support of the aldermen and town-councillors. Among the answers he received, was the following letter from his old friend Mr. Staunton :

“ *Dublin Morning Register Office,*
October 29, 1841.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—There are now few living men who know you longer or more intimately than I do. I have been an observer of all your actions in public, and many of them in private, for the last thirty years. I can bear witness to what you have done for Ireland, in those numerous years in which you received no personal benefit at her hands, and in which you were making daily and enormous sa-

crifices of time and money in her service. I have seen the personal risks you encountered, and inferred from them how prodigal you would be even of life, if by its forfeiture you could advance her welfare. My belief is, that there never existed a man more devoted to Ireland in heart, soul, and exertions, than yourself. My belief also is, that there never was a man so capable of serving her, or who actually conferred upon her such important and lasting benefits.

“ In short, I have known you as a patriot, a citizen, a head of a family, a kinsman, and a friend. *Therefore*, you are certain of my vote, before all others, for any distinction or advantage that can be conferred upon you. I will add, that when I give you my vote, I shall have discharged the most gratifying duty it has ever fallen to my lot to perform..

“ I am, my dear sir,

“ Yours, with the truest sincerity,

“ MICHAEL STAUNTON.

“ Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P.”

CHAPTER II.

O'Connell's Election as Lord Mayor—O'Flanagan, Burdett, and Brougham—O'Connell and F. W. Conway—Letter from John O'Connell on his Father's Election—O'Connell in the Mayor's Court—Walking-sticks.

O'CONNELL worked hard to secure his triumph at the approaching election of Mayor. At length the important day arrived—the first of November, 1841. At the City Assembly Room, in William Street, a large concourse of persons were congregated, nine-tenths of whom were eager to witness the triumph which awaited the popular party. Of the actual voters, the relative numbers were, as I have already mentioned, forty-seven O'Connellites to thirteen Tories. Professor Butt, on the part of the Tories, made a show of opposition by proposing Sir Edward Borough as candidate for the Mayoralty. The learned Professor's speech contained no indecorous personalities—he principally laboured to show that O'Connell was disqualified by his po-

litical position from filling the office of Lord Mayor, inasmuch as the election of the leader of the national party could not be looked upon otherwise than in the light of a political triumph. One of the Tory Aldermen, named Boyce, said that before he could vote for O'Connell, he would ask him a question ; on the answer to which would depend whether he should support or oppose him. " How will the learned gentleman," continued Mr. Boyce, " act in his capacity of Lord Mayor upon the Repeal question ?"

Mr. O'Connell immediately said,

" I cannot have the slightest objection to answer the question of Alderman Boyce. If I be elected Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, I pledge myself to this, that in my capacity of Lord Mayor no one shall be able to discover from my conduct what are my politics, or of what shade are the religious tenets I hold. In my capacity of a man, however, I am a Repealer.—A Repealer—to my last breath a Repealer,—because I am thoroughly, honestly, conscientiously, though it may be mistakenly, convinced that the Repeal of the Act of the Union would be fraught with the richest benefits to our common country, and would be in an eminent degree calculated to advance the interests of all classes of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. As a man I hold this—as a man I speak thus. But my conduct as Lord Mayor shall not be such as to give the slightest indication of my political bias, but it shall in every instance, I trust, be characterised by tolerance, and liberality ; and evidence the strict impartiality and unswerving integrity of an honest man."

Speaking afterwards of Mr. Boyce's question, " Ah!" said O'Connell, " he thought he would

have been able to entrap me into some pledge to discontinue the Repeal agitation!"

As the moment approached when O'Connell's election—without a division—became inevitable, the excitement and enthusiasm of the assembly were uncontrollable. Alderman Keshan, the chairman, announced the result; upon which a peal of the most tremendous applause burst from the entire meeting. In token of respect to the newly-chosen chief magistrate, the whole council rose *en masse*—Tories as well as Liberals—and continued uncovered.

O'Connell then took from Aldermen Keshan and Butler the customary declaration, after which ceremony Alderman Keshan vacated the chair, and the Lord Mayor immediately assumed the presidency. A storm of cheering ensued, which lasted for several minutes. When it had subsided, O'Connell said,

"I fear that I am, in a certain degree, infringing on the pledge of impartiality by which I have bound myself, in permitting this ebullition of feeling (cries of 'No, no,' from both sides).—I thank you most cordially for the generosity with which you have contradicted me. If I have done wrong, it is my first fault, and so I throw myself upon your kind consideration. Happy, indeed, shall I consider myself if I shall be able always to preserve, unbroken, the resolution which I have so freely taken. If I have outraged it in any respect, however trivial, to-day, I can only say I am sorry for it, and will take care it

shall be my last offence (cheers.) No man ever assumed the lofty office to which I have now been promoted with a higher sense of its important duties—of its momentous charge—and of its practical utility, even in the details of its working out, than I do; and most ardently do I hope that my own conduct, and that of the gentlemen of mine own political persuasion, with whom I am allied, may be such as to set a glorious example to the world of the manner in which Irishmen, who differ widely as the poles in political principles, and in the higher points of religious belief, may yet unite together in harmony of spirit, and perfect unanimity of purpose, and may with faithfulness, honesty, and truth, go hand-in-hand with each other on a grand and national question, the design and motive of which is to promote the welfare of all without distinction. I shall certainly make it the study of my life to palliate, if not absolutely to justify, the high eulogiums which my too kind friends have bestowed upon me; and there is no possible effort which I will leave unessayed to convince those who have opposed me to-day that they were mistaken, most fatally mistaken, as to my impulses and my motives, and that there is no notion on the subject of the strictest impartiality, no conception with regard to the most unswerving integrity of purpose and of action which they may have imagined to themselves, that they will not find realised, to the utmost of my ability, in me.”

O'Connell then proceeded to speak exclusively on business; adverting to the abuses which still existed, and enforcing the necessity of their correction. During this address, Mr. Arkins entered with the crimson velvet robe of office, which O'Connell immediately put on, in the midst of peals of merriment, excited by the novelty of the learned Mayor's appearance in the corporate garb.

When the business of the day was at end, the new Lord Mayor made his appearance at a window,

accoutred in his robe and cocked hat. The sight of O'Connell, enrobed in the official paraphernalia—the spoils won from prostrate Orangism—was a signal for a vociferous cheer of the most intense delight. The multitude shouted, and threw up their hats; he addressed to them a few sentences, which were scarcely heard amidst the tumult of their ecstasy. —“ He's the finest Lord Mayor we ever saw!” exclaimed the delighted crowd. And, truth to tell, he looked extremely well in his robes.

“ How little,” said he to me, in the course of the day, “ did those Tories expect from me the sort of speech I made! They thought I would have given them a political harangue, but I kept close to the details of business.”

Arrived at his house in Merrion Square, O'Connell got out on the balcony, in order to gratify the thousands who had followed him with a short address.

“ This,” said he, “ is a great triumph! A great revolution has this day been consummated. Fifteen years ago, who would have ventured to say that I would be Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin; yet I now address you as the chief magistrate of this great metropolis. Let them tell me, if they dare, that I won't carry the Repeal of the Union; and that I, who am now the Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin, elected by the popular voice, shall not have the still greater honour of being elected to serve you in the Irish House of Commons. Yes, I shall yet address the Speaker of the Irish Parliament in College Green. (Tremendous cheers.) I am now the guardian of your rights; it shall be my duty to use every energy to promote and advance the interests of your city, to encourage morality, and discour-

tenance vice. In doing so, one great means shall be, to use my utmost endeavours for the spread of teetotalism. Oh! give me my honest teetotaler. My friends, you have gained a great and glorious triumph—you have gained that triumph in a manner worthy of yourselves—your triumph is one of peace—that of liberty over oppression—of religious equality over sectarian exclusiveness. In your struggle for this great end no riot, no tumult, no bloodshed, has characterised your proceedings—there is nothing to cloud your joy. Enjoy, then, your triumph in the same spirit as that in which it has been achieved. This is indeed a great day for Ireland. We can triumph over the enemies of our country without injury to any man—without insult, or molestation, or offence. We want to be superior to none—we are now their equals in every thing, and it is not for us to seek for more—we never wanted more—we are satisfied with equality—we now have it carried into practice. Let your triumph be unstained with any breach of the law or of the peace. Remember I am now your Lord Mayor, and I must have every man punished who breaks the peace! I am now your chief magistrate—to me you have intrusted the peace and tranquillity of your city. I need not tell you that in that capacity I will, to the utmost of my power, practise the strictest impartiality, and in every thing, I know, I can rely on your support, and cordial co-operation. You are all, or the most of you, at least, are water-drinkers. It is unnecessary, then, for me to tell you to go home in quiet, injure no man, offend, insult, molest no man. This is a blessed day—our Church has set it apart in honour of the congregated saints. Is it not a blessed day for Ireland? Enjoy your triumph, then, in a manner worthy the sanctity of the day. Let your demeanour be characterised by kindness, beneficence, and charity to all men; and when you retire to your homes give honour to an all-bounteous Providence, who has given you to see the realisation of such blessings for your long-afflicted country.”

In the evening he had Steele, Fitzpatrick, and a few other intimate friends to dine with him. “I believe,” said he, when the cloth was removed, “I am the only Lord Mayor whose ears were not

tickled up to this period with the reiteration of ' My Lord.' "

None of the party addressed him by his new title ; and after a few congratulations, not so much on his appointment to the civic chair, as on the increased facilities of serving Ireland afforded by his new position, the conversation rambled away into anecdote. FitzPatrick, who always had something bizarre to tell, mentioned an old oddity, named Griffin, who had lived some forty years before in Dublin, and who felt a strong desire to see a lame man dance, and to hear the fiddle played by a deaf man who knew nothing of music. Accordingly, Griffin invited his lame friend, and his deaf friend, to dine with him. As soon as they were arrived in his dining-room, he locked the door, pocketed the key, and desired them to sit down to table. The party consisted only of the eccentric host and his guests. Opposite each was a covered dish. On removing the covers, a small violin appeared on the dish next the deaf man. On the lame man's dish was an excellent piece of roast beef; and on Griffin's was a loaded pistol. " Not a morsel of that beef shall either of you taste," cried Griffin, " until *you*, sir," (to the deaf man) " play the fiddle; and *you*, sir," (to the lame man) " dance to his music." The guests demurred, but Griffin brandished the pistol, and his

known eccentricity seemed to render compliance the safer course. The deaf man accordingly rasped away, and his lame friend capered to his scraping—Griffin being all the while in ecstasies at the grotesque gambols and the execrable discord. As soon as he got tired of this amusement, he allowed his guests to eat their dinner.

O'Connell said he had known a County Sligo man, named Flanagan, who had made some noise by detecting a number of forged names to an anti-Catholic petition. He invited Burdett and Brougham to dine with him at the Thatched House tavern. They had an excellent dinner; but Flanagan, when they had dined, recollected that he had no money; and left the room to offer his silver watch in pledge at the bar. "If the fellow had not offered any pledge," said O'Connell, "but had merely promised to call on the morrow, he might, probably, have got credit till the next day, in consideration of the company with whom he was seen. But the *silver watch* was an evidence of vulgar poverty, and credit was of course refused. Burdett and Brougham overheard the wrangle at the bar, and on learning its cause, paid thirty shillings each for their dinners—a process which neither of them liked!"

Something led to the mention of Sir Walter Scott

and his politics. O'Connell was asked if his brother John had not refused Sir Walter a stag-hunt at Killarney. "Yes," he answered, "and he was quite right to refuse him. Why should he pay any compliment to the Scotch bigot, who, just before coming to Ireland, had gone out of his way to exhibit himself at an anti-catholic meeting?"

O'Connell spoke of his sojourn at St. Omer's. He said that when travelling in France at that period, he encountered in the diligence a very talkative Frenchman, who incessantly poured forth the most bitter tirades against England. O'Connell listened in silence; and the Frenchman, surprised at his indifference, at last exclaimed,

"Do you hear—do you understand what I am saying, sir?"

"Yes—I hear you, I comprehend you perfectly."

"Yet you do not seem angry!"

"Not in the least."

"How can you so tamely bear the censures I pronounce against your country?"

"Sir, England is not my country. Censure her as much as you please, you cannot offend me. I am an Irishman, and my countrymen have as little reason to love England as yours have—perhaps less."

In the course of the evening, FitzPatrick said to me,

“ This is really a delightful triumph! And how strongly it exhibits throughout the characteristic traits of O'Connell! There is no situation in the world, sir, in which that man would not feel himself perfectly at home. There, now, to-day he was quite as much at his ease, presiding in that council as Lord Mayor for the first time in his life; gliding through all the duties with perfect facility; laying down the law to the remnant of the Tories, after blowing up the Orange nest sky-high. There he was, just as much at his ease, sir! as ever he was in the Corn Exchange. And he does things that no other man could do! For instance, after he and Conway had been at open war for many months, and had given each other some hard knocks, I said to him one day, ‘ I think you ought to make it up with Conway.’ He thought for a moment, and then said, ‘ I'll do it!’ So away he walked to Conway's office, and on arriving there, our illustrious friend installed himself in Conway's editorial *sanctum*. Conway was out when he arrived, and on entering he did indeed look considerably thunderstruck! After their recent bitter warfare, he would as soon have expected to find the Cham of Tartary in his office as O'Connell. But Dan, not the least embarrassed,

extended his hand and spoke a few kind words, and from that day to this they never have fought. His readiness to forgive an enemy, or to renew an old friendship suspended by misunderstanding, is always very great."

How O'Connell's appointment to the Mayoralty was viewed in his own family, will appear by the following letter from John :

" Darrynane Abbey, Nov. 4, 1841.

" MY DEAR FATHER,—If ever postbag was anxiously watched for, and its news *shouted* for, it was to-day, when we at last got the news of your election as Lord Mayor. You have one more triumph before you, infinitely greater indeed, that of seeing the Parliament of Ireland once more sitting in Ireland; but next to that glorious and certain event is your election of Monday. You have a legally recognised lordship from *the people*, utterly unconnected with court favour, or aristocratic usage. In short, a most democratic dignity; and one that gives you not only the power, which you will use, of being eminently serviceable to the citizens of Dublin, but also the additional power of being even yet more useful to Ireland than you have yet been; *and this I think you will also use!* We rejoice, my dear father, that Dublin has paid you such a tribute

of respect as to take you for its first freely chosen chief magistrate; but still more that you should thus have opened to you an additional and most available means of advancing that great measure, which will be the compensation for all your labours and sufferings—as it is, and has been, the great object of your life—the raising Ireland to her proper condition as a nation. The importance to Ireland of your present position is as yet scarcely considered or known.

“ I can well imagine the ecstasy of the poor people. It is time for them to have some triumph, and to have a friend and friends in the Corporation. Ray, too, must be in great delight: and no man merits the pleasure of the triumph better than he—who has worked so hard to organise and carry on the struggle for it.

“ There are a thousand inquiries here, and most anxious hopes that you will be at Darrynane after this month. You ought indeed make an effort to come, and break through all minor restraints. You will want some fresh air, if only for three or four weeks; and after the wet summer and autumn that we have had, it will go very hard if we do not have good weather with the hard frosts.” * * * *

But O'Connell's duties as chief magistrate opposed an additional barrier to his annual visit to the

country. On Thursdays he held his weekly court in Green-street. On the first day's sitting the court was, of course, extremely crowded. The tipstaves tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the place that haven't business," shouted Traill, one of these functionaries who had been retained from the former corporation.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming—'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the coort!'"

Among the cases on the first day, was a claim for some alleged arrear of wages made on a Catholic priest. The priest brought proofs of the claimant's utter incompetence as a servant; but the Lord Mayor decreed the amount sought for.

"It amuses me much," said he, "to think that on the very first day of my sitting, I had to make a decree against a priest."

He must have been terribly bored with the insignificant and noisy disputes on which, as Mayor, he was called to adjudicate. Take the following specimen:—In a case of trivial import, a Mr. Kenny, the defendant, made a rambling, violent, and incoherent speech in his own defence, before the plaintiff's case was stated. Mr. Kenny concluded his harangue with a hope "that

he had made an impression on the Lord Mayor's judicial faculties."

"You have," said O'Connell, "performed a very common piece of blockheadism—you have made a rigmarole speech in reply to a case which hadn't yet been made." Macnamara (the plaintiff) here stated his claim with a torrent of verbosity. "The best thing for me to do," said O'Connell, "is to dismiss this plaintiff's claim as being wholly unintelligible." He had not made the slightest approach to an intelligible case. "Why, my lord," said Macnamara, "I think I have shown your lordship that I claim thirteen days at 3s. 4d. per day." "So you have said, sir," answered O'Connell. "I hope I may not meet such another pair while I'm Lord Mayor. Macnamara is a man with an enormous deal of talk, and Kenny is a man without the slightest accuracy. Between you both you have bothered the case. I make the best conjectural decree I can—I give three pounds to Macnamara."

In another case the following characteristic little scene occurred. It was a question of accounts, in which a person named Burke was plaintiff.

"Mr. Burke," quoth the attorney, "did you keep a book?"

"I never kept a book," cried Burke, very angrily.

"I'll tell you what you'll keep," said O'Connell, —"keep your temper."

"Were you boarded in the house of your employer?" inquired the attorney.

"What has this to do with the case?" roared Burke, ferociously.

"There never was a question," said O'Connell, "that required so little anger. You were asked if you got something to eat, whereupon you break out into a passion!"

The following pun, not the worst I have heard, was made by one of the attorneys. An old gentleman accused his servant, among other thefts, of having stolen his stick. The servant protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined the complainant, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself."—"Certainly not," said the attorney for the defence, "unless it was a *walking-stick*."

CHAPTER III.

“Duke O'Neill's Will”—Malachi's Collar—“Cousin Kane”—
O'Grady and the Limerick Jurors—“Evangelical” Mission-
aries—Barnewall's Lottery-Ticket—The Picture-Dealer and
the Flat—Judge Day—Forensic Eloquence—Scott's Novels
—O'Connell at Court.

SPEAKING of his professional recollections, O'Connell mentioned a curious fraud which had sent him many applicants who dreamed of participating in enormous wealth; the visionary hope of which was excited by the following device :—A smart attorney's clerk, who had a mind for a cheap summer's ramble, forged a document purporting to be the will of a certain Duke O'Neill, who had died childless in Spain, having amassed 1,200,000*l.*, which enormous sum he bequeathed to be equally divided between all his Irish cousins bearing the name of O'Neill, within the *fortieth* degree of kindred! The fabricator bent his course to the

north, and introduced himself at many houses ; where the plausibility with which he supported his statement gained him a hospitable reception. He also made money by selling copies of the forgery at half a crown each, to all such O'Neills as were fools enough to buy. His trick had considerable success; several sturdy farmers from the north, and a merchant residing in Liverpool, bearing the name of their imaginary ducal kinsman, applied to O'Connell for his professional aid in recovering their proportions of the 1,200,000*l.*, bequeathed them by the honoured defunct.

“ Nothing,” said O'Connell, “ could exceed their astonishment, when I assured them the whole thing was a delusion. ‘ Do you really tell us so, Counsellor?’—‘ Indeed I do,’ said I. ‘ And now we hope you wouldn't lay it on your conscience to deceive us—do you really tell us, after all, that there's nothing at all to be got?’ ‘ Indeed, I can assure you, with a very safe conscience,’ said I, ‘ that it is all a fabrication; and if an oath was required to confirm the fact, I could very safely give one.’ So away they went; indignant at the fraud, and lamenting they had ever put faith in the tale of the ‘ould duke.’ ”

At a public dinner of the Malachean Orphan Charity, O'Connell excited much merriment by the

felicitous adaptation of a line from one of Moore's Melodies. Pointing to the splendid gold collar of the Dublin Corporation which he wore round his neck, he said,

"I am here, it is true, but an uncanonized Malachi—I resemble the old monarch of that name, of whom the poet sings, that

" 'Malachi wore a collar of gold.'"

He won it, we are told by the same authority, 'from the proud invader;' whereas, I won *this* from the old rotten Corporation of Dublin."

In one of the contrasts which he frequently made between the blessings of temperance, and the jovial habits of society in his earlier days, he said—

"On occasions of festivity, I loved to preside at a side-table at Darrynane. I remember a jolly fellow of the name of Kane—every body called him 'cousin Kane'—he always lived from house to house, and kept two horses and twelve couple of dogs at other people's expense. One day there was a large dinner at Darrynane, and Kane was one of the guests at my side-table. A decanter of whiskey stood before me, and I, thinking it was sherry, which it exactly resembled in colour, filled 'cousin Kane's' glass. He drank it off, but immediately got into a rage with me for giving him whiskey instead of wine. He gave me a desperate scolding,

which he ended by holding out his glass, and saying, ferociously, ‘*Fill it again, sir!*’ ”

“Cousin Kane’s figure was in the last degree ungainly. He was a tall, thin, wiry, raw-boned man, with splay feet, and one shoulder higher than the other. He lived upon all who would let him in; and being a younger brother of a good family, he had admission everywhere. When he was with us at Carhen, he got up at two o’clock in the morning, and wakened me with the noise he made. I asked him what he was about? and told him the clock had only struck two. ‘And am I to be bound by a blackguard clock, you blockhead?’ retorted cousin Kane; ‘if it struck twenty-two, is that any reason I should stay one moment in bed after I can’t sleep?’ He used to mingle prayers and curses in the most outlandish way—would begin with a pious ejaculation, and end with a tremendous oath. On the whole, he was a noble brute; fearless, faithful, and sincere; but brutally uncouth, and choleric to the last degree. He had seventy-six actions for assault and battery against him, yet he would venture to go to Tralee in assizes time. He had kicked up a row in court, and Judge Kelly reproved him in as gentle language as the case permitted. He cursed and swore at the Judge for presuming to lecture a gentleman. Kelly pretended to think he

was mad, and said, 'Has this unhappy man any friends in court?' 'Yes,' burst from fifty voices. 'Then take him out, and put him up in safety,' said the Judge. He was immediately hustled out. Some time after, he was riding slowly up a hill, and was overtaken by a gentleman and his servant on horseback. They dismounted, and led their horses up the acclivity; the gentleman got on much faster than his servant, who lagged behind, near cousin Kane. At a point where their roads parted, 'Who's your master, friend?' asked Kane. 'Judge Kelly, sir.' 'Bad luck to me,' cried Kane, 'that didn't know him without his wig! A'n't I the unluckiest devil that ever was born that I didn't thrash him? Give my best respects to your master, friend, and tell him, that if I had known who he was, I'd have licked and leathered him as long as I could stand over him.'"

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gentry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the Temperance Reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillamore) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jurors were not the

pleasantest folk in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned.

"Dan," said he, "you were quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded, and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to a peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it doesn't incommode me! for if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, lest the worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat *on*, and took myself *off*."

O'Connell was much amused at an illustration of "evangelical" missionary zeal which occurred about this time. "Contrast these fellows with the Catholic missionaries," said he, "with the Jesuits! Here's one of them, a fellow of the name of Oakes, who has attained great age in Polynesia, having amassed *one hundred thousand pounds!* Upon my word, *that* was swaddling to some tune!" *

* The *Australasiatic Review*, for 1841, thus noticed this gentleman's tremendous profits:—

"Mr. Oakes, one of the first missionaries to Australasia, has

We spoke of the temptation to amass large sums afforded by facility, and security from detection. This elicited from O'Connell the following anecdote:

“ I knew a person named Barnewall, who, while staying in Dublin, was commissioned by a friend in the country to purchase a lottery ticket. The choice of the number was left to Barnewall, who accordingly selected and paid for a ticket. It turned up a prize of 10,000*l.* He had the most thorough facility reached so advanced an age, that his affairs have been placed by the Supreme Court in the charge of his family. He was, we believe, the first who resided at Tahiti, and subsequently was stationed at the Friendly and other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago. He was universally esteemed, a great favourite with the different governors, from Captain King onwards, and, by his *honest* industry (!) amassed a large fortune; upwards of 100,000*l.* being to be divided amongst the family. Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of this place (Wesleyan missionary), will possess considerably above 10,000*l.*”

With respect to this statement, the *Belfast Vindicator* observed:—

“ Comment on the above is almost superfluous—the paragraph tells its own tale. But we would just wish to put one question. By what ‘*honest* industry’ could a Protestant missionary amass a fortune of 100,000*l.*, if he did his duty as a clergyman with any—the smallest—share of zeal? What a figure St. Peter would cut in our eyes, if an ancient annal should turn up, giving us to learn that he, by ‘*honest* industry,’ had scraped together 100,000*l.* for his family! We wonder how much of these sums came from the contributions of John Bull for the diffusion of the Gospel?”

for retaining the amount. All he need to do, was to buy his friend some other ticket. No one could say that he had not duly executed his commission. But Barnewall reasoned thus with himself. 'If,' said he, 'my friend had not commissioned me to buy the ticket for him, I never would have bought it for myself. It, therefore, is rightfully his—and to put myself beyond the reach of casuistry, I'll lodge the amount to his credit immediately, and apprise him that I have done so by this day's post;' which honest Barnewall accordingly did. I recollect when I was a younker, my uncle gave me 300*l.* in gold to get changed into notes at Cotter and Kellett's bank. The clerk, through stupidity, gave me 400*l.*, of which 300*l.* were in small notes, and the rest in a 100*l.* note. I pointed out his blunder; and he, in a very surly manner, and without looking at the heap of notes, insisted that I must be wrong, for that he never mistook. I persisted; he was sulky and obstinate; at last our altercation attracted the notice of Cotter, who came over and asked what was the matter. I told him I had got 100*l.* too much. He reckoned the money, and then took off the 100*l.* note, saying, 'Now it is all right.' I begged he would let me retain that note, as my uncle was desirous to get the largest notes he could; and I assure

you it was with no trifling difficulty I could prevail on the old gentleman to take his hundred pounds in small notes!"

In our after-dinner table-talk, one evening, O'Connell said to a Kerry friend: "I've got a new story for you about your acquaintance, Mr. ——."

"Is it perfectly new, sir?"

"Oh, perfectly new. It only happened last week. You must know that ——'s wife, passing a picture-dealer's shop in Liffey Street, chanced to mention that she had six paintings she would be glad to dispose of, as she had no great value for them. The dealer inquired their merits, and learned from the lady that they had very good frames. She directed him to her house, and said he might inspect them as soon as he pleased, her husband being then at home. Off went the dealer, and found Mr. —— at home. He saw at a glance that the paintings were valuable, and inquired for how much Mr. —— would dispose of the lot. 'Why, really I can't say,' replied he; 'but how much are you willing to give me for them?'—'I'll give you *a pound* for the lot,' replied the dealer. 'A pound? Um!—hum!—why, I'd like to consult some one first.' 'Oh, certainly sir.' Whereupon our worthy friend summoned the kitchen-maid to assist his judgment! 'Molly,' said he, 'this gentleman offers me a

pound for these six paintings—what do you think of it?" Molly had no particular passion for the fine arts, and a pound was in her estimation a great deal of money. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'I know, if they were mine, the gentleman should have them for it.' The dealer protested, of course, that a pound was a most liberal price, and the bargain was accordingly ratified, to the perfect satisfaction of Molly and her master. The paintings were forthwith carried off by the purchaser, and in a few days Mr. — and his lady were somewhat startled on finding that he had sold one of them for twenty, and another for forty guineas, to a connoisseur! Mrs. —, panic struck, posted off to the dealer, and upbraided him with having taken in her husband. There were four of the pictures yet unsold, including a portrait of one of her family. She demanded a restitution of this, as it could not be supposed of any value to strangers. 'Well, ma'am,' said the dealer, 'as I like to be generous, you may have it back for *two pounds*.'—'Why, you got the whole lot for *one pound*!' cried the lady. The — are thinking of an action of trover," continued O'Connell. "But just fancy," added he, laughing violently, "the sublime notion of calling up the kitchen-maid to decide on the value of old paintings! Oh, it was perfectly delightful!

And the comical chagrin of Mrs. —, on finding *two* pounds asked for *one* picture, as a most generous concession, by the vagabond who got the *six* pictures altogether for *one* pound !”

Some one spoke of old Judge Day.

“ Aye, poor Day !” said O’Connell, “ most innocent of law was my poor friend Day ! I remember once I was counsel before him, for a man who had stolen some goats. The fact was proved, whereupon I produced to Judge Day an old act of parliament, empowering the owners of corn-fields, gardens, or plantations, to kill and destroy all goats trespassing thereon ; I contended that this legal power of destruction clearly demonstrated that *goats were not property* ; and I thence inferred that the stealer of goats was not legally a thief, nor punishable as such. Poor Day charged the jury accordingly, and the prisoner was acquitted.”

Of forensic eloquence, amongst some of his earlier contemporaries, O’Connell recorded the following specimens :—A young barrister, who was counsel against a cow-stealer, wound up his statement with a violent invective against the thief, who, it seems, had branded his own name on the horns of the cow he had stolen. “ If, my lord,” concluded the orator, “ the cow were a cow of any

feeling, how could she bear to have such a name branded on her horn?"

Another orator of this sublime school, warned the jury not to be carried away "by the dark oblivion of a brow." A brother counsel stopped him, saying, "*that* was nonsense." "I know it is, replied the unabashed advocate; "but it is good enough for the jury!"

O'Connell read all Scott's works in succession, as they came out in the reprint of 1841. "There never was such a novelist," said he, "and there never again will be another such. My first reading of 'Waverley' was spoiled by somebody who gave me a sketch of the story, and who forestalled that beautiful touch of nature where the people about Tully Veolan make their children give over bird-nesting lest the safety of the Baron in his hiding-place should be endangered. But with all his unquestionable merits, Scott was a sad bigot. Look at his 'Monastery;' he makes the monks all fools or knaves. What a strange conception he must have had of monks! If Scott were to write that book at the present time, how differently would he not write it! The progress of knowledge and public enlightenment has been rapid. The stale old calumnies against priests and monks which were

some years ago currently received as undeniable truths, are now in a great measure exploded. A great writer who should at the present day paint a community of the Catholic clergy as being such rogues or imbecile dolts as those with whom Scott has peopled his 'Monastery,' would thereby degrade himself and mar the reputation of his works."

O'Connell now prepared to attend the levee of the Tory Viceroy, Lord de Grey. Never in the annals of courts did a civic functionary present himself before a viceroy under such whimsically curious circumstances. A few days previous to the levee he delivered the following announcement in a speech at the Corn Exchange:

"In my official capacity of Lord Mayor, and in such *only*, I will feel it my duty to pay every token of respect to the representative of her Majesty. It is as such that I honour the Lord-Lieutenant, and not through any feeling of personal respect for his Excellency. In fact, I entertain no respect at all for Lord de Grey; but as, unhappily, he is my Sovereign's representative, I must, in my capacity as Lord Mayor, approach him! I neither respect him; nor do I disrespect him; on this point I am neutral. I am told he is a good-humoured, good-natured, good-for-nothing kind of private gentleman. There I leave him! But let no Liberal fall

into the mistake of supposing he can, without compromising his duty, attend the levee because *I* attend it. I repeat that I go there as Lord Mayor of Dublin. If I went there in my private capacity, I should richly earn contempt for paying the slightest mark of respect to so paltry, pitiful, delusive, and hypocritical an administration as the present. I suppose my presence at the levee will draw a large crowd to the Castle yard, and I do not doubt but I may even divide their cheers with the Lord Lieutenant himself."

Never, certainly, had Lord Mayor announced his purpose of playing the courtier in such unceremonious terms.

At the levee he appeared for a very few minutes—approached the throne—made his bow to the Viceroy—and passed out. The Tory journals, of course, could not allow the occasion to pass without some characteristic commentary. The *Evening Packet* represented O'Connell as presenting himself at the levee with the purpose of insulting and bullying the Viceroy. The *Mail*, on the other hand, represented the insult as proceeding from the Lord Lieutenant; beneath whose glance of "withering contempt" it asserted that the Agitator shrank and cowered. These trivial discrepancies, in all likelihood, arose from a want of concert between the

rival journalists. The paragraphs descriptive of O'Connell's reception at the levee were probably in type some hours before the levee itself took place.

After an interval of several weeks, which were passed in more than the usual press of occupation, O'Connell published his reply to Lord Shrewsbury, of which 2000 copies were printed and speedily sold off in February, 1842. A larger edition for popular use was immediately published. Lord Shrewsbury's production had contained an insinuation that O'Connell's political activity might be supposed to arise from a desire to augment the "*rent*"—as he termed the National Annuity. O'Connell's reply to this charge is of the highest personal interest; I, therefore, transcribe it entire:

"I will not consent that my claim to '*the rent*' should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

"My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation, the burthen of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to prepare the resolutions—to furnish replies to the correspondence—to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and the inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

"To descend to particulars; at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when

my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn ; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And *that* without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood ? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure ?

“ *Other* honours I could not then enjoy.

“ Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l.* ; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an *outer* barrister.

“ Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedency of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated ; whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one-half.

“ If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

“ But I dreamed a day-dream—*was* it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me ; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality, or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

“ I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country ! and—come weal or come

woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined—nor ever shall repent.

“ An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made : and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby.

“ But I dreamed again a day-dream—*was* it a dream? and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted—even by *you*—with mean and sordid motives.

“ I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

“ Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest; one claim, I believe higher than any other upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and, therefore, the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained? what modes of abuse! what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me! what vials of bitterness have been poured on my head! what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me? what derogatory appellation has been spared? what treasures of malevolence have not been expended? what follies have not been imputed? in fact—what crimes have I not been charged with?

“ I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the universal world; and, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a

lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

"All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

"Yes; I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland; and I glory in my servitude."

(The pamphlet from which I have taken the preceding quotation elicited the following criticism from my friend, Mr. Frederick Lucas, an English Catholic barrister of well-known talent.

"The pamphlet," says Mr. Lucas, in a letter to me, "I consider as a whole, to be incomparably the finest specimen of Mr. O'Connell's literary powers that has ever fallen under my observation. The hurry in which such a man must live, too often shows itself, I think, in his writings and speeches; which, admirable as they are, and powerful beyond the reach of common men, often bear the marks of haste, slovenly composition, and thoughts imperfectly developed. The greatest admirer of Mr. O'Connell's writings and speeches would not judge of him by these, but by what he has done, and is doing, which is far beyond the literary merit of what he has written or spoken.) But this book, written, I

suppose, in the busiest portion of his busy life, has all the appearance of having proceeded from the leisure of the closet. Of course, I do not mean that it reads like the production of a mere pen-politician; the very reverse is the case. It smacks all over of the active and indefatigable statesman; but it reads as if the writer had had three weeks' leisure to elaborate and mature the many thoughts with which his brain was teeming. The very sarcasms seem as if he had not in a hurry caught up the first that came to hand; but had taken breath now and then, and ingeniously selected the most crushing. I declare to you it excites my astonishment that Mr. O'Connell can have found time at the present moment to produce such a work."

On one of O'Connell's political journeys to Cork—it was in 1842,—he brought with him "Laing's Notes of a Traveller," which he pronounced to be "a precious book;" and "Thiers' History of the French Revolution." "This Thiers," said he, "is not always very happy in describing battles. He sometimes leaves his reader in the dark as to who was the winning party." He then spoke of the glories of Buonaparte as "a splendid dream," and commented on the career of the emperor in nearly the identical words he had applied to the

same topic on our journey from Ennis to Dublin, in 1840.

On Easter Sunday I had the happiness of taking the temperance pledge, and receiving the medal from the hands of my excellent friend, Father Mathew. On the following day O'Connell walked through the streets of Cork, in the van of the temperance procession. Father Mathew informed us, that despite of all obstacles, the cause was advancing gloriously. My ticket was numbered 4,249,184. It was indeed a strange and melancholy proof of the fatuity of sectarian fanaticism, that the Apostle of Temperance was from time to time denounced by so-called ministers of religion, as the propagator of superstition. The Honourable and Rev. Mr. Wingfield—a name not unknown upon proselyting platforms—told Father Mathew, that he deemed drunkenness, with all its concomitant horrors, a less evil than the “superstition” annexed to the temperance pledge. Another reverend personage, who proceeded on some biblical expedition from Cork to Ballineen, said, in the hearing of a member of my family, that the Temperance Pledge was *idolatrous*. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these wild people, to attach the idea of idolatry to the odious practice of drunkenness ; to

the prostration of the human intellect before a vile and degrading vice.

O'Connell, having completed his arrangements, quitted Cork at five o'clock on Easter Tuesday morning, on his return to Dublin. We breakfasted at Fermoy. Passing the bridge at Moorepark, he said—

“There is a story connected with this place, which shows how the law was administered in Ireland some seventy or eighty years ago. I *think* Lord Annaly was the judge who figured in it—but as I am not quite sure, I don't like to attach a discreditable tale to his name without stating my uncertainty on this point. He was coming to the Cork assizes, where he was to try a heavy record involving the right of a gentleman named Nagle to a large estate. This bridge did not then exist, and the road descending to the ford was, of course, a great deal steeper than it is at present, and you see it is bad enough now. The judge's carriage was encountered in the stream by a large drove of bullocks, and considerable delay arose to his progress from the crowded and unruly animals. He bore it in silence for a few minutes; but at length impatient of the continued impediment, he angrily called out to the driver of the herd, ‘Halloo! friend! make way there at once. How dare you stop me?’ ‘I

can't help it, sir,' returned the bullock-driver, 'I'm obeying the orders of my master, Mr. Nagle, who ordered me to drive these beasts to ——' (naming Lord Annaly's residence in another county). On this announcement his lordship's ire softened down considerably. He inquired *who* Mr. Nagle, the owner of the bullocks, was; and having satisfied himself that the drove were intended by that gentleman as a *douceur* for his lordship, previously to the pending trial, he awaited the clearance of the passage in philosophic silence. When the trial came on, he took excellent care to secure a verdict in favour of Nagle. On his return to his own abode after the circuit had closed, the first question he asked was, 'Where the drove of bullocks were?' But bullocks, alas! there were none! Nagle had fairly bit the judge. The fact was, that his cause had been disposed of at an early period of the Cork Assizes, and seeing no utility in giving away his bullocks for a verdict which was now secured, he despatched an express, who overtook the drover within six miles of the judge's residence, and ordered him to counter-march.—Here is another story for you. The noted Denis O'Brien had a record at Nenagh;—the judge had talked of purchasing a set of carriage horses, and Denis accordingly sent

him a magnificent set, hoping they would answer his lordship, &c., &c. The judge graciously accepted the horses, and praised their points extravagantly; and what was more important for Denis, he charged the jury in his favour and obtained a verdict for him. The instant Denis gained his point, he sent in a bill to the judge for the full value of the horses. His lordship called Denis aside to expostulate privately with him. 'Oh, Mr. O'Brien,' said he, 'I did not think you meant to charge me for those horses. Come now, my dear friend, why should I pay you for them?' 'Upon my word, that's curious talk,' retorted Denis, 'in a tone of defiance; 'I'd like to know why your lordship *should not* pay me for them?' To this inquiry, of course, a reply was impossible; all the judge had for it was to hold his peace and pay the money."

As we ascended the Kilworth heights, O'Connell repeated the anecdote of his journey there in 1799, in the company of Harry Deane Grady. "It was a dreadfully wet evening," said he, "when Grady and I crossed these mountains. My cousin, Captain Henessey, commanded the company who had on that day escorted the judges from Cork to Fermoy. On reaching Fermoy he was thoroughly drenched. He pulled out the breast of his

shirt, and wrung a pint of water from it on the floor. I implored him to change his dress. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'I shan't mind it;' and in that state he sat down to dinner. The result, of course, was a fever; and in three or four days he was a corpse. How people will fling their lives away! I once myself nearly fell a victim to sitting in wet clothes. No one should remain one instant in them after ceasing to be in motion. As long as you are riding or walking, the exercise preserves you. On reaching your house, throw off your wet clothes, and get between blankets at once. Thus you become warm all over in an instant. To rinse the mouth once or twice with spirits and water is useful."

As we approached the ancient ruins of Ardfinnan, perched on their limestone rock, beneath which the river winds in a graceful curve, O'Connell remarked, "That is the fortress whose garrison was described by the chaplain of one of Cromwell's regiments as having tails like horses."

Speaking of the Irish bar, I asked him whether its reputation for wit was not greater in the last than in the present century. He said they had now no such wit as Curran; but that other members of the bar participated in a large degree in the laughter-stirring quality. "Holmes," said he, "has a

great share of very clever sarcasm. As for myself, the last hour of my practice at the bar, I kept the court alternately in tears and in roars of laughter. Plunket had great wit. He was a creature of exquisite genius. Nothing could be happier than his hit in reply to Lord Redesdale about the *kites*. In a speech before Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase 'kites' very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying, 'I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunket.—In England kites are paper playthings used by boys—in Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction.' 'There is another difference, my lord,' said Plunket, 'in England the wind raises the kites; *in Ireland the kites raise the wind.*'"

"Curran was once defending an attorney's bill of costs before Lord Clare. 'Here, now,' said Clare, 'is a flagitious imposition—how can you defend *this* item, Mr. Curran,—"To writing innumerable letters, £100?"' 'Why, my lord,' said Curran, 'nothing can be more reasonable. *It is not a penny a letter!*' And Curran's reply to Judge Robinson is exquisite in its way. 'I'll commit you, sir,' said the judge. 'I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord!' retorted Curran."

“Wilson Croker, too, had humour. When the crier wanted to expel the dwarf O’Leary, who was about two feet four inches high, from the jury-box in Tralee, Croker said, ‘Let him stay where he is—*De minimis non curat lex.*’ And when Tom Goold got retainers from both sides, ‘Keep them both,’ said Croker, ‘you may conscientiously do so. You can be counsel for one side, and of use to the other.’”

One morning at the Mansion-house, FitzPatrick, looking up at the portrait of Charles II., repeated the lines of Rochester’s jocular epitaph:

“Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never *said* a foolish thing
And never *did* a wise one.”

“Aye,” said O’Connell, laughing, “the debauched old vagabond’s answer to that epitaph was admirable. ‘You are perfectly right,’ said he, ‘it is precisely so: my *words* are my own—my *actions* are those of my ministry.’”

Some one mentioned, in the course of conversation, the historical fact of Father Huddleston’s professional attendance at the death-bed of King Charles II. I said, I feared the good father’s labour was in vain, as it was not very likely that the royal scamp had obtained admission into heaven.

“Do not judge,” said O’Connell, “we must hope he was pardoned.”

“I do not judge,” said I, “I only state what appears to be probable. Just conceive a reckless sensualist, wallowing in profligacy up to the very moment when he is seized with a fatal illness. Death suddenly knocks at the door—he finds himself within a few hours of eternity. His heart is uncleaned—fear, indeed, extorts a piercing yell of remorse; but is it not too much to infer, that such a yell is the voice of genuine, saving contrition?”

“Daunt! Daunt! do not say that! do not say that!” cried O’Connell, very much excited. “We cannot presume to place a limit to the mercies of God. No! no! we cannot.”

I was about to reply; but he said, with great earnestness, “My dear fellow, let us drop the subject.”—Some time afterwards he asked me if I had not observed him making signs to me to be silent on the topic of his Majesty’s death-bed. I answered that I had not.—“I wanted to get rid of the matter,” said he, “for * * * * * has awful doubts about salvation, and has long been in a gloomy state of mind, which I greatly dreaded your observations would increase.”

The collectors of autographs made repeated applications for O’Connell’s signature. A lady of

rank applied to him on behalf of Prince Dolgorowski, who wished to procure his autograph for the Emperor of Russia. O'Connell refused, assigning as the reason, his disinclination to show even the slightest and most insignificant courtesy to such a monster of iniquity as the Emperor Nicholas. Barrett published the fact of the refusal, at O'Connell's desire, in his newspaper, the *Pilot*, whence it found its way into several contemporary journals; and not long afterwards a French lady addressed to O'Connell the following note:

“ A Monsieur O'Connell :

“ Envoi d'une dame française pour obtenir de lui la faveur d'un de ces autographes, qui ne sont refusés, dit on, *qu'aux Empereurs!*

“ J. DE LA PORTE.

“ 30 Aout, 1841, Bourdeaux.”

The King of Bavaria (of Lola Montez notoriety) was more successful than the Emperor Nicholas. His Majesty applied for an autograph, through his minister in England, the Baron de Cetto. The request was conveyed by Mr. W. A. O'Meara, who had the honour of his Bavarian Majesty's acquaintance. The king acknowledged the autograph in an *English* letter to Mr. O'Meara, from

which I extract the following passage, as a specimen of his Majesty's proficiency in the English language, on his acquaintance with which he greatly prided himself:

“ These lines, written from the hand of that energetical character, inseparable for ever from the history of our age, the autograph of that great man, Mr. D. O'Connell, should not fail or be wanting in a collection of this kind. I request you to say my thanks especially to Mr. D. O'Connell himself, for his kindness in fulfilling my desire in such an obliging way. * * * *

“ LEWIS.”

CHAPTER IV.

Renewed Agitation of Repeal—O'Connell's Speeches—Alderman John O'Neill—O'Connell and the Baronetcy—Petition against O'Connell's Return for Cork County—His Triumph—His energetic Faith in the Feasibility of the Repeal—Departure for England.

O'CONNELL proceeded to agitate the Repeal with fresh energy. Two weekly meetings of the Repeal Association took place during the interval between his return from Cork and his departure to London to resume his attendance in Parliament. At the first of these meetings he took occasion to reproach the Repealers with a relaxation of their previous energy; but at the same time he cautiously avoided the appearance of despondency.

“There has lately been an apparent apathy,” said he, “in the public mind; a calm has overspread the political world. But it is not the calm of indifference or despair; it is the calm that precedes the storm. Our duty—the duty of the Association, is henceforth so to organise the energies of the Irish

people, as to enable us when that storm shall arise, 'to ride the whirlwind and direct the tempest.' "

At the subsequent meeting of the Association, O'Connell described the difficulties that appeared to threaten England from all points of the horizon. Nothing could be more impressive than his delivery of the following passage:

"What good have we obtained from England in the season of her prosperity? She has made us weep tears of blood. The day of England's triumph never yet was the day of Ireland's happiness. *But she may want us yet.* Is there, even now, no hurricane threatening her from the other side of the Atlantic, careering against the sun, advancing with the speed of Heaven's lightning? Hear we not the rattling of the hail, the driving of the tempest? Is there no danger that we may be needed to defend the western possessions of Britain? Look next at France—is *she* so kind, so friendly, as she has been? Does the aspect of the Continent in general promise to England a continuance of continental friendship? Then, England's eastern territories—are *they* safe? Let Affghanistan answer! Saw you not the gallant regiment that passed along the quay a few moments ago? Whither go they? To India or to China? What signs are there of peace? From east to west, from north to south, the storm is lowering—through

the darkened atmosphere we can hear the boom of the distant thunder—we discern the flashes of the coming lightning. Yet even in the midst of the tempest may England have safety. She will need the aid of Irishmen. She shall have that aid, but Irishmen require a bribe—here am *I* who want a bribe! I *will* take a bribe—I *must* get a bribe—and my bribe is a Repeal of the Union!”

It was during his ensuing sojourn in London that it became his duty, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, to present to Queen Victoria the address of the Dublin Corporation on the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor of London, who presented at the same time a similar address from the English metropolis, was complimented with a baronetcy. O’Connell was not offered one. The citizens of Dublin took fire at what they conceived to be an invidious distinction thus made by the Government between the two capitals; and the members of the Dublin Corporation forwarded to Alderman O’Neill,—(O’Connell’s *locum tenens*) a requisition to convene a meeting to consider the subject. O’Neill was a thorough patriot—a high-spirited Irishman. He had from boyhood been an active friend of Irish legislative independence. In the year 1782 he had joined the national army of volunteers—in 1840 he was the chairman of the first meeting of the Repeal

Association. I always regarded him, and his venerable compeer, M'Clelland, with feelings of peculiar veneration. Both had in youth been volunteers—in old age they both tendered their aid to resuscitate the Irish Parliament. O'Neill was an Anglican Protestant; M'Clelland was a Presbyterian. When I alluded to O'Neill's undeviating fidelity to Ireland through the course of his long life,

“Aye,” he replied, laughing, “no doubt I was always with Ireland: but in 1782 I was too young, and *now* I fear I am too old, to do her much service.”

He felt much dissatisfaction at the exhibition of discontent on the part of the citizens of Dublin, on the present occasion. “What!” said he, “do they grumble because O'Connell is not made a baronet? Why, now, in the name of common sense, what addition to O'Connell's dignity would a baronetcy be? To be sure it might be deemed an elevation for such small deer as you or me—but O'Connell! Why, sir, I think a title of any sort would but dim the lustre of his name!”

O'Connell himself was precisely of the same opinion. Having heard that the citizens proposed to meet him in procession upon his return to Ireland, in order to demonstrate their indignation at the slight they supposed had been shown to their city, and to its chief magistrate, he wrote, on the

23rd of April, 1842, a letter to Mr. Ray, of which the following passage is an extract:

“ Some of my letters from Dublin this morning mention, as a report, an intended movement on the part of some of my fellow-citizens to institute a testimonial of public opinion, by address or procession, on the subject of a supposed slight to the city of Dublin in the distribution of public honours. It is, I perceive, said that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, have been created baronets. As to the former, I believe the report untrue—at least I have not heard of it, if it be true; but in any case I am decidedly opposed to having my name mixed up with matters of this description. I am vain enough to believe that I have written that name on the page of Irish history, and perhaps on that of the story of the cause of civil and religious liberty; and I intend, with the blessing of God, to endeavour to engrave that humble name still deeper on the recollection of all those whose sympathies are alive to generous efforts for ‘happy homes and altars free.’ I may not succeed in my endeavours, but the last throb of my heart shall beat for Ireland and her wrongs—for Ireland and her hopes of prosperity and freedom.

“ Why then, I do ask it, with melancholy impatience, should my friends mix up my name with titles and matters of that description? Is it not manifest that they give a triumph to our common enemies by making them believe that there is mortification where perfect contentment alone exists, and that there is disappointed vanity where nothing subsists but the pride, perhaps an overweening pride, in a name which I believe is enshrined in the hearts of the truest and best of the lovers of Old Ireland? Enough, and more than enough, of this matter, save to beg the association to discountenance the mistaken zeal of my mistaken friends.”

In a few days O’Connell returned to Ireland, and proceeded to hold three or four meetings in the week, for the advancement of Repeal and of Irish manufacture. The petition against his return for

the county of Cork was struck for an early day in May. For the first day or two he felt some uneasiness as to the result; but his letters from London quickly dispelled all apprehension—the petitioners failed to make out any case against the sitting members, whose election was accordingly decided to be perfectly valid. It was on the evening of Sunday, the 22nd of May, that O'Connell learned this decision. No doubt his delight was very great. I never saw him in more buoyant spirits. He was to sail that night for England. A party of friends, including myself, had dined with him. "Who'll come to Kingstown to see me off?" he asked. "I will!" simultaneously cried De Vitt (his nephew), Ray, and myself. As we travelled on the railway to Kingstown, O'Connell dwelt with absolute enthusiasm on the subject of Repeal. "Oh," said he, with great energy of manner, "I shall not deem myself an honest man, if I henceforth suffer twenty-four hours to elapse without doing something to advance Repeal! We will begin afresh. Sir, the thing is so perfectly feasible—so entirely practicable! The spirit exists among the millions of our people—it only requires to be skilfully called forth into active operation! There is nothing like incessantly reiterating to them the diabolical means by which they were defrauded

of their parliament, and showing them how the shilling subscriptions—insignificant in amount, individually—will give us a national treasury of 150,000*l.* They will easily comprehend how such a treasury as that will facilitate the achievement of any constitutional measure we think proper. I shall easily have my three millions of shilling subscribers—three millions are gregarious—they will soon become *four*—and when the masses of the people are thoroughly worked, and actively with us, then we will have excellent men in the upper ranks, from time to time, discovering how perfectly feasible the Repeal is, and joining our confederacy. Oh, there is nothing—nothing else for Ireland! We must familiarise the people, by my system of incessant reiteration, with the enormous amount of absentee drain, and of surplus taxation; we must teach every man, woman, and child of them to comprehend that our measures will bring money back to Ireland; that our Irish taxes will be spent in Ireland under an Irish Parliament, and that the amount of those taxes will be very much reduced. I will hold, by my own authority, a Repeal Convention at Kilkenny in the ensuing summer. It shall be a representative body, constructed on a plan analogous to that which I have sketched in the Repeal Reports for the revived Irish Parliament. We'll get

the places which are there set down as returning members, to return delegates to the Kilkenny Convention. The visible presence of this body—the unfolding and familiarising of our details, will prepare the Irish people's minds for the advent of their restored legislature, and stimulate them to struggle with me for it. Oh, yes! yes! I want Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland! We must squeeze the Saxon spirit out of the land.”

“Daunt is afraid you want to squeeze *him* out of the land,” said De Vitt.

“Not the least,” said I; “for although the descendant of an Elizabethan settler, I have not got a particle of the Saxon spirit in my breast. If nearly three centuries of residence cannot naturalise the descendants of foreigners, you should strike out some good names from your list of patriots, De Vitt.”

“Indeed,” said O'Connell, “I do think Daunt has tolerable pretensions to be called an Irishman.”

We were now rapidly approaching Kingstown; the train stopped, and we accompanied O'Connell on board the *Urgent* steamer. It was a mild, soft night, and the moon, nearly at full, shone with great lustre. We walked on deck until the next half-hour train was starting for Dublin. Our leader then bade God bless us, and took a friendly fare-

well; at the same time strongly recommending De Vitt to participate in the debates of the Repeal Association. "If you only consulted your professional interests, De Vitt, I should urge your coming publicly forward there; it would help to introduce you favourably to the public notice."

CHAPTER V.

The Repeal Agitation—Speculations on the English Disturbances of 1842—Military Patronage—"The Buonaparte of the Law"—O'Connell's Reminiscences of his Early Days—Traits of the Olden Time in Ireland—Thomas Moore's Advice to Sheil—O'Connell's Constitutional Buoyancy—Provincial Missions for Repeal commenced—Letter from O'Connell—Revision of the Dublin Burgess-Roll—O'Connell's jocose performance of that Labour—Termination of his Year of Office—Civic Banquet.

I DID not see much of O'Connell in 1842. The session of Parliament detained him in London from May until August. During his absence in London I conducted the public business of the Repeal Association until I was called to Scotland in order to extend the Repeal confederacy in that kingdom. While in Edinburgh I formed some of the most pleasing friendships of my life, in becoming acquainted with the family of our zealous and indefatigable ally, Charles Glendonwyn Scott.

When I returned to Ireland, O'Connell had not

yet arrived from London. But he sent, as an *avant courier* of his approach, the following epistle to Mr. Ray:—

“London, 6th August, 1842.

“MY DEAR RAY—I am sincerely sorry that it will not be in my power to be in Dublin before Wednesday; but on that day it is my intention to be there, and to proceed at once to the perfect organisation of the Repeal agitation. Have for me an accurate return of the parishes and districts in Dublin, and the rest of Leinster in which any exertions have been made in favour of Repeal since the 25th of March last, the date of the renewed exertion for Ireland. The apathy by which the spirit of patriotism is paralysed must soon give way to the conviction that Ireland has nothing to depend on but her own exertions. How foolish it is in the writers of the ‘Dublin Magazine’ to suggest the formation of a Liberal party in Ireland unconnected with Repeal—foolish to the last degree. Who, besides the Repealers, are liberal in Ireland? Some few barristers, who dream of the restoration of Whiggism—of Whiggism that has passed by never to return. It is true that Lord Cloncurry adheres to his opinions of former days; but we have no right to expect activity from him, benumbed as he must be by the wretched Toryism of his son. The house of Leinster may be called ‘The Castle of Indolence,’ where the son outsleeps the father. Alas! alas! for poor Ireland, she has indeed no friends.

“But shall we despair? I will try the thrilling trumpet that has often before caused despair to hope, and torpor to be roused into energy. I do not despair, nor does the chill of an ungenial legislature diminish the glow of hope which I derive from the subdued but reviving flame of genuine Irish patriotism. The people of Ireland are true to the heart’s core; the clergy of the people are as sincere in their love of fatherland as they are eminent in Christian zeal and fervent piety. I do not despair.

“So soon as I arrive in Ireland, I will publish my address to my own constituents; all I desire is to make them, clergy and laity, understand the real position of public affairs. I want every Irishman to be convinced of this truth—that there is

nothing worth looking for save the power of governing ourselves, and of husbanding our national resources by the restoration of our domestic legislature.

"Have, I repeat it, prepared, a list of all the parishes in Leinster, with the names of the clergy of each parish, and of every layman therein, who shall have taken at any bygone time an active part in the Repeal agitation; it is by detailed and persevering exertions that public opinion will recover its tone and energy in Ireland.

"Believe me to be, yours, very sincerely,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"T. M. Ray, Esq."

In a few days O'Connell arrived. At this period there were extensive disturbances through the manufacturing districts in England, which in some of the leading towns threatened serious results.

"This is what I call a blind rebellion," said O'Connell, one day, after dinner; "it has got no skilful leaders. Yet if it should assume a really formidable aspect, it would end in a partial revolution. In such a case as that, I, as Lord Mayor, should go to the Castle, and armed with the government authority, I should forthwith organise a city militia."

"Queen Victoria might have to run over here for protection," said Mr. Fitzsimon (the Liberator's son-in-law).

"I should have two as fine battalions as ever took the field," continued O'Connell. "As Lord Mayor I would be entitled to be colonel. I would say to

the ranks, ' You must die if necessary, but you must not be defeated.' ”

“ If matters took such a turn,” resumed Fitzsimon, “ as to compel the Queen to seek, like James the Second, protection in Ireland from her English subjects, the result would now be a separation of the countries.”

“ How differently,” resumed O’Connell, “ would the English government have treated Irish insurgents! Paddy would have been shot down most unceremoniously. Whereas in this English ‘ blind rebellion,’ the two parties have been fighting each other with about as much parlour-politeness as if my friend Tom Arkins* were their master of the ceremonies. Yet it is just possible that with the enormous materials of discontent, distress, and disaffection now existing in England, matters may speedily become more alarming—and *I* may be obliged to raise my battalions.”

He paused for a moment, and then added,

“ What we are now saying is mere after-dinner table-talk: and yet, dreamy as it is, it *might* be a reality ere this time to-morrow. How evident that these rioters had no able leaders. If they had such, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to

* The Sword Bearer to the Corporation of Dublin.

break up the railways and prevent the transmission of the troops."

There was certainly this feature of organisation among the insurgents—that the disturbances simultaneously commenced in several widely distant districts, as if for the purpose of exhausting the military force by division.

Amongst O'Connell's anecdotes this evening, was one of the son of a Wexford elector, whose father had been promised patronage by a member of the Loftus family, in return for a vote. The father's ambition aimed at a serjeantcy in the artillery. Lord Loftus, on applying for this post for the youth, was informed that it was totally impossible to grant his request, inasmuch as it required a previous service of *six years* to qualify a candidate for the serjeantcy. "Does it require six years' service to qualify him for a lieutenant?" demanded Lord Loftus. "Certainly not," was the answer. "Well, can't you make him a lieutenant, then?" rejoined his lordship.

"Whereupon," said O'Connell, laughing heartily, "the fellow was made a lieutenant, for no better reason than just because he wasn't fit to be a serjeant!"

We talked of the new church of St. Andrew, in Westland Row. I criticized its architectural de-

formity. O'Connell said it had one valuable and redeeming quality—internal convenience.

“I was,” he continued, “one of the chief workers of the change of situation from that old spot in Townsend Street to Westland Row. The priests were all in favour of the change—no man could deny its advantages. However, old Dunne—one of those pious laymen, who always like to rule the priests if they can—violently opposed the change; but we had him at last in a glorious minority. When beaten, he said to the priests; ‘I defeated you before on this question, and I would have beaten you now again, only that you brought out against me *the Bonaparte of the law.*’ I wish we had had the good fortune to have Pugin for our architect. He would have given us something better for our 23,000*l.* than the ugly mass of building we’ve got.”

On Sunday, the 21st of August, O'Connell dined with his son John, who had taken lodgings at Monkstown, near Dunleary, for the sake of sea-air. Steele and I were of the party. I never saw the Liberator in higher spirits, or abandon himself more thoroughly to the enjoyment of the hour. He walked along the pier at Kingstown for two hours before dinner, laughing with the glee of a schoolboy escaped from his tasks; occasionally stop-

ping to talk with the youths who held their angling rods upon the brink, examining the fish they had caught, and contrasting its quality and size with those of the fish at Darrynane. When he had thus sauntered on, until we had almost reached the extremity of the pier, the Liverpool steamer, which was just paddling out of the harbour, approached. "Out of my way, you miscreant!" cried O'Connell, bounding past a young man on the rough, uneven verge of the pier—and away he ran, till he reached the point that afforded the nearest view of the vessel. When she had cleared the harbour, he turned to gaze upon the landward prospect, exclaiming: "It is beautiful! exquisitely beautiful! but it wants the boldness and wildness of Darrynane. How lovely is the glassy smoothness of the sea!"

Our party at dinner included Steele, Ray, and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan. Steele, John O'Connell, and I, amused ourselves squibbing off execrable puns at each other. O'Connell spoke of his own early days.

"The first *big* book I ever read," said he, "was Captain Cook's 'Voyage round the World.' I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run

away, and take my book to the window, that is now converted into a press, in the housekeeper's room at Darrynane ; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages upon the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I to sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

Speaking of the old mode of estimating the value of a district of land, as supporting so many head of cattle, &c., O'Connell said,

"It was the most natural, in fact, the only way, of computing the value. In the remoter parts of the kingdom, the gentry who had large properties often moved from one of their farms to another; as soon as they and their household had eaten up the produce of one farm, they migrated to consume the food furnished by the next. We had, ourselves, a house at Logher, and the family occasionally moved there from Darrynane."

"I think," said Dr. Whelan, "that it would have been a better plan to bring the provisions to the principal residence."

“No,” rejoined O’Connell; “it was easier, and cheaper, for the family to move to the food, than to bring the food to *them*. The conveyances were bad, the roads a great deal worse! In some districts there were neither roads nor cars in those days; and where the farms were at a considerable distance from each other, the best possible way was to mount the household upon horseback, and transport them all to the provisions.”

Talking away from one subject to another, he mentioned O’Leary, who was shot in 1773, by Morris, of Dunkettle, near Cork.

“That man’s son,” said O’Connell, “was the father of two fine boys. He brought up one of them a Protestant, and the other a Catholic. The poor children early showed the belligerent spirit of religious hostility. They were always squabbling. The Catholic brother would say, ‘We’ll get Emancipation in spite of you!’—‘No, you rascal!’ the Protestant brother would answer, ‘we’ll keep our foot upon your necks!’”

Speaking of his protracted struggle against Catholic disabilities, he said that, prior to the great Emancipation meeting, held at the Freemasons Tavern, in London, in 1825, Moore, the poet, had written to caution Sheil against giving full license

to his flowery and ornate eloquence, in presence of an English auditory. "I know the English flower-market better than you do," said Moore, "and too much ornament won't suit their taste." Sheil unluckily took the advice; repressed his natural bent; and tried to be cold, unadorned, and Anglican. His speech was a failure. Warned by experience, he gave full scope to his genius on the next occasion—was in the highest degree impassioned and eloquent, and was received with perfect rapture by his audience.

O'Connell always spoke with the highest admiration of Sheil's extraordinary abilities, and with strong personal regard for his old fellow-leader in the struggle for Emancipation. "But I'll tell you a mistake he made," he would add; "he was wrong to have taken a silk gown before I got one."

I never knew O'Connell more lively and animated, more disposed to enjoy himself and to contribute to the merriment of others, than during the evening of which this chapter is a record. He had, as I well knew, many causes of painful anxiety, both public and private; but I had often observed, that he possessed, in a high degree, the faculty of dis-embarrassing his mind of the pressure of annoyance. Indeed, if it had been otherwise, he must have

sunk beneath the arduous labours of his life. I have often been astonished at the buoyancy of spirits with which he used to throw off a speech at the Corn Exchange, arousing Ireland "from the centre to the sea," at the very time when some source of private vexation existed; which, had another man been exposed to its influence, would have rendered the sufferer incapable of any public effort. But there seemed to exist within O'Connell's breast an inexhaustible fountain of buoyant mirthfulness, which not only sustained him in his public labours, but diffused its influence over the whole circle of his familiar associates. The humorous intonation of his voice, the arch expression of his eye, gave racy zest to many a trifle of the hour, which in other hands would have been abundantly flat and pointless.

I have already said, that during this entire year I saw but little of him. The parliamentary session demanded his presence during the summer in London. In the autumn I was appointed by the Association to take his place in organising the province of Leinster in the Repeal movement. John O'Connell and Ray were at the same time deputed to organise Connaught and Munster. Our trio assembled at the Mansion House, on the night of September the 11th, 1842, in order to compare notes, and

regulate our plans for the campaign. I have elsewhere given details of the progress of the mission.*

On the 12th we set out. O'Connell addressed the following epistle to me, on the subject of our undertaking:

“Darrynane Abbey, 9th Sept., 1842.

“MY DEAR DAUNT,—I hope you are making arrangements for opening the campaign of agitation. It is time it were begun. But act cautiously:—be sure to have the approval of the Catholic clergy in every place you move to. I intended to have written to you at greater length, but will defer it until Sunday or Monday. Write to me fully all the prospects of the approaching campaign.

“Is there any thing you wish me to do, or say, or write?

“Communicate my *orders* to my dear friend, Tom Steele,† to keep his bed until his physician tells him he may rise.

“Yours, my dear Daunt, most sincerely,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.”

The missionaries had anticipated the request conveyed in this communication, which reached me at Mullingar. In reply, I begged the Liberator might

* See “Ireland and Her Agitators,” p. 236.

† Steele had been dangerously ill during the summer.

address, through the newspapers, a letter to the people of Ireland, calling upon them to rally round the missionaries of Repeal. He shortly afterwards did so.

Municipal business called him from his mountain home. He was compelled most reluctantly to abridge his stay at Darrynane, in order to revise the burges-roll of Dublin.

It was a Herculean task. The list contained the names of 18,000 persons, the claims of whom were to be severally investigated. The time was limited by the statute, possibly with the object of throwing difficulty in the way of attaining the franchise. Wagers were laid that O'Connell would be unequal to the labour; that, in fact, no human power could condense the necessary business within the limited period assigned for its performance.

“ We'll try it, at any rate,” said O'Connell. And to work he set—jesting, quizzing, and punning to relieve the tedium of his monotonous duty.

“ It is a tremendous piece of work,” said Fitz-Patrick, in a letter to me; “ but the labour sits lightly on our indefatigable friend.”

And so it did, if we may judge from the following *jeux d'esprit*, which I take from the reports in the Dublin Morning Papers of the period.

"CONSCIENCE !

"The name of Myles Magrath being called, one of the collectors was asked what profession Mr. Magrath belonged to ?

"Collector—He is a crier in the Court of Conscience.

"Lord Mayor—Mr. Magrath would have to cry a long time indeed in that court before Conscience would answer his calls there (roars of laughter)."

A gentleman named "Stanley Ireland" presented himself as a claimant for the franchise.

"Mr. Stanley Ireland was objected to by Mr. Crean for non-payment of pipe-water tax.

"Lord Mayor—I did not think an objection to 'Ireland' would come from *your* side.

"Mr. Crean—You know we do not like the name of Stanley though (laughter).

"Lord Mayor—But by admitting Stanley you extend the franchise to 'Ireland' (loud laughter).

"It was discovered that the tax was paid, and Mr. Ireland was admitted.

"Lord Mayor—Well, this is a great day for Ireland (roars of laughter).

"The next name was Henry Chinnery Justice. When the word 'Justice' was called,

"Mr. Wauchob said—Now, my lord, you cannot but say that you have Justice very near Ireland (loud laughter).

"There appeared a Mr. Carew Smyth, whose claim to be enrolled as a burgess of the Merrion ward had been admitted on the preceding Thursday, and who, addressing himself to the court, begged that the Lord Mayor would be good enough to rectify an error into which he had fallen with respect to the manner in which his (Mr. S.'s) name had been spelled upon the burgess list. His lordship was reported in the newspapers to have stated that he was acquainted with him (Mr. Smyth) for very many years, and that he always knew him to spell his name with an *i* and not with a *y*. The very opposite was the fact; for he had always written his name with a *y*; and as his name had been erroneously inserted in consequence of his lordship's misapprehension, he should esteem it a favour if the error

were now corrected by substituting 'Smyth' for 'Smith' in the entry upon the burgess roll (laughter). He was very anxious that this should be done.

"Lord Mayor—I am sorry we have committed any error which causes you annoyance, sir. We will cheerfully rectify it, since you have had your walk over here about it. You wish to have your name spelt Smyth, and not Smith.

"Mr. Smyth—Exactly, my lord. You were under the impression I was *S.m.i.t.h.*, and when remonstrated with to spell it *S.m.y.t.h.*, you are reported to have said to Mr. Stokes that 'you would not knock out my *i* to please him (loud laughter); that I was a *smith*, at all events, and that I might *hammer away*.'—Pray have the error rectified.

"Lord Mayor (laughing)—Oh, certainly, sir; I am sorry that you were occasioned any uneasiness. We *will* knock out your *i*, since you desire it (loud laughter); and we'll give you a *y* with a sweeping tail as long as my own.

"Mr. Smyth bowed and retired, seemingly much satisfied."

Mr. Blackburne, the Tory Attorney-General, who was on the eve of his appointment as Master of the Rolls, applied for the franchise.

"Lord Mayor—Is there any objection to this claimant?

"Mr. Crean—Yes, my lord, I have an objection to his being placed upon the roll.

"Lord Mayor—But have you any objection to his being placed in the *Rolls*?"

Serjeant (now Judge) Jackson—an enthusiastic abettor of the tithe-system, ministers' money, and so forth, applied for the franchise, and

"was objected to on behalf of the Liberals on the ground that he had not paid 'Ministers' Money.'

"The collector was asked if such was the fact? and he replied that the gentleman was certainly in arrear. Shouts of laughter followed this announcement.

“ Lord Mayor—I should feel very sorry if he was returned for any other tax in arrear.

“ Mr. Stokes—It is fortunate for the learned judge he is not now in Parliament, for what has transpired here would become a standing joke there for your lordship.”

In truth, Jackson's remissness in the payment of his “ ministers' money ” is only one among ten thousand instances of a similar description. The loudest advocates of State Protestantism, have themselves been as frequently defaulters in the payment of tithe to the parsons, as the Catholic people, upon whom they endeavoured to perpetuate that odious impost.

A singular case of arrear in a different tax was exhibited:

“ The non-payment of poor-rate was made a subject of objection to various parties living within the precincts of the Castle. The collector stated that he had not been able to collect one penny poor-rate out of the Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant himself (Earl De Grey) was in arrear to the tune of 74*l*.

“ Lord Mayor—The Lord Lieutenant! you shock me!

“ Mr. Stokes—Did Lord Ebrington owe any of that sum?

“ Collector—Yes, indeed he did.”

Notwithstanding O'Connell's indefatigable application to his laborious task, yet he feared, on the last two days, that he could not accomplish what yet remained undone. He, however, resolved to persevere—and succeeded. His success was triumphantly announced to me in an epistle from

FitzPatrick, from which I give the following extract:

“ Dublin, October 16, 1842.

* * * * *

“ O'Connell has ‘ blazoned new honours on his crowded shield.’ In fact, he has completed the municipal revision of 18,000 names strong, at within five minutes to twelve last night—the legal hour for closing! This achievement is, indeed, matter for special wonder. The English revision courts have, in every instance, failed to effect the business within the period, even although none of their lists of claimants equalled in numerical force that which our Hercules has disposed of.

“ Unfavourable, too, as the nature of the investigation obviously was to the manifestation of his mighty capabilities, yet he contrived, even through it, to develop all the qualities of a great judge. So say the *primates* of the law. Truly it is a singular exploit. O'Connell has proved the achievement to be practicable by *him*; but succeeding years will show,

“ ‘ That other mayors toil after him in vain.’ ”

* * * * *

As O'Connell toiled away towards the close of his task, various efforts were made by the adverse party to interrupt him. “ My Lord Mayor, the

time's run out"—"My Lord Mayor, it's two minutes past twelve o'clock." But O'Connell would not be distracted, and he continued marking off the names with great celerity, his watch lying on the table before him. Every moment was precious; and in order that the work might be brought to a close within the prescribed period, he admitted, without examination, during the last hour, several Tory claimants; being conscious that the Liberal numerical strength must, at all events, leave the foe in a minority; whilst, if he should fail in concluding the revision before midnight, all his previous toil would go for nothing.

When he stood up, at five minutes before twelve, to proclaim that the last name on the whole list had been reached, the announcement elicited a burst of astonishment and applause, from foes as well as friends; and many of the former could not avoid congratulating him upon his extraordinary triumph, in the hearty zeal of their admiration.

His year of mayoralty now rapidly approached its close; and he rejoiced in the prospect of exemption from its multiplied annoyances. "In another fortnight," said he, in a speech at the Repeal Association, "I'll have the privilege of knocking down any man who calls me 'My Lord.'"

On the 1st of November, 1842, he quitted his

municipal office. His successor, Mr. George Roe, a Protestant gentleman, was unanimously chosen by the Corporation. There was, of course, a grand civic procession—O'Connell occupied the old glass coach, so delightful to all the amateurs of raree-shows.

The evening banquet given by the new Lord Mayor was rendered interesting by the festive harmony of men of the most opposite politics ; and O'Connell seized the occasion to impress upon all parties the necessity of casting old feuds into oblivion. In returning thanks for the toast of his health, he said :

“ That if his loved friend the Lord Mayor had expressed the gratification which he felt at the manner in which his name had been received by the company, how much more intense must his (Mr. O'Connell's) feelings be, when he found himself the object of such enthusiastic demonstrations of applause (hear, hear). There were sentiments which could not be described—feelings which could not be translated into words—there was a glow of the soul which might be felt, but which could not be communicated, and he felt the truth of this assertion that moment most deeply, most sincerely, and most unequivocally (loud cheers). Perhaps it was merely an overweening vanity, while he attributed it to a higher and a nobler sentiment, which induced him to think that they had spent a useful day for Ireland. Yet he could not prevent his mind from dwelling with feelings of unfeigned delight upon the remembrance of that day, for the demonstrations which they had witnessed proved that political rancour was not a sentiment indigenous to their hearts, but that party feeling melted away before the genial warmth of generous confidence and kindness. Why should they stand aloof one from the other ? Why suffer obsolete prejudices, which were

disgraceful to their natures, to prevent them from joining together with that unanimity of word and action which it was delightful to find in men of the same country? Were they not all Irishmen? Were they not all combined for the common advantage of their native land? Paltry and degrading were the pitiable prejudices which had heretofore prevented them from regarding each other as friends and brothers, and surely it was now full time that they should emerge from the slavish influence of that unhappy spirit of disunion which could only serve to bring disquietude to themselves and irreparable injury to their country. Oh, if the same delightful spirit of unanimity and harmony which animated the breasts of all who were assembled in that goodly company could be diffused throughout the length and breadth of our distracted land, what greatness was there that she might not achieve—what happiness that she might not accomplish? (loud cheers.) Too long had they been divided; but he thanked the Lord Mayor for the noble example of liberality which he had set, and most ardently did he hope that every man in Ireland who possessed any portion of that enlightenment and discernment for which his friend was distinguished, would come forward and adopt a similar course of conduct. Why should they be severed any longer? They had a common country to serve, and a common duty to perform—there was much to be remedied, much to be redressed—but it was by union, concord, and good-fellowship alone that they could hope to accomplish the important designs which it was necessary to achieve (hear, hear).—He thanked Heaven that in the Corporation nothing like party spirit had been displayed; and that although they occasionally counted one side against the other, no sentiment had ever escaped from the lips of a member of the council which savoured of acrimony or political rancour (cheers). Why should not this spirit be fostered and cherished, until its benign influence should be diffused throughout the land, bringing peace to the distracted breast, and shedding the blessings of concord and of happiness all round? They had begun well, and if there was in the civic chair last year a man of one religion, he thanked Heaven that it would be filled by a man of a different religion during the year ensuing. Most strenuously and most zealously had he (Mr. O'Connell) endeavoured during his year of office to pursue a

course of the strictest impartiality; but whatever became of the last year, no man who came before his esteemed friend who now held the mayoralty, could imagine for one instant that his religious or political tenets could have any influence in promoting or retarding his rights. One day such as the present was worth whole centuries of strife. It served to knit men together in the bonds of amity—it consolidated public opinion—it conciliated hearts which heretofore had been adverse, and it contributed to promote the happiness and prosperity of the country, by making her sons dwell together in harmony. He had declared at the commencement that he could not translate the feelings of his heart, and never did he feel more inadequate to the task than at the present moment. He was dreaming aloud. He never thought that he should see such a day as that (cheers). This was the consummation for which he had been battling for many a year, and if he knew any thing of his own heart, he would declare in the presence of his God, who would judge him, that this was the dearest object of his life. They had been kind enough to make him think that he had contributed to such a day; but of this he was confident, that his friend Mr. Roe had done more than even he (Mr. O'Connell) towards this consummation. The citizens of Dublin were happy in being able to select for their chief magistrate a man of such high character—of such unsullied honour—a man who, in every relation of life, had won the respect of his fellow-men, and who, in a country where party spirit unfortunately ran to too high a pitch, had been so singularly fortunate as to conciliate to himself the good wishes and good opinions of all classes indiscriminately. These remarks were the outpourings of his heart rather than the studied compositions of the brain; as such he would have them regarded.”

Alderman Butt, of Tory celebrity, made a speech, which he ended by quoting and adopting O'Connell's oft-repeated wish to behold Ireland—

“Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.”

CHAPTER VI.

Progress of Repeal—Escape of O'Connell from the Orange Party—Recollection of the Shearses—O'Connell's Bar Practice—A Civil Visit refused—Journey to Munster—O'Connell's Recollections of 1797 and 1803—Judge Finucane's Charge—Epigram on a Sign Post, by Hussey Burgh—Appropriative Ladies—Eloquence in a Newspaper—Rev. Robert Manning's Answer to Leslie's Case Stated.

A FEW days afterwards, Colonel Markey* visited O'Connell. Markey's tendencies were naturally loyal; but, like many others, he had been forced into the insurrection of 1798 by the intolerable tyranny of the then existing government. He had, in childhood, been enrolled in the national cause. When only six years old, his father brought him to a review of the Irish Volunteers, at Bellew's Town; and the child's feeble hands held a mimic standard in the front of the patriotic muster.

“I believe, Markey,” said O'Connell, “that you and Cloney are the only two colonels of the United

* Colonel of the United Irishmen, 1798.

Irishmen now surviving in Ireland. Poor Sterne Harte, who died the other day, was a major. Well, how times are changed, my old friend! We are on the eve of infinitely greater changes. What a feature of the times, to have seventeen Tories in our Corporation, unanimously joining in that vote of thanks to me on my quitting office as Lord Mayor!"

"Aye," said Markey, "and there in Drogheda, the other day, we saw Ball, of Ball's Grove, the head of one of the staunchest Tory families in Ireland, suddenly sending in his ten pound contribution to the O'Connell fund. I was sitting on the bench, beside the Mayor, when the letter arrived. I protest, we could scarcely have been more astonished, if the town-house had walked into the Boyne!"

"That the rational and sagacious of their party will come round," said O'Connell, "is a matter of gradual, but certain occurrence. The common sense of the case is so completely with us. Well, no doubt these things are triumphs. Orange Tories uniting in a vote of thanks to me! to *me*, who have twice been preserved, by the special protection of Providence, from being murdered by Orangemen! You well remember, Markey, how we heard the signal-shots fired far away to the left, on that

journey to the north, in 1835. I did not know the route, and, providentially, gave wrong instructions to the postillions. The Orangemen had mustered on the bridge, in the long flat bog, near Omagh—a dangerous pass, without battlements—they were resolved to have destroyed me, either by flinging me into the river, or creating a riot, and shooting me in the skirmish. Well, God took care of me, I trust, for a good purpose for Ireland.”

On the following day, Dr. Madden, the author of a work on the United Irishmen, visited him.

“ Oh, Madden !” cried O’Connell, as he entered, “ I was thinking, as I read your book, how glad you would have been to learn a trifling incident I could have told you about the Shearses. I travelled with them, in the Calais packet, to England, in 1793. I left Douai on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking of the execution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Shearses. Hearing the horrible

doings at Paris spoken of, John Sheares said, 'We were at the execution.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen, 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms,' answered Sheares; 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene.' 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Sheares answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words. '*From love of the cause!*'"

Dr. Madden said, he would far prefer to have received some anecdote favourable to the character of the Sheareses, instead of one which inculpated them in the sanguinary brutality of Jacobinism.

Although we must abhor the base treachery of the wretch who betrayed, at a subsequent period, these Sheareses into the hands of the government, yet it lessens our regret for their fate, to know how small a claim they could derive from their personal character on our compassionate sympathy.

O'Connell added this trivial circumstance—that on the occasion of that voyage, the elder Sheares observed, that it was the only time he had ever been at sea without danger of shipwreck. "I think, Madden," said he, in conclusion, "the whole

story would have derived some zest from *my* being mixed up in it."

About this period, old John O'Neill (the volunteer of 1782), solicited the good offices of O'Connell, for the children of a man who had recently died in embarrassed circumstances. "Poor fellow," said O'Neill, "he was a slobbering sort of manager. The Dutch say, 'that when a man becomes distressed, it is a sure sign that he has not kept his accounts with regularity.'"

"The Dutch are not far from the truth," observed O'Connell. "I have often seen preposterously slobbering mismanagement among men for whom I have been professionally concerned. I recollect I once had a client, an unlucky fellow, against whom a verdict had been given for a balance of 1100*l*. We were trying to set aside that verdict. I was young at the bar at that time—my senior counsel contented themselves with abusing the adverse witnesses, detecting flaws in their evidence, and making sparkling points;—in short, they made very flourishing and eloquent, but rather ineffective speeches. Whilst they flourished away, I got our client's books, and, taking my place immediately under the judges' bench, I opened the accounts, and went through them all from begin-

ning to end. I got the whole drawn out by double entry, and got numbers for every voucher. The result plainly was, that so far from there being a just balance of 1100*l.* against our poor devil, there actually was a balance of 700*l.* in his favour! although the poor slovenly blockhead did not know it himself! When my turn came, I made the facts as clear as possible to judge and jury—and the jury inquired ‘if they couldn’t find a verdict of 700*l.* for Mr. ——?’ I just tell you the circumstance,” continued O’Connell, “to show you that I kept an eye on that important branch of my profession.”

One day, when the Liberator was particularly occupied, and interruption, of course, more than ordinarily unwelcome, a civil booby came in, and apologised for not having previously visited him. “Say nothing about it,” said O’Connell; “I look on it as a very great kindness when people don’t visit me.”

On another day of incessant political occupation at the Mansion-house, the servant announced Mr. ——.

“Who is Mr. ——?” demanded O’Connell. “I know many men of that name.” The servant descended to the hall to inquire, and satisfied O’Connell as to the peculiar identity of his visitor. “Go ask him what’s his business,” said the Liberator,

giving himself another short reprieve. "He says his business is to make his bow to your lordship," said the envoy, having made the inquiry. "Augh! tell him I am quite satisfied to accept his bow where he is!"

Driving out of town one day *en route* to some Repeal destination, O'Connell said, as we passed Eustace Street,

"In my young days there used to be a celebrated tavern in that street, where the Reformers of the period held many of their meetings. I was at one of those meetings in 1797—it was a meeting of the lawyers. John Sheares and the present Judge Burton attended it."

"Had you been then called to the bar?"

"No. I was not then a lawyer—I only went as a spectator. It was fortunate for me that I could not then participate in the proceedings. I felt warmly—and a young Catholic student stepping prominently forth in opposition to the Government, would have been in all probability hanged. I learned much by being a *looker on* about that time. I had many good opportunities of acquiring valuable information, upon which I very soon formed my own judgment. It was a terrible time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as a perfectly open and above-board political ma-

chinery. My friend Richard Newton Bennett was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself a United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned the lesson *to have no secrets in politics*. Other leaders made their *workings* secret, and only intended to bring out the *results*. They were, therefore, perpetually in peril of treachery. You saw men on whose fidelity you would have staked your existence playing false, when tempted by the magnitude of the bribe on the one side, and terrified on the other by the danger of hanging."

As we passed through St. James's Street, he pointed out a dusky red brick house, with stone cornices and architraves, on the south side of the street.*

"That," said he, "was the Grand Canal Hotel. One night in 1803 I searched every room in that house."

"For what did you search?"

"For croppies. I was then a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and constantly on duty. After I had stood sentry for three successive nights, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. He had recently been ill, and told me the exposure to night air would probably kill him. 'I shall be in a sad predicament,' said he, 'unless you take my turn of duty for me.

* That house has been since then pulled down, the ground it occupied having, I believe, been required by the Dublin and Cashel Railway Company.

If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or crotchism; if I mount guard it will be the death of me! So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame Street after midnight—he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary-public, to give notice for protest of a bill—the hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasonable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several drawings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given us of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement, but the visitors whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly searched the whole house for pikes—prodded the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning.”

As we passed through Naas, O'Connell observed that the head of O'Connor, a rebel schoolmaster, who was hanged in 1797, had ceased for some years to ornament the gaol.

“He made,” said O'Connell, “a wicked speech in the dock. He complained of taxes, and op-

pressions of various descriptions, and then said 'Before the flesh decays from my bones—nay, before my body is laid in the earth, the avenger of tyranny will come. The French are on the sea while I utter these words—they will soon effect their short and easy voyage, and strike terror and dismay into the cruel oppressors of the Irish people.' When the prisoner concluded, Judge Finucane commenced his charge, in the course of which he thus attacked the politics, predictions, and arguments of the unhappy prisoner; 'O'Connor, you're a great blockhead for your pains. What you say of the French is all nonsense. Don't you know, you fool, that Lord Howe knocked their ships to smithereens last year? And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the—— Oh! I must not forget, there was another point of nonsense in your speech. You talked about the tax on leather, and said it would make us all go barefoot. Now, O'Connor, I've the pleasure to inform you that I have got a large estate in Clare, and there is not a tenant upon it that hasn't got as good boots and shoes as myself. And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be

delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the head until you are dead, and your body shall be divided into quarters, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!' The only reply O'Connor made was, 'If you are kind to your tenants, my lord, may God bless you.'"

Passing Belan, the deserted abode of the Earls of Aldborough, O'Connell repeated the lines Hussey Burgh had composed on the hand which in former days adorned an old finger-post near the gate—(the ladies of the S***** family were not celebrated for their integrity, at the now distant period in question.)

" Great Jupiter ! could I command
Promethean fire to warm that hand,
Give it tenacity and feeling,
Then fix, thus vivified, the fist,
Upon my sympathetic wrist,
Oh ! what a hand 'twould be for stealing!"

" Some ladies of quality," continued O'Connell, " have a curious propensity for theft. There were the Honourable Misses H——. In Bath, the shopkeepers regularly traded on their thievish disposition. Articles of value were left designedly upon the counters—the baits of course took; and the honourable thieves were pursued by shopboys who would say, ' You have taken such or such articles, ladies, but you have forgotten to pay for them.' An

exorbitant price was then always demanded, which the ladies were glad to pay in order to escape the worse alternative of public exposure."

The morning papers which we had brought from Dublin contained despatches from China. Sir Henry Pottinger in his account of a recent engagement, stated that " eighty of the enemy were killed, and a *proportionate* number wounded."

" A *proportionate* number!" cried O'Connell, " and pray what is the proportion? Could the fellow make a sum in arithmetic of it? ' Given the number of killed, what ought to be the number of wounded?'"

Speaking of newspaper reports,

" The very perfection of reporting," said O'Connell, " was my worthy friend —————'s report of a speech that he never delivered at a meeting which never was held. A year or two before Emancipation, a Catholic meeting was intended to be held at Ennis to petition Parliament. ————— was resolved to surpass himself on the occasion; and in order to secure a good report, he wrote his speech beforehand, and sent it off by post the day previously to that fixed for the meeting, to the Dublin papers, in which it accordingly was published at full length. There never was a more flaming report. Bursts of applause followed every strong sentiment and rhetorical flou-

rish. 'Here the whole assembly evinced by rapturous cheering the fervid feeling excited by the eloquent appeals of the animated orator,' and so forth. But unluckily the Clare squires were in close attendance at their Assizes' business—the presentments had come on, and the jobbing was too interesting to be abandoned for politics. The consequence was, that not a soul could be got to go to the meeting, and accordingly no meeting was held! Poor —————'s report had gone off to Dublin, and could not be recalled. Next day's papers brought a flaming account of the meeting, with a voluminous report of his undelivered speech, and emphatic eulogies of his imaginary eloquence. He was so annoyed by the circumstance that he was ashamed to face his brethren of the Munster bar at the following circuit, and wrote a letter of apology for non-attendance, which I read aloud at the bar dinner in Cork, commenting upon it as I read, in the midst of vociferous laughter."

We had got in the carriage the Rev. Robert Manning's celebrated reply to Leslie's "Case Stated." Leslie's book was written in the form of a dialogue between a Protestant gentleman and a Catholic lord. Of course, the gentleman vanquished the lord in the controversy. Manning reprinted every line of Leslie's "Gentleman," but substituted his

own replies and arguments for those which Leslie had placed in the mouth of the Catholic lord. The result seemed triumphantly to negative the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson upon Leslie, when he said to Boswell, "Sir, Leslie was a reasoner indeed, and a reasoner who could not be reasoned against."

"Leslie," said O'Connell, "is exceedingly plausible and able in attacking Catholicity; but although he professes to state the whole case, he does not even attempt to set up any *affirmative* case whatsoever for Protestantism. How exquisitely Manning demolishes his fallacious plausibilities! I suppose that in this book one finds the very strongest objections that can possibly be urged against the Catholic religion; and how utterly futile and driftless they appear when the answers of Manning are read. Protestantism is in fact a mere negation; a denial of certain truths announced by the Catholic Church."

"A very unequal negation," said I.

"Of course it must be an unequal negation," returned O'Connell, "since the amount of Protestantism in the minds of its different votaries, depends on the exact quantity of truth that each man chooses to deny. It is, to be sure, a most curious delusion. It never would have made any head if Luther had not baited his trap with Justification by Faith alone. That was such a comfortable doctrine—so flattering to

human corruption—that a leader who promulged it might safely reckon on a numerous following in his revolt.”

O’Connell expressed his opinion that, if Dr. Johnson were now in existence, he would have taken an active and prominent part in the Puseyite movement. “He had certainly many prepossessions in favour of Catholicity.”

We spoke of the utter incompetence of the Rule of Private Judgment to preserve a Christian man’s belief in the doctrine of the Trinity.

“The Socinians,” observed I, “allege that if the Trinitarian doctrine be true, it is very strange that the word *Trinity* does not once occur in the whole Bible.”

“Oh, as to that,” said O’Connell, “if the word *Trinity* were found in every page of the Bible, Socinian Protestants would not believe in the doctrine one whit more than they do at the present moment. They might get rid of it on the ordinary Protestant principles of interpretation; they might deal with it as they do with the Real Presence in the Eucharist; they might say that the word *Trinity* did not really mean a Trinity at all—that it only meant something that was figuratively called a Trinity.”

CHAPTER VII.

O'Connell and the Poor Law—Major Sirr and the Union—Was Shakspeare a Catholic?—O'Connell's Hope that Wars might eventually cease—A curious Duellist—"Bob Twiss"—Jerry Keller—An Attorney-hater—O'Connell's Recollections of his Birth-place.

MR. RAY visited me at Kilcascan, in November, 1842, and occupied himself for some weeks in organising the neighbouring towns in the Repeal movement. O'Connell, as I have said, proceeded to Waterford, and thence to Darrynane, where he enjoyed the amusement of hunting, and busied himself attacking the Poor Law, to which ill-considered enactment his hostility had never relaxed. In a letter he addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of the county which he then represented in Parliament (Cork), he gave a ludicrous sketch of the mode in which this specimen of "English legislation for Ireland" was concocted.

"Lord John Russell," said he, "deemed himself

wiser than any combination of Irish Commissioners.
. He accordingly selected an adviser of his own, a man whose name is but too familiar in Ireland, Mr. Nicholls. He made him sole arbiter of the fate of Ireland.

“Judge of the fitness of this appointment.—This Mr. Nicholls had been brought up in the service of the East India Company. He, for many years, commanded, with, I believe, integrity and skill, a large ship engaged in traffic between England and the East Indies. Mark this :—An English sea-skipper to regulate Poor Laws for Ireland! If we were not divided among ourselves—but no matter.

“Thus qualified, Mr. Nicholls was despatched to Ireland. He spent, in investigating the state of the country, an enormous length of time, ‘to wit,’ (as we lawyers say) *about nine weeks!*—rather less. The dates are these. Nicholls received in London his sailing orders from Lord John Russell on the 22nd of August, 1836; he visited Ireland, returned to England, and drew up, prepared, and gave in his full report before the 15th of November the same year. Was the like of this ever heard? Alas, it could happen nowhere save only in Ireland. He was whirled in a post-chaise, at the public expense, from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Sligo, from Sligo to Belfast, and thence, I believe, by short sea to

Glasgow ; but to be sure, 'his eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' had passed all over Ireland. He calculated the number of poor-houses, the number of paupers, the amount of expense, the quantity of rates. In short, he calculated every thing, and was accurate in nothing. But his report was adopted—acted on, and our poor laws are the legitimate, the natural consequence. How I pity and despise the man who does not feel the force of this statement!"

Alluding to the wasteful expenditure of the public money by the Poor Law Commissioners, the following passage contains a burst of mingled indignation and contempt extremely characteristic of the writer:

"They" (the Commissioners) "have erected" (in Cork) "a house for the accommodation of two thousand persons, without a sewer. Is it possible to give a stronger proof of wasteful blundering? Ought such men to continue Commissioners a single day longer? If justice were done, they should be employed for the rest of their lives in personally conveying away the filth of that workhouse."

Near Christmas, O'Connell invited me to go to Darrynane. His onslaught on the Poor Law was uppermost in his mind.

Talking over the subject in the evening, some-

body said, "But is it not a very good thing to relieve even some of the destitute?"

"Aye," returned O'Connell, "provided you don't make paupers of some to relieve the pauperism of others. There is the hideous excess of the cost of the machinery of the Poor Law, over the actual amount of relief administered to the destitute. Look at the instance—to be sure, an extreme case—of the Union of Dunkerrin, in which 720*l.* are charged upon the rate-payers, and *four paupers* are relieved! A good thing to relieve the destitute! To be sure it is—and it is a very good thing, and a very useful thing, to catch flies; but what would you say to a wiseacre who should give forty or fifty pounds for a most ingenious and admirable fly-trap; and lo! at the end of three months, the excellent trap had actually caught a dozen flies? This would be paying rather dear for your fly-catching. In sober truth, the Poor Laws just show us how a set of well-fattened English Commissioners can get rich by minding the affairs of the poor—and the *Irish* poor, too! just as Don Pedro Zendona, in 'Gil Blas,' became rich, *a force de soigner les pauvres.*"

O'Connell often boasted, as the reader has already seen, that his first appearance in public life was made in opposition to the Union. "It is a curious

thing enough," said he, "that all the principles of my subsequent political life are contained in my very first speech. We met at the Royal Exchange, to denounce the Union as Catholics. We had previously held private meetings at the house of Sir James Strong, who was active enough at first, but refused to be our chairman. So we made Ambrose Moore our chairman—a very worthy citizen. It was Curran who drew up our resolutions. They were very fiery and spirited in their original shape, but were modified into comparative tameness to suit the timidity of some of our friends, in those days of terror and brute force. Major Sirr came into the meeting, at the head of a party of the armed yeomanry. They grounded their arms with a heavy clash on the stone pavement, but did not molest us. Sirr asked to be shown the resolutions, and when he had read them, he threw them back on the table, saying, 'There is no harm in them.' He then walked off with his yeomanry, and left us undisturbed."

One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, "I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings, you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to

court the ruling powers, by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of 'King John,'" observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual *dominion*. But I'll tell you a favourite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences, not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom?"

This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said: "By the bye, Sir Thomas More had four-and-twenty grand-children—and so have

I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one."

On the 16th of January, O'Connell quitted Darrynane, to return to Dublin. He hunted all day across the mountains, and arrived late for dinner at Hillgrove.* His spirits were as high as usual, and the store of anecdote which he poured forth was copious.

"I remember," said he, "being counsel at a special commission in Kerry, against a Mr. S——, and having occasion to press him somewhat hard in my speech, he jumped up in the court, and called me 'a purse-proud blockhead.' I said to him: 'In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is the better for you, as I'm counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke,'—whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge, by William Ponsoby, of Crottoe; but very shortly after, he wrote to me to state, that *since* he had challenged me, he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to shoot you, unless, as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life

* The seat of Mr. Primrose.

for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball! I'm your man.' Now this seems so ludicrously absurd, that it is almost incredible; yet it is literally true. S—— was a very timid man—yet he fought six duels; in fact, he fought them all out of pure fear."

Mr. Primrose adverted to Judge Jackson's calumny against O'Connell, promulgated on the authority of Mr. Robert Twiss.

"Aye, Bob—poor Bob!" said O'Connell. "I remember a good hit the late Archdeacon Day made at Bob. While Bob was High Sheriff of Kerry, I dined in his company one day in Tralee. There was a riot in the street, and Bob was desirous to interpose his authority. 'Oh, let them fight it out!' exclaimed the archdeacon. 'No, no, I'll pacify them,' answered Bob, and he accordingly rushed out into the street, and set about pacifying the people, by knocking down one man on the right and another on the left, crying out all the while, 'I'm the High Sheriff—I'm the High Sheriff.' A fellow who did not care for dignitaries soon made a *low* sheriff of him, by bestowing a blow on his head that stunned him. Poor Bob was brought back into the house insensible; but his head, when examined, was found not to have sustained the least fracture. When he revived, Archdeacon Day con-

gratulated him, saying, 'How providential, Bob, *that your skull was so thick!*'"

In speaking of his professional recollections, he gave some traits of Jeremiah Keleher, long known at the Munster bar by the familiar name of "Jerry Keller."

"Jerry," said O'Connell, "was an instance of great waste of talent. He was the son of a poor farmer near Kanturk, named *Keleher*, which name Jerry anglicised into *Keller*, when he went to the bar. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had very considerable natural capacity; but, although he had a good deal of business at the bar, his success was far from being what he might have attained, had he given his whole soul to his profession. His readiness of retort was great. At a Cork county election, at which Colonel Tonson (the fruit of an adulterous intercourse) was candidate, Jerry was trying to break down one of the colonel's voters by a long cross-examination. In those days voters were liable to cross-examinations, like witnesses at *Nisi Prius*. Colonel Tonson saw matters were going hard with his voter, and thinking to check, and at the same time to mortify, Jerry, he called out to him: 'I say, Mr. Keller, or Keleher, or whatever the devil they call you, let that voter alone!' 'Call me any thing you please, colonel,

retorted Jerry, looking meekly up, '*provided you don't call me the son of a w——.*'

"Baron Smith once tried to annoy him on his change of name at a bar dinner. They were talking of the Irish language. 'Your Irish name, Mr. Keller,' said the baron, 'is *Diarmuidh-ui-Keleher.*' 'It is,' answered Jerry, nothing daunted, 'and yours is *Liamh Gow.*' There was a great laugh at Smith's expense,—a sort of thing that nobody liked less.

"Another time, when the bar were dining together on a Friday, a blustering young barrister named Norcott, of great pretension, with but slender materials to support it, observed that Jerry was eating fish instead of meat. Norcott, by way of jeering Keller, (who had originally been a Catholic) said to him, 'So you won't eat meat? Why, I did not think, Jerry, you had so much of the *Pope in your belly!*' 'I wouldn't have as much of the *Pretender in my head* as you have,' answered Jerry, 'for all the meat in the market.'

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practice," continued O'Connell, "who had a good deal of Jerry Keller's humour. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys, —perhaps they had not treated him very well,—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day in the hall of the Four Courts an

attorney came up to him, to beg his subscription towards burying a brother attorney, who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound-note. 'Oh, Mr. Parsons,' said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.' 'Oh, take it, take it,' replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground!' 'But, really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person.' 'For pity's sake, my good sir, take the pound, and bury twenty of them!'"

"One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience, is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan, who was tried with four others at the Limerick Assizes many years ago. Foster totally mistook the evidence of the principal witness for the prosecution. The offence charged was aggravated manslaughter, committed on some poor wretch whose name I forget. The first four prisoners were shown to have been criminally abetting; but the fifth, Denis Halligan, was proved to have inflicted the fatal blow. The evidence of the principal witness against him was given in these words: 'I saw Denis Halligan, my Lard—(he that's in the dock there)—take a *vacancy** at the poor sowl that's kilt, and

* i.e. "take a *shy* at him."

give him a wipe with a *cleh alpeen*,* and lay him down as quiet as a child.' The Judge charged against the first four prisoners, and sentenced them to seven years' imprisonment each ; then proceeding to the fifth prisoner—the rascal who really committed the homicide—he addressed him thus :— ' Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case for the last. Your crime, as being a participator in the affray, is doubtless of a very grievous nature ; yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of the witness it clearly appears that *you* were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased ; you took him to a *vacant seat*, and you wiped him with a *clean napkin*, and (to use the affecting and poetical language of the witness), you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these circumstances, which considerably mitigate your offence, the only punishment I shall inflict upon you, is an imprisonment of three weeks' duration.'—So Denis Halligan got off, from Foster's mistaking a *vacancy* and a *cleh alpeen* for a *vacant seat* and a *clean napkin*."

Such was O'Connell's table-talk at Hillgrove.

O'Connell and I were standing one morning on

* Cleh-Alpeen, a *bludgeon*.

the high ground at Hillgrove, which overlooks his birth-place. Carhen House, where his father lived, is now in ruins. He pointed to the crumbling walls, and said, "I was born there; but not in the house whose ruins you see. I was born in a house of which there is now no vestige, and of which the materials were used in constructing the edifice now dilapidated.—Do you see that stream? Many a trout I have caught in it in my youthful days. Those meadows near the river were always good land; but beyond was very unprofitable boggy soil. My father always grew enough of wheat for the use of the family. Those ash-trees behind the house on the other side of the river, stand where there was once an old grove of much grosser ash-trees. They were worth one hundred pounds, and my father one day thought proper to sell them for fifteen pounds. My uncle, General O'Connell, left Ireland to enter the French service at the age of fourteen, and he rose so rapidly, that I was inspired by his example with an ambition to distinguish myself. I always had one object in my ambitious views, and that was to do something for Ireland. My family had ever been Jacobites, as was only natural, from the persecution the Catholics suffered. But they committed no overt acts of Jacobitism—their zeal extended no further than keeping a print of the Pretender in the house.

When the first Emancipation Acts passed in 1778 and 1782, their speculative Jacobitism was very much melted away, as they saw the prospect opening to them of doing well under the reigning dynasty."

Walking from Hillgrove to Cahirsiveen, O'Connell said, "Do you see that large stone in yonder field? It was the scene of an encounter I had with a bull when I was a lad—he ran after me, and my retreat was cut off by a high ditch—so I faced about and threw a stone at his forehead that stunned him. That gave me time, before he could recover himself; and in the meanwhile a number of boys came to my assistance and fairly stoned him out of the field."

CHAPTER VIII.

Newcastle Dinner—Sheep and Wolves—Father Mathew—“Savage and Cannibal”—High Life below Stairs—O'Connell's Book on Ireland—Treatment of an unoffending Citizen in 1798—Increase of Repealers—Reason why the Corn Exchange was originally chosen for the Meetings of the Catholic Association—Desire of the Irish for Self-government—Feeling in Ireland at the Time of the French and Belgian Revolutions of 1830—O'Connell “King of the French.”

THE Repealers of Newcastle, in the county Limerick, gave O'Connell a public dinner on the 19th of January. Next morning we breakfasted at the house of the Rev. Dr. Coll, who praised the late Chief Baron Wolfe, adding, “I believe, Mr. O'Connell, he was strongly opposed to you on the veto question.”

“Yes,” answered O'Connell, “Wolfe thought that emancipation should be purchased at the expense of handing over to government the appointment of the Catholic bishops, under the name of a

veto. The only occasion on which we came into public collision with each other on that subject was at a great meeting in Limerick, when he made a powerful speech—as powerful as could be made in a bad cause—in favour of the veto. He came forward to the front of the gallery. We were in the body of the house; and in the delivery of his discourse there was manifested some little disposition to interrupt him, but I easily prevented that. When I rose in reply, I told the story of the sheep that were fattening under the protection of their dogs, when an address to them to get rid of their dogs was presented by the wolves. I said that the leading *Wolfe* came forward to the front of the gallery and persuaded the sheep to give up the dogs—they obeyed him, and were instantly devoured; and I then expressed a hope that the Catholics of Ireland would be warned by that example never to yield to a *Wolfe* again. With that pleasantry our differences ended; for he admitted that the popular sentiment was against him, and he gave up any further agitation of that question.”

“I well recollect that occasion,” said Dr. Coll to me, “and afterwards *Wolfe* observed, ‘How useless it is to contend with O’Connell! Here I have made an oration that I had been elaborating for three

weeks previously—and this man entirely demolishes the effect of all my rhetoric by a flash of humour, and a pun upon my name!"

After breakfast we resumed our road, and proceeded to Roscrea, where we slept.

Nothing could be more interesting than the social evening spent at the blazing fire of the snug inn-parlour after a day's journey. The "Repeal staff" had all seen a great deal of life, and amused each other with a vast variety of anecdote. O'Connell had his black bag filled with the publications of the day; the Reviews, a novel of Bulwer's or Miss Martineau's—and always the last number of Boz's *Nickleby*, or *Nell*, or *Chuzzlewit*. Any passage that particularly struck his fancy, he was sure to read aloud; and then he would probably make some characteristic comment, or narrate some appropriate anecdote.

On the 21st, we arrived in Dublin. Shortly afterwards a meeting was held to obtain subscriptions for a testimonial to Father Mathew. Fitz-Patrick told me the following incident connected with that meeting. The resolutions were submitted on the previous day to O'Connell, who censured them as being tame and unworthy of the object. Having the pen in his hand, he altered the first resolution by adding to the phrase which declared

Father Mathew "entitled to the nation's gratitude," the words, "beyond all other living men." "What?" cried FitzPatrick, "beyond *all* other living men, eh? Is not that too strong?" "Not in the least," said O'Connell, with emphasis, "it is literally true." Some subsequent improver, however, struck out O'Connell's emendation, and in this respect restored the resolution to its original state.

"I'll tell you a hit our friend made some years ago," said FitzPatrick, "which just comes into my head.

"There is, as you are aware, a somewhat unpolished Kerry gentleman, known by the sobriquet of Theig-a-wattha. Theig one day expressed his regret at not having been at Darrynane while Sam Lover, the novelist, was there. 'Lover,' said Theig, 'is a great hand at drawing Irish carackthers, and he would have touched me off in great style. But, oh! Liberathur! I have got an illigant new beagle—he's a splindid dog! a huge, slaughtering baste. Och! I wish you saw him! he's the slaughteringest dog that ever follied a hare!'—'And what do you call this killing dog of yours?' 'Troth, Liberathur,' answered Theig, 'I've no particular name for him yet; or rather I've got *two* names that I call him indifferently—Savage

and Cannibal.' 'But, my dear Theig,' said O'Connell, 'are you not very extravagant these hard times, to squander two such names upon *one* dog? Couldn't you keep one of them for yourself?'

One evening on which I met Mr. — at dinner at O'Connell's, the conversation turned on a book entitled a "History of the Irish Stage," which our host had got in his library. This led to some theatrical reminiscences; and Mr. — said,

"I knew of an instance of 'High Life below Stairs' in real life, just as comical as any thing in the farce of that name. There were in very humble life in Dublin, some sixty years ago, a Pylades and Orestes named Burke* and M'Gafferty. They were schoolfellows. M'Gafferty, when about eighteen or twenty years of age, enlisted in the army, whilst Burke became clerk in a mercantile house. Years passed, during which the poor soldier was knocked and hacked about; got wounds, cuts, bullets, bruises, every thing but good luck or promotion. Meanwhile, Burke from being clerk became partner, and from being partner became son-in-law to the principal member of the firm; and in process of time became one of the wealthiest merchants in Dublin.

* "Burke" is substituted for the real name of the hero, whose posterity are wealthy at the present day, and would not relish identification with their really worthy progenitor's family.

Thus matters proceeded until 1797, when the soldier, M'Gafferty, was discharged from the army, and returned in a very crockery condition to Dublin. He frequently saw his ancient crony, Burke, walking through the town; but notwithstanding their original intimacy he always shrank from accosting him; for he had learned his success in life, and he feared that from the great disparity of their present circumstances, any claim on old acquaintance might perhaps be repelled with insult. One day, however, as he was gliding away to avoid a direct rencontre, Burke hailed him: 'Hallo, my old cock! Is that you?'—'Faith it's nobody else.'—'You seem rather the worse for the wear.'—'In troth, I'm not the better for it.'—'Would you like a good supper?'—'That would I—dearly! provided I haven't to pay for it.'—'Then you shall have a supper fit for an emperor, and it shall cost *you* nothing, and what's more, it shall cost *me* nothing.'—'Who is to bleed?'—'Poh! never you heed that. I'll introduce you to Mr. Tighe's butler in Ely Place; the butler and I were old friends; I never shirk my old acquaintance because I've got up in the world. The butler gives a grand gala to-night; his master is in the county Wexford, or Wicklow, or somewhere; you'll have all the best things in or out of season, and wine in cataracts—come along.' M'Gafferty did not need

much pressing ; he accompanied Burke to the butler's entertainment, which was very magnificent. The party were in the fullest enjoyment of their jollification, when the ominous roll of a carriage in the street struck terror into their hearts—the equipage stopped at the door, and a thundering double knock that shook the house like an earthquake, set the party scampering in all directions, putting plates, dishes, and decanters out of the way, and huddling the butler's guests into closets and coal-holes. The double knock was repeated with impatient emphasis, and whilst the butler shouted in his agony, 'Och, weirasthrua! the masher will murdher us!' the footman went up to admit him, and the cook trundled Burke and M'Gafferty under a bed, bidding them be quiet for their lives. Meanwhile, Tighe entered, ferocious at the slight delay that had occurred in admitting him, and divining from certain suspicious appearances that his domestics had been junketing in his absence. Resolved on exploring every thing, he descended to the kitchen, accompanied by a couple of friends who had travelled with him, swearing that if he detected any contraband visitors, he would pitch them along with his too hospitable butler to the d——l. It so chanced, that the very first spot which Tighe and his friends inspected was the subterranean dor-

mitory in which our two heroes lay *perdu* beneath the bed. M'Gafferty was placed next the wall; Burke was stretched outside him. 'There's somebody under that bed!' bellowed Tighe—'there's a pair of rascals—I spy two brace of legs—Come out, you scoundrels! or I'll break every bone in your carcasses!' Burke crawled out, humbly begging that Mr. Tighe would not offer him any violence, and promising that he never should again be caught in a similar predicament, if allowed to go quietly off. 'Who are you, sirrah?' thundered Tighe.—'I am Mr. Burke, of Ball's Bridge, the merchant.'—'You? You Mr. Burke, of Ball's Bridge? You lie, you rascal. You must have the impudence of the Devil, to assume the name of that most respectable man. Take *that*, you vagabond?' (kicking him vigorously). 'You brazen scoundrel—how dare you make free with the name of any respectable citizen?'—So Tighe and his comrades kicked and cuffed poor Burke, whilst M'Gafferty, feeling about with military instinct for a weapon, laid hold on a spit and dripping-pan somebody had thrust into the dormitory; and thus armed with his spear and shield, he jumped up, and stood in a recess behind the bed-curtain.—'What other lurching vagabond is this?' cried Tighe; 'I have left Wexford full of rebels, and here I find my town house overrun

with rascals.'—'I am an old officer, sir,' said M'Gafferty, boldly advancing and firmly clutching the spit, 'and I give you due notice, that if you don't clear the way for me civilly up stairs, and bow me out of the house with due respect, I'll perforate your guts with this weapon.'—There was a fierce desperation in his look and manner, which enforced the conviction that he would keep his word.—'He has much the air of a military gentleman,' observed one of Tighe's comrades. 'Oh yes,' returned Tighe, 'he is evidently a respectable person. Sir, pray allow me to show you up.'—Thus M'Gafferty, protected by the spit, was escorted to the hall door with due courtesy. When he reached the street, he looked round, and could not help laughing to see Tighe rush at Burke, who was unarmed, and indemnify himself for his constrained civility to the soldier by violently tumbling the merchant down the hall-door steps upon the pavé, perforce of a thundering kick bestowed upon his nether extremity. 'It is not long,' continued Mr. —, 'since a daughter of Burke's was married to an eminent legal functionary.'

On the 28th, I dined with John O'Connell, at his cottage at Blackrock. The Liberator was just on the eve of publishing his work, "A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon." Delays, arising from many

causes, had occurred in the production of this work. It had now been thrown aside from October, 1841, to January, 1843, and O'Connell still postponed, from day to day, the composition of the preface. He said that with the exception of the preface, and one or two trifling additions, the first volume had for fifteen months past been ready for publication. He now threw off the preface, which assumed the shape of a dedication to the Queen.

O'Connell enjoyed the anticipation of the abuse which he foresaw would be levelled at him. "How the English papers will abuse and vituperate me for the publication of this book."

"Aye, will they," said the Bishop of Down, "and some of the Irish papers too."

"No doubt, the Orange rags. But, seriously, it will be a most useful publication. People in general are totally ignorant of the crimes of the English monsters in their rule of Ireland—the facts of history are forgotten, at least in the details. There's that story of a general massacre of the Protestants, in 1641—you scarcely meet any one who does not believe it, yet there never was a more thorough fabrication! History has been so completely falsified, that not only is the truth unknown, but the foulest falsehoods have passed current as Gospel truths; the characters of the two contending parties

have been quite reversed, and the horrible crimes committed by the English upon the Irish, have been quietly laid to the charge of the Irish themselves, in the fictitious narratives that are popularly called histories. Many of the Orange scoundrels, in 1797, rivalled the atrocities of Coote and his blood-thirsty gang. In that year Orange Sneyd committed a murder of the character of Coote's. Coote made his guide, a boy, blow into his pistol, and while the youth's mouth was at the muzzle, shot him dead. In '97, Sneyd was standing at the door of Mrs. L'Estrange's public-house, in Fleet Street, and wantonly shot a boy dead who had brought him a message."

The following day O'Connell resumed the subject of the state of Ireland in 1798.

"In that year," said he, "my friend —— and his two brothers were taken prisoners by a magistrate who owed their mother 2000*l.* The worthy justice went to that lady and said, 'If you don't release my bond, I'll have your sons flogged and hanged.' 'Sir,' answered she, 'if you were to treat *me* in that manner, you could not extort the bond from me; and I am much mistaken, if my sons have not, at least, as much firmness as their mother.'—Fortunately, Judge Day, who was a very humane man, went the circuit; and, as no witnesses appeared

against the ——, he discharged them by proclamation. In pronouncing their discharge, Day gave the young men a sort of moral and political lecture, in which he congratulated them on their escape, and advised loyal conduct for the future. The youngest brother,* who was then but nineteen years of age, indignantly interrupted the judge. 'You have no business to lecture us, my lord,' said he, 'as if we were guilty of disloyalty. We are perfectly innocent, and are quite as loyal as your lordship. Had our enemies been able to establish any sort of case against us, they would not have failed to produce their witnesses. It is too bad, then, my lord, to lecture us, as if our conduct had, in any respect, been censurable.'—Day, who was a thorough gentleman, bowed, and said, 'You are quite right, Mr. ——, and I was wrong. I beg your pardon.'

"Next morning the eldest brother was again seized, and thrown into goal, by the machinations of the worthy magistrate who owed his mother money. The gaoler was a savage brute, and took every opportunity of tormenting him. One day he came to his cell, and said, with a diabolical grin, 'I've news that is bitter to *you*, and pleasant to *me*—your two

* I am acquainted with this gentleman, whose name I suppress, believing that its publication would be distasteful to him.

brothers have been hanged, and *you* are to be strung up to-morrow.' Mr. ——— was well enough aware of the frightful character of the times to know that this was at least possible. 'Is what you have told me really true?' he asked the gaoler.—'Upon my oath it is!' answered the latter.—'Then, my man,' cried Mr. ———, 'before I leave this world, I will have the satisfaction of giving you as good a licking as ever man got!' So saying, he pounced upon the gaoler, and walloped him awfully. The gaoler screamed, and his screams attracted persons without, who would have fired at Mr. ——— through the grating in the door, only that he constantly kept the gaoler between himself and the door. ——— continued to thrash the gaoler until he was unable, from exhaustion, to thrash him any longer. The gaoler then went off, and soon returned with sixty-eight pounds' weight of irons, with which he and his assistants loaded poor ———. When ironed, ——— was laid on the bed, and the gaoler beat him with a knotted blackthorn stick, as long as he was able to stand over him. He then kept him forty-eight hours without food; and when the commanding officer who inspected the prison arrived, he was utterly astonished how ——— survived the treatment he had received. Finding that there was not the shadow of any ac-

cusation against him, that officer set him free upon his own responsibility. What times!" exclaimed O'Connell, after he had narrated this incident; "What a scene! ——— thrashing the gaoler, and the gaoler thrashing ———! What a country, in which such scenes could be enacted!"

He then told us, that when travelling some years ago with a friend named Franks, they were posting along at a very early hour of the morning, when they espied the hero of the thrashing adventure waiting on the road side for the mail-coach, equipped with a carpet-bag, a pair of horse pistols, a cage containing a brace of fighting cocks, and a huge sabre which he bore in his hand. Franks made the post-boys stop. "Hollo! my dear fellow," he cried from the carriage-window, "what are you waiting on the road for?" "I'm waiting to take the mail," responded ———. "*Take the mail!*" repeated Franks; "egad, you are fully equipped to take a citadel!"

The number of the Repealers increased in 1843 so rapidly, that the usual room at the Corn Exchange was found wholly inadequate to the accommodation of the public. Crowds were continually forced to go away, from inability to obtain admittance. O'Connell suggested the propriety of adjourning to Claason's Theatre in Abbey Street, but was induced to abandon this plan on the representation of Mr. Ray.

Indeed he had not any strong affection for a project (though started by himself) which involved the desertion of the Corn Exchange. The Corn Exchange was the scene of his political labours for many a long year; it was by the organisation of which it was the centre, that he had achieved the triumph of civil and religious liberty. The place had associations that were dear to his heart, and he, therefore, very readily adopted Mr. Ray's plan of building a larger apartment on the premises, to which we might adjourn whenever the original room should prove too small for the members in attendance.

“ At the outset of the old Catholic Association,” said O'Connell, “ I inspected various places (amongst others, Home's Commercial Mart on Usher's Island), with a view to procure a suitable apartment for the meetings of that body. I learned that if I should select any *unprotected* site, it was the purpose of the Anti-Catholic students of Trinity College to muster in full force; and endeavour, at least, to expel the Catholic associators by physical violence. I accordingly looked out for a room in such a neighbourhood as might deter the college lads from making their proposed attempt. Of course they would, under any circumstances, have been worsted; but it might have in some measure injured our cause had

the meetings been liable to disturbance, and had any of them broken up in a riot. The Corn Exchange possessed the advantage of being in the close vicinity of at least 150 disengaged coal porters, every day in the week, who would have thrown the College lads into the Liffey in case of any effort to disturb the proceedings. This circumstance was known to the intending aggressors, and the salutary knowledge effectually checked their projects of intrusion."

One of the most favourite fictions with English political writers and journalists, is the assertion that the Irish people are wholly indifferent about self-legislation, unless when stirred up by O'Connell or some other agitator to a sense of grievance on the subject.

Nothing can be more false than this assertion. On the contrary, the natural impulse of every man's mind is in favour of self-government. If the mind of an Irishman were wholly unbiassed by religious bigotry or any other anti-Irish influence, he would almost as a matter of necessity, be a friend to domestic legislation. For my own part, as I have already said, I was a Repealer before I ever heard O'Connell's name. I was a Repealer the moment I learned from the elder members of my family that we had once had an Irish Parliament, and that the Union extinguished it.

O'Connell's labour was sometimes, not so much to inspire the people with Repeal sentiments, as to prevent their running too far and too fast. In 1830 there was a strong disposition to resort to arms to achieve Repeal. France and Belgium had successfully appealed to arms against their unpopular monarchies. The example was in a high degree stimulating to the hot and ardent spirits of the Irish nation. Many would have gladly taken the field against the accursed Union. I have often heard the question asked by peasants, "*When do you think the Counsellor will call us out?*" A strongly-rooted notion had possessed their minds, that as England detested conceding any thing to justice, those who sought their rights from her, must in the end use military force to extort them. O'Connell told me that one day, after he had made a speech denouncing all weapons save those of opinion in the struggle for freedom, a man in the crowd shook his clenched fist menacingly at him, saying, "*You are betraying us! If you let us fight it out we'd win the day.*" O'Connell expressed his belief that if the Irish people had at that time taken the field, the soldiery would have joined them.

As I have adverted to the events of 1830, let me mention a slight incident connected with that period. We have already seen that a few Belgian

admirers of O'Connell proposed to confer the crown of Belgium on him. The Bishop of Ardagh told me, that a French captain of artillery said to him, shortly after the *trois jours de Juillet*, "Some of us imagined that your O'Connell was born at St. Omer's. Ah! if he had been a native of our country, we would have made him King of the French!"

CHAPTER IX.

Publication of O'Connell's Book on Ireland—Reviews of it—
Repeal in the Dublin Corporation—Increase of the Popular
Fervour—*PACATA HIBERNIA*—Count Macaroni—Discussion
upon Infidelity.

ON the 1st of February O'Connell published the first volume of "IRELAND, NATIVE AND SAXON." Some days elapsed before the Tory press noticed the appearance of this work. He was at first afraid that they would not abuse him, and accounted for their silence, by saying, "I dare say they think it just as well not to ring the bell upon my book—it hits them too hard." At length the *Dublin Warder* attacked the work in a ludicrous article, remarkable for impotent anger. The *London Spectator* assailed it briskly, and the criticism of the *Spectator* was copied by the *Dublin Mail*. Other Tory papers joined the cry, and O'Connell exultingly exclaimed, "I told you that I never hit the scoundrels right in the face until now." One journal (the *Times*, I think) said, that the book combined the

most drivelling intellectual imbecility with the most diabolical wickedness. So angry were the critics at being reminded of the iniquities of their forefathers!

Early in February he gave notice that, on Tuesday, the 21st, he would introduce the question of Repeal into the Dublin Corporation. Shortly prior to that day, he suddenly announced that he would postpone his motion for a week. The Tory members of the Corporation complained of being unfairly treated. Alderman Butt declared that he had remained in town, at much personal inconvenience, in order to oppose the motion, and strongly remonstrated against the postponement. O'Connell, however, was inexorable; whereupon there was a sort of growling triumph amongst the opposite party, who said that he only manœuvred to get Butt out of town, from a well-grounded fear of discussing the merits of Repeal with so able an opponent.

“I know not,” said O'Connell to me, “whether it is exactly fair to play off a *ruse* in a grave political matter like this, but I find my postponement of the debate has produced exactly the results I anticipated. Had I brought forward the question on the day originally fixed for it, the discussion would have passed off as a matter of course, without exciting half the interest it will now create. But, by

postponing it, the public mind will get an additional fillip; the Anti-repealers will say I am shrinking from Butt, and the Repealers will say I'm not a bit afraid of him; people on both sides will be set talking about the matter, and thus the public curiosity will be wound up to a point of intensity when the great day arrives. That is precisely what I want, to give additional *éclat* to the discomfiture I intend for Butt and his brethren."

The impulse given to Repeal throughout the kingdom appeared in our augmented receipts at the National Association. The Repeal rent for the week next after the debate was 259*l.* The rent for the following week was 366*l.* The Association was now out of debt; and we had funds for the erection of the new apartment, which was immediately commenced, upon a scale calculated to accommodate 5000 persons. O'Connell said it would make a capital temporary House of Commons after the Repeal, while the old house in College Green was undergoing the necessary alterations. "And as for a House of Lords, *pro tem.*," added he, "why, we've only to hang the walls of the present room upstairs with crimson velvet and gold lace, and fit it up with mahogany benches for a hundred peers or so, and it will suit admirably, till our old quarters

in College Green are quite ready for the reception of both houses."

On the 16th of March a numerous meeting of our weekly committee assembled at the Corn Exchange. O'Connell, taking up Carew's "Pacata Hibernia," opened the book at the following passage of a letter from the Lord Deputy to the English Privy Council:

"As for Sir Finian O'Drischall and the Irish in these parts, they are become so well divided amongst one another, and are fallen to preying and killing one another in such a manner, as we are of opinion will greatly avail to the quieting of these parts."

Having read it aloud, he exclaimed, "How thoroughly characteristic of the English spirit towards Ireland at all times! How truly does Carew speak the Tory feeling of the present day!"

In the course of the day, some one casually mentioned a Count Maceroni, who was spoken of as a scientific Neapolitan, author of a paper detailing an experiment he had made in the art of flying.

"I dined once in the fellow's company," said O'Connell. "O'Meara asked me to meet him, but said, 'I don't like to bring you together, for the fellow is a rampant infidel, and such an enthusiast in

his infidelity, that he always blurts out something offensive.' 'I don't care,' said I, 'ask him—I may do him some good.' So O'Meara asked Maceroni to dine, but stipulated that he should not give vent to any of his infidel notions. He was quiet enough for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, but he then slapped off some jeers at Christianity. I looked up at him, and said, 'Count Maceroni, I am now enjoying an excellent dinner, and do not wish to be disturbed; if, however, you choose to resume this subject when we have dined, I shall be ready to meet you upon it.'—The count said no more until we went to the drawing-room, and then he renewed his attacks on Christianity. I said, 'Do you believe in Julius Cæsar?' 'I do,' answered he. 'Do you believe in Caligula?' 'I do.' 'And yet you will *not* believe in Jesus Christ, although, looking at the matter as a merely historical question, the witnesses for Christianity are more numerous and unimpeachable than those for any more historical fact whatsoever?' I very soon forced him to confess the *historical fact* of Christianity; and I then challenged him to show on what reasonable grounds he could discredit the witnesses of our Saviour's death, his resurrection, and, in short, the whole doctrines he came on earth to announce? For these witnesses were eminently trustworthy, as being in the highest

degree disinterested. They had nothing of a temporal nature to gain for their evidence. No honour, no rank, no riches, no luxuries; on the contrary, lives of toil, persecution, and affliction, and they finally died the deaths of martyrs to seal the truth of their narratives. Could any rational man doubt such witnesses as these? Yet such were the witnesses of Christianity. When the *historical fact* was once admitted, the divine character of the Christian religion must inevitably be received upon the self-same evidence. I promise you I never had a greater triumph than I enjoyed over my poor count. How I used to hurrah! whenever I drove him to confess the absurdity of some infidel cavil or other! I actually extorted an acknowledgment from him that he had nothing to urge against my reasons, and I sent him home the most unhappy and terrified wretch breathing, lest after all his vaunting there should really be a devil!

“The poor blockhead was an aide-dé-camp of Murât’s.”

CHAPTER X.

Lord Clare and Baron Power—Suicides of Baron Power and Crosbie Morgan—Clare's political Dishonesty and religious Bigotry—O'Connell in 1801—His Escape from the Bayonet of an English Militia Soldier—Political Leadership of the Catholics—Repeal Agitation—High Spirits of O'Connell—Peel's Threat—O'Connell's Defiance—His Language in Private.

NEXT day O'Connell was very communicative of old stories and personal recollections.

“ Lord Clare's enmity to Ireland was once very nearly ended by the hand of the assassin. In 1794, he was carrying a bill through the Irish Parliament, for compelling the Accountant of the Court of Exchequer to return his accounts whenever called on by the Court. These summary accounts would have been very inconvenient to Baron Power, who, as Junior Baron, filled the office of accountant. He lived extravagantly, making use of the money of the public that came into his hands, and looking to future good luck to enable him to reckon with the owners. The bill would have been his ruin ; and

after many ineffectual efforts to dissuade Fitzgibbon from pressing it, he at last resolved, in a fit of desperation, to assassinate him. So he drove to Ely Place, with a brace of loaded pistols in his pockets, and asked to see Fitzgibbon, who, providentially, was from home. Baron Power then resolved on suicide, and ordered his coachman to drive along the North Wall. When he had got a considerable distance out of town he quitted the carriage, desired the coachman to await his return, and walked on alone towards the Pigeon House. He tied his hands together in order to deprive himself of the power of swimming, and jumped into the sea from the pier. It was afterwards remarked as curious that he walked off to drown himself, using an umbrella, as the day was wet! One would think the sprinkling of a shower could not much incommode a fellow who was resolved on a watery death! Think of a man going to drown himself, with an umbrella to keep out the wet!

“In a few days after, Crosbie Morgan, one of the oddest of odd attorneys, also drowned himself. The ballad-mongers shouted their accounts of these events through the town, crying out, ‘Great times for Ireland! a great day for Ireland! One judge drowned! One attorney drowned!’ They had, also, ‘Last speech and dying words of Crosbie

Morgan,' which, instead of ending with the approved finish of the penitent declarations of Catholic criminals, namely, 'I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome,' ended thus,—'I die an unworthy mongrel of neither church!'

"Had Baron Power murdered Fitzgibbon, Pitt would have found much more difficulty in carrying the Union. Castlereagh, although as vile, shameless, and indefatigable a tool as ever corruption had, yet could not, unaided by the commanding energy of Clare, have succeeded so well in the dirty work. Clare had great intellectual powers. He lived at a period fertile in monsters—Clare was a monster! he was a kind of petticoat Robespierre. His father was a barrister of considerable eminence. Old Fitzgibbon and his brother were the first persons who introduced the system of reporting the proceedings of the English law courts in the public newspapers without the authority of the presiding judge. They were students in the Temple at the time, and Lord Mansfield tried to put a stop to the practice, but the Fitzgibbons persevered and succeeded.

"Clare was atrociously bigoted against the Catholics. A Protestant friend of mine, who often met him at the whist parties of an old dowager, told me nothing could possibly exceed the contemptuous acerbity with which on those occasions

he spoke of the Catholics. 'The scum of the earth,' and such like phrases, were the epithets he habitually applied to them."

O'Connell's recollections of that period then led to the following autobiographical incident :

"In the winter of 1801," said he, "I had been supping at the Freemason's Hotel, at the corner of Golden Lane, with a jovial party. We were returning home late, after having drunk a good stoup of claret, when a fire broke out in a timber-yard, and spread rapidly. I was provoked at the awkwardness of a fellow who was beating the ground with a pickaxe, but making no progress in getting at the water-pipes. I shouldered him away, seized the pickaxe, and soon got at the plug; but, instead of stopping then, I kept working away, *con amore*, and would soon have disturbed the paving stones all over the street, if I had not been prevented. There was a large crowd. Sheriff Macready (an old auctioneer), kept order, with the aid of a party of the Buckinghamshire Militia. I was rather an unruly customer, being a little under the influence of a good batch of claret, and on my refusing to desist from picking up the street, one of the soldiers ran a bayonet at me, which was intercepted by the cover of my hunting-watch. If I had not had the watch—there was an end of the Agitator!"

“Yes,” said I; “but Ireland would have had other agitators. A country so aggrieved could not have lacked patriot leaders, though they might not have agitated prudently or wisely.”

“Wisely!” echoed O’Connell. “Why, when I took the helm, I found all the Catholics full of mutual jealousies—one man trying to outrival another — one meeting rivalling another—the leaders watching to sell themselves at the highest penny! — sold himself. Woulfe sold himself. — sold himself, and no doubt at a marvellous price!”*

We talked of Grattan’s quitting the Irish House of Commons, with his party, in 1797.

“It was a false move,” said O’Connell; “a bad copy of a worse precedent. Fox and seventy other members had quitted the British House before.”

“Their Irish imitators,” said I, “quitted the only place where they could have then been of the least use; for they had then no popular organisation out of doors to fall back upon.”

“None,” rejoined O’Connell, “except an organ-

* When I was on a Repeal tour in Leinster, in October, 1842, Father Barry, of Clara, told me, that on expressing his surprise at the appointment to office of some persons, whose transcendent insignificance seemed to render them peculiarly bad bargains to the government, O’Connell answered: “My dear friend, you have no idea what carrion finds a ready sale in the market of corruption.”

isation of treason. Grattan could use liberty of speech *in* the House, which he could not then use out of doors."

"Apropos of quitting Parliament," said I, "you blame that step—yet, have not you yourself quitted Parliament this session, just because you are as hopeless of good from it as Grattan and Fox were on previous occasions?"

"Ay—but I have not quitted the Imperial Parliament *as a secession*, but merely because I preferred out-door political labour. I have not said or done any thing to bar my returning thither at any moment that such a step should appear to be of the least use."

The Repeal agitation now became a task of incessant exertion, as every corner of the country was thoroughly aroused, and invitations to the different counties poured in upon O'Connell. He announced at the Corn Exchange, that if too many meetings should spring up, he was desirous that John O'Connell, and the present writer, should relieve him of some of the labour.

John and I accordingly made occasional visits to different districts. John took portions of Meath and of Dublin; and I agitated the national question in the Queen's County, the County Monaghan, and the County Down.

O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Steele and a numerous staff, continued to traverse the kingdom, almost without intermission; visiting Kells, Drogheda, Limerick, Ennis, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Cork, Skibbereen, Athlone, and Galway, besides many less important places. His tour was a perpetual triumph—the whole population turning out *en masse* to greet him, and their earnest sincerity demonstrated by the vast augmentation of our weekly receipts.

One day arriving from a multitudinous gathering, his countenance beaming with health and enjoyment, he exclaimed,

“ Well—we had a fine rollicking week of it! Eh, Tom Steele—had we not? I never felt in more vigorous mental, or bodily strength.—Daunt—what have I been doing? Repealing the Union for you! Well, Fitzsimon—this shows what it is to persevere—I cast my bread upon the waters, and now after many days I have found it. Last year—and indeed from the commencement—I threw out state paper after state paper, demonstrating the evils of the Union, and for a time they seemed to fall dull and unheeded on the public ear. But now all men are alive, all are active, all are eager for success. I have at last convinced the nation that I am in earnest. You see what it is to persevere.”

About the beginning of May, 1843, the Govern-

ment determined on taking steps to arrest the further progress of the Agitators. In reply to a question from Lord Jocelyn in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel ostentatiously stated that there was "no influence, no power, no authority, which the prerogative of the Crown and the existing laws gave the Government, that should not be exercised for the purpose of maintaining the Union; the dissolution of which," continued Sir Robert, repeating a stale, and now exploded, absurdity, "would involve not merely the Repeal of an Act of Parliament, but the *dismemberment* of this great empire." The Premier further threatened, that should the ordinary power of the law prove insufficient to check the agitation, "additional and effectual powers" would be instantly sought from the Parliament, in order to keep Ireland out of her rights for all time to come!

The domestic Orange press was elate at the hostility with which the Government menaced the Repealers. The *Dublin Evening Mail*, after an elaborate effort to show that the whole empire, excepting a minority of the Irish people, were resolved on sustaining the Union, triumphantly proceeded thus :

"Now what is opposed to this unanimous sense of the Sovereign, the Government, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the people of England,

Wales, and Scotland to a man, and one-half, at least—we might say two-thirds—of the people of Ireland?—The plain answer is—Mr. O'CONNELL, as a balance to the Queen; Mr. RAY and Mr. STEELE, Mr. DAUNT and Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL, as equivalent to the Government; the Popish hierarchy and the Repeal Association to counterpoise the Lords and Commons; and the teetotalers and Repealers of Ireland to weigh against the remaining population of the United Kingdom. We are far from undervaluing either the influence or the number of those parties; but we know that, physically, they do not constitute *one-tenth* (!) of her Majesty's British and Irish subjects.*

Other journals in the anti-Irish interest were equally eager to halloo on the Government against the Repealers. They were alike astonished and provoked at the tone of lofty and fearless defiance taken by the Repealers, immediately upon the promulgation of Sir Robert's threat.

O'Connell, standing upon the constitutional right of petition, dared the Government to the use of coercive means to suppress the agitation. He professed his delight at the evidence of our strength afforded by Peel's hostile movement. He declared that, whereas the basis of the British throne was the

* *Dublin Evening Mail*, 12th May, 1843.

right of the subject to petition, all persons who interfered with that right were, in point of principle, traitors to the crown.

“ We are told,” said he, at the Repeal Association, “ that some desperate measures are to be taken for the suppression of public opinion upon the question of Repeal ; and that they have it in contemplation to bring in a coercive bill. They may annihilate the constitution ; but to this I pledge myself, they shall have some trouble in doing so. I will go to the House of Commons for the purpose of opposing their bill ; I will divide on every motion during the progress of the bill ; I will resist the bill to the utmost of my power, as long as it is not law. When it becomes a statute, I will obey it—I will obey every law, unless I can manage to drive a coach and six through it ; but I will discover some plan whereby the Irish people shall have the means of expressing their sentiments upon this vital question. Unless they gag me, I will find the means of speaking to Ireland. I set them at defiance, unless they set their heels upon the Constitution, and degrade themselves in the eyes of Europe and the civilised world, by the excess of downright tyranny to crush me. I fear them not—let them begin. See what is occurring ; see what multitudes have joined our ranks, when the first faint whisper went abroad that

coercion was contemplated ; and oh ! if such numbers flock around our standard when coercion is but a rumour, what would our position be, if coercion were attempted—if coercion were commenced ? What a response to the Repeal cry would not there then be, from one end of the country to the other ? I will tell Sir Robert Peel where he may find a suggestion for his bill. In the American Congress for the district of Columbia, they have passed a law that the house shall not receive any petitions from slaves, nor any petitions on behalf of slaves, even though the petitioners be freemen. I will send for a copy of that act of the Columbian legislature, and I will send it to Peel, that he may take it as his model, when he is framing his bill of coercion for the Irish people. He shall go the full length of the Columbian bill, if he stirs at all. That law or nothing, shall we have. Let him take his choice, and extinguish, in the blood of the Irish people, the last remnant of their liberties. Friends may desert me, foes may threaten, but I will never forsake the path that I have proposed for myself. I will violate no law, I will outrage no ordinance of man nor of Heaven ; but as long as there remains to me one inch of the constitution, on which I can place my footstep, I will find some Archimedean

point, whereon to plant the lever with which I will still uphold the fainting liberties of my country."

Such was the exulting and defiant language of O'Connell at the Association. In private he was equally confident.—("The attack upon us by Peel's Government," he used to say, "is the very thing needed to stimulate our friends and to increase our numbers.")—This opinion was very prevalent among the more intelligent members of our body. It was generally felt that the external pressure of Government hostility had a powerful tendency to consolidate our force. Experience has shown that those who held this opinion were quite right. In a great national struggle for popular rights a directly hostile Government is far less dangerous than a half friendly one.) Peel met us boldly in front; we encountered, and finally overthrew him.* Russell, with words of courtesy and partial concession on his lips, undermined our strength and accomplished what Peel was unable to effect—the disruption (only a temporary one, I trust) of the Repeal confederacy.

* "Sir, I believe that the Irish Confederacy cannot be put down by force." Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons 18th April, 1845.

CHAPTER XI.

**First Onslaught on the Repealers—Dismissal of Magistrates—
Fresh Adhesions to Repeal—Correspondence between Lord
Chancellor Sugden and O'Connell—Five Lord Chancellors
in a Madhouse!—Mr. Lane Fox, M.P., and O'Connell—Ledru
Rollin's Offer of French Military Aid—Progress of the Agi-
tation—The Troops in Attendance at the Monster Meetings
—O'Connell's Confidence of Success.**

THE first step taken by the Government, in performance of their pledge to suppress the Agitation, was a grossly unconstitutional interference with the right to petition. Lord Chancellor Sugden (an Englishman) began by dismissing from the commission of the peace Lord Ffrench and other magistrates, for having attended meetings convened to petition for Repeal. That the reader may fully appreciate the part taken by O'Connell in this transaction, I insert the Chancellor's letter to Lord Ffrench; a copy of which was forwarded to every superseded magistrate:

“ To the Right Honourable Lord Ffrench.

“ Secretary’s Office, Four Courts, Dublin,
22nd of May, 1843.

“ MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship’s letter of the 19th instant, stating that it was your intention to attend the Repeal meeting at Cultra, as well as that which is to be held in Athlone. I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform your lordship that he regrets he has felt it his duty to direct your lordship to be superseded as a magistrate for the county of Galway. It has been his earnest desire not to interfere with the expression of opinion by any magistrate in favour of Repeal, although from his first arrival here he deemed it inconsistent with the determination of her Majesty’s Government to uphold the Union between Great Britain and Ireland to appoint as a magistrate any person pledged to the Repeal of that Union. Her Majesty’s Government having recently declared in both Houses of Parliament their fixed determination to maintain the Union, it becomes the duty of the members of the Government to support that declaration. The allegation that the numerous Repeal meetings are not illegal does not diminish their inevitable tendency to outrage; and considering the subject in all its bearings, it is the opinion of the Lord Chancellor that such meetings are not in the spirit of the constitution, and may become dangerous to the safety of the state. It is necessary, therefore, that the Government should be able to place a firm reliance on the watchfulness and determination of the magistracy to preserve the public peace. A magistrate who presides over or forms a part of such meeting can neither be prepared to repress violence, nor could he be expected to act against a body for whose offence he would himself be responsible. To such persons the preservation of the public peace during the present agitation cannot be safely intrusted. Your lordship’s determination to preside over such a meeting, immediately after the declarations in Parliament, proves to the Lord Chancellor that the time has arrived for evincing the determination of this government to delegate no power to those who seek by such measures as are now pursued to dissolve the Legislative Union. To allow such persons any longer to remain in the commission of the peace would be to afford the power of the crown to the carrying of a measure which her

Majesty has, like her predecessor, expressed her determination to prevent. This view of the case, which the step taken by your lordship has forced upon the attention of the Lord Chancellor, will compel him at once to supersede any other magistrates who, since the declarations in Parliament, have attended like Repeal meetings. He thinks that such a measure is not at variance with the resolution of the Government, whilst they watch over public tranquillity and oppose the Repeal movement, still to act with forbearance and conciliation, and to devote their best energies to improve the institutions and promote the prosperity of Ireland.

“ I have the honour to be, my lord,

“ Your lordship's most obedient servant,

“ HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary.”

The Lord Chancellor's secretary, Mr. Sugden, forwarded to Mr. O'Connell a copy of the preceding letter, and accompanied it with the following note:

“ Secretary's Office, Four Courts, Dublin,

May 23, 1843.

“ SIR,—I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform you, that it is with regret that he has felt it his duty to supersede you as a magistrate for the county of Kerry. I beg to enclose a copy of a letter, written by the Lord Chancellor's direction to Lord Ffrench, which will explain to you the grounds upon which this step has been taken.

“ I have the honour to be, sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary.

“ Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.”

I subjoin Mr. O'Connell's reply:

“ *To Henry Sugden, Esq.*

“ 30, Merrion Square, 27th May, 1843.

“ SIR,—On my return to town from attending four meetings, peaceable and perfectly legal meetings, to petition Parliament for the repeal of the act entitled the Act for the Legis-

lative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, I found before me your letter of the 23rd instant. For the terms of civility in which that letter is couched, I owe you, sir, and I hereby offer you, my best thanks.

“ I would not willingly be exceeded by you in courtesy, and I beg of you to believe that, if in the performance of a sacred duty I should use any expression of a harsh nature, which I shall studiously endeavour to avoid, it is not my intention to say any thing personally offensive. But that duty obliges me to declare that, as the restoration of the Irish Parliament is an event, in my judgment, not remote, I will avail myself of the opportunity afforded by a seat in the Irish House of Commons, to move for the impeachment of the present Lord Chancellor for presuming to interfere with the subject's dearest and most precious right—the right of petitioning Parliament; a right expressly declared to belong to the people as one of ‘ the true, ancient, and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this realm.’ I use the words of the statute, which, it should be remembered, settles the succession of the crown upon the basis of those rights and liberties of the subject. Her Majesty's title, therefore, to the throne is based upon the right of petition, and the statute expressly declares, ‘ That all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.’ The deprivation of the commission of the peace may not be technically a prosecution. But it is intended as a *punishment*; and punishment without prosecution would make the act of the Lord Chancellor only the more criminal. I mean to insist, and I think the argument will have weight with an Irish Parliament, freely and fairly elected, that the act of the Chancellor necessarily endangers the stability of the throne, and the security of the connexion between both countries.

“ The commission of the peace is of very small importance to me, who never acted more than once under that commission. But the *principle* upon which the Chancellor acts I utterly protest against, as being in its essential nature disloyal, and dangerous alike to the throne and the people.

“ That the Repeal meetings to petition Parliament are not illegal, is a proposition admitted in your letter to Lord Ffrench; and really, you must permit me to say, that it is in no slight degree absurd to allege, that these meetings ‘ have an inevitable

tendency to outrage !!!' Why meetings have been held—as every body in Ireland knows, or ought to know, as numerously—aye, and as peaceably—before the passing of the Emancipation Act as during the present Repeal Agitation. There have been, within the last three months, more than twenty of these multitudinous meetings, to petition, without having caused a single offence. How, then, they can have 'AN INEVITABLE TENDENCY' to outrage, without ever having produced a single outrage, is not within the comprehension of a mere Irish lawyer, although it may be within the sagacity of an English Chancellor !

“How CAN the Chancellor be of opinion that meetings to petition are not within the spirit of the constitution, when the constitution itself recognises, sanctions, aye, and enforces the right so to petition ? And as to the notion of their becoming dangerous to the safety of the state, the danger to the state would, in *reality*, consist in suppressing the groans of the people; in compelling them to brood in silence over their wrongs and their sufferings; and a more wronged and suffering people exist not under the face of heaven than the Irish people. The danger to the state would consist in suppressing the expression of popular opinion; in damming up the constitutional channels of relief; and in thereby driving the people to the wild and hideous 'justice of revenge,' instead of leaving them to the fair hopes of relief from the houses of Parliament, and from the throne.

“As to the argument used in your letter to Lord Ffrench with respect to the *inability* of the magistrates attending meetings, to repress violence, it bears diametrically the opposite way. For no individual could possibly have so direct and personal an interest in preventing violence and suppressing outrage as magistrates who are parties to, and responsible for, the calling together of such meetings.

“With respect to your assertion that her Majesty has, like her predecessor, 'expressed her determination to prevent the carrying of the Repeal of the Union,' it has filled me with the most utter and inexpressible astonishment. You *must* know—and indeed I much fear you must have known, when you made that assertion—that it was utterly unfounded; in fact, Sir Robert Peel has himself admitted the falsity of that statement. Her Ma-

esty, whom the people of Ireland affectionately revere, has made no such declaration; and indeed I must say it enhances the criminality of the Lord Chancellor that he has permitted the putting forward (under the sanction of his high name) of a statement so injurious to her Majesty; and one so strongly tending in itself to expose her to the odium and hatred (if that were possible) of her brave, loyal, and attached people of Ireland.

“As to the concluding paragraph of your letter, which talks of the forbearance and conciliation of the present Government, and of their desire to improve the institutions, and promote the prosperity of Ireland, it is calculated only to move the risible faculties of every light-hearted man, and to excite the indignant sorrow of every thinking being, that you should venture to treat the people of Ireland to such a specimen of ludicrous hypocrisy.

“I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“To Henry Sugden, Esq.”

O'Connell ridiculed the paltry meanness and weak hostility evinced in the removal of the magistrates. In a speech delivered a few days afterwards at the Repeal Association, he mixed up his comments on the absurdity of the Chancellor's proceeding with the following anecdote :

“If those men [namely, the Government] are not yet mad, they have given some signs of madness; and a most ludicrous instance of a thing of the kind occurred on Saturday last. The present Lord Chancellor, in the interim of making out the writs of supersedeas for the Repeal magistrates, is very fond of investigating into the management of lunatic asylums. He made an agreement with the surgeon-

general to visit, without any previous intimation, a lunatic asylum, kept by Dr. Duncan, in this city. Some person sent word to the asylum that a patient was to be sent there in a carriage that day, who was a smart little man, that thought himself one of the judges, or some great person of that sort, and who was to be detained by them. Dr. Duncan was out, when Sir Edward Sugden came there in half-an-hour afterwards. On knocking at the door, Sir Edward was admitted and received by the keeper. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humoured him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the surgeon-general had arrived, and the keeper assured him that he was not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. 'Well,' said he, 'I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives.' 'Oh, no, sir,' said the keeper, 'we could not permit that at all.' 'Then, I will walk for a while in the garden,' said his lordship, 'whilst I am waiting for him.' 'We cannot let you go there either, sir,' said the keeper. 'What,' said he, 'don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?' 'Sir,' said the keeper, 'we have four more Lord Chancellors here already.' He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strait-waistcoat for him, when fortunately the surgeon-general arrived. 'Has the Lord Chancellor arrived

yet?" said he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, 'Yes, sir, we have him safe, but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have.' I really believe the Chancellor caught the fury of superseding the magistrates while he was in Dr. Duncan's asylum, and it would be exceedingly fortunate if all the rest of the Ministry were there with him."

The first fruits of the dismissal of the Repeal magistrates appeared in a large batch of fresh Repeal recruits, including several young lawyers of ability—O'Hagan, O'Hea, Sir Colman O'Loghlen (son of the late Master of the Rolls), and many others. The week's rent swelled up to 2205*l.*, and there was a prevalent feeling of derisive defiance of the Lord Chancellor and the Government. The new adherents of Repeal assigned the unconstitutional interference with the right of petition as the immediate cause of their adhesion.

Shortly previous to this period the increase of the Repeal Agitation in Ireland had aroused the ire of an English member of Parliament named Lane Fox, whose notions of legislation were altogether fanatical, and derived from his own conceptions of the prophetic parts of Scripture. He wrote a curious letter to O'Connell, challenging him to appear in his place in Parliament, and listen to *his* (Mr. Lane Fox's) arguments; predicting the downfall of Popery

and triumph of truth; threatening to move for the Repeal of the Emancipation Act; with much more equally rational and relevant matter.

O'Connell's only answer was the following brief "Card," as he called it :

"Mr. O'Connell has read in the *Times* a letter addressed to him by Mr. Lane Fox, a copy of which that unhappy gentleman has taken the trouble of sending to Mr. O'Connell in manuscript, after he had printed the original in the newspapers. Of course it will not be expected that Mr. O'Connell should say one word in reply to that strange and maniacal epistle; but he feels that, as a gentleman and a Christian, he is bound earnestly to implore the friends of Mr. Lane Fox to obtain for him the protection which the court, in matters of lunacy, is enabled to give to persons who, like Mr. Lane Fox, are manifestly incompetent to manage their own affairs, either public or private.

"Merrion Square, 12th of May, 1843."*

Mr. Fox next talked of a call of the House, in order to compel the attendance of O'Connell in Parliament. On this proposition the *Brighton Herald* humorously commented, observing that a

* From the *Dublin Pilot* of the same date.

chase in pursuit of O'Connell, who was rapidly traversing Ireland in every direction, would place the Serjeant-at-Arms in the ludicrous predicament of a dog at a duck-hunt; the object of his pursuit having only to *dive*, and re-appear in a distant locality, in order to baffle the efforts of the pursuer. The writer added that such a chase would be a capital joke to O'Connell and the people of Ireland.

Mr. Lane Fox, having abandoned the idea of his political duck-hunt, did not, however, withdraw his attention from Irish affairs. He addressed an epistle to the editor of the *Times*, which, though written by an Englishman, is an excellent specimen of the "thunder-an'-ouns" species of politico-theology much in favour with the "evangelical" school of anti-Repealers in Ireland, whose harangues and epistles are quite as extravagant in matter, and nearly as much so in manner as those of Mr. Fox. That gentleman spoke of O'Connell's disclaimer of violence, adding, "But *I* tell you, sir, for the information of the people of England, that *I* am a fighting man; and it shall not be long before I am up to my horse's reins in the blood of infidels."— After contending that this language was warranted by "every page of Scripture;" that the elect of Israel were planted in England; that the said elect exclusively possessed the true interpretation of God's

word ; that he (Mr. Fox), disguised in the garb of folly, had probed the brains of our rulers and found nothing ; the writer concluded as follows :

“ You will oblige me by inserting this letter in your much circulated paper ; it will comfort many an honest meaning heart. Fools may stumble at it ; and let them stumble and be damned.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“ S. L. Fox.

“ 3, St. James's Square, June 22.”

In the month of July, 1843, M. Ledru Rollin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies,* addressed to O'Connell a proffer of French assistance in working out the liberty of Ireland. M. Rollin professed, on the part of his confederates in France, strong sympathy with the peaceful nature of the Irish movement ; but he more than hinted, that his friends had an *arrière pensée* of affording military aid, should the British Government seek, by unconstitutional violence, to coerce the Irish Repealers. In a reply to this communication, read by O'Connell at the Repeal Association, he thus dealt with the offer of physical assistance :

* And recently rendered conspicuous by his share in the Revolution of 1848.

“You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we deem it impossible that it should arise, the British Government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence; and confining its resistance to our claims—if it shall continue to resist those claims—within the ordinary channels of legalised administration.”

(O’Connell was too wise, too loyal, and too wary, to give the least encouragement to offers, direct or conditional, of foreign military assistance. Pecuniary aid he was glad to accept; it was in its nature quite safe, and it essentially helped to promote the agitation. The pecuniary gifts of America were generous and frequent.) France gave nothing; and O’Connell was not disposed to value very highly the empty proffer of a species of help, which required distinct and immediate repudiation in order to avert an embarrassing *démêlé* with the law. “I wonder,” said he, one day, “whether there was any thing *real* in Ledru’s offer. Some fellows have such an enormous deal of balderdashical vanity about them, that it is not unlikely Ledru only meant to get a little notoriety.”

Apart, however, from the contrast between French and American assistance to the Repeal movement—

a contrast which the large number of Irish resident in the United States sufficiently accounted for—O'Connell entertained feelings of sincere respect for the great and gallant French nation. He remembered that, during the last century, hosts of Irish exiles found in France a refuge, when England had made their native land too hot to hold them. He was not unmindful of the many fields of battle on which the Irish brigade had earned glory under the French banner; and these memories produced in his mind a strong sentiment of friendship for our Gallic neighbours.

Meanwhile, the agitation went on with constantly increasing vigour. In every corner of the kingdom monster assemblages gathered round O'Connell to affirm the grand principle of the Irish Volunteers of 1782, "That no power on earth ought of right to make laws to bind Ireland, save only the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." As the popular sentiment developed itself through the legal, constitutional channel of meetings to petition, the enemies of Irish rights redoubled their exertions to calumniate the leaders and the people, and to falsify their purposes. Of men who barely sought the restoration of an indefeasible right, whereof they had been flagitiously defrauded, the *Mail* boldly asserted that the objects were, "Extinction

of the Established Church :* Restoration of the Forfeited Estates" (this was a favourite bugbear) and "Extermination of the Protestants." That these menaces imposed on the weak, the timid, and the fanatical, is unfortunately true. Conservatives have frequently admitted the entire Repeal case in conversations with the present writer ; and when pressed for their reasons for opposing a measure whose beneficial tendency they freely admitted, they have invariably answered by conjuring up the visionary terrors of Catholic ascendancy, Protestant annihilation, and resumption of the forfeited estates. We laboured, and not without partial success, to dispel those dreary visions.

The Government affected to believe that we meditated physical violence. Troops of dragoons were sent to every public muster of Repealers. In June, 1843, I attended a large Repeal meeting at Camlough, in the County Down, and my carriage was escorted by a party of dragoons from Newry to the place of meeting, in order, I presume, to prevent me from wresting the province of Ulster *vi et armis* from the Queen's allegiance! On the day of the celebrated Tara gathering I attended an enormous assemblage of Repealers at Clontibret, in the

* We want not the extinction of the Established Church. We only require a reduction of that establishment to a scale commensurate with the wants of its members.

County Monaghan, which was presided over by Captain Seaver of Heath Hall, a Protestant, and a *ci-devant* Orangeman. On the rising ground in our front were displayed a numerous body of the Queen's troops. The opposing forces confronted each other on adjacent eminences during the whole of the proceedings, and doubtless many a Repealer's heart beat indignantly under his red jacket! The troops moved quietly off when we dispersed. The same spectacle was presented at every Repeal meeting for the year 1843. The presence of the soldiery at our gatherings was a ridiculous and unmeaning parade, and served but to excite the risibility of the Repealers, who, being perfectly conscious of their own constitutional and peaceful designs, could ascribe no other motive to the Government in ordering the troops upon Repeal service, than a design to confirm the fears and authenticate the vaticinations of the alarmists, by thus suggesting that we harboured traitorous designs, which required a military force to check their execution.

The public enthusiasm was unbounded. I again went to Scotland this year; I record my visit not so much in memory of the patriotic fervour of the Repealers by whom I was invited, as to recal the pleasing associations connected with my sojourn in that kingdom.

(On my return to Ireland I met O'Connell in Dublin, in the highest enjoyment of health, spirits, and success. The millions had distinctly "pronounced" for Repeal; nearly the whole nation had risen up as one man to repudiate and denounce the monster-crime of 1800: nine persons out of every ten had expressed their condemnation of the Union; and O'Connell's sanguine mind was confident of ultimate victory. His constant phrase was, that "there was a moral electricity in the continuous expression of public opinion concentrated upon a single point, perfectly irresistible in its efficacy.") To those persons who acted under O'Connell's leadership, and who had frequent opportunities of intercourse with him, nothing could appear more false than the vehement assertions of the adverse press "that he was playing a double game; that he did not in reality desire Repeal; and that he did not expect to succeed in the pursuit of it." He did most assuredly expect to succeed: although it is probably true that his *modus agendi* was not fully methodised in its various details.* He relied a good

* He was always sanguine of success. Staunton told me, that O'Connell came to the *Weekly Register* Office, one day, while that paper was printed in Suffolk Street, and called him down stairs, saying, "Staunton, my dear fellow! Repeal is now quite certain. All that remains is to settle the terms."—"I am very glad to hear it," replied Staunton; with a feeling, however, that the news of proximate success was rather too good to be true.

deal upon the chapter of accidents; and he looked to accelerating, and in some degree creating, a crisis of which the Irish people might take advantage for the recovery of their legislature. What was to be the precise mode of achieving that recovery—whether by an act of the Imperial Parliament, or by a summons from the Queen, without any legislative act, for the assembling of her faithful Irish Peers and Commons in College Green—was a question which he left to time and circumstances, although his own belief inclined to the greater probability of the latter event.*

While his enemies denied his sincerity, invented discreditable motives for his actions, and took every occasion of holding him up as an arrant political swindler, his personal friends were impressed with a resistless conviction, not only of his honesty, but of his fervid enthusiasm in the cause to which he had devoted his labours. I say a *resistless* conviction; for, in the moments of unstudied and unguarded social intercourse, the strong desire to achieve the

* For a detailed description of the Repeal Campaign of 1842-3, the Prosecution, the Imprisonment, Personal Anecdotes of the Leaders, and other matters connected with Irish popular politics, *vide* my work, "IRELAND AND HER AGITATORS." I was gratified at seeing the work in question copiously quoted in a tract on Irish affairs, printed at Leipsig, in the German language, under the title of "Irland und die Repealfrage."—Leipsig: Leopold Michelsen, 1847.

great objects which he publicly advocated, was incessantly made manifest: plans, projects, aspirations to that end teemed forth from the well-spring of his mind; and even when conversing on topics unconnected with Repeal, his thoughts would often suddenly diverge, with a species of sanguine impatience, to the subject of our legislative independence.

CHAPTER XII.

“Two Negatives make an Affirmative”—O’Connell’s Character of the Methodists—His Opinion of Peel—The projected “Council of Three Hundred”—Speculations on its Consequences—Movements of Louis Philippe—Military Education of the Irish People—O’Connell’s Objections to it—His faith in the Efficacy of the purely Moral Movement—Proclamation against the Meeting at Clontarf—O’Connell’s Measures—Rumour of a Prosecution for High Treason—O’Connell in the Country—Hunting.

SERJEANT MURPHY, then member for Cork city, having deprecated the Repeal movement, and at the same time admitted that neither Whigs nor Tories were likely to befriend us, O’Connell said, “The worthy serjeant tells you to do nothing for yourselves, although he admits that the Whigs will do nothing for you, and the Tories will do nothing for you! I suppose he imagines that these two negatives will produce an affirmative, so as to supersede the necessity of your exertions in your own behalf.”

He had been engaged in a skirmish with the

Methodists, of whom he said, "They indemnify themselves for a supposed love of God by a real hatred of man. I'll inflict *that* upon 'em."

FitzPatrick one day expressed his hope, that Sir Robert Peel would correct the evils of Irish landlordism; as he had shown, in a recent speech, that he saw and understood the tyrannical game the Irish landlords played against the people.

"The thing that puts me in a passion," said O'Connell, "is any body's supposing that Peel means to do what he says. Peel is the merest man of words that the world ever produced."

During the summer and autumn of 1843, O'Connell's mind was busily occupied in devising means to assemble a Council of Three Hundred without coming under the provisions of the Convention Act. He told me, that if this council could be safely and legally assembled, its members would soon merge, by an easy transition, into the House of Commons of Ireland. He conceived that three hundred Irish gentlemen, stamped with the popular confidence, and morally authorised to treat with the British minister for their country's independence, would be perfectly irresistible in their demand. How to evade the Convention Act was the problem. Having spoken one day of his project at the Repeal Association, he said to Steele and me,

“ This is the first time I have broached my scheme. Next Monday I'll move that the Repeal Wardens of Ardee shall be called on to return the name of a person whom they would recommend the Association to appoint to the office of ‘ District Repeal Warden of Ardee.’ We'll see how that will work. To-day, Davis * said to me, ‘ Have you any objection that I should be one of your Three Hundred?’ I took him by the hand, and said, ‘ I wish I could make you ten.’ How little these people understand me ! Tom Steele, you shall be member for Ennis. Daunt, where have you been canvassing ?”

“ In the King's County,” I replied; “ I shall try to get into the Convention, either for the county or for Tullamore.”

“ Our Three Hundred men,” continued O'Connell, “ will be a quiet revolution. Tom Steele, fortune has frowned on you ; but, would you exchange the present emotions of your mind for the estate of Sir Lucius O'Brien ?”

“ No !” cried Steele, “ nor for all the wealth of the Rothschilds.”

O'Connell continued to throw out his ideas, as if in soliloquy; pausing, and resuming the subject.

* Of the *Nation* newspaper; “Prophet and Guide” of the Young Irelanders; a man of real genius.

“There is Louis Philippe sending man-of-war after man-of-war to Algeria, under pretext of hunting pirates. If England quietly allows him to get possession of Tunis without firing a shot, why then Louis Philippe has it. But, if one hostile shot is fired—hurrah! Daniel O’Connell has it.”

A favourite idea of mine had been the military education of the Irish people, on a system resembling that of Prussia, with some modifications. I spoke of my plan.—“My dear Daunt,” said O’Connell, “your project would be quite unnecessary. All that people thought, in bypast times, to accomplish by military force, will henceforth be gained by the purely moral movement.”

“Aye,” returned I; “moral movement for ourselves at home. But as the moral force doctrine may not prevail among foreign nations, we ought to be trained to defend ourselves.”

“The moral force doctrine *will* prevail,” he answered, very emphatically. “Other nations will learn from us. They are watching us now with astonishment. When they see us succeeding, without blood, against such odds, they will try, like us, to succeed without blood in their several political reforms, according to their local means. Where *fifty can* meet and remonstrate, *fifty will* meet.

Where an hundred *can* meet, an hundred *will* meet. Physical violence will lapse into desuetude—it will, by and bye, become quite obsolete.”

“ I do not think,” replied I, “ it will ever become obsolete abroad. Your moral force lessons may take root in the hearts of the Irish people ; but if the aggression of Ireland at any future period should promise advantages to any foreign nation, our foes will, in my opinion, be perfectly ready to invade us *vi et armis*.”

“ And if they should,” returned O'Connell, “ one week would have Ireland drilled for resistance, organised as we are. See the multitudes I had at Tara. How easy it would be to drill them on short notice. Remember that we shall then ourselves be the government, and so have in our hands the entire strength of the people and the undivided facilities of military organisation.”

Meeting followed meeting in rapid succession for the rest of the autumn. Two or three more remained to be held. A meeting was advertised to take place at Clontarf upon Sunday the 8th of October. An attorney who drew up the advertisement very foolishly used some military phrases in the programme of the intended procession. The executive snapped with puerile eagerness at the

shallow pretext thus afforded to put down by armed force the gathering at Clontarf. Vast military preparations were concentrated upon the spot. A proclamation, prohibiting the meeting, was issued at an hour so late upon Saturday, as to render it in the last degree improbable that the great majority of those who intended to be present, should hear of the prohibition in sufficient time to prevent their attendance.

O'Connell assembled the Committee of the Repeal Association to consider what was best to be done in this emergency. The result of their deliberations appeared in the shape of a cautionary notice, which, whilst it repelled the misrepresentations contained in the Government proclamation, at the same time announced the abandonment of the projected meeting at Clontarf.

This notice was extensively posted in the city and suburbs, and every mode was adopted of giving it efficacy. Vast crowds of persons were at that moment on their way from various distant quarters to the metropolis, in order to be present at the morrow's demonstration. To check the influx of those persons was now O'Connell's object; he feared above all things a hostile collision. The military preparations were unequivocal. Lord Cloncurry has

since that period given it as his opinion that the Government "projected a massacre" at Clontarf.

On the night of Saturday and the morning of Sunday, 1500 persons arrived from England to witness the expected proceedings at Clontarf. Their rage and indignation at the Government were inexpressibly great. Immense crowds paraded all day at the place where the muster was to have been held; and in order to prevent any perilous ebullitions of popular anger, O'Connell sent Mr. Steele, Dr. Gray, and some other friends, to the avenues leading to Clontarf, in order to enforce the immediate and peaceable dispersion of the multitude.

On the 11th of October the intention of the Government to prosecute certain of the Repeal leaders for sedition was confidently rumoured. I was on that day Chairman of the Repeal Association. After the meeting I asked O'Connell how a conviction would probably operate upon the cause?

"What," said I, "will the Repealers do if you should be imprisoned, and communication with their guide cut off? How shall we act if the flock be scattered by striking the shepherd?"

"Oh, that cannot be," he replied, "till after the trial; and in the meantime we will make arrangements to provide in the best way we can to meet

such a contingency. As for the tyranny itself—why—it's only to endure it! It cannot in its own nature last very long.”

Of the Repeal rent contributed that day, 80*L.* were handed in under the denomination of “Proclamation Money,” to indicate defiance of the Viceroy and the prosecution.

On the following day, the 12th of October, a report was spread that the Government would prosecute upon a charge of high treason. O'Connell's spirits, which had previously been excellent, seemed suddenly and greatly depressed by this information. He knew that the Government would not risk a prosecution for high treason without first being thoroughly certain of the jury. It was true, he said, that he should have the privilege of challenging the jury, a privilege which in a mere prosecution for sedition he would not possess; but the materials from which Dublin panels were taken were so leavened with bigoted orangeism, that he looked on his life as the certain forfeit.—“But,” said he, “I scarcely think they will attempt a prosecution for high treason—though, indeed, there is hardly any thing too desperate for them to attempt! If they do, I shall make my confession and prepare for death. Such a step would either immensely acce-

lerate Repeal, or else throw it further back than ever."

But the real nature of the prosecution was speedily made known to the traversers. When O'Connell heard that he and his fellow-patriots were to be tried for a "conspiracy," he scoffed at the whole proceeding, as likely, indeed, to be harassing and tedious, but in no other respect formidable. One day he said to John O'Connell, "I do not think two years' imprisonment would kill me; I should keep constantly walking about, and take a bath every day."

"But why talk of imprisonment at all?" returned John; "surely there is, please God, no danger of it."

"I take the most discouraging view of the case," said his father, "in order to be prepared for the worst."

In the course of the winter O'Connell repaired to Darrynane, and during his sojourn there the Association was addressed every week by John O'Connell, Steele, and the present writer. We used to come on Mondays to the library, prior to the hour of meeting, and there arrange the topics which each speaker should appropriate. It was a period of pleasing excitement and hope which I love to recal; for we all felt impressed with the belief that the steps taken by the Government for our discom-

future would call forth many a stout ally who had not as yet declared his adhesion to the national cause.

O'Connell seems to have enjoyed his holidays almost as much as if no prosecution were suspended over his head. The following is an extract from a letter written by him at that period to a friend in Dublin :

“Darrynane Abbey, 17th Dec., 1843.

* * * * *

“What a tasteless fellow that Attorney-General was not to allow me another fortnight in these mountains! I forgive him every thing but *that*. Why, yesterday, I had a most delightful day's hunting. I saw almost the entire of it—hare and hounds. We killed five hares. The day's run, without intermission, five hours and three quarters. In three minutes after each hare was killed, we had another on foot, and the cry was incessant. They were never at more than a momentary check, and the cry, with the echoes, was splendid. I was not in such wind for walking these five years, and you will laugh at me when I tell you the fact that I was much less wearied than several of the young men; and we had a good three miles to walk home after the last hare was killed, just at the close of the day. I was not pre-

pared for such good hunting, as the plague among the dogs had thinned my pack. It killed six couple of beautiful beagles of mine. I could almost weep for them. Yet the survivors seemed determined to indemnify me. If to-morrow be dry, I hope to have another good day's hunt."

CHAPTER XIII.

O'Connell's Return to Town—O'Connell and the Darrynane Thrush!—O'Connell's Resolution to be his own Counsel at the State Trials—Mr. M'Donough, Q. C.—Sheil's Speech for the Defence—O'Connell and the Reporter at Waterford—His Address to the Catholic Prelates—His Declaration respecting the Government Prosecution—His Fear, lest the prior Speakers at the Trials should pre-occupy the Topics of Defence—Apposite Quotation from Edmund Burke—End of the Trials—"Conviction"—Imprisonment—Remarkable Letter from O'Connell, when in Prison, to the Right Honourable R. L. Sheil.

EARLY in January, 1844, Mr. O'Connell returned to Dublin. Shortly after his arrival he was visited by his old fellow-leader, Richard Lalor Sheil, who talked with him of the approaching trials. "As for me," said the Liberator, "I am prepared for the worst they can do—they will assuredly imprison me—but what matter?" Mr. Sheil expressed a hope that such a result might be averted. O'Connell, when Sheil had left him, described his recent hunts at Darrynane with infinite zest. "And I

had such exquisite weather there," said he; "in the shrubbery a scoundrel thrush was singing merrily upon a spray; I took off my hat and made him a low bow; 'Sir,' said I, 'you are quite mistaken! It is not spring yet;' but the vagabond kept singing away, and never minded me."

As the period for the commencement of the "monster trials" approached, O'Connell finally resolved upon being his own counsel. Sometimes he entertained the idea of speaking at excessive length; I once heard him say, "They (meaning the Government) do not suppose that I intend to speak for four days." He discussed the respective excellences of the counsel engaged on behalf of the accused, pointing out the chief merits of each. I remember his remarking that Mr. M'Donough, Q.C., had admirable tact in conceding to the enemy all the unimportant portions of a case, and disarming the suspicions of the jury by the apparent frankness and candour of the concession.

It is not, of course, my intention to give any detail of proceedings so notorious and so recent as the Irish State Prosecutions of 1843-4. The reader remembers the Attorney-General's promise of proving the existence of a "wicked conspiracy" in Ireland, and the utter failure of any such proof. On the 27th of January, Mr. Sheil opened the de-

fence in a five hours' speech, which was described as "the first brilliant flash that had enlivened the dreary dulness of the monster trials." Of Sheil's and Whiteside's masterly orations it was said, that had the jury been required to deliver their verdict immediately on the conclusion of either, they *must* have handed in an acquittal. I do not know how that may be; but I doubt whether the eloquence of an archangel could alter the fixed purposes of certain jurors; and I do not forget that the well-known "Jack Giffard," of corporate celebrity, naïvely remarked to the father of my friend Fitz-Patrick, when speaking of the state trials of 1812, "that if our Saviour himself were in the dock, they (the Dublin Orangemen) would find him guilty if it served their party."

O'Connell's admiration of Sheil's speech was enthusiastic. "There were in it," said he, "passages of the most transcendent beauty. But I remonstrated with him," he added, "on his having omitted all mention of Repeal. I told him that he would not have committed himself by doing so, for he would have spoken professionally as a barrister."

Two or three days prior to the delivery of that speech, a hope was expressed that a good report of it might be secured for the press. O'Connell said with a smile,

“It is in type at this moment in London. Sheil had a reporter with him lately, to whom he dictated the entire in his drawing-room, and who sent it off to press in London as fast as written. I once dictated a speech in a parlour myself—it was under these circumstances:—We held an Emancipation meeting in the open air at Waterford, but the day was so wet as to interfere seriously with the labours of the reporters. They had to put up their tablets before we had half done, and their notes were partially obliterated by the rain. I retired to my hotel, and was waited on by a reporter who stated that he had not been in time to attend the meeting, and that unless he promptly forwarded a report of my speech he would incur the anger of his employer. He begged I would re-deliver it; and, as I had nothing else to do, I consented. He prepared to report with great alacrity, and I delivered a much better speech walking up and down the room than the one I had pronounced at the meeting. The fellow went off in high delight when I had done, and it was a topic of some surprise and amusement that the very best report of my speech appeared in a newspaper which had no reporter at the meeting.”

As the monster trials dragged along their weary length, the public indignation and excitement became so great, that O'Connell exceedingly dreaded

an *émeute*. He feared lest the outrage committed by the government might exasperate the people beyond the power of patient endurance, notwithstanding the lessons of peace he had constantly inculcated. Knowing that the most effective conservators of the public tranquillity were the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, it occurred to him to make a solemn appeal to the prelates to use all their influence for the preservation of order. He accordingly composed the following address, which I do not think was ever published; nay, I much doubt whether it was even forwarded to the members of the hierarchy: the copy I possess was given me by a gentleman to whom O'Connell submitted it for the benefit of his advice, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention.

“ To the Catholic Prelates of Ireland.

“ Merrion Square, Dublin,

“ 10th February, 1844.

“ MOST REVEREND AND VENERATED LORDS,—
It is with some difficulty, and after much consideration, that I take the liberty of addressing you, with a respectful confidence, that although you may not approve of my so doing, you will attach a kind estimate to the motives which prompt me to trespass on your attention.

“ You may deem my anxiety excessive; but

you will readily forgive that excess which arises from my extreme desire to prevent the slightest violence or breach of the peace in any part of the country.

“ I have not the presumption to think that any thing emanating from me would be needed to stimulate the zeal of your lordships, or the revered clergy at large, for the preservation of the most perfect public peace and tranquillity. Those who know you best are familiar with the fact, that the quiet of the country is principally attributable to your unbought, successful, and most pious exertions to cause all the population of most districts, and as many of the people as possible in every district, to be obedient to the law, and dutifully submissive to temporal authority.

“ What I respectfully submit to your lordships is merely this—that perhaps it may be useful to take measures for allaying any tendency to excitement that might be produced by the result of the crown prosecutions ; and for securing on the part of the people a continuance of the same profound tranquillity that has prevailed since the trials commenced. You agree with me, my lords, that it is of the most emphatic importance, that there should not, at the conclusion of the trials, be the smallest outbreak or violence of any kind whatsoever. I know that every exertion for maintaining the public

peace will have your lordships' sanction and active assistance. But perhaps that assistance is the more necessary now, inasmuch as the prosecution has had a sectarian colour given to it by the conduct of the prosecutors in striking out all the Catholics from the jury list, in addition to the fact of the 'dropping out' from the jury panel of no less than thirty-five Catholics.

"It is to prevent any irritation springing from this violation of their religious feelings, that I, with profound humility, suggest to your lordships the propriety of directing the clergy of every parish—(and no directions were ever obeyed with greater alacrity than yours would be, by the universal clergy of the second order)—to take care that not the least particle of anger or irritation should exhibit itself among the Catholic people; to stifle every expression of sorrow or of wrong in the recollection that *prudence* as well as duty, personal safety as well as religion, imperatively require that every part of Ireland should remain in the most perfect order and tranquillity, and in the most profound and undisturbed quiet.

"If there be presumption in this address, it is concealed from my own view; and I express my sincere sorrow if it should be so. My object is, to have an additional opportunity of enforcing on the

public mind the fact, that if this crisis passes over—as pass over I am sure it will—without riot, violence, tumult, or outrage of any kind, the success of our efforts for the Repeal will be rendered certain, and the attainment of our Domestic Legislature will be secured.

“I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, most Reverend and Venerated Lords,

“Your most faithful, obedient,”

“Humble servant,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.”

During the progress of the trials, O'Connell repeatedly expressed, both in private and in public, his indifference to the result as regarded himself personally, provided the outrage on constitutional liberty should stimulate the people to redoubled exertions. The following declaration, which he made at the Corn Exchange on the 17th of April, is so characteristic of the man that I cannot omit it:—

“They may,” said he, “fine us. Well, we will pay the fine. They may imprison us. Well, we will go to prison. We will not be the less patriots, or the more disposed to compromise, because we are within the walls of a prison. Nay, so help me Heaven! if there was possibly any measure of

acquiescence to which I would, when abroad, agree —if there were any terms to be made with the enemies of freedom and of Ireland which I might not think obnoxious if I were at large, I would reject them with indignation and contempt from the moment when I was enclosed within a prison. By imprisoning me they say they may shorten my life. That does not affect me much. In the first place, I don't believe it. I may have come to that time of life when the affections are less soothing, and there is less of reciprocity to meet them; my heart may be aged and widowed, and its tenderest ties may be destroyed. But I am still like the scathed oak, not less firm against the fury of the storm than I would have been in the days of my green and buoyant youth. . . . As to my health, I proclaim to the people of Ireland that I believe it is perfectly capable of sustaining any length of imprisonment they can inflict upon me."

In this anticipation he unfortunately erred. The seeds of disease were sown in Richmond prison.

As the trials proceeded, and the speeches of successive counsel exhausted the points of defence, O'Connell said to me one day,

"They will leave nothing for *me* to say when my turn comes."

"You mistake," replied I. "They cannot de-

prive you of your appropriate topic. *They* are making legal speeches. *You* will have to make a political and historic speech. You, of course, must enter on some legal points; but it appears to me that your peculiar duty will be to demonstrate that this nation, struggling for Repeal, are in the right; to show the iniquity of the Union, and its myriad mischiefs; and to justify the movement on higher than mere legal grounds."

He intended to make use of the following extract from Edmund Burke, which he caused FitzPatrick to copy for him; he considered it a masterly exposition of the impolicy of forcibly suppressing public opinion by the exercise of state power; and extremely apposite to the case of Ireland in 1843:

"America, gentlemen say, is a noble object; it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led by their choice of means, by their complexions, and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, that my opinion is much more in favour of prudent management than of force, considering force not only as

an odious but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in profitable connexion with us.

“First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force is temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

“My next objection is its uncertainty. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource: for, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no other power is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but they never can be begged as alms by impoverished and defeated violence.”

O’Connell, in his defence, delivered a masterly argument in disproof of the charge of conspiracy. But his principal topics were political, and the excellence of his address was admitted by many an adverse critic.

But truth, justice, and eloquence availed not. On the 30th May, 1844, O’Connell and six of his confederates in the agitation were found guilty of a “conspiracy,” and hurried from the court to the gaol.

I did not remain long in Dublin after this event, being obliged by my private affairs to go to the

country. Nearly all the details I could collect of the imprisonment I have published elsewhere.* O'Connell took as much exercise as the limits of his prison permitted. "Seven times round the gaol garden is a mile," said he. "I walk it thrice a day." On being visited by Smith O'Brien (who had joined the Repealers at the commencement of the prosecutions), he took him by both hands, saying, "I think it was Providence that raised you up to us in our need; I look on your adhesion as indicative of what Providence will yet do for us."

Mr. O'Brien's junction at this crisis was of very great value to the Repeal cause. O'Connell said that "he did the best thing at the best time." My excellent and patriotic friend must permit me to express a hope that the sections of the national party, at present unfortunately severed, may speedily co-operate again for the recovery of Ireland's rights. And, if I know aught of my old fellow-missioner, John O'Connell, I should say that he is about the last man in existence who would oppose any factious obstruction to re-union.†

While the *Liberator* was incarcerated there was

* "Ireland and her Agitators," p. 295.

† While I sincerely desire to co-operate once more with the sounder portion of the seceding party, I must disclaim all wish for the return of those wild and vagarious spirits, who, in the language of Charles Gavan Duffy, would make the land "a shambles of social anarchy."

a magnificent popular rally round the Repeal Association. But there were many men whose previous political career might have led us to expect their accession to our ranks at such a juncture, and who still held aloof.

On the 17th of June, Mr. Wyse, M.P. for Waterford, presented a petition, praying inquiry into the formation of the Special Jury in the case of "The Queen at the prosecution of Daniel O'Connell and others." It was Mr. Wyse's intention to move for a Select Committee of Inquiry, in accordance with the prayer of that petition.

I am enabled, by the kindness of my friend the Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, to lay before the reader the following important and interesting epistle, written by O'Connell while in prison, in reply to a letter on the subject of Mr. Wyse's purposed motion :

"Richmond Bridewell, 19th June, 1844.

"MY DEAR SHEIL,—I do not care a twopenny ticket for Wyse's motion. The Irish people do not care a rush for it. They expect nothing from the English Parliament, and have a vivid contempt for its proceedings; but, besides this hatred of England, ought not common sense be looked to? What, in point of common sense, *can* possibly be the result of a night or two nights' talk on such a motion?

Certainly the Whigs this time are right. All Wyse will accomplish will be a knitting together once more the *disjecta membra* of the present party in power. Mind, I do not advise the motion to be given up, because I do not advise at all on the subject. It is to me one of perfect indifference.

“You express surprise and regret that the Irish members are not in London, and yet you yourself, the long-admired ‘pillar and glory’ of Irish agitation, are absent from Dublin where Ireland is ‘mewing her young strength.’ You are absent in person and in *deed!*”

“I, your once co-leader, am in goal, by a packed jury and most partial judge; and, instead of at least enrolling *your name* amongst THE IRISH, you are calculating what you owe to the Whigs for having given you a place, and forgetting the ten hundred thousand claims Ireland has upon you. Sheil! Sheil! this will never do. I say it in the bitterness of sorrow, but in the absence of disrespect. It will never do. The man who does not rally *with us* against the Attorney-General and the trial is really *against us*. Now, what have the Irish section of the Whigs done under such unparalleled circumstances, with the people boiling up at every side, but still obedient, as if they were under military command? Not the least shadow of danger of

an outbreak, or of any violence—tranquillity the most perfect. What is the Irish section of the Whigs doing? Nothing. Yet those of Belfast—the Whigs of Belfast—have set them an example. Could not your other Irish Whigs follow even *that* example? But no! Oh! plague take the shabby set! The Duke of Leinster—his name operates like a vomit—is getting up with Peter Purcell dinners for pig-feeders and calf-fatteners!! Lord —— sent me a salmon—good for Friday! and Lord —— sent me his card. I am amused at condescending to have even the appearance of being angry with such beings. The Irish Orangemen are more friendly to Ireland than the Irish Whigs. But I have cheerfully done with them.

“I am bound to say, and I say it readily and gratefully, that Lord John Russell has behaved exceedingly well respecting these trials.

“I certainly will not advise Smith O’Brien to go over. He is doing infinitely better where he is. He has as little taste for the Whigs as I have, after the *exclusion* of Repealers. It would have been wiser not to insult us. You, however, may be assured, that the Irish people will, in future, look to nothing but themselves. They will not revolt, nor rebel; but they are and will be in an attitude to avail themselves of the first day of peril to England

to require conciliation. Adam appears in a Dutch play, in boots and spurs, fully equipped at all points, coming on——*to be created*. The Irish are peaceably waiting——*to be conciliated*.

“This plan, you may say, will not succeed. Be it so—for argument’s sake. But there is no other that has any chance of success. I, however, must say, that this plan, if persevered in, *must* be successful. The continued *pain* arising from such a state of things will overcome the strongest resistance. The Irish people are conscious of their strength, and that safety, as well as strength, consists in continued pacific exertion; and they know that success must result from both strength and safety.

“You see we have opened the door to admit Federalists amongst us; and I never knew any man in private who was not a Federalist at the least. I no longer presume to advise you to join; though surely the Whigs might permit you to go *so* far.

“Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you. Be assured of my kind friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics; but am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

“Believe me to be, very sincerely yours,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“To the Right Honourable R. L. Sheil.”

Notwithstanding the Liberator's efforts to keep up his spirits while in prison, there can be no doubt that his confinement preyed severely on his mind. The deprivation of his personal liberty was a severe affliction to a man of his active habits. I think it quite certain that the disease, that proved eventually fatal, originated in the mental annoyance and chagrin of that period.

During his imprisonment, some friends suggested to him that he ought to avail himself of his constrained leisure to write his life. I believe he was inclined to act on the suggestion. He often had spoken of writing his life. An eminent London publisher had encouraged him, some years before, to become his own biographer, and he entertained the proposal very favourably. But the perpetual bustle in which he existed rendered the performance of such a task almost impossible. As to the supposed leisure of his prison, he never had less leisure in his life for literary occupation than when confined in Richmond Bridewell. There was a much greater influx of visitors, and of deputations with addresses, and a larger amount of correspondence during the three months of his imprisonment, than in any other three months of his life. Whilst I was in the country in 1844, I saw it stated in the newspapers that he was engaged in the task of composing his

autobiography ; but I imagine he never wrote a page of it. Yet the project was such a favourite one that he constantly talked of it; and with a view to its performance, he borrowed from the library of the Repeal Association a set of the "Annual Register" and several volumes of contemporary magazines, in order to refresh his memory by a reference to the records of public and personal transactions in which he, as well as the leading men with and against whom he had acted in his long career, had taken a share.

On the 6th of September, 1844, the State prisoners were liberated by the judgment of the House of Lords, before whom an appeal had been brought by writ of error from the court below.

On the following Monday there was an unusually crowded meeting of the Repeal Association. O'Connell exulted in the demonstration which the decision of the Lords afforded of the perfect legality of his previous agitation for Repeal. The Irish people had all along looked upon his imprisonment as the result of a foul conspiracy against him and against Ireland—the highest legal tribunal in the empire now sanctioned their belief.

Amongst the Protestant converts to Repeal who on this day joined the Association were Captain Mockler, of Trim, an Orangeman ; Pierce Somerset

Butler, M.P. for the County of Kilkenny, and nephew of the Earl of Kilkenny; and the Hon. George Hely Hutchinson, brother of the Earl of Donoughmore.

O'Connell thus described the manner and aspect of the judges by whom sentence had been passed upon him:

“The Chief Justice (Pennefather) had the air of being counsel for the prosecution. Only for the seat he occupied, he might have been easily mistaken for the counsel for the prosecution. . . . Judge Crampton used to squeeze up his face at me, as if he wanted to terrify me with his lion aspect. . . . Judge Perrin seemed to be asleep during a great part of the trial.”

O'Connell triumphed loudly in Lord Denman's pointed condemnation of the entire proceedings connected with the prosecution, verdict, and sentence; which, his lordship said, were sufficient, if persisted in, to render trial by jury in Ireland “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

“A mockery, a delusion, and a snare,” repeated O'Connell. “Take that, Mr. Attorney-General Smith. Read that, Chief Justice Pennefather. Write it on a slip of paper, Mr. Justice Crampton, to mark a place in your prayer-book.”

He now announced that he had in preparation

his favourite plan for a Council of Three Hundred. He stated that the legal difficulties surrounding the project inevitably caused much delay. He proposed that each member of the Council should contribute the sum of 100*l.* to the Repeal fund; that the Council should have their own treasurer, and be the sole guardians of their own money; but that they should exhibit an interest in the cause to the extent of the sum he named. The council were not to initiate any measure themselves; but they were to possess a veto on the plans of the Repeal Association. Such a body, he expected, would comprise so great a number of men having large stakes in the country as would disarm the fears of the most timid, by rendering impossible any violent revolutionary movement.

“Those three hundred individuals,” said he, “consisting of wealthy merchants and of country gentlemen, will constitute a body that can bring about with great facility the Repeal of the Union.”

The reader has already seen that he expected his council would merge into an Irish House of Commons. Many projects were devised to obviate the legal difficulty which alone prevented its immediate construction; but none appeared to O'Connell sufficiently safe to warrant the experiment. Still he entertained a strong conviction that there was somewhere an effective mode of evading the Con-

vention Act, if he only could hit upon it: and with that conviction on his mind, he dwelt constantly and fondly on the project.

Touching the policy of the recent prosecution, he said,

“ Believe me that the wily Louis Philippe has been a vigilant observer of England’s policy towards Ireland. If it were not for that policy, Tangier would be to-day untouched ; Mogadore would still be whole, and Isly would be unstained with the blood of the Moors.”

Of his imprisonment he said :

“ I spent a pleasant three months in gaol. After the first fortnight I felt perfectly secure, for I was certain there would be no violence on the part of the people. For the first fortnight I was kept from my rest by the fear of some violence ; but thenceforth my apprehensions upon that score vanished. I had as pleasant a set of companions in gaol as ever prisoner had. We had the happiness, the blessing, of their ladies’ society, and we enjoyed the intercourse of men of great talent and great facetiousness. No men were living more socially.”

Notwithstanding the light and bantering way in which his buoyant nature impelled him to speak of his incarceration, it is certain that it produced in

him not only more mental and bodily weariness than could have resulted from any amount of political labour, but those seeds of disease which ultimately bore a fatal fruit.

Alluding to the Protestant adhesions to Repeal, he exclaimed :

“ When I see around me such men as the Hutchinsons, the O'Briens, the Mocklers, and the Butlers rallying to the standard of Repeal, I cannot have a question of our success. Oh! what a day we shall have around the statue of King William !”

Shortly after the liberation, O'Connell proceeded to Darrynane. He indeed required the relaxation of a sojourn among his native mountains.

In the course of the following spring it was resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the imprisonment. Accordingly, at an early hour on the 30th of May, 1845, the principal streets leading to the Rotundo were filled with an apparently interminable procession, gay with equipages, banners, and bands, and exulting in the celebration of a national victory over a tyrannical government. Music was borne on the sunny air ; the merry laugh rang around ; glad faces filled the windows ; even the house-tops were crowded with spectators ; never

since the Union had Dublin displayed an aspect of more joyous animation.

A magnificent pageant was exhibited in the round room of the Rotundo, where O'Connell and his late fellow-prisoners held a levée. The platform, situate at the western centre of that superb apartment, was a hexagon of twenty-six feet in diameter, and raised two feet from the floor. At its front were seated O'Connell and the other ex-captives, and around them stood the members of the '82 Club, dressed in their brilliant green and gold uniforms, over which, in many instances, were flung the scarlet robes of the corporators. Banners, with armorial ensigns and significant national devices, floated from the walls. The royal arms of Ireland were proudly conspicuous. The *coup d'œil* was at once picturesque and gorgeous; and its splendour was immensely enhanced by the ennobling sentiment in which the pageant had its origin; a sentiment that flashed in every glance and animated every heart. Deputations from all quarters of the kingdom presented addresses to O'Connell, encouraging him to persevere, and promising him the unfaltering support of the people.

Smith O'Brien then advanced to O'Connell, and said that he had to communicate a Resolution, or

National Pledge, which had received the concurrence of all the deputations. It was to the following effect :

“ We, the undersigned, being convinced that good government and wise legislation can be permanently secured to the Irish people only through the instrumentality of an Irish Legislature, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to our country and to each other, that we will never desist from seeking the Repeal of the Legislative Union with England by all peaceable, moral, and constitutional means, until a Parliament be restored to Ireland.”

O'Connell and his late companions in captivity signed the Pledge, which was also subscribed by several other persons.

O'Connell, in his reply to the several addresses, thus alluded to certain professions of Ministerial penitence :

“ Signs of conciliation,” said he, “ have been exhibited. We are now told that concession to Ireland has *not* found its limits ; that more is to be given to us ; and we also are gravely assured that the government, so far from being hostile, is amicably disposed to us, and anxious to act fairly towards Ireland. Is there a man amongst you who believes in the sincerity of those professions ? (Cries of No ! no !) No—to be sure there is not. Throw

back a glance upon last year. What has occurred to warrant our belief in the sincerity of those declarations? Has the government punished the instruments of their illegal prosecution? No. On the contrary, do they not contemplate to place them on the bench of justice, and make them judges of the land for the rest of their lives? . . . They may make what professions they please: the heart of England is not changed. Her ministry have yielded, to be sure; but why have they done so? Is it because we became more tranquil or more tractable? Is it because we gave up our agitation, and, falling on our knees, implored mercy? No! but because we stood up manfully for our rights, and would not endure the thought of compromise. We violated no law—we broke through no act of Parliament—we kept within the limits of the constitution—we conducted ourselves peaceably but firmly, manfully but resolutely, and therefore it is that we are respected. If we are not treated with contempt and derision, whom have we to thank for it? Whom but ourselves? The voice of Ireland has been raised from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear—from Connemara to the Hill of Howth; and the echoes of that voice have been heard in the Cabinet. All Ireland has been aroused into the hope, the expectation, the certainty, that this coun-

try shall have her own Parliament again—that the people of Ireland shall govern themselves.”

Take the following descriptions of the levée from adverse pens :

“ While we write this,” says the *Tory Mail*, “ Mr. O’Connell is sitting in autocratic state in the throne room of the Rotundo, surrounded by his peers, and receiving the addresses of the authorities, the corporate bodies, the mobility, nobility, clergy, and gentry of his peculiar dominion. The business of the city is at a stand-still. Professional duties are in suspense ; tradesmen have closed their shops ; the handicrafts have left their callings ; and, save the great thoroughfares through which the ovation of the Autocrat is to pass, the streets are as deserted and as noiseless as a wilderness. In the latter, shops lie open, but without a customer ; in the former the barricaded doors and windows scarce suffice to resist the pressure of the throng. A countless multitude crowds all the avenues leading to the Autocrat’s presence, and forms dense alleys for the passage of the public bodies, which, each headed by its appointed leaders—some in military costume, some in their civic robes of office, and all in full dress—proceed, to the music of bands, with regimental uniformity, towards the chamber where

their self-elected sovereign has appointed to receive their homage."

The *Monitor*, a Whig journal, says,

"In reality, the pageant of to-day was imposing. The organisation was complete—the gay dresses looked exceedingly well in the strong sunshine; the procession marched orderly, and all Dublin was in motion Mr. O'Connell, seated on a green throne, in the round room of the Rotundo, amidst a superfluity of gaudy decorations, is receiving addresses from all parts of Ireland. On his right is seated his son John, and the other martyrs are distributed, some on his right and some on his left. The first address was read by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and emanated from the Repeal Association. Mr. O'Connell said he would not answer each address, but reserve what he had to say for a general reply to them all.

"The Round Room is divided into compartments; one being reserved for the ladies, who, of course, shed additional lustre over the gay scene.

"The Mayors and Corporators of the various municipalities appear in their robes, gowns, and chains of office, and, with the sprinkling of '82 uniforms in the room, the brilliancy and effect of the pageant is considerably increased."

Such was the external scene presented by the levée. But its moral grandeur utterly eclipsed its outward splendours. The trusted leaders of the people were assembled to reiterate their hatred of foreign legislation ; and there, in the presence of the Irish nation, by whom they were sustained and stimulated, did they make that solemn vow **TO PERSEVERE**; that vow, which, in the words of one of the most gifted of their body, "**CAN HAVE NO RELEASE EXCEPT IN ITS FULFILMENT.**"

CHAPTER XIV.

“Federalism” in the Repeal Association—O’Connell’s Federalist Move—Its Results—Popular Discontent—Letter from O’Connell on the Subject—Letter from Mr. Ray, the Secretary of the Association—Conversation with O’Connell on his Return to Dublin from Darrynane—He recants Federalism—Concordat with the Pope—Anti-Repeal Rescript.

THE Repeal Association, acting on O’Connell’s advice, had, in 1843, admitted members who advocated what was termed Federalism; that is to say, the establishment of separate English and Irish Parliaments for strictly local purposes; and a grand imperial congress to sit at Westminster, empowered to legislate on the *common* and external affairs of the whole empire. We deemed ourselves perfectly consistent in admitting Federalists; inasmuch as there was a thorough community of purpose between them and the other Repealers so far as concerned a Repeal of the existing Union. But O’Connell did not at that time commit himself to any preference of Federalism. As for myself, I

publicly stated in the Association the reasons which determined my preference of the popular scheme of Repeal. The Federalists who joined us were in general highly respectable and very intelligent; but they were few, probably not more than a hundredth part of the entire body of Repealers. Some of them—the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, for one—occasionally propounded their doctrines in public; but they did not make much progress. The mass of the Irish people looked on Federalism as an untried system—a novelty of doubtful result; whilst “Repeal” presented to their minds the idea of the restoration of their former parliamentary constitution, under which their country had enjoyed so many blessings.

Thus matters rested until O'Connell made his autumn journey to Darrynane, in October, 1844. But the public were startled, towards the middle of that month, by a letter of very great length, which he published, giving to the Federal plan a decided preference—at least, so far as could be gathered from certain strong phrases, which again were curiously modified by cautious declarations that he would not thereby be definitively committed to any thing. Yet, the pervading tone of the letter was eminently Federalist; and the notion thus generated, that the Leader had to some extent shifted his ground, threw a damp on the popular mind as manifest as

it was mischievous. The political friends whom I met in the streets on the morning when O'Connell's declaration for Federalism appeared, shrugged their shoulders as they said, "Well—you've seen Dan's letter? What next?" I suggested that it was meant as a trap to catch Whig-Radicals. "Oh," it was answered, "the trap is too palpable—he'll catch nobody." This was, indeed, my own opinion. Although, as I have already stated, Federalists were admitted to our ranks, yet hitherto we were not a Federalist body. But the words of the founder and leader of the Association necessarily gave a character to our confederacy which it could not derive from the acts or declarations of any minor member.

I accordingly felt it my duty to write to O'Connell on the subject of his recent manifesto. I did not keep a copy of my letter, but I recollect its substance. I stated the general dissatisfaction excited by his advocacy of Federalism. I urged the mischievous tendency of any act that could create a popular belief that he was wandering from the one grand object of pursuit. I expressed my own conviction that his purpose was to conciliate the support of certain parties. I reminded him that I was publicly committed to "simple Repeal." I told him that no man was less disposed than I was to

create discord in our ranks by expressing dissent from the movements of the leader ; but that, for the sake of consistency, I was desirous to exonerate myself from any predilection for Federalism. I concluded by announcing my purpose to repeat, at our next Monday's meeting, my former profession of faith on the point in dispute; and, at the same time, to vindicate *him* from the unjust imputation of intending to surrender any portion of his claim for Irish constitutional liberty.

I also addressed to Ray, who was then at Darrynane, a letter, embracing most of the topics I have enumerated. From both him and the Liberator I received answers before the ensuing Monday.

Mr. O'Connell, after stating that his purpose was, in part, to test the sincerity of some prominent and influential Federalists, and dwelling on the mischief which he feared would result from any interference with his present experiment, continued as follows:

“ I am exceedingly anxious that the subject of Federalism should not be introduced into the Association until I arrive. Do not enter into any vindication of me. Leave every misconception now afloat to continue to float until I reach the Association. We are on the very eve of knowing whether

or not the Federalists will make a public display. If they do not do so *within a week*, I will again address the people; not to vindicate or excuse, but to *boast* of the offer I have made and the spirit of conciliation we have evinced.

“If, on the other hand, Ross, Crawford, Caulfield, and Grey Porter, prepare a Federal plan, what a step will not that be in the Repeal cause—even if *we* continue *our* efforts without being actually joined by them? Let me, then, implore ‘the charity of silence’ until my experiment is worked out, and that I take the lead in the field again. Silence, then, I *entreat*, for the present.

“Believe me to be,

“Your affectionate and sincere friend,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“W. J. O’N. Daunt, Esq.”

The moment I perused this letter I foresaw that O’Connell would speedily extricate himself and the Association from the Federalist scrape. I, therefore, determined to comply with his earnest request that the subject might be left untouched till his return to town. He was assailed by several journals in the Repeal interest for his recent “experiment;” and he felt considerably piqued and irritated at the popular dissatisfaction. Ray wrote to me from

Darrynane; and, as his letter throws additional light on the Liberator's views, I quote the following portions of it :

“ Darrynane Abbey, 27th Oct., 1844.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have shown your letter to the Liberator. He says that, as a matter of course, he was prepared to hear of cavils, and exceptions, and dissatisfactions, regarding his address; such being always ready to meet any proposition, the more so the less it is understood. As yet, Federalism is not tangible in shape; his aim is to induce a declaration from the Federalists. He says he wonders you did not perceive that, in the very paragraph where he talks most particularly of his adhesion to Federalism, he, in special words, guards himself from being pledged to any precise terms. Moreover, he adds that you cannot forget that the Association is already pledged to the principle of Federalism,* and that several of its most leading members have joined as Federalists—the Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy† and Thomas O'Hagan, for instance—and that the objection should have been made (if at all) when that principle was first avowed.

* * * * *

“ No doubt there are objections and difficulties.

* I never considered that it was so.

† Bishop of Killaloe.

Whatever way we turn there will be such ; but these always become diminished by calm and fair discussion ; and if the project be proved to be objectionable, it can of course be rejected in favour of any better or more feasible plan. Finally, if we get a Federal Parliament, I apprehend the country will not complain ; and if that Parliament should be found not to work satisfactorily, it could speedily right itself.

“ All here quite well.

“ Believe me, my dear Sir,

“ Ever most faithfully and sincerely yours,

“ T. M. RAY.

“ W. J. O’N. Daunt, Esq.”

Mr. O’Connell soon came to town. I was sitting in the committee-room of the Repeal Association, as he entered it for the first time after his arrival. I rose to greet him on his entrance. His irritation at the public dissent from the policy of his recent experiment was visible in his manner.

“ I am quite well,” said he, as he shook hands with me ; “ that is to say, quite as well as a man can be who is opposed by one-half of his friends and deserted by the other half.”

“ You cannot class me,” said I, “ amongst either the opponents or the deserters.”

“Certainly not amongst my opponents,” said he, “but as to the deserters—um!—I am not quite so sure.”

The entrance of several persons who accosted O'Connell put an end for the time to our colloquy; but next day the subject was resumed as we walked together through the town. I asked him what good had resulted from his Federalist move? It had not elicited any corresponding movement from the parties whom he had hoped, by its means, to conciliate; whilst it was perfectly idle to conceal that it had evoked distrust and mutiny amongst many of his own political followers. He said with great bitterness,

“I was deceived—I got promises that we should have had a valuable Whig accession.”

“You were wrong,” said I, “to place any faith in private promises from such a hollow set as the Whigs; there is not in existence a party that are more destitute, taking them as a body, of national Irish feeling.”

He complained that the *Nation* newspaper had assailed him on the Federalist question; “although,” added he, “Tom Davis actually went down to Belfast himself to get up a Federalist party there.”*

* Davis might have done so consistently with his objection to O'Connell's coming out as a Federalist. It was one thing to bring rank Unionists so far as Federalism upon the common

“Before we close the subject,” said I, “allow me to observe that you have not the least cause of complaint against *my* conduct in the affair. I combined the greatest candour with the utmost desire to avoid division. I wrote to tell you I thought you had made a mistake; and I acquiesced in your desire for silence on the subject in public. And it seems to me that nothing less than your own long and unparalleled services could preserve your possession of the popular confidence: any leader whose claims were less potent than yours, would have irretrievably injured himself by such a mistake.”

He made no comment—but in a very few weeks he recanted Federalism in a speech at the Repeal Association; saying, as he snapped his fingers, “Federalism is not worth *that!*”

Having mentioned my difference of opinion with O’Connell on the Federalist question (it was almost the only occasion on which I disapproved of his public policy), I may observe that some of his adherents have frequently complained that he exercised a despotic and intolerant sway amongst his political confederates. The truth is, that he was sometimes obliged to hold a tight rein. If he had not done so, he might have ceased to agitate. road; quite another thing for those who professed the principles of 1782 to veer into a system that sanctioned any species of English legislation for Ireland.

Coming in contact with vagarious and turbulent spirits, who, if their fancies had been indulged, would have a thousand times jeopardised the personal safety of their confrères and seriously injured the cause, it was indispensable that O'Connell should exercise a somewhat rigorous control in order to preserve the necessary discipline. Was he, with his genius, his experience, and his services, to yield to the crotchets of every fantastic person who differed from him? In his differences, too, with the mutineers, he was in the right at least nineteen times out of twenty. My own observation of his conduct throughout the whole movement convinces me that he rarely—very rarely—demanded any acquiescence that was not imperatively required for the security and the efficient working of the Association; whilst, upon the other hand, he often lent a ready ear to remonstrances which he deemed intelligent and honestly intended.

In the following January (1845) there were rumours of an approaching Concordat with Rome, and a papal rescript was procured, cautioning the Irish clergy from occupying themselves "*negotiis sæcularibus*." That attempts would be made to convert the Pope into a tool of English hostility to Ireland seemed not only probable but certain. But we fortunately had the power to frustrate such ma-

nœuvres. Lord Shrewsbury is sufficiently misguided to engage in similar intrigues at the present day; and, I venture to predict, with no better success than attended the former experiment.

The Repeal Association took alarm. O'Connell was absent from town: the Whig press indulged in a premature triumph at the crushing effect the rescript was expected to produce upon Repeal. The leading Protestant members of the Association, Grattan, Smith O'Brien, James O'Hea, and the lamented Thomas Davis, commented but sparingly upon that document, and with excellent judgment and taste left it chiefly in the hands of their Catholic brethren, of whom several denounced with indignation the insidious scheme and its contrivers.

That the Pope had been imposed on by fallacious representations, was the general belief of our body. That he could knowingly and designedly lend himself to any project having for its object the enslavement of the Irish people or their church, we regarded as perfectly impossible. He might, however, act upon erroneous information. I did not hesitate to prophesy that if any document should emanate from Rome, condemnatory of the national movement, the Catholics of Ireland—devoted though they were to the Apostolic See in matters spiritual—would treat it as so much waste paper. On the constitutional

character of papal interference in Irish temporal politics, I argued in the following words:

“Assuming that this rescript is an injunction to the Irish clergy to abstain from Repeal Agitation, what does it amount to? It amounts to a call upon a portion of the Queen’s Irish subjects to abdicate partially their rights as Irish citizens. Is this, or is it not, a direct interference with their civil rights? If so, will those to whom it is addressed obey it? Just look at the position in which they would be placed by such obedience. All their lives they have been charged by their enemies with holding a divided allegiance. Now here is the test—here is the touchstone. If they obey the papal mandate upon a matter purely temporal, then by their own act they will confirm the charge of divided allegiance, against which they have been loudly protesting ever since the very outset of the struggle for emancipation. The criminal inconsistency of the government in making men swear that the Pope hath no temporal power in the Queen’s dominions, and yet manoeuvring to get his Holiness to exercise temporal power against Irish freedom, is obvious to all. But we, the Repealers of Ireland, are the sworn foes of all foreign dictation in Irish domestic affairs As much theology from Rome as you please, but no politics.”

I have quoted the foregoing extract from my
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speech upon the concordat question, because it has been said that O'Connell did not acquiesce in the sentiments I expressed. The direct reverse is the fact. He never quarrelled with the language I used, notwithstanding his profound veneration for the spiritual authority of the Holy See. A few timid devotees took offence at what they deemed the boldness of my declaration against Roman interference in Irish politics; and after O'Connell's return to town, one of them asked him in my presence, whether I had not gone too far?

"Not in the least," was his answer. "Recollect, my good friend, *that what Daunt says, we have already solemnly sworn.*"*

The most firm and determined rejection of papal dictation in temporals, is perfectly compatible with dutiful allegiance to the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff in spirituals.

I had the satisfaction of learning from a distinguished Catholic priest, who often visited Rome, that the expression of Irish sentiment and purpose at Conciliation Hall produced a powerful and salutary effect at the Vatican.

I entertain no fears that our present high-souled

* See the Parliamentary and other oaths required by law to be taken by Catholics. See also the elaborate testimony given on this subject by the Catholic divines and lay witnesses before the Parliamentary Committees, who sat to collect evidence on the Emancipation question.

and far-seeing Pontiff, the illustrious Pius the Ninth, will suffer himself to be entrapped by the intrigues of Lord Shrewsbury or his confrères, Italian or English.

To assist in achieving the Repeal of the Union is a duty peculiarly appropriate to the character and functions of a Christian minister in Ireland. The priest sees, with an aching heart, the appalling destitution that ordinarily afflicts his people.

Can he be at a loss for the cause ?

He sees also in existence a certain measure that deprives the kingdom of self-legislation, and thereby of the means of self-redress. A measure, which, by transferring from Ireland the centre of power, has augmented absenteeism to an extent that draws out of the country two-thirds of the nett rental.* A measure that alienates from Ireland the sympathies and affections, as well as the incomes and residence, of a vast number of her wealthiest proprietors. A measure that extinguishes all sentiment of national honour in the breasts of a majority even of her resident gentry, and substitutes for it a slavish and pernicious idolatry of England. A measure that

* The gross rental of Ireland is estimated at thirteen millions: the nett rental (after deducting the annual charges, of which a large portion is payable to English mortgagees) is estimated at six millions. The absentee rents remitted from Ireland exceed four millions annually.

has crushed her rising manufactures by leaving her exposed to omnipotent rivalry ; and that, by the operation of these causes, has reduced a thriving and prosperous people to a degree of squalid pauperism, incredible by all except the shuddering spectators.

The priest sees all this; he sees that the people have been drained and exhausted to such a condition of emaciated helplessness, that they are unable, when visited by famine, to sustain themselves against the pressure of a single year's deficient crop; an incapacity that has consigned to their shallow and untimely graves nearly half a million of our peasantry.

I am not here formally defending the Repeal. I am merely stating facts, which, however they may be denied, distorted, or ridiculed, are bitterly known to friends and foes alike in Ireland.

Would the Irish priests have the hearts of men, or the spirit of Christians, if they failed to oppose with all their might the continuance of a measure so prolific in every possible species of national disaster? Might they not, in that case, be justly arraigned on the score of a criminal apathy to the honour, the comfort, the prosperity, nay the very lives of their flocks?

I do not think that Pius the Ninth is likely to

embroil himself with the hierarchy and clergy of the Irish church—that church which has adhered to the pontificate with such splendid fidelity, in defiance of centuries of persecution. He will not, to gratify the enemies of Irish freedom, issue an unavailing and unconstitutional manifesto against the exercise, by any portion of Queen Victoria's subjects, of their undoubted political rights as Irish citizens.

CHAPTER XV.

O'Connell on Tenant Right—Prophetic Letter on the Subject—
Inquiry into the Connexion between the Legislative Union
and Agrarian Crime in Ireland—Condition of Ireland after
Forty-seven Years of "Union."

THE public are familiar with Mr. O'Connell's exertions in favour of Tenant Right. "Fixity of Tenure," was the phrase he adopted; though I believe that "Security of Tenure" would have more accurately designated what he sought. His great object was to impose some check on the wholesale extermination of the people by the landlords; the multitudinous deaths by destitution consequent on landlord tyranny; the horrible retaliatory murders; and the social disorganisation of which he saw the increase. I am enabled to lay before the reader the following letter, addressed by O'Connell to a gentleman who was in communication with Lord Devon, at the period of his lordship's abortive "Commission" in Ireland. It affords a remarkable proof of the writer's prophetic saga-

city, and is pregnant with warning and instruction :*

“Dublin, 26th April, 1845.

“My Dear *****.

“I am very impatient and uneasy about Lord Devon's bills. I shall be most unhappy if nothing should be done for the tenantry. I implore you to remind Lord Devon that agrarian murders have increased year after year. There were nineteen murders of this class between Tipperary and the King's county last year. The most recent case was, as you know, in the county Fermanagh.

“Besides these assassinations, the wholesale slaughter of the clearance system precedes in every case the individual murder. Impress upon Lord Devon that these things *cannot* last. He probably would laugh if he thought that I was convinced (which I am) that it is the Repeal Association, and the hopes it excites, which prevent rebellion. But no matter for that. The mischief is most pressing, and a powerful remedy is alone applicable to the case.

“Recollect also the hideous picture given in Lord Devon's Report of the state of the greater

* I am indebted for this letter to the kindness of the gentleman from whom I obtained the unpublished Address to the Prelates.

part of the agricultural population. In comparing that state with the crimes on both sides connected with the clearance system, ask yourself whether it is possible that things can remain as they are? The more I think on the bills in preparation, the more I am convinced that they will rather irritate than allay. At best they are but homœopathic remedies for the national disease. Do not expect the least reduction of popular discontent from them. Nothing will do but giving some kind or other of fixity of tenure to the occupiers; and especially an absolute right of recompense for all substantial improvements. I am ready to take, as to fixity of tenure, *as moderate a measure as is consistent with the principle*. I cannot conclude without once more reiterating the necessity of doing something substantial for the occupying tenants.

“I know well how unpalatable such a system would be to the landlords, especially the absentees. But in truth, unless something be done, the people will slip out of my hands, and the hands of those who, like me, are for peaceful amelioration. They will operate a ‘Fixity of Tenure’ for themselves, with a vengeance!

“ Believe me to be, my dear * * * * *

“ Most truly yours,

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

The crimes which this letter deplures have unhappily increased. The remedial measures suggested by O'Connell were not adopted ; and the consequences he predicted have to a great extent ensued. The English Parliament, which moves at a snail's pace, or does not move at all, when a grievance is to be remedied or a right conceded, outstrips the velocity of steam in applying its favourite and futile remedy, coercion. Be it so. My purpose now is not to discuss the Coercion Bill of 1847. But I wish to point attention to the close and intimate connexion between the Legislative Union and Agrarian Crime.

That connexion is clear and indisputable: and the abettors of the Union are morally responsible for all the social horrors that result from it. The blood of many a starved peasant and murdered landlord lies at the door of the Union. To that fell Act are distinctly traceable the disorganisation of Irish society and all its concomitant crimes.

Istly. It impoverished the people to a maddening extent. It caused the immediate withdrawal from Ireland of a vast and important class of consumers and employers, thereby annihilating numerous branches of profitable industry, destroying the domestic market for Irish manufacture, and *throwing nearly the entire population for support upon the soil.*

2ndly. It thus flung the people at the feet of the landlords, in greater numbers and in greater helplessness than ever: whilst,

3rdly. It tended, by the pestilent infusion of anti-Irish prejudice, to revive and exasperate the traditional hatred of the landlords against the people.

What a cauldron of hell-broth have we here! and how full of the ingredients of agrarian crime! Nothing short of a miracle could have prevented it from boiling over on the ill-starred land.

Thus, the practical operation of the Union was, and is, to foment the divisions of landlord and tenant. It taught the Irish Aristocracy of English descent to look to England as their sure and powerful partisan in every exercise of tyranny against their humbler countrymen. They received, as the price of their quiet submission to the Union, unlimited and irresponsible power over the masses. With such aid and such encouragement, they became reckless in their tyranny. The Union converted them into a sort of spurious Englishmen, and practically trained them to consider all sympathy with their suffering serfs as an indication of provincial vulgarity. Meanwhile, the condition of those serfs became daily worse. The money-drains from Ireland directly resulting from the Union were intolerable. The withdrawal of specie from the country in taxes,

absentee rents, and the various other drains incident to the removal of the Parliament and public establishments, soon rendered the potato almost the only circulating medium in numerous districts. The people thus hopelessly beggared, became a sheer nuisance to their landlords. But they could be "cleared out." If discontent should follow what matter? Had not England always abetted her Irish garrison in all their outrages, and would she not stand by them still? An Insurrection Act, or a Coercion Bill, or, if needful, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus, might easily be had. Fortified by this happy confidence, the landlords continued their "clearances." Between 1838 and 1842 inclusive, 356,985 persons were ejected from their holdings by civil bill process; and the "clearances" are stated by Mr. Sharman Crawford to have gone on in rapidly increasing ratio. If we suppose that only an equal number have been expelled from 1842 to 1847, the entire will amount for ten years to 713,970.* The retaliatory murders

* It would be a curious inquiry, how many of these houseless and penniless unfortunates perished; and how many, rendered desperate by the system of which they were victims, were formed into criminal confederacies. They would, of necessity, possess the sympathy of the tenant class to which they had themselves belonged; and many of whom knew not how soon a similar fate might be their own. Does not this account for some of the "impunity of crime" in Ireland that we hear so much about?

What a festering leaven of social evil in the system that turns

accordingly increased; and when once blood was shed, the assassin was not always very nice as to the moral merits of his victim. The good man sometimes fell as well as the oppressor. The Union had brutalised large numbers of the gentry in the mode I have indicated, and the gentry, by their crimes, demoralised large numbers of the people. The Union had "resolved society in Ireland into its original elements;"* it had sown the wind, and its abettors reaped the whirlwind.

This frightful condition of things could not possibly have existed if it were not for the Union. Let us see how matters would have stood, had an Irish Parliament continued to preside over the destinies of the country.

1stly. The rapidly advancing prosperity which Ireland enjoyed before the Union, and which Mr. Pitt and Lord Clare admitted to exist, would not have been checked by the enormous money-drains entailed by that disastrous measure. *There would, therefore, have been infinitely less pressure on the land.*

2ndly. A salutary national feeling would have necessarily existed in the minds of the Irish Aristocracy; such a feeling would result from the very circumstance of legislating for Ireland at home; from the myriads of ejected tenants adrift on a country which has no manufactures to absorb them!

* Lord Plunket.

fact that their native land was at once the theatre of their labours and the rewarder of their ambition.

3rdly. They would have felt themselves amenable to an Irish public opinion, instead of defying that public opinion, and looking to England for protection and impunity.

4thly. These causes combined, would have prevented that violent antagonism of the interests and prejudices of landlord and tenant, which now results in so much crime and bloodshed. The country, free from English plunder, English mismanagement, and the domestic distractions fomented by the blundering interference of England, would have enjoyed peace and prosperity within, and honour abroad.

What we need, above all things, is a clear ridance of England.

Mr. Walter of the *Times*, M. P. for Nottingham, is reported to have said in the House of Commons, "that the Irish people were incompetent for self-government."

Truly, Mr. Walter, it would be hard if we could not, at least, govern ourselves better than *your* countrymen govern us. For forty-seven years England has had unlimited legislative power over Ireland; and at the end of that long period—nearly half a century—the success of her government is evi-

denced by turbulence and bloodshed, general poverty, constant famine,* and universal discontent. Such are the fruits of nearly half a century of England's rule in one of the most fertile lands in Europe. There is an actual sublimity of impudence in the English senator and journalist, who, with the deadly havoc made by English government in Ireland staring him in the face, can yet taunt the Irish people with incapacity to manage Irish affairs !

Verily, Mr. Walter, what we need above all things, is a good riddance of you and your countrymen in your legislative character.

A judicious law of Tenant Right might, indeed, stop the murders. But so long as the Union-drains go on, preventing the accumulation of Irish wealth into national capital, so long will there be in Ireland a distressed proprietary, and a half-starved, harassed people.†

* "Ireland is in a state of perpetual famine."—*Times*, September, 1845. N.B. This was before the potato calamity set in.—We may talk, in the Cockney slang of the day, of Thug-peasants and Thug-landlords ; but the real Monster-Thug of Ireland is the Legislative Union, which has destroyed its victims by whole legions.

† The Anglo-Irish squires and squireens would do well to bear in mind O'Connell's prophecy, which passing events may possibly show them to be not quite unfounded :

"If the Union be not repealed, the burden of the Poor Laws alone, upon the occupiers of land, and of houses in towns, will drive the people into a sanguinary, and perhaps a successful, insurrection."—*O'Connell's Letter to Lord Shrewsbury*, 1842.

Every man who desires to preserve the empire in its integrity, is interested in procuring a Repeal of the Union.

The Union was a violent and unnatural disruption of the Irish political and social system. It forcibly wrenched from Ireland the legislative power of regulating her own affairs. It transferred that power to ignorant, incompetent, apathetic, contemptuous, or hostile foreigners. It checked the growing fusion of the various Irish parties. It kept alive the odious distinction of races, which would otherwise have speedily merged in a common nationality. It did this, by making London, instead of Dublin, the fountain of opinion and of influence, as well as the centre of power. It created new grievances, and aggravated old ones; whilst it vastly augmented the difficulty of redress. It deprived the Irish people of a legislative organ of public opinion, through which to seek the remedy of public wrongs. It operated as a moral earthquake, scattering around the fragments of the social wreck, and filling the land with confusion and dismay.

So much for Ireland. As for England, although she has had much dishonest profit from the Union, yet the crime is not wholly unaccompanied by retribution. The Irish pauperism it created has crossed

the Channel, and spreads distress and pestilence through various districts of the "sister" country.

As for the empire, the Union, if unrepealed, bids fair to work its dismemberment. It gives the Irish people a direct interest in the weakness and adversity of England, for it teaches them that it is only from that weakness and that adversity they can hope to recover their national rights. It presents British connexion to them in the aspect of an intolerable grievance, and thereby deprives one-third of the Queen's European subjects of all interest in maintaining that connexion. Foreign statesmen know this.

What unspeakable fatuity to denominate an act thus fraught with all the seeds of international hatred and weakness, "THE GREAT BOND OF OUR NATIONAL STRENGTH AND SAFETY!"*

Hurra, then, for the Queen, the Empire, and Repeal!

* Speech from the Throne, 1834.

CHAPTER XVI.

Repeal Agitation continued—Bill for the Repeal of the Legislative Union—Visit to O'Connell in London, May, 1846—Conversation on Smith O'Brien's Imprisonment—O'Connell's Personal Appearance at this Period—His Physical Decay—His Chagrin at the Disputes between the "Young Irelanders" and the "Old Irelanders"—Account of those Disputes—The "Physical Force" and "No Patronage" Questions—Visit to O'Connell in Dublin, November, 1846—Conversation upon the Secessions—O'Connell's Appearance in Public; his failing Powers.

IN the summer of 1845 I again passed several weeks in Scotland.

O'Connell's agitation of Repeal during the entire year was incessant. After he retired to Darrynane, leaving his son John in town to conduct the Association, he issued frequent letters from his mountain home on the public affairs of the Repealers. Prior to his departure from Dublin he announced that a portion of his leisure in the country should be occupied in drawing up a Bill for the Repeal of the Le-

gislative Union; which document, I understand, is now in the possession of his family.*

With the exception of one or two short interviews, I did not see O'Connell from the commencement of 1846 until the May of that year; when, happening to be in London for a few weeks, I visited him at his lodgings in Jermyn Street, accompanied by my friends Mr. Glendonwyn Scott, and Mr. Augustus FitzGerald, brother of the member for Tipperary. It was the period of Mr. Smith O'Brien's confinement in the prison of the House of Commons, for refusing to attend a committee on exclusively English business. O'Brien was disgusted with English intermeddling in Irish affairs; and he wished for his own part to abstain from interfering in matters in which neither he, nor his constituents, nor his countrymen took the least concern. O'Connell was fully of opinion that his imprisonment was illegal. But he was also convinced that O'Brien's resistance to the House was impolitic.

"No man," said O'Connell, "can doubt the purity of his motives; but pray what principle has he established, what advantage has he gained, by the step he has taken? Has he in any respect advanced our cause by it?"

On its being remarked that Mr. O'Brien conceived

* So the newspapers have stated.

that he was deserted by his Repeal confederates, O'Connell exclaimed,

“ Oh, *there* he is utterly mistaken. No, indeed; we did not desert him. A meeting of Irish Members, of whom I was one, discussed that same question of refusal to act upon English Committees, and we decided upon the policy of acquiescence. Smith O'Brien entered the room, and I said to him, ‘ Mr. O'Brien, would you consent to be bound by the decision of the gentlemen here' present ?’ He answered that he would not; that his mind was made up. ‘ Then,’ said I, ‘ there is no use in stating to you what our decision has been.’ Surely, after that, O'Brien cannot justly accuse us of deserting him. He acted on his own sole responsibility, without any reference whatsoever to our judgments.”

The unhappy disputes between the “ Young Irelanders” and the “ Old Irelanders” were just commencing at this period. There was a good deal of snarling and growling; but open warfare had not been as yet proclaimed. O'Connell commented with great severity on a recent speech delivered at a Repeal meeting in Liverpool by a Mr. Archdeacon, who openly instigated his hearers to the use of armed violence. “ And there was Doheny* present,” he

* A member of the Repeal Association.—Mr. Archdeacon was afterwards expelled from the Association for his seditious language.

continued, "and Doheny never checked him! I should call Doheny to a sharp account for suffering such language to pass unreprieved in his presence, if I did not fear that Smith O'Brien might suppose that I intended to annoy *him* by doing so, as Doheny is such a warm partisan of his."

O'Connell's appearance now struck the observer as indicating at last the wear of years and labour. His step was heavy, and the vivacity of his manner had given place to an air of languor. He sometimes went over to a mirror, saying, "Well—I think I am looking very old and worn. I perceive the change in myself very much. I think my face has got a very haggard look."

He talked in a tone of excessive irritation of the then incipient squabbles between the different sections of the Repealers. This was a topic that evidently preyed upon his spirits.

In the course of the summer, the disputes in question arrived at their height. I took no part in them, as my sojourn for the summer months at Kilcascan removed me from the scene of warfare. I watched at a distance, and with feelings of the deepest pain and humiliation, the progress of this most disastrous quarrel, which has eventuated in a temporary breaking up of the Repeal confederacy and consequent weakening of our force, at a period when the com-

bined energies of all Repealers were more than ever needed for the popular safety.

The *casus belli* was of a twofold nature. Firstly, the party called "Young Irelanders" had in prose and poetry extolled the glories of the sword; and if they did not in plain words recommend a resort to arms to obtain Repeal, at least it might be feared that the military tone of their political writings and speeches would suggest designs of physical violence to the wild and imprudent spirits in our ranks.

O'Connell, on the contrary, preached the doctrine that "no political change whatsoever was worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." He indeed admitted the right of physical resistance to unconstitutional aggression; which admission it might in some cases be very difficult to reconcile with the ultra-bloodless doctrine just laid down. Whether that doctrine were true or false,* it at least possessed one great advantage—namely, that the Attorney-General could not prosecute any man for holding it; whilst the opposite dogma (however consistent with the Revolution principles of 1688) might entangle its unwary and enthusiastic advocates in the meshes of the law.†

* I am not one of its apostles, although a friend to exclusively pacific agitation.

† O'Connell had a quaint and humorous mode of justifying the superiority of the moral-force policy: "It is a fine thing,

It was worthy of note, that the eulogists of the sword expressly and pointedly disclaimed all intention of seeking by force of arms to repeal the Union. Their doctrine, then, was a *pure abstraction*; and it seems to me that they acted most absurdly in quitting the great national confederacy for the sake of an abstract dogma, which they loudly declared they never meant to put in practice. Had they, indeed, said, "We advise the people to arm themselves, and turn out in the field to win Repeal or die—but the Association advises them *not* to do this, and, therefore, we secede from the Association;"—had the seceders spoken and acted thus, their conduct would, at least, have been intelligible and consistent. But to indite rapturous paragraphs about the plumed troops and the big war; to assert the right of oppressed nations to vindicate their liberties by force; to disclaim, nevertheless, all purpose of resorting to force to vindicate the liberties of Ireland, and then to secede from the Association because it made the self-same disclaimer in somewhat stronger terms—such conduct I cannot but consider, to say the least of it, exceedingly injudicious.

It is in vain to retort that O'Connell had blustered about Irish valour at Mullaghmast and Mallow.

no doubt," he would say, "to die for one's country; but, credit me, one living friend is worth a churchyard full of dead ones."

The duty of all good Repealers was to preserve unbroken the Repeal confederation—not to pick verbal straws with O'Connell. The disclaimer of physical violence made by the Young Irelanders bound them in practice to the same identical line of pacific action, to which our declarations bound us. Was it then wise—was it just to the noble-hearted millions of Ireland, to create a fatal division in the camp for the sake of a bit of abstract theory, and thereby to undermine the gigantic national edifice those millions had laboured so hard to erect?*

The second cause of quarrel arose on the question of government patronage.

On the advent of the Whigs to power, some of the leading Young Irelanders broadly hinted that great watchfulness was needed to prevent Repeal from being sold to the new government for savoury messes of pottage. O'Connell took fire at the insinuation, and asked whether *he* were meant? whether any one could dare to breathe a doubt as to the entire devotion to Repeal, of a man whose political purity was proved by nearly half a century's services? He boldly avowed that he would

* Moreover, O'Connell's reservation of "physical resistance to physical violence," was surely sufficient to cover whatever amount of theoretic pugnacity it might be deemed expedient to bring under it.

encourage the Repealers to take what they could get from the Whigs in the shape of patronage: at the same time declaring that such boons should never cause one moment's relaxation of his efforts on behalf of Repeal.

Whether O'Connell's policy were good or bad in thus raising the flag of Whig patronage, it is certain that arguments enough may be found to induce an honest conviction in its favour. Were all the offices in Ireland to be eternally garrisoned by the enemies of the Irish people? Was the only "Jack in office" to be the Union-Jack? Was every citizen whose business led him into contact with official persons, to encounter the rabid anti-Irishman or the supercilious Cockney? Were these to be the sole functionaries intrusted with the administration of the public departments? Were all the goods things of the state to be monopolised by men who would keep that state in English shackles? Were the snug official salaries paid out of Irish taxes, to be exclusively enjoyed by the bitter political foes of the great mass of the tax-payers? Was this giving "Ireland to the Irish?" And was it not, then, the manifest duty of the Irish representatives openly to demand and insist, that as the Repealers were the overwhelming majority of

the Irish people, so their numeral preponderance should be duly respected in the distribution of offices?

Where legal patronage was concerned, the argument was yet stronger. An impartial judge—that is to say, a man who would not charge against “the other side,”* a judge not violently bigoted against the people—was an acquisition well worth seeking. A Repealer on the bench could not be warped by political enmity, to distort or strain the law against his fellow Repealers, in any political prosecution. Was the Association, by renouncing all patronage, to renounce the chance of obtaining judicial fair play for the people or their champions in such a contingency?

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the leader of the party who declared against patronage, had himself made a speech in the Association, in 1843, specifying, amongst other national grievances, the systematic exclusion of Irishmen from places in the gift of the Government. And the seceders—the implacable enemies of place-seekers—had strenuously supported the establishment of the Irish provincial colleges, whereby a large amount of entirely new Government patronage was created. Was it the desire of

* See the State Trials of 1843-44.

those gentlemen that all the professorships should be filled by anti-nationalists? That every instructor of Irish youth in the new establishments should hold the subjection of Ireland to a foreign Parliament as a tenet of his political gospel?

I doubt not that these considerations had weight with O'Connell. There was also, in his individual case, an additional reason for adopting the place-seeking policy. He might, and probably did, say to himself, "I spent the prime years of my life in a struggle to obtain for the Catholics eligibility to office. I succeeded; and shall I now advise them to throw away the fruits of the victory, by leaving office in possession of their old, hereditary enemies?"

Finally, if every place in Ireland were filled by a Repealer, there would still be unplaced Repealers enough left to work the great national question.

All these reasons might fairly induce a Repealer to look with favour on the chase after office. But on the other hand, there were some very sturdy objections to that policy.

It cannot be denied that the patriotic efforts of the Repeal constituencies—efforts which entailed the most frightful persecution on so many of their number—were but ill requited by representatives who blustered upon the hustings about their stern

resolves "to die, if needful, for Repeal," and who fulfilled their vows by creeping into the first good place they could get.

It cannot be denied that every Repealer who took office, thenceforth held his peace about Repeal.

Therefore, whenever a professing Repealer says, "I am ready to take office," it seems equivalent with saying, "I am ready to shut my mouth about Repeal, provided the Government will give me a place."

It is true that, in point of abstract right, all offices in Ireland are the property of the Irish nation, and should be filled by Irishmen. But it is equally true that the distributors of Irish offices are, at present, the English Government, who invariably make the subserviency of their officials the condition of their patronage. Appointments thus bestowed can scarcely be called "*Ireland for the Irish.*" It may plausibly be said that they are rather "*Ireland for the English,*" with Irish lacqueys bribed to perpetuate the servitude of the nation.

As to the appointment of Repeal lawyers to the bench; I appreciate as much as any man the value of having friends in court. But we must not forget that Repeal was never so strong as when we had not in the kingdom a single Repeal magistrate; when the packed jury, the one-sided bench, and the

tyrannical Government, were combined in hostility against us. Repeal was never so strong as on the day when O'Connell was committed to prison. We had, indeed, on that day, no "friends in court;" we had no silken courtesies between the leaders of Repeal and the distributors of office; but we had what was infinitely better—a nation, confederated as a single man in the peaceful but resolute pursuit of their rights. A nation, undaunted by the foul outrage perpetrated upon their leaders, under the forms of the abused law. We had the might of public virtue and popular organisation. We had not, indeed, "a Repeal Judge upon the bench;" but we had the strength which extorted from Sir Robert Peel, in the April following, the memorable admission, "That the Irish confederacy could not be put down by force."

It is painful—exquisitely painful—to contrast the proud triumph we enjoyed over the discomfited conspiracy against Repeal in 1844, with the present condition of our body, which exhibits, alas! the weakness and helplessness of "a house divided against itself."—But the contrast is useful. It contains a lesson, which, if we profit by it, will teach us to recover all the strength we have lost. We are already beginning to act upon that lesson.

I trust, that in the account I have given of the

dispute between the Association and the seceders, I have done full justice to both parties. I may claim, at least, the impartiality of a looker-on ; as my absence from town prevented my taking a personal part in the discussion.

(In November, 1846, I visited Dublin.

O'Connell was inexpressibly pained by the secessions which were daily taking place. The Young Irelanders had swept off a monstrous segment from the Association. Steele said to me one evening, at the Corn Exchange—"It is sad to contemplate the vast difference between the O'Connell of 1843, and the O'Connell of 1846. The people have ebbed away from him, and when I hint their alienation, he gets excited, and says I must be mistaken, and he either takes up a book, or changes the subject. I talk to John—and John goes on studying his Repeal statistics, or writing his reports, and does not seem to heed me."*)

I dined with O'Connell on a Sunday, and while conversing in his study before dinner, I mentioned some instances of clerical sympathy with the seceders in the County Cork.

(* The seceding party weakened the Association, without acquiring commensurate strength for themselves. Multitudes of members and associates silently retired from the one, without joining the other ; being thoroughly disgusted with both, and disheartened from all political effort by the dispiriting exhibition of distrust and dissension amongst their leaders.)

“Why, you know,” said he, “their bishop, Dr. Murphy, was never a Repealer, and therefore I cannot wonder at any of his clergy holding aloof from me.”

“The bishop’s politics might, perhaps, account for the inactivity of his clergy about Repeal,” I replied, “but not for their sympathy with the secession.”

“Oh, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken,” was his answer. I saw that the topic gave him so much pain that I did not pursue it. At dinner he was silent and thoughtful; even gloomy, as it seemed to me. Next day the Association met, and I delivered, at O’Connell’s request, a speech, in which I stated my reasons for not deserting that body or its leader. On the question of steady adhesion to the Association, I had not one moment’s doubt or difficulty. Whatever differences of opinion might exist as to the policy of place-seeking, or any of the other points raised by the seceders, I felt deeply convinced that the break-up of the confederacy was ten thousand times more pernicious to the cause, than all the place-hunting that either had occurred or was likely to occur. The place-hunting system, moreover, was a vast deal more formidable in theory than in its practical operation. True, some Repealers of 1832 had been shelved in

office ; but they were no great loss ; being (with one brilliant exception) chiefly persons who were destitute of the energy or popular qualities requisite for leadership. Despite their appointment to office, we had seen a powerful national league that grew daily in strength and intelligence ; that had gained *one* signal victory over a hostile government, and was steadily advancing to fresh triumphs, if it could but escape being shattered into fragments by the miserable squabbles of its members. Repeal, thus far, had proved too mighty for its enemies. Was it fated to fall by the hands of its own friends ? If there were mischief in place-seeking, that mischief would be infinitely aggravated by a public secession, and the consequent blow given to popular confidence. The anti-placemen, instead of withdrawing from the Association, should have continued to give us the benefit of their transcendent purity at the Repeal Council board. They should have remained in our body, were it only to guard the presumed weakness of their *confrères* by the presence of their own sturdy virtue. Convinced, therefore, that of all the evils that could befall our body, those of dissension and disruption were incomparably the worst, I readily determined on remaining faithful to the fortunes of the Repeal Association.

At that meeting, I was greatly struck with the

physical decay of O'Connell. I had not seen him in public for many months, and the change was painfully manifest. His intellect was as strong as ever, but his voice was extremely weak. How different were his faint and feeble accents from the stirring trumpet tones in which I had heard him, on the banks of the Boyne in 1840, rally the Repealers of Drogheda around him! I doubt if he could now be heard six yards off. I mentioned the failure of his voice to FitzPatrick, who replied, "He says he could make himself as audible as at any former period, if he pleased; but he purposely economises his vocal powers."

Thus did he cheat himself with the fond fancy that the decay induced by years and sorrow was a voluntary economy of his strength.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to Dublin—FitzPatrick's "Historical Picture"—His Account of the Clare Election of 1828—My last Interview with O'Connell—His Departure to England—His last Appearance in Parliament—His Sojourn at Hastings—Visit from Three Oxford Converts—FitzPatrick's Visit to O'Connell at Hastings—Departure from England—Reception of O'Connell on the Continent—Opinions of the French Physicians on O'Connell's Malady—His Appearance when at Lyons described—Transient Improvement of his Health at Genoa—His Relapse—His Death—Exhortation to Unity amongst his Followers.

I AGAIN visited Dublin in January, 1847.

During my short stay in town I breakfasted one morning with Mr. FitzPatrick. After breakfast he showed me a painting, admirably executed by Haverty, representing a scene in the office of the *Dublin Evening Post*, on the 24th June, 1828, where O'Connell penned his memorable address to the Electors of Clare. The figures in the picture are those of O'Connell, FitzPatrick, and Conway (the Editor of the *Post*). They are all excellent

likenesses. O'Connell is represented standing, and reading his address to his two friends, who are seated : he has just paused, and looks at his auditors with a triumphant glance incomparably characteristic, and which seems to say, "Well—what think you of *that*?" It is a wonderfully *speaking* portrait, and its merits as a likeness must forcibly strike all who have seen the original in the plenitude of mental and bodily vigour.

"Those were stirring days," said FitzPatrick, referring to the period commemorated by the picture; "days never to be forgotten! The details of that Clare Election movement, or rather of its origin, are not very generally known. It was on the 16th of June, 1828, that the Catholic Association, at the instigation of O'Connell, determined to oppose the re-election of Vesey FitzGerald for Clare; and Major Macnamara was then suggested as the proper candidate. On the 18th, O'Connell brought forward an address to the Liberal Club, the Forty-shilling Freeholders, and the Electors of Clare generally, repudiating Vesey FitzGerald. At an early hour on the morning of Sunday the 22nd, Sir David Roose, who had been High Sheriff of Dublin, and who, although a Tory in politics, had especial reasons for accommodating himself to O'Connell's views wherever the latter was personally concerned,

suggested to me the idea that O'Connell himself should stand for Clare. Roose was unquestionably the person who first thought of this movement, so pregnant with momentous results; and I," continued FitzPatrick, "was the first person to whom he communicated his idea. The hint did not fall upon barren soil. It happened by a curious coincidence that when I was about twenty years of age, I had been, in company with my father, a constant visitor at the house of old John Keogh, our *ci-devant* leader, and the foremost man in the modified Catholic agitation of that time. Keogh, whose sagacity was remarkable, made it, on each of those occasions, a point to impress upon me that Catholic Emancipation would not probably be attained until a Catholic should be returned to Parliament for a *borough*. The success of a Papist in a *county* could not then be dreamt of. Keogh's expressions on the subject were usually to the effect that John Bull was very dull of comprehension, and that his religious prejudices were proportionate to his stolidity; that he was thus led to consider that Catholic Emancipation implied the power of burning of him in Smithfield: That, notwithstanding all this, John Bull was exceedingly jealous as to constitutional right; and if a Catholic could be elected for some such borough as Drogheda, and was then denied the right to take

his seat, the nature of the obstacle, namely, a short clause in an oath, would become immediately intelligible; and John Bull's constitutional feeling would be aroused to work out a repeal of so much of the oath as barred the privileges of a recognised constituency whose chosen representative was precluded from discharging his duty to them by such clause. The moment, therefore, that Roose made his suggestion, all Keogh's views and reasonings burst anew upon my recollection. In the enthusiasm of the moment I exclaimed, 'Good Heaven! the Catholics are emancipated!' I knew that O'Connell's success with the Clare electors was unquestionable. I instantly repaired to him, and I assure you I found him for some time quite disinclined to make the experiment. It was by repeated visits and repeated exhortations that I induced him to address the electors of Clare. He wrote his address in Conway's *sanctum*—there's the scene in the editor's room—and admirably well delineated.* I should tell you that even after the address was published, O'Connell hesitated to stand for the county, because of the ruinous expense he feared it would

* Mr. FitzPatrick added that O'Connell's commission to Haverly to paint this picture contained these words:—"For presentation to Patrick Vincent FitzPatrick, as a lasting testimony of his important suggestion and services in furtherance of the memorable election in 1828, and as a token of the sincerest friendship and gratitude."

involve. I undertook to provide for the financial difficulty ; and as my connexion with the most opulent as well as patriotic of the Catholic body was alike extensive and intimate, I set about collecting money for the contest ; and having obtained in Dublin on the very first day of application nearly 2000*l.*, the fund was increased to more than 14,000*l.*, within ten days, by the prompt and bountiful co-operation of the provinces."

From FitzPatrick's house I proceeded to that of O'Connell.

The depression of the Liberator's spirits had increased, with the increasing enmities that daily thinned the ranks of the Association. In reply to my inquiry after his health, he said, "I am well enough, only that I feel the feebleness of age upon me." He went to the Association, which I was unable to attend, but we met at the close of the day's meeting in the Committee-room. He asked me to walk home with him. The day was bright and sunny, and he selected the longer route, by College-green, Grafton-street, and Stephen's-green, to Merrion-square.

As we walked along I happened to mention that Sir William Betham (Ulster King-at-Arms) informed me that he had refused to permit The O'Connor Don to use supporters with his arms.

That gentleman had applied for Sir William's sanction, conceiving that his royal descent entitled him to that heraldic distinction.

"Then why didn't he assume supporters," cried O'Connell, "without asking leave of any Sir William Betham?"

Speaking of a law-suit between two rival claimants of the property of an intestate, he mentioned the mode in which he thought the court would probably decide.

"That may be law," said I, "but would it be justice?"

"Whatever is law," replied he, "*must*, in such a case be justice. There is no natural right in the owner of property to regulate its destination after his death; and the law, which is the sole creator of the right to bequeath or devise, most justly controls the succession to property where its owner has omitted to appoint a successor himself."

Something led to the mention of the Duke of Sussex. O'Connell spoke of a splendid entertainment given by the Duke at Kensington,* to which he had been invited to meet her Majesty. "The little lady honoured me with a good stare," said he. "The Duke was very gracious; he slapped me on the back and said, 'How are you, Dan, my boy?'"

* I think in 1838 or 1839.

O'Connell went on to speak of the Duke's son, Sir Augustus d'Este. "I always style him, 'Your Royal Highness;' and in my opinion he is perfectly well entitled to that designation. In Ireland he most certainly is. His father has treated him extremely ill."

We spoke of Mr. Frederick Lucas, the proprietor of the *Tablet* newspaper. O'Connell praised his abilities, and emphatically said, "Lucas is the best Englishman—the best in his views and sentiments towards Ireland—I ever knew."

As we walked along, I observed with pain that O'Connell's step was very slow, and that although he moved without difficulty, yet there was a manifest feebleness about him. His mind was painfully agitated, not only by the causes I have already mentioned, but by the awful visitation of famine which had fallen on the country. He must, too, have had many an uneasy thought of the mischief which the public calamity inflicted on his own private interests. He proposed at the Repeal Association that England should raise a loan of thirty millions, to be applied to the relief of the Irish sufferers. Ireland, if it were not for the Union, could herself have raised by loan whatever amount the emergency demanded; besides which, there would have been infinitely greater accumulations of individual

wealth throughout the country. But the famine came upon the Union-stricken land, which, rendered helpless by the deprivation of all control over her own resources, and by the emaciating money-drains of six and forty years, became the recipient of the alms of the civilised world.

O'Connell now regularly attended the Reproductive Employment Committee. It was one of the last public bodies—if not the last—he attended before his final embarkation for England.

On the 22nd of January he sailed for Liverpool, *en route* to London, to attend his parliamentary duties. Shortly after his arrival in London he submitted to the House of Commons his plan for averting the horrors of famine from his countrymen. His appearance in the House is described by an eyewitness as being in a high degree solemn and imposing. But it was the solemnity of approaching death, whose sable shadow was already cast upon the Mighty Chief. His days were evidently drawing to a close. His voice was broken, hollow, and occasionally quite inaudible; his person was debilitated; the vigour of his eloquence was gone, and his appearance was that of one who, destined soon to descend into the grave, makes the last feeble rally of his fainting powers in performance of a duty to his country.

His indisposition now daily increased. If his mind could have been soothed by the attentions of the great, he possessed that species of consolation; nobles and ministers of state, made daily inquiry at his hotel. Nay, even Royalty once or twice paid him a similar compliment.

His physicians advised him to try a milder climate.

Prior to quitting England for the Continent, he sojourned for several days at Hastings. While he stayed there he was visited by three of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts. Those gentlemen stated "that their visit was not made for the mere purpose of compliment or condolence; but in order that they might have the pleasure of personally assuring him that the religious change which they, and numerous others, had made, was ascribable, under God, to *his* political labours, which had in the first instance attracted their attention to the momentous questions at issue between Protestants and Catholics. The inquiry that originated thus, ended in a conviction of the truth of Catholicity." He was pleased at this intelligence; his spirits rallied, and he conversed with his new friends for nearly an hour with the point and vivacity that had characterised him in the days of his vigour.

During his sojourn at Hastings, his old friend FitzPatrick travelled thither from Dublin at his

earnest request, to bid him what both felt was a last adieu. FitzPatrick was one of his truest and most valued friends. By his unrivalled financial operations he sustained O'Connell in his high position for a series of years, disembarrassed from pecuniary anxieties, and enabled to devote his whole energies to political duty, instead of (as he frequently phrased it himself) "being condemned to labour as a mere professional drudge."* FitzPatrick accompanied O'Connell to Folkestone, where they arrived on Saturday the 19th of March, and remained the following Sunday. On Monday the 21st, O'Connell

* FitzPatrick instituted "The O'Connell Tribute" after the achievement of Emancipation, in 1829, and thenceforth managed it, in all its multitudinous details, with a degree of tact and success beyond parallel. Without this "Tribute," O'Connell could not possibly have occupied the high position which he held. To FitzPatrick's *financial* agitation, therefore, many persons who have filled, and who still fill, valuable places acquired through O'Connell's *political* agency, are to a large extent indebted. This observation especially applies to the Catholic and Whig Judges, all of whom owe their advancement to the Liberator's political agitation; although he may not have made specific applications to have them promoted. In most of his public affairs, FitzPatrick was his trusted and confidential counsellor, whom he almost invariably consulted; and who (as I believe the Dublin Conservatives will readily admit) managed to conciliate and retain the best feelings of all parties in his personal regard, without the slightest compromise of principle as a Catholic and an Irishman.

FitzPatrick derives his lineage from a branch of the family of that name, which lost, at the period of the Revolution, one of the most ancient titles and largest properties then forfeited.

took a final farewell of his old and tried friend ; and embarked for Boulogne, escorted to the pier by gazing crowds, whose countenances were expressive of a mixture of curiosity and sympathy. The passage to Boulogne was short, and the distinguished invalid on his arrival was greeted with marks of public courtesy similar to those which had attended his departure from England. Arrived at the Hotel de Bains, many persons left their cards ; and a polite invitation to an entertainment which was given on that evening by the British residents of Boulogne, was forwarded to Mr. O'Connell and his friends. It is needless to say, that the state of the Liberator's health rendered his acceptance of the invitation impossible. On taking his departure the following morning, the court-yard of the hotel contained many spectators, both French and English, who all uncovered their heads as he passed to the carriage. There was something very touching in this mute homage.

At Paris he consulted Professor Chomel and Dr. Oliffe, who considered that his weakness arose from slow congestion of the brain. From Paris to Lyons the journey occupied twelve days, as the invalid was obliged to stop at Nevers, Moulines, and Lapalisse. When at Lyons, he called in Professor Bonnet, who also expressed his opinion that congestion of the brain had set in. Nevertheless,

the professor pronounced *that his patient's understanding was perfectly lucid*; it was, however, "little active, and the mind was a continual prey to sad reflections." M. Bonnet's description of O'Connell's appearance and condition at this period, as given by Dr. Lacour, is full of melancholy interest :

"His weakness was so great, that he believed it incompatible with life, and he constantly had the presentiment of approaching death. The arms were slow in their movements ; the right trembled continually, and the right hand was cold, and could be warmed with difficulty, although he wore very thick gloves. The left foot was habitually colder than the right. He walked without difficulty, but his step was slow and faltering. His face had grown thin, and his look proclaimed an inexpressible sadness ; the head hung upon the breast, and the entire person of the invalid, formerly so imposing, was greatly weighed down. 'I am but the shadow of what I was, and I can scarcely recognise myself,' said he, to M. Bonnet, who regarded him with visible emotion."

M. Bonnet recommended that the sorrowful ideas which pre-occupied the mind of the invalid should be removed by every possible means—a recommendation, alas ! more easily given than realised.

The severity of the weather at Lyons confined

O'Connell to the house, thereby depriving him of whatever relief might have been afforded by outdoor exercise.

During the journey O'Connell had hitherto evinced great listlessness and mental abstraction. Crowds followed him everywhere, testifying their reverence for his genius and his services, and their sympathetic sorrow for his sufferings. He passed along, heedless of their demonstrations, and scarcely conscious of their presence. Distinguished personages presented complimentary addresses, which at another period would have gratified him; but he now received them with apathy, and almost in total silence; his thoughts, apparently, far away from all such topics—pre-occupied, doubtless, by the rapid approach of his own dissolution. To a gentleman who tried to cheer him by expressing a hope of his recovery, he answered, “Do not deceive yourself; I may not live three days.”

On the 22nd of April O'Connell left Lyons at noon, and reached Valence at five in the evening. The comparative mildness of the temperature afforded him some transient relief. On the 24th he left Valence for Avignon, where his friends were led to form fallacious hopes of his recovery by the rapid improvement which took place. “The invalid,” says Dr. Lacour, “took an active part in all

our conversations." On the 3rd of May, at Marseilles, "he conversed in the evening with a vigour and gaiety that he had not displayed since his departure from England." A delusive flash, alas ! to be speedily followed by death.

On the 6th the illustrious traveller arrived at Genoa, where, for the first two days, his health still presented an improved appearance. On the third day he complained of a violent pain in the head. Other symptoms of a very alarming nature dispelled the hopes his friends had begun to cherish. His physicians were embarrassed by his positive refusal to swallow any medicine, "even the most simple." He rejected his necessary food, and "perseveringly abstained from drink for forty hours."*

With the spiritual aid of the Rev. Dr. Miley, of Dublin, who had attended him on his journey with affectionate assiduity, he now prepared for the immediate approach of his great audit. He departed this life at thirty-seven minutes after nine o'clock at night on the 15th of May, 1847.

Thus died in exile and in sorrow our greatest man, and the greatest political benefactor of the Irish people.

The period of his death was one of horror and dismay in Ireland. Famine and pestilence ravaged

* Dr. Duff's statement.

the land; and the powerful phalanx who, a few short years before, had combined to resuscitate her legislative independence, were frittered into impotent parties by their own most unhappy dissensions. The physical and political condition of the people looked black and cheerless; and amidst the dark clouds which shadowed their destinies, the beacon-light that had guided them in safety through many a storm, was now extinguished for ever.

Would to God that the differences which divide Repealers were buried in the grave with O'Connell! I see not any very serious difficulty in reconciling the antagonist parties. He who delays one hour to do his part towards effecting that object, is deeply criminal towards Ireland. As long as the cry for Repeal is blended with the mutual vituperations of its advocates; as long as that measure is sought by two conflicting confederacies, each of which denounces the other as a public nuisance,—so long will the agitation be unsatisfactory to its friends, and any thing but formidable to its adversaries. If the persons who have quitted the Association will not return to it, the next best thing is the perfectly harmonious action of the different Societies professing the same object. This, at least, is practicable. Ireland, in order to succeed in her just claim, must present an unbroken front to the foe. Her millions

must resolve as with one will, speak as with one voice, and work together as one man. If common sense predominates, they will forget their petty jealousies. If, however, the Genius of Discord—the ancient curse of Ireland—should prevail, then indeed we have no other prospect than a perpetuity of our present degrading and ruinous provincialism.

But I hope better things. The spirit evoked at Mullaghmast and Tara by the Great Magician is not dead. There is in Ireland superabundant power to effect the restoration of the Irish Parliament, if the right means be taken to give it efficacy.

O'Connell's lessons are of infinite popular utility. He has shown us the resistless potency of legal, peaceful, persevering, and above all, UNITED agitation. He, unhappily, has not lived to witness the triumph of his latter struggle. Whilst we walk in his political footsteps, let us honour his memory by inscribing on his tomb the epitaph of his choice—an epitaph that suggests to us a glorious example to be followed, and a sacred task to be achieved :

“ HE DIED A REPEALER.”

APPENDIX.—N^o. I.

“Ireland is far too important in itself, and too different in many respects from Great Britain, to allow of its being ruled entirely by the Imperial Parliament. The craving for self-government has become so strong that it cannot be neglected.”

—*Ramsay's Political Discourses*. Edinburgh, 1838, p. 325.

“In reality, the central system is nearly allied to despotism, as the local is to liberty, but so far as they can be distinguished, they lend a mutual assistance. As centralisation leads to despotism, so despotism to centralisation; and as love of the soil prompts to self-government, so self-government to love of the soil.”—*Ibid.* p. 343.

“It was idle to talk to Ireland of the word ‘Union,’ since there could be no such thing as a real Union on an equal footing between two countries so disproportionate and unequal. Could the Irish believe that in this connexion they were to have an equal voice in legislating for England as the English had in legislating for Ireland?”—*Speech of Right Hon. C. J. Fox at the Crown and Anchor*, 7th May, 1800.

I CANNOT more appropriately conclude a work upon O’Connell than by a brief exposition of the great measure to which the energies of his latter years were dedicated.

There is no topic upon which such utter ignorance prevails in England as on the Repeal of the Union.

There is no political question which has been more systematically misrepresented by almost the entire newspaper press of that country. The prevalent English notion seems to be, that Repeal means all sorts of Irish turbulence and riot, mob-domination and universal anarchy: total separation from England and from all her "civilising" influences, and a return to antediluvian barbarism.

This notion floats vaguely through the English brain; for our British censors are in general content with denouncing our claims with fierceness, or dismissing them with scorn. An impartial examination of the merits of the case appears to be the last thing that occurs to their minds. Repeal has been assailed from the Throne; parliamentary majorities have scouted it; Ministers have declared that a civil war would be preferable to the concession of the measure; and a late reverend divine* protested it ought only to be met with grapeshot and canister.

Yet, despite this storm of hostility, the Irish people still persevere in their demand. Because they know they are in the right; and they know that the success of their just claim is vitally essential to the welfare of their country.

Ireland is sufficiently great to require the exclusive care and attention of a legislature of her own.

Let us now examine what are the merits of the

* Reverend Sydney Smith.

case for the Repeal of the Union, and the restoration of the Irish Parliament.*

The people of Ireland seek to rescind a statute which was passed *against* the consent of the whole nation—Orangemen and all—and of which the operation was to extinguish their resident Parliament.

From the earliest period of the connexion of the islands under Henry II., the King's Irish subjects enjoyed a Parliament in Ireland distinct from, and perfectly independent of, the Parliament of England.† Some efforts on the part of England to usurp jurisdiction over the Irish subjects in the reign of King Henry VI., elicited from the Irish Parliament in the thirty-eighth year of that monarch's reign, a full and unequivocal declaration of its own independence. That Parliament declared, "that Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws and customs, and is

* The Exposition of Repeal which follows, is reprinted, with some additions, from the 24th Chapter of "Ireland and her Agitators." As the Irish sale exhausted the entire impression of that work, the portion here reprinted will be new to most of my English readers.

† "The statute 2 Richard III. c. 8, recites as follows: 'Que le Statute Henry de FitzEmprice' [Henry II.] 'ordeine pour la eleccion del gouvernor,' &c., had made several regulations for supplying occasional vacancies in that office; it then proceeds to amend the same. Here, therefore, we have an evidence of a purely legislative enactment of primary importance, made in Ireland, arranging the executive government itself, and coeval with the supposed conquest of the kingdom."—*Monck Mason's Essay on the Constitution and Antiquity of Parliaments in Ireland*, p. 3. Dublin, 1820.

only to be governed by such laws as by the Lords and Commons of the land in Parliament assembled have been advised, accepted, affirmed, and proclaimed; that by custom, privilege, and franchise, there has ever been a royal seal peculiar to Ireland, to which alone the subjects are to pay obedience; that this realm hath also its constable and marshal, before whom all appeals are finally determinable; yet, as orders have of late been issued under another seal, and the subjects summoned into England to prosecute their suits before a *foreign* jurisdiction, to the great grievance of the people, and in violation of the rights and franchises of the land; they enact that for the future no persons shall be obliged by any commandment under any other seal but that of Ireland, to answer any appeal, or any other matter out of said land, and that no officer to whom such commandment may come shall put the same into execution under penalty of forfeiture of goods and chattels, and 1000 marks, half to be paid to the king, and the other half to the prosecutor; and further, that all appeals of treason in Ireland shall be determined before the constable and marshal of Ireland, and in no other place.”*

It is impossible to express more distinctly and unequivocally Legislative Independence, than the language of the Irish Parliament, 38 Henry VI. has expressed it. There is this great value in the statute to which I have referred; namely, that it recites and establishes the fact, that our distinct independence

* See Leland's "History of Ireland," ii., 42.

was then no new claim, but that it had existed as of right from the earliest periods: in the words of the Act, "it always had been." It is as explicit on the question of final jurisdiction as Henry Grattan or Daniel O'Connell could be.

It may be objected—1stly, That the Irish Parliament of Henry VI. was the Parliament only of a portion of the Irish people; of that portion which was of English descent, and of those aboriginal Irish who had then combined with the English settlers.—I reply, that if the Parliament of a *part* of the nation had distinct independence, it certainly did not lose that independence by extending its legislative power over the entire island. It surely did not forfeit its rights because it enlarged its jurisdiction. It surely did not lose its privileges because it at length embraced within its sway the entire Irish nation. If its independence was distinct and undoubted when it was only the Parliament of a part of the nation, that independence must have necessarily been fortified and strengthened when it rested on the basis of the entire Irish people. Should it be urged that the entire Irish people were never at any time *represented* in the Irish House of Commons, I reply, that at this moment a large majority of the English people are unrepresented in the English Parliament. No argument, therefore, can be drawn from that circumstance against the right of Ireland to self-legislation, which will not be equally fatal to the right of the people of England to govern themselves.

It may be objected—2ndly, That the authority asserted by the Irish Parliament of Henry VI. was *de facto* set aside by Poyning's Act, and subsequently by the English Act of the 6th George I. I reply, that both those acts were usurpations, and can no more be validly pleaded in bar of the right of Ireland to self-government, than any other usurpations can be pleaded in bar of the rights which they respectively invaded. We might just as well argue against the rights of the English legislature, because they were to a great extent prostrated by Henry VIII., and encroached upon by the First James, and the First Charles; or against the rights of the English monarchy, because they were temporarily overthrown by Cromwell. It is sometimes weakly urged against the rights of Ireland, that for centuries before the Union the Irish government was influenced, and often controlled, by the English and Protestant party. It might with equal force be urged against the rights of Englishmen to self-legislation, that the government of England was for centuries in the hands of the Norman Aristocracy.

We have seen the early origin and existence of Irish legislative independence. Our right, in this respect, is at least coeval with the corresponding right enjoyed by our English fellow-subjects. That right was again affirmed by the Irish Parliament in 1782, and formally recognised by the British legislature in 1783, by the Act 23rd George III., chapter 28. By that British act, the right of the Irish

people "to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of Ireland, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in His Majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence," was "declared TO BE ESTABLISHED AND ASCERTAINED FOR EVER ; AND AT NO TIME HEREAFTER TO BE QUESTIONED OR QUESTIONABLE."

Thus was the public faith of England solemnly pledged to recognise and respect the free parliamentary constitution of Ireland.

Before I come to the period of that gross breach of England's public faith, entitled "the Union," let me quote a few authorities showing the spirit in which the friends of that measure had always contemplated it.

The great object of the Union was to rob Ireland.

So far back as 1699, Sir Richard Cox, an Irishman by birth, but a strenuous supporter of that baleful exotic, entitled "the English Interest in Ireland," proposed a union in the following words :

"It is your interest to unite and incorporate us with England; for by that means *the English interest will always be prevalent here*, and the kingdom as secure to you as Wales, or any county in England. *Your taxes will be lessened when we bear part of the burden All our money will still centre at London* ; and our trade and communication with England will be so considerable, that we shall think ourselves at home when there ; and where one goes thither now, then ten will go when all our business is transacted in your Parliament, to which, if we send sixty-four knights for our thirty-two counties, ten lords, and six bishops, *they may spend our money, but cannot in-*

*fluence your councils to your disadvantage.
By the Union, England will get much of our money, and abundance
of our trade.”**

I believe that no honest Englishman will read the above extract from an *Irish* writer, without a feeling of contemptuous disgust at the unprincipled servility it displays. Sir Richard Cox is the species of Irishman manufactured by English influence in Ireland.

My next proof that the Union was regarded by its friends as a machine to squeeze all that could be got out of Ireland, is taken from an English writer upon trade—Sir Matthew Decker ; who, in 1751, says,—

“By a Union with Ireland, the taxes of Great Britain will be lessened.”†

Another English writer, Postlethwayte, in his book entitled “*Britain’s Commercial Interest*,” published in 1767, has the following passage :

“By the Union, Ireland would soon be enabled to pay a million a year towards the taxes of Great Britain. As England does already possess no inconsiderable share of the lands of Ireland, so the Union would prove an effectual method to vest the rest in her : for, as the riches of Ireland would chiefly return to England, she continuing the seat of Empire, the Irish landlords would be little better than tenants to her, for allowing them the privilege of making the best of their estates.”‡

Dean Tucker, an Englishman, in his proposal for a Union, says,

* The above passage is extracted from the autograph correspondence of Sir Richard Cox, in pp. 89 and 90 of the printed catalogue of the Southwell Library, on sale in 1834, by Thomas Thorpe, 38, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

† “*Essays on Trade*,” p. 156.

‡ pp. 203, 204.

“The inducement of being near the Parliament, the Court, the public funds, &c., would bring many more Irish families to reside here than now do. In short, whatever wealth Ireland would draw from other countries by its produce, manufactures, and happy situation, *all that would eventually centre in England.*”

There was one important item altogether forgotten in the calculations of these gentlemen : namely, that the Union-screw might be worked too vigorously ; that the robbing process might at last leave Ireland rather a burden than a gain ; that when Ireland should be reduced to a state of general insolvency, her superabundant pauperism might perhaps overflow into England.

Doctor Johnson, far more honest than the writers I have quoted, was equally clear-sighted as to the operation of the projected Union : “Do not unite with us,” said he to his Irish friend, Arthur Murphy. “We should unite with you only to rob you. We would have robbed the Scotch if they had any thing of which we could have robbed them.”

The spoliation of Ireland was too tempting to be overlooked by Pitt, whose extravagant government taxed to the utmost his financial ingenuity. He had an old grudge, too, against the Irish Parliament ; having had a sharp quarrel with that assembly in 1789, respecting the amount of power with which the Prince Regent should be invested during George III.'s illness ; and he longed for an opportunity to destroy the object of his enmity. And he was influenced by a sentiment as powerful as either of those motives ; namely, that hostility to Irish constitutional liberty which had been the

invariable characteristic of every English Government since the first connexion of the countries.

He laid his plans for the extinction of the Irish Parliament with consummate art. The construction of the Irish House of Commons seemed in one respect to offer a facility for the accomplishment of his design: there was a very large number of close boroughs, under the exclusive influence of patrons; and these eventually furnished the parliamentary machinery whereby Pitt was enabled to triumph in 1800.

But even with that advantage, it was no easy task to persuade a majority in Parliament to vote their own extinction. It was indispensable in the first place to create a state of things that should allow unrestricted operation to the two great instruments upon which Pitt relied—Terror and Corruption.

Accordingly, a course of policy was adopted which produced the effect of fomenting the rebellion of 1798; without which outbreak, and the national weakness it generated, the Government never could have carried the Union.

In the first place, the Irish Catholics were kept in a state of political fever by the alternate excitement and depression of their hopes. In 1792 they were treated by the Government in a mode which Edmund Burke describes as "*outlawry*." In 1793 they were given the elective franchise.

In 1795, they were encouraged to expect that their full emancipation would be immediately con-

ceded. Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with full powers to pass that measure.

Suddenly Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, after a few months' residence, and a successor of opposite politics was sent over.

Contemporaneously with this wanton and insulting disappointment of the hopes of the Catholics, a system of torture was extensively practised in different districts. Lord Gosford, in an "Address to the magistracy of Armagh,"* gives a frightful description of that system as it existed in 1795 and 1796; and the connivance of the authorities may be inferred from the fact which his Lordship states, that the perpetrators of those horrors *enjoyed impunity*. In 1797, the Earl of Moira, in a speech in the British House of Lords, gave individual instances of the prevalent system of torture, of which he had become cognisant.

The people, thus driven to rebel by systematic persecution, were further stimulated in their insurgent career by the revolutionary principles then triumphant in France. The enemies of government tyranny soon confederated. So far, the machinations of the Unionist Minister and his Irish agents had eminent success.

Amongst the United Irishmen was one Nicholas Maguane; a colonel in their army; a member of their Directory; *and a spy in the pay of the Government*. This Maguane communicated to Lord Castlereagh through the Rev. Dr. Clelland, land-agent to the

* Printed in the *Dublin Journal*, January 5, 1796.

Castlereagh family, intelligence of all the contemplated movements of the United Irishmen, from the 14th of April, 1797, until the explosion of the rebellion in the following year.*

Thus, from April, 1797, until May, 1798, the Government could at any moment have prevented the insurrection from exploding, by simply arresting its leaders. They could lay their hand upon every man of them.

But the outbreak of the rebellion was considered essential to the success of the Union. It was deemed requisite to scare the Protestant party into the belief that in an Union with England could they alone find protection from the sanguinary violence of the Popish population ; and, by thus creating an internecine enmity between the two great sections of the Irish people, to effect a total prostration of the national strength.

The project succeeded. Troops were poured into Ireland to the number of 137,590.† Martial law

* See Report of Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, 1798. Appendix, No. 14.

† The Regulars were	32,281
The Militia	26,634
The Yeomanry	51,274
The English Militia.....	24,201
Artillery	1,500
Commissariat	1,700

Total..... 137,590

This table is taken from a speech of Lord Castlereagh's, prefacing a motion on military estimates, and contained in a report of the parliamentary proceedings of the 18th of February, 1799.

was proclaimed. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Meetings to petition against the Union were suppressed by military violence. When the insurrection was put down, the nation lay prostrate at the feet of the soldier.

Whilst terror reigned throughout the kingdom, corruption soon became paramount within the walls of Parliament. In 1799, a majority of the House of Commons, despite the stupendous exertions of Pitt, had negatived the Union. That minister employed the recess in redoubling his efforts to bribe and overawe. For the latter purpose, it is worthy of note, that although the rebellion had been crushed, yet the military force in Ireland was increased.*

With respect to the effort to corrupt, it may suffice to say, that every man who had a price was bought. No secrecy whatever was observed upon the subject. Lord Castlereagh openly said in the House of Commons: "Half a million or more were expended, some years since, to break an opposition: the same, or a greater sum, may be necessary now."

* In the "Summary Report on the State of the Poor of Ireland," issued in 1830, the military expenditure of several years is stated, and amongst others the following:—

1798	£2,227,454
1799	3,246,228
1800	3,528,800
1801	4,011,783

The Union came into operation on the 1st of January, 1801, in which year it may be inferred, from the foregoing figures, that Pitt deemed an overwhelming military force indispensable to quell the discontent excited by his "Union," and to secure the victory he had achieved over Irish constitutional liberty.

A greater sum *was* necessary. The direct money bribes amounted to one million and a half. In the purchase of boroughs, the sum of 1,275,000*l.* was expended. Peerages, judgeships, bishoprics, commands in the army and navy, were profusely showered in reward for Union votes. There were 116 persons in the House of Commons, in 1800, holding employments or pensions under Government ; and many of these were English and Scotch officers, introduced into nomination boroughs by the influence of Government, for the express purpose of voting away a Parliament in whose existence they had no manner of interest.

Yet, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Government to stifle the national voice—notwithstanding the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the forcible dispersion of several anti-Union meetings, peaceably and legally convened, the petitions to Parliament against the measure were signed by no less than 707,000 persons, whilst those in its favour were signed by only 3000.

But, despite the opposition of every human being in the kingdom, except the corrupt band in the pay of the Government, the measure was carried by the joint influence of military violence without, and barefaced bribery within, the walls of Parliament.

Thus, I repeat, was the Union carried. The fraudulent and sanguinary means by which it was inflicted on the Irish nation essentially vitiate the whole transaction. It was, and is, a colossal swindle.

It has, indeed, been said, that however void and null the Union may originally have been, from the vitiating nature of the means whereby it was achieved, yet the Irish people have subsequently given validity and force to the measure, by their own act of sending representatives to the Imperial Parliament. I reply, that their act in so doing, does not, and cannot, give moral validity to the Union; simply because it does not indicate free choice. True, they have sent representatives to the English Parliament, just because they had no other Parliament to send them to! Their own legislature having been suppressed by force, no alternative remained for them, except to return members to the British House of Commons. Their act indicates nothing but their reluctant and coerced adoption of a *pis-aller*. They have deemed it just preferable to return members to the English Senate, than not to return them at all. But—give them the free option of an English or an Irish Parliament; and, if they shall prefer the former, why *then* (but not till then) shall I allow that their act in returning representatives to England gives moral validity to the Union.

It has been urged, that to impeach the moral validity of the Union Statute, is of necessity to impeach the legal validity of every statute passed by the United Parliament. Not so. Saurin* drew

* The Right Hon. William Saurin, a member of the Irish Parliament—a strenuous opponent of the Union—an Orangeman—and Attorney-General for Ireland for several years under Tory administrations.

the distinction with accuracy: "You may," said he, "make the Union binding *as a law*, but *you never can make it obligatory upon conscience*. Resistance to it will be, in the abstract, a duty." The Union is binding, *as a law*—as a bad, unjust, oppressive, and iniquitous law; but, being thus legally binding, the statutes enacted under its authority by the United Parliament are also legally binding.

If, however, we should admit the corollary imputed to our doctrines by the Unionists, "that the post-union statutes are rendered invalid by the moral invalidity of the Union," I should turn round upon the Unionists and ask, Whose fault is that? Not *ours*, surely, who opposed in 1800 the enactment, and who now oppose the continuance of the Union, the source of the statutory invalidity in question. The fault would rest with those who, by the flagitious suppression of the legislative rights of Ireland, had deprived legislation of validity, and shaken to their base the bulwarks and fences of civil society.

The Unionists, unable to deny the infamy of the means by which the Union was effected, allege, "that the means have nothing to do with the measure; that the measure may be good, although the means used to carry it were indefensible," and so on.

The means have a great deal to do with the measure. They demonstrate two important facts: firstly, the hostility of the people of Ireland to the Union, which could not be achieved without such means. No measure can be good which outrages

every wish, sentiment, and principle of the people to whom it is applied. Secondly, the means used to carry the Union demonstrate that the contrivers of the measure were animated with the most deadly hostility to the Irish nation. The men who connived at torture—the men who fomented a rebellion—the men who ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of thousands, and who laboured with demoniac activity to corrupt the senate; were such men our friends? Were they men from whose hands a *good* measure could by possibility emanate? The means they used afford a superabundant demonstration of their animus—an animus totally incompatible with friendly intentions to Ireland. The Union was the measure of our enemies; not of our friends. There is, in this fact, *primâ facie* evidence that the measure could not have been either intended or calculated to benefit Ireland.

The Union, then, being a gross outrage on Ireland's legislative rights—rights of as ancient existence as the corresponding rights of England; being, moreover, the work of our deadliest enemies; being achieved in defiance of our expressed national will, and by means which it is no exaggeration to term diabolical; this Union is now actively opposed by the people of Ireland, who allege that its results on their social condition have been fully as disastrous as might have been expected from the nature of its origin and the character of its authors.

They allege that the Imperial Parliament taxes Ireland more heavily than the native legislature did; and that the surplus revenue, averaging over

1,000,000*l.* a year, instead of being expended in Ireland, is exported to London.

They allege that the absentee drain, chiefly consequent upon the Union, amounts to about 4,000,000*l.* annually.

They allege that the manufactures of Ireland, once the source of comfortable subsistence to numbers of her people, have been prostrated by the overwhelming competition of great English capitalists, who drove the Irish manufacturer out of his native market, when the protective influence of a native legislature was removed.* It is impossible to calculate with accuracy the extent of our loss upon this head; but there is reason to believe that it cannot, at the present day, be less than 6,000,000*l.* a year.†

* I may be met here with a torrent of political economy. But whilst the Political Economist expatiates on his favourite theories, the Irish manufacturer starves to death, or else becomes a burden on the poor-rates. Let a very recent instance illustrate the existing system. A few years ago a National Glass Company was established in Ireland. A quantity of excellent Irish glass was manufactured, and sold at reasonable rates. But the English glass manufacturers resolved on making a sacrifice to crush the nascent Irish competition. They had large capital, and could afford the temporary loss. They sold their glass at five shillings per crate less than ours. Our company were too young and too weak to contend. They were consequently obliged to break up their establishment; and the English glass is now up to the price our company were resolved to sell at, whilst the Irish workmen, thrown out of employment, are a dead weight upon the poor-rates.

† The aggregate of the drains from Ireland under the heads of taxes, absentee rents, and the loss resulting from the destruction of Irish manufactures, would amount (according to the statements in the text) to between 11,000,000*l.* and 12,000,000*l.*

They allege that the progress of popular liberties under their own Parliament was rapid, until checked by the vigorous interference of England; and that, had the Irish legislature continued, the anti-national church establishment would have long ago ceased to insult and oppress the Irish people.

They allege that the very fact of being governed by laws made in another country, has degraded the minds of the Irish aristocracy and gentry. Use has familiarised them with national servitude; and the consequent depravation of their sentiments operates most perniciously on the interests of their country. They have lost that pride of national honour which is the best protector of a nation's prosperity.

Again, the Repealers allege that Ireland has been created with foul dishonesty, as regards the national debt. Our complaint upon this head, as put forth by O'Connell, in his speech on the motion for Repeal,

sterling per annum. The annual drains were not, of course, so large at the period immediately following the Union as they have since become; for example, the absentee drain, which in 1830 amounted to 4,000,000*l.*, was only 2,000,000*l.* in 1804; and several branches of our manufactures retained for some time a struggling existence. If we average the annual drain since the Union at *only* 5,000,000*l.*, it will amount, for forty-six years, to the enormous sum of 230,000,000*l.* of money. The leading English journals—*Times*, *Chronicle*, &c., insist loudly on the necessity of enforcing the repayment of the loans advanced by the Treasury, to relieve Irish distress in the recent—I may say the present—famine. But we never find them calling upon England to make restitution to Ireland of any portion of the 230,000,000*l.* of which we have been defrauded by the operation of the Union.

in 1834, and by Mr. Staunton in many successive publications, may be thus summed up :

At the time of the Union, England owed 446,000,000*l.* sterling. Ireland owed *only* 23,000,000*l.*; and of this debt probably three-fourths had been incurred by the military and other preparations for carrying the Union.* The annual interest of the British debt then amounted to 17,700,000*l.*; whilst the annual interest of *our* debt only amounted to 1,200,000*l.* The excess of annual liability on the part of Great Britain was therefore 16,500,000*l.* In common honesty Great Britain should have paid every penny of this annual excess, by taxes raised exclusively within her own shores. But common honesty—or any sort of honesty—had little to do with the Union. The *exclusive* taxation of Great Britain, which *ought* to be sixteen and a half, is not quite thirteen millions.† There is thus left an annual charge of three millions and a half of British ante-Union debt, to which Ireland, by a flagrant breach of honesty, is called on to contribute a portion of payment.

The Repealers furthermore allege, that the existence of a domestic Parliament in Ireland, enjoying

* In 1796, the Irish debt was only £5,500,000.

† At the present time, it is true that the exclusive taxation of England is augmented by the Income Tax. But this impost is declared to be temporary. From 1814 until lately there was no such tax as this. On the subject of international finance, John O'Connell's admirable "ARGUMENT FOR IRELAND" may be consulted with great advantage.

the constitution established in 1782, produced an increase of national prosperity unexceeded within the same period by any other nation upon earth, despite the counteractive tendency of English influence and administrative corruption. In proof of this important fact, we have the evidence of two grand promovents of the Union; namely, Pitt and Lord Clare. Pitt, in 1799, alleged, in a speech on the Union, that the balance of trade between Ireland and England was then enormously in favour of Ireland :

“The trade,” said he, “at this time [1799] is infinitely more advantageous to Ireland [than in 1785]. It will be proved from the documents I hold in my hand, as far as relates to the mere interchange of manufactures, that the manufactures exported to Ireland from Great Britain in 1797, very little exceeded 1,000,000*l.* sterling (the articles of produce amount to nearly the same sum) whilst Great Britain on the other hand imported from Ireland to the amount of more than 3,000,000*l.* in the manufacture of linen and linen yarn, and between two and three millions in provisions and cattle, besides corn, and other articles of produce.”

Let us notice here in passing, that the export of provisions in 1797 was not, as now, a *starving* export. It was an export of the surplus produce which remained after the producers had first been comfortably fed at home. The export of provisions at the present day is a very different thing. It is a sale of the food of the Irish people, in order to

raise funds to pay the intolerable tribute wrung from us by England, under the different heads I have already enumerated ; whilst the producers of that food are left to starve.*

Lord Clare, in 1798, bore the following remarkable testimony to Irish improvement under the constitution of 1782 : "There is not," said his lordship, "a nation on the face of the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same rapidity, in the same period, as Ireland."

This evidence from the grand contriver of the Union, and his Irish ally, Clare, is surely conclusive. It is the admission of enemies, and is fully as distinct as the following testimony given by Plunket in his struggle for the preservation of the Irish Parliament in 1799 :

* Mr. Wiggins, an English writer, in his "Monster Misery of Ireland," deplores the manifest deterioration of Ireland from 1776 to 1844. He says, "Let any one read Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland about 1776, and let him now look for the numerous mansions, parks, farming establishments, and improvements, which *he* then visited and recorded. Most of the mansions will be found deserted, shut up, or the roofs fallen in; the parks let out in dairy pastures and 'score-land;' the farming abandoned to tenants at rack-rent, and the improvements resolved again into their original state of bog, and partly cut for turbary."—In 1837, we are told by Commissioner Binns, "that by comparing the accounts given in 1776, by Arthur Young, with the facts elicited in the course of this examination, it will be evident that *the condition of the lower Irish, instead of being improved, is considerably deteriorated since his valuable book was written.*"

So much for what Spring Rice calls the "giant-stride prosperity" of Ireland.

“The revenues, the trade, the manufactures of Ireland, are thriving beyond the hope or the example of any other country of her extent; within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself.”

National prosperity under a native Parliament, even in spite of the vast drawbacks of penal laws and a rotten-borough system: national decay under a Union, despite the removal of penal restrictions: the people of Ireland see and feel the miserable contrast, and demand the restoration of their native legislature.

Pitt was of course obliged to varnish his scheme with a pretext of friendship for Ireland. He admitted the prosperity of Ireland; the Union, he said, would increase her prosperity and give it stability. The Union would give Ireland the advantage of a thorough identification with the greatest and wealthiest nation in the world. The Union would cement the affections of England and Ireland, by perfectly incorporating their previously separate interests, and thus consolidate the strength and security of the whole empire.

Let us now see how far the Union has kept the promises of its author; and in this inquiry, I shall avail myself of English and Tory authority.

First, touching the prosperity which the Union was to have produced, take the following description thereof from the *Times* newspaper, of the 26th of June, 1845:

“The facts of Irish destitution,” says the *Times*,

“are ridiculously simple. They are almost too common-place to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough. Nor can it fairly be said that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work. In fact, man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But something ever interposes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet. The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly. A perpetual decree of *sic vos non vobis* condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation.”

Here, then, is the realisation, in 1845, of Pitt's prediction of Irish prosperity. “The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly.”—Yes. They fly to pay absentee rents; to pay surplus taxes shipped to England; to pay for English manufactures, which have found a market on the ruin of our own; in a word, to pay the gigantic and manifold tribute thus extracted from this country by England. Whilst Ireland enjoyed her free constitution, there was no “mysterious sentence” to prevent the producer of food from enjoying the profits of his industry. Can any

rational man suppose, that if Ireland governed herself, we should behold a famine-stricken people inhabiting "*an island full and overflowing with human food?*"

Some such light appears to have broken, at intervals, upon even the dim vision of the *Times*; for, in the beginning of September, 1845, I find in another article on Ireland in that journal, the following remarkable admissions:

"Whilst it is the fortune—and the good fortune, we will add—of England, to import annually a million quarters of foreign corn, *it is the misfortune of Ireland to export what should be the food of her own population.* From Ireland we draw a part of our daily bread. But it is evident how precarious is that dependence. This year, as appears by a return just out, we have imported very much less than in the two previous years, notwithstanding the higher prices. **AS IRELAND MAY BE TRULY CONSIDERED IN A PERPETUAL STATE OF FAMINE,** she should rather import from foreign countries than export to us. *Her wheat, and barley, and oats, are the rents of absentees.*"

I pray the English reader to ponder well this testimony, in connexion with Pitt's hypocritical promises in 1800, of blessings, and prosperity, and wealth, to be showered upon Ireland by the Union. "Ireland may be truly considered in a perpetual state of famine."—It would, indeed, be perfectly miraculous if Ireland were in any other state, while

the ceaseless process of exhaustion entailed on her by the Union is suffered to continue. Well might the *Times* exclaim, that "social atrophy drained off the vital juices of the nation."—That social atrophy, good *Times*, is the want of self-government.

One more testimony to the realisation of Pitt's Union-prosperity-promises :

"We cannot," say the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners, in their third report, "estimate the number of persons in Ireland out of work and in distress, during thirty weeks of the year, at less than 585,000, nor the number of persons dependent on them at less than 1,800,000, making in the whole 2,385,000."

That was the state of affairs in 1836 ; and matters are considerably worse at present. Such was *not* the condition of the Irish population while Ireland possessed her own Parliament.

With these evidences of national misery before our eyes, it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to reflect that the pretext upon which the Imperial Parliament rejected O'Connell's motion for Repeal in 1834, was "*the giant-stride prosperity of Ireland.*" Could there be a more conclusive proof of the transcendent ignorance of that Parliament on Irish matters ; or of its utter incompetence to govern Ireland ? The "prosperity" of a people "*in a perpetual state of famine!*" Of a people whose "*vital juices are drained off by a social atrophy!*" Of a people, more than a fourth of whom are reduced to a state of pauperism for thirty weeks in

every year ! Imagine legislation gravely founded on the alleged "*prosperity*" of such a people ! Who can wonder that the wronged and outraged nation should try to shake loose from this *beau ideal* of legislative ignorance and impudence ?

Let us next see whether Pitt's pretext that the Union would cement the affections and incorporate the interests of the countries, was in any respect better founded than his "prosperity" delusions.

On this point I shall again quote from an intelligent Tory authority :

"The position of Ireland," says *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1845, "considered as an integral portion of the British empire, is a thing quite by itself in the history of nations. Subjects of the same crown, governed by the same laws, represented in the same Parliament, and partakers in the same free constitution, *the Irish people are as far removed from an amalgamation with the people of England, as if the breadth of Europe stood between them*, and they were known to one another only by name. Moreover, the sources of this alienation lie so deep—they are of such ancient date, and so continually present to the minds of both races, that up to the present moment the best endeavours of kings, and ministers, and parliaments to remove them have availed nothing. . . . Attachment, using that term in its more generous sense, there is, it is to be apprehended, very little between the two countries—certainly none on the side of the Irish towards their English fellow subjects."

True—perfectly true. It would indeed be most extraordinary if there were any. Men do not love the spoiler, the robber, the destroyer of their liberties. The attachment of the Irish people is not to be won by the destruction of their native legislature, and the wholesale abstraction of their national resources. It is not to be won by the prostration of Ireland from the rank of a kingdom to that of a province ; nor by the irritating and insolent intrusion of England into all their domestic concerns. The Union was a crime and a curse—a crime in its perpetration, and a curse in its deadly results ; and the attachment of a people is not to be won by crimes and curses. Those persons who yet cherish the preposterous fancy that the Union operates as a bond of international affection, should think of *Fraser's* Tory evidence—“Far removed from amalgamation with the people of England.”—“Deep and ancient alienation of the countries.”—“No attachment.” And is this the mutual love produced by nearly half a century of Union ? Methinks it is much more like “dismemberment.” I cordially forgive *Fraser* for the nonsense he talks about kings, and ministers, and parliaments trying to heal the international sore, in consideration of the important truth to which he has borne testimony ; namely, the tried and proved incompetence of the Union to promote good will, or any thing but alienation, between the two countries.

It is, indeed, remarkable, that whilst Unionists allege that the dissolution of the Union would in-

fallibly be followed by our total separation from Great Britain, they omit all notice of the tendency of the Union itself to produce separation, by disgusting the Irish people with a connexion whereby they are degraded and impoverished. I admit the advantage to Ireland of connexion with Great Britain; connexion under the same crown, and with separate Parliaments. But if I deem—as I *do* deem—such a connexion greatly preferable to separation, I also deem separation greatly preferable to the Union. Connexion is a very good thing, but like most other good things it may be purchased at too high a price; and undeniably the destruction of our Parliament is too high a price to pay for British connexion.

A connexion satisfactory to Ireland would be far more likely to endure than one which operates as a perpetual source of irritation and ill-will. Norway and Sweden afford a happy example of two friendly nations united under the same crown, and each enjoying its own domestic Parliament. We hear a vast quantity of grave and solemn nonsense about two co-ordinate Parliaments necessarily clashing against each other, and destroying the integrity of the empire. The problem is practically solved in Sweden and Norway. The collision of the nations were a much more probable event, if the one aroused the deadly hatred of the other by destroying her power of self-legislation. If England does not timely atone for the Union-crime, by restoring to Ireland her Parliament, the latter will, in all pro-

bability, be yet the sharpest thorn in her so-called sister's side.

Separation has no terrors for an Irishman who looks around, and sees seventeen European states all inferior to Ireland in size, population, position, and general resources—yet able to maintain their own independent existence. Is not Ireland as well qualified for separate independence as Hanover? Ireland, with her population of eight millions, as Hanover with her population of *one* million and a half?

The Unionists allege that the Union, by centralising the legislative power, consolidates and strengthens the empire. Centralisation, up to a certain point, is indispensable for imperial integrity and safety. But when it passes that point it becomes despotism; and despotism resembles the brazen statue with the feet of clay. Its strength is corroded, its foundations are undermined, by the just dissatisfaction of those portions of the empire that are the victims of its monopoly of power, of expenditure, and of influence. There is no permanent political health in that state whose extremities are oppressed and despoiled to augment the strength and enhance the grandeur of the centre. Such a political condition is analogous to the state of a human body affected with an overflow of blood at the head or heart, which every man knows is a state of disease not unfrequently followed by death.

Centralisation, in the shape of Legislative Union, is the source, not of strength, but of weakness—

weakness arising from alienated hearts and tramped interests. Local self-government in the several nations which go to constitute an empire or a republic, affords the best security to the whole against foreign aggression; a security derived from the greater zeal each separate portion must necessarily have, in defending those local institutions, which are dear to each man's heart, and entwine themselves around his best affections. On the other hand, centralisation, by rendering the inhabitants of the parts at a distance from the centre dissatisfied and discontented, necessarily weakens the outposts of the empire, and thereby renders the provinces vulnerable to the foreign invader. Men will fight better in defence of happy homes than they will in defence of hearths despoiled by the centralising tyranny. Men will fight better in defence of their liberties than they will in defence of their own bondage; they will struggle with a bolder heart and a more stalwart arm in defence of free local institutions, prolific of blessings, and redolent of nationality, than in support of a system which strikes down their natural rights, and brands them with national inferiority.

The result of the Union on the conduct of Irishmen, in the event of foreign war, is worth calculating.

Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the possible occurrence of war, thus expressed himself in the House of Commons, in the August of 1844:

“ I must say,” quoth Sir Robert, “ that no man

laments more than I do the existence of those jealousies in Ireland, and of those unfortunate dissensions that have prevailed, tending, as no doubt they do, to weaken the strength of this country. But although these things have prevailed, I am not the less confident that in case—but I trust there will be no necessity for such an appeal—but *in case the honour or interest of this country (England) should require that such an appeal should be made*, I have no doubt that the people of Ireland would, with the people of Great Britain, cordially and zealously support the sovereign in the maintenance of her throne, and the honour and interests of the empire.”

No doubt Ireland is under many obligations to cherish the “honour and interests” of England—England, who has guarded with such assiduous affection the honour and interests of Ireland! The Queen’s name is skilfully thrown in as a bait. It was needless. Irishmen are loyal, and will never take up arms *against* their sovereign. Sir Robert also talks of “the honour and interests of the empire.” Our share in these is rather problematical, and might be illustrated by the fabled alliance between the giant and the dwarf, in which the dwarf got all the knocks and the giant all the glory.

No. If England were menaced with destruction to-morrow, she has given us, alas! too much reason to regard her peril as the just judgment of God upon her, for the crimes she has committed against Ireland. I, for one, should not feel myself in any

“hot haste” to rush to her defence. There *may* be others animated with similar sentiments. In the hour of her strength she has crushed us—despoiled us of our Parliament; in the hour of her danger we should quietly allow her to fight out her battles without our assistance. “The honour and interests of the Empire,” forsooth! What concern have WE, as matters stand at present, in sustaining a power which is only used to keep us down? No, good Sir Robert. It would puzzle your casuistry to tell us why Ireland should fight in defence of “*perpetual famine*”—of the “*social atrophy that drains her vital juices*”—of the thrice accursed system that makes every fourth inhabitant a pauper in a land overflowing with Nature’s bounteous gifts.

Great is the fatuity of statesmen who persist in fomenting the hostile spirit of Ireland by the obstinate refusal of justice! who prefer the alienation of millions of their fellow-subjects to the warm and zealous affection which would really consolidate the strength of the empire in the day of common peril.

But the genius of Whiggery interposes with soft and soothing accents: “O, good people, we will give you full justice in a British Parliament. Every British privilege shall be yours; *full equality* of rights and franchises—any thing, every thing, except an Irish Parliament in College Green.”

Yes, every thing is *promised*, save that which alone is worth any serious struggle; I say, *promised*—for the intention to perform is far more than doubtful.

But were that intention as sincere and honest as I believe it to be otherwise; were Whigs triumphant in both houses, with their hands full of boons, ready to bestow upon Ireland; still the political equality of Ireland with England under an incorporating Union, is thoroughly and totally impossible. It is out of the nature of things. In any distribution of members, England must always have a numerical superiority in a united legislature, capable of defeating the legislative influence of the whole body of Irish members in questions affecting their own country. This single circumstance must necessarily render a legislative union of *equality* impossible. For many years a majority of Irish members uniformly supported emancipation, and that measure was as uniformly rejected by the English House of Commons. What "equality" was there in that? The Coercion Act of 1833 was passed by an English Parliament in defiance of a majority of Irish members. What "equality" was there in that? Again: it is ridiculous to expect, that so long as the Union lasts, England will not always continue the residence of the legislature. That also debars a union of equality. The seat of Parliament is the centre of power, and will, necessarily, attract the Irish absentees to London. Your "equality" would still leave Ireland afflicted with an absentee drain of 4,000,000*l.* per annum. So long as the Union lasts, so long will England hold the purse-strings of the Irish nation. What equality is there in that? "Equal rights with England,"

truly, under a Union! The thing, I repeat, is totally impossible. Common sense laughs to scorn the flimsy delusion.

Oh, but then there is to be a fusion of England and Ireland into one nation; just as Sussex and Kent are politically identified. This, again, is impossible. A nation, as Burke says, is not merely a geographical arrangement; it is a moral essence. The pregnant experience of the past and of the present—the experience of seven eventful centuries—demonstrates the total impracticability of fusing together the moral essences of England and Ireland. Kent and Sussex may amalgamate; Ireland is too great to be dealt with on provincial rules. God has stamped upon her the indelible characters of national distinctness; and the violent and unnatural efforts to obliterate the features of her individuality, and to bring her people and her institutions under the control of uncongenial Britain, have resulted in unspeakable disaster and misery.

As to the Whig notion that any conceivable political ameliorations could make the Union endurable, I have elsewhere remarked, that even if every Whig nostrum for Ireland were converted into positive law by the Imperial Parliament, still, so long as England withheld from us our legislature, we should be deprived of that which would be worth all the rest put together. Name as many good laws as you please; they are surely as attainable from an *Irish* Parliament as from an *Imperial* one; so that, whilst upon the one hand Imperial

legislation can give us at best no advantage over home-government, on the other hand home-government possesses over Imperial the inestimable advantages of home expenditure, home sympathies; the sole control of our national resources and revenues; the exclusion of foreign hands from Irish coffers; and the residence instead of the absenteeism of the great Irish proprietors as well as of the legislature. Imperial legislation, even under the most favouring circumstances, would still leave us under the withering influences of absenteeism, of a tax-drain, and of the Anglicised, un-Irish affections and prejudices of our aristocracy; whilst it would not give us one solitary good law that could not be far more readily procured from an Irish Parliament.

I shall now examine some common objections to the Repeal; availing myself of the language of Mr. Daniel Owen Madden, the clever and amusing, but somewhat superficial author of "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829."

"England," says Mr. Madden, "would (in the event of Repeal) cease to be a substantive power, and Europe would be left at the mercy of Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia!"

In the name of common sense, we ask—*Why?* What is there in Repeal to diminish the power of England? The Union at this moment fills the minds of the Irish people with rancorous jealousy of England. Does the rancorous jealousy of one-third of the Queen's European subjects conduce to the stability of England's power? Is English power ne-

cessarily built on the depression of the Irish nation? Is the *strength* of the Empire dependent on the *weakness* of one-third part of it? On the contrary, the national sense of intolerable wrong inflicted by England upon Ireland in the demolition of her legislature, is more calculated to perpetuate international animosity, and thereby produce imperial weakness, than a system in which two free Parliaments should provide for the respective wants of the two countries. "A house divided against itself shall not stand;" and the Union promotes and foment the perilous division of the household. An intelligent peasant lately said to me with true Celtic emphasis—"I don't care, sir, who it is that England fights against; if it was the Turks themselves, I wish they'd beat her!" Such is the feeling of myriads of the population; a feeling which has its source in the sense of enormous national injury inflicted upon Ireland by the Union. Can such a Union contribute to Imperial power?

Mr. Madden continues as follows:—

"The Irish Repealers may object that such a consummation" [namely, the decrease of England's European influence] "should have happened in the last century, previous to the Union, if it were likely to take place again upon its supposed dissolution. But to this and all similar arguments of the Repeal party, it is a sufficient political answer to reply, that Ireland had never a free Parliament till 1782; that within eighteen years the connexion was, three times, all but dissolved; viz., by Flood's

Convention for ultra-reform ; by the difference upon the Regency Question, in 1789 ; and by the rebellion, in 1798 ; that Fox and Burke, while yielding to an Irish army, led by an Irish aristocracy, considered that Grattan's revolution was most calamitous to England ; and that Pitt, in the very outset of his parliamentary life, resolved on the measure of a Union, and the extinction of the Irish Parliament, from his sagacious foresight of the probable results of two legislatures in one empire."

"Ireland had never a free Parliament until 1782." This assertion is utterly unfounded. We have already seen the Irish Parliament of 1460 affirming, not only its own independence on England, but that of all previous Parliaments from the days of Henry the Second. In another sense, however, the writer is correct ; that is, if he means to imply that the imperfect construction of the unreformed Irish House of Commons left it open to corrupt court influence. In *this* sense, it is true, that even the Irish Parliament of 1782 was not free enough ; that it was not based on a representation sufficiently extensive ; that too large a portion of the lower house represented—not the people—but the titled patrons of boroughs. "Oh," it may be said, "the Parliament was only the more easily *managed* on that account."—May be so: but that species of *management*, like all other international dishonesty, was eminently calculated to defeat its own object ; and instead of binding the two countries together in the solid, lasting, bonds of full,

free justice and fair play, it tended to exacerbate the victimised nation, and to create a store of rankling hatred, fraught with eventual danger to the empire. The Repealers allege that real safety and international amity can alone co-exist with a truly free and popular Irish legislature ; one which will do justice to the Irish people, and be placed beyond the reach of all corrupt "management."

Let me here parenthetically notice a fallacy very commonly put forward by Unionists. They say: "As long as you had a Parliament, its utility was obstructed and its members were corrupted by English influence. Therefore a Union was indispensable to correct the evils resulting from such a state of things."

It is perfectly true that the unreformed Irish Parliament was exposed to pernicious English influence. The rational and natural course would have been to get rid of that influence, instead of getting rid of the Parliament. But what is the remedy of the sagacious Unionists? Why, truly, to increase the disease. That disease, they themselves allege, was the English influence then partially operating through channels of parliamentary corruption. What is their cure? To render that same mischievous influence, dominant, paramount! To render it perpetual and resistless! It was, they say, pernicious, even when counteracted by the occasional virtue or the national interests of an Irish legislature. And yet they would have us believe that it becomes innocuous when that counteractive

power is extinct, and when no check exists to its detrimental operation!

I come back to the ingenious writer of "Ireland and its Rulers."

He blunders in his assertion, that within eighteen years from 1782, the connexion of the countries was three times all but dissolved. Flood's fellow-conventionists were totally incompetent to effect separation from England, even had they desired it. And a very small minority of them* *did* desire it. In truth the parliamentary reform for which they struggled, would, if successful, have satisfied their utmost aspirations.

It is utterly false that the difference upon the Regency Question, in 1789, "all but dissolved the connexion of the countries." Both parliaments concurred in their choice of the Prince of Wales as Regent, and thus the identity of the executive was secured. The Irish Parliament invested the Regent with full royal prerogatives, whilst the British Senate, influenced by Pitt, desired to restrict his powers. The party who supported the popular view in the Irish Commons, were as warmly attached to British connexion, as was their leader, Grattan. The danger arising from a possible difference in choosing the Regent, might have been easily provided against by a specific enactment.† A bill to that effect was actually brought into the Irish Par-

* Including, however, Mr. Flood himself.

† See Appendix, No. IV., for an examination of the arguments drawn from the Regency Question.

liament by the Right Honourable James FitzGerald; and—cushioned by the government.

The assertion that the rebellion of 1798 was in any degree ascribable to the existence of a resident Parliament, is a curious illustration of the slapdash hardihood with which a clever writer will sometimes lucubrate on topics he knows little or nothing about. Mr. Madden makes no attempt to demonstrate any connexion between the rebellion and the residence of the Senate. The real fact is, that the Irish Parliament of 1798 was eminently devoted to British connexion. Foster* actually boasted that that Parliament put down the insurrection. The stimulants to rebel were to be found, *not* in the residence of the legislature, but in the ample provocatives administered to the people by the Government. In the North, the Catholics were exposed to what Lord Gosford termed “ A persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty. . . . A proscription that exceeds, in the number of its victims, every example of ancient and modern history.” A persecution which, his Lordship assures us, was permitted to continue *with impunity* to its perpetrators.

The convulsive throes of revolutionary France then agitated Europe. Wild spirits—chiefly Protestant—amongst the Irish middle classes, first caught the contagion of French principles, and preached up rebellion in their secret conclaves. They unfortunately found in the hearts of the Irish

* The Speaker of the House of Commons.

peasantry a soil well prepared to receive the seed they scattered. England had prepared the soil for the reception of that seed. English misgovernment had taught the Irish of that day to seize on any project that promised deliverance from their tyrants.

Mr. Madden next asserts that

“The character of England would be ruined by consenting to such a measure [as the Repeal]. Her reputation for sagacity and political ability would be destroyed—her fame would vanish.”

It may be asked, how her character and fame would suffer by the mere performance of an act of justice; which act would remove a dangerous present source of weakness from the empire.

He continues—

“Her material interests would share the same ruin as her moral power. As in individuals, so in nations, character is the creator of national wealth and rank in the social scale.”

Undoubtedly. But again Mr. Madden does not show how England's character would be compromised by simply undoing a foul national wrong, and by recurring to a system precisely analogous to that which she instructs her ambassador, Lord Minto, to negotiate in the instance of Sicily and Naples.

Mr. Madden goes on:

“It [the Repeal] would rob England of a large home market for her manufactures; for of course an Irish Parliament would adopt the political economy of the national school, and pass a tariff hostile

to English manufactures. In so doing, it would not merely cut off from England a large portion of her home trade, *but it would also set up a rival trader at her very side.*"

So, then, the Repeal of the Union is resisted on the express and avowed grounds, that it would re-suscitate the manufactures of Ireland which the Union had destroyed. Thank you, Mr. Madden—thank you for the admission. Pitt, to be sure, said fine things about the marvellous increase of Irish trade and manufactures to be effected by the Union; but here we have an Unionist, and *an Irishman* to boot, apprehensive lest the restoration of the Irish Parliament should wake up Irish manufactures from the torpor of death, and erect the Irish trader into "a rival" of the Englishman!

Now, if Mr. Madden be right—and sure am I that he is—in suggesting, in the above quoted slavish paragraph, that the Union has operated to extinguish Irish manufactures, and to throw the monopoly of the Irish market into the hands of British manufacturers, it necessarily follows that violent hostility to England must be excited in the breasts of those who feel themselves sacrificed to overwhelming English competition. Mr. Madden, however, startles us with the discovery that it is not in any such causes that hostility lurks, but in the Repeal!—the Repeal, which, he proceeds to say,

“Would be creating a *hostile* country whose emigrants swarm in the British colonies; all of

whom would be ready to act in concert with the Irish rulers at College Green."

Let him look at the contributions poured into the Repeal fund by Irish emigrants at present in America and the colonies; let him read the language of "hostility" to English injustice with which their communications overflow; and let him ask himself from which of two causes would Irish "hostility" to England more probably proceed—from the jealousy that crushed a legislature, and starves the Irish manufacturer; or the frank and honourable, although tardy justice, that would restore the Parliament, and adopt as its motto, "*sum cuique ?*"

In truth, there is no fallacy more common among Unionists than to predict, as prospective evils to result from the Repeal, the very hostility and jealousy existing at the present moment, and of which the Union itself is the real cause.

Mr. Madden next alleges, as a result of Repeal, that

"The difficulty of maintaining a large standing army would be increased considerably. Even if Irish soldiers enlisted in the English ranks, upon any collision with Ireland they would probably desert, and start up against the 'Saxons.' The loyalty of a large portion of the army would be doubtful, and the vast Indian empire, and the colonies, would probably be left exposed for want of troops."

Mr. Madden here again suggests difficulties as

probably resulting from Repeal, which are a great deal more likely to result from the Union. I have already remarked, that much of the national dissatisfaction which tends to shake the allegiance of a soldiery, directly arises from the destruction of the Irish Parliament. If "collision with Ireland" would make the men desert, such collision is at least as likely to occur *without* Repeal as *with* it. In 1843, the metropolis of Ireland was placed in a state of siege, and the country was "occupied, not governed." A national resolve, or pledge, against recruiting in the English ranks, is a movement which does not need to wait for the Repeal. And even should recruits be obtained, it must be remembered they are taken from a population exasperated against England by the Union; and does Mr. Madden suppose that there is any magic in a red coat to efface the long cherished principles which its wearer had imbibed from his parents, kindred, and associates?

. Again—Mr. Madden fears that

"The funds would be very liberally spunged, for, of course, Ireland, when separate, would not consent to be held responsible for debts that she never contracted."

In the name of common honesty, why should she? It is painful to contrast such lucubrations as these, with Pitt's hypocritical disclaimer in 1799, of all desire to grasp our financial resources for British purposes.

Let me now sum up :

Ireland demands the Repeal ;

1. Because self-legislation is her indefeasible right. She never surrendered that right.

2. Because the denial of that right has covered the land with decay and destitution.

3. Because Ireland is truly desirous to preserve the integrity of the Empire on such terms as will not victimise herself.

It cannot be too often repeated that the accursed Union imperils the empire, by holding out the strong lure to foreign invasion, which the just discontent of Ireland furnishes. Foreign invasion were indeed an affliction of great magnitude. But the Union is also an affliction of colossal magnitude—an affliction so huge that it may easily render even foreign conquest a mere question in the minds of many between one species of tyranny and another. Sampson, in his thirst for vengeance, pulled down the house to crush his foes—rejoicing in the deed that overwhelmed *them*, even although he was himself included in their ruin. Tyranny has often merged the instinct of self-preservation in the burning desire to punish the tyrant.

But—give to the Irish people an Irish Parliament and Irish constitution to defend, and *then* let the foe invade our shores—he will be met by the stout arms and intrepid hearts of a gallant people, fortified and inspired by the resistless, the ennobling influences of triumphant nationality. Give to the Irish that strong interest in repelling invasion which local institutions and domestic government *alone*

can give them ; and you will find it more effectual a thousandfold than the old, stale, cuckoo-cry of "throne" and "constitution ;" a throne whose brightness never shines upon us ; a constitution whereof others nearly monopolise the enjoyment, and at which we are little more than lookers-on.

I conclude by emphatically reiterating that British connexion, with two legislatures, is preferable to separation ; but separation would be preferable to the destruction of the Irish Parliament.

There is no reason why Ireland should not flourish in a separate existence as well as Sweden, Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, or the rest of the crowd of independent European states which are all her inferiors in the qualities and resources that entitle a nation to self-government. But there is every reason why Ireland, possessing a fertile soil, capacious estuaries, a first-rate situation for commerce, a brave and intelligent population, should find absolute and separate independence beyond all comparison preferable to a Legislative Union which cripples her powers ; absorbs her resources for the benefit of England ; and acts as a political and social blister—draining and irritating.

An Englishman may easily test the capacity of the Union to attach Irishmen to British connexion, by asking himself the question, whether *he* would submit to a political alliance with any land on earth, which involved the destruction of the English Parliament, or which deprived the English nation of self-government ?

It is truly deplorable that England, with her ample means of securing our attachment by the simple justice of Repeal, should yet prefer to perpetuate our hostility by refusing us that justice. I am no blind anti-English bigot ; I can recognise the many claims of England to our admiration—would that she could enable me to add, our affection ! Two hundred and fifty years ago my own paternal ancestors were English ; and a sentiment not wholly dissimilar from filial reverence will sometimes steal over my mind, when I think that for many centuries my forefathers belonged to that land, so full of glorious monuments of all that can exalt and dignify the human race ; rich with the memories of martial valour and pacific wisdom ; famed for the splendid pre-eminence in arts and arms of her mighty sons ; covered over with her stately old ancestral dwellings ; adorned with majestic churches and cathedrals—the venerable records of the piety which once distinguished her inhabitants. Even an Irish Repealer may experience a momentary thrill of pride when he thinks of his remote connexion with a country possessing such claims on the world's admiration ; but the sentiment is quickly banished by the wrongs that England's crimes have inflicted upon that far dearer land in which his first breath was drawn, with which his fondest affections are identified, and of which God's providence has made him a citizen.

England—England ! why *will* you compel our reluctant detestation ?

APPENDIX.—No. II.

WHILE these sheets are passing through the press, the *Morning Chronicle* assures its readers, in successive articles, that English power is indispensably needed to keep a people so divided among themselves as the Irish, from absolute anarchy and mutual destruction.

The direct reverse is the fact. English power has been constantly used, not to allay, but to foment our divisions, on the principle of "*Divide et Impera*;" and the only possible exorcist of the baleful spirit of internal discord, is a Resident National Legislature, in which all Irish parties would possess a proportional representation; and which would promote the numerous and varied interests *which are common to Irishmen of every sect and party.*

The divisions existing at the present day in Ireland are extremely analogous to those which existed in England after the Norman Conquest. Take the following description of the latter from Thierry:

"The reader," says that historian, "must imagine to himself *two countries*—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and other taxes; the other, that is

the Saxon, enslaved and oppressed with a land-tax ; the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles ; the latter covered with thatched huts and old ruined walls ; this peopled with the prosperous and idle, with soldiers and courtiers, with knights and barons—that with men miserable, and doomed to toil with peasants and artisans. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in a manner woven into each other ; they meet at every point, and yet they are more completely separated than if there were seas between them. Each has a language of its own which is strange to the other. French is the court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeyes and monasteries, in all the residences of wealth and power ; while the ancient language of the country is only heard at the firesides of the poor and the serfs.”

This description, with a few variations of detail, would accurately answer for Ireland in 1848.—How, or why was it, that from the jarring and apparently irreconcilable elements of Norman and Saxon, the great and well-combined English nation of the present day has been formed ? It was because the Conqueror planted the central government *within*, and *not without*, the realm of England. Had England been ruled then and now by a government seated in France, we should still see the degrading and disastrous divisions described by the historian existing in pestilent vigour ; there would be the National English party, detesting the absentee legislature ; and there would be the French, or Norman party, sustaining the national evil because of some personal profit or class monopoly, by which they might be bribed to support it. These parties would cordially hate each other ; and doubtless some Norman *Morning Chronicle* would announce that French intervention and

control were indispensably required to keep Englishmen from cutting one another's throats!

But, happily for England, all her governmental institutions were planted upon English ground. There they took root, and there they formed a nucleus around which the descendants of the Saxon, of the Norman, of the Dane, might alike forget their distinctive enmities, and blend, under the shadow of an English Legislature, into one amalgamated people.

This is just what we want in Ireland to terminate our ruinous divisions. A resident Parliament, representing all, accessible to all, and harmonising all into one great national party.

The *Chronicle* claims "an overwhelming proportion of the intelligence, property, and education of Ireland" as friendly to the Union.

The opinion of the "intelligent, wealthy, and educated" classes claimed by the *Chronicle* is worth little or nothing. *Not a man of them really thinks the Union a good measure in itself.* Not one of them ever pretends that we derive the least benefit from the Union. They know, on the contrary, that it beggars and starves the Irish people. Why then, it may be asked, do they support it?

The answer is—Because they are bribed, or fanatical, or merely ignorant.

1. The Temporalities of the Established Church operate as a direct bribe to a numerous and influential class to support the Union. Those temporalities amount to about 600,000*l.* per annum. An Irish Par-

liament (while respecting invested interests) would provide for the gradual secularisation of the tithe-rent charge. Hence, not only the Protestant clergy, but all those persons who either have, or expect to have, relations snugly settled in the Church, are strongly tempted to be Unionists. They are reduced to the alternative of preserving the tithe-rent charge at the expense of Ireland's vital interests; or repealing the Union at the expense of seeing the tithe-rent charge gradually taken from them. They prefer to keep up the tithe-rent charge, although the people should perish.

2. The fanatical Unionists are those who believe the Pope to be Antichrist, and that Repeal means the enthronement of the Man of Sin in Ireland.

3. The merely ignorant Unionists are those who have neither the strong interest in the Church funds, nor the religious fanaticism, that stimulate the others in their hostility to Repeal; but who have a notion that "agitation" is a very *ungenteel* sort of thing; that they vindicate their own aristocracy by denouncing it; and that it would save a vast deal of trouble if people submitted to national plunder and starvation, without brawling so much about the matter. To these may be added the members of the wealthier aristocracy, who, being comfortably off themselves, cannot conceive why any body else should presume to complain.—Such are, in truth, the *Chronicle's* "educated, wealthy, and intelligent Irish Unionists."

The flower of the mercantile classes are Repealers;

and a desire to return to our ancient Irish Constitution is daily advancing amongst the ranks claimed by the *Chronicle*.

Unionism in Ireland is a sickly exotic ; it is an artificial opinion, preserved in a sort of hot-house existence by the Church Temporalities, and the stimulants administered by English power.

APPENDIX.—No. III.

As O'Connell repeatedly declared, that the first speech he ever made in public was the text-book of his whole political life, I make no apology for giving it insertion.

From the "Anti-Union" Evening Paper.

"Roman Catholic Meeting, held at the Royal Exchange, January the 13th, 1800:—

"Counsellor O'Connell rose, and, in a short speech, prefaced the resolutions. He said that the question of Union was confessedly one of the first importance and magnitude. Sunk, indeed, in more than criminal apathy must that Irishman be, who could feel indifference on the subject. It was a measure, to the consideration of which we were called by every illumination of the understanding, and every feeling of the heart. There was, therefore, no necessity to apologise for the introducing the discussion of the question amongst Irishmen. But before he brought forward any resolution, he craved permission to make a few observations on the causes which produced the necessity of meeting

as Catholics—as a separate and distinct body. In doing so, he thought he could clearly show that they were justifiable in, at length, deviating from a resolution which they had heretofore formed. The enlightened mind of the Catholics had taught them the impolicy, the illiberality, and the injustice of separating themselves on any occasion from the rest of the people of Ireland,—the Catholics had, therefore, resolved—and they had wisely resolved—never more to appear before the public as a distinct and separate body; but they did not—they could not then foresee the unfortunately existing circumstances of this moment. They could not then foresee that they would be reduced to the necessity, either of submitting to the disgraceful imputation of approving of a measure as detestable to them as it was ruinous to their country, or once again—and he trusted for the last time—of coming forward as a distinct body.

“There was no man present but was acquainted with the industry with which it was circulated that the Catholics were favourable to the Union:—in vain did multitudes of that body, in different capacities, express their disapprobation of the measure; in vain did they concur, with others of their fellow-subjects, in expressing their abhorrence of it—as freemen or freeholders—electors of counties or inhabitants of cities—still the calumny was repeated; it was printed in journal after journal; it was published in pamphlet after pamphlet; it was circulated with activity in private companies; it was boldly

and loudly proclaimed in public assemblies. How this clamour was raised, and how it was supported, was manifest—the motives of it were apparent.

“In vain did the Catholics, individually, endeavour to resist the torrent. Their future efforts, as individuals, would be equally vain and fruitless; they must then oppose it collectively.

“There was another reason why they should come forward as a distinct class—a reason which he confessed had made the greatest impression upon his feelings; not content with falsely asserting, that the Catholics favoured the extinction of Ireland, this their supposed inclination was attributed to the foulest motives—motives which were most repugnant to their judgments, and most abhorrent to their hearts; it was said that the Catholics were ready to sell their country for a price, or what was still more depraved, to abandon it on account of the unfortunate animosities which the wretched temper of the times had produced; can they remain silent under so horrible a calumny? This calumny was flung on the whole body; it was incumbent on the whole body to come forward and contradict it; yes, they will show every friend of Ireland that the Catholics are incapable of selling their country: they will loudly declare that if their emancipation was offered for their consent to the measure, even were emancipation after the Union a benefit, they would reject it with prompt indignation. (*This sentiment met with approbation.*) (Let us,” said he, “show to Ireland that we have nothing in view but her good, nothing

in our hearts but the desire of mutual forgiveness, mutual toleration, and mutual affection; in fine, let every man who feels with me proclaim, that if the alternative were offered him of Union or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners. (*This sentiment met with much and marked approbation.*) With regard to the Union, so much had been said—so much had been written on the subject, that it was impossible that any man should not before now have formed an opinion on it. He would not trespass on their attention in repeating arguments which they had already heard, and topics which they had already considered. But if there was any man present who could be so far mentally degraded, as to consent to the extinction of the liberty, the constitution, and even the name of Ireland, he would call on him not to leave the direction and management of his commerce and property to strangers, over whom he could have no control.”

He then concluded by moving the resolutions, which, being seconded, passed unanimously, and the meeting broke up.

APPENDIX.—No. IV.

THE REGENCY QUESTION.

AMONGST the bugbears most frequently paraded by those who can see nothing but mischief in the Repeal of the Union, one of the most prominent is the possible difference of the two Parliaments on the question of selecting a Regent. Mr. Sharman Crawford, in his anti-Repeal Letters of 1841, copying his predecessors, insisted strongly on the perils (and no man denies them) which would follow from such a diversity. The Repealers, however, propose that the cause of dissension on this point should be extinguished, by leaving the appointment of the Regent exclusively in the hands of the British Ministry and Parliament. To this proposal Mr. Crawford objected, "*That it would surrender the independence of the Irish Parliament on this vital point.*"

I quote the following passage from my reply to Mr. Crawford, which was published in all the Irish Repeal Journals in November, 1841:

"I do not see how the independence of the Irish Parliament would be one whit more compromised by an *ipso facto* identity of the Regent than it would

be by the *ipso facto* identity of the Sovereign ; and I never yet heard that this latter identity was deemed incompatible with the parliamentary independence of Ireland. In fact, the identity of the Regent would seem to follow as a necessary consequence from the principle of the law that requires the identity of the monarch.

“ Mr. Crawford terms the Regency Question ‘ *a vital point.*’ So it is—vital to the imperial connexion of the kingdoms ; and, therefore, it is that we Repealers, being ardent friends of the connexion, are desirous to incorporate with the Irish Constitution a provision for the identity of the Regent. But the question of the Regent’s person, however important to the connexion of the countries, is a matter of very inferior importance as affects the general welfare and every-day comfort of the people—the administration of justice—the prosperity of trade—of manufactures—of commerce. These are the matters of really vital importance to the people ; matters which require all the care of a resident, well-constructed, popular Parliament. Give the people of Ireland such a Parliament as this, and they can well afford to leave to a British Ministry the selection of the Regent’s person.”

THE END.

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WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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