

THE

LIFE AND SPEECHES

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

KILKENNY CITY:

AUTHOR OF "AN ARGUMENT FOR IRELAND," "REPEAL DICTIONARY," ETC.

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

BYRON.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

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1846.

TO
THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,
THE LONG-OPPRESSED,
THE LONG-ENDURING—THE PATIENT—THE FAITHFUL—
THE NOBLE IRISH PEOPLE,
THIS OUTLINE
SKETCH OF THE LIFE
AND COLLECTION OF THE
SPEECHES
OF ONE WHO HAS DEVOTED THAT LIFE
AND WOULD WILLINGLY GIVE IT
TO PROCURE THE REDRESS OF THEIR CRUEL WRONGS,
AND MAKE OLD IRELAND FREE,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY THEIR
VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

Kingstown, Dublin, February, 1846.

P R E F A C E .

THE following Work was commenced with the design of presenting, in a single volume, a hasty sketch of Mr. O'Connell's Life, and a collection of such of his Speeches as were delivered, under remarkable circumstances of the popular struggle in this country, from the period of the Union to the present time.

Allusions to this design and purpose will, therefore, be frequently met in the earlier part of this volume; and the evidences of an endeavour at brevity will easily be detected.

But I had not far proceeded on my task, when from the immense number of occasions of interest and importance to the popular cause on which he had to put himself prominently forward, I saw that it would be impossible to confine myself within the original limits, and had, accordingly, to enlarge my plan as the work progressed.

Mr. O'Connell's history, as a public man, is, in fact,

the history of the popular cause in the times in which he has lived : so unreservedly did he throw himself into that cause, in obedience to impulses he had been conscious of from his earliest recollection, and continue in it throughout all its vicissitudes, of whatsoever colour or description.

Yet, it is not pretended, in this Work, to supply the *desideratum* of a complete and sufficient history, either of his times or of himself. That will be the work of his own pen, whenever leisure may enable him to carry out his intention of so doing.

The collection of Speeches, and the general narration which accompanies and connects them, have had the benefit of his revision—a circumstance which will give them more value than might otherwise attach.

The only additional remark, by way of preface, that I think I am called upon to make is, that the examination which my undertaking required of our records for the last forty-five years, has more than ever confirmed my conviction, of the absolute and imperative necessity of our taking, by a Repeal of the Legislative Union, our affairs from out of the hands of a people who have so cruelly mismanaged them, as have the English during that time ; and of the stringent urgency of the duty upon every Irishman—

high or low, rich or poor, Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, if he would fulfil his obligations, not only as an Irishman but as a Christian man — to work incessantly and energetically for the restoration of his country to her proper rank among the nations of the earth.

JOHN O'CONNELL.

KINGSTOWN, DUBLIN,
February, 1846.

APPENDIX.

ONE circumstance of the anecdote we have given of Mr. O'Connell's rencontre with the unfortunate Messrs. John and Henry Sheares in the Dover packet-boat, in January, 1793, has been, accidentally, omitted.

The Messrs. Sheares, when speaking of their having attended the execution of Louis XVI., displayed a bloody handkerchief, being one they had themselves imbrued in the blood of the slaughtered monarch.

Accident has also led to the omission of a few other matters, amongst which is one incident of the year 1799, when Mr. O'Connell had a narrow escape of his life.

Returning one evening, in the earlier part of that year, from presiding as *master* over a meeting of a Masonic lodge,* held in Bride-street, his attention was attracted by a large fire which had broken out in a timber yard, at the corner of Stephen-street. An immense crowd had collected, and a party of military (or rather of English militia—the Staffordshire regiment)—were there to keep the peace, under the orders of one of the city sheriffs, *Mr. Macready*, father of the celebrated tragedian of that name. He had several men employed to remove the pavement that water might be got from the street pipe to supply the engines; but they worked so lazily that there was considerable delay in procuring any.

With the wild spirits of youth, Mr. O'Connell forced his way through the crowd into the enclosed space where the men were working, and pushing one of them roughly aside, snatched the pick-axe from his hands, and set vigorously about to work himself. The crowd cheered him lustily, and, as he himself describes it, he was so

* He has long since publicly disconnected himself with Freemasonry.

delighted with their cheers that he went on, utterly regardless of the directions and orders the sheriff was giving him, and bid fair to unpave the whole street before stopping.

Sheriff Macready, finding all his words in vain, angrily ordered the soldiers to stop him; and one of them instantly set about doing so in the most effectual way, by a direct charge with his bayonet. Fortunately, the weapon, which came with the man's full force, struck Mr. O'Connell's watch, else, on that spot his agitation had ended for ever. Of course, no second *warning* of that kind was needed, and he made his escape as fast as possible.

Mr. O'Connell has never been before the public as a steward of a horse race, a capacity, however, which it once fell to his lot to fill, and in which he drew up the "*article*", given in the following extract from the *Sporting Magazine*, number for July, 1805, p. 223.

"SINGULAR RACE.

"In the Irish Racing Calendar of June 22, we observe the following very singular terms for a race, on Thursday, the 29th August next:—

"Sixty pounds, given by the gentlemen of the profession of the law of the county of Kerry—for all horses &c., carrying nine stone.

"Four-mile heats.

"Horses, &c., starting for this plate must be *bona fide* the property of a gentleman who shall have, prior to the first day of the meeting, actually expended, in fair adverse litigation, the sum of two hundred pounds.

"Horses, &c., of all persons who have so expended one thousand pounds, allowed three lbs.

"All horses, &c., to be qualified upon the honour of an attorney, if required by the stewards.

"As the plate is intended solely for amateurs, no practising professional gentleman will be allowed to start a horse."

The race thus announced actually took place at the time indicated. Three horses started; and, after a well-contested race, the plate was won by a horse belonging to the Rev. Mr. Dennis, a Protestant clergyman of the county Wicklow, who qualified for the allowance of three lbs., mentioned in the article, by the fact of having expended considerably *more* than one thousand pounds in litigation.

“ P A D D Y T O N E D D Y .

“ THE BAR AND THE BARON .

“ *And we also have our Baron.*

“ As sure as a gun, from the Bann to the Carron,
They shall hear of the row 'twixt the Bar and the Baron.
I've sworn it, Neddy, and can it be treason
To jingle in rhyme, what has nothing of reason?
And, faith, 'tis so comic, 'twere surely a pity
To deny it the meed of a fugitive ditty.
The Baron—but he's been so often in prose,
'Twere needless to tell you what *ev'ry one knows*.
And what ev'ry one, too, in the land will remember
From New-year's day down, to the last of December—
Suffice it to say he's the law's purest pillar,
And, tho' sprung from a *worm*, detests a distiller!
The beginning of winter, his highness, quite frisky,
Commenc'd a campaign 'gainst the sellers of whiskey,
And swore by his valour, he'd settle his throne
On a seat of a still, in renown'd Ennishow'n.

Oh! I wish you had seen
How he ravag'd the green,
Down rock and down glen,
With his battle-axe men;

The Poteen-men
Thought again
He'd finish'd their job,
And the pot-ale
Grew pale

At the sight of his nob.

Full many can tell what a terrible milling
He gave them, from Longford, all thro' Enniskillen.

Some blackletter scavan
Tried to stop him at Cavan,
But, like fat in the fire,
It inflam'd him the higher,
And he seiz'd the diploma
From havock, at Omagh!

You must know that the chief, in the height of his fury;
Campaigns with a life-guard he christens a jury;
And, ere he assails the distillers at large,
The life-guard is sure to be tried at a *charge*;

So that many suppose, should his foes grow much larger,
 That he'll rival the GREAT METROPOLITAN CHARGER!!!
 At Omagh, when charging, they say that a Moor
 (No Christian would venture to do it I'm sure)
 Attempted to give the proud hero a knock,
 Who, with dignity, said 'Faugh, my feelings you shock;
 So be off, you spalpeen, or you'll lie in the dock.'
 Have you e'er seen a cur sneaking off in a dump,
 When a scavenger gave him a kick in the rump.
 Just so fled the hapless, unfortunate elf,
 Nor till out in the air, did he come to himself;
 Then cried he, 'I'll go tell it as I'm a sinner,
 To my friends, who are now at their punch, after dinner.'
 He told them his tale, but the moment he spoke,
 The sweet Ennishow'n lost the smell of its smoke!!!
 For a time all was mute—but snug Orator Smyly
 Got on his legs, and declar'd very dryly,
 'For his part, he'd never consent to make war on
 Such a sweet-temper'd, popular, patriot Baron.'
 The example once set, was soon followed by Torrens,
 Who exclaim'd, 'Such a thought had his perfect abhorrence.'
 All was silence again, when, at last, little Macklyn
 ANNOUNC'D that 'he'd give that same Baron a hackling.'
 The matter here rested, but yet, I am sure,
 Some censur'd the Baron, and pitied the Moor;
 Unwither'd by age—uncorrupted by art,
 You must see on their cheek the rich glow of their heart—
 Misguid'd young noodles! who never could credit,
 That virtue was folly, tho' sergeants had said it;
 But, no matter—they'll see, ere they go very far,
 That's not the best way to go on at the Bar—
 Tho' now tell it to them, if I err, may a murrain
 Fall on me at once! they'll straight instance you—CURRAN;
 As if all men, like Curran, could soar into place,
 WITH A PATENT DIRECT FROM THE DEITY'S GRACE.
 When the MOOR and his friends had thus grievously differ'd,
 The Baron and guards set off charging for Lifford;
 But the MOOR well determin'd that he'd rule the roast,
 Sent the whole of the row to the next *Evening Post*!!!
 So that when they had met in their general hall,
 The whole pack were in print—Baron, jury and all!!!
 And many suppos'd, that as things went so far,
 Nothing less could be done than assemble the Bar;
 While others exclaim'd, might they die and be curst,
 If they'd meet—until the Nor-Westers met first;
 And, faith, the Nor-Westers thought it nothing but fudge
 In them for to meet in the teeth of a judge!

Besides, 'twas too late, and they thought that the Moor
Should have settled the matter at Omagh before.'
'By jingo,' said he, 'you were after your lunch,
When I laid the whole story before you at punch;
But meet as you choose, you're beyond my dominion,
And now must abide by the public opinion.'
Indeed and indeed, you'd have pitied their cases,
Dear Neddy, if you could have witness'd their faces;
And 'twas grievous enough, upon them I confess,
To be kick'd into justice by means of the Press!
Meet, however, they did, in the Rolls Court, at five,
But, faith, ev'ry man seem'd more dead than alive;
They all took their seats—little Randle was there,
With his pen and ink-horn, just under the Chair!
He had settled his wig like a little recorder,
When somebody rose to a question of order.
'The Press, sir,' said he, 'has thought proper of late,
To take on itself such abundance of state,
That if peasant or peer does but one single turn ill,
Its sure to get into some damnable journal!
Now, I trust, that you'll think—(and they all cry'd "hear Neddy")
We have suffer'd enough from its malice already;
I'll say nothing more, but as sure as you're born,
We'll all be mark'd out as the objects of scorn,
Unless little Randle puts up the ink-horn.'

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'May I linger my life in remote Innisfallen,
If I see any motive there's for it,' says Allen;
'If we do as we ought, and we should not do less,
What have we to fear from a fifty-fold Press?
Do nothing in secret—throw open your door—
I wince not—I blench not—my conscience is pure.'
Now, perhaps, Neddy, you think I'm turn'd a jester,
In giving such sentiments to a Nor-Wester;
But there's not in creation from centre to pole,
Than Allen a richer example of soul.
Let the Sun make a search o'er the surface of nature,
He'll grow dim ere discover an honest creature!
But the speaker and sentiment soon were put down,
And poor Allen encounter'd a general frown.
Now the secret insur'd—all was silence around,
And the mug of each nob wore an *empty profound*.
When up got one, lauded the Baron most highly,
You may guess it was —g, or—, or Smyly,
A rabble of cyphers we meet ev'ry hour,
Quite ready to swell out the numbers of power;
Men, in whose calculation, servility's spirit!
And meanness atones for the absence of merit.

Just Heav'n! how I smile at the spaniel-like slave,
 Who fawns for his crumb at the foot of a knave.
 Believe me, my Neddy, that honesty sold,
 Has a sorry exchange in Golconda's of gold,
 And the poor little spot we must come to at last,
 When life has gone by like the song of the blast,
 Will look greener on earth, ay, and better from heaven,
 Than the pile from high-sounding depravity given.
 Besides, but examine the lover of pelf,
 You'll see that he's often ashamed of himself;
 Let him toil in the palace, or fly to the wild wood,
 He's pursu'd and reproach'd by the feel of his childhood;
 Like the blush of a hectic, it comes o'er his frame,
 To cover his innate disorder with shame!
 Thus the Baron's supporter declar'd that the tone,
 Which he gave to the anthem, was none of his own;
 That he spoke it, forsooth, by a mighty permission;
 That he had it, in fact, as a kind of commission—
 While others were musing, and scratching their nob,
 To think who could give him so comic a job,
 I could think but of one 'bove the regions of Charon,
 And I guess'd him, by gob, for that one was—the BASON!!
 The business thus done, they broke up in a minute,
 Tho' faith, 'twas a bull to have secrecy in it;
 For they swore *una voce*, both mighty and small,
 That they'd do what they'd met for—just *nothing at all!*
 The farce of the meeting thus being gone through,
 The Moon and his friends look'd exceedingly blue;
 And each man exclaimed, whether noodle or nester,
 'I am glad in my heart I am not a Nor-Wester.'
 Poor Allen declared, that he feared all their trouble,
 Would prove in the end nothing more than a bubble;
 'They should summon a meeting unlike the Nor-West,
 Where innocence wrong'd would be more than a jest;
 'Twas in want of despatch that the principal sin lay,
 And the paper once signed should be handed to Finlay.'
 The paper once drawn was soon ready for signing,
 Which *all* were convinc'd *none* would think of declining;
 For how could they brand the Nor-Westers with shame,
 And in the same circumstance *just do the same?*
 The first thing he went to was Castle-hack Swift,
 In the vain expectation of getting a lift,
 But S——t who despises the semblance of grace,
 Declar'd in a moment that *he had a place!*
 He went up to another—'Sir, you'll not reject it,
 As you have no place'—'But, dear sir, I—*expect it!*'
 However, one told him he'd put his name down,
 If the thing was set going but by a SILK COWR!

'O ho, then,' said Finlay, 'no longer I'm fooled
 I can get that at once by just going to Gould,
 For he has been speeching for hours on the floor,
 On the injury done to the innocent Moon——
 He'd a wife and five children in North Merrion-square,
 And he'd sacrifice all—for the good of the Bar.'

 You must know little Tom

 At the moment had come,

 Just out to the hall for a little relief,

 From his usual sport

 In the Common Pleas Court,

 A good humour'd row with the black letter Chief—

 He was vapouring

 And capering,

 And looking quite big,

 And blinking and sinking

 'But he had some gig.'

Finlay went up in the midst of the vapour,

And handed our hero the *unanimous* paper.

'You mean, I suppose sir,' said he, 'I should sign it,

Believe me, my friend; I don't mean to decline it;

But take my advice'—and he gave him a nudge—

'Try first if you can get it done by a *judex*.'

There are some men, I own, neither vicious nor tainted

Who will smile at the ludicrous meanness I've painted.

In myself, the first impulse is certainly laughter;

But, alas! a more serious sensation comes after.

As I look with contempt on the sad passing scene,

Fond memory turns to the days that have been,

When none but the brave, the high-minded, the free,

Dare call thee his country—green isle of the sea!

Ah! who could foresee at that era of gold,

When thy monarchs were pure, and thy patriots bold—

When thy native rang'd free o'er his ancestor's field,

And the shamrock unwithering glow'd on his shield—

Who could think that the period was ever to come,

When the land of the brave was to be but his tomb?

And a vampire creation should spring from his grave,

A mixture of tyrant, and traitor, and slave!

It is meet, it is meet, that the miscreant hand,

Which sold, should insult thee, unfortunate land!

But, oh! is it meet, a high-minded profession,

Should first bow its neck to the rod of oppression?

Ye Burghs and Duqueries—turn, turn away,

Nor blast thy pure glance with the curse of this day,

'Mid the sunshine of heaven, thy spirits of light,

Would weep at the traitors that wither my sight.

The time is no more when the patriot mind,
 By genius exalted, by study refined,
 Caught its lustre direct from philosophy's ray,
 And pour'd it around with the radiance of day.
 But, alas! these were times when our green mountain isle
 Receiv'd and return'd sweet liberty's smile,
 When like God's sacred ark, in the midst of the flood,
 A heaven-built temple, sublimely she stood,
 The ocean wave shielding her base with its might,
 While her summit was lost in the realms of light!
 Oh, curse on the sin that polluted our shrine,
 And brought on our temple the vengeance divine.
 Come, pilgrim, with me, let us tramp with disgust
 On the loathsome creation that crawls o'er its dust—
 A nameless and shameless contemptible race,
 For notice too mean, if they were not so base,
 Boasting as knowledge a dirty chicane,
 Of virtue afraid, of servility vain
 With no passion but envy, no motive but gain! }

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But let them pass on—faith in this disquisition,
 I had almost forgotten our poor requisition;
 Forgive me—no more in the abstract I'll deal,
 But by heavens, I'll hang on a gibbet of steel,
 Be him old, be him young, be him poor, be him wealthy,
 Be him high, be him low, be him rotten or healthy,
 The wretch who would barter his conscience for pelf,
 And sacrifice every thing sacred, to—self!
 I'll do it, that no one may fancy I'm funning,
 As sure as—Tim Driscoll's allow'd to be cunning—
 Or as sure as Lefroy has a pastoral face—
 Or as sure as Dick Maunsell works hard for his place.
 When Finlay thus saw his poor paper rejected,
 By men who nor honour nor virtue respected,
 He went up to one who had made no profession,
 And proffer'd it—'Sir, is't an act of oppression?'
 'Why, yes, in my mind, it comes under that term;
 'Tis th' attempt of a Baron to trample a worm;'—
 'Then give me your paper—I'll sign it this minute—
 'Tis so foul, that no man can be warranted in it.'
 God help you, O'Connell, if your not a knave,
 You'll never put on the silk badge of a slave.
 No longer a notion of office pursue;
 The times are not suited to such men as you!
 The paper, thus sanction'd, was soon signed by twenty,
 A number which Finlay imagin'd was plenty.

So he went to the father with his simple petition;
 'Sir, you'll summon a meeting on this requisition.'
 Have you e'er seen an old wis'd wind-beaten rat
 Pursued thro' a granary by a Tom-cat?
 But the hunt was quite useless—for he swore damnation
 To him if he'd call it—'*would hurt his vocation!*
 'Then since you won't, we'll call it ourselves, d'ye see;
 So they call'd it, and fix'd it for Friday at three—
 But the BENCHERS appointed another at five,
 And they swore the poor Moor should be roasted alive!
 Yes, they swore that the wretch they would certainly roast,
 For daring to think of the *damn'd Evening Post!*
 But who are the BENCHERS, and what are their station?
 IN MY NEXT YOU SHALL HEAR OF THEIR WHOLE GENERATION.
 Suffice it to say, the unfortunate Moor,
 Though frighten'd at Omagh, was now frighten'd more,
 And his friends all imagin'd the wide world's riches
 Wouldn't keep him from wreaking it all on—*his breeches!*
 Says he, 'I'll choose counsel—to them I'll be pliant—
 If I plead for myself—I've a fool for my client.'
 The first man he chose was a BATTERING RAM—
 The next was all PRINCESS, AND MEER AS A LAMB
 The third I before with good humour described,
 Tho' he's brawling and bawling that he has been gibed,
 And swears tho' he can't put his paw upon me,
 He'll dismantle the *Post*, and dismember MAGEE!
 Tace, Tace, good Tom, or as sure as you're born,
 You shall own till your death I have hay on my horn.
 With blockheads and knaves hold no further communion,
 But act from yourself as you did at the Union;
 Believe me, one feeling I would not offend,
 In a man whom his country has known for a friend,
 Who has spirit superior to many about him,
 And talents so various that no one can doubt 'em.
 Do but act from your heart, let what will betide,
 And, 'by God,' I shall owe it with pleasure and pride.
 But *thou* addle egg of an ill-omen'd nest!
 Thou formal confusion! thou methodised jest!
 Who advis'd him to do it—I'll have thy dull noddle
 Hitch'd into a song, and sung out through the Poddle,
 If I hear but one effort malignant again,
 To debase to thy level much honest men.—
 The Moor's counsel now on his business debated,
 And as they agreed he was horribly treated,
 They advis'd him at once without any tautology,
 To act like a hero, and—make an APOLOGY.
 But who are the benchers? Why, faith, 'tis a question,
 Which, before I can answer, requires some digestion.

They're a nondescript body, in this land of freedom,
 And, to tell you the truth, I don't think that we need 'em ;
 But no doubt all their powers are genuine quite,
 For they own to possessing them *in their own right* !
 They can call you before them for looking awry,
 And can punish you, too, without telling you why !
 They ask you no questions, and no one denies,
 That's the way to be certain you'll tell them no lies.
 They'll accuse you, 'tis true, but they'll hear no defence—
 Now, that's constitutional, ay, and it's sense ;
 A man brought before them's just in the condition,
 Of an heretic answering the Inquisition !
 But all must allow, that their Honors, the Benchers,
 May do this, and more, too, by right of—*their trenchers*.
 Such was the court, that unfortunate MOOB
 Was called for his error to answer before.
 One question they asked him, and that you may guess,
 Was, whether he dared to RESORT TO THE PRESS !
He allowed it, and, faith, you'd think they'd eat him,
 As they thundered aloud 'twas SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.
In vain did he urge that his ignorant youth,
Might stand his excuse for declaring the truth ;
They fairly exclaimed, such a foolish confession
Was very unworthy—the legal profession.
 And the chief, in a manner impressive and clear,
 Bid him canter away, with a flea in his ear ;
 You may doubt, if you choose, but I'm certain and sure,
 The chief is a nob, patriotic and pure,
 For he lately has given his absolute VETO,
 AGAINST EATING A PILE OR AN APPLE POTATO !!!
 And that's a great compliment to Johnny Bull,
 Whose life's but a bore, if his belly's not full.
 I had nearly forgot, there was one in the hall,
 Who couldn't agree in their notions at all ;
 Tho', perhaps, all reflection 'tis better to spare,
 And tell you, at once, that our CURBAN was there ;
 For with us, my dear Neddy, that name, like a beacon,
 Shows clearly the path that its owner has taken.
 Alas ! at that time, when the wit and the sage,
 Must weep o'er the wisdom and light of his age ;
 When thy mirth, and thy fire, and thy honesty o'er
 The angels will lead us thy presence no more ;
 And a nation in silence must sigh for the day,
 Which has torn from her heart-strings their darling away
 What solacing spirit shall comfort us then ?
 What hope can delude with thy promise again ?
 It is not, I own it, to every one given,
 To seize, with thy magic, the lightnings of heaven,

To subject the passions with impulse divine,
 To command with a cadence the charms of the time,
 To wield, like enchantment, a fairy control,
 And bind with an amulet body and soul.
 But, oh ! sure, like thee, we are given the power,
 Indignant, to trample the slaves of the hour,
 And walk in the path thy integrity trod ;
 Our heart, like our form, the image of God.
 When Curran departed, the *Moor* was beat hollow,
 For no one e'en thought of attempting to follow ;
 The *Moor*, they all argued, was nothing to them,
 And tho' ruin ensued, they decreed to condemn,
 Ah ! Neddy, 'tis hard in this ILL-OMENED hour,
 And harder again in this prostrated land
 For innocence wronged to contend against power,
 Or raise, save in sorrow, its manacled hand !
 Who could ever expect from that whimsical court
 A verdict impartial, or upright to hear,
 Of its oracles many were titled in sport,
 And the wreck of the country has floated them there.
 'Tis vain to expect but a nation's disgrace,
 When traitorous servitude stands at the helm
 When forfeited honor's the title to place
 And perfidy's paid by the sale of the realm !
 Sure he is a fool who could ever suppose,
 That he'd obtain justice, tho' e'en for a minute,
 From a conclave of Benchers, whom every one knows,
 If Justice had eyes, she would never put in it !

Play a tune to a bear,
 And he'll surely dance awry,
 Yet, faith, 'tis as fair
 To hope grace from a bear,
 As sense from a body,
 Where, like sweeps in a noddy,
 An old woman's nudged by a master in chancery.
 May I die a Nor-Wester,
 If I wouldn't dig all-day
 Sooner than stand
 At the bar of a band,
 Where a six clerk and coronet,
 Baron and baronet,
 A noodle and *Nestar*
 A judge and a jester,
 Lie all a pigging
 Just like piggen-riggen,
 Higgedly piggedly !

You'd as soon see a corn-crake humming a tune,
 Or a snipe
 Dance a hornpipe,
 By the light of the moon,
 Or a frog in a quinsy, singing Eileen-a-Roone.
 As yet
 Such a set,
 By any means brought
 By a jibe,
 Or a bribe,
 To the thought
 That they ought.
 But though I suppose that you are not damn'd
 Or would sooner have prose,
 Than this sweet dithyrambic ;
 Yet, as I'm perplex'd,
 And very much tired,
 We'll defer till my next
 The names that conspired ;
 And by Jove if the muse
 Don't her office refuse,
 I can tell you my Neddy,
 If they're not so already,
 The nobs by that time will be woefully vex'd.

“ THE DINNER.

“ In order to prove, dear Neddy, that all I have said of them was true, the servile Nor-Westers (*North-west Bar*) have asked the Baron to dine. I send you the account of the dinner, to the tune that was made for my own wedding ; and I give the copyright up to every one who has a voice to sing it :—

I.

“ Oh, never fear
 But you shall hear
 The fun of the Nor-West dinner O !
 They ate their fill,
 And they paid their bill—
 They did, as I'm a sinner O !
 As they all agreed
 Full cheap to feed,
 And cheaply to get mellow O !
 They wouldn't meet
 In Dawson-street,
 But they dined at Portobello O !

II.

" Old Father Joe,
 Like a plenipo,
 He sat at the top of the table O!
 Whilst the youngest man
 Sent round his can
 At the foot, while he was able O!
 The *Baron* was there
 All in his own lair,
 He left his wig behind him O!
 And the man, that day,
 That drank *Roscrea*,
 It would be hard to find him O!

III.

" Old mumbling Stokes,
 Like John a Noakes,
 He help'd calf's-head to D——g O!
 And the Baron with grace
 Cut T——s a *plaiice*,
 For which he long was leering O!
 R——li——n, by rule,
 Helped gooseberry fool,
 Which Smyly sipped like a Cupid O!
 And D——n, small,
 Sung Father Paul,
 And not a man look'd stupid O!

IV.

" When the clock was gone,
 And dinner done,
 The father fell a toasting O!
 And the waiter enquired,
 If any desired,
 That he'd bring the *Evening Post* in? O!
 At the very name,
 A shivering came,
 All over each Nor-Wester O!
 And the Baron's head
 Was so turned with dread,
 That he gave the man a tester O!

" When the Baron had gone in his jingle away,
 The glasses were marshalled in battle-array;
 And the remnant (who looked as they'd drink it in blood)
 Gave the memory of *William—the great!* and the good.

Hear it, ye echoes ; and, oh ! let the name
 Of ' *Nor-Wester* ' be branded, a proverb of shame !
 Whom conscience impeaches and country disowns,
 Whose prayers become crimes 'mid the Deity's frowns.
 Should honour unnerved, for an epithet fester,
 Sum all baseness in one, and proclaim him ' *Nor-Wester* !'
 * * * * *

When their folly was stingsless, their passion but self—
 And their meanness commenced and concluded in self !
 Tho' moved with compassion I laughed with the rest,
 Even pity grew gay, and contempt had its jest.
 But now when I hear their impiety fell,
 Endeavour to waken the warwhoops of hell
 And wither again our unfortunate land
 With the bigoted foreigners' pitiless band.
 Methinks that I hear the red blood of the brave,
 And the souls of the murdered, exclaim from the grave—
 ' Oh, save our poor orphans—nor suffer again,
 Our land to weep blood beneath merciless men !'
 * * * * *

The following is the document drawn up by Mr. O'Connell, and entitled—

“ MR. LALOR'S DEFENCE,”

Of which he makes mention in his speech of December 5, 1812,
 (taken from the *Freeman's Journal*, Tuesday, October 27, 1812):—

“ TO THE EDITOR, ETC.

“ SIR—The manner in which you have introduced in your paper the name of John Lalor, of Cranagh, Esq., is calculated to do him the greatest injury in the public mind. Mr. Lalor's friends are convinced, that when the motives and reasons which governed his conduct are dispassionately considered, his integrity and his honour will remain, as they have hitherto done, unimpeached and unimpeachable.

“ He is, he confesses it, tremblingly alive to the voice of his countrymen. The object—the only object of his public life has been the promotion, as far as humble means, and more humble abilities,

would allow, of the liberties and happiness of Irishmen. He did not, nor could he seek for himself place or pension, profit or emolument; and the honours which a minister can bestow have always been a subject for his contempt. With these sentiments, and with no other guide for his public conduct than zeal and honesty, he was so happy as to enjoy the esteem and the confidence of his oppressed countrymen. May he not, then, venture to ask, whether it is probable that a man who has devoted all his exertions in public life to the disinterested service of his countrymen, should voluntarily adopt any line of conduct which he deemed inconsistent with their interests? Surely it is highly improbable that he should desert his country's cause, which has ever been his pride; and he trusts, that when the reasons are considered upon which he has, on the present election, given his support to Mr. Bagwell, his conduct will not rest upon mere probability, but that every unbiassed man will admit, that Mr. Lalor has acted with the purest views, and from the best motives; nay, that under all the circumstances of the case, it was impossible he should act otherwise than as he has done.

“Yes; it was impossible that Mr. Lalor should have declined to support Mr. Bagwell at this election, because he had promised that support more than one year and a half ago. Gentlemen of Ireland, Irish Catholic gentlemen, his word was pledged. Is there a tie more binding?—an obligation more sacred? How often have you expressed your indignation at the foul calumny flung upon you by your enemies—a calumny put upon record in our qualification on Oaths, that you believed it was lawful ‘to break faith with heretics?’ No; the faith and honour of an Irish gentleman do not depend on the heresy, either religious or political, or the object to whom they are pledged; and Mr. Lalor, with perfect confidence, relies on this justification—that his word was pledged.

“Let it be distinctly understood, that Mr. Lalor is not solicitous to obtain or preserve the esteem of any man, who thinks that it is permitted to a gentleman to violate his promise. He trusts that there is not a man in Ireland of that opinion—he knows not such; if any so base there be, this appeal on behalf of Mr. Lalor is not addressed to him.

“Mr. Lalor made this promise in the presence of a gentleman of the first character for integrity and honour, George Lidwell, Esq. Mr. Lidwell is one of the most active of the supporters of Mr. Prittie,

but he is appealed to for the fact with the same confidence as if he had been the friend of Mr. Bagwell.

“Having thus established the fact of a previous promise, and knowing that the obligation of such a promise is not doubtful, the justification of Mr. Lalor may well be rested here; but there exists an anxiety, which cannot be considered as unbecoming, to make his vindication complete, and to replace him in that situation which he before occupied in public estimation.

“For this purpose, it would be desirable, upon his part, to state, at large, the motives which induced him to make his promise; and if the detail be not deemed tedious, it will, perhaps, appear perfectly satisfactory. The temper of the times has, indeed, changed within the last eighteen months; and the animosity with which the Catholics now view all persons connected with recent administration, has excited a spirit which disqualifies from judging of the effect of his motives at that period. Still it is expected that they will appear sufficiently powerful to palliate and to excuse, if not entirely to justify the promise.

“It was prior, too, to the period when Lord Yarmouth and his household were preferred to the Catholics. It was at a time when the Catholics might reasonably have looked forward to an administration favourable to Ireland; when it was supposed that the day was near, in which the firmest friends of the minister might also be amongst the best friends of the Irish. It was at a time when the most zealous of the Catholics were quite content to obtain the support of the members of parliament to their particular question; and many of them were extremely desirous not to allow the measure of Catholic Emancipation to be to the politics of the opposition people, as the natural result of persecution and of hope, doubly disappointed; but surely it would be most unfair to judge of the propriety of Mr. Lalor's promise upon grounds that did not exist when that promise was given, and with sentiments, the causes of which had not then arisen.

“It was at such a period as has been described, that Mr. Lalor promised his support to Mr. Bagwell; nor were there wanting abundant motives to require that promised friendship, of which Mr. Lalor was and is proud had long subsisted in private life between him and Mr. Bagwell. From the latter, Mr. Lalor had long experienced those courtesies and kindnesses which a man in Mr. Bagwell's

sphere of life had an opportunity of bestowing on any gentleman who belonged to the excluded class of the Irish community, but of which Mr. Lalor would not have condescended to accept, if they had not been tendered by the hand of friendship, and been compensated for by the reciprocal good offices within his power. From the year 1793, at which period Mr. Bagwell voted in favour of the Catholic bill, which enabled Mr. Lalor to enjoy the elective franchise, Mr. Lalor has availed himself of that privilege in the support of his friend, and thus has the friendship of many years' standing been cemented by those acts which, to each, evinced the kindly disposition of the other towards him; but there was a period in the melancholy history of this country when Mr. Lalor had occasion for all the influence possessed by Mr. Bagwell, to secure him from a prison and from banishment—perhaps from death—perhaps from much worse—from ignominious torture. Mr. Lalor feels no shame in making the avowal, but he would be ashamed, indeed, if he could forget the services he then received.

“It was in that year of horrors, 1798; he was a Catholic, possessed of an independent fortune in the county of Tipperary—both crimes, in the summer of 1796, of no small magnitude; but further, he had always avowed and maintained his attachment to the purest principles of the British constitution, and dared to speak of liberty, as he felt, with enthusiasm; nay more, he had been, it was well known, an United Irishman—that is, a member of the open society of United Irishmen that met in Back-lane, having for their only objects, as he was and is convinced, ‘parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation’—that society, of which my Lord Castlereagh, ‘the then Hon. Robert Stuart,’ was a member, and therein must have pledged himself solemnly to both those measures.

“For some time before 1798, Mr. Lalor had taken no part in politics: he condemned and regretted the violence of all parties. He was offered the command of a corps of yeomanry, but he felt it a duty he owed to his country to refuse. Such, then, was his situation in that year. He was a Catholic, wealthy enough to tempt the avarice of the man who ordered Mr. Burke to pay him £1,000 for alleged political opinions: he was a friend to liberty, had been an United Irishman, and had refused to accept the command of a yeomanry corps.

“Recollect, too, what the state of the county Tipperary then was. No more need be said than that Sir Thomas J. Fitzgerald ruled

paramount. He is dead—unfortunately dead. He has escaped the vengeance of his country, and one is constrained by that consideration from depicting his reign of terror in all its horrid colours. But who can say that genuine fidelity to the throne and constitution—that perfect innocence of all traitorous signs or intentions—that detestation for revolutionary doctrines, so common and so strong in the minds of the best friends of real liberty; that all those combined—and Mr. Lalor trusts he combined them all—could afford any protection at that time in the county Tipperary? Who is it forgets that Mr. Wright was cruelly flogged in the streets of Clonmel by Sir Thomas, for no other reason than that he (Sir Thomas) did not understand French? Who has not heard of the torture inflicted by Sir Thomas upon Mr. Doyle, of Carrick-on-Suir, admitted to have been inflicted either through mistake or without cause—he could not tell which?

“It is unnecessary to go further, and it would be tedious to enumerate instances. What availed his innocence to Magrath, of Clogheen, whom Sir Thomas, during his flogging, scarified in the breast with his penknife? Of what avail was his integrity to the respectable Mr. Fox, when lacerated to death at the triangle by Sir Thomas? The process was simple; it required neither trial nor accusation; nay, it was not necessary even to be suspected; mistake—caprice—anything—nothing—brought the victims to the torture; still more, acquittal was useless.

“For instance, a sessions was held at Cashel under the Insurrection Act; the magistrates, to the number of more than twelve, were all yeomen, ready enough to convict; three persons were brought forward for trial; there was not a shadow of evidence against them; they were acquitted and discharged. A day or two afterwards, Sir T. J. Fitzgerald arrived; he inquired for those prisoners—‘prisoners! why, they have been acquitted and discharged.’ ‘Have they so?’ said Sir Thomas, ‘then I shall have them back and flog them.’

“He turned round to Mr. Butler, of Ballycarroll, and Mr. Smithwick, two gentlemen of respectability and fortune, and ordered them to bring him the acquitted persons. They declared their inability to do so, as they were ignorant where they were gone. ‘Perhaps so,’ said Sir Thomas, ‘but if you do not bring them to me directly, I will flog you both instead of them, by God.’

“They, gentlemen, were aware of their danger; they pursued the poor men, who had returned home in the gladness of an acquittal; they brought them back to Sir Thomas, who had them instantly tied

up and cruelly flogged! Certainly, it would have left a strong impression on Mr. Lalor's mind, if Lord Llandaff had then, as he might have done, interfered with Sir Thomas (whom he had appointed sheriff) for his three poor tenants, who were thus first acquitted, and then flogged.

"The fate of Mr. Lalor was also determined upon. The indiscretion of Sir Thomas alone procured his safety. Sir Thomas boasted publicly in Clonmel, that within three days he would have a papist of large fortune, a magistrate and a deputy-governor of the county, either flogged, or in jail, or hanged. Sir Thomas's threats were then never in vain.

"Mr. Lalor, on being informed of this threat, applied to the Hon. Francis Hutchinson to accompany him to Sir Thomas, and he acknowledges with gratitude the ready compliance his request met with. They repaired to Clogheen, where Sir Thomas was busily employed flogging, guarded by the Hessians. Mr. Hutchinson told him that Mr. Lalor desired to know, whether there was any charge against him, ~~as~~ if so, he was ready to meet it. Sir Thomas could not imagine any; he declared there was none.

"After this declaration, and from Mr. Lalor's rank in society, some precaution was necessary; accordingly, a representation was made to government that Mr. Lalor was a traitor, and a sanction for his arrest was obtained. Mr. Lalor owes it to Mr. Bagwell that he is alive and untortured.

"Mr. Lalor was then a private in Lord Llandaff's corps of yeoman cavalry; from him he could expect no protection, after seeing Mr. Denis O'Meagher, the very gentleman who proposed Mr. Prittie at the present election, and his aged father, and his aged uncle, and Mr. Smithwick, although he, too, was near eighty years of age, and other gentlemen of fortune and respectability, dragged to jail; amongst them were four yeomen of Lord Llandaff's corps, including Mr. Denis O'Meagher himself. They obtained their discharge by the exertions of the Hon. Francis Hutchinson. Had he not exerted himself, it was quite clear that neither their innocence nor their connection with Lord Llandaff would have saved them. Nay, the present Lord Llandaff attended the committee, at which Sir Thomas and Colonel Deering presided, and which ordered those arrests.

"Fortunately for Mr. Lalor, he did not want the protection of Lord Llandaff, for the threats of Sir Thomas at Clonmel were conveyed to Mr. Bagwell; he perceived at once that they applied to

Mr. Lalor; he knew that one moment was not to be lost; he repaired to the Castle, and there procured a positive order to Sir Thomas not to arrest or meddle with Mr. Lalor. But for this speedy interference Mr. Lalor's fate was certain.

"Will any person tell you, sir, that this was an obligation which ought to be forgotten? Was there an Irish soul so dead to those sentiments of which we are proud, as to be insensible to the friendship which, unsought, protected his friend from torture—death—disgrace?

"Mr. Lalor cannot forget, too, that whilst the Llandaff family protected the sheriff of their appointment, Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, Mr. Bagwell used every effort to leave him to justice. It is a fact, now part of Irish history, that whilst the first Indemnity Bill was sufficient to cover all the irregular acts of loyalty perpetrated in other parts of Ireland, it was by no means sufficient to protect the loyalists of Tipperary. A second bill was accordingly prepared by the present Lord Norbury, then Attorney-General. It was introduced into the House of Commons, by the present Lord Llandaff, then Lord Mathew, in a speech which is believed to be the only one he ever made in that house. It was most violently and decidedly opposed by Mr. Bagwell, as well as by the Hutchinsons. The 'generous nature of my Lord Castlereagh,' who declared that the administration of Ireland never sanctioned torture—the 'generous nature of my Lord Castlereagh,' induced him to bear down Mr. Bagwell's honest opposition, with all the regular forces of the government, and the act passed, commonly called 'Fitzgerald's Bill,' and remains an eternal monument of shame to our legislative system.

"This subject is, perhaps, dwelt on too long, but the recollection of those scenes was forcibly brought on Mr. Lalor's mind, on the 7th of October, instant, at Thurles, by Captain Gaisson. When Mr. Bagwell applied to that gentleman for his interest at the present election—'It is true,' said Captain Gaisson, 'that you ought to expect my interest, but for one circumstance; you opposed Fitzgerald's Indemnity Bill, without which I should have been ruined; we owe that bill to Lord Llandaff, and his family shall, therefore, have my interest!!!'

"There are a few facts more that are deemed important, towards forming a just estimate of Lalor's conduct. He was well aware, that in private or public life, Mr. Bagwell had never expressed any sentiments of bigotry. In the conversation which he had with Mr.

Bagwell, shortly before he promised his interest at the then next election, Mr. Bagwell, expressed himself in terms so favourable to the Catholic claims, that Mr. Lalor understood he intended to give them his support. So distinctly was this idea infixed on his mind, that he always conceived it as an admittedly implied condition of his promise; and he always spoke of that promise, as founded on the condition of Mr. Bagwell's future support of the Catholic cause in parliament.

"This construction, which Mr. Lalor always did and does contend for was the true construction of his promise, having been conveyed to Mr. Bagwell, he alleged that the promise was absolute, and unqualified, and declared that he must insist on its performance as such. Shortly before the last spring assizes, Mr. Lalor was waited on at the desire of Mr. Bagwell, by Colonel Pureloy, who informed him of Mr. Bagwell's determination, and that Mr. Bagwell would expect to meet Mr. Lalor at the ensuing assizes, and would require of him an explicit avowal, that the promise he had given was without any condition. Mr. Lalor's answer was 'that Mr. Bagwell should never obtain from him any such avowal; and that there was no personal risk which he would not cheerfully run sooner than extend that promise to any one in particular—that in giving it in the way he had done, he followed far enough the impulse of gratitude and private friendship, and that he would certainly not support Mr. Bagwell upon any other terms.'

"Mr. Lalor felt it incumbent on him in consequence of this conversation, to absent himself from the grand jury, on which he had been as usual, called; but he arrived in Clonmel early the second day of the assizes, and having met Mr. Lidwell, he informed him of the attention he had received from Mr. Bagwell, and of his conviction, that a challenge must ensue; he asked Mr. Lidwell to be his friend, but that gentleman declined from motives of delicacy which he stated; and Mr. Lalor resorted to Captain Power of Ballydine, who was so good as to consent to be his friend.

"Thus was Mr. Lalor placed in the disagreeable situation of receiving a message from an old friend and benefactor (for he must call him so), or of giving his interest to an avowed opponent of the Catholic claims. The oft-tried spirit of Mr. Bagwell seemed to leave him no alternative but to risk his life, or desert his cause; he preferred the former, and it is a choice he is always ready to make. It is true, that he was not called on to make any sacrifice—that his friend Mr. Bagwell pledged himself unequivocally in private, to

support the Catholic cause, before he asked the fulfilment of Mr. Lalor's promise, and undertook to repeat that pledge in public.

“ Mr. Lalor assuredly is not to blame, if Mr. Bagwell changed his view of the promise made to him by Mr. Lalor, and concurred in the construction put on that promise by Mr. Lalor himself; but after Mr. Bagwell had done so, how, in the nature of things, can it be imagined, that Mr. Lalor could disengage himself from that promise, or violate it in any particular ?

“ It comes now to be observed, that it is obvious, that if Mr. Bagwell be not returned for the county of Tipperary, the Catholic cause sustains no injury from Mr. Lalor; but if he be, then it will be owing to Mr. Lalor, that the Catholic question obtains two additional supporters, in the persons of Mr. Bagwell, member for the county, and his son, member for the borough of Clonmel. Besides, it is nearly certain, that another of Mr. Bagwell's connection will be returned for a neighbouring borough; in which case a third vote in parliament for the Catholics is ascertained.

“ And shall Mr. Lalor be vilified as a traitor to his cause and country, when his friends are thus able, with truth, to declare, that he has influenced three votes in parliament in favour of that cause; nay, should he have influenced only two votes, will any Catholic have a right to reproach him, unless he shall have influenced at least one vote? And where is the Catholic, beside Mr. Lalor, who can boast of having converted one opponent into a friend ?

“ It remains only to consider whether Mr. Lalor was restrained by the resolution of the Catholics of the county of Tipperary, from voting for Mr. Bagwell. That resolution was the same in principle, if not precisely in words, with the resolution of the aggregate meeting, in Dublin, on the 18th of June last. Both resolutions were framed by the same gentleman, and with the same object.

“ When the resolution of the 18th of June was about to be put by Lord Fingal, he observed that he was under a promise already made to give his interest to Lord Bective, a ministerial candidate, for the county of Meath, and that he could not concur in the resolution if it was intended by it to enforce the violation of any promise previously given. His lordship was immediately assured that the resolution could never be construed to require a violation of any previous engagement; that it was not intended as a trap for Catholic fidelity, but was, in its operation, entirely prospective; with this explanation Lord Fingal was perfectly satisfied; he joined in the

resolution—authenticated it by his signature as chairman, and has, nevertheless, continued his support, as he was bound to do, to the ministerial candidate to whom he was previously pledged.

“Such has been precisely the course adopted by Mr. Lalor. The explanation given to Lord Fingal, and the line of conduct pursued by that exalted and revered nobleman, could not lead to disgrace or dishonour. This Mr. Lalor felt and feels, and he rests satisfied that in imitating, at an humble distance, that noble lord, he will not be considered to have forfeited any of his claims upon the esteem of his countrymen.

“And what, after all, is his crime? Why, to have given his interest, in consequence of a previous promise, to an old friend and benefactor—to a man who has already supported Catholic rights, and pledges himself and his son to support them for the residue of their lives—to a man who commenced his career in society by a donation to the Catholics of Clonmel at sixpence by the year—of their chapel ground worth £100 per annum—to a man who voted against the foul and abominable measure of an union—to consent to which, many a disgusted Catholic was seduced by Bagwell’s opponent—in short, to a man who has repeatedly obtained the support of the best friends of the Catholics—the illustrious family of the Hutchinsons.

“If, by fidelity to his promise—if, by resisting a junction of powerful families that would fain convert the county of Tipperary in a close borough, if by voting for his friend of many years and the man who rescued him from the horrors of 1798—if to have imitated in one instance the conduct of the Earl of Fingal, and in another that of the Hutchinsons—if, by procuring two certainly, and probably three votes in the next Parliament—if, by all these means, he had forfeited the confidence of Irishmen, he must bow in resignation to their decision, but he cannot avoid complaining of it as unmerited and severe.

“This statement is addressed to you, sir, under the sanction and by the authority of Mr. Lalor, for the facts and the observations contained in it, he considers himself, and will always hold himself, personally responsible; but he wishes it to be added, that he hopes his countrymen will not deem the less favourably of him for his deep anxiety to preserve, as well as to merit, their confidence.

“I am, sir, &c.,

“A SUBSCRIBER.

"In consequence of some assertions contained in the paper Mr. Lalor feels it a duty he owes to himself, to state these two facts :—

"1st. That he offered his second voices, which were disengaged, to General Mathew, if he formed no junction with any other candidate, but left the county to its free choice of both members.

"2ndly. That Mr. Lalor conceived the manner of the General on the hustings, on the first day of election, to have been offensive ; and he, therefore, sent a message to the General, who, however, was pleased to obviate any unpleasant feelings on the subject, by consenting to declare to Mr. Lalor, publicly, that he did not intend any offence, but on the contrary, felt every respect for him. This declaration the General accordingly made."

The following letter was written by Mr. O'Connell, when a law student in London, in 1795, being then but twenty years of age, and addressed to Maurice O'Connell, Esq., Darrynane :—

"Chiswick, near London, December 10, 1795.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I delayed answering your letter of the 17th ult. until I should have it in my power to inform you that I had changed my place of residence, in conformity to your desire.

"On calculating the expenses of retiring to a cheaper spot, and of returning to keep my term in January, I found it would not answer ; so I have dropped the scheme. I am now only four miles from town, yet perfectly retired. I pay the same price for board and lodging as I should in London ; but I enjoy many advantages here, besides air and retirement. The society in the house is mixed, I mean, composed of men and women, all of whom are people of rank and knowledge of the world ; so that their conversation and manners are perfectly well adapted to rub off the rust of scholastic education ; nor is there any danger of riot or dissipation, as they are all advanced in life—another student of law and I being the only young persons in the house. This young man is my most intimate acquaintance, and the only friend I have found amongst my acquaintance. His name is Bennett.* He is an Irish young man of good family connections and fortune. He is prudent, and strictly economical. He has good sense, ability, and application. I knew him before my journey to Ireland. It was before that period our friendship commenced ; so that, on the whole, I spend my time here not only very pleasantly, but, I hope, very usefully.

"The only law books which I have bought as yet are the works of Espinasse, on the trials of Nisi Prius. They cost me £1 10s., and contain more informa-

* The late Richard Newton Bennett, for a time Chief Justice of one of the West India Islands.

tion on the practical part of the law than any other work I have ever met. When in Dublin, I reflected that carrying any more books than were absolutely necessary, would be incurring expense; so I deferred buying a complete set of reports until my return thither.

“ I have now two objects to pursue—the one, the attainment of knowledge; the other, the acquisition of all those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure which it yields, is calculated to raise me to honours, rank, and fortune; and I know that the latter serves as a general passport or first recommendation; and as for the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have, indeed, a glowing, and—if I may use the expression—an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure, and every study into an amusement.

“ Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of abilities, but every body is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small, and in its beginning, contemptible. It is this reflection that affords me most consolation. If I do not rise at the bar, I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own conscience. It is not because I assert these things now, that I should conceive myself entitled to call on you to believe them. I refer that conviction which I wish to inspire to your experience. I hope, nay, I flatter myself, that when we meet again, the success of my efforts to correct those bad habits which you pointed out to me will be apparent. Indeed, as for my knowledge in the professional line, that cannot be discovered for some years to come; but I have time in the interim to prepare myself to appear with greater *eclat* on the grand theatre of the world.

“ You have heard of the capture of Manheim. The Austrians continue to advance rapidly on the French side of the Rhine. They are said to be marching towards Lusembourg. In the meantime, the French are evacuating Holland. Whether this event will be favourable to the interest of the Stadtholder, is yet uncertain. The ministry, who are become unpopular, owing in particular to the two bills, of which you must have heard, and in general to the ill success of the war, already tottered in their seats; but the brilliant victories of the Austrians have secured them at least for some time. That we shall soon have peace is no longer a question. Every body believes it, and the King’s messages to parliament confirm the belief.

“ The General desires to be remembered to you. He and his lady are well. I gave him your letter on the day of its arrival. Present my duty to my father and mother, and my love to my brothers and sisters, and other friends.

“ I am, dear Uncle,

“ Your sincerely affectionate, grateful, and dutiful nephew,

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

“ My direction is at Mrs. Rigby’s, Chiswick, near London.”