

SKETCHES
OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF CAVAN,
AND OF
Shirley Castle, in Farneg,
TAKEN DURING THE IRISH FAMINE.



BY A LOOKER-ON.

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The Author

Felix. qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

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THE HIGHLANDS OF CAVAN.

SKETCH I.

A TRAVELLER starting from the county town of Cavan, and wishing to get a correct idea of the state of things, physical and social, in the higher and poorer parts of this (once) thickly populated county, could not take a better course than to come up by the Dublin mail to Virginia, and, stopping there for the night, he might take a look in the morning at the beautiful scenery around Lough Ramor. At the upper end of the town, his eye will be taken by the view of a babbling rivulet, tumbling down a ledge of rocks, and soon disappearing under a covert of shrubs and trees, as it rolls onward, and soon loses itself in the broad expanse of Virginia's lovely lake.

Lough Ramor is one of the largest and most picturesque of our county Cavan lakes—a county which is noted for the number and variety of its loughs—it touches the town of Virginia on the South side, and extends from right to left of the town some three and a-half miles, and in several spots it spreads out more than a mile in breadth.

Numerous islets lie sprinkled upon its bosom, and are, for the most part, tufted with wood; its outlines are, in several places, considerably varied, and its shores are diversified with demesnes, plantations, fine farms, and the town of Virginia.

On the Western end, the shores are beautified by the plantations of Lord Headfort's fine deer-park, which stretches

for two miles around them, and connected with the improvements of Fort George, the residence of the rector of the parish, and also with the plantations of Fort Frederick, the beautifully situated demesne of Richard Scott, Esq.

This lake has for the last few years become famous for its regattas, which come off with great *eclat* in the month of August, and attract to its shores the rank and fashion of the county, with crowds of strangers from various parts of Ireland. But we hasten away to other scenes. The streamlet that crosses the Dublin road at the upper end of Virginia, and loses itself in the broad lake adjoining the town, may be traced along its winding course for twelve or fourteen miles, till the tourist finds himself standing at its source among the heath-clad hills and moors of the Highlands of County Cavan. Crossing over the country lying to the Eastward of Lough Ramor, the traveller meets little to attract his attention until he reaches a summit nearly midway between Virginia and Bailieborough; and there, if the day is fine and the sky clear, his eye will range over a wide and varied outline, stretching from Slieve-glagh, in the neighbourhood of Cavan, to the mountains of Mourne; and here he can see and feel the point and beauty of the poet's couplet—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes yon mountain in its azure hue."

After admiring the country around him, the traveller will soon enter the town of Bailieborough; and as this remote inland town, with its mountain scenery and crowded population, is little known, it may be right to take a look at the town itself, and, if time permitted, to make a few excursions in its neighbourhood, and give a description of its physical features, and then to tell something of the past and present condition of the people who dwell there. Bailieborough was, till of late, one of the best market towns in the county. It was, till the famine arrested its progress, a most promising and thriving place.

The weekly market is on Monday ; it is pretty well attended by the farmers for miles around, who find in it a ready sale for every kind of farm produce ; but it must be no longer concealed, there has been for the last year or two a *visible falling off* in the numbers who used to attend fairs and markets. The change for the worse is *felt* in both town and country. The introduction of the free-trade policy has *told* terribly on the agricultural population of this corn-growing district, and the loss of the potato has entirely changed the appearance of the country.

The cabins where the farm-labourers or cottiers used to dwell, have long since been deserted, and nothing remains of most of them now but a solitary gable or ruined side-wall, which may remain for years to come a memento of past neglect and mismanagement *somewhere*. Not only are the cabins of labourers abandoned, but many of the cottages of the honest and once thriving small farmers are now standing tenantless, and their quondam occupants are now *gone*, exiles in a foreign land.

We are not in a position at present to judge what our losses are in suffering this class of farmers to leave the country: and if rent and poor-rates continue to press as they have done for the last few years, it requires no prophet's eye to see that this part of the country will be left without people to till the soil ; and this great agricultural county will, in many parts, be turned into pasture grounds, and, like some parts of the West coast of Ireland, be utterly forsaken.

There seems to be some kind of infatuation over the minds of both rulers and *ruled*, in pursuing for the last five years the insane policy of keeping up in idleness great masses of the population, and feeding them first at the expense of the Treasury, from which we drew nearly ten millions one way or another, and which money must now be repaid ; and in now pressing out of the country the tenant farmers, who are at present flying their homes, rather than wait till their little all is wrested from them to pay old rents and new rates.

We are at present acting a most extraordinary part. We are keeping up in our poor-houses the idle masses, and feeding them there at a ruinous rate. *To keep the beggars, we are exiling the farmers*, and the end will be, that only two classes will be left in the country—the starving, idle population, gathered into our workhouses; and the bankrupt landlords, whose entire income will not be enough to feed and clothe the inmates of our poor-houses.

But, to return, Bailieborough, as a town, lies in the midst of hills. On the East stand Laughinlea and Taghart, the highest mountains of Cavan. From a lough-let under Taghart hill springs *one* of the head streams of the Annalee or Cootehill river, which flows into Lough Erne, and on the opposite side of the same hill rises a stream that swells into the Louth river, and empties itself into the sea above Dundalk. The *descent of these streams proves* that Bailieborough stands near the highest land in Cavan. The town lies North and South, and the main street is lined on both sides with many *new* and elegant shops, where the merchants transact, or rather used to do, a considerable business in the woollen and grocery, timber and hardware trades.

In the town there are two inns. Mr. Thomas Argue, of the Adelaide Hotel, keeps up a posting establishment, and receives, as he well deserves, a large share of public patronage. We have in the town a Court-house, with a Bridewell attached, and Bailieborough is one of the four towns in the county where the Assistant-Barrister holds quarter sessions twice in the year. The other three are Cavan, Cootehill, and Ballyconnell. It is also the station of a large police force. The constabulary are under the watchful care of a resident inspector; and we have also stationed here a strong revenue police force, whose vigilance and presence here are required to keep in check the old propensity of the natives for distilling among the mountains and bogs around the town.

To the South-west of the town, on the road from Bailie-

borough to Virginia, stands the new Fever Hospital, which is at present under the care of Dr. Moore; and a little above it rises, on the side of a bleak hill, the newly-erected Agricultural School-house, with suitable offices and farm attached. It is to be a training-school, where some six or eight pupils are to be boarded and educated under the eye of an experienced agriculturist, and taught both the theory and practice of the *modern* and scientific system of farming.

One is glad to see this new establishment erected in this neglected mountain district. It is much required here, where we are so much addicted to our old habits of thinking and doing; that we can hardly bear anything that has the look of novelty.

The farmers who lived here some sixty years ago, are said to have followed the *instincts of nature* in everything; and in the ploughing of their fields, and the threshing of their corn, they kept up their old and original plan—

" When they ploughed their fields by horses' tails,
And threshed their corn with fiery flails."

This may appear to the *moderns* ludicrous, but it was true to the letter, as we hope to show in our next.

THE HIGHLANDS OF CAVAN.

SKETCH II.

MR. EDITOR,—When I sent you my last sketch of this hill-country, I left off at Bailieborough, and should, of course, resume there, only that my business as “traveller” takes me now and then from home; and what I see on the road I wish to write down on the spot, that I may give my impressions of what I hear and see in my journeyings, when the scenes that meet my eye are fresh on my memory. This must be my apology for not explaining at present how the natives here used to thresh their corn with a fiery flail; and I must also put off till another day a further description of the town and neighbourhood of Bailieborough. My reasons for delaying to finish what I have to say of this place are simply these: On inquiry of some of the old inhabitants here, *why* the castle and town were *so named*, I was told by an old man, who had a most retentive memory, that there once lived in this place a gentleman of the name of Bailie, that he came from Scotland, built the *castle* and *town*, and gave them his *own name*—Bailie’s borough, or Bailieboro’.

Not wishing to trust to mere hearsay, I thought I would consult that surest of all authorities, History, and on looking over the events of the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, James, I find the old chronicler was right, and that on the suppression of the rebellion of Hugh O’Neill (Earl of Tyrone),

from 1602 till 1610, there were large confiscations all over Ulster; and that in Cavan, too, several of the heads of the O'Reilly septs had engaged in rebellion with O'Neill, and their lands were forfeited to the Crown; and when James succeeded in 1603, this canny Scot formed the wise design of planting Ulster with Scotch and English settlers, and among the Scotch gentlemen who came over about 1610 to County Cavan, I find the names of Bailie, Hamilton, Stewart, &c. One of these Bailies was the founder of the borough or town. He was succeeded by the Hamiltons and Stewarts, who were once the owners of the estate, and occupiers of the Castle of Bailieboro'; and many curious anecdotes are told, even to this day, of the friendly feeling and confidential intercourse which existed between good old Mr. Stewart and his tenantry. I assure you, Mr. Editor, it is a comfort to hear some of these stories, which move our deep-seated sympathies, and make us to *feel* the mighty change for the worse that time has wrought in these poverty-stricken years.

In former years, landlords and tenants met each other as mutual friends, and the owners of the soil were proud to see an honest and independent tenantry, *who spoke and acted as freemen*, and not as now, as a *servile* race, who fear the frown of an agent or a bailiff, and tremble to incur the landlord's displeasure. It is my intention, therefore, to give you, if time permit, a few of these amusing anecdotes, and to trace the onward progress of events for the last 240 years, which have seen such mighty changes all over Europe; and, after all, leave us the *physical and social features* of this part of Cavan nearly the same as they were when King James gave the forfeited estates of Cavan to the "Butlers, Parsons, Ridgeways, and Lambarts, from England and the pale; and to the Hamiltons, Bailies, and Aghmuties, from Scotland."

Some of your readers at Bailieborough, too, may be interested in reading of those bygone days, when *their forefathers* here held the land at a few shillings an acre, instead of the

high rents and rates of late paid. On my return to Bailieborough, I may have a word to say on the *statistics* of this barony of Clonkee, where I find that the grossest ignorance prevails, as the following statements prove, taken from the last census :—

Males above five years who could read and write	~ ~ ~	6,134
Ditto, ditto, who could read but not write	~ ~ ~	3,284
Ditto, ditto, who could neither read nor write	~ ~ ~	7,084
Females above five years who could read and write	~ ~ ~	2,216
Ditto, ditto, who could read but not write	~ ~ ~	4,586
Ditto, ditto, who could neither read nor write	~ ~ ~	10,312

This is a melancholy picture of our *social* system. In 1841, there were, in one barony of County Cavan, 17,396 human beings above five years of age, who *did not know* to read, and 25,266 who could *not write* their names! and, of course, *knew* little or nothing of Christianity but the name!

It would be easy to make reflections here on the *patriotism* and *piety* of the MacHale school, who would *perpetuate* this state of things, and *shut* the schools and colleges which the liberality of our Government has opened for the training of the young to read, and write, and think, and choose each for himself. But more of this anon. In the meantime, I shall take a trip to Carrickmacross, and write down what I deem worthy of notice as I go along. Carrickmacross is about ten miles from Bailieborough, and the highest parts of Cavan lie direct between these towns. There are three roads to take you from Bailieborough to Carrick; and, strange as it is to tell, the Post-office people have chosen the *hilly* road for the mail-car: and were you to travel with your paper, you would find yourself ascending, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, the steep side next Bailieborough, of Laughinlea, a mountain upwards of 1,100 feet above sea level.

From the summit of Laughinlea, the traveller has a fine view. On the West side of the mountain lies the town of Bailieborough, and a wide extent of country presents here and

there many a comfortable looking farm-house, and on the Eastern side of the mountain one looks down on Cabra Castle, lying low, and embosomed in woods. Close by the way-side, as you *near the summit* of Laughinlea, there appears a dark-looking lough-let or pond, said to be of great depth, and to have some extraordinary powers in effecting cures, &c. *From it, probably, the mountain is named.* This mountain is, to a great extent, a moor or bog, covered with heath or heather, and was let some years ago in patches to people at the enormous rent of from two pounds to two pounds ten shillings an acre!

The fact is, the *high rents* in the County Cavan originated with the *competition for land*; and as long as the *squatter* class are *accepted* as tenants, these thoughtless landowners will keep up the rent, until, in the end, the respectable people will have to leave the country, and there will be left only the two classes—the beggared squatter tenantry; and the landlord, who, in his blindness, has brought ruin on himself and the country, and then will he repent of his folly *when it is too late.*

At the base of the mountain stands prominent the *rock of Muff*, which deserves a passing notice, as a place noted in this part of the county for its *one fair* in the year. It holds on the twelfth of August, and is usually a scene of gaiety, when the Irish youth of both sexes meet to drink and dance, and prepare the way for *life unions*. Muff has now only a few cabins. In the year 1832, or 1833, there was a fierce *faction fight* in it, when the only slated house in the place was *fired* and destroyed by the fury of the assailants. These faction fights at fairs and markets are now going out of fashion. They were once quite common in County Cavan, and seem to have been the last remnant of a barbarous age.

From Muff, the road lies direct into the town of Kingscourt. From the *sound* of the *name*, one would expect to meet something *grand here*; but the traveller is sadly disappointed when he enters, to find nothing there but "*one long straggling street*;" and, bad as it was in days of yore, it is now become, physically

and *morally*, one of the most miserable towns in the county. But what is wanting *within* the town, may be *seen without* it; for immediately adjacent to the town, on the North-east, lies the extensive, richly wooded, and brilliant demense of Cabra Castle; and three and a-half miles to the West, soars the summit of Loughinlea, to the altitude of one thousand one hundred and sixteen feet above sea level; and yet over the summit of this mountain the mail-car used to pass twice a-day.

Leaving the town, therefore, as soon as the post-boy can drop the mail bag, we proceed onward towards Carrickmacross; and in passing rapidly down the hill on the East side of Kingscourt, we pass Larchfield, the residence of the world-renowned Robert Winning, of whom we have only time to ejaculate, as the car is passing—

Hei mihi, qualis erat, quantum matatus ab illo!

At the bottom of this hill there is a sharp turn to the North-eastward for Carrickmacross, and you enter an immense plain, surrounded on all sides by wooded hills; and to the right of the road, on the side of a gently rising *slope*, stands Cabra Castle, the usual residence of Colonel Pratt, the proprietor of the town of Kingscourt, and a large estate adjoining the town and castle.

Time does not admit of my lingering here; but as an inducement to some more experienced hand to visit and describe the castle and grounds around it, I transcribe here the following passage, which gives only a brief outline of what is to be seen and enjoyed in this secluded spot:—

“Cabra demense is one of the best wooded and most extensive within a large circuit of country. It has within its centre the *romantic glen of Cabra*, and possesses, in a considerable degree, almost every *natural element of fine scenery*.”

The road, now, is good, and passes through a fine country. Onward we fly, as we hasten to reach Carrickmacross in due time, half-past ten, A.M., the hour for letter delivery. A short way beyond the gate leading to Cabra Castle, we pass the

boundaries of Cavan, and enter the far-famed barony of Farney, in County Monaghan. Here Mr. Shirley's extensive estate begins, and stretches from within a short mile of Kingscourt to the village of Ballytrain, and from Shircock to Carrickmacross; being fully six miles broad from East to West, and from eight to ten long from North to South. As this paper has already exceeded my intentions when I began it, I must keep till my next what I have got to say of Farney, and its much-abused owner.

THE BARONY OF FARNEY.

SKETCH III.

MR. EDITOR—Since I came to this town of Carrickmacross, I have not been idle. Were I to write you one-half of what I have seen and heard here, it would try your patience and that of your readers to get over it; and then, again, when I look over the pages of my Lord Plunket's old almanack—history—I am really at a loss to know what I shall put down first.

This is an old place, and many a tale of former days might be told, which might well startle from their easy slumbers our modern proprietors—the old almanack tells one more than the rise and decline of families. History is the faithful record of what has been done in former days; of how they lived here when De Courcy obtained from Henry II. a grant of as much of Ulster as he could conquer; how he overran the country, and built castles there, and entrusted them to the chieftain MacMahon, whom he supposed to be worthy of his confidence. It tells us of MacMahon's rebellion: how he destroyed the castles; and how De Courcy, in attempting to reconquer, was defeated for a time, till, rising in his might, he retaliated on the rebels, and drove off large booty of cattle. I might detail for you the events of history down to the days of Talbot, the Lord Lieutenant who reduced the insurgents, and brought them under the authority of the Crown; how, in the reign of Elizabeth, the district was made county ground; and how,

towards the end of her reign, Hugh Roe MacMahon was tried for raising a rebel army, and paid the penalty of his rashness by being executed at Monaghan, in 1590.

After his execution, his lands were bestowed on some lesser septs of the MacMahon family, &c., who remained faithful, till the rebellion of Tyrone offered them the longed-for opportunity of throwing off the English yoke; and how the MacMahons of Monaghan, like the O'Reillys of Cavan, were conquered in the course of Tyrone's rebellion, and their lands taken from them and given to others. And at this day there is a large tract of land around the town of Carrickmacross, which Queen Elizabeth gave to her favourite, Essex; that this land is called Farney, and is now held by that nobleman's descendants—the Shirleys, and the Marquis of Bath.

This is a long sentence: but when I tell you that it touches some of the leading events from 1177—the year when De Courcy began to conquer in Ulster, till the end of the sixteenth century, or 1598—you must admit that I have made an effort, to compress into it the doings of upwards of four hundred years.

There is just one other event, in connexion with the name of MacMahon, which I wish to refer to before I lay aside the old almanack. In the seventh volume of "Wills' Lives of Illustrious Irishmen," I find the name of Ever MacMahon. This Ever MacMahon was a Romish Bishop of Clogher. He lived during the Irish rebellion of 1641-50. Ever was a man of talent: he was goaded on by the war faction of his day to quit his peaceful sphere of duty to become an agitator; and, though a bishop, Ever MacMahon became a general, took the field at the head of troops, and encountered the Parliamentary forces, who were men of the spirit of Cromwell's Ironsides, headed by Sir Charles Coote. The bishop was conquered, after a hard fight, disabled by many a wound, taken prisoner by Major King, from Enniskillen, and soon after hanged by order of Sir Charles Coote. "*Sic transit gloria belli!*"

Having now opened up the way to the town and barony, I shall be able to show why the town of Carrickmacross is curiously divided by a line (imaginary, of course) that runs along the principal street and divides the market-house, which stands, very awkwardly indeed, in the middle of the Main Street. The houses on the West side of the street belong to Mr. Shirley, and those on the East side to the Marquis of Bath. The barony, too, is divided into the East and West sections. Mr. Shirley's estate lies towards the County Cavan, and the Marquis of Bath's property extends towards Louth and Armagh. It is an immense district, containing 67,436 acres, and stretching ten and a-half by nine and a-half miles over. The population of the barony, in 1841, was 44,107; and I regret to find, that of this dense population there were then 27,089 who could neither read nor write! I thought the highlands of Cavan were bad, very bad, when I found, as I stated in my last, upwards of 17,000 who could not read; but Farney claims a bad pre-eminence, when its census, in 1841, shows the following frightful results:—

Males above five years who could read and write	~ ~ ~	5,100
Ditto, ditto, who could read but not write	~ ~ ~	2,600
Ditto, ditto, who could neither read nor write	~ ~ ~	11,062
Females above five years who could read and write	~ ~ ~	1,250
Ditto, ditto, who could read but not write	~ ~ ~	2,503
Ditto, ditto, who could neither read nor write	~ ~ ~	16,027

Oh! Mr. Editor, what opinion can we form of the man who, with such a mass of ignorance before his eyes, would, even if he could, deny to these poor, benighted people the means of education which the National Schools of Ireland bring within their reach? Can it be true, that at Tuam there lives a man, calling himself a Christian bishop, who, in his rage, is going about the wilds of Connaught, and shutting with his own hand the National Schools? And is this the man who, leagued with a dozen of his fellows, has proclaimed war against the

Queen's Colleges in Cork and Galway; and has taken away from the better classes of Roman Catholics themselves the liberty of thought and choice, and will deprive them of the light of science as well as of revelation? Is it not time to inquire in what state the population of the West and South of Ireland is placed by means of this arrest put on the march of knowledge? And if it be found true that any man there is for closing the National Schools and Colleges, and for shutting up the masses in the ignorance of the dark ages, let that man, be he lay or ecclesiastic, be tried as the enemy of his country, and expelled the kingdom, as a pest and nuisance to society. And as the Registrar-General is now about to take the census for 1851, I would suggest to him to carry his inquiries after the state of education in Ireland from the baronies into the parishes of the different dioceses of this part of her Majesty's dominions; and the result of Mr. Donnelly's inquiries will prove who are the best clergymen and the most useful members of society—the men who insist that Ireland's poor shall be taught to read and write, and store their minds with useful knowledge; or those mock patriots and would-be teachers, who take away the key of knowledge, and neither enter themselves nor suffer others to go into the temple of truth.

The baneful results of ignorance are felt in the barony of Farney. With 27,000 persons, nearly two-thirds of the entire population, steeped to the lips in the ignorance and barbarism of ages, we are prepared to hear that neither property nor life is held sacred. And what is the social state of Farney at this present time? Since the barbarous murder of Mr. Mauleverer, on the Eastern confines of the barony, Mr. Kenny, a Roman Catholic gentleman, and a magistrate, has been shot at in his own hall; and, as a consequence, the respectable people of the place are now paying a very large sum to keep up a numerous police force, which, by the order of the Government, has been drafted into and stationed within the barony, in order to protect life and property. But it seems it is all in vain. It is

only ten days since a second murder was committed on the West side of Carrick, and within a short mile of the town. A country lad, returning from town with his mother, at the close of the day, was murdered in her presence by another countryman, who knocked him down on the road, and, giving him a kick in the neck, killed him on the spot, and walked off without being known or arrested: the murderer is still at large, and, it may be, will continue so. The people in the district are saying it was only an accident.

When, therefore, people at a distance hear a loud outcry against the landlords of Farney, and specially against Mr. Shirley, before he is condemned he should be heard; and what he has to say for himself should be made known, and weighed well before he is brought in as the only guilty party for the ruined state of Farney. That the Shirley estate is greatly wasted since the famine began, is a fact which cannot be denied. The stranger who passes through the Farney estate, will find that more than one-half of the cabins that were once occupied are now roofless; and, what is worse, the honest and industrious farmers are now oppressed to keep up in the poor-house the masses of pauperism which are now stowed within the Carrickmacross workhouse. Nay, Mr. Shirley himself is beginning to feel the fatuity of the course pursued; for it takes some £3,000 or £4,000 a-year to pay his part of the poor-rates. The truth is, there has been gross mismanagement of the land property during the long years whilst the potato grew; and Ireland owes to the potato and the con-acre a surplus population of two or three millions, which came with, and must go with, the potato.

The squatter class of cottiers and small farmers could not live in this land without the potato; and now, that God, the all-wise and all-powerful ruler of the earth, has stopped the growth of ignorance and crime, by suspending for a time the laws of vegetable life, and the potato will no longer grow to feed an uneducated and wicked population, we must be con-

tent with the wise arrangement of Providence, and adopt our course of action to the altered circumstances of society.

Mr. Shirley's foible lies in his not weighing well in his own mind the meaning of the old saying, "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*." In good times, when the market price of wheat and other land produce ranged high, the lands on the Shirley estate were let at moderate rents. As a proof of this, Mr. Shirley points his maligners to the well-known fact, that the tenant-right on his estate brought beyond £20 an acre to the out-going tenant; and at all times Mr. Shirley recognised and allowed the Ulster Tenant-Right. To this day he maintains it, and glories in the fact, that he always allowed his tenants to sell their interest in their farms, subject only to the wise precaution: that a good tenant, going out, should, in justice to his landlord, leave a decent and solvent tenant in his place. With this understanding, Mr. Shirley allowed his tenants to sell.

He is now in the midst of trouble. Nearly one-fourth of his estate is lying waste, and no respectable tenants will take the land on the terms he would wish to let it at. He still insists on old rents. When every thing is changing, his old rents alone remain unchanged. The tenant-right that used to bring £20 an acre to the out-going tenant, would not now bring so many shillings, as no sane man would buy the tenant-right of land, which, with our present low markets, is rented fully one-third too high since wheat has fallen to twenty shillings a barrel. The result is, that some are now thinking Mr. Shirley will persevere in his old stand-still way, until his last respectable tenant is gone; and that, when his eyes are opened by the dread realities, he will order his estate to be re-valued, and offer it, when too late, to tenants at its real value. For his own sake, we would hope he will no longer pursue this unwise course. I have heard several of his most respectable tenants complain of the burthen of rents and poor-rates; and it is no longer made a secret by them, that, if he does not re-value and

reduce his lands, in Ireland, they will not stay. There is, unhappily, a feeling creeping over the spirits of men; that there is some kind of fatality blinding the minds and hardening the hearts of men in this age; that the result of our political strifes and bad measures will end in a general bankruptcy; and honest men, foreseeing the convulsion, are flying the country in good time.

Were Mr. Shirley to consider the condition of society, to examine with his own eyes, and judge by personal observation the state of his tenantry, he would likely see that now is the time to sympathise with and cheer on honest and industrious tenants, many of whom still live in Farney; and were he to re-value his estate, and let it out in large farms, of from thirty to fifty acres, to solvent tenants, on terms that would enable them to live respectably on his land, my conviction is, that the Shirley estate could still be occupied; and in a few years a new class of tenant farmers would rise upon it, who would pay him without trouble, cost, or bad feeling, the value of the land. That value must now be fixed by the market price of the land produce; and as the repeal of the corn laws may now be regarded as a "great fact," the hope of protection is a mere phantom. The landlords of Ireland have now a good opportunity of doing an act of justice, by meeting the wishes and necessities of their oppressed tenants, and doing themselves, what others are looking to the Legislature to force the landlords to do. I never liked force in any thing, whilst rational and gentle means could avail; and my conviction is, that were Mr. Shirley to act on the hint thrown out, he would, in a short time, become one of the most popular landlords in the province. Why do I say so? For this reason: that I know Mr. Shirley to be a kind-hearted and benevolent man; and were there mutual good-will, and confidence, and friendly intercourse between him and his tenants, Mr. Shirley would soon regain that lost power over the minds of his tenants, which he feels, when he states that his tenants oppose his wishes in every

thing. This is, indeed, manifest in the wretched way the poor law is administered in the Carrick union, where the property of the barony is now in the hands of a mobocracy, who neither represent nor protect the property of the union. Mr. Shirley and the higher ratepayers complain, and justly, too, that, owing to the flaw in the Act, which lets in as voters the squatter class of tenants—being leaseholders as low as one acre—neither he nor his respectable tenants can get their property represented or protected; and the consequence is, that, in the hands of guardians put in by the squatter class, every kind of lavish expenditure is going on within the workhouse, and there is no help from the Commissioners. The Poor Law Commissioners have the power to remedy this crying evil. By a clause, which was introduced last year, for the purpose of keeping out of our board-rooms men of this low grade, the Commissioners possess a discretionary power over the property qualifications of guardians, by which they can raise it from £20 to £50. They have used the power in the Bailieborough union, and they should use it also in Carrickmacross, and extend it in both these unions to £40, or even £50; for the very purpose of putting an end to selfish jobbing, and getting in men of high principle, who would scorn to pervert the funds of the poor, to serve themselves or their partisans. But here I shall cease for the present, and in my next I will give you a sketch of Shirley Castle.

SHIRLEY CASTLE.

SKETCH IV.

THE town of Carrickmacross stands on the mail coach road from Dublin to Londonderry: that is, the Dublin mail used to pass through this town until the opening, a few years since, of the Castleblayney Railway; since that, the mail travels by steam, and not by horse power.

The opening of the Castleblayney line has not served Carrickmacross. There is a feeling here, as well as elsewhere, that the railways injure, instead of serving, every town they merely touch at. Be this as it may, the ceasing of the coaches to pass up and down through Carrick, has completely knocked up the Shirley Arms Hotel; and its proprietor, Mr. Rennick, has felt it his interest no longer to hold it; as the establishment, with the rack-rented land attached to it, would not be self-supporting any longer. This has induced Mr. Rennick, very reluctantly, I believe, to give up business in the town and retire to the country, where he has taken a large farm of land, with Loughderry House, and intends to leave Carrickmacross as soon as he can get his affairs wound up. It is but justice to Mr. Shirley to say here, that he built the hotel, and gave it to Mr. Rennick at a nominal rent, and, even so, it will no longer pay. The reason of Mr. Rennick's retirement is in part owing to the falling off of business. Since the coaches have ceased to run, there is very little posting to be done; but

his chief motive for leaving the estate is the rack-rents, which Mr. Shirley still keeps up on the lands around the town, where the inhabitants are charged so high as three or four pounds an acre.

This rent can be no longer paid out of the produce of the soil; and as Mr. Rennick had to hold a large quantity of land, in order to furnish his establishment with hay and oats, &c., whilst gentlemen travelled up and down through Carrickmacross, and took his servants and horses, to forward them on their journey, the falling off in this line of business, since the running of the trains at Castleblayney, has left Mr. Rennick no power in the matter. He has to give up the Shirley Arms Hotel, principally on account of the appendages that are attached to it. The hotel will not pay the rack-rents on the lands that Mr. Rennick has to hold in connexion with it.

Besides the high rents, the people here have got the new and distressing impost of poor-rates, which, in this union, are rising from three shillings to five shillings in the pound; and bid fair to lay waste, not only the country around Carrickmacross, but even the town itself. This is a pity. It is a fine old town: there is something in the very look of the place. Standing on a gentle eminence, its Main Street is almost always clean and dry. The very atmosphere, in this dry, limestone soil, is warm and healthy; and any one who has walked the roads about the town, must have felt something of the cheering and bracing effects which a pure and salubrious atmosphere has on the health and spirits.

The Main Street runs from North to South. It is remarkable for its width and white hue, owing to the limestone gravel which is used in keeping it in good repair. It is lined on both sides with several fine houses. There is a branch of the National Bank on the Shirley side of the town. There also stands Mr. Gartland's palace-like town residence. The Gartlands, of Carrickmacross, have realised a fortune here. They keep up still a brewery and distillery in this place; and

their success in business is a good deal owing to the energy of their character, and the business habits for which the family has long been distinguished. Adjacent to the town, on the West side, stand Shirley House and offices, where the agent of the estate usually resides, and collects the rents of this once prosperous estate. But even here there is a sad falling off of late.

The other side of the street belongs to the Marquis of Bath, and does not seem to be so well built or richly tenanted as Mr. Shirley's side of the town. One of the most active merchants, who lived on the Bath side, gave up business a year ago, and left the town, saying, that, since the potato blight, every thing here, too, was changing for the worse; and the ladies and gentlemen, who used to deal in his fine cloth establishment, were not patronising him as they used to do, and that prudence told him it was time to leave.

At the South end of the town stands, facing the Main Street, the fine old Church of Magheross, the old name of the parish; and at the opposite end rises the new Court-house, with the Shirley Arms Hotel standing close by it. The view between is sadly obstructed by an old, dingy market-house, which stands near the middle of the Main Street, and is surely little in keeping with the fine taste shown elsewhere.

Carrickmacross is forty miles from Dublin; and, since the stopping of the mail and day coach, travellers to town go by car to Inniskeen, the nearest railway station, and about five miles from Carrickmacross. There the Dublin train takes them up to town; and those who travel Northward go down by train to Castleblayney, thence by car to Armagh, and there the Belfast trains meet them.

The town of Carrickmacross is said to have been originally built by an old Irish chieftain of the name of Ross, and the tradition is certainly supported by the name it bears. Carrick, in Irish, means rock; mac is son—the well-known Scotch and Irish prefix—pointing out the family feeling for a son and heir.

The word, then, means, in plain English, the Rock of Macross, or the Son of Ross: who this Ross was, my old almanack does not tell.

The carrick, or rock, from which the town takes a part of its name, was, probably, on or near its site; and it is likely it was a white or limestone rock, as this locality is famous for its fine white limestone, which is so cheap here, that the streets of the town, and the roads all around it, are kept in repair with limestone gravel.

After this rather lengthy preface, we may now proceed to give a slight sketch of Loughfea House, or, as strangers use to call it, Shirley Castle, which stands on a gentle eminence, about a mile South of the town. I have often wondered why so little is known about this tasteful edifice. Why, even in the adjoining County of Cavan, you will meet with many persons in the higher walks of life, who never saw or even heard of this beautiful building, with its ornate pleasure-grounds. The reason probably is, its newness. This castle has risen to view within the last thirty years. Evelyn John Shirley, Esq., the present owner, is an English gentleman, whose ancestors have held the West section of Farney, from the reign of Elizabeth down; and there is a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Carrickmacross, called Essexford, which tells plainly the relation of the Shirley family to the famous Lord Essex, whose life and death are well known to the reader of English and Irish story.

It is about forty years now since the estate came into the hands of the present Mr. Shirley, and in 1810 there was no castle at Loughfea. Mr. Shirley at first rented a house in the neighbourhood of his estate, and afterwards lived for many years at a neat cottage, which he had put up near where the castle now stands, and which served for an Autumnal retreat for himself and family, when they visited their Irish estate.

There are many here who well remember the time when the cattle grazed on the green sward, where now stands Shirley Castle, with its splendid baronial hall, with its turrets and

lofty tower. From 1826 to 1846, all about this rising castle was a scene of activity; and Mr. Shirley, though he lives a good part of his time at the family mansion in Eatonton Park, Warwickshire, has shown, in building this costly structure, that a gentleman may live in England a part of his time, and yet spend on his Irish estate a large portion of the money he derives from it. He, for one, would not have it said that his Irish rental was all spent in England. In the building of Loughfea House, Mr. Shirley spared neither time, nor toil, nor gold; and during the twenty years in which it was in building, the passing visitor might truly say—

" Here wealth still pours its golden tide,
As busy toil its labour plies :
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance with grandeur rise."

The castle stands on an eminence of gentle slope, overlooking Loughfea, a lake of considerable size (eighty acres), within the demesne, and lying to the South of the castle. The road from Kingscourt to Carrickmacross touches for nearly a mile the demesne wall, and from it, as you travel from Kingscourt, a fine view may be had of the castle and the grounds. However, it is not the best view in the neighbourhood. It is as you stand on the high hill, called the Lurgans, to the West of the town, and overlooking the castle and its spacious grounds, that a full view might be taken of the enchanting scene.

From a freestone quarry, in the immediate neighbourhood, the stone was taken to build this family residence. The walls are built of red and white sandstone, which were cut by stonemasons, brought here from Scotland, for the purpose of cutting them into all shapes and sizes required for the building.

The castle is built entirely of solid, cut stone, and is, in my opinion, a unique in its way. The style is Elizabethan, and was adopted probably in preference to any other, in remembrance of that renowned Queen, who gave the Farney estate to Lord Essex; and this historical association is to be seen also

within the castle, where the eye of the visitor will be caught by the close juxtaposition of two portraits, which adorn the walls of one of the rooms in the castle.

The castle itself is of moderate size. The apartments are rather small for a great castle. It seems to have been built piecemeal, and without any original plan. The grand entrance looks to the North-west; and as you approach the door on your right, rises the baronial hall; and on your left is a small, modest-looking chapel, where family worship is kept up during the Autumnal visits of Mr. Shirley's family, from England.

After you enter within the hall, your eye is taken with a marble bust of the Iron Duke, whose stern features and aquiline nose point out the hero of a hundred fights: the conqueror of the victor at Austerlitz, who was once puffed up with the thought that he was invincible, and the equal of Charlemagne or Alexander—

" Beneath whose broad footsteps the Ganges was dry,
And the mountains recoiled at the flash of his eye."

You pass on into the dining-room; from it you enter the saloon; and by a folding door you pass from the saloon into the grand drawing-room, with its gilt ceiling and rich decorations. They all stand in a line, and look out on the sunny South. On that side, too, lie the pleasure-grounds and flower-garden, which advance to the very terrace that runs round the castle, and which grounds are varied and adorned with every thing that taste and skill can do. The drawing-room is on the South-west end of the castle, and the view from its Western window is strikingly grand.

In the distant horizon rise the highlands of Cavan, and nearer home appear the wooded hills around Kingscourt; whilst the adjoining lake, under your eye, within the very demense, gives variety and grandeur to the wide-extended scene. The eye within the castle ranges over mountain and valley, wood and water, the black heath and the verdant plain, all of which are

to be seen, with their mental associations, as you stand looking out from the saloon and drawing-room of Loughfea Castle.

From the tower, which overtops the castle on the East end, there is another and more extended view. This tower commands a widening prospect over parts of four counties. On the East stretches Louth, with its fine lands; and to the South and West lie Meath and Cavan; whilst the North view takes in a large extent of this once populous estate of Farney, now lying in many parts waste, with its roofless cabins and deserted homesteads.

To a sentimental observer, standing on the top of this tower, the contrast will appear very striking between the poverty and wretchedness of the country lying desolate before him, with its hunger-bitten population: some gone, others ready to go, and many already gone and immured within the poor-house; and this splendid family mansion, whose owner could once boast of a rental of £24,000 a-year, paid by the tenants on this vast estate, which, up to the famine, was peopled by hundreds of small farmers and cottiers, who have long since disappeared off the soil, who, as they came with, had, in like manner, to go with the potato. The tenants who, in good times, supplied the means of building and finishing this costly edifice, with all its splendid decorations, are long since fled: many of them to America, and some of them to the poor-house, where crowds of indigent small holders are at present immured, wasting their useless days in one of those modern castles, built for paupers, at the North-west end of Carrickmacross; and in which they must now be supported at an enormous expense to the landlord, and to the ruin of a handful of tenant farmers, who still survive, few and far between, on the Shirley estate. Each successive year is witnessing a fresh swarm of houseless and helpless paupers leaving their miserable homes, and seeking food and clothing within the union workhouse; these unfortunates must be fed there, and there they are doomed to lie,

"A useless burthen on the land."

The expense of keeping up them and their poor-house staff is now creeping up to £10,000 a-year; and if things continue to press downward, as they are likely, these paupers, with their costly keepers, will consume the greater part of the income of this estate, and leave its benevolent owner to struggle with the exigencies of these wretched days.

But we must return to the castle. The baronial hall is a splendid building, standing to the North-west of the castle, and forming quite a distinct edifice from the house itself. The hall was built since the castle was finished, and it is only a few years since the finishing hand was put to it. The hall, as well as the castle, is built of solid cut stone. The only difference between them is, that it is the white sandstone that was used for building the hall, with an intermixture here and there of a few stones of the red. The castle walls are mostly built of the red sandstone, which, being unmixed with the white, gives the castle an old and ochre-like appearance.

There is a great deal, of course, in the mind itself to bring up ideas; but no one can pass up the wide area that stretches in front of the castle, and along the side of this noble hall, without thinking of the Irish harp—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed."

The corridor, that serves as a sort of vestibule to the hall, is entered on the South-east end by two doors; one opening on the terrace that runs round the South-west end of the castle, and leads to the beautiful garden and pleasure-grounds in front of it; the other door connects the hall with the castle, and serves as a private entrance for the members of the family, who can pass from the drawing-room into the hall by this secret door, which lies hid in one of the corner projections of the castle.

This private door is a double one; and on passing through it, you find yourself in a kind of corridor, or vestibule, which

lies low, as a passage between the castle and the lofty hall; in this glass-lit apartment there are some rare exotics, and the view from this spot is very fine. As he enters the hall from this vestibule, the visitor is struck with its vast dimensions—its length, and width, and height. Here, Mr. Shirley, on a late occasion, entertained his few remaining respectable tenants; and some two or three years since he showed that magnificence and splendid hospitality which he intended should be often seen there, when he planned and built this tasteful hall.

Here, too, one gets some idea of the grandeur and style of living in the good olden times, when barons bold, and ladies bright, used to meet in the festal hall, and exhibit that splendour so lauded by bards of old, and which, in our poor times, appear like the fictions of romance—

“Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms; while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry.”

But here, Mr. Editor, I must break off for the present; and, if you can afford me room next week, I will try and finish what I have got to say of this enchanting spot.

SHIRLEY CASTLE.

SKETCH V.

THE baronial hall, which we are now going to enter, is a very splendid structure. The appearance of it, as you stand looking at it from without, is very grand and imposing; and when the visitor enters, he finds every thing within it in keeping with the name and place.

It is fitted up with furniture of an antique appearance, richly decorated with carving, and the floors, tables, chairs, &c., are all of oak, and the eye of the curious is attracted by the new and out-of-the-fashion grates, which the owner's ingenuity has invented, and the skilful hands of his own blacksmith have forged, for the rooms of the establishment. Along the East side of the hall runs a secret gallery, where the inmates of the castle can enter without being much noticed; and there it was that the ladies, on a late occasion, sat looking down on Mr. Shirley and his tenants at dinner below, and during their after dinner speeches.

In this grand hall it was that the annual agricultural dinner took place, on the tenth of October last, when the Messrs. Shirley, father and son, sat down to dinner with about fifty of their best and most respectable tenants; on which occasion I observe that Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley made a speech, in which he complains bitterly of the injustice done his father by our tenant-right declaimers.

It is to be lamented that clergymen, above all men, should

have singled out Mr. Shirley as the object of their public attacks; and, without knowing the real state of things, indulged in violent invective, heaping contumelies on him as the worst of landlords, and exposing Farney as the worst managed estate in Ulster. The younger Mr. Shirley, in responding to a toast, retorted with considerable point on their calumniators; and as his words corroborate some of my own impressions, I give an extract from his speech, to show that other causes are at work for the ruin of Farney besides bad landlordism:—

"Forty years," says Mr. Shirley, "have elapsed since my father came into this property; and I challenge contradiction when I assert, that during that time there has not been a harsh act done, which could possibly be avoided. . . . Was he, then, a man to be held up to the aim of the assassin, because, through the failure of the potato crop, the abolition of the corn laws, and other causes, their tenant-right, which had always been acknowledged on this estate, had been so far reduced that it could not find a purchaser? . . . Was it his fault, when they were so far sunk that they could neither support themselves nor pay any rent, he should relieve them by sending them abroad, at vast expense, to countries where they would be able to live far better than here? . . . I need not say any more," concludes Mr. Shirley, "but I hope to follow his example, and that it would be imitated to the third and fourth generation."

Within the hall, the stranger is struck with the number and variety of the portraits. There figure prominently the kings of England of the Stuart line. James, the pedantic monarch, is mounted over your head, as you enter the hall; and opposite the father, sits his unfortunate son, the first Charles, whose wan and care-worn visage

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

On right and left, as you advance up the hall, are suspended many fine and costly paintings, which the lovers of the fine

arts must come here to admire, as I have neither time nor taste enough to admire myself, and describe in such a way as would meet the requirements of the amateurs in this department. I may state, however, for the information of strangers, who may hereafter wish to visit this fine castle, with its brilliant scenery, that hitherto no respectable person has been denied access to it, or gone away disappointed of seeing it. With his characteristic courtesy, Mr. Shirley has allowed free access on certain days in each week to even the interior of the house; and unless some unworthy parvenus intrude, or some rudeness is shown, or outrage committed by strangers coming to see it, it is likely Shirley Castle will continue to be open to the eye of the public.

In the entrance hall of the castle I observe a visitor's book; and in it may be seen the names of ladies and gentlemen, far off and near hand, who have been attracted here by the fame of this ornate structure, which wants only time to rank it with some of the finest and most celebrated of Ireland's castles. The fact is, the building itself is new, but the family who raised it is old, and in the furnishing and adorning of its rooms and walls they have spared no expense. Mr. Shirley is himself a man of refined taste and feeling, and he has collected here a great number of antique pieces of furniture.

Italy has been laid under contribution, and Rome itself may have furnished several articles for the ornamenting of Shirley Castle. During the years the building was going on, Mr. Shirley had a *virtuoso* busy through Italy; and one of the pieces of ancient workmanship which came here from Italy, may now be seen in the dining-room. It is the representation of an Eastern caravan, cut in oak, and serving now as the parlour chimney-piece in Shirley Castle. This antique suggests the visit to Jerusalem of the Eastern Magi, when they came to see the new-born King of the Jews, whose star, at its rising, they had seen, and came to lay at his feet their most precious gifts.

In the library, too, another piece of antique furniture is shown. It is a cabinet of oak, and of exquisite workmanship; and it is said that this cabinet was two hundred years ago in the possession of Oliver Cromwell. It contains three hundred and sixty-five drawers, and is really a curiosity. Its historic associations, too, are singularly striking. Why is it here? How does it come to pass that this curious piece of mechanism, which once belonged to the regicide, is now in the very library of an ancient English family, all whose leanings are now towards royalty, and of course opposed to the line of policy which the man, Oliver, felt compelled to adopt in the hour of England's danger?

The moment I first saw and heard of this memento of Cromwell's days, I said, this is strange, that so staunch a royalist as Mr. Shirley should suffer in his house any article that ever belonged to a regicide. But here, again, my Lord Plunket's old almanack came to my aid, and at once removed my difficulty. History tells us that a bold attempt was made by the native Irish in 1641, and onwards to 1650, to murder or eject all the English and Scotch families, high and low, that had gotten possession of forfeited lands during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and when I find that Ever MacMahon (who claimed to be one of the representatives of the Farney MacMahons) entered the field of battle, and, though a bishop, fought at the head of rebels; and that he was met and conquered by the armies of the Commonwealth; and that Sir Charles Coote, who ordered the rebel bishop to be hanged, was one of Cromwell's fiercest generals, I at once saw the reason why Cromwell's oak cabinet is kept as a memento in Loughfea House. And I cannot but admire the good taste and feeling shown by the Shirley family, in keeping and preserving this beautiful cabinet as a family relic, to serve as a memorial of that illustrious man, who, in the hour of Ireland's peril, came to the rescue of his countrymen and co-religionists; and, by his wise policy and heroic doings, taught the rebels of 1641 that

Englishmen, though slow to move and not easily roused, yet, when provoked by outrages and murders, such as happened then, can be lashed into fury, and then the lion that is set to defend the British throne and the rights civil and religious of the inhabitants of this great and free country, can rouse himself, and roar so terrific as to make the beasts of the forest tremble.

Had Ever MacMahon and the war-faction of his day succeeded in their treacherous designs, Farney would have gone out of the hands of the ancestors of the Shirley family; and it speaks well for the sensibility and gratitude of this ancient stock, to find in their new castle at Loughfea the old cabinet that once belonged to England's noble-minded Protector. His illustrious name and merits have long lain hid beneath the calumnies and misrepresentations of faction; but his real character is now beginning to shine out from under the heaps of odium that have been piled over him by blinded royalists, such as Johnson, and selfish fawning bishops; and in the hands of such a vindicator as Thomas Carlyle, Oliver Cromwell's worth as a man, a warrior, and a statesman, will continue to shine on the page of history, "and to cheer our hearts and nerve our arms in this, the hour of England's danger, when the same low faction are again at work to corrupt our faith and rob us of our liberties, civil and religious, by reducing us once more under the thralldom of Italian priests and their debasing mummeries."*

In passing through the other apartments of the castle, we observed, in the study especially, a strange medley of heathen gods and goddesses, pictured out to the eye in striking contrast with the images of the Virgin Mary and her Son; and the numerous crucifixes there in picture brought up to our feelings

* The words quoted were in my MS., but were left out by the Editor, for fear of offending the Irish priests and their partizans, who were the principal readers of the *Anglo-Celt*, in 1850.

an apprehension, that some one who delights in such images, and lives here, may have studied at Oxford, and, whilst there, may have imbibed a little of the semi-popery which Pusey, Newman, and Company, were careful to infuse into the minds of unsuspecting juveniles.

These pictures are, in our opinion, edged tools, which one can hardly use without having his mind and heart wounded, or, it may be, poisoned by their vulgarising associations. What has befallen the unfortunate Spencers and Wilberforces of our day, should serve as a warning to our half-educated or mis-educated gentry, to beware of toying too freely with these Icones.

Superstition is said to be fitly represented by an old hermit riding on an ass, and this old gentleman is very busy going about in our day. Wherever he gets admission, he drags the intellect, blinds the mind, and puts an end to all healthy mental exercises, and fixes thought and feeling on the most contemptible objects—

" Oh ! who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?"

In Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," it is remarked that he died with his memory full of what he saw when at Rome, where he had heard the "Stabat mater dolorosa" performed with great theatrical effect; and it took such hold upon his exuberant imagination, that he never got rid of the impression made on his senses, but retained it to his dying hour. This he got by attending theatres and cathedral services. From what is happening at Oxford, and elsewhere, the wise fathers of our land should take care, and remove from the eyes of their children every thing which has a tendency to weaken the intellect, and create a spurious sentimentalism.

We have now taken a view of the castle and its baronial hall, and should not forget what is to be seen on the outside,

in the beautiful pleasure-grounds near hand it, and in the wide and tastefully laid out demesne all around it.

There is a delicious parterre, lying spread out under the windows of the saloon and dining-room; and beyond these flower-beds, and out of sight of the lower windows, lie sheltered, on East and West, the pleasure-grounds, tastefully planted with shrubs and evergreens; and just under the tower, at the East end of the castle, is the vinery, where, in Autumn, may be seen the clustering grapes, and where wine may be tasted, the produce of our own green isle, and racy of the soil.

Among the trees and shrubs that grow here, we find several marked "American," and there is a great variety in the species of evergreens. Conspicuous among them appears the cypress, which meets the eye at every turn; and its frequency would almost tempt one to think that this emblem of man's mortal state is planted so near the footpath, and so thick, for the express purpose of reminding all who may tread the walks, and admire the beauties of this terrestrial paradise, that every thing here, too, will one day wear old and fade, and that its sweetest flowers will soon droop and die.

Every one knows that the cypress, when once cut, will not spring again and shoot up from the old stock; and in this respect it points rich and poor alike to the deadness of the tomb, and brings up in vivid recollection

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

This has been finely imagined, and pointedly, as well as tastefully, expressed by an old acquaintance, whose words are familiar to every school-boy—

"Linguenda tellus et domus et placeus,
Uxor neque harum, quas colis, arborum,
Te præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

Which has been thus happily translated by Francis—

"The pleasing consort must be left;
And you, of castle, lands bereft,
Must to the shades descend.
The cypress only, hated tree
Of all thy much-loved shrubs, shall thee
Its short-lived Lord attend."

Did time and space admit, we might say something more of these grounds; but enough has been shown to invite the curious or tasteful visitor to come here, and see and enjoy what may be found. The demesne extends nearly a mile to the East, and is said to contain nine hundred acres, with a lake of eighty acres, shining, as an eye, in the landscape. The planting is but young; but it is rising fast, and likely soon to hide from view the castle. The undulations of the ground are very pleasing, and the pencil could easily be employed in taking some brilliant sketches of the surrounding scenery. But I must conclude with a melancholy reflection, that here, whilst every prospect pleases, man is still vile. That vileness is based on his ignorance and erroneous training; and Farney, with its twenty-seven thousand, who cannot write their name, and do not know a letter in a book, must continue vile until education and the Christian religion shall soften and humanise feeling, and bring its population to fear God, and honour the laws both human and divine. In my next, I purpose giving a sketch of the social state of Farney and Carrickmacross; and, in the meantime, I close with saying that, in my eyes, Shirley Castle, taking it all in all, stands a unique in this part of Ireland.

SEQUEL TO THE FIFTH SKETCH.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ANGLO-CELT."

ONE of the greatest blessings of our age and country, is the freedom of the press, and yet this vast boon is daily abused. If what a Paris correspondent of a London paper writes home is true, the liberty of the press in France is a sad misnomer; liberty in France has degenerated into licentiousness, and Louis Napoleon and his Assembly have acted wisely in putting a check on the scribbling propensities (the old *cacoethes scribendi*) of the Paris letter-men and their *respectable* correspondents.

What opinion are we to form of both head and heart of such worthies as stand pictured to our minds in the *Anglo-Celt* of the 12th instant, writing, from a beer-shop or low public-house, the most violent tirades against such men as Lord Palmerston, in England, and Nesselrode, in Russia, and then think of the Paris journals, that give place to such stuff in their leading columns? It is likely that these are the parties who, spread all over the Continent of Europe, are carrying on a base conspiracy against all *forms* of government, and by

* This article, on "The Freedom of the Press," was addressed to the Editor of the *Anglo-Celt*, in reply to his expressing regret that any eulogy of Cromwell should appear in his Celtic paper.

poisoning the popular feeling by their insidious misrepresentations, are trying to bring about a change in every State where they are suffered to remain.

In England—the home of freedom—this is not the case at present. We find at the press, both in Ireland and Great Britain, men of first-rate abilities, whose minds have been thoroughly cultivated and sown with the early seeds of letters and science; and were we able to say that their feelings were softened, and rendered gentle and kind by the humanising influences of genuine religion; and that they were raised above the motives of time, and place, and party connexions, and plied their pens and thoughts for the good of their country and species, we could fully understand the meaning and force of the following glowing eulogy from the pen of Dr. Chalmers, written a short time before his death:—

“The very newspapers of our day teem with eloquence of the highest orders, insomuch that were one to compile a volume of extracts, under the title of beauties or specimens of the British classics, he need be at no loss to find editorial articles in some of our leading journals, which outrival the finest paragraphs of Johnson, or Milton, or Addison. They are exactly such effusions as might be expected from the highest minds, lured into the service of great capitalists and proprietors, by offers of the highest remuneration; and so, if the subject happen to be one which they have mastered, and thoroughly studied in all its bearings, we are presented with compositions, which, in respect of matter, are characterised by a deep and sound philosophy; and which, in respect of style, charm and even astonish the reader by the magical powers and combinations of a most fertile and expressive phraseology. It is thus that, while powerful organs for giving a right direction to popular and public sentiment, they may be alike powerful in giving currency and diffusion to error, and in maintaining, for a time at least, the ascendancy of a mischievous delusion over the understandings of the community at large.”

As every good thing is liable to abuse, so is the freedom of the press. It should, therefore, be the object of the community, that supports this powerful machinery for the instruction and enlightenment of mankind, to extend their patronage to the journalist who acts in all things a conscientious part, and makes the interests and liberties of his country and the world the great aim of all his thinking and writing. There is nothing more disgusting than a *venal* press; and next to the venal comes in order the *servile* press. One of the evils of our day, and which checks no little the freedom of thought and feeling, is the unhappy connexions, *political* and *religious*, which the conductors of the press form for themselves, and by which they are spell-bound, and move in fetters all their days of toil and nights of study: and, perhaps, the best or only way of emancipating the press from these trammels is, for the reading public to encourage only the men of a thorough education, who are raised by it above every thing low and selfish—men of really liberal, and not *licentious* principles, who take their stand at the press free and unpledged, and resolved to be free; making it the object of their life to enlighten and enlarge the thoughts, and to purify and soften the moral sentiments of the reading community. Such editors will act a manly part, in trying to stop and correct the abuses in the working and administration of the laws of our land. It is only through a free press that the obliquities and errors of our lawmakers and the executive government can be rectified and effectually exposed; and one of the greatest calamities that can befall a free people, is to put an arrest on their free thoughts and emotions. A *venal* press is a disgrace to the people who support it; and it will, in the end, *demoralise* and ruin its wretched victims, both within and without.

ELEUTHEROS.

SOCIAL STATE OF FARNEY AND CARRICKMACROSS.

SKETCH VI.

MR. EDITOR,—In the five sketches already published, I have been describing as well as I could the physical state of the highlands of Cavan and the adjoining barony of Farney; and as I may not have an opportunity of again visiting for some time this neighbourhood, I think it better to try and finish all I have got to say on it, and not to leave it without saying something of the moral and social condition of its population: I shall then drop my pen, and leave both the place and people to be described by some abler hand, that may come to see and sketch them after I am gone.

From the present disorganised state of this barony, it is easy to perceive that its social condition is not what it ought to be; and though we may differ in opinion as to the real cause of the disorganization and ruin now going on, all must admit that things cannot continue as they are, without, in the end, bringing on a crisis, or, it may be, a social revolution in the history of our country. The fact is, we have reached a turning point; and Ireland must either rise in the moral and intellectual scale, or sink under the weight of its ignorance, superstition, and crimes.

Things here are in a very uncomfortable state: murder after murder has occurred, and the laws of the land are found to be

utterly inadequate to avenge the blood spilt, or strike terror into the hearts of the assassins. On the Eastern confines of Farney, Mr. Mauleverer was brutally butchered last Summer, as he was travelling on the high road; and what makes his murder more appalling, is the fact, that it took place at noon, and before the eyes of the country people, who were all around busy in the fields, whilst two or three ruffians were, with their bludgeons, battering out his brains; and, their work being done, they walked off, and escaped, owing to the sympathy of the peasantry with their blood-stained fellows. The cruel butchery of this gentleman is still fresh in memory; and though the Government had, it is believed, his assassins in the dock, yet the law officers of the Crown failed to convince the jury, at Armagh, that they were the very identical murderers. From the evidence, which was published at the time of trial, one would suspect that some of our jurymen are capable of being blinded by prejudice, and of sympathizing with their fellows in politics or religion. Since the fall of Mr. Mauleverer, who was a Protestant, an attempt has been made on the life of Mr. Kenny, of Rocksavage, a Roman Catholic and a magistrate, who is a landlord that resides among them, and is said to be very fond of popularity; and yet this gentleman had his coat pierced by slugs, fired at him as he walked through his own hall; and the object of the villains, it seems, was to intimidate him, and to force him to reduce his high-rented lands; and in this they have succeeded to their heart's desire, for it is generally believed here, that it was the attempt made on his life by these cold-blooded ruffians, that frightened Mr. Kenny, and made him send for his tenants a few days after he was fired at, and reduced his rents fully twenty per cent. From every thing, then, that appears at present, these brutal murders, that have disgraced this part of the country, are to be traced to the tenure of land, and the uncomfortable state in which the owners and occupiers of the soil stand in relation one to the other; and this being the case, we may now proceed to inquire how it has happened

that landlord and tenant are become foes, instead of being as they were of old, mutual friends and benefactors.

The reason of this change of feeling lies in the change of our circumstances; and as the potato has created a surplus population of two or three millions, the squatters that came with the potato must now leave with it the land, which refuses to feed them since the potato has failed them. Had the landlords been wise in time, and, by a strict surveillance, kept the squatter class from settling on their lands; and, by a peremptory mandate, forbade their tenants to sublet or subdivide their holdings, the cottier, or squatter class would not have increased so fast as to reach, in the course of half a century, to two millions, or upwards, more than they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Any man possessed of ordinary sagacity, might have long ago seen that our social state could not last on the basis on which we were building it. The potato induced early and reckless marriages; when servant boys and girls, in their teens, got married without knowing any thing of the duties or responsibilities of their new condition. Their offspring increased with railroad speed; and these children were brought up in ignorance, without being taught to read or write, and, of course, without moral or Christian education. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, and with ignorance we generally find united malignity of disposition and temperament; and when political excitement set in, by agitating the uneducated masses of our land, bad feeling arose, and hatred, and evil speaking; bad writing kindled up the smouldering materials, and blood, human blood, flowed to the earth in torrents. To stop the numerous murders of gentlemen and resident landlords in the South of Ireland, human laws and police were utterly impotent; and in the new arrest of violence and crime, God has shown us that man's extremity or impotency is his opportunity; and when we could not avenge the murders committed, God has taken the work of judgment on himself, and, by stop-

ping the supplies of food, he has taught us to feel that the earth is his, and he will give it to whomsoever he pleases. That judgment has fallen on us all, from the queen on the throne to the pauper in the union workhouse: all have felt the difficulty of providing food for the starving millions of Ireland, who used to live on the potato as their only food, until God said the potato shall no longer grow to feed a wicked and demoralised race. The eight millions, of which demagogues used to boast as the finest peasantry in the world, will soon be reduced to five or six; and when the census of 1851 is published, we will, it is already anticipated, find a woeful falling off there.

Since the introduction of the potato, and its cultivation as the staple food of Irishmen, our population has gone on increasing with astonishing rapidity. Every one knows that the potato was brought from America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, sometime in the reign of Elizabeth, about 1585-9; and as its introduction among us may be regarded as one cause of our present social evils, I may be excused for giving the following curious anecdote of Sir Walter, and his potato garden, at Youghal:—"In a garden attached to his residence, it is believed, Raleigh planted the first potatoes grown in Ireland. According to a local tradition, the man entrusted with the care of the garden, in the absence of Sir Walter, supposing that the apple seed was the esculent part of the novel production, and finding the taste unpleasant, bestowed no further thought on the plantation, until, upon digging the ground for some other crop, the root was found to yield a wholesome and palatable species of food, of more importance to the future condition of Ireland than all the political schemes of Elizabeth, her councillors, and armies."

I may remark, in passing, that this novel root was imported from America, where the savage Indians well knew its use, and called it, in their barbarous lingo, *Batatas*, which unmeaning word we have refined into the Irish *potato*. Its

importance to Ireland rests on the very doubtful service of increasing its population faster than they could be educated; and for the last hundred years the velocity has been truly astonishing. As far as our statistics carry us back with any kind of certainty, we may give the following outline, to show with what rapidity the people of Ireland have grown and increased by means of the potato. For the sake of space and time, I give the statistics in round numbers:—in 1695, the population was estimated at one million and a few thousands; in 1726, at two millions and a-half; in 1788, at four millions; in 1805, at five millions. The first regular census was taken in 1813; but as it was imperfect, or unfinished, it was never officially published, and even the census of 1821 was incorrect. Our population, in 1831, was 7,766,401; and the last census, published in 1841, give us a grand total of 8,175,124.

Besides the facility of raising food for these millions from the potato root, there were other causes at work for the rapid and unnatural increase of the natives of Ireland. The squatters of this land are the offspring of the servants or labouring classes, who are still, as they were, proverbial for their early and reckless marriages. Servant boys and girls are known to marry regularly in their teens, and to give away their last pound (or it may be the only one they ever possessed) to the priest to get him to marry them, and this he does without ever giving himself much trouble to teach them to read and know the duties of the marriage state.

What will strangers at a distance think of it, when they hear that it is the fashion in Ireland to get married without having a roof to cover them, or a blanket to keep them warm: and that it often happens here, that it is with great difficulty the priest's guinea can be gathered up by both parties. The fatal consequences of these early and improvident marriages are now felt when it is too late. As long as the potato lasted they got married, squatted down in miserable cabins, which they built of sods, among the bogs and rocky hills of Cavan

and other inland counties; and in these miserable hovels large families soon arose to be brought up in ignorance, beggary, and rags. These children grew up entirely neglected. The old hedge schools could hardly give them the rude elements of education; and this will account for the astounding discovery, that, in the year 1841, when the last census was taken, there were twenty-seven thousand men, women, and children, over five years of age, who could neither read nor write, in the barony of Farney!

These cottiers, during the rage for land in the time of the French war, started from their cabins and potato-gardens, rushed in crowds to the landlord or his agent, fawned on them for farms, tempted them with big promises, and got the land at enormous rack-rents. In fact, they would offer, even to this day, any rent demanded, in order to get hold of land. The old families, that held for generations large tracts of land on easy terms, could not, or would not, compete with the squatters; and up rose the old and started for America, leaving behind the squatters and the landlords; and the new tenants, the squatters, got settled where old and respectable families had lived at ease and in comfort for generations. Things continued to progress. The landlord got what he wanted, high rents, and the poor squatter gave him the entire produce of the soil: all the squatter wanted of creature comforts for self, and wife, and little ones, was the potato and *point*. Time rolled on. Ignorance kept pace with numbers, and crime stalked behind both. Political agitation set in, and the uneducated and discontented masses were plied with all kinds of motives—with promises of change, and revolution, and nationality—when they would see once more Ireland in the hands of Irishmen, and England stripped of her prey. We have not forgotten the famous lines—

"Oh, Erin, shall it e'er be mine,
To right thy wrongs in battle line;
To lift my victor head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free."

The consequences of this agitation are too well known to need recital here. Our green isle was stained with human blood; but the living generation cannot yet bear to hear and read the history of the last fifty years. When the time comes for writing the story of the first half of the nineteenth century, and all the living tragedians are gone, and the political actors have left the stage for ever, then, perhaps, some one will arise, endowed with gifts equal to the task of tracing the onward progress of events, and showing the workings of the malign feelings and their terrible development during these woeful years. Some graphic pen, such as Macaulay wields, will paint the horrors of the scene, and tell of

"The widow's wail, the orphan's cry."

that often rose within the peaceful home, when the news arrived of a murdered sire, and of a husband slain.

For the last thirty years, these murders have been going on; and so frequent had they become, and so familiar to our ears, that they ceased to tingle at the announcement of the horrid deed; and hitherto there is no effectual remedy from man; human laws and their administrators are utterly powerless to check the torrent of crimes, nor can the Government afford adequate protection to life and property. The result has been a Divine interposition. Moral evil is now, as it ever was, the cause of all our physical sufferings; but this fundamental principle of revelation is nearly forgotten in our superficial and agitated age. The cause of Ireland's wants and sufferings lies in our want of education; and until the masses of our people are taught to read and think, and to distinguish between right and wrong, good and evil, it is in vain to hope for better days. The potato blight has quieted for the present our agitations and the strife of tongues. With the potato has gone the whole masses of the cottiers and squatters; and now, before the scourge of a sweeping poor-law,

are flying the tenant farmers of our land, which, at the rate we are emigrating, will soon be left without men to till the soil. And still we are rushing thoughtlessly downward. What the rack-renting landlord leaves behind the poor-rate collector will sweep away with him; and unless some humanizing influence descends upon our hearts, both rack-rents and poor-rates will be exacted until Ireland's last good tenant is driven from our shores. Instead, therefore, of indulging in mutual recriminations in such times as these, landlord and tenant should both unite and consult together as friends, whose interests are one, and see what is best to be done, in order to allay the fears, and arrest the flight of the farmers, and to keep in the country men of capital and skill, that the soil may be tilled and cropped, and food raised in our own land, sufficient to feed our own population. It will be a disastrous day for Ireland, when we are thrown dependent for bread on foreign supplies.

SOCIAL STATE OF FARNEY AND CARRICKMACROSS.

SKETCH VII.

IN my last, I traced to the potato, and squatters, who live on it, a great number of our social evils; and, as few strangers know any thing of the miserable way of living which prevails in the mountains and bogs of Cavan and Monaghan, I think it best to give here, as a sort of introduction to this sketch, a description of one spot in Farney, as it appeared to the eyes of Sir Charles Coote, when he penned the statistical survey of the County Monaghan:—"There is," says the statistical survey, "an extinct village in the barony of Farney, not far from Carrickmacross, and called Blackstaff, which gives a melancholy specimen of the life of 'Irish bog-trotters.' It consists of about two hundred miserable cabins, and stood in the centre of about five hundred acres of a great range of bog, heath, and rock; so desolate and appalling as almost to be an image of chaos, and so impracticable to the arts of husbandry, that neither the villagers themselves, nor, for a time, the persons who succeeded them in its care, dreamed of subjecting it to culture. The wretched inhabitants drew their subsistence from tiny pendicles of land, at a distance, and then retreated to their oasis of huts, as to a citadel in a sea of morass. A mayor, or chief magistrate, was for centuries chosen to superintend their joint interests. He was formally invested with supreme magisterial power. He ruled so undisputedly, that

not an instance was known of appeal from his decree, and he was qualified for office by possessing the largest potato garden; yet he so regularly beggared himself by treating his subjects to whiskey, and assisting them in swilling it, that he neglected his garden, and was compelled, at the end of one year's authority, to give place to a successor."

This account appears to be almost incredible; but when we reflect on the low, brutal, and drunken habits of the natives of Ireland, in the beginning of the very century in which we live, we need not wonder if they were worse some one hundred and fifty years ago; and, from the accounts of living men, we have evidence enough to satisfy us, that idleness and vice, drinking and quarrelling, whiskey-making and whiskey-swilling, were matters of every-day occurrence in the eighteenth century; and bad though we be in these respects now, the people that lived one hundred years ago in these parts, were seven times more sanguinary and addicted to blood-letting.

A somewhat similar state of things existed more than one hundred years ago in the highlands of Scotland, where, owing to the propensities of the natives for distilling and drinking the native mountain-dew, the culture of the soil was neglected, and the consequence was, loud cries from the starving population for bread. The lords of the soil were plagued from year to year with the never-ending cry, "Bread, bread;" until at last, wearied and exhausted with having to supply their improvident tenants with food, the noble families of Sutherland and Stafford resolved to clear their estates of the incorrigible drunkards.

During various years of famine, they afforded munificent relief to starving thousands; but nothing could induce the whiskey-makers to give up distilling, and turning into spirits the grain that should be converted into meal to sustain their perishing families. The noble owners of Sutherlandshire found, after all their liberality in feeding the starving population, that, till a radical and sweeping change should be effected

in the ruinous, social system on their lands, they were only soothing misery with stimulants, which would eventually increase it; and they boldly and energetically carried into execution the plan of removing from the highlands to the lowlands the idle and drunken population, which kept their families in danger of starving, owing to their own indolent and reckless way of living. The result of this change is visible at this day. The greater part of this immense mountain district of Sutherlandshire is now turned into sheep-walks. The upland parts of the shire are now disposed in large farms, some of which let at £2,000 and £3,000 of rent each, and are held by emigrants from the South of Scotland. Cheviot sheep are the staple produce, and are variously estimated in number at one hundred and seventy and two hundred thousand.

I have introduced here the warning given us in the North of Scotland, which once contained a drunken population like our own, and where we have realised the ruinous effects which idleness and neglect of duty produce in every land; and as a great social revolution is at present going on in Ireland, the result will likely be the same here as in the highlands of Scotland—the old and incorrigibly vicious population will waste away and disappear, and the land will be left desolate, to be colonised anew, or, it may be, to lie waste for ages to come. This is no new thing in the history of our race. Warning after warning is recorded for our reading on the pages of history; and, as a case in point, I insert here a passage from the forty-third chapter of “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” Referring to the plague which wasted Constantinople, during the reign of Justinian, Gibbon says, “Such was the universal corruption of the air, that the pestilence, which burst forth in the fifteenth year of Justinian (541-2), was not checked or alleviated by any difference of the seasons; and it was not till the end of a calamitous period of fifty-two years, that mankind recovered their health, or the air resumed its pure and salubrious quality. I find,” adds the historian, with an emphasis

never to be forgotten, "that, during three months, five, and at length ten thousand persons died each day at Constantinople; that many cities of the East were left vacant; and that, in several districts of Italy, the harvest and the vintage withered on the ground. The triple scourge of war, pestilence, and famine, afflicted the subjects of Justinian; and his reign is disgraced by a visible decrease of the human species, which has never been repaired in some of the finest countries of the globe."

As Christians, we must admit the superintendence and controlling power of an all-wise and benevolent Ruler; and the connexion which he has instituted between moral evil and physical suffering, stands as one of the great laws of nature, by which he keeps in check the impious masses, which would, in their lawlessness, break the bounds which God has set to man's impiety and brute violence. That this principle is at work in this age of ours, must be apparent to any one who is possessed of moral perception sufficient to enable him to trace the connexion between cause and effect, and the various relations of our social state; and happy will it be for us, if, forgetting the animosities of past ages, and resolved to take a lesson from the disastrous events of our own age, we gird on our armour, and enter on the field of duty, that there we may learn the lessons written for us, if not in Revelation, at least on the face of nature and her works.

Without education, what is man? What makes our countrymen a by-word and a butt for the point of satire and the finger of scorn in every land? The want of education. An Irishman is not deficient in natural talent. Where his mind has been early touched, and his feelings engaged on the side of moral order, an Irishman stands in the front ranks of his species; and Ireland can show her long list of worthies—illustrious for great deeds and solid learning; and some of them, like Berkeley, "graced with every virtue under heaven." But whilst we are liberal of praise, where praise is due, we must, at the same time, state a well-known fact, that there are

at this day in Ireland nearly one-half the population who cannot read a letter in a book, and more of them cannot write their own names. The frightful crimes which disgrace our country are, for the most part, to be traced to this gross ignorance, and in the dock and on the table, in our courts of law, we see lamentable spectacles of depravity, low cunning, audacity, and perjury. It has been often remarked how low the feeling of right and wrong, truth and error, must lie in the conscience of the witnesses that are called on the table to give evidence in our courts of law.

"Ah, Sir," said a country bumpkin, who had duped a magistrate, and was charged by him for telling him a whole series of falsehoods, "Sure, your worship, I did not kiss the book!" "Do you hear that," said the indignant justice, turning round to the writer; "there's an Irishman's conscience for you, with a witness!" The same morbid state of feeling is seen now and then at the quarter sessions, where witnesses are often detected in the attempt to evade kissing the book with the cross on; believing, I suppose, that if they succeed in kissing their thumb, instead of the book, they are guiltless, no matter what false testimony they may give. This morbid condition of the conscience is but too apparent in the barony of Farney, with its twenty-seven thousand, who cannot read and write. Some of their outrages should be recorded here as a warning and a lesson. I have already mentioned two or three cold-blooded murders. I now mention the following barbarous acts:—In 1846, or thereabouts, some midnight incendiary set fire to a clergyman's dwelling-house; and had the fire not been discovered in due time, a most amiable minister, with his wife and young children, would have been consumed in the flames; and what makes the deed more atrocious, is the discovery, that the motive for burning the cottage was no other than the *auri sacra fames*; as the peasant landlord, from whom the minister had the cottage rented, was in need of money, and, at the Monaghan assizes, soon after, he tried to get damages

for the loss he sustained by having his cottage burned by some friend in the dark.

Another outrage was committed on a Mr. Trench, who was nearly strangled in the ruffian hands of the Farney boys, who mustered in thousands, armed, at the office door, and demanded to see Mr. Shirley, their landlord; and when Mr. Trench, the agent, went out to expostulate with them, he was seized and hurried off to Loughfea Castle, in search of Mr. Shirley. I mention these few as specimens of the barbarous manners of the population of Farney. With such tenants as once dwelt in and around Blackstaff, we need not wonder if such outrages as these pass as trifles; and I may add here my solemn conviction, that nothing but a sound Christian education will ever raise the masses of Farney to feel and act as men and members of a civilized community; and what is true in Farney, will apply to Ireland all over.

Plan after plan has been tried, and tried in vain; and no legislation will ever civilize or soften their hearts, until the humanizing influences of genuine Christianity are brought to bear, not only on the mind, but on the conscience, and the life, and manners. Whether this can or ever will be done for them, time alone will show. As far as we can see at present, there is little hope of any good being done for them. By some malignant influence going on in secret, the minds of the poorer classes are alienated from the wealthier, and especially against such landlords as Mr. Shirley, whom they are taught to blame for all their misfortunes. The want of proper feeling between the squatter class and the landlords, is making the working of the poor-law a great grievance in this union, as well as in many others. In looking over the statistics of Farney, I find that the whole management, or rather mismanagement, of the poor-law, rests in the hands of the squatters of the union. The amount of the property rated for poor-law purposes in the Carrickmacross union is £46,257. There are sixteen elected, and five *ex-officio* guardians; and the sixteen

elected can be returned by a majority of the squatter electors, whose united holdings amount to little over one-fifth of the rated property.

As loud complaints have gone up to Dublin against this anomaly in the Poor-law Act, I will insert here the statistics of the union, which show at once that the poor-law is worked in Carrickmacross by that base democracy which has little or no interest in the country, and would gladly ruin all to be revenged on their superiors. The total nett annual value of property rated is £46,257. The total amount of valued tenements in this union is five thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight; and of these, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five are valued under five pounds. The total number of persons rated is six thousand two hundred and thirty-five and of these are rated—

574	...	not over	...	£1	...	amount	...	£574
655	...	„	...	£2	...	„	...	1,310
695	...	„	...	£3	...	„	...	2,088
677	...	„	...	£4	...	„	...	2,708
586	...	„	...	£5	...	„	...	2,980
<hr/>								
3,187								£9,660

From this outline, it is clear that the working of the poor-law is here, as elsewhere, in the hands of guardians, who neither represent the property nor feelings of the large proprietors and ratepayers; and the law, as it works at present, is perverted and abused, and made the means of taking away the poor's money, and lavishing it on useless expenditure and officials; whilst others are deriving enormous salaries from the State for the working of this law, which bids fair to lay desolate the happy homes and firesides of the tenant farmers of Ireland.

But I must close here what I have got to say of Carrickmacross. As a town, it looks well, and is beautifully situated, and finely built. To a stranger, who narrowly inspects it, there will appear one capital deficiency. Education can hardly be

said to exist at all without the town; and when you enter it, there meet you few traces of it even within. It is true, there is an endowed school, established in the town since 1711. The founder is said to have been Lord Weymouth; but, strange to tell, Sir Charles Coote wrote, some time in the last century, that up to his time the thing was a complete failure. Notwithstanding, the endowment was duly perfected, and a house and land conveyed to trustees for the use of the school, yet there was not one child educated, although the salary, house, &c., were enjoyed.

There is no lending or public library in the town; and, as far as I could learn, there is little or no taste for letters or science. The inhabitants seem to be entirely engrossed with the things of this life; and books, with their treasures, are little known and less prized. This is a pity; for, until the people in the towns begin to taste and feel the advantages of a good education, and show its humanizing effects in life and manners, we can hardly expect to see much good done in the way of literature in the country. And without education, what is man? "Education," says a modern writer, "is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It shortens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage; vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of brutal passion."

Having now done with Farney, and its old town and new castle, I purpose leaving this before I write you again, and shall return to Bailieborough; not as I passed over the mountain coming here, but by the straight road through Shercock to the North of the Highlands of Cavan, which I will try and finish in my next sketch, not forgetting, of course, the village of Shercock, as I pass through it.

THE BARONY OF CLONKEE.

SKETCH VIII.

MR. EDITOR,—I sit down to write you my eighth sketch, on the evening of the first day of January, 1851. It was late last night when I arrived here, after travelling for some days in the lowlands of Cavan; and the contrast is certainly great, from the wood-crowned hills to the West of Cavan, all through lovely Kilmore, to the bleak and rugged cliffs that meet the eye as you pass upward through Shircock, towards Kingscourt, and then across the highlands, towering to the Eastward of Bailieborough. However, as distance lends enchantment to the view, so contrast throws its charms of novelty and variety around all things terrestrial; and when one tires of the tame and monotonous lowlands, he may with pleasure and advantage remove to the hill country; and there, as he enlarges his circuit of vision, he, at the same time, increases the sources of enjoyment. We may, therefore, try and content ourselves even here for a little, whilst we attempt to describe at some length the physical, and then the social, condition of this unfrequented mountain district.

Shircock is a poor and greatly wasted village. It stands on the highroad leading from Cootehill to Kingscourt, about forty-two miles from Dublin, and it is the regular thoroughfare for carmen passing to and from Dundalk. The village stands six miles to the West of Carrickmacross, and about five from Bailie-

borough. After leaving Carrickmacross, the traveller passes for nearly six miles through Mr. Shirley's estate; and a short way from Shircock he passes the boundary of Monaghan, and enters the barony of Clonkee, in County Cavan. The village runs along the crest of a hill, and the Clones and Dublin coach used to pass through it, until the railway from Dublin to Castleblayney knocked up this coach, like so many others. The estate and village of Shircock belong to Wm. Ruxton, Esq., of Ardee House, County Louth, and it is only within last year or two that Mr. Ruxton (who was up to this a minor) began to take any active measures in the management of this estate; and certainly the Shircock estate and tenantry need very much the eye and hand of a wise, humane, and yet energetic landlord.

Hitherto the management of the property was entrusted to the Court of Chancery; and it is but justice due to state, that a worse managed estate there is not in the County of Cavan. Both landlord and tenants have suffered grievous wrong, by a vicious system of leaving the letting of the land and the receiving of the rents to underlings, who abused their power, and brought ruin on themselves and the dupes who confided in them. The evil consequences of this vicious system is to be seen in this deserted village. There is, perhaps, no place of its size in Ulster where a greater scattering has taken place in so short a time. Family after family has fled from this wretched beggar den, and still there are new emigrants longing to be away; but, alas! for them, they lack the means of going, and are now likely to be thrown a burthen on the community. Mr. Ruxton and his tenants have been oppressed with ruinous rates; and at the present time Shircock division is taxed with four shillings in the pound for the support of beggars and their train of domestics. The inn in this miserable village has twice changed its lord within the last year or two, and several of the best houses in the village are now standing tenantless; and unless some unexpected change for the better soon comes, the village will run a risk of being utterly forsaken. But I

must reserve for my next what I have to say of the social condition of its people. This parish, and the adjoining one of Enniskeen, embrace the highest land in County Cavan. The character of the country around and above Shircock is wildness and roughness. It abounds in rocks and bogs; about three miles to the South of the village rises Taghart hill, and away to the South of Taghart stretches for a mile Loughinleagh—a perfect wilderness of mountain, and heather, and bog; and what makes the whole one unbroken scene of desolation is, the entire absence of wood or tree, the country being quite bleak, and devoid of planting of any kind. There are about four thousand acres in this parish, belonging to Mr. Ruxton; and to the West of the Ruxton estate lie about four thousand acres more, the property of the Singleton family. The present representative of these excellent landlords is Henry Sydenham Singleton, Esq., of London, a private gentleman, and one who offers to sustain well the character of his family, who have long been known here as the best landlords in County Cavan.

The late Mr. Singleton is known to have often urged on his agent not to oppress his tenants with rack-rents; and the consequence of this considerate kindness is felt now, when tenant-right agitators are every where assailing the oppressors of their fellowmen, the Singleton tenantry rest contented and thankful, and there is but one feeling among them, and that is one of esteem and affection towards this good family.

In the example of this one family we have an illustration of what we want just now; and that is a class of good landlords, who are able and willing to aid their struggling tenants; and, by entering into their feelings and consulting for their well-being, make their comfort and respectability the first object in the valuing and letting of their land. To show the ruinous policy of letting in on the lands a set of middlemen, we have only to point to two instances which occurred in this very locality—the one on the Ruxton, the other on the Singleton estate.

Some seven or eight years ago, the Court of Chancery let three or four townlands, away to the West-end of Lough Sillan, to a middleman, who offered the court large bail for the due payment of his rents. The lands he sub-let as best he could to a host of squatter tenants. For some time his affairs went on smoothly, but, at length, the day of reckoning came to all; and now, what is the upshot? The middleman has fled, the tenants are ruined paupers, and the court had to issue its decree to eject some twenty or thirty families, who could scarcely support themselves, much less pay rent at all.

The other instance occurs on the Singleton estate. Two townlands, Glassleck and Killcrossduff, are at present in the hands of middlemen. They pay from ten to sixteen shillings an acre to Mr. Singleton, and their oppressed tenants pay them from twenty to thirty-six shillings an acre for these lands; yet, strange to say, some of these petty tyrants are among the most fierce assailants of landlords, and are not ashamed to throw the odium on what they are pleased to call bad landlordism and bad Governments. From what one sees of oppression, under these petty landlords, we have no solid ground to hope for much improvement under the management of the new proprietors, who enter the Encumbered Estates Court to buy land, with the intent, of course, of getting high interest for the capital which they lay out in purchasing these lands. Time alone will show whether the small fry of landlords will ever rise above the low and selfish feeling, which induces many of them to invest their stock in land, with the wise design of making more of their money, when invested in land, than they could make by keeping it locked up in Government stock, or otherwise. But we must return.

The principal features of these highlands are mountain, and moor, and bog; with barren hills and rugged rocks, and plenty of red bog interspersed here and there. Bleakness is spread over the face of the country. There are few trees, little or no planting, and the land has never been warmed by good ditches

and hedge-rows. There is no sheltering of the fields by quick-sets, with the ornaments of ash, or poplar, or sycamore trees, planted here and there along the hedge-rows. All here is cold, and bleak, and stormy. The very trees seem bent away from the stormy West. The soil is light, and in general dry, unless in the moors. The usual crops are oats, bere, and rye; and whilst the potato lasted, it was our sheet-anchor. By it the poor lived and paid their rents; but since the famine set in, many of the squatter tenantry have fled their desolate homes, and scarcely is a cabin left to cover the strolling beggar or the belated traveller. If things continue as they are, two-thirds of the small holders must be removed off the soil, and the remainder kept as day labourers to till the land.

This parish has obtained notoriety for the loud outcry which has gone forth from the oppressed ratepayers, complaining of the mal-practices of the poor-law officials and bad guardians, who have for years usurped the powers of administering the poor-law; and, by their indolence, incompetency, and selfishness, brought enormous rates on this part of the union. The village of Shircock was the home and haunt for beggars, and the most lavish waste of out-door relief obtained there for years. In one half year, a poor-law relieving officer lavished away meal to the amount of £191, which was reduced in the next half year to £20, owing to the economy enforced by a conscientious man, who, on succeeding him, saw at once the fraud practised, and resolved to put an end to the imposture.

That the poor-law, as worked here, has been perverted from its original intention, is clear to any one capable of weighing evidence; and, notwithstanding all the ruin high poor-rates have brought on poor and rich, there are to this day some wretches, so perverse and reckless as to wish the old ruinous system to be continued, till all the people of the parish are reduced to one mass of pauperism. This feeling is not confined to this wicked place. It has appeared strongly developed in the adjoining union of Carrickmacross. There is no ac-

counting for such perversity of disposition. At the bottom of it lies, no doubt, a wish to be revenged on the landlords; and the working of the law, as developed here, shows the desperate resolve to sacrifice all, in order to be successful in the long-cherished desire to bring ruin on the poor, in order to mortify and annoy the obnoxious landlord and his respectable tenants. How true is the old saying—

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

There is one other feature in the outline of this country, which deserves particular notice—I mean the number of the loughs. There are nine or ten of them, lying hid among the hills that rise around Shircock. I have already stated that the Annalee, or Cootehill river, which falls into Lough Erne, has its highest spring in a small lake that lies under the hill of Taghart. From this lough-let a stream descends to Lough Sillan, and thence to Knappa, where we have, on the road side, four miles above Cootehill, "a meeting of the waters;" as another of the head streams of the Annalee is found to lie in the barony of Farney, near to the large Lake Chantinee, beyond the village of Ballytrain.

The names of the loughs in the neighbourhood of Shircock are Lough Sillan and Miltown. Shinan, Lex, Anaherin, Curraghey, and Drumlum, are all within a mile of the village. Besides these, there are, more distant, Drumod, or Nolagh, Northlands, and Greaghlone, in Farney; and all of them are somehow connected, and their waters meet in the large and picturesque Lough Sillan, which, beginning at the West-end of Shircock, stretches away with varied breadth and outline for two miles towards the Anafarneys and Drokas, now lying waste, with their roofless cabins.

Lough Sillan is a splendid sheet of water. There is a tinge of azure over its surface, that, to my eye, heightens the effect its placid waters are well calculated to produce. There is

something wild and savage in the very look of the cold, bleak country, lying for miles spread out before you, as you gaze on the blue lake and its surrounding scenery, standing on one of the many eminences that rise to the East of Shircock.

All around this lake is a hilly country; and the visitor here remarks the sad want of taste and industry, which appears to the eye as it views in passing the neglected or badly cultivated farms that lie on the North and West of this beautiful lake. The natives here are nearly a century behind the farmers who cultivate the lowlands around Kilmore and Farnham. All, however, is not barren or tasteless, even here. To the North-east of Loughsillan, on the side of a hill, commanding a fine view of the blue lake, stands the parish glebe-house, with its skirting of planting, which forms a striking feature in the landscape.

This well sheltered spot was once as bleak and as barren as the rest of the land here. About forty years ago, the Rev. Frederick Fitzpatrick, who was till lately the rector of this parish, obtained a stripe of land along the North-east side of this lake; and there he built his glebe-house, formed approaches, and laid out his pleasure-grounds and gardens, and planted the border along the lake, which is now risen so high as to screen the minister's home from the rude Western blasts. Here he spent his time, his skill, and his cash; and Lough Sillan manse and glebe will remain a monument of his fine taste, and untiring care to improve and adorn this delightful spot, where dwells the minister of peace. That home is no longer his who built it. It is now in other hands; and since the translation of Mr. Fitzpatrick to the adjoining parish of Bailieborough, Lough Sillan glebe is become the residence of the Rev. John Harris, an amiable man and a faithful minister; whose family connexions remind the lover of Irish history of that illustrious Chief Justice Bushe, whose genius shone with equal brilliancy in youth and age, on the bench and in the university—

"Where Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
Or Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode."

The only other seat in the parish is Shinan House, the residence of Charles James Adams, Esq., who purchased a townland here some ten years ago, and has greatly improved the demesne and enlarged the house. Here he lives all the year round ; and his presence as a country squire and justice of the peace is much needed here, where the magistrates are kept in constant excitement by the rude manners and daring acts of the turbulent population of the village and mountains around it. Mr. Adams is a kind-hearted and charitable man ; and his alms-giving some years ago drew to Shircock hosts of beggars from all parts, who, hearing of his deeds of charity, flocked around him, till he learned the meaning of the vulgar adage, "eaten bread is soon forgotten," and sent them packing to the union workhouse.

We have sometimes heard him complain a little of the many annoyances he is getting here ; and the inner, but suppressed, feeling occasionally breaks forth from his lips, when he will say that nothing but a sense of duty, and a feeling of what one owes to his country, could induce any gentleman to live continually in a locality where little meets the eye but scenes of misery, destitution, and crime.

About two miles above the village, but not in the parish of Shircock, stands, on the side of the Dublin road going to Kingscourt, the family mansion of his brother, the Dean of Cashel. He is a magistrate of both Cavan and Monaghan, and is one of the most energetic and able that sits on the bench ; and his absence for any length of time would be a serious loss to the neighbourhood, which requires great firmness in the Executive to enforce the law on the hardy sons of the soil, and keep them in due bounds.

These are the only resident gentlemen in these highlands.

The Singleton family never built here, and Mr. Ruxton lives at Ardee. The consequence is, that, from the want of resident landlords, and the softening influence which the higher orders are wont to have over the manners of their dependants, who are looking up to them for example and instruction, the masses of the people here were left without proper early training, and many of the peasantry are now scarcely capable of discerning between moral good and evil, right or wrong.

If the local traditions can be credited, Shircock is not become wicked of late. Sometime in the last century an awful tragedy occurred, when, as the old people relate, an heir to an estate perished cruelly in a lime-kiln, not a mile from the village; and there is a vulgar saying here, that Shircock is doomed never to do well, as there is a black cloud suspended over it, to exclude, I suppose, the rays of the sun of prosperity ever shining upon it. Be this as it may, there were several lives lost here about thirty-six years ago; when a fierce faction fight took place on a fair day in the village, and thousands of the mountaineers, far off and near hand, came down on the place, with the desperate intention of burning the village, and murdering the peaceable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. The evil these wretches intended for others fell on themselves, and they were cut down, and chased out of the village and neighbourhood.

Such scenes as these are truly appalling; and I mention them solely for the reason of trying to suggest a remedy. That remedy, in my mind, is a moral and Christian education. A mere literary one will not do. There are now in the parish some four or five national schools, and the young generation are learning to read and write, what their fathers cannot to this day in most cases do. But beyond the mere letter, these national schools are not, as worked here, progressing. Neither the moral sense nor feeling is touched or cultivated; and, without moral and religious training, these national schools will in the end prove a complete failure. As, however, the children

will not be allowed to receive Christian instruction, and the Government has yielded the point, in order, I suppose, to get knowledge of any kind communicated to the young mind, we must for the present be content with doing all the good we can. It is better to teach the children to read and write, and know something of the world they live in, than to leave them in total ignorance, to be, as heretofore, the dupes of designing men, who abuse their confidence, and exercise over their untutored minds a fatal and soporific influence.

In my next, I will try and finish what I have more to say of this village and parish.

BARONY OF CLONKEE.

SKETCH IX.

MR. EDITOR,—Following up my original purpose, of describing the social as well as the physical features of these highlands, I shall, in this sketch, try and give you a general outline of the character, temper, and manners of the great bulk of the people here. That they are sunk to the lips in ignorance, must appear at first sight, when we read the statistical return, in 1841, of this barony, where there was then no less a number than seventeen thousand three hundred and ninety-six, who could neither read nor write, and, for want of learning, had to put their mark or sign (generally a cross) to their letters and law documents, as not one of these seventeen thousand could write his own name, or even read a line in a book!

There is a close connexion, as to local situation, between the baronies of Clonkee and Farney, as they lie side by side from Kingscourt to below Shircock; and though there is a vast difference in both soil and climate, between the high grounds near Bailieborough and Kingscourt, and the low-lying warm lands around Shirley Castle, yet, in the moral and social qualities, there is an intimate and easily-discerned relation. With upwards of seventeen thousand untaught and ill-bred individuals, living in the barony of Clonkee, we have in the neighbouring barony of Farney eleven thousand males and seventeen thousand females who can neither read nor write; and joining both

together, we have in these two baronies a mass of ignorance amounting to upwards of forty-four thousand human beings; whose minds are, as far as knowledge is concerned, a barren waste, overspread, of course, with low passions, and the hot-bed fitted to receive every noxious seed, which fanatics in religion or politics may choose to sow.

The connexion between knowledge and civilization is so well known now-a-days, that our law-makers have at length hit on the truth: that, without education, the human family is little raised in taste and feeling above the brute creation; and a feeling of the sad neglect of early training in former years, has induced the Legislature to establish, what are called the national schools in Ireland, in the hope, I suppose, that these uneducated fathers and mothers, feeling their own want of it, may send their little ones to these schools, and there get them taught to read and write; and, by means of a good literary education, lift up the lower orders above that rudeness in manners, and those brutal propensities towards quarrelling, drinking, and murdering, which have gained for Irishmen an unenviable notoriety in every land.

There are four or five of these schools in the parish of Shircock; but as yet we can see little or no prospect of much moral good being done in them. The teachers get, of course, their salary once a quarter from the national purse; and the getting of this money seems to be with several of them the main point. As long as England will vote us £100,000 a-year to pay our national schoolmasters, we will take the money, and still cry, More, more. But when the inquiry is made, "What good are you doing the population of Ireland for these sums?" the reply will be given with perfect nonchalance, "We have taught them to syllable words, and get some of them by rote; but if you intended, by giving us your £100,000 a-year, to bribe us to teach the Irish youth to think, and mentally digest, and form an opinion and judgment of their own on moral or spiritual matters; rather than do this, we would indignantly fling back

in your face your English money ; and, in place of your national schools and colleges, we will set up a university of our own, and there teach the future instructors of the people of Ireland."

The fact is, several of these national schoolmasters were and are most bigoted and active partisans ; and during the Repeal mania, a most respectable superintendent of these schools told the writer, that it was not without the most stringent orders from the Board, and the utmost vigilance on his part, that these very teachers, in the pay of the British Government, could be restrained from joining the revolutionary faction of the day ; and perhaps there is not in all Ireland a village of its size, so low and debased as Shircock, for every thing that is rude and vulgar in thought, malignant in feeling, and daring in act.

So proverbial has Shircock become in other lands for these bad qualities, that a spot in Scotland (where workmen from Shircock had met in great numbers at a railway, and, for lack of houses to lodge in, had to build huts for themselves to lie in) was named after the old one in Ireland—New Shircock ; and there it was that the labourers committed that barbarous murder, which created a considerable sensation some four or five years ago. A poor pedlar, with his basket, happened to visit New Shircock, and there he was robbed, and, in the *melee*, a man was murdered, and for this murder several of them were tried and found guilty. After the murder, the sheriff of the shire had to muster all his force, and come and scatter the den, by burning every squatter's hut in the new, or Caledonian Shircock.

The old village stands on a little hill to the East of Lough Sillan. It is a regular thoroughfare for carmen going from Cavan, Cootehill, and Bailieborough to the seaports ; and it is noted for its corn market, which holds on Wednesday, and is well supplied with oats in the Winter and Spring months. Oats, I may remark, are the chief article which the farmers here have to vend in this land of bogs and rocks, mountain and moor.

From the low state of moral feeling in these highlands, it will be needful to keep a sharp look out after a large organized class of the peasantry here, who have been long known in Ireland by the name of Ribbonmen. A frightful discovery has just been made. A band of conspirators has existed in and around Cootehill, bound together by the Ribbonman's oath, and sworn to secrecy. This foul confederacy has been for the time broken up. During the sittings of the assistant-barrister, and the magistrates at the quarter sessions still going on in Bailieborough, a number of these Ribbonmen were tried and convicted for the stealing of thirteen head of cattle from a Mr. Hall, who lives far beyond Rakenny. This man lost his stock; and, though his cattle were impounded in Martin's yard, in Cootehill, whilst Hall was talking with Martin in a room in his (Martin's) house, yet Martin never told Hall that he had cattle like his in his yard!

These cattle were taken by stealth out of Cootehill, hurried off towards Shircock, kept for a night in the famous Carrickahogg, and sold next day by a licensed auctioneer at the back of the town of Carrickmacross. The foul conspiracy is now divulged; and, from the evidence of one of the party, who has turned approver, several of the gang are now lying under sentence of transportation for ten years, and an other is to lie in for two years?

In this conspiracy, some two or three of the residents of Shircock have been implicated, and it was proved that two or three of Hall's cattle were sold and killed at Shircock. Five only have been convicted; but a host of others, numbering, it is supposed, beyond one hundred, are still at large. Their leader is under sentence of transportation. He ought to have been of better morals and feelings than to stand as the convicted head of a Ribbon conspiracy; and the sentence passed on him by the barrister, and the grave lecture he read the Ribbonmen of County Cavan, before he sentenced their chief and his companions to be sent across the seas, should serve as a warning

to the rest, to beware in time, that they may not meet a similar fate. They were convicted on the testimony of an approver, who opened up the whole train of circumstances, by which all the parties engaged in the stealing, secreting, and selling of these cattle, were tracked out and exposed to the eye and detestation of the community.*

As I may not again have an opportunity of saying any thing of these ruffians, I may here state, for the information of strangers, that the Ribbon system prevails chiefly among the farm-labourers, low mechanics, and servant boys, that live among the wild mountains and bogs of Cavan and similar counties. These worthies are in the habit of meeting at night, for the purpose of drinking and dancing in the shebeen-houses, where ardent spirits are sold in smalls and without license. In these wretched dens the foul conspiracies are hatched.

* In the beginning of January, 1851, the following trial took place at the quarter sessions in Bailieborough. The barrister is a Mr. Murphy, a liberal Catholic, and a most determined foe to Ribbonmen. His charge to the jury at Ballyconnell, delivered at the sessions there, shortly after the horrid murder of Miss Hinds, is an eloquent denunciation of the Ribbonmen of that district. It has been printed and widely circulated over the county; and were it at hand, I should feel pleasure in giving it a place here:—"In the case of the Queen, at the prosecution of Samuel Hall, against John Reilly, Patrick Markey, John M'Callen, Andrew and Hugh Martin, Bernard Callaghan, Bernard Neil, and Nelson, the jury retired, and in about an hour returned with a verdict of guilty against Reilly, Markey, and M'Callen, as principals in the robbery; against Andrew Martin, as accessary before the fact; against Hugh Martin, as accessary after the fact; and of acquittal for the prisoners, Callaghan, Neil, and Nelson. Neil, Nelson, and Company, reside at Shircock. The barrister, then addressing the prisoners, commented upon the enormity of the offence of which they were convicted; deplored that men of their former respectable standing in society should be placed in the terrible position in which they stood; and stated, from what appeared upon their trial, they had been all brought there by that unfortunate system of secret societies, which had been for years, and, he deplored to say, yet continued to be, the bane and curse of this unfortunate country. After a most feeling address, he then sentenced the prisoners, Reilly, Markey, M'Callen, and Andrew Martin, each to ten years' transportation; and Hugh Martin to two years' imprisonment and hard labour."—Extracted from report of trial in the *Anglo-Celt*.

From these Ribbon lodges sally forth the hired assassins, who are generally chosen by lot to go wherever they are ordered by their head or chief. These are the blood-stained villains, who, for the last twenty years, have been murdering the obnoxious gentlemen of the South and West of Ireland. From a Ribbon lodge came forth the midnight assassin who shot M'Cleod, and to the same source we must trace the mid-day murders of Booth, Bell, and Mauleverer; and such was the terror spread over the minds of men through Cavan, on hearing of such assassinations, that many of the magistrates became appalled, and lowered the dignity of person, rank, and office, to pander to the mob, and gain thereby, if not personal safety in the long run, at least a short-lived and transient popularity. Such is a brief description of the Ribbonmen of Cavan, and the tremendous power their confederated bands have over life and property. As one might expect, many an odd thing has occurred in the village. For a year or more before the Ballingarry outbreak, a pikemaker was suffered to pursue unmolested his trade, at the end of the village; and on one occasion two of her Majesty's justices of the peace, one of them a local stipendiary, entered the forge, and found this modern Vulcan busy fabricating the weapons of death; and, strange to tell, neither of them had any power of tongue or hand to rebuke or restrain the villain in his pike-making; and what brings the matter to its climax, is the monstrous abuse in the working of our poor-law. This pikemaker's family were all this time living on the out-door relief ordered them by the Bailieborough board of guardians, and to be paid for by the very farmers for whom the pikes were preparing!

When the Ballingarry rebellion broke out, in July, 1848, that silly attempt at a revolution met something more than mere sympathy in Shircock. It was on Monday, the 31st of July, 1848, that his Excellency Lord Clarendon was obliged to proclaim this barony as if it were in a state of rebellion, owing to the report forwarded to Dublin Castle by Serjeant Allen and the police under him, who had been outraged and

threatened with both pike and gun, were they to dare to enter the houses of the freemen of Shircock, in search of the pikes they were keeping in reserve for the day of the outbreak here.

On that memorable occasion, a club of Young Irelanders was scattered, and their pikes had to be hid, owing to the violent language used to the police, who were only doing their duty. The barony was proclaimed; and the loyal and respectable people of the district were insulted by being forced to carry their arms into the village, and have them registered anew, for no offence or disloyalty on their part, but solely owing to the rash and furious course taken by a few fanatical leaders, who urged on the poor ignorant people of the village to repel them, *vi et armis*, were they to enter their houses in search of pike or gun.

The barony is still under this proclamation, and it is likely to remain so for some time longer; as it would be the blindest policy in the world to suffer arms to be carried outside their houses, or to be in the hands of cottiers and servant boys, who know so well how to abuse them. The fact is, the entire squatter class ran mad after guns, as soon as the Government, in its blindness, allowed the Arms Act to lie for a little in abeyance: and had they not corrected the evil they had so thoughtlessly committed, by proclaiming the disaffected districts, and thereby deprived the excited peasantry of their guns, there is no knowing where the mischief would have ended.

As matters stand now, no further power for doing mischief should be conceded to these worthies, till they are humanized by education, and brought to feel the value and appreciate the advantages of freedom. It is rank nonsense, or rather madness, to suffer arms to be in the hands of malignant and savage men, and let them loose on society, to wreak their vengeance on their unsuspecting victims. One of the best means of pacifying the land is to give security to human life; and this the Government can to a great extent do, by passing a stringent Act, having heavy penalties to be enforced on all

who shall dare to have or handle arms, for no other object than to create alarm in others, and to shoot down their defenceless victims.

Before a crowded court, on Tuesday last, there stood in the presence of the magistrates a gang of these ruffians, and among them there figured an innkeeper from Cootehill, who was arraigned as one of the conspirators. At the top of the band there appeared in the dock a farmer's son, whose uncle has been lately honoured with a seat among the grand jurors, who sit to examine witnesses before the bills are sent forward for the trial of the accused at the quarter sessions in Bailieborough. This youthful hero, the very life and soul of the party for the last twelve months or more, was found guilty, and he is now under sentence of transportation for ten years. But it has transpired that this worthy is only one of a gang of one hundred Ribbonmen, who are still at large; and if this be so, the community have need to unite and put down, by every means in their power, these banded ruffians, whose only bond of union is gain, and who live by plundering and robbing every man who has property to lose, no matter how respectable or inoffensive he may be.

Ribbonmen have ever been, as they now are, taken from the uneducated and putrid masses of the native Irish; and nothing but a good education will save the youth of our day from being ingulphed in the vortex of Ribbonism, which has for ages drawn into it the idle and profligate young men of the land. These act together in concert for a time; and this bond of union is kept together by self-interest and the love of money. Their law of property is the good old one, which existed in the times of Tanistry, which gave the right of possession to the strongest, as it is well expressed by the poet—

"The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

It may be remarked, in passing, that the sale of ardent spirits is terribly on the increase in this part of the country. In the small village of Shircock, there are no less than thirteen licensed public-houses; and in Bailieborough, too, I observe a large number in the trade; and at the present sessions applications were to be made by four or five new men, who long to have a share in the spoils. This is a bad business; and if drinking ardent spirits continue to spread among the natives here, there is no doubt the Ribbon system will keep pace with intemperance. I am quite convinced that, only for the use of alcohol, the fiendish spirit of banded Ribbonmen would not rise so high, nor rage and waste so furiously. When some dread act is about to be perpetrated, and the victim is set, the chosen assassin is primed with alcohol; and after he is once appointed by balloting to the bloody deed, the Ribbonman's code of honour will not allow him to draw back. Onward the assassin must go—the dark design, the bloody deed must be executed: the victim falls, the excitement dies away, and then the inward torture begins. In the secrecy of his lonely cabin, and in the dread silence and darkness of the midnight-hour, the murderer starts from his broken slumbers, and listens to hear the voice of his victim's ghost, which haunts him now, waking and sleeping. The terror-stricken conscience forces him to exclaim—

“I hear a voice you cannot hear;
I see a hand you cannot see.”

The writhings of a murderer's soul, if they could be made visible, would go far to satisfy the inlooker that there is a mental agony within the bosom, an inner emotion, and dread of punishment following close behind the heels of the unfortunate fugitive from vengeance; and this embosomed phantom can be made visible to the world by means of a modern discovery in the heart-searching science of photography. “If,” says Sir David Brewster, “a camera, furnished with the sensitive

retina of an iodised plate, or sheet of calotype paper, were directed to the murderer within a dark room, it would, in a few seconds, take his portrait, record his passions and reveal his deeds. Were this dark abode the locality of crime, and the shroud of night the cover of the criminal, the blank, yet pregnant tablet would surrender to the astonished sage its embosomed phantoms—

“ ‘The murderer and his bleeding victim.’ ”

This inward struggle, and the forebodings of a guilty conscience, are the main causes of the break-up of all such wicked conspiracies as we have been describing; and what has just happened to the convicted and transported Ribbon gang here, will continue to follow Ribbonmen, as long as they combine for such dark and malignant deeds.

Approvers have deceived them; and, I may add, they will continue to betray them, till this land, stained with the blood they have spilt, and disgraced by the crimes they commit, shall see them driven forth to exile, and finally extinguished as the assassins of the East, of whom the historian has recorded:—
“ Their daggers were broken by the sword of Holagou, and not a vestige is left of the enemies of mankind, except the word assassin, which in the most odious sense has been adopted in the languages of Europe.”

P.S.—Since I wrote you last, a friend at Carrickmacross has sent me a printed notice, issued on the first day of the current month, in which I read the delightful news that Mr. Shirley has authorised his agent, George Morant, Esq., to reduce all his lands in Farney from ten to twenty per cent.; and in thus yielding to the pressure of the times, Mr. Shirley has shown, what I ever thought of him, that he really is a man of tender feelings and generous disposition; and when he is once satisfied that change of times require a reduction of old rents, he is not one who will obstinately stand still, and wait till all around

him is a mass of pauperism. In the notice, I am glad to see that Mr. Shirley makes a broad line of distinction between the honest and industrious, and the idle and mischievous tenants on his estate. To the former he gives only ten per cent. reduction; to the latter, double that amount. He also calls on all his tenants to join him in a unanimous effort to put into the Carrickmacross board-room proper men, to represent and protect the property of the union.

“N.B.—It has afforded us much pleasure to learn that Mr. Shirley has declared his intention to make a considerable abatement in his rents on his estates in the barony of Farney. We have been given to understand that the reduction already promised is ten per cent. on the estate generally, and from fifteen to twenty per cent. on the town-parks. This proceeding of Mr. Shirley, so likely to be the result of reflection on the statements contained in the letters of our Correspondent, who has lately written respecting that district, and so much in accordance with his suggestions, has almost induced us to congratulate him on so satisfactory a termination to his communications. Perhaps we may not be justified in our supposition, that Mr. Shirley was induced to take the above step by our Correspondent's friendly and respectful comments; and perhaps our *post hoc propter hoc* conclusion may, in this respect, be unfounded; however, the recommendations of our Correspondent, and their immediate partial adoption by Mr. Shirley, would in some sort justify this opinion.”—*Editor of Anglo-Celt.*

THE BARONY OF CLONKEE.

SKETCH X.

MR. EDITOR,—From the revelations I have given you in my last sketch, your readers will not expect that a passing visitor would wish to tarry longer than a night in the village hotel. On taking leave of Shircock for the present, I may here state, that in my note-book I have recorded a great number of natural curiosities—and some also rather unnatural—and also some curiosities in letter-writing, which may help to make up some future sketch, if I live to describe the odd sayings and doings of the natives here; and which, in themselves, may go far to help me in giving a full-length sketch, headed, “The Superstitions of the Highlanders of Cavan.”

For the present, therefore, I shall content myself with describing what I have seen with my own eyes and heard, as I moved forward from Shircock to Bailieborough. On leaving the village, you pass along in sight of Lex Rocks, a huge face of rugged highland, standing out prominently to the sky on the South of the village. Had this rocky range been planted with trees of any kind, the towering crest of Lex's rocky cliffs would have formed a fine feature in the landscape; but, as it stands at present, it suggests little to the mind but the wildness and barrenness of mountain unreclaimable.

About half-a-mile from the village, I passed a ruined hamlet called Miltown, which, some years ago, was filled with squat-

ters, who had gathered here from all sides, and nestled down as best they could. The potato blight has scattered these pauper tenants, and Miltown presents now hardly a cabin standing; the houses are unroofed, and the quondam occupants are dead or gone to the workhouse.

From the road, as I passed along, I had under my eye a number of neat and comfortable-looking farm-houses; and these I found to be the dwelling-places of a large number of Scotch families, whose forefathers settled here a century or two ago; and their descendants still retain the character and habits of the original settlers, with one or two exceptions, which I am sorry to leave written against them. Some of them have degenerated so far as to sip the cup of intoxication, and are not ashamed to expose themselves, in their drunkenness, on the streets and roads, in fairs and in markets. This is a sad disgrace, and the sooner it is wiped off the better. As I passed along, I observed their place of worship embosomed in trees, and standing close to the road-side, a little above Glassleck cross-roads. There is an old chapel at Killan, about a quarter of a mile from the new line of road going to Bailieborough; and the old parish church, now a ruin, stands in a dreary hollow, more than two miles and a-half from the village of Shircock, where the new parish church is now built. The original name of this parish is Killan, meaning Ann's Church; and the oldest burying-place in this part of the country is at Killan old graveyard. How many generations are lying there dissolved into their native clay!

After leaving Glassleck, we passed up a deep hollow, or rather glen, where the traveller gazes with a kind of terror on the towering heights on both sides of the road; but especially toward the left-hand, on which rise the high hills of Nolagh, Dhuish, and Taghart. From these highlands tumble down a number of mountain streams, which run into the loughs, scattered here and there to receive them, and, after a winding course of two or three miles, they all meet within the broad

bosom of Lough Sillan. Among the numerous anecdotes which I have penned down in my note-book, there is one which well deserves a place here, especially as I have reached a spot in the road, which suggests, by its proximity, the parties who were engaged in this notable miracle. A little above Drumod Lough, there stands a dwelling, which, in the course of last Summer, was, as I am informed, the theatre of an Irish miracle. The following is a faithful account of it, which I have extracted from the *Anglo-Celt* of August last. It is headed thus—"Singular Case of Credulity."—"Archbishop Whately is said to be a great admirer of Irish *bulls*; and though his Grace is avowedly hostile to the importation of *bulls* of foreign growth, especially if they are of the ultramontane breed, and may, for so far, be ranked among our most decided Protectionists; yet he is sometimes so tickled with the point of our Irish wit, as to fall into fits of laughter, and actually kick on the carpet."

In the case I am going to mention, there is, if not wit, at least cleverness; and as the occurrence should be recorded as a warning against all such vagabond impostors, I trust, Mr. Editor, you will spare me a corner in your next for the following specimen of Irish credulity, the best, I presume, that has occurred in Ireland for many a long year:—

"The Rev. Philip O'Reilly, P.P. of Bailieborough, has in his parish an unfrequented region of wild mountain and bog, where the pure Milesian blood flows in veins that know no foreign mixture. Here the old religion reigns alone; and implicit faith produces, as it ever does, the fullest confidence in the powers above us.

"Into these quiet and happy regions a strange visitor came some time last week; and soon there was a buzz among the natives, that this woman possessed singular powers of curing men and women, cows and horses, of all manner of diseases. Art was used to further her designs; and, putting on a sanctimonious look, and assuming airs, as voteens ever do, she

taught the poor people from house to house, chid the swearer, and showed them all what true religion is. By these means she gained, in a little time, their confidence, and then her miraculous powers began to show themselves. She tried her skill on a sick horse belonging to Widow M——. To effect a cure, this modern Pythoness must use the necessary means; and as there is great virtue in money, she told her victim that she must get her both silver and paper money, to make good the cure. A pound note and twenty-one shillings in silver were soon forthcoming, and then the juggler plied her secret arts.

“Every mother-soul of them must leave the house, and the door must be secured on the inside, whilst the magician within is going through her prayers and charms. At length the people outside are admitted, and their wondering eyes behold a mysterious zone, which poor Widow M—— is doomed to wear near her waist till her sick horse would be cured. The girdle contained, of course, the guinea and pound, and, besides, some magic words in writing; and, on leaving the house, the charmer told her dupe she must go through so many stations, and wear the belt, and never look at it or unloose it for so many days, when the cure would be completed. With this warning she took her leave, and, like the Sibyl of old, disappeared at once. It so happened that, in a day or two after her exit, the poor-rate collector called on Widow M—— for the poor-rates; and as she had given all the cash in hand to her unknown friend, who had bound it fast round her waist, the widow pleaded for her life, and the life of her poor horse, and told the story of her distress in piteous tone. Unhappily for her, the collector would not listen—

“ ‘Money must be had; the beggars are clamorous;
And come what will, they must be fed.’

The poor widow, with many a sigh, has to break the charm, and off comes the belt. Words cannot express the state of

mind of all parties, when, on the unstitching of the folds, out tumbled, not bright silver, but a lump of stone; and instead of my one pound note, a ball of bog-moss. The cheat was now visible, and the spell broken when too late. Off starts the widow to the police, and they have sent out the 'Hue-and-Cry' after this invisible personage; hitherto she has evaded their keenest search, and it is very likely she will contrive to die, like the Castle clerk, and rise again in some neglected corner of our land, and with new name and dress continue to practice her secret arts on some of the finest peasantry in the world. By-the-bye, if this case meets the eye of our witty and joke-loving Archbishop, I beg to draw his serious attention to the moral of the matter; and to remind him of the duty he owes these children of nature, who, after all the pains and money laid out on their education, seem to be little better than they were before his board of education sent out the national schoolmaster among the native Irish."

There are five or six townlands here, which take in a wide range of mountain and bog. Hill rises above hill, still ascending, till your eye rests on the brown heath-clad top of Dhuish; and above it soars Taghart mountain, with its heather-tufted moors, which are for the most of the Winter capped with mists, that at times are so dense as to hide the path and puzzle the wits of the belated traveller crossing its broad moors. Such a scene as this cannot be better described than by the well-known lines of the poet of the "Seasons"—

"The brown burnt earth,
Of fruits and flowers and every verdure spoiled;
Barren and bare, a gayless, dreary waste,
Thin cottaged, and in time of trying need abandoned.
Those roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country; these
The mountain cisterns fill, those grand reserves
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing stores the rivers draw,
To send a thundering torrent to the main."

There is a splendid view, during the clear days of Summer, from the top of Taghart hill. On the East lies glittering, along the far-off horizon, the Irish Sea, beyond Dundalk; and downward, towards Newry, towers the giant Slievegullion, a magnificent mountain, four and a-half miles to the South-west of Newry, and rising to the height of eighteen hundred and ninety-three feet above sea level. As little is known in County Cavan of this "enormous greenstone protrusion," I will be forgiven for introducing here a description of this mountain, given us by a modern writer:—

"The pinnacle, or capital point of Slievegullion is a cairn of stones, which form the roof of a cavern. The cairn is rather convex at top. In the centre is the mouth of the cavern. From the mouth of the cave there extends a wide and regular range of flagging, to the edge of the lake, lying in a small amphitheatre, and evidently the work of hands. From the many invincible obstacles to its being ever reclaimed, Slievegullion is only to be admired for its natural beauty; it covers a great and extensive area, and is the estate of several proprietors, though not a shilling of rent is paid for any part of it, being engaged in common by the peasants who live in the vicinity. Perhaps a bolder prospect is not presented in our island than from its summit, comprising a great extent of country. The lakes and streams, the several towns and well-cultivated demesnes, together with the bay of Dundalk, where the declivity is terminated. These, with a thousand other natural beauties which are presented to view, will repay the fatigue of the ascent; and an awful and impressing pleasure is afforded in contemplating the bold proportions and rugged cliffs, bared by the tempest and arresting the floating meteors, all affording ample resources for the contemplative philosopher."

On looking away from Taghart mount towards Cootehill, the eye ranges over the wooded hills that lie around and beyond Cootehill; and prominent to view stands out, now in ruins, the old stand-house, which some forty years ago was often the

centre of attraction to immense crowds, that used to meet there once a-year to witness the horse races, in which the Jacksons, of Crieve, usually bore off the prize. The stand-house is now standing roofless; and when the present generation shall have passed away, the once famous race-course, with its busy actors, the horse and his rider, shall soon fade from the memory, and not even yon wreck remain—*Sic transit gloria mundi*.

To the South and West of Taghart lies a varied landscape. A wilderness of hills and hollows, lakes and rivers, rocks and bogs, are lying stretched out to the view, and over the whole wide-spreading scene there is a chilling bleakness. The total absence of ornamental planting is the characteristic of the whole; and had we men of the proper taste for it, these highlands would form a fine field for the labours of such men as the exiled monks of La Trappe, who, after being banished from France, in 1831, came over to Ireland, and settled on the Southern declivities of the Knockmeledown mountains, and there undertook to reclaim a wild tract of five hundred and seventy-five acres of brown, heathy, stony, waste mountain ground.

I know of no one so likely to embark in a similar undertaking as Father Spencer, the sandalled chieftain of the Order of Passionists, or suffering monks. Were this Englishman to come over to Ireland, and settle on one of these mountains of Cavan, he might be enabled, in a little time, to cultivate not only the barren soil of these highlands, but also to let fall on the moral and intellectual world beneath him, those fructifying streams of sacred science and literature, which would soon enlighten, emancipate, and liberalize the minds of the natives.

From the literary character of the Spencer family, one is led to augur well of the missionary labours of this modern Loyola; and though it is said there is a sad falling off among them, from the times when the Spencers stood at the very head of the educated nobility of England, and the taste has of late ran

after farming and bullock-feeding, yet it may chance that Father Spencer still retains a spark of original genius; and could we but get him engaged in any rational scheme, I would hope that his mind would shine out again in all its original brilliancy.

In making this suggestion, I do not, indeed, entertain very sanguine hopes of ever seeing much good done in this way for poor Ireland. We are too poor here, and have but few attractions for Englishmen; besides this, these highlands are too bleak and cold for the generality of monks to settle on them. From the accounts of travellers in Italy and the Holy Land, I learn that these holy fathers are very wise in their own way; and they have, with few exceptions, chosen the sequestered vale, and the shaded lake and river, for the scenes of their activity and mental labours, as the following extract will show, taken from the life of Cicero, by Dr. Conyers Middleton:—

“The territory of Arpinum (where Cicero was born) was rude and mountainous, to which Cicero applies Homer’s description of Ithaca—

“ ‘ ‘Tis rough, indeed, yet breeds a gen’rous race.’ ”

The family seat was about three miles from the town, in a situation extremely pleasing, and well adapted to the nature of the climate. It was surrounded with groves and shady walks, leading from the house to a river called Fibrenus, which was divided into two equal streams, by a little island, covered with trees and a portico, contrived for study and exercise, whither Cicero used to retire when he had any particular work upon his hands. The clearness and rapidity of the stream, murmuring through a rocky channel; the shade and verdure of its banks, planted with tall poplars; the remarkable coldness of the water, and, above all, its falling by a cascade into the noble River Liris, a little below the island, gives us

the idea of a most beautiful scene, as Cicero himself has described it.

"When Atticus first saw it, he was charmed with it, and wondered that Cicero did not prefer it to all his other houses, declaring a contempt of the laboured magnificence, marble pavements, artificial canals, and forced streams of the celebrated villas of Italy, compared with the natural beauties of this place. But there cannot be a better proof of the delightfulness of the place, than that it is now possessed by a convent of monks, and called the villa of St. Dominick. 'Strange revolution!' exclaimed the indignant biographer of this prince of orators, 'to see Cicero's porticos converted to monkish cloisters! The seat of the most refined reason, wit, and learning, to a nursery of superstition, bigotry, and enthusiasm!' What a pleasure must it give to these Dominican inquisitors, to trample on the ruins of a man whose writings, by spreading the light of reason and liberty through the world, have been one great instrument of obstructing their unwearied pains to enslave it."

Having now done with this part of these highlands, I shall just travel on towards my original starting-point, and stop a day or two at Bailieborough, that I may finish what I had just begun when I left it.

As Bailieborough estate and castle are now the property of Sir John Young, Bart., and he is one of the representatives in Parliament of this County of Cavan, I may, in my next, give a definition of what is called tenant-right in these parts, that there may be no mistake on his part, when he goes into the House of Commons, and rises there, either to oppose or advocate the new measures which are likely to be introduced on the subject, in the course of the coming session.

P.S.—Since I finished this sketch, I have met by accident with the following touching appeal, extracted from a little work, called "The Plea for Drunkards," &c., written, to discountenance drunkenness, by Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, and as I have

traced to this besotting vice the murders and robberies that disgrace our native land, I trust you will find room to insert it as a sequel to the ninth and tenth sketches:—

“Give (says the eloquent divine) that mother back her son, as he was, on the day he returned from his father’s grave, and, in all the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a weeping mother leaning on his arm.

“Give that grieved man back his brother, as innocent and happy as in those days, when the boys, twined in each others arms, returned from school, bent over the same Bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother should blush for brother.

“Give this weeping wife, who sits before us wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn on her beautiful brow; give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won; when they stood side by side on the nuptial day, and, receiving her from a fond father’s hands, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form now bends with sorrow to the ground.

“Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days, whose wrecks now lie thick on this wreck-strewn shore.

“Give me back, as a minister, the brethren whom I have seen dragged from the pulpits which they adorned, and driven from the sweet manses (where we have often closed the happy evening with praise and prayer), to stand pale and haggard at a public bar.

“Give me back, as a pastor, the lambs which I have lost.

“Give me her, who, in the days of unsullied innocence, waited on our ministry to be told of the way to heaven, and warned from that of hell, and whose unblushing forehead we now shrink to see as she prowls through the streets for her prey.

“Give me back the life of this youth, who died the drunkard’s death; and dread his doom, and who now, while his mother,

by the body, rocks on her chair in speechless agony, lies laid out in a chamber where we dare not speak of comfort, but are left to weep with those that weep, 'dumb, opening not the mouth.'

"Relieve us of the fears that lie heavy on our hearts for the character and the souls of some who hold parley with the devil by this forbidden tree, and are floating on the edge of that great gulf-stream, which sweeps its victims onward to meet most woeful ruin."

BARONY OF CLONKEE.

SKETCH XI.

ESTATE AND TOWN OF BAILIEBOROUGH.

THIS estate has changed its lord within the last forty years. It is now the property of Sir John Young, Baronet, who is at present the Governor of the Ionian Islands. His father, the late Sir William Young, made the purchase some time after his return from the East Indies, where he had made his fortune. A Mr. Stewart Corry inherited the estate as heir-at-law of the Stewarts, and he sold it to Sir William Young. The Stewarts succeeded the Hamiltons; and before them there seems to have been a gentleman of the name of Bailie, who gave his own name to the castle and town.

Of this Mr. Bailie, I have nothing certain to state, as we have got no trustworthy history of the colonization of County Cavan in the reign of the first James. The Hamiltons, it is pretty clear, came over in great numbers to Ireland at the Plantation of Ulster; several of them appear to have settled in County Cavan, and of the Bailieborough Hamiltons, the old tenants on the estate retain still a substantial memorial.

The first Mr. Hamilton was friendly to his countrymen and co-religionists. He it was who encouraged Scotchmen to follow him up from the North of Ireland; and he gave them large tracts of ground on his estate in Cavan. He seems to

have been a good and a wise man; and, with a due regard for the spiritual as well as the temporal well-being of his tenantry, Mr. Hamilton was among the first to encourage Scotch ministers to come and settle at Bailieborough. To enable them to live, Mr. Hamilton made a grant of the townland of Corglass, about eighty acres; and that glebe, with a manse, which was built upon it about fifty years ago, is now secured to the Presbyterian Church; and the descendants of these first settlers are the best, the most industrious, and the most independent tenants on Sir John Young's estate.

Sir John Young is greatly attached to them, and he has good reason to be proud of such tenants. They inherit that love of truth and genuine freedom, which is the well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. Besides, they are, on the whole, the best Conservatives in County Cavan; and amid all the changes in the opinions and feelings of the political movers of this agitated age, these people have looked on in silence, and still remember whence they came; nor will they be easily seduced to give up either their political or religious sentiments—

“They are men, high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights:
And knowing, dare maintain.”

During the last century, the tenants on the Bailieborough estate lived in easy circumstances. The Stewarts were good landlords. They let their lands at low rents, from four to ten shillings an acre; and it is only within the last few years that these old, cheap leaseholds began to disappear. The best feeling existed between the landlord and his tenants; and good old Mr. Stewart is still remembered by several old men on the estate, and his many acts of kindness are garnered up in the memory of the old folk.

One venerable patriarch told the writer that, in his young

days, he remembered seeing good old Mr. Stewart. He came one day riding to the door of a widowed sister of his, and told her that her lease was done, and her husband gone (both had likely died together). What was to be done? The farm was to be taken anew; it must be re-valued; and whom, gentle reader, did the landlord appoint as his valuator? Hear it, ye modern landlords: that widow's brother. And what was the new rent? Some seven or eight shillings an acre. When Mr. Stewart got the return of the new valuation, he told the widow's brother he had laid too much rent on the farm, and he would reduce it to six shillings, to enable the poor widow to live! This is an example and an illustration of what was once known in Cavan as tenant-right. In those days, and under such a landlord, there was no need of legislation at all; when the owner of the soil did not grudge the cultivators of it the sweets and comforts of their peaceful and happy homes: the tenants lived content, and in full confidence that no wrong would ever be done them.

How greatly changed are the times now. We are fallen, indeed, on evil days. Since the potato blight began to thin our population, the agitation on the Ulster tenant-right has gone on ahead, and now the cry is everywhere for tenant-right; and what once existed only in Ulster, and was connected with the mutual interest and confidential intercourse of the proprietors and cultivators of the soil, must now be extended all over Ireland, and become the law of the land by imperial legislation.

And what will this new legislation do for the tenants of Ulster? Thirty years' occupation is talked of as the limit which is to exhaust all the improvements of generations; and four years' rent of the farm is the maximum sum which the law will allow any man to claim for all the time, and pains, and capital which may be expended on building, draining, and planting! If this be the result of the tenant-right agitation, it is clear it is sharing the fate of other popular humbugs of

the age; and the sooner the agitation subsides, and the tenant farmers and landlords of Ulster draw together, and cherish mutual confidence and esteem, the better will it be for the peace and the prosperity of their native land. Instead of being a favour and a boon, such an act would destroy the good old custom, and rob, in the name of law, many an honest farmer, who has invested thousands in building and in improving the soil, in the confidence that these improvements would continue in his family, and be as sure to his children as the estate is to the landlord and his heirs.

The further agitation of this question can do no good: it may do much harm. It has led to agrarian outrage and crime. Two agents and two landowners have already fallen victims to popular discontent and the wild justice of revenge; and if combinations for crime extend among the lower orders, and the flame is fanned by priests and demagogues, there is no knowing where this agitation may end. The shedding of human blood has already brought dire judgments on the land; and an awful responsibility rests on the men who, at the press and on the platform, stimulate a fanatical peasantry to have recourse to this wild justice of revenge.

Let the landlords be wise in time, and make it a matter of conscience to do their tenantry no wrong, and to give to every man, who is disposed to leave, the full liberty to sell his tenant-right to any loyal and solvent tenant who may be willing to buy. In a little time this excitement will pass away, and good feeling be restored; and when political and fanatical hate shall have died out in the land, men will begin to feel what true Conservatism is—when it holds the balance fairly between the poor and the rich; and whilst it secures to the landlord his rights, yields to the tenant every thing he can in justice claim. The time may come, and ere long, when the hatred and alienations which selfish agitators have stirred up between Celt and Saxon shall be forgotten; and, in the sunshine of Erin's prosperity, men will see the way to power, and look back with

horror on those political firebrands, who have so long retarded the peace and felicity of this unhappy land. And even now, were we able to infuse into the turbulent masses, that swarm over the South and West of Ireland, the same feeling of loyalty to the Throne, of love for the Constitution, and of obedience to the laws, that prevails in Ulster; then, indeed, might we safely entrust more political power to the Celtic part of the population, and cherishing towards them, as we do, the kindest feeling, we would extend to them, as well as to the loyal men of Ulster, the right which every honest man has to his own, whether that be in the land, which his money has purchased, or in the dwellings he has raised at his own expense for the accommodation of his family.

We would hail the enactment of a law to bind the arm of the oppressor, and stop the old system of legalised robbery, under which a bad landlord can pour out his vengeance on the victim of his hate. To such we would gladly say—You shall not appropriate as your own, houses you never built, improvements you never made, and trees you never planted. Nor shall you, at the end of a short lease, raise the rent of the land, because the improving tenant has sunk his hundreds in it, which you unjustly claim as your own; and, besides robbing the tenant of his capital, charge him additional rent for his very outlay.

There is no danger in such a law as this, no Communism here. Its advantages to the country would be many and great. Give a man the hope, that the house he is building shall be his own—

“That he will not build, and another inhabit;

That he will not sow, and another reap the fruit of his industry;”

And you implant within his very soul a new motive power—a self-dependence and a self-respect—which will sustain and cheer him in the midst of life's conflicts. It is this feeling of self-respect and self-reliance that we need so much in Ireland.

It is the best cure for our discontent, our pauperism, and our crimes. Deny us protection for the products of our own industry, and security for our honest earnings, and you break down our spirits, unnerve the arm of laborious toil, and drive us to seek in foreign climes that independence and comfort which are refused us at home. O! when shall we see realised, in this sea-girt island of ours, the Christian poet's aspiration, breathed in the reign of one of the best of kings, the grandsire of our gracious Sovereign. May her reign be blessed with its fulfilment—

"O place me in some heaven-protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood,
Where power secures what industry has won,
Where to succeed is not to be undone—
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Erin's Isle, beneath VICTORIA's reign."

EDUCATION, WITHOUT THE IDEAS AND SENTIMENTS OF THE BIBLE.

SKETCH XII.

EDUCATION is a fine word, especially if it is accompanied with the adjunct, liberal. But both words have, like other things, sadly degenerated in our day. A liberal education, in the good old times that are gone, meant the training which a free-man received to fit him for life and action—to make him an honest, candid, and fearless man. In these days of ours, a liberal means a libertine, whose way of thinking is loose, and whose tongue is noisy and full of words; and education has to adapt itself to the loose thinker as well as the loose liver; and a man may be an accomplished scholar, according to the cant of modern Liberals, without either the knowledge or the love of truth.

Xenophon tells us that the ancient Persians used to send their children to school, not so much to learn the combination of letters and figures, as to know and practice truth. But, in our day, truth is fallen into disrepute; and the man that stands up "valiant for the truth," is liable to be mobbed down as a bigot or a heretic. In Ireland, this is notoriously the case, as to men's opinions, motives, feelings. Whether these are right or wrong—such is the confusion that politics have brought in—no man can say who is right: a loyal man or a

revolutionist, a pious man or a foul-mouthed empty declaimer against all laws, human and divine—

“Wee unto them who call evil good, and good evil;
Who put darkness for light, and light for darkness;
Who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.”

Thus reversing the order of God's moral government, and giving evil a bad pre-eminence. The Commissioners of what is absurdly called National Education, are themselves a compound of all kinds of opinions. There sits the Popish ecclesiastic, “with eye malign” upon all attempts to communicate a Christian sentiment to a child's mind; and to gratify his refined taste and liberal feelings, the Protestant people of Belfast, and other parts, are insulted, and their feelings wounded, from time to time, by authoritative announcements, issued by this liberal Board; and forbidding benevolence to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, lest some pauper child should be taught to know and feel what Protestant kindness is.

The National School System is, in Ireland, a compromise; and for this mongrel system, a mixture of good and evil, the nation is taxed to the enormous amount of nearly £200,000 a-year! The “inspection” alone costs us £15,000 a-year. In the twentieth Report, which now lies open before me, I find there were, in the year 1853, six head-inspectors, whose salaries and travelling expenses cost us beyond £3,000 in that year; that is, each of these gentlemen is getting £500 a-year for the important services rendered to the country by their activity. Besides these, there is a host of others: district inspectors, sub-inspectors, agricultural inspector, and agricultural sub-inspector, whose united salaries and expenses rise to the trifling sum of £15,000, and more!!! The whole vote granted in that year was £189,300 1s. 3d.; and since the year 1853, there has been no decrease in the annual grant. As the income-tax is now pressing rather heavy on many a family with limited means, it is time to expose and check this growing and op-

pressive expenditure. Come we now to the question, *cui bono*. What social benefits are we getting for all this money? How many millions are there still in Ireland, who do not know a letter in a book, and are, of course, all of them "marksmen?"

Mr. Donnelly has just issued his census report for 1851, and can we believe what we read in it? In 1841, there were in Ireland 3,766,066 human beings, above five years old, who could neither read nor write. In 1851, there were, after famine, exodus, and all, 2,766,283 over five years, who were quite illiterate!! The whole population of Ireland, in 1851, was 6,552,386, and of this population more than one-third could neither read nor write. What is the National Board doing? What inroad has this liberal Board made on these dark and malignant masses? Can it be, that dust is thrown in the eyes of the Commissioners, and that false returns are made of numbers, as getting a liberal education in these national schools, whose names may be on the rolls, but who are really taught nothing in them? From a warning sent out to the managers, I am led to think the Commissioners have at last discovered that there is deception practised by some dishonest teachers, and the Commissioners have threatened instant dismissal, should they detect fraud in these returns.

To say that this compound of good and evil, truth and error, will eventually civilize and christianize the Celtic population, is to hazard an assertion which time will prove to be untrue; and, at the same time, it would be rash to say that it will do no good. It is certainly an advance on the old hedge-school system; and the vigorous measures taken during the Repeal mania, to keep in check the Irish pedagogues under the Board, is proof positive that no treasonable conspiracies can be openly carried on by the teachers in these schools, or the minds of the children perverted by false ideas in politics, at least. As far as my knowledge of the working of the system goes, it is utterly inadequate to produce in Ireland what its concoctors expected from it. We find in them no desire to teach the young any-

thing connected with the Book of Life—the Bible; and even extracts from it are thrown contumeliously into a corner. A Popish inspector once entered a Protestant school, in County Cavan, and happening to find a New Testament lying on a desk, in the morning, beside a Presbyterian child, he made a great noise about this infraction of the Board's rule; and the consequence was, a very strong feeling on the part of the parents of the children in attendance on that school, who asserted their right to have their children taught the Holy Scriptures, without being insulted by Popish inspectors. The only schools where the Bible is free, even for a limited time, are the few which the honesty and manly bearing of the Presbyterian clergy in Ulster have rescued from the liberalizing influences of our too liberal rulers.

It is idle to say, that the Romanist party in Ireland do no use, because they do not believe in, the Protestant version of the Holy Scriptures. Let me ask, do they use their own Douay version of them? And further, let me inquire, is the Commandment forbidding the picturing of Deity under any form, by chisel, pencil, or pen; is the second Commandment, in full, contained in all the Roman Catholic Catechisms, which are taught by monks, nuns, and other devotees, in the schools which are exclusively under their management? If this be answered, as I know it should, by a total abnegation of pure scriptural training, the conclusion follows, that the mere literary education, given in all schools which are under the management of priests and their creatures, is nothing more than a preparation for the inculcation of the worst dogmas of Popery.

The children, I know, are taught the use of letters, and figures, and lines, in these schools; and this forms, in every system of education, a very considerable part of the training of the young. As far as it goes, this is one step in the right direction. If two baronies, one in County Cavan, the other in Monaghan, had, in 1841, beyond 44,000 human beings, who could not read or write their own names, it was the duty of

our rulers to try and enlighten this dark mass, by sending out among them the national schoolmaster. A people who know not the use of letters, are exposed to the arts and the fallacies practised on their credulity by priests and demagogues. Letters are the elements of knowledge, and the right use of the knowledge which literature imparts, may prepare men to think and feel as freemen. But mere knowledge will not save from error, dishonesty, or crime; and the best proof of this principle is given in the acts and misconduct of the Young Ireland faction, both in and out of Parliament. Knowledge, when added to a bad mind and a malignant heart, is the incentive to mischief. It prepares the incendiary or the fanatic for stirring up the worst passions of the uneducated multitude; and Ireland will remain for ages in a state of barbarism, unless the humanizing influences of Christianity, as we find it in the Scriptures, are added to all that letters, and figures, and their highest combinations, can give to man.

The knowledge of figures and lines may enable the mere man of letters to erect his triangles, and by means of them to scale the heavens, and measure the distances among the stars; and when science has counted them, she may even bind them fast by the chain of numbers; and after this aërial tour, the mere sciolist, who knows every thing but himself, may come down again to earth, and there disseminate among his stupid admirers the rankest atheism, and say with the infidel astronomer, "There is no God: the laws of nature have made, and still keep in order the world we live in." To give children, then, a good education in manners, arts, and sciences, is important; to give them a religious education is indispensable; and an immense responsibility rests on parents and guardians who neglect these duties.

But there is a false as well as a true in everything: so it is in education. We are warned by one, who was once under the illusions of fanaticism, "To avoid profane and vain babblings, and the oppositions of science, falsely so called." Knowledge

is to the mind what light is to the eye; but if the structure of that delicate organ be deranged or injured, its vision becomes weak and imperfect. So it is with the mind. Without true science to guide us, the world above, around, beneath us, is a mystery. Nothing is certain. All is enveloped in cloud and confusion. That rare production, "The Vestiges," is a fine specimen of science, trying to create a universe without a master-mind to rule, and an intelligent hand to control the the war of raging elements. The same confusion is to be found among our geologists. Every year is producing some new theory; and great is the alarm among superficial readers of the Bible, lest the foundations of the earth become loosed, and creation go to ruin under the hammer of the geologist—"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."

The clock in the school-room shall serve for our illustration. Fix the mind of the child upon its movements. He knows it was made to measure time. He never saw the hand that put its pieces together, and he cannot, as yet, fully understand the principles of its mechanism. It is enough for him to know that it keeps time, goes its weekly round without help from man; and if we could show him a time-piece, that has been going for some six or seven thousand years without stopping at all, or requiring human hand to touch its machinery, we would increase his admiration, and raise within his young heart a desire to see the wonderful mechanist that could think of and then produce such a piece of art.

The material universe resembles this clock. The starry heavens, with all their hosts, had a beginning. How long since the matter of them was produced, we are not told. To us, it is a matter of no vital importance to know how many revolutions have taken place among the stars, before or since the foundations of our earth were laid—

"When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy."

The Bible tells us how and when the human race began. Man was not at first created among "wriggling impurities;" nor did he "originate in the putrefactive mucus;" nor will his future life be spent, as the infidel asserts, in the gloom of the grave, among the reptiles of the earth. This kind of science is calculated to mislead and bewilder. It substitutes error for truth, and threatens to write down among the degraded and the lost, those who, under the influence of an unshaken faith, hope to rise at the dawn of a new era—the terminal period of this earth's existence—to the fulness of that enjoyment which is reserved for the wise and the good. The Bible teaches, that as our earth had a beginning, so it will have an end. The hand that made the clock can take it to pieces, and put it up anew; and when the obliquities of the present earth are all removed, the renovated earth, with its new and better order of intellectual inhabitants upon it, may continue to make progress during the cycles of eternity. "It is a welcome thought, that we, also, though not on earth, may, during these ages, be privileged to gaze with quickened and keener eye over much that is remote from us now." "The idea," says Professor Nichol, "of the ultimate dissolution of the solar system has been felt as painful, and forcibly resisted by philosophers. When Newton saw no end to the deranging effect of the common planetary perturbations, he called for the special interference of the Almighty to avert the catastrophe; and great was the rejoicing when the recent analyst descried a memorable power of conservation in our system's constituent phenomena; but, after all, why should it be painful? Absolute permanence is visible nowhere around us; and the fact of change merely intimates that, in the exhaustless womb of the future, unevolved wonders are in store. Nay, what though all should pass? What though the close of this epoch in the history of the solar orb should be accompanied, as some by a strange fondness have imagined, by the dissolution and disappearing of all these shining spheres? Then would our universe not have failed in its functions, but

only been gathered up and rolled away, these functions being complete. That gorgeous material frame-work, wherewith the Eternal hath adorned and varied the abysses of space, is only an instrument by which the myriads of spirits, borne upon its orbs, may be told of their origin, and educated for more exalted being; and the time may come when the veil can be drawn aside, when the Spirit shall converse directly with spirit, and the creature gaze without hindrance on the effulgent face of its Creator. But even then—no, not in that manhood or full maturity of being, will our fretted vault be forgotten, or its pure inhabitants permitted to drop away. Their reality may have passed, but their remembrance will live for ever. The warm relationships of dependent childhood are only the tenderer and the more hallowed, that the grave has enclosed and embalmed their objects; and no height of excellence, no extent of future greatness, will ever obscure the vividness of that frail, but loved infancy, in which, as now, we walked upon the beauteous earth, and fondly gazed upon those far-off orbs, deeming that they whisper from their bright abodes the welcome tidings of man's immortal destiny."

The Christian religion is a communication from heaven: it is embodied in a book. It thus becomes the religion of educated man. Without its ideas, motives, and sentiments, no system of education should be established and supported by a Christian people. This book is, like the great prophet, sent to teach us—"a sign to be spoken against," and by means of the Bible "the thoughts of many hearts are revealed." In its pages truth shines, and there, too, error stands unmasked. Bad thoughts, an erroneous method of combining ideas; bad feelings, the working of the malign feelings within unholy breasts; and bad taste, the want of moral relish for its sublime spiritualities; not to speak of the selfishness of mere worldlings, are all exposed, commented on, and condemned with a high and authoritative tone, that offends the proud sons of earth. It

was a noble utterance of the learned Grotius, when writing on the truth of this system, he said—

*"Sermo evangelii sic ut Lapis Lydius est,
Ad quem ingenia sanabilia explorarentur."*

Against the circulation of the Bible in Ireland, there is a widespread conspiracy among the vassals of one who pretends to be Christ's successor and vicegerent on earth; but who happens to be the impersonation of every thing mean and vulgar in religion, bitter and vindictive in feeling, and cruel and despotic in persecution. Saul of Tarsus, the learned linguist, the acute disputant, the high churchman under the Jewish system, and the zealot, who breathed in an atmosphere of hatred towards the disciples of the Lord, is the true prototype of the Pope of Rome and his confrères. With all the training he got at the feet of Gamaliel, doctor of Jewish law, Saul was a murderer in his heart; and when he was present as a witness at the stoning of the first martyr, Stephen, he no doubt thought he was doing God's service, by ridding the world of such a dangerous heretic. So he thought at the time, and if conscience were in all cases a safe guide, Saul had its approbation for this murder.

But a change came; not in his person so much as in his feelings, tastes, and motives. To change the malignant disposition, rendered callous by bad training and evil associations, is a task that baffles all the powers of man. Saul was changed by a miracle, and the mental agonies of these three days without sight, which he spent in Damascus, may be imagined. Pen of man could not describe "those unutterable groans." The change produced in his feelings and views of duty is finely pictured by the graphic pen of that learned physician who wrote the history of the Acts. It was as if a scaly coating had fallen off his eyes. He was changed to every thing, and

every thing was changed to him. Saul, the haughty, fiery, and vindictive churchman, was changed into Paul, the gentle, patient, and forgiving missionary, who rejoices to be counted worthy to bear stripes and imprisonment for his Lord. His taste for letters and his love of knowledge still remained with him; but both were purified from the stains of earth; and the sublime bursts of eloquence, and the letters still preserved, show the world that Christ's religion, whilst it imparts new views of God and of duty, quickens the mind and gives fresh force to the tongue.

It is to be lamented that any bearing the Christian name should pervert or misrepresent the religion as he has left it. It was a well-merited eulogy, which the first of modern metaphysicians passed on the Bible—

"It has God for its author, salvation for its end;
And truth, without mixture of error, for its matter."

It is the mixture of error with the truth of Revelation that has made Popery so hateful in these lands. The Bible makes known Rome's picture-worship to be a degrading of deity, as well as a flagrant violation of an express command; and to be revenged for this disclosure, the priests burn the Bible: and when the fact of Bible-burning, which took place of late, near Dublin, could not be denied, the oily-tongued O'Hagan, in his defence of the foreigner, diverged from the question to be tried; and, after passing some vague encomiums on the respect which Romish doctors have for the Scriptures, he fell into the logical blunder, that when a priest is detected sending a parcel of Bibles to be burned, the good man could not be guilty of such an illegal act, or he must have done it in his ignorance, as Saul acted at the stoning of Stephen.

From the continued hostility of these fanatics to every thing connected with the biblical education of the young, we are led to the conclusion that this liberal Board must be reconstructed anew, or entirely dissolved. As long as the teachers and well-

paid officials get their salaries, the system will go on quietly, as far as they are concerned; but when the people of Great Britain find the way in which money is lavished, without corresponding results, it is likely they will tire of giving, and leave Romanists to pay their teachers, since they must get them to teach in these schools nothing but what is agreeable to the moral sentiments and interests of the Irish priesthood.

Archbishop Whately was glad to be done with the faction; and the feeling is becoming every day more general, that the National Board is itself becoming changed for the worse; and if it is allowed to send down Popish inspectors to lecture on the verities of Christianity, in the presence of Protestant clergymen, and to their children, and to act the pedagogue in these exhibitions, it is time for Presbyterians, at least, to beware of their children being perverted, and taught another gospel, quite different from the views which are given in the Catechism and standards of their Church.

A Christian education takes in the moral sentiments—the feelings, as well as the thoughts. These must be trained in proper season: that season is childhood and youth. The seed must be sown then, if sown at all: that seed lies in the Bible, and from it, when implanted in the memory of a good child, springs in due season a fruit that will remain. The heart draws its nourishment from the sentiments, hopes, and promises contained in the Holy Scriptures; and the letter-men of this age, who know nothing but books, will find, in the end, that Popery in Ireland is too strong for mere words to root out of the land. Let no scholar, then, let no magnanimous-souled being, who understands the English language, and has any tincture of education, omit to read the Bible, and muse upon it again and again, and lay it up in the treasured stores of his memory: it will exercise and improve all his intellectual faculties, and elevate his heart: it has at once novelty, truth, and wisdom. And whilst we do this, let us persevere in the good work of religious education, knowing assuredly that the day will come,

when all that is wise and great in the land must acknowledge our superiority. And let us hope, too, that in the arrangements of Providence, means are ready for touching the mind, and scattering the prejudices of our Roman Catholic countrymen; and when their feelings are once touched from on high, they, too, may see the error of that doomed system, which has so long kept the Irish people in the background in the onward march of nations to civilization and the arts of peace.

REVIEW OF IRISH DEMAGOGUES, AND THEIR POLITICS.

SKETCH XIII.

IN drawing these sketches to a close, I cannot finish them without referring once more to the cause of Ireland's miseries, pauperism, and crimes; and though the topics which I have introduced in the course of these letters are likely to excite, in no small degree, the political hate and fanatical rancour of priest and demagogue, my love of truth, country, and home, is so strong, that it urges me to reveal the real source of our misery; and if I have found it, then to urge our statesmen and Conservative gentry to try and heal the wounds which agitation and the strife of tongues have made in our social system for nearly thirty years.

Ireland has been long known for the fertility of its soil, the healthy atmosphere that girdles it round, and its commanding position on the highway of the world's commerce. At an early stage of her history, Phœnician merchant-men frequented her shores; and the superstitious practices of the native Irish, even at this day, savour a good deal more than we imagine of the worship of Baal—sun, moon, and stars—that once prevailed among the descendants of Canaan.

It is to this intercourse with the merchant princes of Tyre and Sidon, that Tacitus refers in the well-known passage in his *Life of Agricola*—

"Melius aditus, portusque per commercia, et negotiatores cogniti."

Spain also sent out her colonies ; and it is the boast to this day, that the O'Connor Don and his family are the descendants of a royal race, and Milesian blood flows pure in their veins. The Dane and the Saxon come next in order of time ; and who is it that does not know that Ireland, too, sent forth her colonies, and in the middle ages Irishmen settled in the Highlands of Scotland ?

It was no vain boast of James the First, when, rebuking the political faction that disturbed his Irish Parliament, and impeded the business of the house, he stated—" There is a double cause why I should be careful of the welfare of the people of Ireland. First, as King of England, by reason of the long possession the Crown of England hath had of that land ; and also, as King of Scotland, for the ancient kings of Scotland are descended of the kings of Ireland. So I have an old title as King of Scotland. My sentence, then, is," adds the indignant monarch, " that, in the matter of Parliament, you have carried yourselves tumultuously and undutifully, and that your proceedings have been rude, disorderly, and inexcusable."

The population of Ireland is, therefore, at this day, a mixed one, made up of the descendants of various nations—Phœnicians, Spaniards, Danes, Saxons, and Scots ; and the bond of union among them should be the love of home, country, and religion. It is a great hardship, then, that the peace of these parties should be marred by political feuds or fanatical rancour : and yet so it is, and no power on earth can combine into one harmonious community the rival parties, who are struggling for ascendancy in this distracted island. There are two classes, however, who have of late taken a prominent part in the political movements of the country—the priests and the lawyers—and both are demagogues of the most unreasonable kind.

It was not for nothing that the arch-demagogue organized his association of priests and laymen, to agitate the masses from Malin Head to Cape Clear. He had an object in view,

and that was political power for his learned associates, and the filling of his own pockets at the expense of the poor Irish peasantry, who confided to his honesty; and certainly never did selfish agitator succeed better in both objects. It was the Clare election, carried by mob influence and priestly power, that caused the Iron Duke and his compeers to relax their hold of the barrier of the Constitution, and fling open its gates for the admission of Daniel O'Connell and his tail of servile followers.

In the year 1826-7, Ennis figured as the wild scene of O'Connell's return to Parliament, on the eve of Catholic Emancipation; and as this election was followed by very serious results, it is right to let the world know something of the great O'Connell, and the honest means which he took to secure his return for County Clare. The following graphic sketch of the arch-demagogue is taken from "Curran and his Contemporaries." Of O'Connell, it is written, "His was that marvellous admixture of mirth, pathos, drollery, earnestness, and dejection, which, well compounded, form the true Milesian. He could whine and wheedle, and wink with one eye, while he wept with the other. His fun was inexhaustible; but if ever it halted, then out came his own familiar stereotypes, 'his own green isle,' 'his Irish heart,' 'his head upon the block,' 'his hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,' and above all, his inimitable warning, 'dead or alive, don't trust the Rices;' and they never failed him. He made the mob his friends, by making himself one of them. He studied them at their wakes and at their fairs, and howled the humours of each, in their own mellifluous jargon. The Irish peasant hails as a brother the adept in his language; and O'Connell lisped its beauties in his cradle. A specimen of his manner at one of these motley meetings, may not be unamusing. At the Clare election, to the horror of Vesey Fitzgerald, the rival candidate, and a member of the then Administration, Daniel, with the aid of

his priests, polled tenant against landlord: an utter abomination in a country where, hitherto, the serfs have been driven to the poll in droves—

“ ‘Habited like Nebuchadnezzar, when he ran at grass.’

Vesey, a lord in embryo, could not stand it, and he fled. Next day was a great day for Daniel. Priest, curate, coadjutor-bishop, he who with no franchise had voted notwithstanding, and he who having one had voted very often, the whole available population—the pure children of nature, as he called them; and some of them, most justly, hailed the champion, as he shouted from the hustings, ‘Boys, where’s Vasey Vigarald? Och hone, Vasey! but it’s me that’s dull without ye!’ Righi. mavourneen! Righi (run, darling, run), and send the bell about for him. Here’s the cry for you:—

“ ‘Stolen or strayed,
Lost or mislaid,
The President of the Board of Trade.

“During a Dublin election, where Mr. West was candidate. O’Connell resorted to his nicknames, and ‘Sow West’ and ‘Ugly West’ were lavished liberally. ‘Gentlemen,’ said West, good-humouredly, ‘Mr. O’Connell takes advantage of me, for he wears a wig!’ ‘I scorn all advantage,’ exclaimed Daniel, casting off the ornament, and exhibiting a scalp literally without a hair between it and heaven, ‘I scorn all advantage. Compare us now, boys; is Sow West the beauty?’”

Such is a specimen of Daniel O’Connell; and with him began that low mob-language and vulgar feeling, which has lowered ever since the tone of Irishmen, both within and without Parliament. He had, however, his day, and his end was not very glorious. Before he died, he felt the reverses which ambition always feels, when mob popularity, like the bubble, bursts. Were Æneas Macdonnell now alive, and disposed to publish anew his letters to the *Times*, this secretary to

the old Catholic Association could unfold a tale of robbery, committed on the credulity of the Irish people, which might well sink for ever the selfish demagogue in their estimation. His "splendid phantom" of Repeal, and of a Parliament to meet once more in College Green, are long since forgotten; and Conciliation Hall itself is now a deserted store; and his own house, in Merrion Square, was, the last time I passed it, lonely and shut up, an image of desolation. Had O'Connell been asked, the year before he died, how it was that he had lost his power, and that wondrous ascendancy over the Irish mind, which he had held with such despotic sway for a quarter of a century, he might well have replied in the words of the old Roman— "*Proveniebant oratores, novi, stulti, adolescentuli.*" or, in plain English, it was because "of the frequent harangues of these upstart, silly, childish orators." These boyish orators, called Young Irelanders, were a brood of infidels, who had no country, no home, and no God. It is distressing to think that Smith O'Brien, the only gentleman found among the gang, was so far misled as to enter with them on their career of folly; and now that time has healed his mental aberrations, and his heart yearns to visit once more his home and family, there surely can be no peril to the peace of Ireland if he were restored to his native land. As to the others, Duffy, of the *Nation*, is gone; and Meagher and Mitchell have proved, by their wild vagaries on the other side of the Atlantic, that no community could long rest in peace where their pestilential effusions are read and relished. But the reactionary feeling that has set in against the wild Irish in America, is proof positive that the Anglo-Saxon race, on both sides of the Atlantic, are one in feeling as well as in origin; and no raving demagogue shall ever succeed in sowing the seeds of discord between the two nations.

The winds of political strife have, it is true, carried across the ocean one solitary thistle, that once grew on the fields of Ulster; but the brave men who have succeeded the "Pilgrim

Fathers," have risen up indignant at the attempt to deposit its noxious seeds in the virgin soil of New England. Of not one of these modern patriots and lovers of their country, can the future historian say with truth, that their services were disinterested, and sprung from a desire to promote the peace and happiness of their native land. Their career was one of folly and of crime; and Ireland's green has been but too often turned into crimson red by the passions they excited, and the wild justice of revenge which their morbid feelings led them to vindicate. There is a fine sentiment put by Shakspeare into the mouth of the high-minded republican, Brutus, as he was chiding with Cassius about extorting money under the false pretence of promoting the public service. Such a sentiment can never be felt in Ireland till we get rid of political adventurers, who are ever ready to sacrifice honour, and truth, and country, and all, to promote their own vile ends. Not one of these time-servers can taste or feel the meaning of the words of Brutus. But Brutus was an honourable man; such alone could say—

"I can raise no money by vile means.
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection."

It is the want of honesty in the statesmen and political leaders of the present age, that is now breaking down that confidence in the powers above us, which in former times kept up in the country a love for truth and its kindred freedom. This was not so general till demagogues got into Parliament. The fearful disclosures that are following the ill-fated John Sadleir's awful end are enough, one should think, to open men's eyes to the danger of having such men sent over from Ireland to make laws for a Christian people; and the sooner we set about retracing our steps, and restoring the ancient reign of truth in the council-chamber of the statesman, as well as in the circle

of the family, the better will it be for the peace and stability of our institutions. These institutions are in peril from another set of demagogues, who are busy perverting the minds and demoralizing the feelings of the "new generation;" and unless their advances are kept in check, and eventually repelled by the united efforts of all Protestants, this land may yet be stained with more blood, and visited for crimes with heavier judgments—

"For the leaders of this people cause them to err,
And they that are (blind) led of them are destroyed."

As the disturbers of the peace of the country exercise their power for mischief, by raising false hopes and aiming at objects quite Utopian, these worthies must be unmasked, and held up as a warning to new aspirants for political influence and offices of State. O'Connell's place cannot be filled as king of the Irish mob; he has not, nor, indeed, can have, any successor.

With all his tact, however, he overshot the mark, and on one occasion let, as they say, "the cat out of the bag," and that was when he boasted that the first act of his Irish Parliament, in College Green, would be to reclaim the estates of the London Companies in the County Derry; and taking that as the basis, go on apace till he had restored to their rightful owners all the confiscated estates through Ulster, and literally fulfilled the war-cry of the young Irishmen, "Ireland for the Irish."

That *lapsus* proved his ruin: like Satan falling from heaven, O'Connell tumbled headlong from the political sky. Such men as Sharman Crawford, who unhappily allowed themselves to be duped by his false ideas about liberality, tried to get away; and in a little time O'Connell was seen trying to replenish his exhausted treasury in Conciliation Hall, by means of one solitary satellite—Tom Steele, who travelled through the Province of Ulster, stirring up the passions of the mob, by denouncing the Conservative gentry of Ulster as the greatest

enemies the people had. His appearance in Cavan was followed by murder. A policeman, who was listening to one of these Sunday speeches, which Tom Steele (a liberal Protestant, be it remembered) was in the habit of making at the chapels after mass was said, has informed the writer, that Steele, in his Cavan tour, visited the village of Ballinagh, about five miles from the county town of Cavan. It was a Sunday, and after mass was said, when, according to the priests' teaching, the Sabbath is over, Steele sallied out to the streets, and mounted his rostrum to harangue the crowd. The village is surrounded by gentlemen's seats, all through wooded Kilmore and Farnham. These seats of the Conservative party afforded Tom a fine subject for displaying his good sense and good feeling. Pointing out with extended finger Mr. Booth Bell's country residence, in the neighbourhood of Ballinagh, "There," cried this incendiary, "lives the master of the Orangemen of County Cavan! He is one of your opponents; and there is another," turning round to a second seat. The result of this Sunday's meeting was, that, in a few Sundays after, Mr. Bell was shot dead in his vehicle, as he was returning home from church on the Sunday afternoon; and what makes the murder more remarkable, is, the well-known fact, that, at the very time Mr. Bell was shot, the hills all around Ballinagh were covered with people, waiting, after mass was said, to hear the shot, and know if it were fatal. The murderer walked away over the fields, was soon among the crowds, and was kept concealed among the peasantry about Cavan, till they got an opportunity of shipping him off to America! Poor Steele! you once had a home, and got the education of a gentleman; had all that letters and science could bestow; but want of prudence in the management of your worldly affairs, reduced you so low that you were thrown out of land, and houses, and all; and then, like many a spendthrift before you, turned round on society, and avenged on your country's peace your imaginary wrongs!

The Irish demagogue has been aptly compared to a volcano!

Not like the verdant hills and majestic mountains that adorn and diversify the surface of our island home, these burning hillocks rise for a time, and pour out, amid dense vapours, the flood of inflammatory declamation, which, like lava, burns up every thing green and healthy within the reach of their pestilential effusions! And what was the end of Steele and his associates in agitation? Amid the wreck of his ruined fortunes, shorn of every ray of hope, and an outcast wandering alone in the midst of the crowded streets of London, this unhappy man grew tired of existence, and took the desperate plunge into the Thames, which soon ended his earthly career. By family, and education, and profession, Steele was a Protestant. But what avails a name, when the thing signified by it has no existence. A Protestant abusing the rights and liberty of a Christian, and showing all the waywardness of a child, whilst claiming the privileges of a man, has now become so common, that we cease to wonder at this unnatural sight. He has fallen, as he ought, into the shade, unwept, unhonoured, and forgotten. Come we now to Mitchell, and Martin, and O'Brien, all three Protestants. Mitchell was a fanatic, whose mental obliquities, neither time, nor punishment, nor the aversion of mankind, can rectify or cure. Like many a patriot before him, Mitchell loved notoriety, and longed to die a martyr for his country's weal. An incurable obstinacy and dogged selfishness seemed, like a demon, to have taken possession of these Young Irelanders; and with all his address, O'Connell could not keep within the bounds of law these patriots, who were set on self-immolation. It was a pity that Mitchell was deprived the honour of a traitor's end. But the humanity of a Christian people interposed; and an act of mercy shown to those infatuated men has told for good on Smith O'Brien, who will, we trust, be soon restored to his quiet home, a wiser and a better man. For Mitchell there is no hope. His maladies are incurable, and as he is unfit for liberty, it is unsafe to have him at large. The Americans

should look after him, and secure him in some asylum, ere he raise an insurrection among the slaves.

In glancing at the State trials, which took place whilst the Government was battling with these desperadoes, I cannot forbear referring to the want of honesty and manly feeling that was, on more than one occasion, manifested by certain jurors and lawyers, whose sympathies ran entirely with Duffy, whom a Dublin jury refused again and again to convict. Poor Smith O'Brien was found guilty at once. But he was a Protestant, and there was little anxiety for him and Martin. And what has happened before may happen again. I never knew of a Protestant, who abandoned his faith, and gave himself up, body and soul, to promote the political plans of Irish Roman Catholics, but found, in the end, that he was a sufferer in person, or property, or social *status*. There is a demoralizing influence connected with these desperate men, which descends through all the feelings as well as the thoughts, and terminates in the collapse of the finer feelings of the soul. This remark will be found true in every department of the social system. The Irish Brigade, in the House of Commons, are notorious for their want of gentlemanly feeling and bearing; and their combinations to stop the voting of supplies, till they get their own private ends accomplished, just go to prove that it was injurious, in more ways than one, to admit to the privileges of men and of legislators a faction, who are bent on revolutionizing the country, and changing our habits of thinking and feeling into keeping with their lax ideas of morality and duty. How true is it—"Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." That corrupting influence is still going on. It did not cease with Daniel O'Connell: and the banishment of the Young Irelanders has only quieted the populace in Dublin, who have lost the incentives for mischief when their leaders disappeared. But we have enough of evil still remaining in town and country, to require the united energies of all good men. The want of truth and honesty among our political leaders,

has long been a matter of complaint among the Protestants of Ireland. Statesmen, now no more, have left us an inheritance of evil, social and moral, which is likely to be transmitted by us, nothing diminished, to the next generation.

Sabbath desecration was first introduced among us by the Catholic Association. On that day they held their political meetings, and made speeches. These speeches were written down, and published in the Catholic newspapers, and sent down to the country, to be ready for the following Sunday, when these papers, with all their inflammatory stuff, were read in the chapels, and commented on by the political priests; and then round went the begging-box, to raise funds to carry on the work of the Catholic Association, sitting in Dublin.

The grand object held out to the Irish peasantry was the Repeal of the Union, and the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. For this end, the arch-agitator mobbed prince and peasant, poor and rich, the best men in the land. None, that had manliness to unmask his designs, could escape his abuse and hatred. To quiet him, the different sets of statesmen, who succeeded each other in quick succession, plied all their resources; offers of place and power were made him from time to time; but no situation could at all realize half the amount in cash, that priests and bishops were pouring in weekly to the treasury of the Catholic Association. So O'Connell held on the work of ruin, till his brain at last gave way, and he reeled under the excitement raised about him by the young fanatics, headed by Meagher, Duffy, Mitchell, and others.

Another evil that these leaders have left behind, is the widespread disaffection that prevails among the Roman Catholic peasantry. It is notorious that, during the exciting news that was coming from the Crimea, in the course of the late war, every new difficulty and reverse that took place among the British forces, were caught up with avidity, and circulated among the peasantry, who made no secret of their delight at hearing of the disasters of the British army. This is the con-

sequence of bad teaching ; whether that is effected by reading the Dublin liberal papers, or by the treason that is too often infused into the peasant's mind by priestly harangues on Sunday. It is well to know the feelings of these people ; and it is an additional proof, if such were wanted, that no conciliation will satisfy the ambition of these fanatics ; and the granting to them more political power, is like putting a deadly weapon into the hands of an insane man, whose thirst for blood is rendered more intense by the facilities he has gained to shed it.

DR. DOYLE.

But hush ! What strange figure is this that now meets our eye ? See him joining the " patriot band," and swearing an awful oath to persecute all his opponents. Listen to him, as he asseverates that all Protestants are heretics, and, as such, that it is the duty of all good Catholics to persecute them as far as they have the power to do it, even to imprisonment, banishment, and death itself. With the awful oath of persecution on his lips, he enters the Catholic Association, swears there that he will never pay one shilling of tithe or any other impost, to support the clergy of the Protestant Church, as by law established. Look at him in his singular costume. He is like no other member of the Association. Behold that high, intellectual forehead, with keen eye fixed beneath a frowning brow. Mark his " jealous leer malign," and those compressed lips, that from time to time open and peal forth a tremendous volley of fiery words, directed against the State Church and its high-fed officials—

" Those ungracious pastors, who
Show men the steep and thorny way to heaven,
But reck not their own read."

What is that he holds in his hand ? A book. It has a cross on its back, and, likely, it is the Breviary, the manual for

every-day use; and inscribed on its first page is the awful and inviolable oath, which every Catholic prelate takes to the Pope, on getting from his holiness the sacred pallium, the badge of his episcopal power. Let us read the oath—it is in Latin:—“*Hæreticos, schismaticos, et rebelles, Domino nostro Papæ, vel successoribus prædictis, pro posse, persequar et impugnabo:*” that is, “I swear that I shall, as far and as soon as I have the power, persecute and attack heretics (*i.e.*, Protestants), schismatics (*i.e.*, members of the Greek Church), and rebels against our Lord the Pope, or his aforesaid successors!” This is a tremendous oath; and yet this prelate took it, and, true to his Church, he kept it inviolate till near his end. What is he writing with such haste and rapidity? Let us look at that bundle of papers that are lying on the table before him. They are letters published anonymously, and they bear the mysterious and consecutive letters “J.K.L.” One of these furious epistles he is just after launching against the head of poor Lord Anglesey, the king’s representative in Ireland. Some proclamation, issued by the Government of the day against the factious and seditious doings and sayings of O’Connell, Sheil, and Company, roused the irritable prelate, and he thundered forth his defiance against the king’s deputy in Ireland. The poor marquis took fright, gave up his sword, and fled to England; not, however, without a bit of good advice to the rebellious boys of the Catholic Association, to never cease agitation till they gained emancipation. Other fiery missives follow in quick succession. He now attacks Orange Peel and the Iron Duke, who held the keys of power; and declared again and again that sworn persecutors, such as Catholic prelates, and notorious traitors, such as the Papists of Ireland had so often proved to be, after all their promises to be faithful and loyal subjects, that those worthies should never be allowed to make laws for the Christian people of Great Britain and Ireland. Peel was a learned man, of vast powers of memory, and the Duke was a brave man, who never cowered

in the brunt of battle; and yet, strange to tell, both these statesmen yielded up their judgment and their honest convictions to this imperious prelate, who might clap his hands in ecstasy over their prostration, and cry—

“None do I like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, I may overawe.”

During the fiery cannonade which ended in the surrender of the citadel of Protestantism, several able and devoted Churchmen came nobly forward, and tried to throw the shield of truth and honesty over the feeble-hearted and desponding statesmen, who stood near the throne of the pusillanimous king. Old Eldon sounded the alarm, that the sun of Great Britain's prosperity was going down for ever; and many a warning was given in vain to beware of admitting to political power parties who were, by religion and politics, “aliens” and enemies to the peace and prosperity of the country, Peel said it was only an “experiment” they were making, to see if Irish Romanists had learned better manners since former rebellions; and, if they should prove to be false to their oaths, he would himself come down to Parliament, and get that fatal Act repealed. But Peel felt before he died the base ingratitude of these restless and faithless men.

But we are forestalling, and must return to Dr. Doyle. Dr. Elrington and Doyle had an angry and unprofitable paper war for some time. But what cared this self-devoted man for all that these statesmen and Churchmen could write or do? Onward he dashed, flinging out indecent and ungentlemanly insinuations against all hireling Churchmen and time-serving statesmen. He told them all, again and again, in those once-celebrated letters of his, that he cared nothing for their love or hate; that he received no tithes at their hands; and he could honestly boast that he was poor—in fact, a pauper, though a lordly ecclesiastic; and he often quoted, in a tone of exultation, the well-known line—

"Vacuus cantabit coram latrone viator."

Like other Catholic prelates, he had no country. His Church was his country; and for the pride of power which that ecclesiastical confederacy brought him, Doyle was content to sacrifice every thing, honour, truth, and conscience itself. As the oath he took, on becoming bishop, is still taken by every prelate in Ireland, it is manifest that Popery is in many points like a "secret society," bound together by sacred obligations, which bind them to carry on an incessant warfare against every thing that is dear and valuable to Protestants in every part of the world—" *Conjuncti odio humani generis*," as Tacitus has it. As to the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign that sits on the British throne, Doyle and his confederates would never submit to such an indignity. These haughty prelates were not created what they are to obey any other lord but the Pope; and the Pope, it is well known, once dethroned, as far as he had the power, an English queen: and that infamous act of his is kept up in the memory of Englishmen, by the reading, on one day in the year, in all their chapels, the bull which Pius V. issued against Queen Elizabeth, in February, 1570. By this bull the Pope excommunicated this Protestant queen, and gave her subjects leave to expel her if they could; and, after all, these restless and turbulent fanatics have the face to claim the rights and liberties which are the birth-right of loyal British subjects!

Their chief, or head, is literally "lawless"—*anomos*—as he swears that laws were not made for him. His vassals, too, are exempted from obeying civil laws. If they obey the secret laws of the confederacy, usually called "canons of the Church," that is all that he requires of them; and wherever the Pope's laws come in antagonism with the laws of any country where his vassals are pretty strong, human laws, no matter how excellent they may be, are like cobwebs, or playthings, which may be thrown aside from day to day. Such a fiery spirit as

once burned in the bosom of James Kildare Leighlin, the writer of the famous letters signed "J.K.L.," would not bear any human control. He would scorn to live according to the laws and usages of civilized society. With a high and lordly bearing, these Popish prelates persecute, as far as they can, every one that is opposed to their despotic sway; and when they cannot burn heretics, that is, Protestants, they delight to see the Protestant Bible in the flames; and Doyle once defended a peasant who threw a Bible in the fire. So far did his zeal outrun his discretion, that he boasted, without blushing in the least for saying it, that he would not for any consideration touch with his holy fingers that heretical book! And he heaps praises on the ignorant peasant, who took the Bible in the tongs and threw it into the fire! Such was the celebrated Dr. Doyle, in the days of the first Catholic Association. He it was who aided with his pen the demagogues who thundered weekly in Dublin, and the fire of whose political hatred continued to burn till Peel and Wellington became frightened at the enemy's forces; and, like two traitors, threw open those strong gates, which have ever since received the very vilest of Ireland's parvenus, as law-makers and law-administrators.

That was the period of Dr. Doyle's power. He was then in the zenith of his glory. He was at that time the pride and boast of the Catholic priesthood all through Ireland; but the sun soon got under clouds, and his last moments were clouded with doubts, and fears, and the gloom of despondency. He was endowed with large gifts, and it redounds to his credit that he cultivated his great natural talents by a long and diligent course of study; and as far as mere human teaching and intense application could give pre-eminence, Dr. Doyle was without a rival among his fellows—the first and most exalted among his tribe in Ireland. His letters are his only passport to fame. Were they printed in our day, thirty years after their first appearance, these once-famous letters would

lie by unheeded and despised. They were bursts of "violent invective," levelled against Protestantism and its champions; and as they were outrageous in assertion, without the shadow of argument, right reason, or good-feeling, they served merely for a political purpose, and that object being gained, the letters are now forgotten.

From these letters, and the political whirlpool in which they were penned, we must turn now to another and more congenial scene. It is pretty well known that Dr. Doyle died a Protestant: that is, his mind and his views of Christianity underwent such a change before his death, that the priests found it necessary to set a watch about his lonely house, and exclude all Protestants, even a lady friend of his, from witnessing his dying moments. It is recorded in a little work, which bears the beautiful title of "The Morning of Life," that Dr. Doyle was left as guardian over two orphan girls, who were nearly related to him, by one of their parents. The other was a Protestant. Happily for him and them, these orphan children were put to school under pious teachers, and they imbibed early the ideas of the Bible, and retained the sentiments of the Holy Scriptures so permanently, that their minds were proof against all attempts that the bishop made to convert them to his own views, when they were grown up to maturity. It must have been distressing in the extreme, and humiliating to his pride of intellect, to feel that these little children were able to withstand and repel all his sophistry and false representations, of Christianity. And so, indeed, it happened. Not only were these girls preserved, in the midst of a Popish population, free from every taint of error, but they became, in the long run, the means of staggering Dr. Doyle's faith in his own system. There is something very singular in the result of the bishop's intercourse with one of these young ladies. The ideas of the Bible were so thoroughly engrafted in her mind and feelings, that she not only refused to admit his opinions as correct, but became, in the long run, Bishop

Doyle's friendly guide to the Bible ; and without hurting his pride, ingratiated herself and her religion so far with this distinguished man, that his great heart gave way, and his mind became sensible of the superiority and purity of the Protestant views of Christianity.

Such a change in the moral sentiments of the great champion of Catholic Emancipation, and effected as it was by the instrumentality of a child, is a crushing rebuke to those veteran warriors in the Christian field, who witnessed in silence the early and long-continued boasting of this formidable writer, whose bold and daring challenges none were brave enough to accept. And the signal victory gained over his pride of intellect by a youthful but courageous and well-trained disciple of the great Prophet, reminds one of another remarkable conquest gained by a mere youth, who, with well directed aim, smote Goliath on the forehead, and laid low this vain boaster. David has taught us this great lesson, that it is by striking Popery on the seat of intellect, and destroying its pride and audacious pretensions to right reason and genuine piety, we can effectually overthrow this outrageous pretender to moral strength, and annihilate its power over the minds of the uninstructed and wicked.

There is power in gentleness and kindness, as well as in unity and truth ; but when all the graces of the Christian character are found united in one mind and heart, there stands a witness proof against error, and capable of making a saving impression on such an intellect as Dr. Doyle possessed. And in taking leave of him, I cannot forbear to add, that though that ancient confederacy, which by courtesy we call "the Catholic Church," is in one view formidable by its numbers, as all conspiracies of a secret kind confessedly are, yet its power is only felt where ignorance of the Holy Scriptures prevails ; and if we hope to see the system laid prostrate, it is not by crouching to it, as too many faint-hearted Protestants do, but by showing a bold front, and by a steady aim

destroying its power over the human mind. We must smite Popery on its brazen forehead, and expose its want of intellectual power. Popery is the religion of the mob of every land, and it depends on brute force and physical energy for its existence. Popery is a combination, which unites two things mentioned in the Scriptures as existing together, and as destroyed together; the "false prophet," who gives incorrect, imperfect, or false views of revelation, stands in connexion with the wild and brute masses. Instruct mankind in the true ideas of the Bible, and humanize the feelings of the soul by the gentle and softening influences of the written Word; and, as the people become educated, refined in taste and sentiment, this boastful pretender to apostolic succession will fall to the earth, to rise no more. Popery will disappear from Ireland, when the two millions of our unlettered population are thoroughly imbued with Scripture ideas and feelings. How needful is it, then, to educate aright, that mental darkness, false teaching, and their concomitants, malignity and crime, may disappear together!

We may well apply to Ireland that gloomy description which the genius of Cowper gave of England, before the light of revelation put to flight the mummer and his traditions:—

"Who brought the lamp, that with awak'ing beams
Dispelled thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams.
Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,
Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt;
But still light reached thee, and those gods of thine,
Wodin and Thor, each tottering in his shrine,
Fell, broken and defaced, at his own door,
As Dagon in Philistia long before.
But Rome, with sorceries and magic wand,
Soon raised a cloud, that darkened every land
And thine was smothered in the stench and fog
Of Tiber's marshes and the Papal bog.
Then priests, with bulls, and briefs, and shaven crowns
And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns;
Legates and delegates, with power from hell,
Though heavenly in 'pretension,' fleeced thee well;

And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,
Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind.
Thy soldiery, the Pope's well-managed pack,
Were trained beneath his lash, and knew the smack;
And when he laid them on the scent of blood,
Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood."

—*Cowper's Expostulation.*

POSTSCRIPT.

It affords me sincere pleasure to be able to confirm, to the very letter, the statements I have made respecting Dr. Doyle, in the foregoing sketch; and I am sure the following narrative will be read with deep interest by every genuine Protestant in the land. Since I wrote the sketch of Dr. Doyle's life, I felt anxious to examine that memoir of one that was near and dear to him during his lifetime; and having obtained the interesting little work, "The Morning of Life," I have carefully examined the account it gives of Dr. Doyle's interviews with these intelligent, or, rather intellectual, young friends of his; and their statements go a good way to prove, that the impression made on the public mind at the time of this prelate's death was correct, and that was, that these wards of his had been the means of converting Dr. Doyle, "and that he died a Protestant." Their father was a Scotchman, their mother a Catholic, and they lived at Carlow, and moved in the higher walks of life. These two young girls were left orphans—as their father died when Bessie, the younger sister, was only three years old; and their mother died some nine years after, leaving her two daughters under the guardian care of Dr. Doyle, who was a near relative of her's. Their father was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the boys were, according to his dying request, brought up Protestants.

Bessie was brought up by her mother with great care, and was destined by her to become a nun. During the nine years which passed from her father's death, till her mother

also was called away, Bessie was educated with all the care that Dr. Doyle and her mother could bestow. But in her twelfth year Bessie lost her mother also. The last scene is so pathetically narrated in the memoir before me, that I will be forgiven for transcribing it here. Truth is often stranger than fiction:—

“When Mrs. A—— saw death approaching by rapid strides (it was consumption she died of), the thought of eternity overwhelmed her. She sent for the priests, and told them what agony of mind she endured at the prospect of appearing before God. They appointed various services of the Church for her, directed her in her devotions, lent her books to read, and did every thing in their power to allay her mental sufferings. But it was all in vain; her misery increased; for it is only God who can give true peace of mind, and can say to the stormy billows, ‘Peace, be still.’ Other things, in time of health, may give false confidence; but in the dying hour nought but Christ can satisfy. It is only when he is with us that we can calmly enter the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil. Priests and friends having failed in their utmost attempts to afford her any consolation, her elder daughter, Sarah, said to her one day, ‘I remember, mamma, when papa was dying, he used to call me often to the side of his bed, and tell me to read the Bible to him, when he was so ill that he could not read it himself; and though I was too young to understand what I read, yet I well remember the pleasure it gave him, and the bright joy that lighted up his face, so that I used at last to offer of my own accord to read to him, that I might see the happiness he enjoyed. Perhaps if I were to read to you, it might give you comfort.’ Having obtained the permission of the priests, Sarah began reading the Word of God to her mother, who found it to be ‘spirit and life.’ Light from above entered her heart, and all was peace and brightness, where before had been darkness and sorrow. Her joy was now as great as her grief had been previously. She no longer

feared death; she only viewed it as the entrance to eternal life. Eagerly she devoured the sacred book, and gained increasing happiness from every line. How different are God's words from those of men!

"In this happy state of mind Mrs. A—— continued till she died in the arms of her children; and the last words she ever spoke, were the expression of her confidence in her Saviour, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' As Dr. Doyle's mind underwent a happy change towards his end, I may state here that such changes are not unfrequent among Roman Catholics themselves, when they draw near the parting scene—

"The truth of things full blazing in their eye,
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die."

As these young ladies were ultimately saved from the delusions of Popery, they tried to bring along with them their kind friend and spiritual guide, Dr. Doyle himself; and when sickness laid him also on the bed of death, his strong mind and great heart sought peace, and comfort, and happiness, not in the vain doings of mortals like himself, but in union with one whom he found in the hour of need, the friend indeed, and the only mediator on whose merits alone Dr. Doyle rested for pardon and acceptance. But he obtained mercy, because he did it ignorantly, in unbelief. Another of these death-bed scenes, which one of these sisters witnessed in Dublin, shortly after her mother's death; helped much to confirm the doubts which this inquiring Christian had long entertained of the utter inefficiency of the Papal system to bring relief to an aching heart. The account of this second change or conversion of a Roman Catholic to saving views of the truth, is too long to be inserted here. "Both sisters were now awakened to the reality of religion, and had lost their confidence in the Church of Rome. Their minds were quickened by a superhuman power. It must have been very trying, to a prelate of Dr. Doyle's high

pretensions, to hear from the lips of these two orphan sisters. doubts expressed about the truth of his religion. The doctor lent them books, which he thought would set their minds at rest. He allowed them to read the Bible, but obliged them to promise that they would not look into any Protestant books on religion, or speak on the subject to any but Roman Catholics. He wished them to read his books diligently, and report to him what they thought of them. It seemed an unequal combat between two young girls not versed in theology, and a man so famed in controversy, who had proved a bold and unwearied champion of the Romish Church, and with whose power of mind few could cope. But human intellect cannot stand in opposition to the truth of God. His spirit can give strength to the weak; and these two young girls felt their weakness as they stood alone, without help from man. This sense of their incapability naturally to withstand Dr. Doyle's power of argument, drove them to seek light and strength from above, and to be frequently in prayer, that they might be guided aright. They strictly adhered to their promise of not seeking aid from Protestants or their writings, convinced that God's spirit could lead them into truth without human help, and show them from his holy Word wherein the Church of Rome differed from it, or that its tenets were in accordance with the Scriptures. Thus they entered on this field of controversy with unbiassed minds; for they were intimate with no Protestant, and, had they followed their affections only, they would have led them to the Church of Rome. They had a sincere respect and love for their guardian. Nor would it have been easy to find a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church more truly worthy of respect. They were firmly convinced that he believed what he was arguing for was truth. When he spoke, enthusiasm fired his eye, his words became eloquent, and in his fine open brow there was no deception.

"For two years this controversy continued. Bessie (the younger of the sisters, and who was destined for a nun) read

the books lent by the bishop attentively with her sister; and although so young, they entered fully into the subject, and weighed the arguments on each side. When they had finished one book, they took it back to Dr. Doyle, pointed out to him what they thought wrong, and brought forward Scripture proofs. Then followed a long argument, which ended by his giving them a fresh supply of books. But the more they read the more they were convinced of the unscriptural assumptions of the Church of Rome. At length Dr. Doyle said he would only lend them one book more, a great quarto volume, of which the only other copy in existence was in the Vatican library. If that did not shake their opinions, he should give up the contest, and argue no more with them, but consider them quite irreclaimable. This book consisted principally of accounts of the private life of Luther, and others amongst the Reformers, which were clothed in the blackest colours. Grievous crimes were laid to their charge, and all their imperfections magnified. But Sarah, the elder sister, thought that principles were to be judged of abstractedly, and not according to the merits or demerits of their supporters. That supposing the lives of the Reformers were such as this book declared them to be, still it it would only prove that they were frail human beings; and though such conduct would dishonour whatever principles they advocated, yet the principles themselves would continue unchanged. When they had waded through this great book, a day and hour were appointed, on which they were to give their final and decisive answer. They went to Dr. Doyle's house; he soon made his appearance, and sitting down between the two sisters, he first turned to the elder one, and asked her 'If she still maintained the same opinion?' She answered firmly but respectfully, 'I will not weary you with a repetition of the opinions I have expressed, but they have not changed.' He then asked Bessie 'If she agreed with her sister?' She said, 'Fully and entirely; our judgments on this matter are quite agreed.' Dr. Doyle then rose and stood before them, and for

not less than two hours gave a most impassioned address, in which, with all the powers of eloquence with which a deep interest for their welfare inspired him, he appealed, first to their reason, and then to their affections and feelings, and ended by saying to Sarah, 'And not content with throwing yourself into the dark abyss of error and perdition, which yawns at your feet, you drag your young sister with you, and will have to account, before the judgment-seat of God, for the ruin of her soul as well as that of your own.' He ended, and fell back in a chair, overwhelmed with fatigue and emotion.

"The result of this furious tirade was nearly fatal to the elder sister. When she turned to her sister Bessie, and said, 'We had better return now,' Sarah made an attempt to rise, but fell back, having lost the power of her limbs from a stroke of paralysis, brought on, it was supposed, by suppressing her emotion during that long, heart-rending speech, in which her feelings had been wrought to the highest pitch. Dr. Doyle was by her side in an instant, deeply grieved at the result of the interview. He raised her, and urged her to make an effort to walk, but it was useless. Sarah was carried home, and confined to a sick room for some months; and during the remainder of her life, which was prolonged some years, she seldom could walk without help, and then only for a short distance. Her becoming a Protestant did not cause any coldness in the intercourse which Dr. Doyle continued to keep up with the younger sister. On the contrary, the unhappy termination of the last interview he had with Sarah, seemed to call forth all the kindly feelings of his nature, and he still retained his guardianship over the two orphans."

The following incident is so characteristic of the Irish mob system, and that blind fanaticism which is found to prevail among the lower classes of the Roman Catholics, that I give it as it is related, at length:—

"One Sunday, their cook, who was a Roman Catholic, returned earlier than usual from the mass in Carlow. She

was in great terror and dismay. She said that, when she came to the chapel, she found a crowd collected outside, who were very noisy. The mob continued increasing and becoming more tumultuous, standing on the steps of the chapel, and preventing either entrance to it or departure from it. She had great difficulty in finding out the cause of this uproar, but at last she was told, 'that a report had spread that the two Miss A——, who had left the Roman Catholic Church, were coming in a carriage, and the people were determined that heretics should not pollute that holy place.' Soon a close carriage made its appearance, and the mob rushed towards it, shouting 'Death to the heretics!' and it was with much difficulty the priests prevented mischief, by assuring the people that those in the carriage were good Catholics, and not the heretics they sought for. On hearing of this outrage, the younger of the two sisters went to Dr. Doyle, and telling him what had occurred, asked him if he would explain it? He merely answered, 'I have several times expressed an opinion, that it would be better for you and your sister to live in some large city, where you would not be so well known; and now that this circumstance has occurred, I think it would be decidedly better for you to leave this neighbourhood without delay, as there are some in this diocese who are not under my jurisdiction,' meaning, probably, the Jesuits, who are not subject to the Roman Catholic bishops, but only to their own general, at Rome."

We come now to the turning point in Dr. Doyle's feelings and manners, and we give the symptoms of the change in the words of the memoir:—

"For some time past, Bessie, the younger of the sisters (who had still access to her guardian, whilst Sarah was confined to her home by the stroke brought on by the doctor's vehemence), had observed a decided change in his manner on religious subjects: he no longer argued in favour of Romanism, and even listened silently and attentively to whatever she said against it; and he often seemed lost in deep and anxious

thought. Bessie gave him a little book, containing a text for every day in the year. He valued it very much, and always carried it in his waistcoat-pocket; from which he often took it, read the text for the day, made remarks, and conversed with her upon it, taking more interest now in spiritual conversation than he had formerly done in political strife. After Dr. Doyle's death, Bessie obtained this little book, and found marked, in pencil, several passages in it, but especially those which alluded to the finished work of Christ for the salvation of sinners. For nearly a year before she left Carlow, she had noticed a great difference in his general health: he frequently complained of not feeling well, of great lassitude; and yet he did not suffer pain, and had no symptom of any disease, but he became thin and languid, without being able in any way to account for it. The fire of his eye was dimmed, and the power of his mind weakened. The two sisters were deeply grieved to leave him in that state, but they did not like to disregard the advice he had given; they, therefore, left Carlow, and went to live near some friends in Dublin. They had not been there long, before they heard that their revered guardian was dangerously ill. They immediately started off to Carlow, but were not allowed to see him. They wrote frequently to ask for a time to be appointed, when they might have an interview with him: a day was often fixed, but each time they were doomed to disappointment. The priests who lived in the house with him made various excuses, and, in spite of their persevering efforts, Dr. Doyle died without their having seen him. During the last three months of his mortal career, he was closely guarded by the two priests who were with him, and they allowed no one to approach him but themselves and the nurse; thus no one saw him, who could give any account of the state of his mind. There must have been some special reason for keeping him a prisoner in his own house, with two priests for his gaolers; and the general impression is, that Dr. Doyle died a Protestant. These priests had it circulated at the time he died,

that Dr. Doyle, in his last moments, had requested the holy communion to be administered to him, and had died whilst in the act of partaking it. The sisters, on reaching Carlow, just after his death, sent for the nurse who had attended him in his illness, and who had returned to her house as soon as he breathed his last. They desired her to come to them without delay. They asked her many particulars respecting him, and whether he had died taking the communion? She said, 'No; he had not taken it during his whole illness.' The woman was a Roman Catholic, and appeared dreadfully shocked that her bishop had died without either the eucharist or extreme unction. She represented that he hardly ever spoke during his illness, and suffered only from debility. After his death the body was laid out in state, and the public were admitted to see him. The two sisters availed themselves of this opportunity of beholding for the last time those features so dear to them both. When they entered the room there were no other strangers present. He was dressed in full canonicals; a number of large wax tapers were burning around him; and several priests stood on each side, chaunting masses. As Sarah A—— stood at his feet and gazed on that lifeless form, and thought how much more he could reveal, were he now living, of all that had passed in his mind, and all that had happened during the last three months, her indignation arose within her, and she looked sternly at the priests, and said, 'Now that those lips are sealed in death, and can disclose nothing, we are permitted to see him; though when he was alive you kept him a close prisoner, and allowed no one to approach him. Now, in solemn mockery, you dress him up in these gorgeous robes, when his soul is much more glorious in heaven; and you sing masses for him, as if he were in that purgatory, which has no existence but in the vain imaginations of men.'

"A few years afterwards, Bessie was going over Prior Park mansion, near Bath, and saw a room where were marble

busts of all the Roman Catholic bishops of recent times, who had distinguished themselves in Great Britain or Ireland. She looked round anxiously for the bust of her own loved guardian; and, not perceiving it, she asked the person who accompanied them why he was omitted? He replied, he believed the bust was in the lumber-room. Bessie thought that was indirectly conclusive to the truth of his having renounced Romanism; and that, as they considered him a heretic, they would not allow his bust to stand amongst the others. In the 'Personal Recollections of Charlotte Elizabeth,' it is stated that, at the time of his death, the general opinion was, that Dr. Doyle had renounced Romanism, and had died a Protestant; and an Irish lady told the writer of the memoir, that she had heard a report to the same effect, and that the change in Dr. Doyle's feelings had been brought about by the instrumentality of two young nieces. No doubt the Misses A—— were intended, and the mistake arose between wards and nieces. At all events, there seems little doubt that he died, trusting in Jesus; for in the little text-book, which Bessie obtained after his death, there were several passages marked in pencil, especially those which alluded to the finished work of Christ for the salvation of sinners."

Dr. Doyle and his two wards have long since passed into another state of being. Sarah, the elder sister, seems to have been a person of superior mental endowments; and Bessie was indebted to her, under God, for being rescued from the gloom of a cloister, and for the light and liberty which she enjoyed through life; and now, no doubt, rejoices in the full fruition of, in the presence of Him with whom is the fulness of joy. Their intercourse with Dr. Doyle is full of instruction. In the letters of the doctor to those orphan sisters, which are printed in the appendix to this memoir, the discerning eye will at once perceive the wily casuist. By some defect in his mental combinations, Dr. Doyle always starts aside from the main point. He wants either mental acumen to perceive the

shading between truth and error; or his training in Church logic had spoiled a noble mind, and robbed it of its native candour and generous feeling. The masculine powers of Sarah's mind appear at once, as we read her letters. She had read the Holy Scriptures to her beloved father on the bed of death; and though only a child when she was reading them, she evidently felt that there lay hid in them a balm to cure the maladies of the soul, and a light to gladden the gloom of death. What she saw when a child was not forgotten when she grew up; and when her mother lay tortured in the agonies of desponding fears, and the mummeries of superstition could yield her mind no relief, Sarah brought to her mind what had given her father comfort on a sick-bed; and the little child did for the mother what priests could not do—she read the Bible, and it proved to the dying parent the savour of life. The hold that that volume had taken of her heart, no casuistry of priest or bishop could ever relax; and it is likely it was the power of truth over her conscience that first baffled and then humbled the pride of Dr. Doyle, who was in every point but one quite a giant, and armed at all points, against these little children. He wanted what they had; and they were enabled to hold on by eternal truth, till sickness brought even this gifted man to his feelings; and on the bed of death Dr. Doyle saw that the gracious disposition, and the humble, believing mind, are the grand requisites in them that would enter a world where truth and its kindred tastes and feelings are the main qualifications for endless progress and fruition. Sarah died first, and Bessie soon followed. Bereavements cruel and relentless had depressed their spirits, and weaned these orphans from loving too fondly the things of time. A life of sorrow was theirs—

"A stormy April day:
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain."

Of both these orphans, it may with truth be said, the gleanings

of sunshine between the storms were of short duration ; but now they both bask in eternal sunshine, without a cloud of sorrow on their brow—

" Blest is the tempest, kind the storm,
Whose billows drive us home."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Irish famine was caused by the potato blight, which began in 1845, and has not yet entirely disappeared. The sudden and almost universal blight of the potato, which first set in in 1845-6, and has continued for ten years, had reduced to beggary nearly one-half of the peasantry in Ireland. The higher classes, too—Queen, Lords, and Commons—were all more or less involved in the same social ruin. The resources of the kingdom were a good deal exhausted by the moneys advanced by the Treasury, and lavished away on “relief works,” which remain to this day a monument of our incapacity to manage any business which requires either judgment or economy in those who are engaged to transact it. After these ridiculous works were abandoned, then came the out-door relief to beggars, who squatted down in cabins, and lived on the produce of the potato-garden, till God said to them, the potato shall no longer support you in misery and wickedness there. The out-door relief was another Irish job; and several men, having farms, money at interest, and goods enough to support themselves without relief meal, were mean and dishonest enough to become paupers, and ate the meal intended for the perishing poor of the land. The working of the poor-law system in Ireland has shown, in more places than one, that faction, political and fanatical hatred, and the mean love of pelf and power, are as strong to-day in the Celtish disposition

as these bad feelings were in the darkest period of our history. The workhouse is generally the arena for the strife of tongues. There the Irish priesthood figure most conspicuously. Four-fifths of the paupers are, in most of these houses, "the mere Irish," and these priests "glory in their shame." In the Carrickmacross poorhouse there are but few Protestants; and it is a singular fact, that not one Presbyterian family is to be found an inmate. * Such is the abhorrence entertained by the poor of the Presbyterian Church, that nothing but dire necessity could induce any of these honest and high-spirited people, how poor soever, to demean themselves to become a burthen on the industry and means of their richer neighbours. False ideas about the merit of charity, or feeding their beggars at the expense of their Protestant fellowmen, have completely hardened the Popish conscience, and made their sturdy beggars to demand as a right, what the law, in mercy to their ignorance and slothfulness, has provided for them in the time of famine and destitution. It is literally true with regard to the Irish portion of the population—

" Slothfulness has cast them into a deep sleep,
And the idle soul has suffered hunger."

To meet the exigencies of the Irish famine, the Treasury had to lend us some nine or ten millions; and the pressure of poor-rates became so intolerable, that great numbers of the tenant farmers had to abandon their homes, and make their escape to America, as they could not make money fast enough to meet old rents and the new impost of poor-rates. The landlords were oppressed by having to pay at least one-half of these rates; and in several districts of Ireland the whole rental of the country was little enough to feed the beggar population. The landlords were impoverished; and what used to go to maintain them in their hospitable homes, was diverted to feed, in wickedness and laziness, the squatters gathered off the land, and laid up, as lumber, in these modern castles, which now

stud the country to the number of one hundred and twenty. The landlords, when pressed for money, had to press their tenants; and this twofold pressure ended in the flight to America of vast numbers of small holders, and in the sale of many an encumbered estate. The result is, that we have lost nearly two millions of our population, and land to the value of nearly twenty millions has changed owners. Thus, by a mere touch from an unseen hand, has an entire social revolution been effected in the course of one decade of years.

As to the primary and secondary causes of the potato blight, it were useless to speculate here, especially as something that sceptics call "Nature," has ousted God from the management of the world his power has created; and "natural laws" have usurped the place of that ruling mind and omnipresent agent, which revelation so clearly makes known. There can be no doubt in a pious mind, that there was a cause with God for this visitation; and when right reason reassumes its authority in our social system, the men of a wiser and a better age will wonder at the strange infatuation which has come over the moral powers of the infidels of our day, who make a mock of sin, and turn into supreme ridicule, as far as their feeble powers can, the honest and the wise, who lament the desolations which wickedness and crime have brought on the land during the agitations and misrule of the Young and Old Irelanders. For nearly thirty years, the uneducated masses were kept in a state of feverish excitement by O'Connell and his partisans, both lay and clerical; and at the very time when matters were ripening for a wide-spread insurrection, and a massacre of the peaceable and the loyal, and human authority utterly failed to quench the flames, "a stroke," sudden and overwhelming, from an unseen hand, laid prostrate some two or three millions of the peasantry, and ended in the banishment of the mock patriots, and the clearance of the land of more than a million squatters, who were the *materiel* for agitators to move to acts of violence and blood.

Were the statistics of crime within my reach, I should prove, by printing here the numbers of Protestants murdered in each year by the Celtic peasantry, from 1826 to 1856—that is, in thirty years, that the land is literally saturated with human blood; and as long as this blood lies unexpiated, it will cry to heaven for vengeance on the priests and their blood-stained peasants, who, after all the sufferings induced by their bad teaching and its results, are still shedding blood, as the late murders of Miss Hinds, Mr. Callaghan, and Mrs. Kelly, prove. The worst of it is, that, owing to the sympathy or fears of Irishmen on juries, the judges, lawyers, and laws, are all paralysed; and few convictions can be had when one partyman, on a jury impanelled to try Ribbonmen, can neutralize the honest verdict of eleven fellow-jurors. Should these murders continue, and the murderers escape as hitherto, owing to the sympathy of the peasantry with criminals, Ireland is doomed to suffer a heavier chastisement. We have had cholera and war, which have carried off whole regiments in the East; and if crimes continue, and there is no conviction to follow murder, and the Celt still cherishes his inextinguishable hate towards the Saxon and the conqueror, there may arise in our own day a war of races, and then we will have realised the old feuds and quarrels between rival factions, which we had once hoped were for ever extinguished. The only remedy for all our social evils lies in the knowledge which God has given us in his Word; but such is the corruption and malice lying hid in wicked minds, that the medicine cannot be administered, as the patients rebel against the doctor, return hatred for kindness, and vilify and persecute that benevolence which would try and administer the healing cordial. The sentence may yet be verified, in regard to the incurables of the land, "*Si non vis corrigi debes destrui.*"

As to the secondary causes, or the means by which the potato blight was effected, we might state here, what no scientific mind can deny, that as animal life is somehow connected with the

air we breathe, so may vegetable life depend on the condition or the chemical combinations of the atmosphere that girdles our green island all around. We read in an old book, now little minded, that when man was originally created out of the materials which the earth yielded, "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and that corporeal constitution, which we derive from the first Adam, is still sustained by means of the atmosphere. "*Vescitur aura*," is Virgil's significant phrase; and science has fully proved, that it is owing to the adjustment of the oxygen, or vital air in our atmosphere, that life and health are secured to the animal portion of the creation. "Oxygen gas is necessary to respiration, and no animal can live in an atmosphere which does not contain a certain portion of uncombined oxygen. Pure oxygen is too highly stimulating for animal existence; and it accordingly appears, that it is owing to the proportion in which it is combined with nitrogen in our atmosphere, that it becomes precisely adapted to the support of life." Nitrogen, or azote, is, on the contrary, fatal to animal life. Both exist, in certain proportions, in common air, and nothing is easier for the Disposer of all things, than to derange that balance of the two parts of our atmosphere, and, by so doing, infuse into the air we breathe, and by which we live, a death-bearing gas, which may destroy both animal and vegetable life. Chemists tell us, that the atmosphere which encompasses our homes is composed of about four-fifths of nitrogen and one-fifth of oxygen, and it is on the due balance of these life-sustaining and life-destroying gases that man's health and life depend on the earth, which was, we are told, cursed originally for man's disobedience.

It is, then, a fact, sustained by science, as well as by revelation, that life present, as well as life to come, is a gift derived originally from one who is the prime mover in the universe, and on his good-will we are depending for life, and health, and all things: for "in or by him we live, and move, and have our

being." Vegetable life is, we know, produced and sustained by means which the Creator has appointed. These means are heat and moisture, in due proportions. The extremes are usually fatal. The atmosphere is the medium by which life, or its means, are communicated to all the vegetables that grow on earth. Destroy the balance, by excess of cold or heat, drenching rains or scorching suns, and the earth becomes a wilderness, unfit to be the abode of civilized man, and abandoned to the hissing reptiles that swarm in the torrid zone, or occupied only by the Northern bear and the savage Esquimaux, that sleep away their dreary Winters beneath the Polar snows.

Over the winds of heaven man has little power; and the awful grandeur of a thunder storm strikes terror into the callous heart of the rankest infidel. The poet and the philosopher have both exhausted their mental powers in describing and explaining the tempest and the earthquake; and whilst the frail children of earth confess their ignorance as to the causes that bring these material agencies into play, and in their helplessness look on, amid the wreck of matter, and by their very silence acknowledge they have no power to control these destructive elements, we are told of the movements of one, whose voice can still the raging waves, and say to the boisterous ocean, "Hither shalt thou come, but no farther."

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

The winds and the lightnings of heaven are God's winged messengers, often commissioned to execute his will upon the guilty inhabitants of our world; and it should not be considered strange that the potato blight, which scattered the insurgent masses, with their rebellious leaders, in this island, was produced almost in a night by the electric fluid, which played with destructive force, and frequently about the season

of the year when the potato began to show marks of decay and decomposition.

Till, however, we know more of the mysterious connexion between cause and effect, it would be presumptuous in us to speak out all we feel on the causes that may have led to the famine of 1845-6. There can be no doubt in a pious mind, that there is a ruling hand guiding all the affairs of men. Prayer, the Christian knows, "moves the hand that moves the universe;" and it would be an outrage on both reason and revelation, for the creatures of earth to question the right of the Omnipotent to do whatever seems to him right in the government of the world he has made. It is impious to think that God can or would do any thing wrong; but, at the same time, it would be highly impertinent in us to wish to know all the reasons that God may have for doing what he sometimes does, in this dark world of ours. We know that nothing happens without a cause; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the potato blight, which appeared so suddenly and so destructively, at the very time Ireland was threatened with an insurrection of the lower orders against the higher, was sent as an arrest to prevent a greater evil, by the infliction of a lesser evil; and the facility with which God put a stop to the Repeal movement, and the revolutionary schemes of the Young Irelanders, should make survivors to feel the truth of that pithy saying, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Without repeating here all the principles which I have tried to apply and illustrate through these letters, I may close this introductory sketch by saying, that one rule of Divine government seems to be, that moral evil or wickedness leads, by inevitable consequence, to physical suffering and social ruin; and the law that binds the two together on earth will likely bind them, unless they are disannexed before we leave this world, as cause and effect in other worlds also. This seems to be the method of the Divine government with the depraved sons of earth. Sin leads to misery; and, when a people

becomes infidel and rebellious to all law and social order, the messengers of vengeance are prepared and ready to execute, in due time and manner, that punishment which unreasonable men are destined to bear, as the consequence of their misdeeds. How true is it still, "Wheresoever the body is, the mass of the people become putrid, there will the eagles, the winged messengers of Divine wrath, be gathered together."

C A V A N .

THIS county lies on the frontier of Ulster, and was in ancient times called Breffny, or Brenny. The clan system prevailed here in Queen Elizabeth's reign; and the O'Reillys of Cavan were, in their day, the lords of the soil, and the leading families in Breffny. Antony O'Reilly, Esq., of Beltrasna, is at this day regarded as the head and representative of the clan; and during the wars of the revolution, in 1688-9, the O'Reillys were the representatives in the Irish Parliament of the county and of the borough of Cavan. In the list of the knights, citizens, and burgesses returned to the Irish Parliament, which began its sitting in May, 1689, I find the county of Cavan was represented by two of the name, Philip and John Reilly, Esqrs.; and the borough of Cavan by Philip Oge O'Reilly, Esq., and Hugh Reilly, Esq.; and it is among the tales of my grandfather, still preserved, that in his day, about the end of the last century, there lived in the neighbourhood of Cavan an old man, of dignified bearing, who still gloried in the extinct title of Earl of Cavan. This descendant of a warrior race still retained the memory

" Of ancient deeds, now long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory is not ;

Of manners long since changed and gone ;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long have slept, that fickle Fame
Has blotted from her roll their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled."

Unfortunately for themselves, the O'Reillys of Cavan were given to rebellion; and in the days of Hugh O'Nial, the rebellious Earl of Tyrone, four chieftains of them rose in arms against the Queen; and by this rash act they forfeited both their titles and estates. Malmurry, the fifth chief of barony, fell fighting for the Queen, at the battle of Blackwater; and though he left a daughter to heir his estates, she failed, it is likely through some court intrigue, to establish her right as his heiress, and the whole county reverted *de jure* to the sovereign. I take the following from my old Almanac:—"In 1610, when six other counties in Ulster were forfeited by the rebellion of O'Nial and O'Donnell, and when the great design was adopted, of a general plantation of Ulster, Cavan, which might otherwise have been permitted to remain unchallenged in the possession of the O'Reillys, was transmuted into the seat of a great British colony. Upwards of 52,000 English acres were taken from the natives, and about 38,000 of these were distributed among colonists. Castles were now built on the estates of all the heads of the colony. The towns of Belturbet, Ballyconnell, Virginia, Bailieborough, &c., and numerous villages were founded, and habits of civilization and industry began to be superinduced upon a previously dominant barbarism. The principal British settlers were the Butlers, Parsons, Ridgeways, and Lamberts, from England and the pale; and the Hamiltons, Bailies, and Aughtmutys, from Scotland."

BARONY OF CLONKEE.

THIS barony lies in the extreme East of the County Cavan. Its chief town is Bailieborough : Kingscourt and Shircock are nothing more than villages. The population is at present a mixed one, and differs very much in their taste, feelings, and manners. There were large Scotch colonies settled all over this barony in the course of the seventeenth century. Their descendants are, at this day, found in great force about Bailieborough, Coranary, Kingscourt, and Shircock. The Celtic population exists here nearly in their original state of ignorance. With 17,000 human beings in this one barony, incapable of reading or writing, one can hardly expect the people to be proof against the delusions of fanatics and democrats. Turbulence seems to have been an old habit of the place ; as, in looking over the events of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I find that the Clankies figure among the wild Irish of her day. They were a clan that lay on the frontiers of Cavan and Monaghan ; and were in the habit of making frequent forays into M'Mahons' territory. In the year 1587, a plan was proposed by Sir Edward Waterhouse, for the better government of Ulster ; and this was to erect castles in Farney, and garrison them with horse and foot, that they might be ready at any hour to repel the aggressions of "certain borderers between Ferney and O'Reilly, called Clankies, and have the government of the O'Reylies, the MacMahons, the Clankies, and the Poles, of Methe ; M'Guire, and O'Donall." From these Clankies the barony has probably got its modern name of Clonkee, and it gives us some insight of the original state of the population. Ireland was in the dark ages governed by petty chiefs or princes, who were the heads and martial leaders of their respective clans or

septs. These were continually at war between themselves (where might gave right), and held

"Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars. To whom the most adhere,
He rules a moment. Chaos, umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray."

In this respect there is a clear resemblance between the Celtic population of Ireland and the Highlanders of Scotland. Among the Highlanders of Scotland, a clan consisted of the common descendants of the same progenitor, under the patriarchal control of a chief, who represented the common ancestor. The name of the clan was formed of that of the original progenitor, with the affix Mac, son. The chief exercised his authority by right of primogeniture, as the father of his clan; while the clansmen revered and served the chief with the blind devotion of children. The barony of Clonkee is now peopled by another race, whose habits are quite different, and of the clan MacKee not a vestige is to be found in the traditions of the place.

EVER MAC-MAHON,

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF CLOGHER.

It sounds rather oddly now-a-days to hear of the martial doings of this war bishop; but, notwithstanding Cardinal Wiseman's wish to forget and forgive the past, and to treat the testimony of history as if it were an old almanac, to be laid aside and never used after its year is gone, I feel compelled, by my love of historic truth, to put on record here the battle fought by, and the signal revenge taken on, this rebellious prelate and

faithful son of the Catholic Church militant. I take the following account of MacMahon's ignominious end, from the second volume of Dr. Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church:—"On the eighteenth of March, 1650, a provincial meeting was held at Belturbet, in the County of Cavan, to choose a general in the room of the late Owen Roe O'Nial, and among the candidates was Ever MacMahon, the Titular Bishop of Clogher. The predominance of clerical influence in the council secured the election of the bishop, who soon after published a declaration vindicating their proceedings. This declaration was signed by MacMahon, under his official designation of 'Everas Cloughensis,' and by twenty-one of the council. When this declaration was published, some time after, in London, it was accompanied by nine pages of remarks or observations, which bear evident signs of proceeding from the vigorous and eloquent pen of Milton. After a number of skirmishes and manœuvres between the bishop's forces and those under Coote and Venables, the two armies met on Friday, the 21st of June, 1650, at Scheer-Saullis, near Letterkenny. This battle," continues Dr. Reid, "memorable as the last which occurred in Ulster until the wars of the revolution, was fought with desperate valour on both sides; but the Irish having lost their major-general, O'Cahan, with five colonels, and most of their officers, gave way, and were totally routed. Sir Phelim O'Nial, and Alexander MacDonnell, brother to the Earl of Antrim, succeeded in effecting their escape; but MacMahon, with a small escort of horse, was pursued by Major King, at the head of a squadron from Enniskillen, who encountered the fugitives on the 25th, and made the bishop his prisoner. Coote, having beheaded the captive prelate at Enniskillen, returned to Derry, and placed the head of his victim on one of the gates of the city." In MacMahon's fate we have a memorable illustration of the meaning of that much-abused scripture warning, against attempting to propagate the Christian religion by violence and the edge of the sword—

"Whosoever taketh up the sword as a matter of choice, shall fall by the sword as a matter of necessity." Bishop MacMahon entered on this war of extermination with all the rancour of a fanatic, and his cruelties to helpless Protestants roused up a spirit of retaliation, which soon brought his unchristian career to a bloody end.

ESSEX CASTLE, AT CARRICKMACROSS.

THERE is scarcely a vestige of this old building now remaining. The castle was built by Robert Devereux, the third Earl of Essex, in the reign of James the First. It was taken by the MacMahons in the great rebellion of 1641-2, and was retaken by the English army, under Lord Lisle, in September, 1642, with great store of prey and destruction of the rebels. It seems to have fallen into decay during the unsettled times of the Commonwealth, and was probably burned during the tenancy of the Barton family, who occupied the castle of Carrick at the time it is said to have been burned. It was a heap of ruins in 1692. The materials of the old castle were employed in building the market-house of Carrickmacross, in 1780. The historic associations of Essex Castle should not be allowed to fade from the memory. It tells a tale that makes the ears to tingle; and what has been may yet again be, and the deceit and threatened insurrection of the Celtic population in our own day, may convince Protestants that, until the Irish are educated and brought under the humanizing influences of genuine Christianity, there is no confidence to be placed in them, and the feigned liberality of the Irish mock patriots is nothing more than a political trick, which can impose on no one that knows the facts of history, and retains the feelings that once

animated the men of a better age. On the pseudo-liberals of our times, the following facts, taken from history, will tell with some effect, it is hoped. In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there are still preserved the original depositions of those more fortunate Protestants who escaped with their lives from the awful rebellion of 1641. From the volume relating to the County of Monaghan, the following extracts are taken. They relate to the first outbreak of the rebellion in the barony of Farney :—

“ At that time Essex Castle was occupied by a Mr. Branthwait, who was agent and receiver of the Earl of Essex in Ireland. This gentleman, who was also a magistrate, and lived among the people with considerable authority, found his hall-door beset on Saturday morning, the 23d of October, 1641, about breakfast hour, by some four or five men, who began to beat at the castle door with violence. On inquiry, these rude fellows would give no answer to Mr. Branthwait's servant; but the secret was soon let out by Colonel MacBrian MacMahon and Patrick MacLoughlin MacMahon, who told Mr. B. that all the places in Ireland were that day up in arms for defence of the Catholic religion; that he must surrender himself a prisoner; on which he went down to the gate, and there saw his neighbour, Mr. Richard Blaney, cousin to Lord Blaney, who was brought there a prisoner from his house, hard by. These gentlemen were then imprisoned in the castle, a guard being set upon them by Art MacBrian MacMahon; and other Protestants were soon after brought in, and among them Lady Blaney and her eldest son, Mr. Edward Blaney, with Mr. Cope, Mr. Williams, &c. Divers other inhabitants of Farney, men, women, and children, were kept prisoners in several houses of the town till the fatal day of execution, which was on Sunday, the 2d of January, 1642. In this massacre perished Mr. Wm. Williams, seneschal or steward to Lord Essex; Mr. Gabriel Williams, his brother; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Jones, who had lately come over to see

him from Wales, with some fifteen or sixteen more. These all were either hanged, stabbed with skeins, or both, or thrown, like dogs, into pits and ditches; 'but what offence,' says Mr. Branthwait, 'the rebels found in them I cannot well imagine; because they were all of them honest men—yet, perhaps, it was enough to be English.' Patrick MacEdmond MacMahon was marshal for business of this nature; but Owen Murphy, and a number of kerns with him, were chief actors in this bloody execution. It is reported among some of themselves, that the vicar-general, Ever MacMahon, was the cause of putting these men to death; and some have said that his counsel is much followed in all their proceedings, being, indeed, as it were an oracle among them."

In a previous note, we have shown that this oracle, Ever MacMahon, perished in deadly conflict with the armies of the Commonwealth, and with that fierce engagement in June, 1650, ended the life of this wicked prelate; and since that the name of MacMahon has died away in Farney. In their place, and in about 1656, a new set of English tenants took possession of the barony. These tenants were the Bartons, and the Hampdens, and others, from England; and in the course of two centuries the once "rocky pasture" and "shrubby wood" of Farney has become a rich wheat and pasture land, yielding a rental of £50,000 a-year, instead of the £10 which was once so grudgingly paid, as head-rent to the king, under the wild clans that revelled there in the days of the MacMahons; whilst instead of the old pile, called Essex Castle, we have erected, full in view of the town, the noble mansion over Loughfea, the foundation of which was laid in the year 1826, and which is in every respect worthy of the family and of the estate of Farney. To show the mighty difference in taste and feeling between the old and the modern occupiers of the barony, I have only to refer to one fact. To the West of the town of Carrickmacross, there rises a hill, called the Lurgans, just over the residence of the Rev. Thomas Gibson, the Pres-

byterian clergyman of the parish. The view from this hill is one of the finest that can be imagined. It was the grandeur of the view of the surrounding country from this spot, that, probably, induced the Hon. George Shirley, the grandfather of the present Mr. Shirley, to make extensive preparations for erecting a castle there, about the year 1777. Well, see the contrast and the change which time and education make. In the year 1432, we find that this high hill, called the Lurgans, was the residence of one of these Farney chieftains, called Manus MacMahon. He was a warrior, and was at dire feud both with his English neighbours and his own brother Bryan, at that time chief of the clan.

In 1432, "great and frequent plunders were committed on the English, and many of them killed by Manus MacMahon, and the heads of those that were killed by him were set up on the garden stakes of Baile-na-Lurgan, the residence of Manus; so that it was hateful and horrifying to look at them in a state of decomposition."

We have heard of people murmuring about the way the Shirley family obtained this district, which was once known as the MacMahon's country; but, in answer to all such useless repinings, it may at once be said, *Vis consiliu expers, mole ruit sua*. These M'Mahons were a faithless and rebellious race, and the "bloody hand," in the arms of Ulster, was an appropriate representation of more clans than the O'Nials. Of all, it may, in truth, be said, they were men of blood, "*Scires e sanguine natos*."

THE SHIRLEY FAMILY.

THE Shirleys are connected by marriage with the Devereux family; and, through the Lady Dorothy Devereux, the one-half of the barony of Farney has come down, for six generations, to the present Mr. Shirley. Lady Dorothy was the younger daughter of Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex. This nobleman was victimized; and though he is known by the equivocal title of "Queen Elizabeth's favourite," he forfeited his life and estates, by entering into a treaty with the rebel Earl of Tyrone, in September, 1599. Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, suffered death within the Tower of London, the 25th of February, 1600-1. He died attainted of treason, and his estates were, of course, forfeited to the Queen; and thus the barony of Farney became again "parcell of the auntient inheritance of the crown." His attainder was, however, reversed by Act of Parliament on the accession of James, in 1603; and his only son Robert, and his two daughters, the Ladies Frances and Dorothy, restored in blood, honours, and estates. Robert, the third Earl of Essex, died unmarried in 1646, and his estates descended to his sisters and their issue. The younger sister, Lady Dorothy, was married to Sir Henry Shirley, in 1615. She died in 1636, and, at the death of her brother, ten years after, his Farney estate descended to her only surviving son, Sir Robert Shirley, who then became heir to his uncle, Lord Essex. The elder sister, the Lady Frances, was married, in 1616, to Sir William Seymour, afterwards the Marquis of Hertfort and Duke of Somerset.

In 1653, it was agreed between the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertfort and Sir Robert Shirley, that all the Irish lands

which were the inheritance of the said Robert, late Earl of Essex, shall be equally divided, whensoever the said Lady Marchioness or her heirs, or the said Sir Robert Shirley or his heirs, shall require the same.

This division did not take place till 1692; the property, in the interim, remained a joint estate. Lady Frances Devereux did, before she died, devise her part of the Devereux estate to Thomas Thynne, Lord Viscount Weymouth, the husband of her granddaughter, the Lady Frances Finch, who was eldest daughter of the Lady Mary Seymour, third daughter of the Lady Frances Devereux and the Duke of Somerset. This Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth, died in 1714, without leaving male issue, and bequeathed his large estate to his great nephew, Thomas, second Viscount Weymouth, ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, who is the present possessor of the Eastern moiety of the barony of Farney. The following is the line of succession of the Shirley family:—Sir Henry Shirley married Lady Dorothy Devereux; Sir Robert Shirley and Sir Charles, who died unmarried; Sir Seymour Shirley, and Sir Robert Shirley, who was called to the House of Peers in 1677, and died in 1717; Hon. George Shirley, whose three brothers died without issue; Evelyn Shirley; Evelyn John Shirley, the present owner of the estate.

I am indebted for the information in this paper to the researches of Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., the eldest son and heir apparent of the present proprietor of the Western section of this large estate. In the year 1845, Mr. Shirley published a book, giving some account of this barony; and the documents his research has brought to light, have settled at once and for ever the right of the Shirley family to the territory and dominion of Farney. Besides the right which an undisputed possession of two hundred years gives, Mr. Shirley has produced the first and original grant, given in 1576 by Queen Elizabeth to Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex. This grant was made about ten years after the time of Shane O'Nial's

rebellion; and, as he was murdered in 1567, and his titles and his estates forfeited by his repeated acts of rebellion, the Shirley family rest their title on that first grant of 1576, which was confirmed again and again by King James and Charles.

It affords me special pleasure, in recording here the sense I have of the deep erudition and fine taste which are to be seen in this work; and were the sons and heirs of other ancient families to follow his example, Ireland would present a happier social system, and we would have little occasion for our Encumbered Estates Court, to sell out the old properties of the country, which are fast changing hands, owing to the wild and wasteful mode of living of our unlettered and feeble-minded aristocracy.

THE O'NIALS OF ULSTER.

THIS once celebrated clan is now extinct; Shane's Castle, on the banks of Lough Neagh, is also in ruins; and were it not for the pen of the historian, this warlike family, and their ancient renown, as princes in Ulster, would soon be consigned to oblivion. Their petty feuds and forays among themselves were endless; and Shane's rebellion, in Queen Elizabeth's time, led to the forfeiture of his titles and estates, and he drew after him the MacMahons of Farney, who lost their ancient territory of Oriel, by joining with Shane in his attempt to shake off the hated English yoke. After Shane comes Hugh O'Nial, the son of Matthew, who, in the interval of thirty years, between Shane's death and the second rebellion, in 1598-9, carried on a wide-spread conspiracy with the O'Reillys of Cavan, the M'Guires of Fermanagh, and O'Donnell, his son-in-law, to extinguish the English name and power in Ulster. As this rebellion of Hugh Earl of Tyrone led to the plantation of

Ulster, and the consequent peace and prosperity of this once distracted province, I cannot omit mentioning here some of the incidents which led to such important results.

Of Shane, the following portrait is given on the page of history:—"O'Neill was subtile in mind, alert in action, quick in expedient, haughty, vindictive, and unrelenting in disposition. He was munificent, social, and hospitable, but frequently intemperate at table. His cellar usually contained 200 tons of wine, of which, as well as usquebaugh, he was in the habit of drinking to excess. When, by copious libations to the jolly god, he became intoxicated, his attendants used to place him chin-deep in a pit, and then cast earth around him. In this clay-bath he remained inhumed, as it were, alive, until the velocity of his blood had abated, and his body had attained a cooler temperament. Proud of his hereditary descent, and tenacious of his chieftdom of Ulster, he deemed himself the genuine sovereign of the country; and it was his usual boast, that the different clans of Ulster were his vassals, or, as he styled them, his gallowglasses." These clans were the MacMahons of Monaghan, the O'Reillys of Cavan, the M'Guires of Fermanagh, the MacDonnells of Antrim, with the Magennis, the O'Cahans, the O'Hagans, O'Hanlons, and a host of smaller clans. His father, Con O'Nial, had surrendered his territories to Henry VIII., and renounced the name of O'Nial. On this submission, he was created Earl of Tyrone, with remainder over to his illegitimate son, Matthew, who was at the time created Baron of Dungannon. Against this surrender of the once venerable name of O'Nial, Shane protested, caused his father's favourite son to be murdered, and then rose in arms in vindication of his ancient rights, and invaded the English pale. Sussex, the lord deputy, marched against him; but the wily O'Nial found means to dupe him, ingratiated himself with the deputy, and got permission to go over to England, that there in person he might plead his cause before the queen, and be restored to his hereditary titles and estates.

In England, O'Nial displayed all the pomp and rude magnificence of an independent prince. "He entered London, attended by a body-guard of gallowglasses, armed with battle-axes. Long curled hair descended from their uncovered heads. Their linen vests were dyed with crocus or saffron, long sleeves, short tunics, and shaggy cloaks, rendered their whole appearance singularly wild and picturesque." The people of England might well say, "There go the wild Irish, indeed." By his suppleness and duplicity, Shane gained his pardon, was caressed by the English queen, taken into favour, and dismissed with promises of honours and reward, as a consequence of his good conduct in future. Shane was not long till he showed his gratitude to his royal mistress by entering on new schemes of rebellion, and by fomenting strife and discord among the clans of his native land. He soon raised up enemies to himself from among the chiefs of Ulster. He made several inroads on neighbouring lands; and, whilst the wrongs done to his former friends alienated these clans, the Lord Deputy Sidney availed himself of Shane's indiscretion, and by acts of kindness gained the confidence and support of those Ulster lords, whom Shane's oppressive rule had turned from being his friends to be his bitterest enemies.

Sidney restored O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell, and M'Guire, Lord of Fermanagh, to their possessions, which O'Nial had deprived them of, and continued to draw around Shane a strong circle of enemies. On finding that he was deserted by his followers, Shane became furious, vented his rage in execrations on the Irish traitors, who had forsaken him, and at length took the desperate resolve to present himself before the Lord Lieutenant Sidney, and abjectly sue for pardon with a rope about his neck. Being dissuaded by a friend from this hopeless course, Shane, in the extremity of despair, passed over to the Scots, who were encamped at Clandeboy, under the command of Alexander M'Connell, whose brother Shane had slain. At a banquet with these angry chiefs, a dispute arose about

some point of honour, in which Shane's pride was hurt. His attendants rose up in arms to maintain the point in Shane's favour; the Scots rushed in, and in the *melee* Shane and his secretary, MacConnor, were slain. O'Nial's body was wrapped in an old shirt, and flung into a pit; and, on the fourth day after, Captain Pierce cut off Shane's head, and carried it as a trophy to the Lord Lieutenant Sidney, who gave orders to have the head exhibited on a pole in Dublin. Thus ended Shane O'Nial's rebellion, in 1567.

HUGH O'NIAL, THE REBEL EARL OF TYRONE.

THIS celebrated chief, whose rebellion, in 1599, led to the confiscation of all the possessions of his clan in Ulster, was the son of Matthew, Earl of Dungannon, who was slain by Shane, in revenge for the honours bestowed on him to the exclusion of Shane, Con Boccagh's rightful heir.

Morryson has given us a striking picture of his person and habits:—"Hugh O'Nial was a man of mean stature, but of strong body. He was able to endure labour, watchings, and hard fare. He was industrious, active, valiant, and affable; apt to manage great affairs, and of a high, dissembling, subtile, and profound wit."

This rebellion, that was brought to a crisis in the last years of Queen Elizabeth's glorious reign, took nearly thirty years of plotting, lying, and murdering, to reach its climax. For such schemers as Hugh O'Nial and O'Donnell, the "favourite Essex" was no match. It required the ability, energy, and high moral courage of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, to counteract the dark designs of these conspirators; and as I have given the portrait of Tyrone, as it is left us by Morryson, an eye-witness

and an actor in the trying scenes, which he has so graphically described, I shall add here Morryson's splendid delineation of the general, whose vigorous arm grappled with the traitors, and brought to a sudden end that lingering struggle for ascendancy, which had made Ireland the battle-ground of Celt and Saxon for more than half a century. "Charles Blount, the second son of Lord Mountjoy, was born about 1563. He was educated at Oxford, and designed for the bar. In the university, the fairest hopes were encouraged by his rapid progress in literature, as well as by the habits of intense study, which became the habit of his life, and strongly marked his character. His introduction to court was curious. Having come to London, he repaired to Whitehall to see the court. The queen chanced to be at dinner, when Blount's figure, then strikingly graceful, caught her eye, which was not slow to discern the attractions of manly beauty. She immediately inquired his name, and on being told, called him to her, gave him her hand to kiss, and desired him to come often to court, as she would keep his fortune in view. The queen kept her word, and when Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland had attained a most alarming height, this accomplished scholar, whom Essex had represented to the queen as a 'bookish dreamer,' and unfit for such a war, was selected as the most likely to put down this formidable rebellion." Morryson's description of his person is curious; but, as it is rather lengthy to be inserted here, we rest content with the likeness of his mind and manners, which is thus admirably drawn by his secretary:—"In his nature, he was a close concealer of his secrets; for which cause, lest they should be revealed, and because he loved not to be importuned with suits, a free speaker or a popular man could not long continue his favourite. He was sparing in speech; but when he was drawn to it, most judicious therein, if not eloquent. He never used swearing, but rather hated it, which I have often seen him control at his table with a frowning brow, and an angry cast of his black eye. He was slow to

anger, but once provoked, spoke home. His great temper was most seen in his wise carriage between the court factions of his time. He was a gentle enemy, easily pardoning, and calmly pursuing revenge; and a friend, if not cold, yet not to be used much out of the high way, and something too much reserved towards his dearest minions." Such was the lord lieutenant that came into Ireland the last year of the sixteenth century, and at a time when foreign and domestic foes were combining for the disannexion of the island from the rule of Great Britain. Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, soon found in Lord Mountjoy a governor, shrewd in council, sagacious in his plans for action, and determined to put down the enemies of peace at whatever cost of blood and treasure. The result was, that Tyrone was conquered, submitted, and sued for pardon to the queen, which he obtained on the 3d of March, 1603. It is stated that, when he heard of her death, a few days after, Tyrone burst into tears. Lord Mountjoy died in 1606, and Tyrone returned to his old habit of scheming. The upshot was, that he was summoned, in 1607, to Dublin; and some discoveries made in the castle about his treasonable designs in the North becoming known to him, he grew alarmed for his personal safety, fled with O'Donnell to Spain, where he remained till his death, in 1616. His flight left all his ancient possessions in Ulster at the disposal of the crown, and very soon after the plan was adopted for the pacification of the rebellious North, by colonizing the province with Scotch and English settlers. Sir Arthur Chichester was made lord deputy; and he it was who has the honour of introducing into this country the forefathers of the present generation, whose love for order, industry, and the arts of peace, has made Ulster to be known in other lands as "the garden of Ireland," and its chief town as the "Athens of the North." In the preamble to Sir Arthur's patent, when created Baron Chichester of Belfast, there occurs a passage, which gives us a fine contrast between the past and the present of Ireland; and lest it

lose anything of its force in a translation, I give it in the Latin, which was used by King James and his councillors. Speaking of Ireland as to both its physical and social condition, just after Tyrone's rebellion, King James and his statesmen say:—"Hiberniæ, insulæ post Britanniam omnium insularum occidentalium maximæ et amplissimæ, et pulcherrimæ, cœli et soli felicitate et fœcunditate affluentis et insignis; sed nihilominus per multa gam secula perpetuis seditionum et rebellionum fluctibus jactatæ; necnon superstitioni et barbaris moribus, præsertim in provinciâ Ultoniæ, addictæ et immersæ." Which may be turned into English thus:—"Next to Great Britain, Ireland ranks, of all the isles of the West the largest, fairest, and most spacious. It has been long known for the happy mildness of its climate, and for the productiveness of its soil; and yet, notwithstanding these natural advantages, Ireland has been for many ages agitated and tossed by the ever-returning waves of seditions and rebellions, whilst the province of Ulster, more than any other, is addicted to superstition, and its population sunk in ignorance, and noted for their barbarous manners." Such was Ulster in 1610.

SOCIAL STATE OF ULSTER,

BEFORE THE ANGLO-NORMAN INVASION IN 1171-2.

THE statement in the preceding notes, respecting the barbarous manners and superstitious practices of the people of Ulster, under the reign of its petty princes and feeble clergy, during what is called the Danish period, may be confirmed by an appeal to the Four Masters, and the annals of Ireland.

The following record will prove what a happy deliverance the island has had by the introduction of Christianity under

its true form—the religion of civilized man. In the year 331-2, a fierce battle was fought in Farney, which ended in the defeat of the Ferross, or men of Ross, who seem to have been the ruling clans in those days. In this battle fell Fergus Fogha, the last king of the Ultonians that occupied Emania, the ancient palace of the kings of Ulster, and the ruins of which are still to be found about two miles West of Armagh. From the battle in 331-2, there is little to be recorded but deeds of violence. Frequent mention is made of battles, murders, and robberies, as occurring among the men of Ross. The following, selected at random, will give us some idea of the warlike habits and barbarous manners of these Ulstermen, whose propensity to blood-letting is still pointed out to the eye by the "*bloody hand*" of Ulster. In A.D. 879, Lorcan, Lord of Hyniallain, and Donegan, Lord of Farney, fell by each other's hand. In 901, Laidhgnew, son of Donegan, and Lord of Farney, was killed. In 910, a general battle was fought near Kells, county Meath, in which the forces of the North and all Ulidia were led by Niall Glundush, King of Ailech, in the county Derry. These Northmen were met and defeated by Flan Sirna, the monarch, and his sons. In this battle a great number of chiefs and their best men fell, and, among others, Maelmuire, son of Flanagan, Lord of Farney. In 987, Laidhgnew, Lord of Farney, was killed at Armagh, by Fergal, one of the O'Nialls, and a descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages. In 1025, Cathal, Lord of Farney, plundered Fermanagh. The men of Fermanagh immediately rose, and plundered and burned all before them as far Glasslough, or the Green Lake, in the county Monaghan. They killed seventeen men on the banks of the lake. In 1089, the men of Farney met a great overthrow from the men of Iveagh, county Down, in which encounter twelve tanists of their nobles were killed, beside many others. In 1097, Lochlain, Lord of Farney, was killed by the Hy-Brinin of Breffny, or Cavan, the country of the O'Reilly and O'Rourke. In 1113, a fierce battle took place

among the men of Farney themselves, in which the two Roydamnas of Farney, fell. In 1124, Hugh MacMahon, Roydamna of Ulidia, or Ulster, was killed by the men of Farney. In 1138, Donagh O'Carroll and the men of Farney made a predatory excursion into Fingall. They were met by the Danes at Fenor, near Slane, where a conflict ensued, in which fell Randal MacPoil and a great number of the Danes. The men of Farney were, however, deprived of their prey. In 1109, Moragh O'Melaughlin, King of Tara, made a predatory excursion into the Ferross, which he preyed, and killed O'Finn, Lord of Ferross, in violation of the guarantee of the staff of Jesus (*i.e.*, the crosier of St. Patrick), and of the coarb (*i.e.*, the successor of St. Patrick); but God, say the pious annalists, avenged that deed, for Tiernan O'Rourke made two successive and sudden assaults on O'Melaughlin's encampment, and slaughtered great numbers of his people. In 1109, Mortagh O'Brien, King of Seth Maga (the South of Ireland), led an army both of laity and clergy to Grenog, in the county, of Meath. Donnell, the son of MacLoughlin, at the head of the nobles of the North of Ireland, marched against him, and took up his position at Clonkeen, in the county Louth, on the borders of Farney. There they remained for a whole month opposite to each other, until Ceallagh, the coarb of St. Patrick, with the staff of Jesus, made a year's peace between them. It should be added here, that during all this time, while the petty chiefs, with their clans, were keeping up an incessant fire among themselves, the Danes, or Northmen, were waging a fierce war all over Ireland, and destroying by land and sea the property and the commerce of the country. The hatred of the Irish towards the Danes is perpetuated from age to age. At the battle of Clontarf, in 1014, the Irish gained a bloody and dear-bought victory; and though the Danes' power was broken by that great blow, the survivors continued to hold their settlements, until they were at last brought under the humanizing influences of Christianity, and are now mixed

up by intermarriages with the other tribes that occupied the country.

In looking over the pages of Irish history, we are particularly struck with the tendency of the chiefs, in every period of their dark and troubled reign, to rise in arms to revenge some petty quarrel or personal wrong; and the deceit and treachery which we find among the Celtic race at this day, is only one trait in the character of a fierce people, who loved strife, and feuds, and revenge, in every stage of their existence. It was the desire of revenge that drove Dermott MacMurragh, the King of Leinster, to sail across the Irish Sea, and invite Strongbow and his heroic brothers in arms to plan the subjugation of Ireland. No sooner was the struggle for ascendancy with the Danes concluded, than jealousy and the old feudal rivalry revived, and there was no peace among the rival kings of Ireland till the Anglo-Normans measured swords with them, took permanent possession of this distracted country, and eventually annexed it to the crown of England.

It was in the month of May, 1169, that the first of the Anglo-Norman adventurers cast anchor in the Bann, near Wexford city. The inhabitants of Wexford at the time were descendants of the united races of Danes and Irish, but were chiefly of Danish blood. The glittering mail and marshalled array of Norman valour and discipline presented a novel spectacle before their city. The Danes set fire to the suburbs, and retired hastily within their walls. The English burned their ships in Wexford harbour, resolved to die or conquer: the result was a truce first, and next submission of the men of Wexford to the authority of Dermott. To show his gratitude to his English friends and allies, Dermott granted the lordship of Wexford city, with two cantreds of the adjoining territory, to FitzGerald and FitzStephen; and two cantreds more of the land lying between Wexford and Waterford were given to Hervey de Mountmorres. These three English knights were the first of the British settlers in Ireland.

Shortly after, Richard, Earl Strongbow, arrived: he married Eva, daughter of Dermott, the King of Leinster; and at Dermott's death Strongbow succeeded, in right of his wife, as Prince of Leinster. It is needless to relate the various battles, sieges, repulses, and struggles which followed the invasion. Ireland was still the battle-ground of faction; and Henry II., to pacify the natives, and gain the ascendancy over the Irish conscience, produced a bull, which he pretended to have obtained, so far back as 1155, from Pope Adrian, who was an Englishman, and authorized Henry to attempt the conquest of Ireland. This bull was confirmed by a breve from Pope Alexander; and, with all the influence that superstition gave him, the king entered the battle-field, and succeeded, by courage, and wiles, and fomenting divisions among the native chiefs, till Ireland fell an easy prey into his hands. The country was parcelled out to his followers, the Butlers, the FitzGerald's, and the DeCourceys, and a host of others, many of whose descendants occupy at this day princely palaces and estates over Leinster and Munster. From that invasion Ireland has been often a scene of blood: the old grudge—the loss of their land, the haughty bearing of their conquerors, not to speak of the wild fanaticism which keeps the unlettered masses in continual agitation about something that is called “the old Church” and the “Catholic religion—” all go to disturb the public peace, and to keep the mere Irish the veriest serfs, “the hewers of wood and the drawers of water” in their own and in other lands. It is said that, till Henry brought the country into subjection, the Irish Church was free from the thralldom which the Pope imposes on all his vassals. It may be so; but notwithstanding all that is said and written about Ireland being a “school of learning and an island of saints,” when the rest of Europe was embroiled in fierce wars, the “bloody hand” of Ulster tells a tale which no legends can contradict. A Patrick and a Columbkil may have itinerated as Christian missionaries over the wild and barren hills and

plains of Ulster; but we have reason to fear, from what we know of the natives in our own day, that they preached and prayed in vain to a fierce and vindictive race,

"Who had nor ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery."

The spirit of the age was decidedly martial, and the struggle with the Danes lasted for centuries. The wild enthusiasm which the mythology of Scandinavia imparted to these pirates and sea-kings, led the Ostmen to glory in war, and the chiefs of Ireland were driven by necessity to fight for their homes and their altars. The Danes have left us memorials of their power, in the names given to the days of our week. Their mythology was invented to foster the spirit of war, and to create a nation of warriors. Their gods were Odin and his son Thor, whose names are still preserved in our Wednesday and Thursday. The most pleasing sacrifice to these was the death of an enemy, and their altar was the field of battle. To die in peace by a natural death was considered a disgrace; and Odin was the precursor of "the false prophet" in inculcating the false but maddening hope, that they who fall in battle will be at once translated to some delightful region, called, by the institution of Odin, Valhalla, where the spirits of the brave pass their mornings in the delights of a fierce and bloody fight, and their evenings in feasting and drinking mead out of the skulls of their enemies. The Danes looked on a peaceful death as the greatest of evils, and sought to obviate its dreadful consequences by a voluntary and violent death. The following account of the religion of the Danes is abridged from Mr. Southey; and we may introduce it by the remark, that to such fierce barbarians the humane and gentle spirit of Christianity must have appeared mean and unworthy of men of their high mettle. It is no wonder, then, that these unfeeling Northmen delighted to see the Christian churches and monastic establishments laid in ruins, as they ravaged the land. The supersti-

tion of the human mind is touched by the idea of Fate brooding in the dark distance of futurity. The gods of Valhalla knew their doom from oracles; and, not being able to avert it, they exerted their power over its agents, the children of Loke, by consigning them to places of imprisonment, from which they could not escape for ages.

"This Loke," says Mr. Southey, "had three dreadful offspring by a giantess. The wolf Fenris was one, the Great Serpent was the second, and Hela, or Death, the third. Hela he placed in Ríflenheim, and appointed her to govern the nine dolorous worlds, to which all who die of sickness or old age are fated. Grief is her hall, and famine her table, hunger her knife, delay and slackness her servants, faintness her porch, and precipice her gate, cursing and howling are her tent, and her bed is sickness and pain. The Great Serpent he threw into the middle of the ocean; but there the monster grew till, with its length, it encompassed the whole globe of the earth. The wolf Fenris they bred up for awhile among them, and then by treachery bound him in an enchanted chain, fastened it to a rock, and sunk him deep in the earth. The gods also imprisoned Loke in a cavern, and suspended a snake over his head, whose venom fell drop by drop on his face. Nothing, however, could change that order of events which the oracles had foretold: that dreadful time, which is called the twilight of the gods, must at length arise. Loke and the wolf Fenris will then break loose, and, with the Great Serpent and the giants, &c., pass over the bridge of heaven, which will break beneath them. The gods and all the heroes of Valhalla will give them battle. Thor, the strongest of the race of Odin, will slay the Serpent, but will be himself poisoned by the smoke it emits. Loke and Heimdale will kill each other. The wolf Fenris, after devouring the sun, will devour Odin also, and be himself rent in pieces by Vidar, the son of Odin; and Surtur, with his fires, will consume the whole world—gods, heroes, and men perishing in the conflagration.

Another and a better earth will afterwards arise, another sun, other gods, and a happier race of men!" Such is Southey's outline of the mythology of the Danes. Such was the belief of savages.

LORD PLUNKETT'S OLD ALMANACK.

As frequent mention is made, in the course of these sketches, of something which this once famous law-lord dubbed an "Old Almanack," I may state here, for the information of those who are not old enough to remember the year when Lord Plunkett made, in Parliament, the wondrous speech which contained this opprobrious misnomer of the truth of things, that it was reserved for an Irishman and a liberal Protestant to boot to commit this outrage on history, and nickname it "an Old Almanack." History will, after all, survive this attack on its name and dignity; and Plunkett's name will descend to posterity, not with honours, such as follow the seven wise men of Greece, but with the foul stigma attached to him of disgracing his religion and country, by acting the demagogue in the senate, and, to gain the applause of the Irish mob, casting a slur on the muse of history and her immortal productions. Lord Plunkett was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had been for twenty years before 1769 minister of Enniskillen. In January, 1769, Mr. Plunkett was removed to Dublin, where he preached to the Presbyterians worshipping in Strand Street Chapel for about nine years, and he died in 1778. It is likely he was a new light minister, and cared little for Presbyterianism, but for its honours and its way to them. He was the father of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and the grandfather of the present Lord Plunkett, who is, besides being a peer, the

Lord Bishop of Tuam. William Conyngham Plunkett, the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was born in January, 1764, about five years before his father left Enniskillen to remove to Strand Street, and he died on Thursday, the 5th of January, 1854, in the ninetieth year of his age. Young Plunkett was the college companion of the late Archbishop Magee, of Dublin, and they were both originally Presbyterians, and, what is very singular, they were both born in the same year, 1764, and rose by mere dint of study and intellectual power to the highest dignities in the church and at the bar. Plunkett was called to the bar in 1787, and his talents soon raised him to rank among that galaxy of illustrious Irishmen, who were headed by Grattan and Bushe, Burrowes, Stokes, and Flood. In the revolutionary period, from 1790 to 1801, Plunkett took the popular or Irish side in his politics, fought hard against the Union, and, strange to tell, it was this very Union that eventually raised him and his family to all their honours. He left his six sons all of them either dignitaries in the church, or leading men at the bar and officials in the courts of law. Plunkett entered the Irish House of Commons, in 1797, as member for Charlemont; and in 1812 he appeared, for the first time, in the British House of Commons. From this time he figures as a leading orator on the Irish side in his politics; and there are many still living, who well remember the astonishment Plunkett excited by that once celebrated speech of his, in which he scoffed at the warnings of history, and sneeringly called history an "old almanack," whilst he lauded the Irish priests as an excellent "set" of men! Plunkett was a man of strong mind, had a masculine eloquence, commanding voice and manner; and, to crown all, he was a popular leader, a liberal Protestant, and an ardent advocate for Popish emancipation, long before he entered the British House of Commons, and when there, Plunkett took the way to power. His rise was rapid and extraordinary; he became a peer of the realm, was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Master of the Rolls in England, &c.; and all this he effected

by sheer dint of application to business, and by the political connexions which he had formed with the liberal party in England.

Of late years, no parvenu, such as Plunkett was, can rise into political power in Ireland, except he raise himself into notice on the shoulders of the Irish mob; and as Irish elections are generally carried by priestly interference with the liberties conceded by Catholic emancipation to their serfs, who have obtained the privileges of men, whilst they have only the intellects of children, the Irish mob members of the House of Commons, headed by O'Connell & Co., controlled for many a year the different sets of statesmen who fought and rivalled one another for the last quarter of a century; and it was owing to the continual shifting of the scenes on the stage of Irish politics that Lord Plunkett gained his honours, which he owed entirely to his liberal politics. Plunkett's eye, at the very outset of his career, discovered that the only way for him to acquire notice and gain political influence, was to have at his back the millions of Ireland, who are notorious for their blind political zeal, and are in the habit of applauding every mob orator who has cleverness enough to flatter their passions, only to promote his own personal interests. With these dupes no one is so popular as a liberal Protestant, when they cannot find a true Catholic to stand a contested election. Plunkett was the man for them; and even in his youthful days it might be said of him, that he delighted in the arena of Irish politics, and was only one of a crowd of talented young men, who might, in eloquence and energy, be ranked along with the Gracchi and other demagogues that brought ruin on the Roman commonwealth, and eventually placed over the necks of a once free people the iron sceptre of the Cæsars, and the bloody sword of a Nero and a Domitian. It was the abuse of liberty that led to the loss of it in the republic of Rome, and it will likely fare with the mobs of Ireland as it did with their prototype of Rome. Their combinations, and hatreds, and cold-blooded murders will, one day,

rouse up a feeling in the land that will not subside, till the laws, giving them the rights of freemen, will be amended, and no privileges conceded to any but the really free, who reject all interference of priests and partymen at elections. These elections in Ireland are still carried by priestly dictation and mob-rule, as far as these worthies have the power; and the brute force and violence manifested at them, remind one of a saying of Cicero, who felt he had to fight his way against mob dictation and misrule, and shape his political course, not as if he was living in a sound, healthy state of society, such as Plato's ideal republic exhibited, where all was order and peace, but among the very scum of Rome, where brute force and mob law carried the day—

*"Dicit, enim, sententiam, tanquam in Platonis politeia;
Non tanquam in Romuli fœce."*

It is Time that tries every thing: politicians and their schemes are tested by results, and the great restorer is Time. It is not in the maddening strife of politics that men have time to reflect on their sayings or their doings; so it is with all the political leaders of the last fifty years. They have nearly passed all away, and now we have a breathing time to look back and examine the truth or falsehood of their predictions and schemes. Lord Plunkett lived long enough to see the fatuity of entrusting more political power to the two or three millions of the unlettered and uncivilized masses in Ireland; and his great contemporary, Grattan, outlived his popularity, and was both mobbed and wounded in the streets of Dublin, near the very House of Parliament whose spacious halls had once reverberated the thunder of his eloquence. His liberal son, too, Henry, the quondam member for Meath, found himself ousted, after all his sacrifices to please, by a renegade Quaker; and the base ingratitude of the mere Irish politicians to their benefactors is now become a matter of history. I am right, I believe, in stating here, that Lord Plunkett's family do not inherit, as

they do his name and honours, his dangerous politics. His eldest son, and the heir of his title and estates, the present Bishop of Tuam, was once a liberal, like his father; but the revolutionary movements of the Young Ireland party, in 1848, have opened his eyes, as well as those of the other liberals among Protestants, and he is now as much known for his endeavours to Christianize the untaught and ignorant Romanists in Connaught, as he was once indifferent to their conversion, under the false idea, that all forms of religion are equal, if men but follow the light of their conscience! The slight thrown on the warnings recorded on the pages of Irish history was probably the cause of Lord Plunkett's own hallucinations, and prevented him, and other liberal Protestants like him, seeing looming in the distance some great political change, which might end in the Repeal of the Union, the confiscation of English property, and the restoration of the forfeited estates to the old Irish families, crowds of whom are still waiting with their old title-deeds to re-enter on the ancient family inheritances. Should such a convulsion ever take place, and nothing but the moral courage and loyalty of the Protestants of Ulster is to hinder it, then we would have sung over the grave of the extinct Saxon the requiem which the rebels of Cavan shouted over the mortal remains of Bishop Bedell, as they laid him in his lowly grave in Kilmore, and said that he was the "*Ultimus Anglorum*," the last Englishman that should ever occupy that church and palace. In 1848, we had ready for rising another rebellious faction, headed by as fierce a set of priests and politicians as ever disturbed the island; and had they succeeded in their sanguinary schemes, they would have sung in true poetic *furor* over the graves of their Saxon oppressors—

"Let there be no resurrection of British rule in the land of the Celt."

To conciliate these factions, Plunkett forgot the sound politics and unbending moral principles of the Presbyterians of Ulster; he lowered his own splendid talents and high legal position to

pander to the passions and narrow views of the uncivilized portion of the Irish people, and committed that outrage on the dignity of history, which posterity will avenge by connecting his name with his old almanack. As an antidote to this fallacy of the Irish ex-Chancellor, I feel a pleasure in giving here the true definition of history, as I find it written for me in the works left us by Cicero—" *Historia vero testis temporum; lux veritatis, vita memoriæ; magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis, quâ voce aliâ nisi oratoris immortalitati commendatur,*" &c., that is, history, which bears testimony to the events of bygone ages, throws its light on the truth of things which would soon fade from the memory without its aid; teaches us the best principles of life and action, and brings up, as a faithful recorder, the buried treasures of the olden time; this history is itself indebted to the tongue and pen of the orator for its own immortality. At such a contrast between the Irishman and the Roman, may we not exclaim in the words of the poet, slightly changed—

" Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers—
The modern lawyer, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother!"

The mortal remains of this great man and ex-Chancellor of Ireland were deposited in Mount Jerome Cemetery, near Dublin, on Saturday morning, the 7th of January, 1854. The funeral was attended by his sons and relatives, and a few of the lawyers. From various sources, we have it that his last days were days of pain, spent under an eclipse of those splendid intellectual faculties, which had raised Plunkett far beyond and above all his contemporaries. For several years before his death his memory was weakening, and his reason at last failed, and in that state he passed into the dark valley of the shadow of death. It is likely the political excitements of his early and middle life may have tended to debilitate his mental powers, which

were over-wrought in the unceasing turmoil of this world's strife and politics. This was true in Dan O'Connell's end, Dean Swift's, and Dr. Hales'. The mind of man needs repose and due nourishment, neither of which is often found by aspirants to fame and political power. Men of genius are, alas! too often found among the infidels of this world: and Plunkett's early days were spent in the whirl of Irish politics, among the Tones and Stokeses of Ireland's revolutionary time. To this forbidden connexion we must trace the political bias of his early days, the errors of which have become apparent to his wiser sons, who are cured of their father's leaning to Popery, by witnessing the revolutionary schemes of the Young Irishmen.

COUNTY AND TOWN OF CAVAN.

CAVAN is the name of the principal town of the county, and it lies hid under a hill that stretches all along its Eastern side, running nearly in a direct line, from North to South, half an English mile. The main street of the old town is narrow; and, considering its antiquity, this chief town of county Cavan has not risen as it ought, and made progress with the improvements of the age. "Cavan" seems to be an Irish word, meaning "hollow;" and in old books we meet with "the cavan," or "the hollow" town, a name which was probably given the place from its low position, lying hid among hills. It is literally hid in a hollow, and invisible on all sides till you are just entering the town. This town was in former times a place of some note. The O'Reillys flourished here; and the ruins of O'Reilly's Castle are noted in history. The ancient boundaries of the borough included the place called "the cavan," or hollow town, and all that circuit of land lying

within a mile every way round about the said town, "to be measured from the stone-house, or castle, where Walter Brodie, gentleman, dwelleth, the Castle of Cavan, O'Reilly's Castle, and two poles of land, called Rossgoglan, excepted." The limits of the new, or modern borough, are very narrow, indeed, and include only the edified part of the town, and some small portions of the adjacent open ground. Cavan was erected into a parliamentary borough, in the eighth year of James the First, or 1611; and the corporation was styled "the sovereign, portreeves, burgesses, and freemen of the town and borough of Cavan, and was to consist of a sovereign, two portreeves, or bailiffs, twelve burgesses, and an indefinite number of freemen; besides, they were to have a recorder, town clerk, and sergeant-at-mace." Such was the constitution of the borough, as it is laid down in the governing charter of James the First. But we find another charter mentioned in history, and given in the fourth year of James the Second, or in 1687-8. By this new charter, the first one, given in 1611, was annulled or destroyed by *quo warranto* and a forced surrender; and we find preserved the names of the members of the new corporation of Cavan, as they were constituted by James the Second, in February, 1687-8. They are as follow:—Luke Reilly, Esq., sovereign; Robert Fenly, Alexander MacLeland, portreeves. There were also sixteen burgesses, and among them the O'Reillys hold a prominent place. Edward Reilly, Esq.; Philip Reilly, jun., Esq.; Thomas Fleming, Esq.; Philip Reilly, sen., Esq.; Miles Reilly, Esq.; John Reilly, Esq.; Francis Bourke, Esq.; Hugh Reilly, Esq.; Richard Brady, Esq.; Miles Reilly, gent.; Robert Fenly, merchant; Charles Reilly, gent.; Alexander MacLeland, merchant; John Sheridan, gent.; John Price, inn-keeper; Edmund Lynch, gent.; and Daniel Donnelly, gent., recorder and town clerk.

James the Second wished to undo the work of his grand-sire; and in destroying the old charter and removing its members, this infatuated king was preparing the way for

further changes, and intended, no doubt, to drive out of the country all the Protestant proprietors and holders of land forfeited during the rebellions of Queen Elizabeth's troubled reign. "A secret list" was prepared, containing about two thousand four hundred and sixty-one names of gentlemen attainted in King James the Second's reign; and in that list we find a great number of county Cavan gentlemen, who would have been deprived of their estates, had this impotent tyrant succeeded in his rash schemes for revolutionizing Ireland, and restoring the forfeited lands to the O'Reillys and others, who were waiting anxiously for the day when Ireland would be once more under the sole dominion of her ancient families. To effect this object quietly, King James the Second destroyed the old constituencies of the boroughs which were established by his grandfather in 1610; and to get a Popish Parliament ready to effect a great social revolution in the country, James the Second nominated in each borough the burgesses, and thus, by putting in only Roman Catholics in the place of Protestants, this despotic monarch secured a majority in his Irish Parliament of 1689. By an act of that Popish Parliament, the grants made by James the First were to be recalled, and the forfeited estates restored to their original owners. I find that in county Cavan alone there was a large number of Protestant gentlemen attainted; and, as the descendants of several of these proprietors are still in possession of the lands given them by King James the First, it will afford them some pleasure to find recorded the names of their forefathers, who had the honour of being attainted by this unconstitutional and Popish king, "who lost his three kingdoms for a mass." The principal proprietors in the county Cavan are the Butlers, the Maxwells, the Cootes, and Taylors, and in the list of King James the Second, we find the following gentlemen, the ancestors of these large proprietors, attainted, and their estates destined to go into other hands:—

Butler, Francis, Esq., in county Cavan, and Francis, Esq.,

in county Fermanagh.—The ancestors of the Earls of Lanesborough, who hold still their extensive estates in both these counties, from Butlersbridge, in county Cavan, to Newtown-butler, in Fermanagh.

Maxwell, John and Robert.—Both county Cavan gentlemen, and the ancestors of the noble family of Farnham, whose influence is still felt all over the county, which has been represented by some member of this Protestant family for more than a century. The Farnham estates extend into several baronies, and their tenants are in general prosperous, and ardently attached to the civil and religious freedom which was secured to the people of the land at the revolution.

Coote, Thomas, Esq.—Ancestor of the Cootehill branch of this ancient family, whose other branches extend over several counties in the South and West of Ireland. Coote is an historic name; and during the stirring times of the Commonwealth, and downward, the Cootes figure as soldiers of the fiercest character. Sir Charles is well known in this period for his fearless and chivalrous exploits; and one of them, that flourished in the last century, could wield the pen with as keen a point as a former Sir Charles wielded the sword which took the head off Bishop Ever MacMahon. The Cootehill branch has sadly degenerated, and is likely to lose, ere long, this old family estate.

Taylor, Thomas, Esq.—Ancestor of the present Marquis of Headfort, who holds extensive tracts of land in the barony of Castleraghan; and is proprietor of the town of Virginia, in the neighbourhood of which he has built a lodge, which commands a fine view of Lough Ramor. Here he delights to spend the Autumnal months: and no fitter place could he find during the hot season of the year, than the sylvan shades and cooling breeze that are to be enjoyed along the Western banks of this beautiful lake. His family seat is at Headfort, about two miles from Kells, in the county of Meath. His titles are of modern date. Sir Thomas Taylor, Baronet, was

created Baron Headfort so late as 1760 ; and his son Thomas, the second Earl of Bective, was made Marquis of Headfort in 1800.

Hamilton, Henry, Esq.—There were two branches of the Hamilton family settled in the county Cavan. One branch held for a time the Bailieborough estate; the other was the founder and occupier of Castle Hamilton, which is still to be seen in the midst of a fine demesne, on the North-east side of Killesandra, in the barony of Tullaghonoho, in the West of county Cavan. The Bailieborough branch sold their Cavan estate to a Colonel Stewart. It passed from the Stewarts to a relation of theirs, a Mr. Corry; and he sold it to Sir William Young, whose distinguished son, Sir John Young, Baronet, represented for many years the county Cavan in Parliament. The Killesandra branch of the Hamiltons let the estate go out of their hands also; and a Mr. Southwell was the proprietor for some time of Castle Hamilton. The estate has, however, passed back again into the name, and, we believe, the family of Hamilton.

Sanderson, Robert, Esq.—This gentleman made a noble stand, in 1689, against the illegal proceedings of King James's minions. "At a quarter sessions, held at Cavan on the 8th of Jan., several Irish justices of the peace being on the bench, Captain Robert Sanderson, of Castle Sanderson, with a body of fourscore horse, entered the town, and mounting the bench, demanded by what commission they sat there? They answered by that of King James. He told them the authority was not good while the laws were unrepealed, and ordered the country to return home. Tyrconnell being informed of this proceeding at Cavan, threatened to send down some troops of horse into that rebellious county, that would not submit to justices acting against law, which so terrified the people that almost every man put himself in arms." The representative of this ancient family is at present Alex. Sanderson, Esq., who sat for many years in Parliament as one of the members for county

Cavan, till his vote for Catholic emancipation, in 1829, alienated from him the feelings of his quondam supporters, and he was obliged to retire from the representation of Cavan. There are several branches of the Sanderson family holding estates in various parts of the counties of Cavan and Fermanagh, also, Castle Sanderson, the family seat, is in the barony of Coole, in the county of Fermanagh, about eight miles North of the county town of Cavan.

Newburgh.—This ancient family has nearly faded from the memory. The family seat was at Ballyhaise, a village about five miles to the North of Cavan. In the list of attainted Protestant gentlemen, I find the names of Broghill and Thomas Newburgh; and their descendants flourished as leading gentlemen in county Cavan till the beginning of the very century we live in. A daughter of this family was the mother of that distinguished orator and statesman, George Canning. His father, Mr. Stratford Canning, married, in 1768 or 1769, Miss Letitia Newburgh, of Ballyhaise, in the county of Cavan; and in the year 1770 was born their illustrious son George, who, to his credit be it recorded, claims to be an Irishman, as appears from a letter of his published by Lockhart in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott." A portion of the Newburgh estate, at Ballyhaise, is still known as Lady Canning's; and when this ancient property was passing, like so many others, into new hands, the moiety granted to Lady Canning was reserved, and it continues with her issue. About forty years ago the estate was sold to a Dublin merchant, of the name of Humphrys, and his son is now the proprietor of the estate and occupier of the Castle of Ballyhaise, which has been greatly enlarged and improved by its new owner. A duel, which was fatal to Mr. Newburgh, was the cause of the breaking up of this old household.

The following names of landed proprietors all over county Cavan appear on the lists, as they were found ready for execution, had James the Second prevailed in his wish to

exterminate the Protestants of Ireland. I give the names, as they are arranged, in alphabetical order :—

Atcheson.—Probably ancestor of the Gosford family, whose estates lie about Arvagh.

Bedell, Ambrose.—Likely the son of Bishop Bedell, known as the "*Ultimus Anglorum*" in Cavan.

Bell, John and Andrew.—The forefathers of the Bells of Kilmore.

Cotnam, Abraham.—Likely the forefather of the learned Counsellor Cottingham, who is still remembered for his fine manly bearing in the county.

Clements.—The ancestor of the Rakenny and Ashfield families of that name.

Hudson.—Probably the ancestor of the present Sir George Hudson, whose Cavan estates lie in the barony of Clonkee, between Bailieborough and Coranary.

Moore.—Probably the owner of the Tullyvin estate, near Cootehill.

Piers.—Probably the proprietor of the estate of Shircock, which has passed by marriage into the family of the Ruxtons, of Ardee.

Pratt, Benjamin and Joseph.—The forefathers of the Kingscourt Pratts, who still inherit a fine castle and a splendid demense in the East of county Cavan.

Singleton.—The county Louth Singletons are among the attainted. One branch of this family holds still a considerable estate in the county Cavan. It lies in the barony of Clonkee, and is tenanted by a goodly number of Scotchmen.

Stephens.—There are three of this name on the lists. It is probable they lived at the obscure village of Ballynacargy, two miles to the East of Ballyhaise. The family is now extinct, and their small estate has passed to a Mr. Smith.

Such is an outline of the plans laid in secret for revolutionizing the properties of county Cavan; and had not the brave men of Ulster risen up together, and fought like men for their

homes and their altars, James II. would have put down the Protestant religion in Ireland, and banished from their estates the forefathers of many of the large proprietors at this day. The Protestants of county Cavan still retain the traditions, which are perpetuated from age to age in their families; and it will prove an evil day for the peace and prosperity of the county, when the "lip-liberals" of the present age shall have succeeded in their attempt to mystify and pervert the facts of history, and render men indifferent to the warnings of the historian, against the seductions of false-hearted liberals and fanatics.

I may apply to the men of Ulster the noble sentiments of the historian of Rome, when describing the state of the Christians in Philadelphia in Asia Minor: "Her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years, and Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins, a pleasing example that the paths of honour and of safety may sometimes be the same." During the fourscore years which run from 1610, the time when James I. began the plantation of Ulster, till 1690, the Protestants of county Cavan were exposed to continual attacks from the native Irish; and the secret proscription which James II. planned was the first step towards their entire extermination. In that attempt he failed; and it is to be hoped that no schemes formed against them will henceforth succeed. In the union of all sections of the Protestant Church in Ireland there is safety. The greatest enemies they have to fear are the pseudo-Protestants among them, whose want of moral principle is matter of rejoicing to all their enemies in the land. They should be the true Conservatives in the country; but if they are become in any way tinged with the infidelity of pseudo-liberals, they are like the salt which has lost its savour, they are good for nothing, and should be trodden down and despised of all men.

In looking after the state of things in the borough of Cavan, subsequent to the flight of King James, I find the following

record. It proves that the borough system will not work well in Ireland. The love of pelf and power seem to be the great national foible of the Irish. The following is the inglorious termination of the old borough of Cavan:—

“Two families, of the name of Clements and Nesbitt, before the year 1722, had obtained a ‘written compact,’ which appears in the corporation books, conveying to them paramount influence in the borough, and they ever afterwards wielded the power which this instrument gave them. They used the corporation as their mere puppets; and, in 1800, these two families received the whole of the £15,000 of compensation, which was given for the suppression of the borough-right to send two members to Parliament. After that, the corporation began to sink gradually into decay, and eventually it became quite extinct. By the charter of incorporation, the town of Cavan, and the townlands of Tullymongan, Kilnevarron, Drumgoone, Drumeleagh, and Rossgoglan, with the reservation of O'Reilly's Castle and two poles of Rossgoglan, were granted to the borough. These lands amount altogether to about 400 acres, and all lie within the limit of the corporation, but they were all, at a very early date, alienated, and Cavan town now belongs to Lord Farnham and the Annesley family. Tullymongan is the property of Lord Maryborough and Mrs. Foster; Kilnevarron belongs to Mr. Radcliffe; Drumgoone to Mr. Sanderson; Drumeleagh to the Annesleys; and Rossgoglan to the Bells, of Kilmore.

There is no public revenue, and the only remaining public property is a waste and stony common, of about fourteen acres, lying on the top of a hill, and called “the Fair, or Gallows' Green.”

Nearly parallel to the old, crooked, narrow, and dirty street, with its mud wall row of cabins at either end, there runs a fine, open, healthy and spacious street, or road, on the West, or Farnham side of the town of Cavan; and along this new line are built several lofty and uniform houses, which are the town

residences of the Cavan gentry, lawyers, and men of business. On the West side of the town, rise prominent to view the court-house and jail. The court-house stands in a wide, open area, about ten perches West of the parish church. It is a graceful structure, and was erected in the course of the present century, at an expense to the county of some £11,000, and after a design by Bowden. The jail is built on a hill, at the base of which rolls a babbling brook. The old part of the jail contains about eighty cells, or small rooms; and the new additions, made since this prison was founded, consist of two wings and four yards. This department is distributed into four divisions, each of them having a day-room, dining-room, twelve cells, &c. The lodge, or front part of the building, contains the apartments, "inconvenient and ill-adapted," for lunatics. On the hill, South of the jail, are the barracks, a permanent military station. The parish church stands on an open and elevated space, at the North end of the town. It has been lately enlarged, and is a neat structure, with a high and slender spire. This church was built, in 1816, by means of private subscriptions, and donations to a large amount from the Farnham family. These were supplemented by a loan of some £3,692, from the late Board of First Fruits, and the additions just made have cost well on to £1,000 more. Nearly opposite the parish church stands the Roman Catholic chapel, which also has been receiving additions to its old and "commonplace" bare stone walls; and there seems to exist among the Cavan ecclesiastics a good-natured kind of rivalry, as to which of these high church parties will have the precedence in point of numbers and external decorations lavished away on the "materials" of their respective places of worship. As long, however, as the jail, on the one end, and the workhouse, on the other end of the town, exist in their present state of fullness, the discerning visitor will easily find data on which to rest his calculations, and draw his conclusions as to the relative numbers of paupers and criminals which emanate from church

and chapel to these prisons, the last refuge of the neglected and infatuated portion of our population. The statistics of crime, from year to year, are the only true touchstone of the true and the false in religion; and the jail and poor-houses of county Cavan are standing memorials of neglected fields and uncultivated minds. There are four Protestant places of worship in the town of Cavan. Two Methodist chapels, and the Presbyterian meeting-house, or Scots' church, take in a considerable number of the Protestant people. The Presbyterians had some difficulty in obtaining a site for their church here; but energy, the old characteristic of the Presbyterian mind, prevailed, and they have now a neat, but small church, which was erected about twenty-five years ago. The lamented Captain M'Cleod, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, took a deep interest in this erection during his stay in Cavan. On being appointed stipendiary magistrate, he was sent by Government to quiet the disturbed districts about Carrigallen and Ballinamore, in the adjoining county of Leitrim, and fell a victim, some twelve years ago, to the Ribbon conspiracy, which has so often kept in agitation the rude masses of the "mere Irish" in Cavan. Mr. M'Cleod was shot dead, as he was passing Mr. Percy's gate-house, by some midnight assassin, who was lurking there to shoot the magistrate, who was known to be dining with Mr. Percy. His kind-hearted host, we are informed, tried to dissuade him from venturing out so late in the evening; but the fearlessness of M'Cleod's character would not brook delay, and this high-spirited gentleman fell, ere he reached the public road, by a bullet, discharged at him by some assassin, who was waiting for him at the gate-house. No discovery was ever made of this murderer; and it is only now oozing out of the Irish mind, that some of the Ribbonmen that planned and effected the murder of Miss Hinds, in October last, were parties concerned in the murder of Captain M'Cleod, some dozen years ago!

"The Farnham Arms Hotel," which once stood near the

middle of this new street, was closed up during the famine years, when all here, too, seemed to be going to desolation. It is now turned into private dwellings, and as the railway to Cavan is now nearing its completion, and will connect Cavan with Dublin, this new mode of conveyance will likely do away with not only coaches and hotels, but also affect very seriously the shopkeepers of the town of Cavan. This railway will, when opened, carry off to Dublin a large share of the business of the town; and as the "monster shops" in the capital are engrossing the entire business of Dublin, they will affect the sale of goods in the country as well as in the metropolis. From the alarm that exists at present in Dublin among the smaller shopkeepers, we think it right to signal the danger to the merchants of Cavan, and warn them to make every effort in their power to retain still their customers; and this they can effectually do, by supplying their country friends with prime articles at fair prices. In the centre of the town, between the old and the new street, there lies a beautiful garden, filled with evergreens, and laid out and ornamented by the late Lady Farnham, and intended to be a means of inducing a popular taste for botany and gardening. These pleasure-grounds are still kept in fine order, at the expense of Lord Farnham, who has thrown them open, as a public promenade for the inhabitants. We remember still the time when the ground of this delightful garden was an open, bare common, where stagnant water was allowed to lie, and the unwholesome effluvia of which made it unpleasant to the sense as well as dangerous to the health. Close to the garden, on the East side, peers out among the trees an old ruin, like a tower, which some learned antiquary, like Mr. Dalton, will one day show us to be the relic of, it may-be, O'Reilly's castle, or Walter Brodie's stone house, in "the cavan;" and if tradition can be trusted, near this spot lie, or rather once lay, the mortal remains of Owen O'Nial, who died at Cloughoughter, near Farnham, and was buried, it is said, in "the cavan," in 1649.

The town of Cavan has several schools. The free school, or college, as it is called, is a fine building, that strikes the eye as you enter the town on the South end. It is at present under the management of a distinguished scholar, the Rev. William Prior Moore, whose well-stored mind has, on many occasions, poured out of its fulness the old as well as the new, to enrich, delight, and socialize the people of his native town and county.

The Roman Catholics, too, have a diocesan school at Cavan. Dr. Brown is at present their aged bishop, and is known in Cavan for the moderation of his temper and politics. The school holds at his residence, and is under his eye. He has also under, I believe, his sole management the national school at Cavan, and is surrounded by a numerous clergy, who do generally his bidding over the diocese. In reference to the "literary taste" of the great bulk of the population, we have heard of some parties (who ought to know) complaining, that it is a thing which exists not; and to remedy this capital defect in the minds and feelings of the people, there has been mention made of the necessity to get up in the town a mechanics' institute, and to connect with it a public library. These two, if wrought well, might do much good. They might, in the course of years, turn men's minds to seek for power in the right quarter, and allay all that bitterness of party feeling and odious political hate, which have so often disturbed the peace of the country. Were letters and science more attended to, and mischievous politics given to the winds, to carry them into the Dead Sea; the county Cavan would soon recover its ancient fair name, and get rid of the foul stigma that now attaches to it, for the cold-blooded murder of a defenceless woman, in October last. Two of the conspirators in this dastardly outrage are now waiting in the jail the extreme penalty of the law, which is to take place upon Friday, the 16th of May, 1856, in front of the county jail. Ignorance leads on to hatred and crime; and when fanatical rancor is

superinduced to give stimulus to political hatred and revenge, the excitement rises to a parozysm of rage, which sets at defiance all laws, human and divine. Some three or four murders, committed of late years in this once peaceful county, go far to shake our confidence in the good sense as well as the good feeling of the people of Cavan. But it is one consolation to know, that these outrages and crimes met with no sympathy with the better portion of the population; and the determination to put down these Ribbonmen is become so general and so strong all over the county, that there will be no mercy shown in the administration of the laws, till violence and brute force are stopped in their career of folly and of crime.

FARNHAM.

ABOUT two miles to the West of Cavan stands the noble mansion of Farnham. The chief entrance opens on the Cavan and Crossdoney road, and all along that line stretches a fine demesne, where the deer roam quite at large, and the stately trees tell the visitor that the noble owners of these extensive woodlands have been resident landlords here for ages. The Maxwells of Farnham came originally from North Britain, and are connected, by early ties, with the Maxwells of Calderwood, in Scotland. The Farnham family is the first in time, rank, and influence in the county; and John and Robert Maxwell, gentlemen of county Cavan, have the honour to appear, among other Protestant gentlemen of the county, in King James the Second's "secret list" of proscription. The first of the family who was ennobled was John Maxwell, Esq.; he was a descendant of Robert Maxwell, Dean of Armagh, and of Dr. Maxwell, Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh. He was created

Baron Farnham in 1756; and Robert, the second baron, was created Viscount Farnham in 1761, and Earl of Farnham in 1763. At the death of the first earl these titles became extinct, but both were revived in favour of his brother Barry, in the years 1780 and 1785. In 1823, the earldom became a second time extinct, but was revived in favour of John Maxwell Barry (for a long time known as Colonel Barry), at whose decease the title of Baron passed to Henry, Bishop of Meath, whose eldest son, Henry Maxwell (long known for his sterling Protestant principle, as one of the representatives of the county in the House of Commons), is the present Baron Farnham. For more than a century the Farnham family have taken the lead in the county, and some members of that ancient house has represented this great Protestant county in Parliament; and to no family in the county can the interests of its people be more safely entrusted; and the best test of their good landlordism is to be seen in the decent homesteads of the old and respectable Protestant families, which are everywhere to be seen over the Farnham estates in Cavan. The family mansion stands on low ground, and is a plain but commodious structure. It has been truly said by Mr. Fraser, "that those who have seen Farnham only from the house or approaches to it, know but little of its extent, variety, and beauty." The beautiful grounds through which you drive from the road to the house have more of the character of the English park; and the stately trees around the house bespeak more care and length of years than one usually meets with in other demesnes. This demesne branches out in many directions, and embraces several of the little natural lakes, which form so remarkable a feature in this district, from their number and extent of surface which they occupy. Along their shores, and on the promontories formed by their inextricable windings, masses of the finest natural timber, in all their pristine vigour, exist. They have been equally preserved with those in the demesne, and are connected with it by pleasing rural rides. These rides extend for many

miles through this highly improved estate. In one direction they reach to the fine woods of Killikeen, a distance of four miles, and where a handsome cottage was erected by the last Countess of Farnham. On a small island, in the vicinity of this cottage, are to be seen the ruins of Cloughoughter Castle, in which the insurgents of 1641 incarcerated the pious Bishop Bedell, that grand ornament of the Protestant Church, the translator of the Bible into Irish, and the humble and zealous promoter of various works which render his memory redolent to fame. Of this venerable man it would be wrong to omit the name; we may pause, therefore, for a moment, as we are passing Kilmore, and pay a hasty visit to his church and lowly grave.

K I L M O R E .

ABOUT half-a-mile from Farnham gate-house, and on the crest of a hill just facing the Cavan road to Crossdoney, there is still standing an old-fashioned house with antique church attached, and graveyard in front; and this antiquated structure was once the palace and cathedral church of the pious and venerable Bishop Bedell. In the South corner of that crowded cemetery lie the mortal remains of this great and good man, of whom there are so many touching memorials preserved, that the tourist's chief difficulty is to make a judicious selection out of the copious historical reminiscences that remain, and show that Kilmore was blessed with at least one truly pious bishop, who lived and died a martyr to Bible Christianity, and whose holy life and gentle manners are still thought of with that unfeigned respect which unaffected piety and sterling worth claim as their due from a grateful posterity—

"More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest ;
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet
The freight of holy feeling which we meet
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gale
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest."

Before we give an outline of Bedell's life and sufferings, we must say a word of "Kilmore," the scene of his active labours from 1629 till 1642, the year of his death.

Kil or "Cill" in the Irish tongue means church, and "more," when added, signifies that that church is a great church, or, in modern phrase, a cathedral, the chief church of a diocese. In old books we are continually meeting with "more" and "oge" attached to the names of men and places, and we take this opportunity of stating, once for all, that these affixes are Gaelic adjectives, meaning "great" and "little," and were given by the Irish to distinguish men and places by their size or importance. Thus Kilmore means the great church or cathedral of the diocese; and Philip "oge" O'Reilly is "little" Philip, to distinguish him from another Philip, known as Philip "more," or "big" Philip O'Reilly. The "see," as it is called, of Kilmore was founded, if we can believe tradition, in the thirteenth century, and its original name was Breffne, or Triburna. Florence O'Conarty was its first bishop; he died in 1231, and Andrew MacBrady, who became bishop some two hundred and fifty years after O'Conarty, erected the parish church of Kilmore into a cathedral. The first Protestant bishop of Kilmore was John Garvey, who was translated in the year 1589 to the primatial see of Ireland. During the raging of Tyrone's rebellion, Kilmore was vacant; and in 1629, the see of Kilmore was honoured with the guardian care and discerning mind of Bishop Bedell. The twelve years of his residence in Kilmore were to him years of pain and peril. They comprise that stormy period that passed slowly and fearfully along over the heads of the Protestants of Cavan, till this smouldering

rebellion broke out in the month of October, 1641, and swept with overwhelming violence over the Protestant churches and people of the island. In this fearful outburst of political and fanatical rancour, Bishop Bedell was involved; neither his hoary locks, blanched with the storms of seventy years, nor his deep piety and venerable character, could save him, a heretic, forsooth! from the horrors of a dreary Wintery incarceration in the ruins of Cloughoughter Castle, out of which he was taken early in the following Spring to be laid in his lonely grave, at which no funeral service was allowed to be read; whilst the wild Irish of Cavan fired a volley—a *feu-de-joie*—over his grave, and shouted in their madness, "*Requiescat in pace Ultimus Anglorum.*"

B E D E L L .

WILLIAM BEDELL was born at Black Notley, in Essex, in 1570, and was descended from an ancient and respectable family. Cambridge has the honour of producing this accomplished scholar, whose learning, piety, and matured judgment, made him to be looked up to, even at college, by his seniors, who often consulted him on knotty points in their theological studies. Bedell's mind became at an early stage in his studies impressed with the truths of the Christian religion; and before he took upon himself the duties of a minister, he practically performed them, going about with some young college friends, in the neighbourhood of the university, where there were no Christian teachers, instructing and awakening the people who were living without God in the world, and placing before them, in strong colours, their awful position, and the glad tidings which he came to publish among them, of which they were

nearly as ignorant as the more distant heathen. His first charge, after quitting college, was in the town of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk; not long after his settlement there, an incident occurred, which showed that he neither courted preferment, nor feared unmerited displeasure. At a meeting of the clergy of the diocese of Norwich, the bishop made some proposition, to which Mr. Bedell could not conscientiously assent; the rest of the clergy entertained the like objections, but were unwilling to express their sentiments. Thinking, therefore, that the matters in question were too important to be silently adopted, Bedell ventured to address the bishop, and stated his opinion with such force of argument, and, at the same time, with calmness of temper, that some of the obnoxious measures were withdrawn. When the meeting was over, the clergy gathered round him, and applauded the steps which he had taken; but he only assured them, in reply, "that he desired not the praises of men." Bedell continued at Bury for many years, and was a zealous, active minister, endeavouring rather to awaken the conscience than to excite the feelings, and remarkable as a preacher for the clearness and simplicity of his style, and the truth and force of his applications. Bedell was at length removed from England, and went as chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, the ambassador of James the First at the Court of Venice. During his residence at Venice, Mr. Bedell became acquainted with Father Paul, who was at the time a distinguished divine, as well as the author of the celebrated history of the Council of Trent. The conversation of Mr. Bedell was very useful to this learned historian, who had the candour to admit "that he had learned more of theology and practical religion from Mr. Bedell, than from any other person with whom he had conversed during his whole life." It was about this time that high disputes arose between Pope Paul V. and the Venetians, and the Pope laid his interdict on the refractory little republic of Venice. This was the age when Cardinals Bellarmine and Baronius flourished, and we find on record the

following precious specimen of Baronius's mental sagacity as an interpreter of the New Testament scriptures. When it was found that the Venetians would not submit to the Pope's interdict, and that the holy father would have to carry death and destruction into the refractory state, the learned cardinal stated that the Pope had full authority from Christ to kill and destroy, for that two distinct injunctions were contained in the Scriptures, the first saying to Peter, "feed my sheep," and the second, "arise and kill;" and now that the Pope had already executed the first part of Peter's duty, in feeding the flock, without the desired effect, he, the Pope, had nothing left but to "arise and kill!" Mr. Bedell resided for eight years at Venice, and whilst there spent much of his time in the study of Hebrew, for which purpose he secured the assistance of Rabbi Leo, the Chief Chacham of the Jewish synagogue in Venice. Through the exertions of Leo, Mr. Bedell obtained the manuscript copy of the New Testament, which he afterwards gave to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and which cost him its weight in silver. On Bedell's return from Venice, he entered once more on his duties at Bury St. Edmunds, and continued there till 1615, when he was presented to the rectory of Horningsheath, where he remained for twelve years, in the most zealous performance of his parochial duties, attending the sick, reclaiming the profligate, and relieving the indigent; while at the same time he was so successful in discovering and punishing impostors, that they shunned his parish, knowing that all they would be likely to obtain there would be disgrace and exposure. In his parish Bedell lived, intent on study and on duty, and though he had published many works, he was but little personally known, so much so, that when his learned friend Diodati came over from Geneva, and inquired for Bedell among the members of his profession, he was greatly surprised to find a man so eminent as Bedell, and one so prized and appreciated in a foreign country, so entirely overlooked in his own, and after many fruitless inquiries, he had to give up the

search. At length Diodati met with him by chance in Cheapside, and embraced him with all imaginable affection and joy, till they both shed many tears, after which Diodati introduced his friend Bedell to Dr. Morton, the Bishop of Durham, and gave that learned bishop such a character of Mr. Bedell, that he engaged to take care and have him promoted to a place worthy of his talents and attainments. In 1626, the provostship of Trinity College, Dublin, became vacant, and the fellows of the college, acting under the advice of the learned Archbishop Usher, agreed to invite Mr. Bedell to fill that important office, and at the same time they forwarded an address to the king (Charles I.), entreating him to lay his commands on Bedell to accept of the situation. On his arrival in Dublin, Bedell commenced at once to study the statutes of the college which he came to govern, resolving, with his characteristic good sense and caution, to take no steps whatever respecting the existing abuses, until he had fully ascertained the legitimate grounds on which they could be reformed, and the utmost limits to which his own authority might extend. At first there were unfounded prejudices arrayed against him, as an Englishman and a "bookish dreamer," who was, by constitution and habit, entirely unfit for the active duties of the Provost of Trinity College; but Bedell soon convinced gainsayers that he was an honest and a fearless man, who, in the discharge of his duties, knew but one judge, the Lord of the conscience, and but one rule of action, the right line of duty, as it is laid down in God's Word. His first object was to awaken among the students religious convictions, and to instruct them in right principles. For this end he catechised the various classes once each week, and preached every Sunday, though not obliged to do so, that he might the more effectually enforce the great truths which swayed his own mind and guided every word and action. After spending about two years in the discharge of those important duties in college, Mr. Bedell was promoted to the see of Kilmore, where he lived and spent

the last twelve years of his life, and has left a name that gains power as time rolls on—

"The memorial of this just man is blessed,
Refreshing as the breeze of morn,
Fragrant as a flower of Spring."

In person, Bishop Bedell was tall, slender, and graceful, of a comely complexion, and there was an elevation in his countenance and demeanor that at first look told of the noble mind that lay within, and created an awe and veneration for him, even among the wild Irish of his day. His deportment was serious and unaffected; his habit, grave; his study dress was a long stuff gown, not costly, but comely; his stockings, woollen, and his shoes not much higher before than behind. His grey hairs were a crown unto him both for beauty and honour, and, according to the custom of the time, he wore a long beard.

His recreations were few and simple, and consisted mostly of walking and digging in his garden, in which he took a deep interest, as he had acquired much skill in the management of plants during his residence in Italy. The furniture of his house was plain, but suitable to his situation; and his table was well covered, and generally well attended with guests; but they were chiefly of those who could make him no return; and he lived among his clergy as if they had been his brethren. His humility was great, and finely contrasted with his undaunted firmness, whenever principle was involved or self-interest to be sacrificed. He selected an ingenious device to express and increase this humility—it was a flaming crucible, with the following motto, in Hebrew: "Take from me all my tin." The word in Hebrew that signifies "tin" being *Bedil*, meaning every sort of separable alloy, alluding, perhaps, to the circumstance that tin is a base alloy of silver, as Professor Lee says. As to the faculties of his soul, his memory and judgment were very extraordinary, and continued unimpaired to the last. He corresponded with many of the first divines of the age, not only in England,

but on the Continent, and wrote in Latin with great elegance and correctness. The last letter the bishop ever wrote is happily preserved; it was written in the purest Latin, and was addressed on the 2d November, 1641, about six weeks before he was seized and taken with his two sons to Cloughoughter Castle. It is addressed thus:—"To my reverend and loving brother, D. Swiney." This brother was Dr. Swiney, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, who made Bedell the kind offer to come and live with him in his house at Kilmore, for the purpose of protecting him from violence and rapine, should the rebel Irish attack the palace. As this letter was the last Bishop Bedell ever wrote, and as it is a fine specimen of the courteous manners and manly feeling of this Christian gentleman, I will be forgiven for introducing here the greater part of the letter:—

"Reverend brother," says the magnanimous Bedell, "I am sensible of your civility in offering to protect me by your presence in the midst of this tumult, and, upon the like occasion, I would not be wanting to do the like charitable office for you; but there are many things that hinder me from making use of the favour you now offer me. My house is strait, and there are a great number of miserable people of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes, that have fled hither as to a sanctuary, besides that some of them are sick, among whom my own son is one. But that which is beyond all the rest is 'the difference of our way of worship'—I do not say of our religion; for I have ever thought and have published it in my writings, that we have one common Christian religion. Under our present miseries we comfort ourselves with the reading of the holy Scriptures; with daily prayers, which we offer to God in our vulgar tongue, and with singing psalms; and since we find so little truth among men, we rely on the truth of God and his assistance. These things would offend your company, if not yourself; nor could others be hindered who would pretend that they came to see you, if you were among us; and, under that colour, these

murderers would break in upon us, who, after they had robbed us of all that belonged to us, would, in conclusion, think they did God good service by our slaughter. For my own part, I am resolved to trust in the divine protection. To a Christian and a bishop that is now almost seventy, no death for the cause of Christ can be bitter ; on the contrary, nothing is more desirable. And though I ask nothing for myself alone, yet if you require the people, under anathema, not to do any other acts of violence to those whom they have so often beaten, spoiled, and stript, it will be both acceptable to God, honourable to yourself, and happy to the people, if they obey you ; but if not, consider that God will remember all that is now done, to whom, reverend brother, I heartily commend you.—Yours in Christ,

“WILLIAM KILMORE.

“Nov. 2, 1641.”

Notwithstanding all his kindness to the poor of the Irish people, Bedell was ultimately made to feel all the horrors of a wide-spread massacre. “The Popish population rose in a mass—men, women, and children combined in the work of destruction : their cry was, ‘Spare neither woman nor child—the English are meat for dogs—let not one drop of English blood be left within the kingdom.’ Thousands were burned in their houses, multitudes were thrown into the rivers to perish, others were mangled and left to die miserably on the highways, and some were thrust into dungeons without food. They were buried alive ; they were dragged through bogs and thickets by the neck ; they were hung up by the arms, and then cut and maimed ; they were boiled to death ; they were stoned. A few were tempted by promises of preservation to imbrue their hands in the blood of their own relatives, and then were miserably slain themselves.” “The shocking tale,” says Dr. Reid, in his *History of the Presbyterian Church*, vol. 1. 311-2. “The shocking tale of the cruelties perpetrated by the undisciplined and blood-thirsty levies of O’Neill (Sir Phelim) during several months, has been often told, by none more

affectingly than by the female historian of England. "An universal massacre ensued—nor age, nor sex, nor infancy were spared—all conditions were involved in the general ruin. In vain did the unhappy victim appeal to the sacred ties of humanity, hospitality, family connexion, and all the tender obligations of social commerce. Companions, friends, relatives, not only denied protection, but dealt with their own hands the fatal blow. In vain did the pious son plead for his devoted parent, himself was doomed to suffer a more premature mortality; in vain did the tender mother attempt to soften the obdurate heart of the assassin in behalf of her helpless children; she was reserved to see them cruelly butchered, and then to undergo a like fate. The weeping wife, lamenting over the mangled carcass of her husband, experienced a death no less horrid than that which she deplored. This scene of blood received yet a deeper stain from the wanton exercises of more execrable cruelty than had ever yet occurred to the warm and fertile imagination of Eastern barbarians. Women, whose feeble minds received a yet stronger impression of religious frenzy, were more ferocious than the men; and children, excited by the example and exhortation of their parents, stained their innocent age with the blackest deeds of human butchery. The persons of the English were not the only victims to the general rage; their commodious houses and magnificent buildings were either consumed with fire or laid level with the ground; their cattle, though now part of the possession of the murderers (because they belonged to abhorred heretics), were either killed outright, or, covered with wounds, were turned loose into the woods and deserts, there to abide a lingering, painful end. This amazing, unexpected scene of horror, was yet heightened by the bitter revilings, imprecations, threats, and insults, which every where resounded in the ears of the astonished English. Their sighs, groans, shrieks, cries, and bitter lamentations were answered with, 'Spare neither man, woman, nor child; the English are meat for dogs; there shall not be one

drop of English blood left within the kingdoms."—*Macaulay's History of England*.

With these atrocities raging around him, the venerable Bedell felt quite secure and at ease. He seemed to live for every one but for himself; and though there was nothing but fire, blood, and desolation about him, yet the Irish were so restrained, as if by some hidden power, that they did him no harm for many weeks. His house was in no condition to make any resistance, and yet his neighbours all around fled to him for shelter and safety. He shared every thing he had with them, so that, like the primitive Christians, they had all things in common. And now, that they had nothing to expect from men, he invited them all to turn with him to God, and to prepare for that death, which they had reason to look for every day; they spent their time in prayers and fasting, which last was now likely to be imposed on them by necessity. The rebels expressed their esteem for him in such a manner, that he had reason to ascribe it wholly to that overruling power that stills the raging of the seas and the tumult of the people. They seemed to be overcome with his exemplary conversation among them, and with the tenderness and charity that he had upon all occasions expressed for them; and they often said, that he should be the last Englishman that should be put out of Ireland. He was the only Englishman in the whole county of Cavan that was suffered to live in his own house without disturbance. Not only his own house, but the out-buildings, the church and church-yard, were full of people, who had been living in affluence, and were now glad of a heap of straw to lie upon, and some boiled wheat to support nature. The bishop continued to sustain their sinking courage, calling upon them to commit their way unto the Lord, and to trust in him. On the first Sabbath, after they were driven from their homes, he preached to them from the Psalm in which David mourns over the rebellion of Absalom, and exhorted them to confidence and hope, exclaiming—

"Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me,
My glory and the lifter up of my head.
I laid me down and slept, I awaked, for the Lord sustained me;
I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord,
Thy blessing is upon thy people."

On each successive Sabbath, the good bishop continued to preach to his desponding flock, still exhorting them to be of good courage, and calling on them to be of good hope, and to bear up under the indignation of the Lord (because they had sinned against him), until he should arise and plead their cause and execute judgment for them. Of the numerous paraphrases and expositions of Scripture, which this truly learned as well as pious bishop wrote, during his long and active life, the manuscripts were all lost during this fiery rebellion. It was owing to the exertions of one of the Irish priests, who was converted by Bedell's instrumentality, that a valuable Hebrew manuscript, written by the bishop's own hand, was saved from the Bible-burners of the day, and it is still to be seen in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. We may remark here, that during the twelve years which Bedell spent in Kilmore, he was the honoured means of changing the moral sentiments and feelings of several Romish priests, who, with one infamous exception, continued firm to their Protestant faith, and shared with Bedell the multiplied horrors of the rebellion of 1641-2. In this massacre, the misguided Irish peasantry were goaded on, in their frenzy, by a set of Spanish priests, then resident in Ireland, who made no secret of their malignity towards all Protestants, and would be satisfied with nothing less than a general massacre, and a universal extirpation of the Protestants of Ireland.

I take the following specimens of Popish malignity in that day from Dr. Reid's History, vol. 1, 316:—"Though all classes of British Protestants, whether of English or Scottish descent, were equally exposed to the sufferings now detailed,

yet on no class did they fall more heavily than on the clergy. They were marked out for persecution by the priestly instigators of the insurrection; so that, wherever they could be found, they became almost the first victims of the infuriated rage of their enemies. When they fell into the hands of the rebels, they seldom met with any quarter. Many, whose lives were spared, were plundered of their goods, and speedily sunk under their grievous privations, while others were committed to rigorous confinement, and a few reserved to be exchanged for the more noted rebels, captured by the Protestant forces. Nor was the rage," continues Dr. Reid, "of the rebels confined to the unoffending Protestant clergy. Everthing which could be considered in any way identified with Protestantism was wantonly destroyed. The Bible, in a particular manner, was an object on which the Romanists vented their detestation of the truth. 'They have torn it in pieces,' say the Commissioners, in their remonstrance, presented by the agent for the Irish clergy to the English Commons, scarcely four months after the breaking out of the rebellion; 'they have kicked it up and down, treading it under foot with leaping thereon, they causing a bag-pipe to play the while, laying also the leaves in the kennel, leaping and trampling thereupon, saying, "a plague on it," this book hath bred all the quarrel, hoping, within three weeks, all the Bibles in Ireland should be so used or worse, and that none should be left in the kingdom; and while two Bibles were in burning, saying that it was hell-fire that was burning, and wishing that they had all the Bibles in Christendom, that they might use them so.'" These fanatics have thus proved, in their fury, that Chillingworth was right when he gave utterance to the memorable sentiment, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants."

The massacre of 1641 was long brewing, and broke out in various parts of Cavan and Monaghan about the same time. The day fixed for the rising by the leaders of the rebel Irish was Saturday, the 23d October, when the alarm spread with the

rapidity of lightning; and on that day, as by a signal given, the Catholics in all parts of Ireland were up in arms for defence of their religion. Bishop Bedell continued in his own house from that rising till the 18th December following, when this humane and venerable patriarch, in his seventieth year, received a command from the rebels to send away the outcasts he had so long sheltered and comforted. This he, of course, refused to do; and the rebels then assured him that, much as they loved and respected him—more, indeed, than all the English whom they had ever seen—they would yet be compelled, in compliance with the strict orders of the council at Kilkenny, to remove him from his house; to which this noble-minded veteran replied, in the language of David, "Here I am, the Lord do unto me as seemeth good unto him: the will of the Lord be done." Bedell was accordingly seized, with his two sons, and his chaplain, and son-in-law, Mr. Clogy, and carried prisoners to the ruined Castle of Cloughoughter, the only place of strength in the county. This old ruin is still to be seen; and the name of its illustrious prisoner has created such an interest about it, that tourists must be very dull, indeed, or hurried in their journey, when they cannot afford an hour to turn aside and view this ruin, in the network of lakes that spread out from Kilmore away towards Castlehamilton and Killesandra. It was built on a small island, about a musket-shot from the shore, while only one small tower remained of the building. The water, also, had gained so much upon the island, that there was only about a foot of dry land surrounding the tower. The rebels who conveyed the bishop and his friends away with them, allowed them to take nothing along with them to sustain or nourish them in their new home; whilst of the house at Kilmore, as soon as the bishop left it, Dr. Swiney, the Catholic prelate, took possession, and appropriated for his own use all in it that belonged to the venerable Bedell. This new-comer soon changed the scene at Kilmore, and converted that house, which might almost be called holy, having

been so long sanctified by prayer, into a scene of riot and the most debasing drunkenness, and on the following Sunday Swiney celebrated mass in the church. Bedell was now near seventy; and when the rebels took him out of his palace at Kilmore, they placed him on horseback, but the rest of their prisoners had to proceed on foot, and on their arrival at this miserable habitation, all but the bishop were put into irons. Cloughoughter Castle had been long considered a place of some strength and importance, and had been entrusted to the care of Mr. Cullom, who had a large allowance from the Government for keeping it supplied, as a magazine, with powder and weapons of defence; but he neglected his charge, and was one of the first captives placed there, when the rebels had converted it into a prison. The situation was very bare, and much exposed to a Winter unusually severe, while the building was completely open to the weather. In that exposed ruin Bishop Bedell was confined, and kept a close prisoner from the 18th of December till the 7th of January following, on which day the bishop was liberated and exchanged for several Irishmen of distinction, who had been taken prisoners during a sally made by Sir Arthur Forbes, Sir Francis Hamilton, and Sir James Craig, who were aided by a body of Scots in effecting their escape from some houses in the neighbourhood. These Scotch gentlemen had been seized also by the rebels, and kept by them close prisoners; but, finding their provisions failing, they resolved to die fighting on the field, rather than perish ignobly by famine, whilst they had strength and hands to try and effect their own deliverance. Their attempt was at once unexpected and successful; they took some of the rebel leaders, killed others, and dispersed the rest. The result of this was, that they demanded the immediate release of the bishop, who, with his two sons and Mr. Clogy, were set free, in exchange for as many of the rebel leaders, who were taken prisoners in the sally on the 7th of January, 1841-2; the bishop left his Wintry prison in Cloughoughter, and on that day month, the 7th of

February following, his gentle spirit was released from its earthly prison-house, and entered at once on the fruition of those hopes and promises, in the contemplation of which he lived and died—

“ The oppressor held
His body bound, but knew not what a range
His spirit took, unconscious of a chain.”

“ That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief ;
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.”

Although Bishop Bedell was released from his cold prison in the loch, the Irish had no intention of letting him ever return at all to his church and house in Kilmore. He wished, himself, to be allowed the liberty of leaving Cavan, and would, had he been able, have gone to Dublin to die there in peace ; but even here the treachery of the Irish manifested itself. Although they had promised, at the time of his leaving Cloughoughter, that he might remove with his family to Dublin, they afterwards saw cause to break their promise ; and, in hope of gaining some advantages by keeping such a man in their power, they would not permit him to leave the county. Bedell then removed to the house of an Irish minister, called Sheridan, a converted priest, and much respected by the rebels on account of his Irish extraction. He was a man of a kind disposition, strict principle, and assisted many in their extremity. During the “ little month ” the bishop lived here, he each Sunday either read prayers, &c., or preached. On the 23d of January, being Sunday, he preached from the seventy-first Psalm, dwelling particularly on these words—

“ O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works : now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not.”

On the following Sabbath, he repeated again and again the following verse, which occurred in the Psalms for the day—

"Bid me, and deliver me from the hands of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood."

The intense earnestness with which he repeated it, but too plainly showed what was passing in his mind; and his family were impressed as if by an omen, and could not restrain their tears. On the next day he became alarmingly ill, and, on the following, ague set in. This was the natural consequence of his long exposure to damp, in the old ruin of Cloughoughter. As he grew worse, he called his sons and their wives around him, and addressed to them the most delightful sentiments, all taken from the holy Scriptures, and full of hope and trust in the mercy and goodness of God. After continuing in a very weak state of body, yet perfectly calm and composed to the close, the venerable patriarch felt his end was come; and then, in the true spirit of dying Israel, he blessed his weeping children as they stood around his dying couch, and in an audible voice said, or rather uttered a prophecy, which we see in course of being fulfilled at this day—"God, of his infinite mercy, bless you all, and present you holy, and unblameable, and unreprieveable in his sight, that we may meet together at the right hand of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Amen." To which he added these words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course of my ministry and life together, though grievous wolves have entered in among us, not sparing the flock; yet I trust the Great Shepherd of his flock will save and deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in this cloudy and dark day; and they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them, but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation!" His speech failed

shortly after, and he slumbered a little, appearing composed and happy to the last. Bishop Bedell died on the night of the 7th of February, 1642, being the night of Monday in that year. He requested to be laid next to his wife, who had died about three years before him, and was buried in the remotest part of the South side of the churchyard of the cathedral of Kilmore.

The titular bishop, Dr. Swiney, had taken possession of the cathedral when the venerable Bedell was carried off by the rebels, in December; and as the bishop had lost his entire furniture, books and all, so he had lost even the right to be buried in that churchyard where lay his beloved wife and his Protestant hearers. Before his grave could be opened, his friends had to ask permission of his reverend brother and friend, Dr. Swiney. When Mr. Clogy and Mr. Sheridan reached their former dwelling-place in Kilmore, they had to rouse Dr. Swiney from a drunken slumber; and when he was at length made to comprehend the object of their visit, he made some demur, saying that the churchyard was holy ground, and should no more be defiled with the bodies of heretics! But he at last consented. The general feeling was, however, very different; for the chief of the rebels gathered his forces together, and accompanied the body from Mr. Sheridan's to the churchyard of Kilmore with great solemnity, and desired Mr. Clogy to bury him according to the office prescribed by the Church. This, however, it was not thought prudent to attempt, lest the feeling of the lower orders should be excited by what they conceived to be an heretical ceremony. They, however, insisted on firing a volley over his grave, and some of the better instructed among them exclaimed in Latin, "*Requiescat in pace Ultimus Anglorum*:" that is, "May the last of the English rest in peace!" for they had often said, that as they esteemed him the best of the English bishops, so he should be the "last" that should be left among them. "Thus lived and died," says his biographer, Burnet, "this excellent bishop, in whom so many of the greatest characters of a primitive and apostolic bishop did show them-

selves, and all of them in such an eminent degree, that it seemed fit that he, though dead, should still speak to the world; since great patterns give the easiest notions of eminent virtues, and teach in a way that has much more authority with it than all speculative discourses can possibly have."

"Bedell," says Dr. Reid, "has been called 'the Tyndall of Ireland;' for, though an Englishman, and previously unacquainted with the circumstances of this country, he had no sooner entered on his duties as Provost of Trinity College, than he established an 'Irish lecture' for preparing young men to preach in Irish among the natives; and though no man laboured more earnestly for the conversion of the native Irish than he did, yet his zeal was tempered with so much affection and forbearance, that, instead of rendering them hostile to him on that account, he secured the respect of even the most bigoted Romanists in his diocese. They admired his humility, disinterestedness, and hospitality; but the chief ground of their attachment to him was his generous and unwearied assiduity in reviving and extending the use of their native language, so long proscribed, but so dearly beloved. Bedell felt great pity for the native Irish, who were in a state of the most profound darkness; and yet, from their avidity in receiving spiritual instruction, seemed actually to be hungering and thirsting after righteousness, while their priests would do little more than read their offices, without understanding them; he therefore determined to direct his attention to their particular instruction, that they might be no longer 'blind, leaders of the blind.'"

But the object he had most at heart, of all others, was the translation of the Scriptures into Irish; and for the accomplishment of this, Bedell secured, by the advice of Primate Usher, the services of a person of the name of King, who had been converted many years before, and was considered the best Irish scholar of his day. Being unable to meet with any of the native Irish that understood either Greek or Hebrew, this truly apostolic bishop began, like Cato, in his old age, to study a new

language, and in a short time Bedell became such a proficient in the Irish language, that he was enabled to compose a grammar for the use of the Irish students. As King proceeded with his Irish Bible, this learned bishop undertook the revision of it; and every day, after either dinner or supper, Bedell compared a chapter of the Irish translation with the English, and then compared the latter with the Hebrew and the Septuagint, or with Diodati's Italian translation, of which he thought very highly; and he corrected the Irish whenever he found the English translation faulty or in error. A few years completed the translation of the Bible into the Irish tongue, and the bishop was preparing to get it printed at his own expense, when a most extraordinary obstacle arose to the completion of this good work. There is in Ireland to this day, quite common among the natives, a vulgar adage, which passes for an oracular deliverance among them, and that is, "that ignorance is the mother of devotion," and that the best way to rule the great bulk of the common people in Ireland is to keep them ignorant of letters and of science; and even grave theologians have not hesitated to avow the sentiment, that the Irish mind is incapable of being enlightened and expanded under the genial influences of Bible Christianity: on this ground it is said that the Papal system, being quite a mechanical sort of thing, and not requiring any intellectual effort of head or heart, is the best adapted for Irishmen in their present state of ignorance and malignity. It was, we believe, from this false view of Irishmen, that Lord Plunkett once said in Parliament, "that the Irish priests were an admirable set of men," for they could do what no other class in Ireland ever pretended to effect, and that was to manage or rule society in Ireland, not by the force and power of truth, and honesty, and kindness, but by means of the horsewhip, and the bludgeon, and the altar-curse, and invective, and the greater and lesser excommunication "with bell, book, and candle." To state such an absurd view of man is enough to refute it. It is, in this age of

enlightened statesmen and ecclesiastics, scouted as a crude conceit both in politics and religion. Absurd, however, as it may appear to us, this prejudice stopped the printing of the Irish Bible, after Bedell had taken the trouble to get it translated, and saw it sheet by sheet corrected by his own hand. Some persons interested in keeping the population of the country in a state of ignorance and barbarism, and little valuing the loss of souls, spread abroad an impression, that King, the translator, was a weak and ignorant man, and incompetent to the work, and artfully infused this impression among a high and influential circle, at the head of which stood the Lord-Lieutenant Strafford, and Laud Archbishop of Canterbury, neither of whom was competent, from their ignorance of Irish, to put the work to the only fair test, that of comparison with the originals. The consequence was, the suspension of the work, and a most tyrannical abuse of power towards its unoffending translator. King, who was a converted Irishman, and put by Bishop Bedell into a small living in his diocese, was cited to Dublin; and, on not appearing, which he was not by law bound to do, was deprived by Strafford's arbitrary orders of both his ministry and living, fined one hundred pounds, decreed to be attached and imprisoned, "haled by the head and feet to horseback, and brought to Dublin, where he was arrested and kept in durance vile for four or five months."

On hearing of such illegal and uncalled-for proceedings by this arbitrary Lord-Lieutenant, Bedell, who was no supplekneed, time-serving, or courtly prelate, expressed his feelings of indignation at the wrong done an innocent man, and that man an Irishman; and the letter he addressed Strafford on the occasion, is so characteristic of Bishop Bedell's high spirit and independent judgment, that I feel bound to insert here its leading points.

After referring Strafford to Primate Usher, who had recommended King to him as an Irish scholar, quite competent to the task of translating the Bible, Bedell refers him to the

work itself, and entreats that it may be "examined *rigoroso examine*," and desires that he may, as old Sophocles, accused of dotage, be absolved like him, by having the translation read and examined by competent judges, who, he had no doubt, would acquit him of dotage, as his judges acquitted the venerable poet Sophocles.

"Tum senex (Sophocles), dicitur eam fabulam, quam in manibus habebat, et proxime scripserat, Œdipum Coloneum recitasse Judicibus, quæsisseque, num illud carmen desipientis videretur? quo recitato, sententiis Judicum est liberatus."

Bedell then states, that because Mr. King did not appear to answer a citation, which by law he was not bound to do, he was deprived of his ministry and living, fined one hundred pounds, and decreed to be attached and imprisoned. And then addressing Strafford's conscience, this truly upright man adds—"My lord, if I understand what is right, divine or human, these be wrongs upon wrongs, which, if they reached only to Mr. King's person, were of less consideration, but when, through his side, that great work, the translation of God's Book, so necessary for both his Majesty's kingdoms, is mortally wounded, pardon me (I beseech your lordship) if I be sensible of it. I omit to consider what feast our adversaries make of our rewarding him thus for that good service; or what this example will avail to the alluring of others to conformity. What should your lordship have gained, if he (Mr. King) had died (and it was almost a miracle he did not) under arrest, and had been deprived of living, liberty, and life? God hath reprieved him, and given your lordship means, upon right information, to remedy with one word all inconveniences." (A young man, called Bailly, had obtained Mr. King's parish under the authority of the broad seal, whilst the real incumbent was ejected, fined, and imprisoned.) In reference to this gross job, an old system in Ireland, of intruding ministers into many parishes at once, Bishop Bedell enters a solemn protest, and

applies Nathan's apologue with great force. "For conclusion—(good, my lord)—give me leave a little to apply the parable of Nathan to King David to this purpose. If the wayfaring man (Baily who was intruded into King's parish), that is come to us, for such he is, having never yet been settled in one place, have so sharp a stomach, that he must be provided for with 'pluralities,' sith there are herds and flocks plenty, suffer him not, I beseech you, under the colour of the king's name, to take the cosset ewe of a poor man, to satisfy his ravenous appetite. So I beseech the heavenly physician to give your lordship health of soul and body." This letter to Strafford was written December 1st, 1638, and Strafford was beheaded on the 11th of May, 1641, whilst Laud escaped till January 10th, 1645. In the meantime, the opposition given by these worldly minded statesmen and prelates, who were hostile to the education of the lower orders in Ireland, succeeded so far as to stop the publication at the time; and the breaking out of the rebellion, in two years after, prevented this patriotic bishop ever seeing his favourite project accomplished. The manuscript was, however, providentially preserved from the general destruction of his books and papers; and the Irish Bible was printed in the next reign, at the expense of the Honourable Robert Boyle, who spent seven hundred pounds upon the printing of the Irish Bible, and sent five hundred copies of it into Ireland, and two hundred into the Highlands of Scotland. Such is an outline of the life and death of this eminent man, as we find it left for posterity in the writings of his biographer Burnet, and re-introduced and confirmed by that impartial investigator of past events, Dr. Reid, in his new "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland." The Protestants of Ireland, of all shades of politics and religious sentiment, are of one mind and voice in placing Bedell in the front rank of the many learned and great divines who flourished in the seventeenth century, which was, *par excellence*, "the age of great men." "Then it was when the champions of the gospel were men of

gigantic understanding and of unrivalled attainments; men who had no competitors or rivals to fear in any walk of learning; men who ruled the philosophy as well as the religion of their times." "There were giants in the earth in these days" said good King George III. Had Cowper lived in the time of Bedell, we should have said that it was this veteran he held before his mind's eye, when he drew the exquisite portrait here subjoined—

"Oh, I have seen, nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down to see such sights again;
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield.
Grave, without dulness, learned, without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day.
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright, as ready to produce;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear;
Yet above all his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory was the gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home;
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well."

—*Cowper's Conversation.*

In parting with this venerable man, I cannot forbear to contrast his views of men and things with the conflicting sentiments and low moral feelings of not a few of his unworthy successors in Ireland. We read of a Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Derry, who occupied that ancient see for the long period of thirty-five years, who could swear like a gentleman, and subscribed with equal promptitude and generosity to the erection of Episcopal churches and Romish chapels, who spent most of his time in Italy, and was imprisoned for some

time at Naples, and who at last died, not like Bedell, a martyr to his sense of duty and his love of true religion, but a victim to his own folly and irregularities, and ended his inglorious career in the out-house of a cottage between Albano and Rome, in which shed the bishop expired, because of the unwillingness of the peasants of the place to admit a heretic prelate to die under their roof.

The Earl of Bristol was a liberal in his politics no less than in his religion; and, like the liberals of the present century, he dabbled a good deal in politics, till, in the end of 1783, his conduct became so seditious, that the Irish Government seriously contemplated his arrest. Happily for the peace of the country, such wild and eccentric men are seldom raised to the episcopal bench. A few, like him, would ruin the Established Church in Ireland. Were all her bishops like Bedell, strife, and discord, and bad feeling would soon die out in the land; and though his lot was cast in perilous times, Providence has overruled that political and fanatical outburst of bad feeling, long brewing among the Irish, to the overthrow and disgrace of those false-hearted priests of Rome, who planned and carried out this secret but wide-spread conspiracy for the extirpation of the whole Protestant population of Ireland. Of this massacre, I am glad to say, that the better portion of the Roman Catholics of Ireland at this day (215 years after) are ashamed; and though there are certain Jesuits still in the land, who deny or pervert the facts of history, the great body of the people would now re-echo the statement of the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, who viewed the transactions of this period in their proper light, and says, "Our ancestors were guilty of abominations and atrocious crimes, to which the present generation, thank God, look back with all the horror and indignation they deserve." The man that stood firm, "posted at the shrine of truth," during all this fiery ordeal, and greatly lived and greatly died, is entitled to all the praise that martyrs claim; and of Bedell, we may conclude the eulogy in the eloquent language

used by Sir David Brewster, in his "Life of Pascal," "though he was not tied to the stake, nor prostrate beneath the Jesuit's axe, his life was a prolonged martyrdom, and the Church of Christ is at this moment reaping the fruits of his labours and his sufferings." The persecution of the Protestants in Ireland proved the overthrow of the Papal system, which has ever since been losing its hold over its most bigoted votaries—

"Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold;
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalmed for ever in its own perfume."

THE LAKES OF COUNTY CAVAN.

THE Highlands of county Cavan lie chiefly on its Eastern and South-Western frontier, and among these mountain ranges we naturally look for the heads of its principal river, the Erne, whose basin spreads, I may say, all over the county, and whose chief source is found to lie in Lough Gowna, a magnificent lake, that extends from four to five miles between Longford and Cavan, and, for two of these, forms the boundary line between these two counties. The River Erne, on its way from Lough Gowna to Fermanagh, is arrested nearly midway in its course, and stops in the neighbourhood of Kilmore, to form that famous Cloughoughter, about whose ruined castle, standing still on one of the many islets that stud its bosom, we have tarried so long, and taken so painful an interest, that we are glad to make our escape from the horrors of its "donjon-keep;" and, in order to recover our wonted placidity, we must betake us once more to the green fields and smiling face of Nature, and enjoy for an hour the lovely landscape that meets our

eye here on all sides. We shall, therefore, occupy this paper in describing some four or five of the principal lakes of this to us interesting county; and, first of all, we shall begin with Lough Gowna, and from this fountain-head of Lough Erne pass down and along the course of this chief Cavan river, till we see it flowing into the upper Lough Erne. Lough Gowna lies, for the most part, in the county of Longford. It commences about three miles North-West of Granard, runs two miles and a-half North-Westward, turns then suddenly to the East, and runs in a North-Eastern direction for two miles and a-half more. Though gathering waters from several rivulets, it is, on all sides, regarded as the source of the River Erne, and while less known than many other lakes in Leinster, it excels them all in beauty. On its Eastern shore is Erne Head, the seat of John Dopping, Esq.; and at its head is Frankfort, near which is Mr. Lambert's cottage, of Woodville; whilst on its North-East shore is the village of Scrabby, near which stands Dernafirst Bridge, carrying, over a narrow strait of it, the road from Scrabby to Longford. This lough reminds one of a sinuous, broad river, more than a lake, and is remarkable for its great length and little breadth, the outline being very intricate, its shores broken by numerous indentations, and the scenery all around it being singularly wild and picturesque. It wants, however, width and volume of water, as well as historic associations, to render it an object of attraction to tourists, few of whom have visited, much less described, this source of the Erne. From the Northern point of this lake rises the River Erne, and runs nearly right North, for a dozen miles or more, until it reaches the flat, rich meadow lands, that lie between Cavan and Killesandra. The river is there broken into what seems a number of little lakes, parted one from another by islands and projecting hills, whose bases are washed by this winding river, and which, notwithstanding all appearances of lakes and wooded islands, continues still a river; and, after winding for four or five miles along, with various breadth and

outline, emerges at last a river, enlarged and free to hold on its sinuous course till it reaches below Belturbet, the head of the upper Lough Erne. This river cuts the county Cavan into two unequal parts, beautifies much of its Western lowlands with lacustrine expansions and sylvan and meadowy meanderings; and after receiving in its progress the tribute of an Eastern branch running from Cootehill, and a Western stream, called the Croghan River, passing Killesandra, it at length leaves the county Cavan below Belturbet only to lose entirely its river character, and expand, once more, into the famous Lough Erne, whose surface is cut and diversified with no less than one hundred and ninety-nine islets, ninety of them being in the upper lake, and one hundred and nine in the lower. Though Lough Erne cannot be properly ranked among our county Cavan lakes, yet, as it is nothing more than the expansion of Cavan's only river, the Erne, I may be forgiven for following the river out of Cavan into Fermanagh, and transcribing here what English and Scotch tourists have left on record about this beautiful lake.

"The great fault," says Otway, "of upper Lough Erne is, that it is too much encumbered with hilly islands, so as to give you rather the idea of a hilly country, with its lowlands flooded, than of a broad, sweeping expanse of lake." "Travel where they will," say Mr. and Mrs. Hall, "in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. How many thousands there are, who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither, instead of 'up the hackneyed and soddened Rhine,' infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller. Nothing in Great Britain, perhaps nothing in Europe, can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads into the town of Enniskillen, along the bank of the upper Lough Erne." "Of this lake," Mr. Inglis has truly said, "that

round its whole circumference it does not offer one tame and uninteresting view: everywhere there is beauty, and beauty of a very high order. In some places the banks are thickly wooded to the water's edge; in other places, the fairest and smoothest slopes rise from the margin, shaping themselves into knolls and green velvet lawns; here and there finely wooded promontories extend far into the lake, forming calm, sequestered inlets and bays; and sometimes a bold foreground, not perhaps of mountains, but of lofty hills, juts forward, and contrasts finely with the richness and cultivation on either side. And what shall I say of the numerous islands, far more numerous than those on Winandermere, and as beautiful as the most beautiful of them; some of them densely covered with wood, some green and swelling, and some large enough to exhibit the richest union of wood and lawn; some laid out as pleasure-grounds, with pleasure-houses, for those to whom they pertain, and some containing the picturesque ruins of ancient and beautiful edifices! Nor must I forget the magnificent mansions that adorn the banks of Lough Erne, and which add greatly to the general effect of the landscape. I shall not easily forget, nor would I wish ever to forget, the delightful hours I one day spent on the shores of this more than Winandermere of Ireland. I confidently assert that lower Lough Erne, take it all in all, is the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms, and but for the majestic Alpine outline that bounds the horizon on the upper part of Lake Lemane, Lake Lemane itself could not contend in beauty with this little-visited lake in Fermanagh."

Lough Erne is divided into two sections, called the upper and lower lake, by the town of Enniskillen, which stands on an island formed by the dividing of the Erne as it passes the town. The upper lake measures eight and a-half miles in extreme length, by three and three-quarter miles in extreme breadth; and of this upper lake seven hundred and forty-nine acres belong to the county of Cavan. The lower lake is entirely

in Fermanagh, measures twelve and a-half by five and a-half miles, and has, with the Fermanagh part of the upper lake, an area of thirty-six thousand three hundred and forty-eight acres. As to the "mansions" on its banks, called by Mr. Inglis "magnificent," we may mention, in the first place, Crom Castle, which is a new building, partially destroyed by fire some years ago, but since rebuilt in all its original splendour. It is the residence of the Earl of Erne, whose family is ancient in the county Fermanagh, and noted for their heroic defence of their homes and their county during the wars of the Revolution. Abraham Creighton, Esq., was only son of that brave David Creighton, who defended with great gallantry his family seat and inheritance, when attacked by the Jacobite forces in 1689; and they had good reason to fight valiantly, for their "all" was at stake, as I observe the name of Abraham Creighton, Captain, in Fermanagh, with two others of his family, John and James Creighton, figuring on King James's "secret list;" and only for the stand made at Enniskillen and Newtownbutler, and finally at Derry, James might have succeeded in his scheme of banishing all the Protestants of even Protestant Fermanagh, and of restoring the forfeited lands to the Maguires and other needy dependants. In the year 1768, the title of Baron Erne, of Crom Castle, was first created and bestowed on Abraham Creighton, Esq.; and John, the Second Baron, was created Viscount in 1781, and Earl of Erne in 1789, which title is still inherited by his son. The Earl of Lanesborough has a "lodge," called Quivey, situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Crom, and on the Eastern shore of the upper Lough Erne. The family name is Butler; and the estates extend widely all through Cavan and Fermanagh, and the tenants are generally well to live and independent in their circumstances. The Butlers were at all times good landlords in Cavan. The family of the Butlers of county Fermanagh settled in Ireland in the reign of James the First. Sir Stephen Butler was the first immigrant; and I

find two of the name, Francis Butler, Esq., of Cavan, and Francis Butler, gent., of Fermanagh, attainted, and returned on James's "list" as intruders, and doomed for confiscation and exile. In 1715, Theophilus Butler, Esq., was created Baron Newtownbutler; and in 1728, Brinsley, the second baron, was created Viscount Lanesborough; and in 1756, Henry, the second viscount, was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Lanesborough, which title is still maintaining a precarious existence. This title belonged originally to the family of Lane, who gave their name to a small market-town, and once a parliamentary borough in the barony of Rathcline, in the county of Longford. The title became extinct in the family of Lane in the year 1727, and was transferred in the next year to the Fermanagh Butlers, who have inherited the title ever since. Of Castle Sanderson, an old family seat in this locality, mention has been made in another place.

Lough Erne is the expansion of the river of that name; and has this peculiarity, that it abounds with islands, great and little, both in Cavan and Fermanagh, and then ends, as it began, a river, falling below Ballyshannon into the Bay of Donegal. The River Erne is, at its *embouchure*, greatly enlarged, and falls tumultuously over a ridge of black rocks, sixteen feet above the level of ordinary tides, forming a cataract, well known in the adjoining counties by the name of the "salmon leap." We have traced this river from its chief source, in Lough Gowna, through two of the most interesting lakes in Ulster, and should end with it on its "leap" into Donegal Bay, were it not that the River Erne has another source, lying partly in Monaghan and partly in the East of Cavan; and we feel bound to trace it up this branch, and add some remarks on some of the towns and notable localities that meet our eyes as we pass upward to Cootehill, and the regions lying around and above Bellamont Forest and Dawson Grove, with their chain of charming lakes, through which one of the branches of the Erne flows, just as it enters county Cavan.

I have already stated that the River Erne expands into the upper Lough Erne, below the town of Belturbet. As the river passes under a bridge at this town, and Belturbet is still known in county Cavan as a "borough town," having a large tract on its East side, locally known as the "commons," we may take a look at the past and present state of this borough town.

Belturbet stands on both sides of the River Erne, but chiefly on its East bank, about midway between Cloughoughter and upper Lough Erne, seven miles to the North-West of the town of Cavan, and sixty-two from Dublin. The Erne, just as it reaches the town, forms a waterfall, then embraces an islet, and forthwith passes beneath the town's bridge. The interior of the town is poor and almost forbidding; and although there are several streets, such as Main Street, Church Street, and Bridge Street, stretching in various directions from two hundred to five hundred yards, the whole are so incompact and so irregularly built, with many mean and but few good houses, that the town has the appearance of an assemblage of mere village suburbs. The following *morceau* is, if true, little to the credit of the borough functionaries:—"The market-house has a rather fair appearance, or, at least, it ought to have, as it has been the grand care of the corporation, the chief or sole apology for their expenditure of funds, the old pot of their constant tinkering and polishing!" Belturbet was incorporated by charter of James the First; and as it was originally created for political purposes, "it always continued an exclusively Protestant corporation." Intolerance to Roman Catholics formed a part of the spirit of the times; and, in the course of the last century, a resolution was passed by the rulers of the day, and entered in the books of the corporation, "to fine a suspected Papist forty shillings, until he should leave the corporation district!" "As extremes always beget extremes," so we find it has happened at Belturbet. Of the present population, a large proportion, perhaps a majority within the borough, are Roman Catholics, and many of these Romanists

are at this day in possession of the property of those who passed that singular resolution ; besides, there has been manifested within the last and present year, a bitter fanatical zeal, which has extended to rich and poor among the Roman Catholics of the place, who have mobbed out of the town such excellent and amiable missionaries as Messrs. Kerr and Jamison, who were refused by the Roman Catholic majority of the town council the use of a public room to hold their soirées in. This "bitter spirit" seems to be no new thing at Belturbet ; nor was it at all times confined to the Roman Catholics there ; for I find mention made in history that, in the year 1709, the Presbyterians of the place and their ministers were hated and annoyed in the law courts by the High Church party, just as much as they are now persecuted by priests and their mobs. For an interesting account of this vile party spirit, which broke out with so much virulence at Belturbet, in 1709, I beg to refer my readers to the third volume of Dr. Reid's History ; and in that narrative we may see what High Church bigotry was in those dark days, that are gone, we trust, for ever. This narrow-minded bigotry will always rouse up a feeling of indignation in the breast of the party oppressed, and end in the confusion of the wrong-doer. The feeling that exists in the breast of the enlightened Christian is humane, and conciliating, and attractive. If men cannot be gained by acts of disinterested kindness, there is no other means in the power of man to proselytise. Church censure, fines, and imprisonment, and the boot, and the thumb-screw, will not change the structure and disposition of the mind. Pains and penalties may affect the bodies of men, but they produce nothing within but a feeling of indignation among the noble-minded and the free-born, or of meanness and abject servility among the untaught and unthinking multitude.

The borough of Belturbet had once the privilege of sending two members to the Irish Parliament, and the Reillys were the chief name and families in the parish of Annagh. There

were in the borough, in 1689, a provost and twelve burgesses, whose names I may mention here, in order that their descendants, if any, may see what changes time works in men and things:—Christopher Gilagh, merchant, was provost in 1689. There were twelve burgesses, besides a town clerk, some of whose names seem a little strange at this day. Andrew Palice, gent.; Patrick Brady, gent.; Philip Oge O'Reilly, Esq.; John Reilly, Esq.; James Gilagh, merchant; Ignatius Begg, merchant; Edward Reilly, gent.; Marcus Gilagh, gent.; Walter Tyrrell, gent.; Joseph Fitzsimons, gent.; Thos. Tyrrell, gent.; Philip Tint, Esq.; James Nagle, town clerk. These were, however, the members of James the Second's new, or Papist-icated borough. The same want of "public spirit" seems to have prevailed here as well as in the borough town of Cavan; for the whole of the corporation property, which at first extended on the East side of the River Erne "from one mile and three-quarters in length to an entire mile in breadth," amounting to two hundred and eighty-four acres, was alienated, with the exception of about one hundred and twenty acres of commonage; and at the Union the £15,000 compensation-money, for the disfranchisement of the borough, was all received by Lord Belmore. From the low, mean, and selfish feeling that is still found to exist among certain demagogues in Irish boroughs and poor-houses, it is manifest that the creation of more such institutions would only tend to foster the spirit of faction, and end in the alienation of Celt and Saxon, and the total ruin of our social system. As a proof in point, we need go no farther than to refer to the malignant political feeling which is at present embroiling the capital of Presbyterian Ulster, the borough of Belfast. May we not say, indeed, "*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*"—

"Can such fierce wrath in heavenly bosoms dwell?"

We come now to the junction of the Cootehill branch with

the Lough Gowna branch of Cavan's main river, the Erne. Some two or three miles below the village of Butlersbridge these two streams meet, after running beyond thirty miles from their sources, and collecting in their course a dozen of streamlets, which drain the higher grounds of county Cavan. From Butlersbridge, about midway between Cavan and Belturbet, the Cootehill branch of the Erne is to be traced, meandering along meadows and flooded low grounds, till we reach the old, narrow bridge, at Ballyhaise. This was once the family seat of the Newburghs, one of the oldest of the many Protestant families in the county. There stood the old castle, at a short distance to the West of the river; and to the South of the castle was the town of Ballyhaise, which was once more populous and stirring than it is of late. It has become within the last twenty years nothing more than a lonely, nearly deserted, village, as compared with what it was in the stirring times when the village could pour out its splendid corps of yeomanry, who kept the county quiet during the rebellion of 1798.

The crowded burying-ground around the parish church is proof positive of the dense population of Protestants, who during the last century flourished in this place. The Newburghs, with many others, whose names it were easy to record here, have passed away, and the worst of it is, they have not left their like behind them—

“Time is a river, deep and wide,
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped, they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've pass'd from life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond Time's river!”

Proceed we now onward towards the nearly extinct village of

Ballynacarrig, the town (in Irish, baile,) that was built on the carraig or rock. This miserable village was literally on the rocks, and, with the exception of one or two good houses, it is now reduced to a few scattered cabins. On an island in the river there are still to be seen the foundations of an old castle, which, in the wars of the Revolution, was a stronghold for the rebel Irish, and was taken and burned in the month of May, 1689, by the gallant Colonel Lloyd.

The following account of the demolition of the castle I find on record:—"In the end of May, 1689, the governor received advice, that a garrison of the Irish at Redhill, and another at Ballynacarrig, two houses in the county of Cavan, straitened much the quarters of the English garrison that lay near them. The gallant Lloyd was again dispatched with a party of 1,500 horse and foot, to remove those troublesome neighbours. The news of his march having reached them, and their fears increasing his numbers to 15,000 or 16,000, as soon as he came in sight of Redhill, the Irish hung out a flag of treaty, surrendered the place, with considerable effects in it, and obtained quarter for all the men. From thence he marched with his prisoners to Ballynacarrig, which was reported one of the strongest castles in that part of Ireland, seated on a rock of difficult ascent. It was not well provided, either with a garrison or ammunition; and the news of the surrender of Redhill struck so great a terror into the defenders, that in a few hours they held out a flag of truce, and capitulated to leave the castle, with the arms, ammunition, and what goods were in it, to the plunder of the soldiers; and that they and the prisoners taken at Redhill should have free liberty to march off where they pleased, without being stripped. In the castle were found some pikes, about thirty muskets, a few cases of pistols, and but very little powder, the want of which was probably the occasion of the hasty surrender of a place of such strength. The castle was then undermined and set on fire, and in a few hours reduced to a heap of rubbish, which was

done to prevent its being again possessed by the enemy, as it lay in the heart of the Irish country."

As this village lies in the midst of the "Irish country," we might expect to find here the "natives" in all their rudeness and glorious freedom; and so the Irish were in the end of the eighteenth century. It was here that "party fights" might be seen from fair to fair, when the two factions, one from above the river and the other from below, used to meet on the rocky street of Ballynacarrig of a fair-day; and, when fired with "poteen," their native "mountain-dew," they fell to "belting" each other with their good blackthorn sticks, and the fight often raged for hours, till, worn out and exhausted, the one party left the field to the conqueror, only to re-take it when the next fair-day returned. Such were the scenes to be witnessed on fair-days, and among the wild Irish during the last century. The vigilance of the police, and the prompt interference of the stipendiaries are as needful to-day as ever; for only for their activity the old feuds would revive, and the law of retaliation be enacted anew! Such scenes as these could not end well; and we see the result of them in the dispersion of the wild natives, and the extinction of many an ancient household, whose members were never taught to know and do their duty; but, being brought up in idleness and profligacy, they allowed their property to be dissipated by their own carelessness and neglect of life's duty. The Stephens family once had a small estate here, and the ruined castle was their ancient seat. But the land has passed from them to an honest merchant's son, the well known Mr. James Smith, of the town of Cavan, who raised himself and his family into place and power, by a strict adherence to the line of duty, which he found marked out for him in that book which fits man for the duties of life present, as well as for the enjoyments of the life to come. Tracing this river up towards its source, we meet on our way many an ancient family residence, several of them now very lonely, and some deserted altogether. We pass Lislin House,

the seat of the Elliotts, on the bank of the river; then the bridge of Ballynallen. Next we come to Rakenny, the wooded family seat of the Lucas's and the Clements; close to the house the river glides smoothly along, and about a mile above Rakenny we pass Retreat, long the loved home and residence of the Rev. Benjamin Adams, but sold some time since in the Encumbered Estates Court, and purchased by a Cootehill shopkeeper, at a low figure. Adjoining Retreat is the village of Tullyvin, and above the river stands on a hill, a little distance from the village, a new castle, built by the late Maxwell Boyle, and which is now likely to pass, with the Tullyvin estate, into other hands. This Tullyvin estate belonged, originally, to the Moores, and came by heirship to the late Maxwell Boyle; and although he has left two sons to heir it, neither the one nor the other seems possessed of capacity enough to improve the means Providence has placed within their hands; and this estate is destined, at no distant day, to come under the hammer in the Encumbered Estates Court. The house is finely situated, has an imposing appearance from without, but is gone to ruin within, and is now deserted and gutted; all the furniture being sold, and the place stripped of its chief ornaments by one who should have cared for it. But let it pass, as we hasten onward to Cootehill. Before, however, I pass away from this locality, where the River Erne becomes divided again into two branches, one going off towards the county Monaghan and Dawson Grove, the other taking the direction of Lough Sillan and the highlands near Kingscourt, I cannot forbear mentioning, in connexion with the estate and village of Tullyvin, a strange phenomenon, which I saw with my own eyes more than forty years ago. The sight was so common, that it at last became quite familiar, and people, without thinking of the real cause, were content with saying, it is haunted ground. The Tullyvin estate belonged to a family of the name of Moore. They buried on the hill above the family residence, and the vault remains, in all its loneliness, to the

present day. That hill, with the vault on its top, I saw one dark night all lighted up and in a blaze. The villagers, I remember well, were on that night greatly frightened at such a wondrous fire; and, I need scarcely say, that the blaze made a deep impression on my boyish fancy, and wild notions flitted across my mind about the end of wicked, rich men, whose spirits are supposed to frequent the last house which pride often erects for the poor dying body. Milton, in his fine piece, the "Comus," has put into immortal verse the feelings of the common people with regard to the condition of rich men's souls after death; and as the lines bear on the superstition of the native Irish on this subject, I give the words here:—

"The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and embrates till she quite loses
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state."

The phenomenon which I saw at Tullyvin was similar to that "wondrous blaze" which Sir Walter Scott has immortalized in his ballad of Rosabelle—

"O'er Roslin, all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watchfire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock;
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply—

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high ;
Blazed every rose-carv'd buttress fair ;
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair."

It were a pity, in a moral sense, if true science, which shows the reasons of natural phenomena, such as these night-fires without smoke, were to make her children a brood of infidels, who, whilst they laugh at the superstition and easy credulity of the uneducated portion of the people, confound the Bible with the traditions and vulgar belief of the unthinking poor, and leave behind an impression, that it is far safer for the peace and good order of society, to have men ignorant of the causes of things, than to instruct them in physical science only to render them more mischievous, and capable of scoffing at the revelations given us in the Holy Scriptures. But, to return. It is now pretty generally known that our atmosphere contains the *materiel* of these fires; and that in certain states of the air, and at certain seasons of the year, there are igneous exhalations, which blaze out, and often set on fire immense forests. There is, also, a kind of fire which is found only in damp places, and is seen often in bogs and marshes, and wet and undrained grounds, and not seldom appears about old ruins and vaults, where fallen trees lie rotting, and the corrupting or putrid matter of the place produce these wondrous blazes now and then, which the genius of Scott has laid hold of and embodied in his fine piece on the superstitious feeling that was associated in the past age with the ruins of Roslin chapel and its lordly line of twenty barons bold. As to the superstitious feeling of the Irish about the state of wicked, sensual men, after death, I may remark, in passing, that the opinions on this subject are not new nor confined to Ireland;

for in the Phædon, more than two thousand years ago, Plato, that great and grave philosopher, says "that a soul, with gross affections in it, does not fly away to something divine when it leaves the body, but, as they report, retires to tombs and sepulchres, among which the shadowy phantasms of these brutal souls have often actually appeared. It is not the souls of virtuous, but of wicked men, that are forced to wander amidst burial places, suffering the punishment of an impious life, and they are seen, long after their departure from the body, hovering about the monuments of the dead." I may conclude here, with one observation, that whilst the views given us in the Bible, with regard to the condition of the soul after death, are very sober and limited, and in no way calculated to encourage, much less to gratify a prying curiosity into matters which do not bear on the duties of common life, the holy Scriptures make known, without a shadow of doubt, that the souls of the wicked, as well as of the good, do *exist* after the death of the body; but mere existence is not in itself life. The wicked soul may exist after death only for misery, but such a view of things cannot and will not be admitted by the rich libertines of our age, whose mental vision is obscured by their indulgence in engrossing pleasures, or by their bad combinations, which they get by reading infidel works. Of good minds only can it be sung—

"That when a soul is found sincerely good,
 God tells her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape—
 The unpolluted temple of the mind."

—Milton's *Comus*.

About two and a-half miles to the West of Cootehill, the River Erne divides again into two branches. The Northern one taking towards Dawson Grove and county Monaghan, and the Southern tending upward in the direction of Shircock and Lough Sillan, which may be called its chief fountain-head, by

way of contrast with Lough Gowna, in the South-West part of county Cavan. However, the real source of the Erne in the East is a lough-let, lying under Taghart Hill, about three miles above Lough Sillan, which receives into its South side a number of feeders, coming in from the many hills of Clonkee. After passing Corick Bridge, two miles to the West of Cootehill, the South branch of the Erne may be traced along the flat bottoms that lie under Annalee, an old brick house, that meets the eye on the top of a hill to the South-West of Cootehill, and from this house the river takes, we believe, the name of Anna-lee River, in the Ordnance Survey. The Northern branch passes through the old town of Cootehill, which lies about half a-mile to the North-West of the new town. We follow it on, and trace it forming the boundary line between Cavan and Monaghan, as it divides Bellamont Forest, in county Cavan, from Dawson Grove and Dartry, the delightful residence of Lord Cremorne, the present worthy representative of the Dawson family in Monaghan. The tourist will stop here to admire the gorgeous chain of the Cootehill lakes, which extend for miles through the magnificent demesnes, and form the line of demarkation between Cavan and Monaghan, and the contiguous residences of two of their most ancient families, Bellamont Forest and Dartry, or Dawson Grove. Dawson Grove is a noble demesne; and, since the purchase of the Corry estates, some few years ago, the demesne of Lord Cremorne extends from near Cootehill to Rockcorry, a distance of four or five miles; and these lakes are like a noble river winding through a richly wooded country, "and form," says Mr. Fraser, "a rich combination of many of the elements of landscape." Dawson Grove encinctures the beautiful minor demesne of Fairfield, and infringes on the demesnes of Freame Mount and Dromore Park. The mansion of Viscount Cremorne is a modern structure, and was unfortunately destroyed in part by fire within the last year. It is convenient and commodious, but seems to be deficient in size and exterior elegance, to be in keeping with

the sumptuous grounds that lie around it. A fine mausoleum, to the memory of Lady Jane Dawson, is seen through some of the numerous vistas across lake and wood; and a pillar monument towers beyond, one hundred feet high, on the road from Cootehill to Rockcorry, and is intended to perpetuate the name, life, and "death" of some Mr. Dawson, who once represented county Monaghan in Parliament, and lost his life, if we remember rightly, in some duel brought on by his advocating some scheme (premature of course) of Catholic Emancipation. Bellamont Forest lies on the South side of these lakes, and has been long known as the family seat of the county Cavan branch of the Cootes of Cootehill. The demesne was, a few years ago, adorned with a greater number of fine trees than any other in Ireland; and even yet, with its modern growths of wood, its beautiful mansion, its semi-encincturement, with joyous natural lakes, and its extent and variety of undulating surface, it ranks high among the ornamental grounds of the kingdom. A long narrow lake, formed by the expansion of the River Erne (still true to its character as a combination of lake and river), separates this demesne from that of Dawson Grove.

COOTEHILL.

THIS town stands in part on an eminence, which takes its name, as Cootehill, from the proprietors, the ancient family of Coote, some one or two of whom bore the title of Lord Bellamont. Sir Charles Coote, the first of the family who settled in Ireland, was a warrior of the fiercest character. He stood high among that brave and indomitable band of chieftains who fought and bled during the stormy reign of Queen

Elizabeth; and we may say of him, in one word, "that he was a rough man, made for rough work."

The whole reign of Queen Elizabeth was a stirring time for all minds, and in every department of the state; and the "Virgin Queen" imparted a large share of her own masculine spirit to the many heroic leaders that stood around her throne, ready for action during her long and brilliant reign. It was the age of social change, and was full of gallant adventure and highmindedness. The sword imparted vigour and point to the pen; and Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Raleigh, have left behind them, in history and poetry, those monuments that will survive the wastes of time, and carry onward the names and actions of those gallant chiefs who fought in Ireland

"Till they sheathed their swords for lack of argument."

Among these rough warriors, the first Sir Charles Coote stood eminent. Sir Charles was descended from a French family of the same name, and his ancestor, Sir John Coote, settled in Devonshire. Sir Charles Coote, "the sanguinary captain," entered Ireland at an early age, and formed his military habits among the stern and ferocious soldiery of Elizabeth's time. He served under Mountjoy, in the war against Hugh Earl of Tyrone, and he was present at the siege of Kinsale, in 1601. In consideration of his many services to Queen Elizabeth, her successor, James, heaped titles, and honours, and lands upon this gallant soldier. He obtained large grants of lands in different counties, in Queen's county, in Cavan, in Leitrim, and in Sligo. His estate in county Cavan belonged to a clan of the O'Reillys, and "the tree" is still shown on which Coote hanged one of these O'Reillys. There is still preserved among the Irish peasantry around Cootehill a tradition, that the tree on which poor O'Reilly was hanged "withered at once;" and that some withered tree in the forest is still shown and known as the tree on which the old proprietor was hung, is a matter of notoriety in and about Cootehill. The bad feeling en-

gendered by such acts, and the loss of their lands through Cavan, continued to brew in the Irish heart, till it found vent in that terrible outburst, in 1641, more than thirty years after the plantation of Ulster; and though it was suppressed at the time, and met a fearful chastisement from Sir Charles, and his equally ferocious son, the second Sir Charles, under Cromwell's government, the grudge has outlived the changes of two hundred years; and the descendants of these exiled old families are as sanguine as their forefathers, in the hope that they will one day recover their old estates, and literally have Ireland once more for the Irish, the Saxon and the heretic being sent home again to England!

As one would expect, the first Sir Charles Coote was a "marked man" at the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1641. In that year he was a colonel of foot, and his property in every part was pillaged and destroyed. His linen works, at Mountrath, in the Queen's county, were pillaged, and his entire property in that town was totally destroyed in December, 1641. His losses in Cavan, &c., amounted in value to many thousand pounds, and his estates were so injured as to remain nearly unprofitable till the end of the rebellion. It was an awful crisis, and a dread struggle for life and death between the Celt and the Saxon, the old and new proprietors of the island; and what lent tenfold fury to the assailants, was the maddening hope that they were fighting for the Catholic Church, and the old and true religion of the country, their opponents being not only intruders and oppressors, but aliens in blood and heretics in religion!

Sir Phelim O'Neill was the prime mover in this rebellion; and he entered on this war of extermination by seizing on the aged Lord Charlemont, whom he betrayed under the mask of friendship, and got him murdered as he was entering his house at Kinard. The murder of the venerable Caulfield was followed by another equally revolting. On the same night, a number of Sir Phelim's own tenants and servants, who were English

and Scotch, were massacred by the same abandoned ruffians, who slew, along with others, a son of Sir Phelim's, because his mother was an Englishwoman! On the same night, many similar successes were obtained in other parts of Ulster; Lord Blaney's castle, in Monaghan, was surprised by the MacMahons; and in Cavan the insurrection was headed by Mulmore O'Reilly, sheriff of the county, and all the forts and castles seized by the *posse comitatus*, under pretence of legal authority and the king's service. Among others, Cloughoughter Castle was taken. At the very outbreak of this rebellion, it was evident that it was a desperate struggle for life and property, and all that is dear to the heart of man; and if excesses were committed, and a terrible revenge taken on the rebels, by such fearless and ferocious chieftains as Sir Charles Coote, we should not forget that, in this national convulsion, the Irish were the aggressors, and the colonists were put on their defence; and if they retaliated on rebels and murderers, it was only the "old game of war," which deals out measure for measure, and sometimes exultingly throws into the scale the conqueror's sword, and cries, *væ victis*. Sir Charles Coote has been often described as a bloodthirsty savage, who showed no mercy, but poured out his vengeance on the innocent no less than the guilty, and he is made the scape-goat of faction. But it is scarcely fair to condemn him, and allow such outrages as provoked his ire to pass unheeded, whilst we are forming our verdict on his character and actions; that he was fierce as well as intrepid in the time of danger, no one will deny; and as his life, as well as his extensive estates all through the country, were at stake, no one need wonder if a martial chief like him, and a man of war from his youth, took signal revenge on his enemies, whose war-cry was, "Spare neither woman nor child; the English are meat for dogs; let not one drop of English blood be left in the kingdom." Sir Phelim was the O'Nial of the day; he was to be the king of Ireland, in case the Irish succeeded in exterminating the Scotch and English settlers; and

from the very outset he showed himself a man of blood, capable of treachery and murder, and wholesale massacre. When any thing irritated him, and especially when he was drunk in the camp, Sir Phelim would be seized by a violent fit of rage, bordering on frenzy, during which he would give orders for the murder of his prisoners. In one of these frantic fits, he caused Mr. Richard Blaney, knight of the shire of Monaghan, to be hanged in his own garden, and the old Lord Charlemont he ordered to be shot. On receiving a repulse before the Castle of Augher, when several of the sept of the O'Nials were slain, he ordered Mulmory MacDonnell to kill all the English and Scotch within the parishes of Mullebrack, &c. When he heard that Newry was taken by Lord Conway, Sir Phelim went in all haste to Armagh, and, in breach of his own promise, under his own hand and seal at the capitulation, Sir Phelim got murdered one hundred persons in the place, and then burned the city and the cathedral church, an ancient pile, said to have been built by St. Patrick, and, as such, held in great veneration by the Irish. After this outrage, Sir Phelim fired all the villages and houses of the neighbourhood, and murdered many of all ages and sexes. In the month of December, 1641, Sir Phelim's army, amounting to twenty thousand, besieged Drogheda, made several unsuccessful attempts to take the town, but they were eventually chased from before the place by Sir Henry Tichburne and Lord Moore. Sir Phelim was at last reduced so low as to seek safety in flight. Forsaken by his poor and needy followers, he fled from place to place, seeking to save his life by flight; and on the arrival of Owen O'Neill from Spain, Sir Phelim lost all influence even with his own party, and was at length seized in 1652, and tried and executed for the massacres committed by his authority in 1641. This was the justice taken, by order of Cromwell, on this traitor as well as murderer. In reference to the numbers of Protestants murdered during this awful rebellion, I may state here, that both Roman Catholic and Protestant writers agree that there was

in the course of this rebellion, an awful sacrifice of human life. According to the testimony of Dr. Maxwell, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, the rebels boasted to him, while he was in their custody, that, by the month of March, 1642, they had slain one hundred and fifty-four thousand Protestants! O'Mahony, an Irish Jesuit, in his "Disputatio Apologetica," published in 1645, confesses that his party had cut off one hundred and fifty thousand heretics in four years! As certain nameless scribblers, partizans of Popery, are quite capable of denying the truth of these murders, and some of them had the hardihood to assert "that there was no massacre, save of their own innocent and unoffending party, by the vindictive and blood-thirsty Protestants," I venture to suggest here the necessity of printing the thirty-two folio volumes of the "Original Depositions," taken by the Parliamentary commissioners, and still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. These depositions were principally taken in 1653, and the commissioners bound over the several deponents to appear at the subsequent assizes for each county, in order to prosecute such of the more noted of the murderers as could then be found; "a circumstance," says Dr. Reid, "which renders these depositions, taken with the view of being afterwards repeated on a public trial for a capital offence, and at a time when party feeling had, in a great measure, subsided, of more value than the depositions which were taken privately at the very hottest period of the rebellion, and without any view of being subjected to the ordeal of examination on a public trial." The greater part of the thirty-two volumes in Trinity College is composed of these valuable supplementary depositions. The witnesses were duly sworn by the Parliamentary commissioners, and the simple, honest statements of the survivors and witnesses of this Irish massacre would *silence*, if anything could silence, such worthies as Wiseman and Cahill, who have the hardihood to come forward, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and palliate, if they cannot deny and justify, this deep-laid secret plot for the exter-

mination of the Protestants of Ireland. We remember a trick of Dan. O'Connell's in this way; he had the audacity to publish to his Irish admirers, "that the Gunpowder Plot was a fabrication, invented to blacken the English Roman Catholics, and it was all the doing of King James and his advisers!" It was in the same spirit that Lord Plunkett libelled the truth of history; and there are rising up just now, in both England and Ireland, a new order of would-be historians, whose minds are like Coleridge's jelly-bag, tinging with their own prejudices and morbid feelings the men and the actions of past ages.

As there were several that bore the name of Sir Charles Coote, we must take care and not confound things and persons that differ; and this we shall do by the aid of our chronological glass, without which history is blind, and nothing better than monkish legends. The first Sir Charles received the honour of knighthood in 1616, and in 1621 he was created a baronet of Ireland, and was made a privy councillor and vice-president of Connaught. In addition to these honours, Sir Charles received large estates in various counties; and, in consequence of the hatred which the Irish had towards him, Coote became a fit object for them to vent their vengeance on at the outbreak of the rebellion, in the Winter of 1641. Coote obtained a commission to raise one thousand men for the defence of the country, and he was, in the Winter of 1641-2, dispatched with a party of his men to relieve the castle of Wicklow. It was here that Coote is said to have given vent to his revengeful feelings; and on the dispersion of the rebels among the Wicklow mountains, this sanguinary captain entered the town of Wicklow and seized and executed as rebels a number of its innocent and defenceless inhabitants. Such was the carnage on this occasion, that historians, of all shades of politics and religious sentiments, agree in denouncing his conduct as barbarous and vindictive in the extreme. It is not my intention to justify wanton and unprovoked cruelty, but there must be some strong political or fanatical rancour at work in the minds of the Irish

writers of the day, when they assert, without a shadow of proof, that Sir Charles Coote had received no provocation to act as he did. Wicklow town was, at the time, a nest of rebels; it was the common meeting-place of all the disaffected spirits of Leinster; it had been the battle-ground of faction for many a long year before this outbreak; and Luke O'Toole, at the head of his mountaineers, laid siege to Wicklow in 1641, when Sir Charles Coote's appearance caused him to retire; and it is mere gratuitous assertion to aver that the factions which Sir Charles surprised and captured in the town were loyal men and peaceful people, who took no part with the rebel party there. It is likely Coote felt that the crisis was come, and the exigencies of the times demanded the display of rigid and exemplary justice. The defeat of the English at Julianstown showed what the Wicklow rebels were capable of doing; but when Luke O'Toole, with a large force, attempted to intercept his return from Wicklow to Dublin, he was quickly routed by a far inferior force, and with such slaughter that Coote became an object of terror to the rebels during the remainder of his life. That life was now drawing to a close; his had been an active life for nearly half-a-century; and if we admire the hero whose undaunted firmness carries him through many a hard fought field, we do injustice to Coote, when we judge him, not according to the circumstances of the critical times through which he passed, but after the fashion of the feeblers of modern times, who want both the spirit and the energy of those brave men, who laid down their lives in defence of the country. After a number of exploits, in which this fearless man took the lead, Sir Charles left Dublin to march against the rebels in the county Kildare, and other counties to the Southward of Dublin. Sir Charles was sent with six troops of horse to the relief of Birr; on the way, they came to a causeway which the rebels had broken up and fortified with a trench which they occupied; the position was formidable, and the passage appeared quite impracticable to persons of ordinary nerve. Coote here nobly

maintained his character for decision and unflinching intrepidity; alighting from his horse, he selected forty of his troopers, with whom he proceeded on foot against the rebels; they seemed to despise so small a party; but these troopers were soldiers, led by an officer of first-rate proof and of the coolest hardihood, whose presence doubled every man's strength. Without the loss of a single man, Coote and his brave party slew the captain of the rebels, with forty of his men, went on and relieved Birr, Borris, and Knocknamease, and, after forty eight hours' incessant riding and fighting, returned to the camp. This was the prodigious passage through Mountrath woods, which gained, in 1661, the title of Earl of Mountrath for his eldest son, the second Sir Charles Coote, whose life we shall now detail. On the 7th of May, 1642, the first Sir Charles Coote fell at Trim, in the county of Meath; he died, as he had lived, fighting. In a charge from the town after the flying rebels, Sir Charles received a ball, fired, it is alleged, by some of his own men, whether by accident or design we have no means of knowing, and the wound proved mortal. The next day his body was sent off to Dublin strongly guarded, lest the Meath men should wreak their vengeance on the corse. The sword which the father had wielded with such a vigorous grasp was taken up at once by his eldest son, the second Sir Charles, whose military talents and daring exploits have become matter of history. This Sir Charles is the famous general who acted under and along with Oliver Cromwell, during the wars in Ireland from 1641 till the restoration of Charles II., in 1660. We read that this Charles, the eldest son of the sanguinary captain, acquired, in guerdon of his military services, from the Commonwealth, grants of land to an unexampled extent, most of which were confirmed to him by the act of settlement, and he was created Earl of Mountrath in the year 1661, which title continued in his family till 1802, the year of the decease of Charles Henry, the seventh earl, with whom the title died. His brother Richard was, in reward for his services in bringing

about the restoration of Charles II., created Baron Coote of Colooney, near Sligo; and his son Richard figures in history as the first Lord Bellamont, to which dignity he was advanced by patent, in the first years of William and Mary. But we must return to Sir Charles. The second baronet of this name succeeded his father as provost-marshal of Connaught, and inherited both his loyalty and heroism; he was distinguished at a very early age by his taste for arms; and, in 1641, he was besieged in Castle Coote by twelve hundred Irish, under Con O'Rourke, whom he valiantly repulsed. In May, 1642, the month in which his father was shot, his gallant son took Galway; whilst he and his brother Richard were appointed jointly to the office of receiver-general of the king's composition money, rents, and arrears, in Connaught and Clare. Disgusted with the vacillating conduct of the imbecile King Charles I., and resolved to stand by principle, whilst he let go his confidence in the wisdom and honesty of the imprudent king, Coote soon perceived that the Protestants of Ireland must unite in defence of their lives and property, and join with the people and parliament of England in their endeavour to right what was going wrong, and secure to themselves their liberties and independence, both of which were imperilled by the unconstitutional aggressions of the infatuated monarch. Coote was confirmed in his suspicions of the king's sincerity and good faith towards the Protestants of Ireland, by finding among the baggage of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, whom he slew in a battle near the town of Sligo, in 1643, an authentic copy of the secret treaty between King Charles and the confederated Irishmen (lay and clerical). In this nefarious business, Lord Glamorgan, a Roman Catholic nobleman, and a particular favourite with Charles, was the spy, or secret agent. This document was immediately published, and became a very effective weapon against the king, as it conveyed the impression of double dealing on his part, and fully justified Coote and his fellow-soldiers in their resolve to abandon this two faced sovereign,

and take part with the brave patriots who fought and bled for their homes and their religion. Putting himself at the head of a parliamentary army, Sir Charles Coote changed his tactics, and wasted in the West of Ireland the property of those who continued faithful to the king, or supported the confederated Romanists.

In 1649, Sir Charles maintained the city of Derry for the parliament; and he it was who commanded the British forces in Ulster during the last campaign there, and which ended with the slaughter of nearly three thousand of the Irish, and at their head the celebrated bishop and general, Ever Mac-Mahon, whom Coote beheaded, and with this act of retributive justice terminated the war. This victory was so important, that the parliament ordered a day of public thanksgiving to be observed for it, voted one hundred pounds to Mr. King, who brought the news, and ordered a letter of thanks to be written to Sir Charles Coote and his officers, among whom the following were specially noticed:—Colonel Fenwick, Colonel Richard Coote, brother to Sir Charles, Lieut.-Colonel Gore, Major John King, afterwards created the first Lord Kingston, Major Francis Gore, and Captain Duckenfield.

This battle occurred on the twenty-first of June, 1650, near Letterkenny, on the River Swilly; and by the victory gained there, the power of the royalists and confederate Irish in Ulster was completely overthrown. From the union of these parties in this great national convulsion, posterity may learn that what is false in religion will be found uniting with what is false in politics; and for the rights, liberties, and privileges that we now enjoy, we are indebted, under God, to those brave and patriotic men, who, like the stern old republican Brutus, in the time of the Tarquins, stood up and battled for their lives, and the security of their property and their homes; and victory having decided that the people of the British empire shall not be slaves, we are now content to live under equal laws, which bind the sovereign as well as the subject, and

make the peasant's cabin as safe and as secure from lawless violence as is the palace of the nobleman—

" Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The Historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them and to immortalize her trust.

A patriot's blood

Well spent in such a strife, may earn, indeed,
And for a time ensure to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws."

That liberty may, however, be as secure (and in practice is more so) under a limited monarchy, such as ours, as in any republic, and since the British constitution rests not on the arbitrary will of the reigning sovereign, but on the united will of Queen, Lords, and Commons, we are much freer under such a constitution than we would be under some base "democracy," where brute force and mob violence are struggling continually to gain the ascendancy over property, and intelligence, and moral worth, as well as over Christianity. The national convulsion, which rent this country for more than twenty years, is past, but it has not left us without its advantages. Arbitrary power is also gone, and "spiritual despotism," which lords it with high hand over the minds and liberties of mankind, has been overthrown, along with the "right divine of kings to govern wrong;" and both are now exploded as antiquated heresies, as disgraceful to the parties who advocate them as degrading to the people who tolerate them. Since the civil wars in Great Britain and Ireland, no monarch dare, without risking his crown, attempt to change the laws by his mere *dictum*, as did those brothers in obstinacy, Charles and James II.; and the attempt made by the latter, to effect a social revolu-

tion, ended so disastrously to himself and his partisans, that we are convinced no such outrage on men's feelings and rights will be made again, whilst the memory of the past is preserved among the free people of this country. To keep up in the minds of men these events is the part and duty of the writers of history. Thanks to the men of a better age, we are no longer subject to such arbitrary laws and misgovernment as once prevailed in England, when it could, in truth, be said of her and her people—

"Thy monarchs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
Disdained thy counsels; only in distress,
Found thee a goodly sponge for power to press.

Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
Provoked and harass'd, in return plagued thee,
Called thee away from peaceable employ,
Domestic happiness, and rural joy,
To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
In causeless feuds and bickerings of their own.

Thy parliaments adored on bended knees
The sovereignty they were convened to please;
Whate'er was asked, too timid to resist,
Complied with, and were graciously dismissed.
And if some Spartan soul a doubt expressed,
And blushing at the tameness of the rest,
Dared to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the general voice.

Oh slave!"——

On the death of Oliver Cromwell, September 3d, 1658, Sir Charles Coote was summoned over to attend the new parliament, which met in January, 1659; but Coote soon returned to Ireland, disgusted at the dissensions that prevailed there, and which ended in the resignation of Richard Cromwell, in May, 1659, and led to the restoration of Charles II., on the 29th of May, 1660. After the restoration, which Sir Charles aided with all his heart, he was created Earl of Mountrath, and was

afterwards one of the lord justices of Ireland, and he was made governor of the Queen's county, in which he held large property. Sir Charles Coote did not live long to enjoy his honours and estates. He died suddenly of small-pox, in 1661-2, and was buried in Christ Church, Dublin. He was twice married, and left his title of Earl of Mountrath to his only son by his first wife, and his various estates in Kilkenny, Carlow, Kerry, Roscommon, and Limerick, he left by will to his other children by his second wife, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Hannay.

On looking over the "secret list" of King James II., I find the names of twelve gentlemen of the name of Coote proscribed, and all, probably, the descendants of the first Sir Charles Coote. I give the names as they appear in the list, with the counties where the Coote estates lay at that time, viz., in 1689:—Coote, Charles, Earl of Mountrath; Coote, Captain, Chidley, Carlow; Coote, Chidley; Lim-Coote, Chidley, Tipperary; Coote, Sir Philip, Knight, Dublin; Coote, Richard, Lord Baron of Colooney; Coote, Captain Richard, Kilk; Coote, Richard, Esq., Limerick; Coote, Thomas, Cavan; Coote, Thomas, Esq., Dublin; Coote, Colonel Thomas, Queen's county; Coote, Captain Thomas, Monaghan. From the restoration in 1660, till the revolution in 1689, the Cootes had continued to make progress; and when we find no less than twelve of the name in James the Second's proscription list, it is nothing strange to find Richard Baron Coote, of Colooney, among the first of Ireland's Protestant landlords to hail their deliverer, the Prince of Orange, whom he at once joined, and fought with him through the wars of the Revolution. In 1690, Richard, the son of that Richard who was created, at the restoration of Charles II., Baron Coote, of Colooney, was advanced by patent to the dignity of Earl of Bellamont, and in the beginning of 1695, Lord Bellamont was nominated governor of New York, where he died in 1700, and left two sons, who were successive Earls of Bellamont. His death was considered at the time a public calamity, and the

General Assembly, then sitting at Boston, ordered a national fast, to express their sense of his loss, and of their veneration for his high and unblemished character.

From the foregoing review of the social condition of Ireland, during the reign of the Stuarts, from 1610 to 1690, it is quite clear that the struggle, which began in Queen Elizabeth's time, was not ended till the conquering sword of William, Prince of Orange, *settled* the controversy, and placed the Protestants of Ireland in their high social position, as lords of the soil, and the leading statesmen and magistrates ruling, in time of peace, the native clans, by making and administering the laws of the country. It is an erroneous view of our social state, to suppose that nothing more was contended for at the siege and defence of Derry, and afterwards obtained by the crowning victory on the banks of the Boyne, than civil and religious liberty. These two are certainly very important acquisitions to a people who are to rise in the social scale, and show the advantages which learning and moral worth can bring to a community capable of feeling and enjoying their blessings; and, were the obstructions to the development of the human mind removed, and Irishmen brought under the softening and purifying influences of true science and heaven-born religion, there is no people in the British empire who would stand above us in scholarship, ingenuity, and daring enterprise. The aspect of the present age looks forward to a time, we trust, near, when the prejudices which are marshalled around the throne of ancient night, the sleeping time of the Celtic race, shall disappear, and the quickened faculties and moral sentiments of a fine sensitive people become expanded, under the genial warmth and generous spirit of that maligned and hated book, which is still under the "ban" of the dominant factions, lay and clerical, that mislead and poison the Irish mind. The traditionary hatred of priests and demagogues is partly based on the loss of their property and power; and it was for these two their forefathers fought and bled during the long

struggle, which was ended, for a time, in 1690-1; and the right way of stating the controversy between the Celt and the Saxon in Ireland, is to say at once, as the Young Irelander's proclaimed in their paroxysms, during that abortion of a rebellion in 1847-8, that it is a struggle for ascendancy once more; when the ejected Celtic families shall be reinstated in their old family estates, and the Irish priests shall recover their lost inheritance, and occupy once more the Protestant parishes and churches, and be obeyed by a down-trodden and spiritless population. This is "the honest way" of looking at the matter, and the liberal landlords and statesmen of the day had better open their eyes, and unite with the genuine lovers of peace, in their endeavours to educate and socialize the rude masses, in order to save the poor deluded Irish peasantry from the horrors of another rebellion. O'Connell's splendid phantom of repeal was a ghost that haunted him in his day-dreams; and he was at last awakened out of his reveries by the wild Irish shouting all around him, "Ireland for the Irish;" "let Scot and Saxon fly to their own land." This was a consummation which the Celtic heart most devoutly prayed for, and it is still lying at the bottom of all their schemes, such as "liberty of conscience," and "tenant-right," &c.

But we must return to Cootehill. The family that gave their name to this place were, as we have seen, long distinguished for their military skill and commanding position in Ireland. The first Sir Charles Coote was a man of high mettle and of martial bearing, that would brook no insolence, and connive at no treacherous plottings; like all generals of the right spirit, he commanded his brave troopers, by putting himself at their head, and exposing his life to danger in the front rank of battle: his life was the sacrifice which he made to duty; he fought for his home, and property, and country, and fell in their defence. We say nothing here of his religion. His estates descended to his sons; and, at the revolution in 1690, his grandson was among the attainted on King James's secret

list; and had this Popish king succeeded, the twelve members of that family would have lost, every man of them, their large estates all over Ireland. Richard, the first Earl of Bellamont, was attainted in King James's Parliament of 1689, in consequence of his unequivocal support of the Prince of Orange, as he was one of the first of his adherents who joined him publicly.

William, who was a nice judge of men's character and talents for command, did him the justice to say, on appointing Lord Bellamont the governor of New York, in 1695, that he looked upon him as the fittest statesman he had to put down the pirates that infested the coasts of America at that time; and he gave him the honourable but arduous position, because he considered Lord Bellamont a man of resolution and integrity, and more likely, because of these qualifications than any other he could think of, to put a stop to that illegal trade and to the growth of piracy, for which reason he made choice of him for that government, and intended to put the government of New England into his hands. The king's judgment of his abilities was confirmed as sound by the solid services Lord Bellamont rendered during the five years of his government of the people of America; and the proclamation, ordering a fast, at his early death in 1700, proves the esteem and veneration the citizens of New England had for his high and unblemished character. The title of Lord Bellamont was borne by his two sons in succession; and in the end of the eighteenth century, that title was still enjoyed by the grandfather of the late Richard Coote, Esq., of Bellamont Forest, at Cootehill. It is now extinct, and we lament to say that the Cootehill branch of the family is not likely to perpetuate, in the name, that old estate, which was gained by the victorious prowess of the first Sir Charles Coote. The causes of this decline it were easy for one to mention here. The want of business habits is the primary cause of the decay and ruin of our old Irish gentry. Where a literary and scientific education has been imparted at school and in the university, the Irish landlord shines

among his fellows, by turning his mind, like the Earl of Rosse and the Earl of Enniskillen, to the advancement of science or the improvement of his property; but where no mental culture has taken place in early youth, the Irish lordling is an imbecile for life; and, for want of useful employ, betakes himself to the chase and the turf, to gambling and tippling, and all kinds of frivolity and dissipation. It is no wonder, then, that many an encumbered estate has passed and is still passing away from the hands of the gambler and the roué, those sots in Ireland, who have gambled or slept away their estates.

By way of warning, I insert here a passage from Cowper's "Review of Schools," which was written in the year 1784, and which foreshadowed the sad decline of learning, as well as of sound religion, which has since developed itself at Oxford, once one of the "eyes" of England. It is not genuine learning, but the want of it, that has produced such great changes among the descendants of the first undertakers in Ireland; and that mockery of education which the Christian poet saw and lamented in the schools and colleges of England in his day, has produced the feeble-minded Puseyites of our day, whose puerilities and silly trifling have made them and the Anglican Church, which they are disgracing and will eventually ruin, if they are not expelled from it, the laughing-stock of all wise and discerning men. It was not from any unkind feeling to the Protestant religion that Cowper wrote and sang what he did; nor is it in any unfriendly spirit to the Church and State that I reiterate here his faithful but fearless testimony against the prevailing errors of the day; on the contrary, I feel as he did, that both religion and education are sadly comprised by being viewed through the bad tastes and debauched habits of our uneducated Protestant gentry, who were born heirs to estates which they cannot manage, for want of that intellectual and moral training which fits men for the faithful discharge of the duties of social life. We have ourselves witnessed, both

at school and college, something like the following outline of the school education of the youth of England in Cowper's day :

" Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once ;
That in good time the stripling's finished taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste
Should prove your ruin, and his own, at last ?
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen Winter's old,
That authors are most useful, pawn'd or sold ;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart ;
There waiter Dick, with bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
His pride, that scorns to obey or to submit,
With them is courage, his effrontery wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hair-breadth 'escapes, and all his daring schemes,
Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.
To ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ordinances is shown,
Or looked for now, the fault must be his own."

—*Cowper's Review of Schools.*

From the Cootehill branch we now turn to Mountrath, where is still the family residence as well as the enlarged estate of the elder line of this ancient family. Mountrath is in the Queen's county, and gave the title of earl to the second Sir Charles Coote, who died, as we have seen, in 1661-2. That title was continued in his family for one hundred and forty years, but became extinct, we do not know why, on the decease of Charles Henry, the seventh earl, in 1802. The name, and

family, and estate still exist in their ancient splendour in the Queen's county, which is at present represented in Parliament by Sir Charles Henry Coote, Bart. Towards the end of last century flourished that celebrated statistical writer, Sir Charles Coote, who has left us his "Survey of the County of Monaghan," and "A General View of the Agriculture of the Queen's County," printed in 1801. In this Sir Charles we have a fine illustration of the educated gentleman and resident Irish landlord, who unites in his own person two rare qualities—a love of antiquarian lore, and a desire to improve and enlarge his old family inheritance. So long back as the seventeenth century, manufactures of linen and fustian were established on an extensive scale at Mountrath by the family of Coote; but great injuries were committed on this property by the rebellious party there, in 1641. These linen works were established in James the First's reign, and they were destroyed in December, 1641. It is alleged that the destruction of all his property there and elsewhere, excited Sir Charles so much that he vented his spleen on every opportunity upon the unfortunate Irish peasantry of that day. The energy, however, of the ancestor was perpetuated; and his descendant, the literary Sir Charles of the next century, has proved he could write and describe with as much point and vigour, as his forefathers fought for and defended the property which he has adorned by the magic of his pencil. It affords us pleasure to add here the following tribute to the memory of this distinguished man and topographer:—

"The demesne of Ballyfin, about four miles from Maryborough, in the Queen's county, is one of the most splendid in the central districts of Ireland, and is intimately associated with a name to which Irish topography, agriculture, and general improvements, owe much—that of Sir Charles Coote, Baronet. Sir Charles Henry Coote, Bart., acquired the estate by purchase, and, previous to 1826, expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in improving the house and grounds. The mansion,

as it now stands, is a splendid specimen of Grecian architecture, and is interiorly arranged and fitted up in a style of corresponding elegance. The plantations stretch away up the slopes of the Slieve Bloomer hills, and, in conjunction with Mr. Piggot's demesne of Cappard, form a large expanse of forest scenery."

Sir Charles Coote, at a time (in 1800) when probably not a thought of his name being eventually associated with Ballyfin had ever crossed his mind, thus described it:—

"Ballyfin, the seat of the Hon. W. W. Pole, is situated on the side of the mountain between Cappard and the Gap of Glandine. This magnificent demesne contains about twelve thousand acres, all walled in. The full-grown timber, and the view of an extensive lake, have a fine effect. This lake, which is above thirty acres in area, and appears to cover a much greater extent, is surrounded with the grandest screen of evergreens and forest trees; the plantations overtop each other, as the inequality of the ground favours the scene. The deer-park is, perhaps, the most extensive in the kingdom, and the deer as wild as nature. This park and mansion are now the estate and residence of Sir Charles Henry Coote, Bart., M.P."

As the first Sir Charles Coote established linen works at Mountrath, in the Queen's county, so we find Cootehill, on his property in county Cavan, was also famous for a long time for its superior linen market. During forty years, twenty of them in the beginning of the present century, the linen trade flourished in and about Cootehill and Ballibay, and extensive bleach-mills were for a long time conducted at Crieve by the Jacksons and Cuningshams, whose fine houses and mills are now, alas! passed into other hands. Cootehill is still a fine-looking town, with a good market every week on Friday; and as it is surrounded by gentlemen's seats, that thickly stud the face of the country for three miles around, there is a large influx of money during even other days beside the market and fair days, and the town is again resuming its healthy business appearance after the famine.

The town of Cootehill stands in part on a flat or plain, and in part on the side of a hill. The Erne River, that divides into two branches below Corick Bridge, flows on each side of the town, and its two springs are about twelve miles to the East of Cootehill; the one being within county Monaghan, and the other just under the highest hill in Clonkee. The town itself resembles a cross, being divided into the main street, running from East to West, and the old street at right angles to the principal street, and running from the South towards the North. Standing at the market-cross, a stranger has the chief part of the town lying open to his view. The area of the town is one hundred and seven acres. Its population in 1831, 2,239; in 1841, 2,425; in 1851, 2,105. There is a workhouse at some distance from the town on the East side; and the pressure of poor rates was felt even in this rich town and locality, owing to the crowds of paupers who fled thither as to a house of refuge during the famine years. There are four of these pauper houses within the county Cavan, and they should certainly be converted, now that the pressure is over, to some better use than to the nurture of strolling beggars, with their bastards; and to keep up in society the continual heart-burning which has been going on within them, owing to the bickerings of a few partizan guardians, who used to interrupt the business of the boards by their petty quarrels and their political and fanatical hobbies. The board-room of a county Cavan pauper house was once a fitting theatre for some mob-orator to exhibit his fine taste and good feeling, when the cry went abroad, "We will pay no more rent, and break the landlords by laying on the tenants enormous poor rates!" This is a specimen of Irish logic, and shows pretty plainly where matters would end, if demagogues and political priests had their own way in every thing. This town had once a fine linen market, and the small farmers around it for miles, both in Monaghan and Cavan, used to sell there their broad sheetings and yard-wide linen webs, at prices very advan-

tageous to the seller. The failure of the linen trade and hand-looms, owing to the introduction of machinery and the factory system in other parts, has thrown out of employ hundreds of families, which were broken up and scattered for want of lucrative employment in their own neighbourhood. The four pauper houses in this one county are standing evidence of the state of the country parts, which had been cut up and subdivided into tiny fields and gardens, with cabins attached, most of which have been forsaken and levelled since the failure of the potato. The neighbourhood all around Cootehill is well planted, and studded thickly with the seats of gentry, and the comfortable homesteads of old and respectable tenant-farmers, who are mostly Protestants. We have already described Bellamont Forest and Dawson Grove, and now add, Ashfield, the seat of Mr. Clements; Cabra, on the road to Corick, the homestead of the Boyles; and Tullyvin House, or Castle; conspicuous on a hill to the West of Corick Bridge is a modern structure built, but scarcely ever inhabited, by the late Maxwell J. Boyle, Esq. Annalee old brick house is on the estate of Robert Burrows, Esq., of Stradone, one of the members for the county, and belongs to Mr. Marsden, of Tullyvin mills; and opposite Annalee, on the North side of the river, is the residence of S. Moorehead, Esq., J.P. On the Monaghan side of Cootehill there are several old family mansions: Fairfield, the residence of —; Fraememount, Richard Mayne, Esq.; Dromore Park, Lieutenant Dawson; Tanagh, Captain Dawson; New Park, Dacre Hamilton, Esq.; and Glenburn Park, C. S. Corry, Esq. The Corry estate, at the village of Rockcorry, was purchased some years since by Lord Cremorne, whose lands extend now from near Cootehill to Rockcorry, fully four miles of a fine, richly-wooded campaign country, with gentlemen's seats, meeting the eye all along the road from Cootehill to Rockcorry. As to the social condition of the town and neighbourhood, there is, on the very face of the country, lying some four or five miles to the North and West of Cootehill, the appearance

of neatness, order, and peace, the well-known characteristics of Protestant Ulster. The hills in these quarters are rendered conspicuous from afar by their fine clumps of full-grown trees, which stand out to the sky quite visible from the high grounds above Ballibay, Shircock, &c. The Cootehill estate has not been well managed; and the Celtic part of the tenantry living along the road to Shircock, seem to be struggling with their ancestral difficulties, small patches of land, yielding barely what sustains the family, without giving the least hope of ever making the tiller rich and independent. As to the moral and religious condition of the population, tourists have remarked that the town presents some five or six Protestant places of worship, and only one Roman Catholic chapel. The parish church stands on the East, and presents its fine front and spire, looking straight up the main street. The church stands adjoining the gate leading to Mr. Coote's residence in Bellamont Forest. There are two Presbyterian meeting-houses, as they are called, standing in a line in the old street as you go out the Clones road. Besides, there are two Methodist chapels in the town; and in the old town of Cootehill there is a Moravian meeting-house; and what strikes the eye as a curiosity, on the side of a hill to the South of the town, is a deserted-looking Quaker meeting-house, the very look of which chills the soul. It is the only Quaker place of worship in the county Cavan. The Quakers of Cootehill are but few and far between; and as they are a "passive" kind of people, who neglect the ordinary means of extending and perpetuating the peculiarities of their system, it is no wonder they do not thrive in county Cavan, where their "crotchets" meet little sympathy with the native Irish or the Protestants. Their peculiarities of dress, manner, and speech are giving way, and the objectionable portions of their system will yield in the course of time; and what is really valuable, their honesty, love of peace, and business habits, will survive and be respected by all impartial men. The times we live in are trying times, and in the advance of education and

genuine Christianity over the land, knowledge of what is right, and decent, and becoming will extend, and old-fashioned modes of thinking, as well as old-fashioned kinds of dress, must give way, and even bad systems of religious training will be abandoned, when they add no stimulus to the humane mind, and chill the best feelings of the soul—

"Cold as the snow upon Canadian hills,
It wakes no spark within, but chills the heart."

From Cootehill we might follow the county Cavan branch of the Erne River up by Drumgoon Bridge and Bell Green to Knappa, once the family seat of the Dermotts, but at present occupied by a Mr. Griffith, a relative of theirs; and we meet in this line a number of "feeders" flowing in from Farney and Clonkee, and then we reach our old favourite, the picturesque Lough Sillan, which unites river and lake in its length of three miles, and makes several turns around the base of naked hills that rise all around it. As we have already described this lake, and whatever is interesting about it, we hasten onward to Lough Ramor, that lies some twelve miles away along the Cavan road going to Kells, and is well deserving some notice, even from a hurried visitor. The town of Virginia lies on the North-East side of this lake, and the country at some distance around is rocky, and abounds in bogs and naked hills, which require still the application of capital, taste, and industry, to bring them into keeping with the lower parts of county Cavan.

This fine lake lies in the barony of Castleraghan, to the South of Clonkee, and measures from East to West three and three-quarter miles in length and one mile in breadth. One of the islands towards its upper end gave rise, several years ago, to litigation between two of the adjacent proprietors, the Marquis of Headfort and the Sanky family, and we do not remember how the matter was settled; however, the lawyers made a fine "take" of the business, and the landlords paid the costs of court. On the North-West shore stands the Marquis of Headfort's

lodge, with deer-park and fine plantations spreading around, which join those of Fort George, the residence of the rector of the parish, and of Fort Frederick, the beautifully-situated demesne of Richard Scott, Esq. Beyond the loch appears Lake View, the residence of Captain Blakely; and beyond that again, on the road to Oldcastle, is the country residence of Henry Sargent, Esq., the excellent agent of Sir George Hudson, at Skea, and also of the Marquis of Headfort. On the South-East side of Lough Ramor, there stretches for three miles a ridge of highland, which belongs to the Marquis of Headfort. This part of the estate was, in 1798, occupied by the wild Irish of the day, who were very troublesome, and prone to outrages and murders. So annoying did these squatters become, that the landlord had to clear his estate of these turbulent fanatics, and in their place he wisely planted a little colony of Presbyterians, from the neighbouring estate of Lord Farnham, at Ballyjamesduff; and, in the course of half-a-century, that wild and uncultivated highland is become a fertile and peaceful country side, yielding a fair rent to the landlord, and, at the same time, paying the tenants for their labour and capital. From this we may learn the only method of pacifying the West of Ireland is by transplanting thither, from Ulster and Scotland, little colonies, who can dwell together for mutual protection, and bear up under present difficulties, cheered by the hope that, in the lapse of time, Providence will remove all obstructions to their progress and efforts to turn even the wilds of Connaught into fine pasture and bread-giving lands. I mention this here, because I am aware that several failures have already occurred in that quarter; and as solitary families, emigrating from Scotland or Ulster, cannot well bear up under the taunts and annoyances of a hostile population like the Irish, when goaded on by their furious priests; and some have, under the pressure, given way, and become either downright infidels or gone over to Popery, the only way to counteract all these malignant influences, is to send them over in considerable numbers, and locate them,

as Joseph did his father's family, not scattered among a hostile population, but in some peaceful Goshen of their own, where they may read their Bibles, and worship the God of their fathers in quietness, and practice the arts of peace. The very locality which we are describing was settled some two hundred years ago in this very way. A large colony of Scotch people were accommodated on the Farnham estate, around Ballyjamesduff; there they fixed their tents, and at that time "every tent" had an "altar set up," as a part of the family establishment. Aggressions were made; violence was used; and we remember well the thrilling narrative of the Rev. James Kennedy, now no more, which he gave us, many years ago, of the trying times in 1798-9, when these Scotch people had to come armed on the Sabbath day to their place of worship, and keep their guns with them in the house of prayer, with sentinels set on the top of the highest hill in the old deer-park at Ballyjamesduff to give the alarm, if the rebels of 1798 should rise and invade their homes and altars during the time they were assembled for the worship of God. Such were the Irish in 1798, and their fanaticism is nothing less to-day. But we must hasten still onward to the West, and take a look at the last large lake in Cavan.

L O U G H S H E E L I N .

THIS is a large lake, being fully four miles long and over a mile broad for the greater part of its length. Its Southern shore touches the barony of Demifore, in Westmeath, and is quite bleak, but its Northern shores were much improved and adorned by the late Lord Farnham, who kept in fine order a beautiful cottage there, and used to be much there, when he tired of Farnham. Arley cottage is now the residence of the Hon.

Somerset R. Maxwell, brother to the present Lord Farnham, and known in Cavan for his high Christian character and great excellence as a man. He used to represent the county in Parliament, till he tired of the turmoil and strife of party warfare, and retired to enjoy repose and the shade along the shores of this delightful lake. Along the Northern shore of Lough Sheelin appear a great number of gentlemen's seats, such as Fortland, Crover, Kilnahard, Tara, Summerville, Woodville, and Woodlawn; and the improved condition of the people and farms around afford a proof of the virtues and patriotism which actuated the late Lord Farnham; and we trust the present baron will continue to promote both the social and physical comforts of the tenants who live in peace and harmony on his extensive estates through Cavan. Lough Sheelin is celebrated for its fine trout; and the angler, with his "green drake," makes fine sport for himself at certain seasons of the year, by trouting on its waters. The superfluent waters of Lough Sheelin find a vent for themselves at the South-West end, and are carried off by the River Inny into the Lake Kinnail, which lies partly in Cavan, but chiefly in Westmeath and Longford, and finally enters Lough Ree, and flows into the Shannon, which is claimed as a county Cavan river, as the source of the Shannon lies in the parish of Templeport and barony of Tullaghagh, county Cavan.

We have thus taken a view of the principal lakes of county Cavan, and have gone the rounds from Lough Gowna to Lough Sheelin, which are not more than eight or ten miles asunder. When we first started on our travels through Cavan, we little thought this frontier county of Ulster had so many attractions for the topographist and the antiquarian; and we have found out, in our researches, that there are lying hid and unknown, owing to our ignorance of history, a host of illustrious men, who have, for the last two centuries, figured in the existing troubles which followed the colonization of Cavan; and to their high moral courage, as well as to the strength of will and energy of

their character, we are indebted for the peace and social order of the present day. It is become the fashion of the sceptic and the liberal Protestant, no less than the blinded devotees of the Papal system, to disparage and slander those heroic chieftains who entered Ireland in perilous times, and fought and bled, till they reduced to something like order the wild clans that ran riot in Ulster before the plantation of the province by British settlers. With these colonists the Protestant clergy came, and against the Protestant ministers and their "open Bible" there still lurks the same animosity that once immured the venerable Bedell in Cloughoughter, and, after killing him, would deny him a grave in his own churchyard! These Protestant clergy have left written, in the minds and hearts of their people, the great truths of the Bible; and it is either ignorance or hatred of that sacred book that has raised up in the land such writers as Hume and Gibbon, who mask their hatred of the Reformation "by damning with faint praise" its abettors. This heartless kind of writing has been often exposed and censured, and by none with more power and effect than by the Christian poet, Cowper, whose graphic pen has aided me much in these pages, and with whose encomium on the Reformers I shall close this paper:—

"Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn, indeed,
And for a time ensure to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names

No bard embalms and sanctifies his song
And history, so warm on meaner themes.
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise!

Winter Morning Walk.

TRACINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF CAVAN.

THE outline or form of this county is very irregular, but may be viewed in the light of a curved oval, lying with its broad end towards the East, and its narrow one Westward, and measuring from North-East to South-West forty miles in extreme length, and about twenty-two miles in extreme breadth from North to South. This county stretches across the interior of the narrowest part of the kingdom, and reaches within twenty-one miles of the Atlantic Ocean, at Donegal Bay, to within eighteen miles of the Irish Sea, at Dundalk. Cavan county has thus an area of beyond eight hundred square miles, and a population, in 1851, of 174,064. The characteristic of the North-Westerly projection is that of dreary highlands; and I may say that the whole North-Westerly district, comprising an area of about eighty-four square miles, from the neighbourhood of Ballyconnell to the extreme West, is a congeries of uplands, part of that extended mass of rugged mountain which lies between upper Lough Erne and Lough Allen, and within which is to be found the Shannon-pot, or the fountain-head of Ireland's noblest river. We have said a good deal of the highlands that lie on the East and South of this county, but nothing at all has been as yet said of the Western highlands; and as this part of Cavan contains the highest mountains in the county, and gives rise to the Shannon, it may be fairly assumed that the Western highlands of Cavan are not only the highest

grounds in Cavan, but also in Ireland, as the Shannon, that runs as an artery through the very heart of the South-West of the kingdom, hides its head among these mountains of Cavan, and springs in the valley between Cuilcagh and Lurganacuilagh mountains, in the parish of Templeport, and diocese of Kilmore. Cavan presents to the eye of the tourist both high and low lands. All along its Eastern, Southern, and Western sides, this county is guarded by a long, undulating ridge of highlands, whilst its North-Eastern side is a fine rich country, well wooded and well watered, where peace and its delightful arts, agriculture, commerce, and the busy trades of social life, are carried on with great activity and considerable success. Although the county has had its peace and good feeling, now and then interrupted by the maddening harangues of the heartless agitator and the foul-mouthed demagogue, and some mid-day murders have of late occurred, yet, on the whole, the great bulk of its mixed population try to live in peace, and cherish towards each other nothing but the kindest feeling; and we do hope that, in a few years, all bad feeling will subside, and in this free country every man, Celt as well as Scot, will be allowed that liberty of thought, and choice, and action, which are the inalienable privilege of all the free-born subjects of the British crown; and the time may come, when the Queen of England can visit with as much pleasure, and as much safety, the Western highlands of Cavan, with its wild but magnificent mountain scenery, as she now visits in Autumn her Highland home in North Britain; and captivates the hearts of its native Highland clans by the gentleness and goodness of a heart, that seems formed to discharge the duties and enjoy the innocent pleasures of home and of fireside, as well as to adorn and dignify the throne and its brilliant throng of courtly attendants.

As I have spent a considerable time in tracing the River Erne from its source to its *embouchure*, I shall begin my description of the Western highlands of Cavan with stating

that the Shannon, Ireland's largest, longest, and most celebrated river, rises in the extreme West of county Cavan, and runs for six miles South-Westward within the county of Cavan, and then enters Leitrim, and, after a short run there, falls into Lough Allen, with a depth of from five to ten feet, and a width of from fifty to sixty yards. The elevation of the source or "pot" of the Shannon above the level of Lough Allen is one hundred and fifteen feet, and above the low water level of the sea two hundred and seventy-four feet. The Shannon, though generally regarded as issuing from Lough Allen, is, in reality, traceable into the county of Cavan. Its source is in the townland of Derrylaghan, in the Northern extremity of the parish of Templeport, and barony of Tullaghagh, county Cavan. It rises within three miles of upper Lough Macnean, and not far from the village of Red Lion. In this district rise also a number of other streams, whose waters flow toward the upper Lough Erne. Both the Erne and the Shannon head-streams lie in the highlands of county Cavan. The Shannon rises at the head of a wild district, called Glangavelin, and in the valley between Cuilcagh and Lurganacuillagh mountains, but rather closer to Cuilcagh and Slievenakilla. Here lies that wild accumulation of rough and lofty mountains which environ the sources of the Shannon. The mountains here lift up the summit line between the earliest affluents of the Shannon, and the Macnean, or middle, portion of the basin of the Erne.

The road from Enniskillen to Manorhamilton enters the parish of Killinagh, the most Westerly parish in county Cavan, at Belcoo Bridge, and passes along the shore of Lough Macnean, and reaches, at two miles from Belcoo Bridge, the hamlet of Largy, or Red Lion, from which a tourist will find the most advantageous diverging point for excursions among the highlands of Cavan, Fermanagh, and Leitrim. One of the mountains here rises to the height of 2,188 feet above the sea level, and Slievenakilla has an altitude of 1,793 feet above the sea. The source of the Shannon is of a circular form, about fifty

feet in diameter, and is locally known as the "Shannon pot," or, in Irish, *Leig-mon-shena*, *i.e.*, the dell or hollow of the Shannon. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it, about eight feet wide, and two feet deep, in the driest season, and runs about four miles an hour. There are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Cuilcagh mountain, which receive the rain water; and from the circumstance of no streams descending the mountain, it is inferred that the drainage of this mountain, combined with its subterranean springs, here find an outlet and give birth to this river. But here we must leave it, on its passing into Leitrim, and return to the Western highlands of Cavan. There are two parishes here, in great part highland; the one, Templeport, which contains the village of Bawnboy, is fourteen miles and a-half long, and from one to five miles broad. The whole of its North-Western and central districts are mountainous, wild, and, to a great extent, waste, whilst the lakes and streams occupy beyond fifteen hundred acres of this parish. Slievenakilla mountain rises to the height of 1,793 feet above the sea level, and the summit of Cuilcagh overtops all its fellows to the altitude of 2,188 feet. The principal lakes in this parish are Loughs Derrycasse, Ballymagouran, Glebe, Killyran, and Templeport. The chief country residences are Brackley-Lodge, Spring-Hill, Corville, Lissanover, Rosehall, Lakefield, Glengavlen, and Bawnboy House; the last the residence of Mr. Hassard. This parish is a rectory, and brings an income of about £600 a-year to its present youthful minister, the Rev. Frederick Fitzpatrick, jun. The other parish is Killinagh. It forms the Northern district of the barony of Tullaghagh, and lies in the North-West extremity of the county of Cavan. It is almost all mountainous. The parish is a vicarage in the diocese of Kilmore. The rectorial tithes are claimed by the Saunders family, and are reported to be double the vicarial tithes in value, but have not been paid during the last forty years. This parish is nine and a-half by four and a-half

miles in extent, contains one hamlet or village, the Red Lion, which constitutes a good central point for excursions among the surrounding Alpine regions of Cavan, Leitrim, and Fermanagh, but hardly affords a night's comfortable lodging to the weary traveller. Legnashena, the source of the Shannon, lies four miles South of Red Lion, and is approached by a pathway, which deflects from a cross-road between Largy and Drumkeerin. Contiguous to these highland parishes lies the parish of Kinawley, which is partly in Cavan and partly in Fermanagh, and slopes away Eastward from the stern and barren Mount Cuilcagh, to the warm and meadowy lands that lie along the whole of the left side of upper Lough Erne. The Cavan section of this parish contains the town of Swanlinbar. Swanlinbar was once famous for its "spa" waters. A chalybeate well, or spa, near the town, long drew to it considerable numbers of invalids and ennuyées in quest of health and recreation. The well is situated within an ornamental enclosure, laid out with shrubberies and gravel walks. We proceed now to the next parish, called Tomregan, and it, too, divides, like its neighbour Kinawley, into two sections, the one in Cavan and the other in Fermanagh. But the greater part of this parish is in the county of Cavan. The county Cavan section contains the town of Ballyconnell, which, though a dark spot in the map of county Cavan, has been brought out into open daylight, and gained an unenviable notoriety by the murder of an unoffending and defenceless lady, Miss Hinds, two of whose assassins have just paid the penalty due by law to this mid-day murder. The site of the town is romantic and imposing. From its skirt rises the mountain of Slieve Russell, or, as it is called in the Ordnance Survey, Ligavagra. This mountain rises thirteen hundred feet above the sea level, and forms a conspicuous and remarkable feature in an extensive and fine landscape. A ridge of sandstone hills, which acuminates in Legavagra, occupies most of the Northern district of the parish, and sends down its skirts to the romantic site of Ballyconnell.

Immediately below the town, and on the banks of the River Woodford, stands Ballyconnell House, the seat of W. H. Enery, Esq., and it is surrounded by a well-wooded and rather extensive demense. In 1834, the parishioners consisted of one thousand and seventy-five churchmen, eleven Presbyterians, two thousand six hundred and seventy-five Roman Catholics; which naturally enough accounts for the prevalence of conspiracy and political agitation among a peasantry, who are taught to believe that, because they form the great majority of the population, they may, therefore, take the law into their own hands, and violate it without either fear of God or man, which was evidently the case in their conspiring in open day to get rid of Miss Hinds.

Miss Hinds was the third victim to Ribbon conspiracy in the county of Cavan. Captain M'Cleod was shot, and so was Mr. Bell Booth, the former at midnight, and the other in the afternoon, when crowds were on the road and all around on the hills about Ballinagh; but, owing to the sympathy of the peasantry with the murderer, there was not a man to raise his voice or lay hands on the assassin, as he walked away over the fields towards the chapel—people on the hills waiting to know if Mr. Bell was killed. In the county of Monaghan, two gentlemen fell victims to the same system, Mr. Mauleverer first, and then Mr. Bateson afterwards; when they found that no conviction followed the murder of Mr. Mauleverer; Hanratty, his murderer, escaped at the trial in Armagh, owing to the sympathy of a Roman Catholic on the jury, and, after he was liberated, Hanratty went to America, where he died since, and on his death-bed, we are told, Hanratty confessed that he was at the murder of Mr. Mauleverer. The evidence was quite clear at the time, that it was Hanratty who gave the fatal blow; but one Ribbonman on a jury, or a Romanist, whose sympathies are all with his co-religionists, can defeat the ends of justice, and turn judge and lawyers, and justice and all, into supreme ridicule and contempt, by holding out, on the plea that his

conscience is not satisfied with the evidence of the prisoner's guilt! There is, just now, a well-known instance of this kind made public, and which had nearly defeated the ends of justice in Miss Hind's case. Her murderers were tried at Cavan in the beginning of April last; two judges, one of them a Roman Catholic, were sent down on a special commission to try Dunne and Murphy, the alleged conspirators; the Attorney-General was a Roman Catholic, and the jury that tried the prisoners was a mixed one—there were on it three Roman Catholics. When the evidence for the prosecution was all produced on the first day of the trial, the prisoners' counsel very properly declined entering on their defence at a late hour in the evening, after the exhaustion of a hearing that lasted from ten to near six o'clock. The court was adjourned, and the jury retired to their room, under the charge of a Mr. Harman, who is the present sub-sheriff of county Cavan. After dining, the twelve jurymen agreed to talk over the evidence which had been submitted by the counsel for the prosecution; and they all but one agreed that it was clear and strong, and, unless something was set up in the shape of an *alibi*, in the defence of the prisoners next day, they were certain they had in the dock the murderers of Miss Hinds. The juror that differed from the eleven, astonished his Roman Catholic as well as his Protestant fellows, by saying, with great emphasis, "that he would not hang a hen on that evidence!" The sub-sheriff was sent for, and told that, in the morning, the eleven honest jurors meant to apply to the judges to be released from any further hearing of the evidence in this case, as they thought it worse than useless to waste their time with acting on a jury with a man who had declared he would not hang any one under the circumstances. This brought the matter to a crisis, as the trial was to be stopped in case this solitary juror continued in his avowed opinion; before morning, however, a change came over his spirit, and he admitted his language was rash, and he at last agreed to a conviction. I had this statement from a highly

respectable gentleman who was on the jury, and was the chief means of bringing about the change of opinion in his brother juror's mind: and I mention it here for this purpose, that the government of the country may make a change in the Irish jury system, and make the law so as to meet the difficulty of allowing Ribbonmen and murderers to escape punishment, by putting Roman Catholics on juries to try Ribbonmen, and, by their obstinacy, defeating the ends of justice, as happened at the trial of Hanratty for the murder of Mr. Mauleverer. In all cases of Ribbon trials, where murder has taken place, either Roman Catholics should be by law excluded, on the ground of their sympathy going to screen their co-religionists on trial for murder; or, in case they wish to be on the trial of Ribbonmen, for the murder of Protestants, let the verdict of the majority be taken, instead of the unanimous verdict which is now required by the law. This change would meet the difficulty, and put an end to the false hopes which Ribbonmen have long had, that they will not be convicted, even if guilty of murder, if only one Roman Catholic is put on the jury that is to try them. It is cruel to the misguided peasantry to leave them under the false idea that they will escape punishment, even for murder, if they only get what they are taught to believe, "fair play," by having co-religionists and party-men on the jury that is to try their crimes. In mercy to the surviving friends of these victims to Ribbon conspiracy, and for the protection of the Protestant gentry of Ireland, a patriotic government should at once come to the rescue, and put down at once and for ever this nefarious Ribbon system, which will continue its secret and nightly conspiring till the law is changed, so as to take away from the assassin all hope of impunity or escape, by the sympathy of Roman Catholics with their misdeeds. In this change, I am sure that the educated and better portion of our Roman Catholic countrymen will at once agree; as I am well aware that such men as our excellent assistant-barrister, Mr. Murphy, and the judges and law officers of the crown,

must feel that they are themselves, as well as their religion, compromised and disgraced, by having conspirators and murderers, such as Dunne and Murphy, and others of that class of miscreants, claiming to be considered Roman Catholics; when the fact is, they are, or should be, denounced and disowned by the whole of the Catholics of Ireland. There must be something wrong both in the mind and heart of the juror, who could say and act as the man did in the jury-room at Cavan, when all men were convinced that the evidence of guilt was so clear that not a shadow of doubt remains that Dunne and the Bannons (Terry and "Red Pat") began the conspiracy; and when all was ripe for execution, Dunne went for Murphy, brought him to his house, and there engaged him to imbrue his hands in the blood of his unsuspecting and innocent landlady. We trust that the execution of these unfortunate men will serve as a salutary warning to others of their creed and class.

From Ballyconnell, we now proceed to the parish and town of Killesandra, lying to the South-East of that "dark spot," and noted for its mixed and peaceable population. In 1834, the parishioners consisted of 2,540 Church of England people, 425 Presbyterians, and 4,702 Roman Catholics. Killesandra parish is a rectory, whose gross income rises to the high figure of £1,331 a-year, and is a college living, in the gift of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Martin, ex-Fellow of Trinity, is at present the rector of this parish; it was long the residence of his predecessor, Dr. Hales, the author of the "New Analysis of Chronology and Geography, History and Prophecy," a learned work, in four volumes octavo, and too little known. These college livings are scattered over Ulster, and are of vast service to old Trinity, as they afford a sure and quiet retreat for its learned professors; when weary with the cares and anxieties of the university, they can withdraw, after the heat of the day, to enjoy, in the evening of life, the cool and repose of the quiet country, and have, at the close of their learned career, their

otium cum dignitate. It would be an irreparable loss to the country, were the colleges and Protestant churches in Ireland stripped of the endowments which the British Government most wisely bestowed, centuries ago, on these institutions, and left to make head in such a country as Ireland, against a hostile population, goaded on, in their crusade against Bible Christianity, by a fanatical priesthood, whose greedy eyes are bent on retaking the parishes, and occupying the room of the Protestant clergy, should any social revolution ever enable them to carry their darling scheme of confiscation into effect. With the Popish faction in Ireland are leagued the English and Scotch Voluntaries of our day; and as these worthies are labouring under a rather novel kind of hallucination, and think that learning and science will thrive best by starving them into submission to the ruling powers of the day, we think it right here to enter our protest against the intrusion upon us of the crotchets and unprotestant feelings, both in Church and State, of such Quakers as John Bright and Co.; and as to the malignity and misrepresentations of Messrs. Miall and Hadfield, it is enough to say, that they know very little of the social condition of the Protestant churches in Ireland; and if they were to make themselves acquainted, as in all justice they ought, with the struggles and conflicts of the Scotch and English colonists, for the last two hundred and fifty years, and the important service they are still rendering in maintaining the island in its connexion with Great Britain, they would, as honest men, think and say that money laid out in such a cause, and for such an end, is repaid with double interest. These Voluntaries must be either weak, or erring in judgment, or malignant in disposition, when they grudge the poor of the Presbyterian Church the pittance of scarcely £40,000 a-year for their ministers, and lavish more than £220,000 a-year on the national schools of Ireland, which will never repay, under present management, a tithe of the sums expended on them.

In this parish of Killesandra there are some seven or eight Protestant places of worship. The Presbyterians are pretty strong in numbers here, and socially they stand high, having still considerable property in their hands; Croghan meeting-house is old, and the congregation which worship there was once both numerous and eminently respectable in wealth, independence, and social influence in this part of county Cavan. We remember seeing a venerable patriarch, who was their pastor about thirty years ago; this was the Rev. Joseph Denham, father to Dr. Denham, of Derry, and also of that excellent man and physician, Dr. Denham, of Dublin, who still cherishes early associations, and has not forgotten the church of his fathers. The Farnham family has been at all times friendly to the Presbyterians on their estates through Cavan; there is a grant of a free glebe farm made long since to the Presbyterians of Croghan, and also, we believe, a stipend of some four or five pounds a year to aid the congregation to sustain their minister. Some twenty-five years since, two new congregations were established in this extensive district, the one at Drumkeerin, and the other at Carrigallen, on the borders of Leitrim; and these two continue to make progress, and promote the cause of truth and righteousness in a country where we once saw Sabbath desecration carried so far as to send out dozens of men into the fields to dig out potatoes on the Sabbath. This seemed, at the time we travelled the district, quite a common practice; it was new to our eyes, but it seemed to be nothing strange to a people who knew nothing of Christianity but the name: this we saw in the year 1835. The village of Arvagh is in this parish; it is situated on the South-West border of the county, about two miles North-West of Lough Gowna, the well-known lake which gives rise to the River Erne. Arvagh is surrounded by a chain of small lakes, the shores of which have been planted by the proprietor, the Earl of Gosford.

Castlehamilton stands in the midst of an extensive demesne, on the East of Killesandra; it commands a fine view of that

gorgeous chain of lakes that spread out around islets and wooded hills for three or four miles toward Kilmore and Farnham, and form the picturesque Cloughoughter. Its grounds, along the wooded peninsula of Gartinoul, exhibit some fine combinations of wood and water; and Castlehamilton could, with a little care, be made one of the most beautiful demesnes in Ireland. By way of contrast, we may add here that the surface of this parish is in various districts defaced by bad culture, wretched cabins, and numerous divisional ditches; and the Irish system of sub-dividing their farms, has filled the wild mountain districts of this parish with a crowd of wretched paupers, who raised the census return of 1831 to 14,475; this, however, included the population of the parish of Scrabby as well as Killesandra and Arvagh. There are several country gentlemen residents of this parish, their seats are Lahard, Bruce Hall, Tully, Cloggy, Lakeview, Coraneary Lodge, &c. The potato blight has thinned the population of these highlands nearly one-half, as the following figures show:—In 1841, the entire population of county Cavan was returned in that year's census as 343,151; whilst the census return of 1851 shows a fearful reduction, and brings us to 174,064, or a reduction in one decade of years of 169,087, an immense falling-off! Thus, in the course of ten years, nearly one-half of the population of county Cavan has been swept away by emigration, and death, and the pauper-house system. Surely our sins have found us out, and physical suffering has reached at last moral evil and crime.

THE PRESBYTERIANS OF COUNTY CAVAN.

THE plantation scheme of James I. began to take effect about 1610-11; and the granting of certain borough privileges to the Scotch and English settlers, enabled him to convene his first Parliament in Ireland in the year 1615. After the struggle about the election of a speaker between the Irish or Roman Catholic party in the House, and the supporters of the Government, the malcontent Irish nobles and commons, being defeated, appealed to the king, and met from him a very kind reception and a gracious audience, the result of which was a severe reprimand from King James, who sent the deputation back again to Ireland to obey the Lord Deputy Chichester, "and conduct themselves more dutifully, that they might redeem thereby their past miscarriage, and deserve not only pardon, but favour and cherishing." In this Parliament several acts were passed, all for the social improvement of Ireland. One for the setting in Ulster a civil plantation in those forfeited parts which were formerly the nest of rebellion; another act was passed for the attainder of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, Sir Cahir O'Doherty, and others, whose lands were now to be colonised by immigrants from North Britain. King James, from his early education in, and natural love of Scotland, wished to have Ireland planted with Scots, who, besides their loyalty, were known to be more hardy and enduring than the English colonists, who were rather tender and desponding for the rough work to be done in Ireland, at a time when, it is recorded, "the woods and fastnesses were frequented by bands of the irreclaimable native Irish, who plundered the English possessions as often as a favourable opportunity occurred, and when "Sir Toby Caulfield's people were driven every night to lay up all his cattle, as it were, in ward; and do he and his what they could, the wolfe and the wood-kerne,

within culver shot of his fort, have oftentimes a share, and when even in the English pale, within half a-mile of Dublin, Sir John King and Sir Henry Harrington had to do the like, for the fore-named enemies do every night survey the fields to the very walls of Dublin."

The following graphic description of the physical and social state of Ulster in King James's reign, is too good to be omitted here. A Presbyterian minister, whose father accompanied the first settlers, thus describes the province and its people:—"Of the English, not many came over; for, being a great deal more tenderly bred at home in England, and entertained in better quarters than they could find here in Ireland, they were unwilling to flock hither, except to good land, such as they had before at home, or to good cities, where they might trade, both of which in these days were scarce enough. Besides that, the marshiness and fogginess of this island was still found unwholesome to English bodies, more tenderly bred and in a better air; so that we have seen, in our time, multitudes of them die of a flux, called here the country disease, at their first entry. These things were such discouragements, that the new English came but very slowly, and the old English were become no better than the Irish. On these grounds it was that King James had a natural love to have Ireland planted with Scots, as being, beside their loyalty, of a middle temper, between the English tender and the Irish rude breeding, and a great deal more like to adventure to plant Ulster than the English, it lying far both from the English native land, and more from their humour, while it lies nigh to Scotland, and the inhabitants not so far from the ancient Scots' manners; so that it might be hoped that the Irish untoward living would be met both with equal firmness, if need be, and be especially allayed by the example of more civility and Protestant profession than in former times had been among them." The plantation of Ulster went on rapidly during King James's reign, from 1610 to 1622-3. "Sir Arthur Chichester has an

estate given him in county Antrim, builds the prospering mart of Belfast, confirms his interest in Carrickfergus, and builds a stately palace there. Conway builds Lisnagarvey, now Lisburn. Moses Hill had wood lands given him, which he clears and leaves a beautiful country, where a late heir of the Hills built a town, called Hillsborough. All these lands and more were given to English gentlemen, worthy persons, who afterwards increased and made noble and loyal families, in places where formerly had been nothing but robbing, treason, and rebellion. Of the Scots nation, there was a family of the Balfours, of the Forbeses, of the Grahams, two of the Stewarts, and not a few of the Hamiltons. The Macdonnells founded the earldom of Antrim by King James's gift; the Hamiltons the earldom of Strabane and Clanbrassil; and there were, besides, several knights of that name: Sir Frederick, Sir George, Sir Francis, Sir Charles's son, and Sir Hans, all Hamiltons; for they prospered above all others in this country after the first admittance of the Scots into it. Many Hamiltons followed Sir James, especially his own brethren, all of them worthy men, and other farmers, as the Maxwells, Rosses, Barclays, Moores, Bayleys, and others, whose posterity hold good to this day, and the Scots came over apace, and became tenants willingly, and sub-tenants to their countrymen (whose manner and way they knew), so that in a short time the country began again to be inhabited. In the year 1610, the lands of Ulster began to be generally occupied, agreeably to James's plan of colonization; and owing to the vicinity of Scotland to Ulster, as well as to the hardiness and enterprise of its natives, the principal part of the settlers came from that kingdom. North-Eastern parts of the province were first occupied, whence they spread themselves over the remoter districts. The Southern and Western parts of the kingdom were chiefly planted with the English, between whom and the Scots there existed the most friendly co-operation. The decayed and almost deserted cities were now replenished with inhabitants, the lands were

gradually cleared of woods, towns were built and incorporated, houses erected through the cultivated country, and in every direction there was ample testimony afforded of the peaceableness and industry of the new occupants." Such is a general outline of the plantation of Ulster, once the most barbarous, but now the most loyal and peaceable part of the kingdom. The Hamiltons of county Cavan were among the first and most extensive planters. Two estates, one in the East, the other in the West of the county, are still known as the early inheritance of that family, and it was Mr. Hamilton, of Bailieborough Castle, that first brought into the Eastern highlands of Cavan the forefathers of the present generation of Presbyterians, who now occupy the principal farms and homesteads in the barony of Clonkee. Mr. Hamilton was by nation a Scot, and by religion a Presbyterian; and he it was that first encouraged his countrymen to follow him up from Antrim, Down, and Tyrone, and settled them on his estates in Cavan. Tradition says that he threw open his castle hall, at Bailieborough, to his tenants, who flocked there to hear the first Scotch ministers, who, few and far between, were settled in Ulster during the reigns of James and his son Charles.

The first settlement of Scotchmen in the highlands of Cavan took place early, and at Breakey, on the confines of Cavan and Meath; and from Breakey, as a starting point, the Presbyterian religion spread to Bailieborough, Ballyjamesduff, and the regions all around. At Cootehill, at Killesandra, at Ballyjamesduff, Belturbet, and the town of Cavan, these Scotch people occupy extensive farms, and the Presbyterians of county Cavan still retain their ancestral loyalty and that inborn love of truth, and its kindred freedom, which they brought with them from their fatherland. They have congregations all over the county Cavan; and, on the whole, they are the best tenants, and the most independent in their worldly circumstances of any in the county. After the lapse of two centuries, they retain their old attachment to the throne, their abhorrence of

Irish treachery and disaffection; and they stand ready, in case of any emergency, to take up arms and defend their homes and their country. They form the middle class between the serf and the lordly landowner, which has made Ulster what it is, a land of freemen, who neither bow the knee as fawning sycophants, nor envy and grudge the proprietors of the soil what they inherit by family connexions, or make their own by native worth and bold emprise. For two hundred years and more, these descendants of a noble race have stood up and done battle for civil and religious freedom, not only for themselves, but for the poor oppressed Celtish population; and what they claimed for themselves they freely concede to others—the liberty to think and act according to their honest convictions. That liberty is at length secured, and with “the sweets of liberty and equal laws” they rest content: not ambitious to enter the arena of party strife and Irish politics, but rather solicitous to live in peace in their quiet homes—

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.”

It is this want of ambition to shine in the political world, which leaves the Presbyterian gentry without commissions as justices of the peace, and their learned sons, who figure in the courts of law, without the honours and emoluments that some of our liberal, time-serving governments are showering on the Roman Catholic section of the bar; and the invidious distinctions made in conferring seats on the judicial bench on those lawyers whose sympathies went with the Repeal faction, and are now promoted because of their mischievous politics, are making deep and permanent wounds in the feelings of those learned members of the bar, whose loyalty and honesty have kept them aloof from partaking of the perils and the emoluments of Popish politics in Ireland. If, however, the Presbyterians of

Ulster share not the emoluments of office, they escape the infamy and degradation which adheres to the statesmen who take into favour such worthies as John Sadleir and his confrères in iniquity ; and they are able to prove that their own energy and perseverance can and will raise them to a place in the moral and religious world, which no time-serving statesman can ever reach or maintain. In the hour of peril, when O'Connell made a threat in the House of Commons that he would, on his own responsibility, convoke an Irish Parliament in College Green, Sir George Grey, as the representative of the government, soon told the demagogue that the menace was vain, and one that they utterly disregarded, as her Majesty had, in the province of Ulster alone, one hundred thousand brave and loyal men, who would rise up at her call and maintain inviolate the union and peace of her kingdoms. So much for Presbyterian loyalty in the nineteenth century. The Presbyterians of county Cavan have never been distracted and perverted by the crotchets of Arian and Socinian ministers ; and they have, as a body, remained firm, and maintained their allegiance to high principle as well as to the throne, in those disastrous years which passed over Ulster toward the end of the eighteenth century, when several of the Northern ministers and laymen made shipwreck on what Dr. Killen has emphatically denounced as " the barren rock of political agitation."

" The year 1798 forms," says Dr. Killen, " a crisis in the history of the Synod of Ulster. The misery then entailed on thousands, furnished an emphatic and salutary rebuke to that intensely political spirit which had been cherished by too many Presbyterian ministers. The melancholy scenes of the rebellion (in 1798) awakened the ministers, as well as the people of Ulster, from their dream of carnal security ; and shortly after this period the spiritual eye discerns some faint indications of that revival of religion which has since so much improved the character of Irish Presbyterianism." During the struggle with the Arians, the mind of the church was dis-

tracted and diverted from its legitimate pursuit, the cultivation of the best feelings and the dissemination of the noble principles of the Bible; and now that Irish Presbyterianism has shaken off the opprobrium, the course is clear and the duty urgent, to go forth over the land and bring its erring population under the humanizing influences of scriptural Christianity. Politically and spiritually, Presbyterians are and should be the conservators of the country.

" They are men who their duties know,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state :
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

REVIEW OF THE CONSERVATIVE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

At the close of these Historical Illustrations, we cannot forbear offering a few suggestions, which may have the effect of allaying political and fanatical hate, and may tend to encourage good men of all parties to unite for the Christian education of the two millions and a-half of men, women, and children, who are still in Ireland, and know not the use of letters. It is a matter of regret that the Census Commissioners have not directed us to the parishes and the denominations of professing Christians, where we might find out these untaught and neglected masses. As early as the month of November, 1850, I suggested in my "Third Sketch," published at the time in the *Anglo-Celt*, that as ignorance was the prolific source of crime in Ireland, "Mr. Donnelly should carry his inquiries after the state of education

in Ireland from the baronies into the parishes; and the result of his inquiries would prove who are the best clergymen, and the most useful members of society, the men who insist that Ireland's poor shall be taught to read and write, and store their minds with useful knowledge; or those mock-patriots and would be teachers, who take away the key of knowledge, and neither enter themselves nor suffer others to go into the temple of truth." This was written and printed in the Winter of 1850; and since that time, the census or number of our population has been taken, and it shows a fearful falling off in numbers, but leaves us still burthened with immense masses of paupers and criminals, and beyond two millions that can neither read nor write! In their report, which has only been published in 1856, the Census Commissioners have given us a shaded map, pointing out as the darkest spots in Ireland the West section of Donegal (the only dark county in Ulster), the whole of the province of Connaught and Kerry, the greater part of county Cork, and the Southern part of county Waterford; and these benighted regions are the parts of Ireland where the Bible, the book of knowledge as well as of life, is shut out of the minds and homes of the misled Celtic population.

As long as one-third or more (2,766,066 is the return of 1851) of the population of Ireland can neither read nor write, our social system rests on a volcano, which may, at any time priest and demagogue unite to blow it, burst into a flame, and lay waste our green fields and quiet homes. To meet the exigencies of the age, we have got up a rather expensive establishment in Dublin; and some of the really educated gentlemen resident there are trying, by the use of their pens, to communicate to the Irish teachers the knowledge of the English language, and the fine sentiments to be found scattered over our classic literature, which may, in some future age, produce the permanent fruit of civilization and unanimity among Irishmen. The history of Ireland has been hitherto one continuous scene of broils and party feuds among the Celtic population themselves, and

of conspiring and rebelling against their Saxon lords. Nothing but a good education can bring men to a right state of mind and proper feeling; and it should be, and we hope is, the grand object we all have in view, to benefit our countrymen by the aid of letters and science. Letters are the elements of knowledge, and without their aid the human mind, with all its boasted inborn powers, is weak and maimed in its motions; and will, in the end, lapse into a state of torpor or bestial sensuality, unless it is quickened or kept in motion by reading and studying the productions of men of genius and of taste; even Christianity itself will make no progress among a people who know not the use of letters. "The Germans," says Gibbon, "were, in the age of Tacitus, unacquainted with the use of letters; and the use of letters is the principal circumstance that distinguishes a civilized people from a herd of savages, incapable of knowledge or reflection. Without that artificial help, the human memory soon dissipates or corrupts the ideas entrusted to her charge; and the noble faculties of the mind, no longer supplied with models or with materials, gradually forget their powers; the judgment becomes feeble and lethargic, the imagination languid or irregular. Fully to apprehend this important truth, let us attempt, in an improved society, to calculate the immense distance between the man of learning and the illiterate peasant. The former, by reading and reflection, multiplies his own experience, and lives in distant ages and remote countries; whilst the latter, rooted to a single spot, and confined to a few years of existence, surpasses but very little his fellow-labourer, the ox, in the exercise of his mental faculties. The same, and even a greater difference, will be found between nations than between individuals; and we may safely pronounce that, without some species of writing, no people has ever preserved the faithful annals of their history, ever made any considerable progress in the abstract sciences, or ever possessed, in any tolerable degree of perfection, the useful and agreeable arts of life."

The want of letters, or of the right use of them, produced in Ireland nearly the same torpid state of mind and superstitious feeling as once prevailed in Germany. "The religious system of the Germans (if the wild opinions of savages can deserve that name) was dictated by their wants, their fears, and their ignorance. They adored the great visible objects and agents of Nature, the sun and the moon, the fire and the earth, together with those imaginary deities who were supposed to preside over the most important occupations of human life. They were persuaded that, by some ridiculous arts of divination, they could discover the will of the superior beings, and that human sacrifices were the most precious and acceptable offering to their altars; and the priests, rude and illiterate as they were, had been taught by experience the use of every artifice that could preserve and fortify impressions so well suited to their own interest!" Against this entire system of illusion, or rather collusion, of a selfish priesthood, the Christian religion raises a noble testimony; and the Bible, that contains the leading ideas that are to guide and regulate the human mind in all its operations, and put a check on the fitful aberrations of the imagination, is a standing record, put *open* into our hands to enable us to form our judgment of men and things, and choose the good and the true and the lovely in ethics as well as in religion. This book may, however, be in the world, and yet, like the great Teacher sent from heaven, remain long unknown, unfelt, and unenjoyed; even when its effects are visible, and its ideas and sentiments embodied in the polite literature of a flippant generation, the book that sheds its radiance over the imagination and feelings may be forgotten and slighted, hated, and even committed to the flames. When Pascal sent forth into the world those immortal "Letters," which took from the Bible the truth and the sublimity of their moral sentiments and fine views, the Jesuits, whom he exposed, wreaked their vengeance, not on the author (for he was unknown), but on the book which boldly denounced their mischievous politics

and perversions of the Holy Scriptures. The Jesuits of Paris imagined that, when they had burned, in the streets of that city, the "Provincial Letters," the ideas and sentiments which the book contained would also vanish like the smoke which its burning leaves sent upward; but here, too, their worldly wisdom failed. "Two hundred years," says Sir David Brewster, "have passed away since Pascal and his learned associates, the Jansenists of Port Royal, those noble witnesses of evangelical Christianity in France, pronounced and sealed their testimony. In that long interval of time empires have fallen, and races of kings disappeared. Revolution has swept away time-hallowed institutions, and even systems of faith have surrendered their most cherished errors; but amid all these changes, Providence has left us a clue by which we can trace through the labyrinth of its ways the march and the workings of those great principles which the Port Royalists laboured to establish. The persecution of the Jansenists proved the destruction of the Jesuits. The Papal power, made contemptible by the exposure of its fallibility and ignorance, lost its hold even over its most bigoted votaries. The equality of man's right, the dignity of his station, and the claims of the poor, not for deeds of charity alone but for acts of justice—doctrines taught and practised by Pascal and the Port Royalists—contributed to foster those yearnings after civil liberty, which, when unchained in an evil hour from religion, led to the annihilation of that royal house (the Bourbons), which persecuted the Jansenists, and razed Port Royal to the ground."

The timid professor of Christianity may sometimes, indeed, indulge in desponding views of man, and give up, in disgust at his baseness and ingratitude, every wish and every effort to improve and benefit a race so intractable and fickle as ours; but the spirit from above is an enduring as well as hopeful one, and never relaxes its heaven-lit energies, whilst there is a mind capable of receiving and a memory fit to retain the elements of right thinking as well as of right feeling. In the

world of letters we make use of the few and simple elements of our alphabet to enlighten and strengthen the intellectual powers of man; and in the moral and religious world we use the ideas, motives, and sentiments of the Holy Scriptures to lift up the soul above earthly feelings, and unite it with a leader and a master, who is gentle, and humble, and kind; who did not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice, at the head of a mob, to be heard in the streets, and will continue to quicken mind, and light up heavenly flame in the hearts of his followers, till he send forth, in the end, his noble army of martyrs, and give them a crowning victory. Nearly two thousand years have passed since this great prophet was among men. His enemies (and they were many) combined for his destruction, and, in putting him to death, they vainly imagined that his religious system would die along with him. These doctrines, however, are destined to live and bless the world. Happily they have been caught as they fell from his lips, and been written down in a book, which has truth alone for its matter, and we fearlessly proclaim, "*Magna est hæc veritas et prevalebit.*" These Scriptures are God's testimony against evil in "this dark, dim spot, called earth," and their faithful record of the past, and their predictions as to the future, afford us an abiding confidence that He who laid the plan in wisdom, can, in his own time, give effect to every promise made and every heaven-lighted hope within the breast of man. As the book is not the production of mere human genius, though poets and sages sing and teach wisdom within its varied pages, flippant readers and "lecturers on mechanics" should take care and not mis-read and mis-state its testimony. In the dark ages, the Bible was hid; Popes then were infidels, and an illiterate and fanatical priesthood laboured long and hard to suppress its circulation and intimidate the few scientific minds which, like Galileo's, were trying to burst the bonds of a vulgar superstition, and proclaim liberty of thought and speech for the enslaved nations of Europe. Truth at length prevailed, and the lights of science

and of revelation are now united in looking into the heavens, and fathoming the depth of space; whilst the researches of the geologists are bringing up truth from beneath, and both time and space alike testify to the power and majesty of the Divine Architect. It was once thought that the Bible could not be made to agree with the discoveries of the astronomer, and poor Galileo had to recant the honest sentiments of his heart to escape the horrors of the inquisition; but in our day Galileo's ideas are received and adopted and lauded by even Dr. Cahill himself. So much for the infallibility as well as the unanimity of the self-applauding Catholic Church! The same will likely be found true about the facts of geology. It is pretended that Moses knew nothing at all of geology; and a flippant lecturer has, on a late occasion in Belfast, had the hardihood to enunciate such a view of the Mosiac account of the creation, and misrepresent the inspired author of the Book of Genesis, as if he wrote wholly by chance or guess, without any certain knowledge of the facts recorded. Dr. Cahill is reported to be an eloquent man; but many a flippant orator has spouted rank nonsense or even blasphemy, before him. Let the pious reader of the Bible treasure up that inspired book in his memory, and wait till time, the best interpreter, reveals the true meaning of the words used by Moses. It is the combining aright of the scattered intimations of this ancient record that makes the difference between the cautious expositor of our day, and the vulgar and odious theologian of the dark ages. The salt of truth is always found to exist in this inspired book; and it is a wretched system of logical training which can bring a man to hazard the assertion that God, who spoke by the tongue and pen of Moses, knew nothing of the state of the earth in that long period known as "the beginning," which must have elapsed before there was a man to see and admire the wonderful works of God. Amid all the changes of ethical and religious belief, the authoritative enunciations of God's word remain fixed and unchanged; but we require all the aids of letters and of science, combined with an

humble, believing mind, to penetrate the past and explore the distant and the future. "Placed as we are on a planet, which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; and treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling on the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn from reason the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation."

Of this doomed system, now in its wane, we may truly say in the words of a well-known author, "Upon the Church of Rome have come at last the loathsome infirmities that usually attend the close of a dissolute life; she, who once lived deliciously, and courted kings to her couch, is now mocked, and hated in her wrinkles; every ear into which she would whisper an obsequious petition, is averted from the steam of her corrupted breath!" Now are we likely to see fulfilled the predictions of prophecy, and this antiquated system (a disgusting mixture of truth and error, of orthodoxy in name and profession, but of wild and ferocious cruelty in practice) may soon meet a sudden and overwhelming catastrophe. The Protestants of Ireland have not forgotten the cruelty and massacres of 1641; and the brave Piedmontese had to suffer, in 1655, a similar persecution for their religion. The following account of that massacre deserves a place here:—

"In 1655, just fourteen years after the massacre in Ireland, the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piedmont to embrace Popery or quit their country; all who remained, and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre; those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, by which nearly forty thousand pounds were collected. The persecution was suspended; the duke recalled his army; and the surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were reinstated in their cottages and the peaceable exercise of their

religion." Milton's mind, busied with this affecting subject, broke forth in one of his finest sonnets; it is written in a fine strain of poetry, and expresses a wish, or rather a prophecy, which is being fulfilled in our day, just two hundred years after the massacre in the valleys—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

The King of Sardinia has, in our day, proclaimed liberty of speech to all his Piedmontese subjects; and as freedom is the inborn desire of every noble spirit, the heart of Italy is now bursting to enjoy that liberty which this pseudo-prophet has so long denied his vassals, and which will now produce a struggle that may lay in ruins his tottering throne. In this way it is that truth and righteousness exalt all the Protestant nations throughout the earth; whilst Popery and spiritual despotism check the free exercise of the mental faculties, and damp and crush the generous feelings and holy affections of the good and the wise. The strength of Popery lies in the fanaticism of the uneducated population of the earth, who know nothing of letters and science, and, of course, have no understanding, or taste, or feeling. Credulity and superstition are the characteristics of the system; the blind devotees worship they know not what; their clergy can think for them; to doubt, according to the priest's views, endangers their salvation; on the contrary, the Bible is an appeal to the common sense and

feeling of the human race ; and it begins with bringing the trifler to know himself, and, having fixed his wandering imagination on the realities of life, impels the soul onward in the right course, by motives drawn from proper views of man and his immortal destiny. The book that embodies all these principles is from heaven, and it conducts thither by slow but sure steps : it brings out mind, and that alone is education, where mind is touched and quickened and brought out in all its noble faculties. The best way to look at Popery and its effects, is to pass in review all the countries where the Bible was excluded at the Reformation, three hundred years ago. Look at Spain, with its imbeciles, swarming with priests, and desolate for the want of taste and moral feeling among its brigands and uneducated peasantry ; look at the Spanish possessions in America, and those countries there that were conquered and colonized by the Spanish rulers and people under the reigns of Ferdinand the Catholic, and Isabella, and the Emperor Charles V. All are now nearly lost to Spain, and this is owing to the want of a proper literary and scientific education. The Bible, for its expulsion from Spain, is at length avenged, and the decrepitudes of old age are come on the Spanish nation. The same is true of Italy. The classical soil of her who was once the mistress of the civilized world, and sent forth her invincible armies, led by a race of patriots and freemen, is now trodden down and oppressed by foreigners ; the very nations, which Rome once conquered, and gloried in their prostration, are now invited by her sovereign pontiff to coerce, *vi et armis*, the outgoings of the Italian mind in its love for freedom and Bible Christianity. This freedom is the natural effect of the teaching of the Bible ; it is the offspring of education ; and until the laws that bind the material world are repealed, this law will bind in the world of mind ; on the contrary, licentiousness is ever found connected with ignorance of the ideas and motives of the Bible ; and mob violence and misrule are oftener found in Popish countries than among a people who are purely Pro-

testant, and unmixed with Papists. It is the Bible, "rightly interpreted," that has raised the Protestant churches, all over the world, to be the lights in science as well as in morals. We take no notice of the pseudo-Protestants of our own and of other lands; it is only when the sun shines that we can perceive the shadows, and these pseudos are made visible in all their mental and moral obliquities and malignity, when they are thrown into the shade in all their native deformity, by the lustre of such high intellectual and spiritual endowments as God bestowed on such divines as the Bedells and the Halls of by-gone ages, and the Chalmerss and D'Aubignes of our own.

It is from this quarter that Rome has always drawn her strongest arguments to attack the citadel of Protestantism, and the freedom that it glories in. When freedom is perverted into licentiousness, both of thinking and acting, then we have it abused, and the abuse of anything will lead eventually to the loss of it. The abuse of liberty may be seen in the licentiousness of the tongue and of the pen; but certainly the libertine and the infidel are no solid argument with any but imbeciles, for denying the good and the wise that discretion in the management of their own minds and acts which the Bible secures; and without which, men would be nothing better than mere puppets, to be used by crafty priests and selfish democrats as their tools, in carrying out their own schemes of self-aggrandisement and oppression. The greatest enemies the Protestant religion has, in this country and America, are these pseudos, who are united in an unholy alliance with Popish priests and revolutionary demagogues, in trying to undermine the popular faith, in the sufficiency as well as efficiency of the Holy Scriptures for all practical purposes in this life, as well as for preparing us for the life to come—

"But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean, when they cry liberty;

For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood."

At the foot of the Alps, on the Italian side of this "snowy girdle," that so long screened the sunny plains of Northern Italy from the ancient Gaul, and the invading foe from the North, there exists a time-honoured church, who are known from their locality, lying along the base and up the sides of the Alps, by the name of Piedmontese, or the people living at the foot of the Alps. There they have lived from time immemorial, and cherished their ancestral love for fatherland, their bibles, and their freedom. When all the world lay dormant under the power of a debasing superstition, these noble witnesses stood erect on their Alpine heights, and refused, again and again, to come down from their moral and religious elevation, and mingle among the gay image-worshippers that revelled in the cities of low-lying Italy. Oppression, cruelty, expatriation, and massacre, were all employed against these invincible witnesses for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ: but no weapon raised against them prevailed; they fled into their mountain fastnesses, and there God kept them separate, and fed them by his word and providence for the long period of one thousand years and more; and now these brave highlanders are coming forth among us with their open Bibles, and free and generous hearts; and by their thrilling narratives of persecutions endured for their love of truth, these heroic sufferers are proving, in the face of Europe, that truth and freedom are twin-born children of Bible education; and that, as truth is great, and must, in the long run, prevail, so will the Bible eventually succeed in emancipating not only Sardinia but the whole of the far-famed and classical Italy itself. The Waldensian church will now have their revenge (and it is a noble one) for the massacre of their forefathers in the time of Cromwell, whose secretary, Milton, foretold, on the sure promise of God, that the blood of the martyrs will prove to be the seed of

the Protestant church in Italy, as the poet has beautifully expressed it—

"Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

For the downfall of this nefarious confederacy, leagued against the civil as well as the religious rights and liberty of mankind, the Protestant churches all over the world should unite. In their union their strength lies; take that away, and their giant strength is gone. Popery, as a mental delusion, resting on fallacies and quibbling, must be detected and held up to the gaze and disgust of mankind; and for this service, Protestantism can send forth a host of intellectual giants, whose skill in languages, and in the nice interpretation of the words and phrases of the Bible, will enable them to fix the true meaning of those ambiguous terms, which have hitherto tended to confuse the minds of liberal Protestants as well as of liberal Catholics. The next service to be rendered is the exposure of the "perversions" of Christianity, which were introduced by Popery in the dark ages, when men were sleeping. The battles of the Iconoclasts should be recorded. This controversy began in A.D. 726, and led to a rupture between Pope Gregory II. and the Greek Emperor, Leo III., named the Isaurian, who destroyed all the images he could find in Constantinople in A.D. 736. This conflict between the Popes of Rome and the Emperors raged with great violence till the year A.D. 843, when the worship of images was finally restored by the Empress Theodora. From an outline of the disputes, and hatreds, and wars between the Greek and Latin Churches, centuries before the Protestant Reformation took place, the world may see that the Papal system is a bloody and vindictive one; and that the only means given to us to destroy its baneful influence over the minds of its dupes, is to educate the people, and, with the

knowledge of letters, to combine the ideas and sentiments of the Bible, without which any mere combination of words is nothing more than a mockery, a delusion, and a snare to unwary souls.

The Piedmontese witnesses, at this day, will render us essential service in the North of Italy; and as the King of Sardinia has thrown off all slave-like subserviency to the mere *dictum* or orders of the Pope, there is hope that, in the course of years, the principles of the Vaudois will prevail, and Italy, in all its length, be emancipated from the cruel wrongs inflicted on a fine people by an antiquated system of civil as well as religious teaching and government. From the North of Italy the Waldensians will descend, at the appointed hour and way required, and convey to their fellow-men the joy of heart which restored homes and altars free ever bring. Of these watchers on their mountain heights, it has been finely and touchingly sung—

“ We are watchers of a beacon,
Whose light shall never die;
We are guardians of an altar,
’Mid the silence of the sky.
For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp and rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart’s burial sod;
For the strength of our hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father’s God.
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou didst fix their ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler’s foot ne’er trod;
For the strength of these hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father’s God.”

It is in this way that the Bible has kept its testimony for its author, pure and intact among the manifold corruptions of mankind; and in this sacred book is still preserved an antidote to counteract all the mischievous conceits and illusions that

have so long bewildered the imaginations of men. In both a moral and social point of view, the Bible and its "right interpretation" are the true conservators of the peace and stability of our country as well as of our churches.

The Christian religion is happily preserved amid all the changes of opinions and revolutions in empires, the same to-day as it was when it was committed to writing by apostles and prophets, who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; and as long as the Bible is kept as it should be, free from mis-interpretations and the mischievous intermeddlings of pedants and ecclesiastics, these holy writings will keep the mind and heart of them that know them free from the corrupting influences of a world that lieth in wickedness. Let us have the new and the old bound up together, without those spurious ideas of foreign growth, which meet our eyes as we pass in review the political history of the five hundred years which passed away between Malachi and Matthew. This was the darkening period of the Jewish state and church, when its great lights were gone, and all the malign feelings of a degenerate people found vent in political changes and social ruin. These sacred writings were and are still kept with extraordinary zeal, as far as the mere words and letters go, by the critical diligence of Jew and Christian. But from the history of past ages we are taught the needful lesson, that a man may have read these sacred books without taste to relish, and emotion to feel their depth and power; nay, they may be perverted and corrupted so far as to *seem* to sanction doctrines and practices the most absurd and pernicious. What is called the religion of "opinion" is liable to change with the men that hold and propagate their own mischievous conceits, in place of the pure inflexible teachings of the oracles of truth. In fact, there are in our own day not a few who neutralize the truth by the intermixture of the poison of error in the medium which conveys it to the mind, and "make void the Word of God by their traditions." The ambiguity of language, the various meanings that differing minds

may attach to the same words, the want of intellectual power in noisy and superficial preachers, the technical terms of hot-headed and unreasoning demagogues, not to speak of the interests of sect and party, all combine to stir up strife and religious rancour in the Christian Church, and harden infidels in their malignity, who are delighted to see and magnify our unfortunate differences, which generally end in alienations and bitter animosities. The improved system of interpretation, the strict method of analysis in fixing the various meanings of words, hitherto ambiguous, and the honest resolve to take nothing on mere hearsay; but to weigh even words in the balance of a rightly-adjusted mind, all tend, in this age of ours, toward union and peace; and the time may come, even in the lifetime of the many noble-minded veterans among us, when they will rejoice to see in the free spirit and indomitable zeal of our youthful ministers, the reward of their long and earnest contendings for those great scripture-principles which were disowned and trodden down during the rage for new-fashioned modes of faith, and the easy and yielding doctrines which lurk under the names of Arianism and its cold-hearted brother, Socinianism.

In a healthy state of the Christian community, the maladies of the human soul shall be healed; and the renovated church, built on the foundation which prophets and apostles have laid deep in the moral and intellectual nature of man, shall rise above the petty bickerings and unmanly strife of past ages, and go forth in all its pristine vigour to clear the Christian field of those vain boasters and pretenders to "apostolic succession," who neither know nor feel the power of their sublime writings. This can be done by the force of truth, wielded by a mind that holds it with a firm grasp, and propagated with a good temper and gentleness of manner and feeling, such as the venerable Bedell manifested during his long and faithful ministry, and crowned the whole with the patience, and fortitude, and resignation of a Christian hero. His was a spirit,

not of fear and unmanly timidity in the hour of peril and in the face of death, for God had bestowed on him the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. The factions, who were engaged in that disgraceful outrage, pretended to be actuated by pure motives and zeal for what they called "the Catholic church." Their hatred to the Bible was manifested in their burning of the bibles, and shouting over the bonfire, "A plague on it, this book hath bred all the quarrel." That quarrel did not end there. It is still continued, and must of course be continued till Ireland's unlettered and neglected children are taught to read, and know, and love the simple and pure doctrines of that holy book. Popish priests are, for many reasons, opposed not so much to the Bible (for they, too, have the Bible, but with this significant difference, that theirs is a "shut" Bible, ours is an "open" one), as to the revelations which the Bible makes of their additions, perversions, and corruptions of primitive Christianity. These corruptions began early, crept in slowly, and were eventually palmed on the world as the teachings of the apostles and of certain so-called "fathers" of the church. The mock-apostles of modern times arrogated to themselves the power of altering laws, human as well as divine, and of interpreting the Holy Scriptures in such an *outré* manner as to make them teach the very opposite of what they literally do. Picture-worship, or the use of them, among Greeks and Romanists, is a flagrant violation of an express command; and the testimony of the Bible is so express and so emphatic against any form of idol-worship, that it is a wonder how the thing was at first introduced, or that images are now suffered to pollute the holy place. The expulsion of the Bible, or the shutting it up in the dead languages, was the means used to effect this ruinous change. Then followed the introduction of the saints of the calendar, and the worship of the Virgin, known in our day by the name of "Mariolatry." Other changes followed apace. Literature was neglected and forgot amid the clash of arms; and when Europe awoke, after

a spiritual sleep of more than a thousand years, she found the Christian church invaded by a host of strange gods; images, which men had made to bow down to and humble themselves to the works of their own hands, were every where to be seen by the bodily eye, whilst the Great Spirit was gone, and in the mental gloom men worshipped they knew not what. Palestine, the land of prophets and apostles, was lost to the degenerate Christians; and the fanatical followers of an impostor, rightly called "the False Prophet," took the Holy City in 637, and erected a mosque on the very site of Solomon's Temple. The fanaticism of the "False Prophet" was communicated to his generals and successors, who were bent on conquest, and fired with the idea of doing God service, by slaying the Christian image-worshippers and destroying their idols. With the Bible departed intelligence, manly feeling, patriotism, and eloquence, and the degenerate Greeks fell at last an easy prey into the hands of the proudest of the Ottomans. For this captivity the Greeks were long in training. It took nearly a thousand years to revolutionise the East; men and manners underwent many a change; and the frequent massacres and revolutions about the throne show, pretty plainly, that the Bible and its teachings were little known in the proud city of the Cæsars. "In their lowest servitude," says the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "the Greeks were possessed of a golden key, that could unlock the treasures of antiquity; of a musical and prolific language, that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy; but these advantages only tend to aggravate the reproach and shame of a degenerate people. They held in their lifeless hands the riches of their fathers, without inheriting the spirit which had created and improved that sacred patrimony. They read, they praised, they compiled; but their languid souls seemed alike incapable of thought and action. In the revolution of ten centuries, not a single discovery was made to exalt the dignity or promote the happiness of mankind. Not a

single idea has been added to the speculative systems of antiquity; and a succession of patient disciples became in their turn the dogmatic teachers of the next servile generation. Not a single composition of history, philosophy, or literature, has been saved from oblivion by the intrinsic beauties of style or sentiment, or original fancy, or even of successful imitation. The minds of the Greeks were bound in fetters of a base and imperious superstition, which extends her dominion round the circle of profane science. Their understandings were bewildered in metaphysical controversy; in the belief of visions and miracles, they had lost all principles of moral evidence; and their taste was vitiated by the homilies of the monks, an absurd medley of declamation and scripture. Even these contemptible studies were no longer dignified by the abuse of superior talents; the leaders of the Greek Church were humbly content to admire and copy the oracles of antiquity, nor did the schools or pulpit produce any rivals of the fame of Athanasius and Chrysostom." It is quite evident that Christianity is not the cause of this state of things; learning cannot, with any fairness, be held responsible for the eccentricities of smatterers; nor can the Bible, which has fed and nourished so many of the excellent of the earth, be made to answer for the aberrations of so many of the perverse and froward children of darkness. Like a pure stream, issuing from an exhaustless fountain, which hides its head among unknown regions, this precious volume rolls on from age to age, enriching, enlarging, and making fertile the various nations which it reaches; and though for a time the river hides itself, and disappears among fens or beneath the ground, yet it will emerge again pure and free, to hold on its resistless course toward the ocean. When Christianity died out in the East for want of minds to comprehend and transmit it, the Bible passed Westward to the learned men of Reformation times. They took off its seals and set it free; and in the course of two centuries and a-half, the ideas and sentiments of this sacred volume have spread over the

British islands, and "our pilgrim fathers" have carried with them its imperishable doctrines, and transplanted them beyond the Atlantic, in the virgin soil of New England. Around these precious truths, the whole Protestant Church, over the length and breadth of the American continent, stand in full armour, ready to contend earnestly for the faith (that system of saving truths) which was once delivered to the saints, and we have no fear for the issue of the conflict. They only have reason to fear whose combinations are all wrong, and who, by a perverse and disingenuous method of combining the words of Scripture, make them speak the very reverse of what they convey to sound minds and honest men. Against this "handling of the word of God deceitfully," honest, as well as truly learned men, have from time to time raised their noble testimony; and the united testimony, as well as the fervent, energetic prayer of all the Protestant churches of the world, will eventually prevail, and then shall that "lawless" one (*anomos*) be unmasked and exposed to universal contempt,—

"Whom the Lord shall consume by the spirit of his mouth,
And destroy by the bright shining of his spiritual presence."

And now that the return of peace is opening to us the minds as well as the lands of the Turks, let us give them tangible proof that the Christian religion, in its original form, is not responsible for the picture-worship, which they loath and hate. This we can do by sending them the commandment that forbids image-worship under any form; and when the barriers of ages and creeds are taken out of the way, prejudices will give way, and the light, and liberty, and friendly feeling that are found in Protestant England, will spread through the wide and desolate regions that have long languished under the thralldom of Turkish superstition. And as to the classic soil of Italy, once the land of the free and the brave, but now, alas! the hot-bed that swarms with the noisome progeny of an emasculate Christianity, we would hail the dawn of that

glorious emancipation, which would strike off the fetters from the Italian mind, and, letting free the human soul, declare liberty to the captives, by shutting up for ever the dungeons of the inquisition. It is this bad system of teaching and of government that must be destroyed; and as Popery refuses to be reformed, it seems to be the will of heaven that it shall be ultimately destroyed, and then the symbolic language of the Apocalypse shall be literally fulfilled, the pseudo-prophet, and the wild masses, the Therion of Revelation, shall be cast into the lake of fire. "And I saw," saith the seer, "the wild beast (Therion) and the kings of the earth and their armies, gathered together to make war against him that sat on the horse, and against his army. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet, that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone." During this conflict (and it may have to last for ages yet to come), the controversy lies between the false and the true, and the issues of life and death remain with him who was once on earth, and had to battle with false-hearted and cruel men. His word is now the matter in dispute, and we know well that it will eventually prevail. But during the period of the controversy, Christ's foes will be fierce and bloody, and desperate in their efforts to gain the victory. Their right hand shall be a "bloody one," and their forehead shall be stamped with brazen impudence, that can deny the truth and defend the wrong. The Ribbonmen in Ireland, and "the Pope's brass band" in Parliament, give a fine illustration of "the mark in the forehead" (the seat of intellect and benevolence, beaming "in the human face divine") and in the "right hand," "the blood-red hand" of Ulster, and the rebellions and massacres there have left us a standing memorial of the true spirit of Popery, which no laws of God or man can tame and humanize.

HINTS FOR THE SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT OF
IRELAND.

IRELAND has been long known for the turbulence of a large section of its Celtic population, and the propensity for rioting is so strong in the natives of Ireland that it continues with them after they leave the country; and in Great Britain and America the wild Irish are marked men, and shunned and hated on account of their bad manners and bad feelings. The Americans, of our day, have got no little annoyance in their cities and large towns by the enormous rush upon their shores of the exiles of Erin, flying their miserable cabins to escape the starvation and death which the potato blight has brought upon the Irish. Their turbulence, both at home and abroad, is a matter of history, and in the new "Word-Book," published first by Dr. Webster, of America, the term "rowdy" appears, and it is noted in the dictionary as "an American trivial word," and means "a riotous, turbulent fellow;" of course "Paddy from Cork" is the hero, with his shillelagh brandished, that gave rise to this new word; and the misfortune is, that the respectable people of Ireland suffer, in the estimation of foreigners, by the traits and stories of the Irish peasantry in books of travel regarding the strange sayings and doings of the wild Irish or rowdies, and invidious comparisons are often drawn between the poor despised Irishman and his more fortunate fellow-labourer in England. Human nature, however, in its rude state, is much the same in every land; and the Irishman, like others, requires the gentle hand and the kind heart of the Christian and the philanthropist to cool down his ardent temperament, curb his excitable spirit, and humanise his warm feelings by acts of generous and disinterested benevolence. Like the soil which lies neglected under his careless tread, poor Paddy's mind needs culture and care; but his heart is suscep-

tible of noble sentiments, and his affections are tender as they are warm and lasting. This is seen in the tens of thousands of pounds that are coming home yearly from the exiles to their poor friends left behind them in Ireland. The following tribute, paid by the poet Barton to the Irish maiden's attachment to her "own green isle" is true to the letter, and fully equal to Sir Walter Scott's famous lines on his love of Caledonia, so "stern and wild":—

" Though lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur reigns ;
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains ;
When 'mid their charms I wander,
Of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own green isle !

While many who have left thee
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me
Of its endearing claim :
Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still mavourneen,
My own green isle !

Fair as the glittering waters
Thy emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh, there are hearts within thee
Which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee,
My own green isle !

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Mavourneen, though unseen ;
Bright be the sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green ;
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee,
My own green isle !

This, however, is the bright side of the picture, and the opposite is dark enough, indeed; the traveller who visits our fairs and markets, and is frightened by a faction fight or an Irish row, is glad to make his escape from what he calls a land of turbulent and fanatical men, who fight and murder for the veriest trifle, and rest not till they have revenge, often fatal to the unsuspecting victims of their hate. "Fire water," or burning spirits, are the incentives to a great deal of this murderous fray; and the facilities of getting whiskey in town and country are the main occasions, if not the real causes, of quarrels in the streets and roads, and murderous attacks on the objects of their hate. The fact is, whiskey, in Ireland, is demoralising the lower classes to a fearful extent, and where tippling and drunken habits reign among the uneducated and depraved, all moral influences are plied in vain. For the few thousands gained to the revenue by the sale of ardent spirits, the country is paying immense sums for jails, and judges, and lawyers, all of which would be nearly idle, were it not for the "rowdies" and their quarrels, thefts, and murders. Besides, we have beyond ten thousand able-bodied police, with some forty stipendiary magistrates, whose services are rendered absolutely necessary to keep in order the wild Irish of the day; and it is the experience of these peace preservers that, were it not for the sale and frequent use of ardent spirits, the country would enjoy quiet, and security to life and property, all of which are now imperilled by those unfortunate men, who waste time, and money, and good feeling, in frequenting the dram shops that everywhere abound through this land of brawlers and drunkards. The publican's trade ought to be a lucrative one, for it is costing the country dearly for its establishment, as one of the sources of revenue in Ireland. The following is a fair description of the public-house trade:—

"They are licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the wise man low;

Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,
And make the children's tears to flow.
Licensed to work thy neighbour harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife,
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.
Licensed to waste the country's wealth,
By filling union-house and jail;
To sap the workman's strength and health,
Which he and his shall sore bewail.
Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To spread disease, want, rags, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit men for a hell below !"

One step for the improvement of the social condition of Ireland would be the closing at once of all mere dram-shops, where this deleterious drug is sold, not in its purity, but mixed, as it must be, by these pauper-venders to gain a living, with water or some burning poison. Were the Celtic population sober and wise, there would be no necessity for the laws to interpose between them and their will; but something should be done to stop the desolating scourge of intemperance, which is spreading from the lower to the higher orders of society, and which must ultimately demoralise and ruin the nation. Intemperance is producing baneful results among the uneducated and irreligious masses in both England and Scotland, and to put it down will require the united efforts of all good and humane men in every portion of the British empire. The throne of our gracious Sovereign is imperilled by its spread, as no one could govern a nation of drunkards. Agitation (*i.e.* political agitation) is another fruitful source of bad feeling and crime. Without the two and a-half millions of uneducated human beings still in Ireland, the priest and the demagogue would scold, and abuse, and denounce in vain; give these rude masses the elements of right thinking and good feeling, and to a peace-loving and industrious population the political mendicant would speech in vain. In our day agitation has ceased; the fire is dying out for want of fuel to feed it, or men to fan

into a flame the morbid feeling that still lurks within the Celtish heart. To bring Celt and Saxon to live together in peace and happiness within the same land, they both must be trained in the same way of thinking, and they must have their feelings softened by the gentle influences of that hallowed Bible, whose glorious truths bring a countless multitude of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, to stand before the throne; and when it has made them good subjects to him that sitteth upon the throne in heaven, it brings them also into a loyal and faithful state of mind to the sovereign on earth, whose rule is the reign of peace and good order, and whose laws protect the widow and orphan, whilst they curb the proud and licentious oppressors of earth.

Instead, therefore, of crying, as Lord Anglesey once did, "agitate, agitate, agitate," we would suggest to our rulers to educate; but educate in the knowledge of revealed truth, and not in that mockery of Christianity which has left more than two millions of the native Irish in entire ignorance of letters and writing, and yet inculcates into their dark minds that they are the only true Christians in the land, and that Protestants are heretics and to be damned! It is an outrage on both common sense and good feeling, to even mention such an atrocious sentiment; and yet the Irish fanatical priests have so successfully inculcated that dangerous creed among the Celtic population, that it is found as strong at this day as it was in the days of Bishop Bedell, when they boasted that they would be only doing God service by ridding the island of all heretics! We have thus combined in Ireland two elements of mischief, the never-failing source of trouble to men and states, the political agitator and the fanatical priest, who stir up and keep burning the malign feelings of wicked and turbulent men. To meet these, statesmen (many and great) have plied all their powers of intriguing, and coaxing, and bullying. For the last thirty years Ireland was continually on the verge of insurrection, and, strange to tell, our rulers could not see that the want of

education, and its consequent right-feeling, was the thing which gave priest and demagogue all their baneful influence. To give the country peace, this outrageous piece of effrontery must be exposed, and the odious dogmas of Popery banished from the feelings of men, and the genuine teachings of the Bible be enforced by all moral means on the minds and affections of the Celtish race. With a right education will come social order, and a love for peace, and the arts of social life; and in this free country, where all are trusted as if they were true and loyal men (till they show the contrary), time, and patience, and forbearance will effect a gradual but sure social change, and, in the course of years, agitation and revolutionary schemes will become known only as a matter of history, like the insurrections, forays, and rebellions which we have drawn forth in these pages from their hiding-places. The murders, plottings, and contemplated revolution of Dan. O'Connell and the Young Irelanders, will be recorded as warnings for a future age, against all attempts to dissolve the union of Great Britain and Ireland. In the meantime, as there remain still in the island the elements of social mischief and change, I shall close the warnings which are given in the preceding pages, by inserting here the well-known passage in Cicero's oration for Sextius, and I venture to recommend its political principles to the Conservatives of the British empire. These principles are as useful and as needful to-day as they were in Cicero's age, nearly two thousand years ago, and we have in Ireland the counterparts of the Catalines, Clodiuses, and other demagogues in Cicero's times, who brought ruin on the Roman Commonwealth, and overthrew the free constitution of the country—

"There have always been," says this eloquent statesman, "two kinds of citizens in this state, who were desirous of engaging and distinguishing themselves in public affairs; of these, the one wished to be accounted, and to be in reality, democrats, or popularity-men; the other aristocrats (*i.e.* the best men in the state). Those who wished to render their

words and actions pleasing to the multitude, were accounted democrats; but those who so conducted themselves as to recommend their measures to every good and respectable man among the citizens, were accounted aristocrats (*i.e.* the best men in the state). What, then, ought to be the object, what the aim of these governors of the state in steering their course? That, surely, which is most excellent, and by all sober-minded and good and opulent citizens most desirable, to maintain 'tranquillity with dignity.' But of this 'tranquil dignity,' these are the foundations, these the compartments, which ought to be maintained by the principal citizens, and defended even at the hazard of life. Religious establishments, both moral and ceremonial, the powers of the magistrates, the authority of parliament, the statute and common law, the administration of justice, the municipal jurisdiction, the public faith, the government of the provinces, foreign alliances, the glory of the empire, the military establishments, the finances. To defend and patronise concerns so various and important, is the province of great magnanimity, great talents, and great energy and consistency; for in so immense a mass of citizens, great is the multitude of those, who, through consciousness of guilt and fear of punishment, seek new commotions and convulsions in the state; or who, from a certain implanted frenzy of mind, are nourished by civil discord and sedition; or who, from embarrassment of their family affairs, wish rather to burn out gradually in the general conflagration than immediately in their own. Whenever such miscreants can find abettors and leaders of their schemes and enormities, then storms are excited in the state; so that they who have assumed the helm of their country ought to be vigilant, ought to exert all their skill and diligence, by preserving those foundations and compartments, which I mentioned a little before, to be enabled to hold on their course, and reach that desirable port of 'tranquillity and dignity.'

" Were I, judges, to deny that this is a course, either rugged,

or arduous, or perilous, or beset with snares, I should be a liar; especially since it has been not only my constant conviction, but what I have felt myself more than others. For the commonwealth is assailed by greater forces and resources than it is defended; because daring and desperate men are impelled by a nod, and are readily incited, even of their own accord, to attack the commonwealth; while the well-affected, by some unaccountable fatality, are too tardy, and, neglecting the beginning of innovation, are at length excited toward the extremity by downright necessity; so that sometimes by tardiness and procrastination, while they wish to retain tranquillity, even without dignity, themselves lose both!"

Ireland has, unhappily, been agitated from age to age by a succession of uneducated and turbulent fanatics. These demagogues have had address enough to palm themselves upon the people as "honest men" and "true patriots;" and they have, from time to time, incited the Irish to outrages and crimes, and every half century has had its "rising," or an attempt at rebellion. Nothing can effectually put down agitation, both in the chapels and on the platform, but a thorough scriptural education; and this the priests and their partizans are resolved on hindering, if they have the power. For this end, Protestants, of all shades of political and religious sentiment, should unite. In their union lies their strength. There is nothing the Irish priests dread so much as a united effort among Protestants to detach from them the illiterate masses that crowd their chapels on the Sunday. It is no matter to them how ignorant, and rude, and outrageous these mobs are, if they only cling to their spiritual guides, the priests of Rome in Ireland!

The struggle is an old one, and likely to last for some ages to come. We have little faith in "mere words" to change the disposition, tastes, and habits of the illiterate masses in the country. Our hope lies in the proper training of the young; and over their education the Irish priests are watching with a nervous apprehension, that their power is done as soon as the

Irish mind is touched, and the feelings of the heart purified by the light, and joy, and kindness which Bible Christianity communicates. The fostering in the country of a class of men, who are, by education, taste, and interest, pledged to obstruct the "right training" of any portion of her Majesty's subjects, is a rather perilous experiment in politics; and is in direct opposition to a Christian precept, which forbids "to do evil," in the vain hope "that good may come;" and on this ground it is, that the Christian people of Great Britain and Ireland should continue "to protest" against the education, at the public cost, of any set of men, who are sworn to obey the orders of a foreign potentate, who claims the authority to stir up rebellion in Protestant states, and issues "bulls" dethroning Protestant sovereigns, and absolving Roman Catholics from their allegiance. It is on this ground impolitic, as well as unchristian, to endow and continue to support Maynooth College, which is the only establishment for the education of paupers, at the public expense, within the British empire. We would have no objection to endow professors for the teaching of Irish youth, were we sure those professors were loyal men, and disowned and repudiated ultramontane dogmas; but it is monstrous to take £20,000 a-year out of the public treasury, and with that money clothe, feed, and lodge some two hundred pauper students at Maynooth, not one-tenth of whom could ever have been brought forward to the priesthood, had it not been for this ill-fated grant to Maynooth. The time is now come to return to right principles. Maynooth has had beyond half-a-century to try it; and the result of this conciliation scheme is the flooding of the country with a crowd of half-educated or mis-educated priests, hundreds of whom were ready to rise with O'Connell and the Young Irelanders, in 1848, and clear the island of the very men who were sacrificing principle, and consistency, and conscience itself, to conciliate fanatics, whose religious rancour continues from age to age unchanged and unchangeable. As long as some two or

three millions of the Irish people continue blind to their own temporal interests, and are ready to believe any thing, no matter how absurd, that these priests choose to teach them, the social state of the country will be liable to those fluctuations which have so long retarded its progress; and until these illiterate masses are humanised by education, they must be ruled by a high and firm hand, enforcing obedience to the laws that protect life and property within the island. Until a brighter day dawns on the country, we must try and exercise patience and forbearance, and cherish the hope that even the priests of Rome will one day change their hand and alter their tone, and join in with the best men in the land in their efforts to enlighten, and humanise, and Christianise the Celtish population. In the foregoing pages, we have shown that in all their risings and rebellions, Romish priests and bishops have been leading men and prime movers; and if we wanted evidence of the fact in bygone ages, the events of our own times would prove that the priests of Rome are still the fomenters of discord and the guiding spirits in revolution; should any of these worthies attempt to turn aside the testimony of history against their schemes of aggrandisement and ambition to rule, the facts brought forward in these pages will show that Ireland, whilst under their sole teaching and rule, was full of fierce warriors, whose broils and murders were continued from age to age; and now that the Bible has introduced the light of letters, and the peace and quiet of social life, these fanatics are violently opposed both to the circulation of the Scriptures and the teaching of all Protestant ministers, who are still denounced as heretics, and held up to the odium and unrelenting virulence of these priests and their mobs. The same feeling that exists amongst the Irish in the land of their birth, is continued among them in America, and the various colonies of Great Britain. Thither the Irish or Maynooth-bred pauper-priests follow them; and their turbulence and insurrectionary movements in America have roused up among the native Americans a feeling;

that may eventually lead to their expulsion from the United States. It is absurd to identify the Christian religion with these mock-patriots, who are ever plotting and laying plans for their own power over the dark mind, and through the priest-ridden conscience, over the property of mankind. Christianity disowns now, as it did in the age of its first propagators, all merely political combinations for its furtherance in the world. In the early ages, there were false teachers, and political firebrands, who tried to dupe and mislead the simple and unwary. Both are described and condemned alike in the oracles of truth; and those fanatics felt, in apostolic times, the sword of the victorious Roman conqueror, just as "the wild Irish," in their repeated rebellions, were encountered and overthrown on the field of battle, as well as they were detected in their secret scheming for political changes. With these "wicked men" Christianity holds nothing in common. Her principles disown all falsehood, and lying, and scheming for political aggrandisement. Christianity is identified in this, as in every land, not only with letters and their highest combinations, but with intelligence, and good feeling, and social order, and advancement in all the arts and sciences. With the book of knowledge, "held open," and its healing influences extending over all the faculties of the soul, as well as the emotions and affections of the breast, the religion we profess has nothing to hide and nothing to fear. Its aim is to touch the mind, in order to enlighten and to gain the heart, and to socialise its feelings, and the Bible is thus, literally, like "the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations." In every leaf of this sacred volume there is something adapted to the mind and its wants; and the Bible that comes to man from heaven, is well adapted to raise our fallen nature, and direct our thoughts heavenward, till we are prepared for the society of angels and beatified spirits near the throne.

This book is the grand panacea for all our social maladies. It would cure our itch for novelty, and change, and revolution.

It would teach us to provide things honest in the sight of all men, and not to lie a burthen on the industry of others. It would teach us that ignorance is an evil, and the mother, not of devotion, as it is sometimes alleged in Ireland, but of malignity, and revenge, and crime, and that right knowledge leads to power and social influence, honour on earth, and glory in heaven. The disastrous results of keeping one-third of Ireland's population in profound ignorance of God's word and their duty, are now to be seen after a famine of unexampled endurance and sweep. One-third of the population is gone! and what is to be done with the two and a-half millions of paupers and squatters, that still lie as a useless burthen on the soil of Ireland? So low are these beggars in feeling, and so utterly devoid of energy and spirit to aid themselves, that their best and kindest friends entertain little hope of ever seeing their habits changed, or either mind or body raised to stand erect, and made to look heavenward, and seek light and strength from above. This prostration of the mental faculties; this lowering of all the moral sentiments and feelings, is Ireland's grand difficulty. Without the use of letters, the mind and memory are barren; and without the ideas and sentiments of the Holy Scriptures, the soul is left without one solitary beacon-light in the vast ocean of doubt and idle speculation. From "scepticism" the recoil is towards "credulity." "The too much," and "the too little in belief," are found uniting in opposition to Bible Christianity in Ireland! These uneducated masses thus form the "dark material" for Irish patriots to work upon. They are always complaining and discontented; and as they are led to believe that their hapless condition is to be attributed to the Saxon and the heretic, they are ever talking of change and foreign invasion, and would even now receive with open arms

"Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight
On t'other side th' Atlantic;
They always held them in the right,
But most so, when most frantic."

Among the most effectual remedies for our social diseases, I reckon "colonization." This is no new experiment. It has been tried already in Ireland; and the province of Ulster, once so turbulent and barren, but now become the very garden of Ireland, is proof positive of the sagacity of King James I., when he stated that he would pacify the island, by planting it with his brave and loyal Scotch subjects. America, too, affords us a fine illustration of the happy effects of sending out, as pioneers in the march of civilization, the very best and most courageous men in the land. "The first settlers," says Ames, "of New England were the best of Englishmen, well-educated, devout Christians, and zealous lovers of liberty. There was never a colony formed of better materials." Had the wilds of Connaught been planted two centuries ago with the best of Scotchmen; and their mental and religious habits spread among the uneducated Irish there, the men of Connaught would not at this day be held up as rowdies for the scorn and contempt of the English, when they go over from year to year to reap their harvests. In both ancient and modern times, we find that colonization was the only effectual method for civilizing the earth; and we are greatly mistaken, but it will be found, in the long run, the only sure and permanent mode of taming the wild Irish rowdies of our day, and of putting down at once and for ever disaffection and turbulence in the Emerald Isle, which may thus become, in sober truth,

"The first flower of the earth, and the first gem of the sea."

Through one of the wildest of the nine counties of Ulster—"dear, many ways, to us"—we have taken a long tour; and we now part with it in the fond hope that our "travels through Cavan" may yield the reader as much pleasure as the writer has enjoyed in penning these sketches. In writing them, it has been my aim to remove the reproach of bigotry from the memory of martyrs and Christian heroes, and show how true religion has ever gone hand in hand with solid learning and

genuine liberty, whilst I have attempted to draw lessons of wisdom for the world's use, from history, sacred and profane. This history is not to be treated in a light and trifling spirit. Against the wrong attempted to be done her by the lip-liberals of our day, I have here recorded my solemn protest, and in passing in review the leading incidents of the history of Ulster, I have taken a hint from the historian of the Reformation, who has contrived to revolutionise the empire of history. Of the illustrious Merle D'Aubigne, Dr. M'Crie, the Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, has most appropriately said, "We have all admired the happy art, by which, through the medium of word, pictures, and graphic disposition of historical facts, the author of the "History of the Reformation" has contrived to throw open the hitherto impervious thickets of history into delightful pleasure-grounds, where all may expatiate, and where none can tire." It is thus, by combining "the agreeable" with "the useful," that the truth of history becomes stereotyped in the mind—

"He ceased; but left so charming in their ear
His voice, that listening still, they seem'd to hear."

