

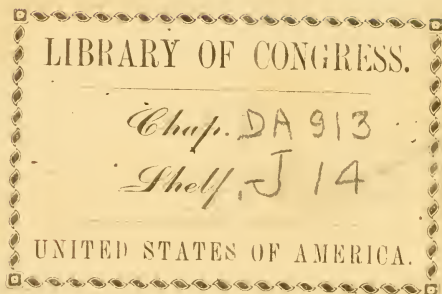
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IRELAND ;

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

With a Glance at the History,

AND CONTRAST OF CHARACTER BETWEEN
THE TEUTONIC, OR SAXON, AND
THE CELTIC RACES.

CONTAINING

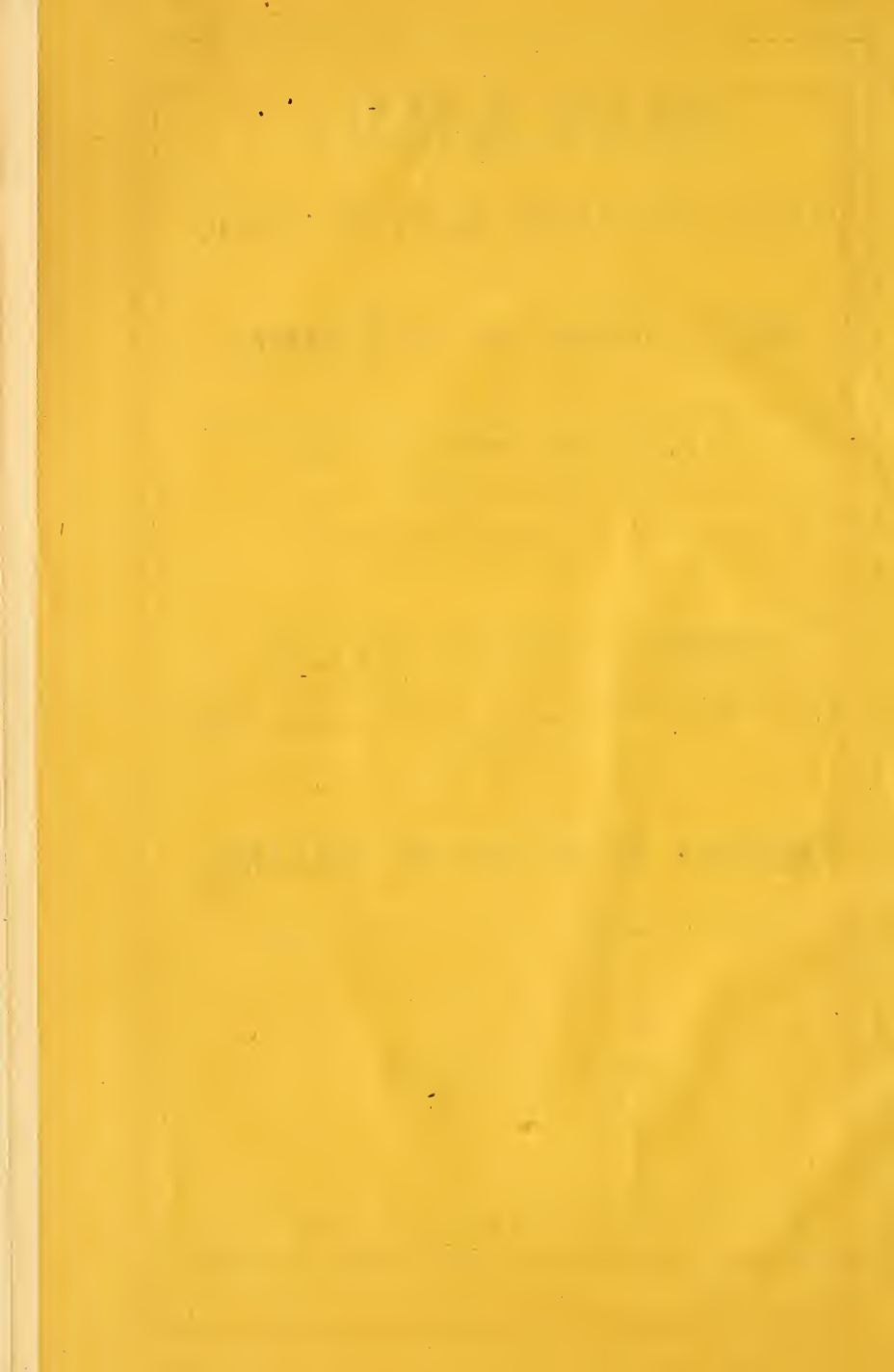
EMMET'S GREAT SPEECH,
THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY OF THE TWO RACES
CONTRASTED,
AND REFLECTIONS UPON THE
PRESENT & FUTURE OF IRELAND.

WITH MUCH INTERESTING HISTORICAL INFORMATION.

Tackling

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

MILWAUKEE: BURDICK, TOWNSEND & CO., PRINTERS.





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CELTIC RACES.

BY R. R. JACKWAY.



MILWAUKEE :

BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE, 167 EAST WATER STREET.
1859.

IRELAND :

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

This subject is replete with all that is great, good and glorious. It is so prolific of thought and research that to do justice to its historic associations, would require volumes; therefore in a small pamphlet you must expect me to be quite desultory in my remarks. It is associated with heroism of such moral grandeur, that it has not been equaled by any other nation in the world; it is associated with self-denial, not recorded in the annals of the history of any other nation; it is associated with the martyrdom of countless millions of the noblest sons and daughters of Ireland, who have in defiance of torture, starvation and death, so nobly adhered to their faith and nationality; it is associated with the achievements of virtue, generosity, joy and happiness, realized under the most adverse circumstances, proving to all minds imbued with the love of truth, that God has caused Ireland to be the means of proving the divinity of His religion more than any other country in the history of the world. Ireland, for her population, has had as bright a galaxy, and great a number as any other nation, of Patriots, Statesmen, Orators and Poets. But they all sink into comparative insignificance when contrasted with her noble sons and daughters, who have renounced the love of this world as the highest end of existence, and have become educators of youth, Angels of Mercy, Apostles, and religious teachers throughout the globe, imparting that consolation, as only our divine religion can, to all that come under its virtuous commands. The most illiterate daughters of Ireland, produced by English legislation, when they endeavor to reduce the people to barbarians, by making it a penal offence for the Priests to impart any knowledge, except what they dictated,—the first offence being a fine, the second, imprisonment, and the third, death,—even this class of exiles from home, living as domestics in different parts of the world, have, by their charity in bestowing large portions of their earnings to render assistance to their aged

parents and younger brothers and sisters, and by their chastity, truth and honesty, caused many converts to Christianity. Then look at another class of Ireland's daughters; those who had the advantages of a liberal education, wealth, refinement, and social position, who have renounced the world with its pomps and blandishments, and united with those various benevolent and religious orders and societies, with which the church abounds, where all the noble faculties of woman's mind and the warm outgoings of her moral and sympathetic nature can be exercised, as educators of youth and angels of mercy, imparting to the sick, lame, and halt, that consolation which only woman can, to the afflicted in the greatest hour of need.

We fear we have commenced with Ireland's present and not with her past condition; therefore we will in a rapid manner glance at Ireland from the time we have any knowledge of its settlement till the present time. Many theories and assumptions exist as regards the old Pagan Celtic Irish. It is quite evident that the country was settled long anterior to the advent of our blessed Lord. Some go back to the time Moses raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and assume that some of those who were healed by looking upon the serpent, emigrated to Ireland; that would carry us back over 3,000 years ago, or some 1,400 years before the Christian Era. But we have nothing that is historically true so far back as that. Others contend that the Phenicians, who were a great commercial people for the time in which they flourished, settled Ireland; that would carry us quite as far back as the other theory. Others contend that the early Greeks settled the country, and others that the old race who occupied Spain, settled the Island. We think the last theory is the true one for two important reasons; in the first place the contiguity of the southern coasts of Ireland, to that of the northern portions of Spain, combined with the similarity of race, makes it presumptive evidence that it was settled by the old Celtic race of Spain. At the present day this similarity of race, is not so evident, because the Irish character, except in some instances in the extreme southern portion of the country, has changed very materially, because of the invasions by a race diametrically opposed in language, type, character, and habits of thought and life; and as this invasion of the Teutonic type, or race, in Ireland in the tenth century led to a considerable amalgamation, the Irish character of to-day is not what it was when Saint Patrick visited the country in the fifth century. The similarity of race consists in this: the Spanish are generous, brave, and extremely sensitive, quick, and excitable. So are the old type of Irish. The great dis-

parity between the old Celtic Irish race and the Teutonic, or Saxon race, is this. The latter are cool, ungenerous, selfish and extremely cruel when fully aroused. They have had longer wars than any other race of people upon the face of the globe. Their good qualities are these: they are truthful, honest, thoughtful and stable. The Celtic race (and when I say the Celtic race, I do not mean the Irish alone, but all the nations of Southern Europe) are noted for those qualities that have caused the production of the fine arts. Their bad qualities are fickleness and instability. Their good qualities are generosity, hilarity, or vivacity, warmth of feeling, easily formed friendship, and great love of the arts. In this contrast we are not speaking of individuals, but of the prevailing qualities as Races. We will, in this connection, make some brief remarks in regard to the divisions, as regards the nationalities and languages these two trunks of the human family have assumed, since the youngest of all the historical races, and the next to the oldest have been known, the youngest being the Teutonic and the other Celtic. The Teutonic are noted as a type in having fair and ruddy complexion, light hair and blue eyes, and the Celtic race with black hair and black eyes. The first we know of the Teutonic race, is in the days of Herodotus, the Greek historian, who lived some 400 years before the advent of our blessed Saviour. They then were only seen few in numbers; they were with the Persians when they invaded Greece. The next we hear of this people was in Julius Cæsar's time. Then they had penetrated that part of Europe called Northern Germany; they were never wholly conquered by the Romans. There they existed in large tribes. Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, makes particular allusion to their blue eyes and light hair, and so does Tacitus, the Roman historian, some two centuries later. And well they might, because in all the history of the human family before Herodotus mentions them, none but those with an entirely different color of hair and eyes had been seen. We come down to the fifth and sixth centuries, and then it is that quite an epoch took place. It was the separation of these tribes in the fifth and sixth centuries from where they were located in Northern Germany. Some of the tribes went south-east, and others north-west. We will mention the former first, then the others. Those who overrun the Roman Empire, the greatest that ever had an existence, were those who went south-east, and they are commonly called the Northern Barbarians. This did not take place till the persecutions had ceased, and the church of God had some time of peace, and opportunity to spread the principles of the Gospel.

The consequence was that nearly all Italy and Gaul, and the extreme southern portion of Germany, were under the influence of the principles of the Gospel as promulgated by the Catholic Church. When these Teutonic tribes came in contact with the people who were the inhabitants of these countries, they were influenced by them to some extent. They finally reached the capital of the Christian world and took possession; they, however, were finally converted to the faith, and settled permanently in the Roman Empire, some contiguous to the city and others more remote. But, in consequence of amalgamation with the Celtic race, in those countries, the blood of the Teutonic race ceased to prevail, and as the people with whom they came in contact, were by nature more artistic than themselves, the result was, and is now, that the people of Southern Germany where the Catholic population of the Germans reside and were born, has more poets, as Schiller, Herder, Jean Paul, Weiland, Goethe, and numerous others; and the same will apply to her great musicians, such as Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and numerous others. Then again look at her best painters and sculptors, as well as architects, and their great buildings. They abound more in Southern Germany than in Northern. But in the northern part where the race is less mixed and more Teutonic, there will be found the birth place, to a greater extent, of her philosophers, such as Kant, Hegel, Victor, Schlegel and others, proving that the Celtic race and those who possessed a predominance of their blood, are more artistic than the Teutonic.

Those tribes who went north-west settled what has become Russia, Lapland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Notwithstanding they have assumed different nationalities and speak different languages, still they are all traceable to the same people as alluded to by Herodotus, the Greek Historian. We will now take up the Celtic type, and trace its history during the last 5000 years. Then, as Egyptians, they ruled and controlled the three other types, the Negro, Mongolian and Copper colored races: the Teutonic not being known in history. This Celtic type has assumed many languages and nationalities. In ancient times they assumed the names of Egyptians, Assyrians, Phenicians, Jews, Babylonians, Carthagenians, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks and Romans; in modern times Italians, Spanish, French, Portuguese and Irish. It matters but little what one of these ancient nations the Pagan Irish emanated from; suffice it to say that they evidently sprang from one of these; and as their characters are more in accordance with the Spanish, we therefore have concluded that they were their ancient progeni-

tors. One remark about this race, then we will proceed with Ireland, from the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain, till the present time. We have found by observation, that as this race possesses a finer texture of hair, fairer complexion and more symmetrical features, the character becomes more exalted. See the Castilian Spanish in this respect, and also the best educated class of the Irish. Mr Thackeray says, that the handsomest class of people in the world in manners and in personal appearance are the real gentlemen and ladies of Ireland. We will now proceed with the historical aspect of Ireland, but in so doing, we must include in our remarks England, Scotland and Wales. It must be remembered however, that individuals, nations and universal humanity have epochs; and as humanity, as universal in its character had an epoch at the time, or shortly after Julius Cæsar, we will mention it. God Almighty had in view, no doubt, the realization of the greatest and most powerful empire in the world, when Romulus and his brother were born, or when a few persons somewhat barbarous by nature at the time were selected some seven hundred years before the birth of our Lord, as a beginning of this end; then it was that the Persians were the leading empire in the world. Subsequently some 350 years, we find Greece become the mighty empire, and the ruler of all others; it was then that a young Grecian, the pupil of one of Greece's most celebrated philosophers, had become the conquerer of the world before his 37th year of age.—Rome had become then somewhat formidable, but she had not reached the zenith of her glory. We pass on 350 years more and we find Rome governed by the great Cæsar, a man at once a historian, poet, statesman and warrior. Then Rome had become the conquerer of the world, and her territorial grasp extended from the eternal city, a distance of 4000 miles in different directions. Her capital, as Pagan Rome had a population of some three millions, and her buildings were so vast and stupendous that one could seat 100,000 persons comfortably; but what was that amphi theatre which now stands in its ruins in the Christian capital of the world built for. We answer, that the citizens of Rome, not only men, but women also, could behold gladiatorial exhibitions where the slaves could be seen destroying each other, or where they were destroyed by wild beasts. Her slaves were the people from the countries as far north as northern Germany, south as Egypt, east as India, and west as Britain. We pass on some 50 years after Cæsar, and the greatest event in the history of this planet took place.—When our Saviour was born Rome was at peace with the whole known world, because she had conquered all her enemies. That

peace which then abounded throughout the globe was typical of the peace that will exist when all hearts will come under the influence of the holy religion established by our blessed Lord, and which has been promulgated by the Church of God ever since. May our own native country, America, not be the last nation that will embrace the glorious principles of the gospel, as promulgated by the Catholic Church of God, which was to subsist in all ages and teach all nations. When Cæsar invaded Britain in person, he found that country, and what is called Scotland, Wales not being inhabited as it has been since, occupied by a somewhat homogeneous race, whose religion was druidical. This people were brave; still the superior implements of war of the Romans enabled them, who also were by nature great and brave, to subdue them; they took possession of the western coast and extended their conquests as far into Scotland as the foot of Grampian, hills where to this day is found that which suggested to the Romans the idea, that thus far you may go, but no farther. It is a fact worth considering that the mountainous regions of the earth have always produced the bravest people; it will apply to Switzerland and the Tartars from the mountains of northern Asia, who overrun Russia in the twelfth century, with the same force as to the Highlands of Scotland. Ireland was not invaded by the Romans, and whether the original ancient Britains were of the same race as the Pagan Celtic Irish—we mean identical race—we cannot say. They evidently were of the same stock or trunk of the human family. The next invasion of Britain was by the Saxons, who were a tribe of the Teutonic race, who, as they came southward like an avalanche drove this tribe into Gaul then, or France now, and finally across the channel into Britain. This race drove the ancient Britains of that day, or Welsh of to-day, who are quite similar to the Irish in vivacity and generosity, into Wales; where this noble and true people are at this time, with their nationality destroyed, and their literature nearly extirpated from the face of the earth, by that vandal nation, the English. One more remark about the Welsh. Although they number but one million of inhabitants, or one to seven of Ireland, they still cling to their language with great tenacity. Perhaps in no instance could we to-day find one person of Welsh parentage who cannot speak their native tongue. How is it with the Irish in this respect? Why, it is quite as rare to find one who can speak their native language!

We offer these lines of poetry, anonymously written, and taken from that invaluable book, entitled the Historical Bal-

lads of Ireland, which we consider a rich treasure, and should be in the home of every Irishman, in this and every land. It is rich with effusions of Patriotism, and some parts of it are transcendently impressive and soul-stirring :

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, O, 'tis fading! like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze!
'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting-sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb,
The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song—
Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories of those who love the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
Whose youth beheld the Tyrian* on our coasts a guest;
Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain;
Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest-tree and rock—
And Savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebock;†
And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred fires of Baal;
The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead.
The glories of old Erin, with her liberty, have gone,
Yet their halo linger'd round her, while the Gaelic speech liv'd on;
For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers, it stood—that old Tongue of the Past!

'Tis leaving, and for ever, the soil that gave it birth.
Soon,—very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard on earth,
O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave—
Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,‡
And with it too seem fading as sunset into night
The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
For ah! tho' long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart and hand;
T' install its Saxon Rival,§ proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name;
The Saxon chain our rights and tongues alike doth hold in thrall,

*An old Irish tradition says that during the commerce of the Tyrians with Ireland, one of the prince of Tyre was invited over by the Monarch of Ireland, and got married to one of the Irish princesses during his sojourn there.

†Zernebock and Odin were two of the gods of the early Britons.

‡Tacitus says, "The language of the conqueror in the mouth of the conquered is ever the language of the slave."—*Germania*.

§Acts of Parliament were enacted to destroy the Irish, and to encourage the growth of the English language.

Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of Donegal—
And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic blast,
The olden language lingers yet and binds us to the Past.

Thro' cold neglect 'tis dying now; a stranger on our shore!
No Sara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore—
No Lawrence* fires the Celtic clans round leaguered *Athacleef*—
No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-songs to the sea.
Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear!
Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear!
Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart enthral!
Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall!
The Tongue, that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright,—
Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!
That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day!
That Tongue whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullagh-
mast,†
Like those who nobly perished there is numbered with the Past!

The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by—
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the eye—
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The Language of our Fathers from dark oblivion's grave!
O, Erin! vain your efforts—your prayers for Freedom's crown,
Whilst offered in the language of the foe that clove it down;
Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung,
Would make the conquered nation slaves alike in limb and tongue;
Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shatter'd frame,
Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore her name.
O, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old tongue
Which as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
O, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and the last,
And cherish in your heart of hearts, the language of the Past!

We give the Welsh our heartfelt gratitude for thus clinging
to their language, it speaks volumes in favor of the inherent
qualities of the people and proves their nobility of character:

*St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, succeeded in organizing the Irish chieftains under Roderick O'Conner, King of Connaught, against the first band of adventurers under Strongbow.

†*Athaclee*, *Athacleith*, the Irish name of Dublin. *Baile-ath-claith*, literally means the Town of the ford of hurdles.

‡"Nothing so affrighted the enemy at the raid of Mullaghmast as the unintelligible password in the Irish tongue, with which the Irish troops burst upon the foe."—*Green Book*.

ODE ON THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS in the manner of Taliesin, recited on Primrose Hill at a meeting of the British Bards, on the summer solstice of 1792, and ratified* at the subsequent autumnal equinox and winter solstice.

*Hir y bydd Brython, fal Carcharorion,
Yn mraint Alltudion Tir SAXONIA,
Eu Ner a folant Eu Hiaith a Gadwant
Eu Tir a Gollant ond Gwylt WALIA.*

TALIESIN, anno 550.

Long shall the Britons humbled low remain,
For ages drag the Saxons' galling chain;
But faithful still their Ancient God adore,
Pure keep their language as in days of yore;
Be robbed of native lands, from all exiled,
But Walia's rough uncultivated wild.

Gwir, yn erbyn y Byd.

I. e—Truth against all the world.

We will place before the public the ancient Britons mode of preserving their laws as well as the ancient Irish; we will also give some of the triades in their language and in English. We are sorry we cannot publish some poetry in the Irish language, there being no type in this city. We will also give the translation of the fourth book of Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain.

"The Bards and Druids (both one and the same people) of Ancient Britain, had, before letters were known, reduced the arts of memory and oral tradition into a well *systematized science*. Song was one of their methods of giving permanency or fixation to orality: songs skilfully composed on interesting subjects, were learned with avidity, they soon became popular, they could be transmitted without the aid of letters from one person, time or place to another, though ever so remote. Long details and diffuse declamations could never be learned orally with any tolerable degree of ease, nor could they be retained in the memory; or were it possible, and except, in a very few extraordinary instances, it could ever be so generally or sufficiently frequent, as to be of any material use to mankind; for this reason, in addition to song, the Bards invented a variety of aphoristical forms, on fixed, regular and unalterable principles, that were obvious to the understanding, easily learned and remembered. It was necessary that these should not be capable of as-

*A poem, &c., admitted at one meeting, approved of by a second, and ratified by a third, may allowably be published.

Ancient usage.

suming any other form, or materially different mode of verblality than that in which they were originally delivered. Aphorisms constructed on such fixed principles could be learned with ease, and with ease retained by the memory; they would, with nearly, if not quite as much facility as song, become widely diffused over a large extent of place and time: in songs and in aphorisms of this description were the Theological, Scientifical Maxims of the Ancient Bards of Britain delivered, and these were easily retained by the public memory.

The term Bard, in its original Cimbric acceptation, signifies Priest; but, when letters were not known, song having been found the best, most pleasing, and for that reason the most effectual means of fixing permanently the oralities of religion and useful science, it became as indispensably necessary for a priest to be a poet as it is in these times for him to be able to read and write; hence Bard and Poet came in length of time to be the synonymous terms.

Moderns understand nothing by the word tradition but the wildly confused popular story of we know not what; old wives' tales; something as widely different from Bardic Tradition as the east is from the west; and of course, whether they censure, or in part, admit what they call tradition, they only talk nonsense and jabber they know not what.

The didactic songs and aphorisms of the Bards were always laid before their grand meetings, conventions or curialities, of the solstices and equinoxes; there they were discussed with the most scrutinizing severity, if admitted at the first they were re-considered at the second meeting; if then approved of they were referred to the third meeting; and being approved of by that, they were ratified and confirmed; otherwise they were referred to the Triennial Supreme Convention for ultimate consideration, where all that had been confirmed at the Provincial Convention were also recited, and the disciples that there attended from every province, enjoined to learn them that thereby they might be as widely diffused as possible; these were recited for ever afterwards, annually at least, at every curiality or convention in Britain: this being the practice, it was impossible for perversion and interpolation to take place, everything of this kind would be soon detected and rejected; all the Bardic traditions were thus to be for ever recited annually at one or other of the four Grand Meetings of the year: being thus guarded in every Province, it was impossible for them to deviate materially from truth. This well-guarded tradition was a better guardian of truth than letters have ever been, especially before the art of printing was discovered: we confide in letters

that skulk in dens and dark corners; we know not whence they come into light, we often know not whence they come into existence. If a manuscript has a little of the mould of age on it, we admit blindly more of what it says as truth than becomes wise men. Letters can transmit lies to posterity through a long, dark and unknown as it were, subterraneous passage; Bardic tradition walks in open day and beaten tracks, exposes itself to the eye of light, as its own language emphatically has it. Macpherson, Chatterton, Pinkerton* and others, could never have sported with Bardic tradition as they have done with letters. Nothing can more evince the fidelity of Bardic tradition than that the romance Geoffrey of Monmouth is never once noticed in any Bardic poem or aphorism, and of each there are extant in ancient manuscripts perhaps a thousand; it is so late as the fourteenth century, and the latter end of it, before anything of the story of Brutus appears in the writings of any Welsh poet, and every poet was not a Bard. The Bards never mention, or in the least allude to, the Trojan origin of the Britons, whatever some may villianously assert. They always represent the Cymry (Cimbri) as the indigenes of Britain, and never gave any farther account of their origin.—Taliesin, by Llin Droed, (Trojan Race,) means the Romans then in this island, not the Ancient Britons.

The Triades are titled in Welsh, "*Trioeidd Beirdd Ynys Prydain*," i. e. "the Triades of the Bards of the Island of Britain:" they are classed under various heads, of Institutes Theology, Ethics, Poetical Criticism, &c., of which I will give a specimen:

TRIOEDD BRAINT A DEFOD.

1. Tri chyntefigion Beirdd gorseddog Ynys Prydain, Plenn-yndd, Alawn, a Gwron.

2. Am dri achos y gelwir y Beirdd, yn Feirdd wrth Ffaint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain, yn gyntaf am mae yn Ynys Prydain y cafwyd Barddoniaeth gyntaf, yn ail am na chafwyd ni gwlad arall srioedd ddeall cyfiawn ar Farddoniaeth; yn drydydd amnas gellir cynnal Barddoniaeth gyfiawn elthr ym Mfaind Defodau a Llafar Gorfedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain, acam hynn o ba wlad bynnag y bont, Beirdd wrth Ffaint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain au gelwir.

3. Tri chof Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Cof Can; Cof Llafar Gorsedd; a Chof Defod.

*See his confessional, as he calls it, in the lists of Scottish Poets, prefixed to his first volume of Ancient Scottish poems, p. cxxxi.

4. Tri rhyw Beirdd Ynys Prydain, Prifeirdd er cŷyn Cred, a gwedi Cred, Beirdd Beli a'r Oferfeirdd.

5. Tri rhyw Prifeirdd y sydd, Bardd Braint, neu Brifardd Pendant, wrth Fraint Defod, a Llafar Gorsedd ; a'i swydd yw llywodraethu : Ofydd, wrth Awen, ymgais, a dichwain ; a'i swydd yw Awenyddu : a Derwydd, wrth Bwyll, Ansawdd a Gorsod ; a'i swydd yw Athrawiaethu.

INSTITUTIONAL TRIADES.

1. The three primary privileges of the Bards of the Island of Britain, are : maintenance wherever they go ; that no naked weapon be borne in their presence ; and their testimony preferred to that of all others.

2. That three ultimate intentions of Bardism—to reform morals and customs ; to secure peace ; and to celebrate the praises of all that is good and excellent.

3. Three things are forbidden to a Bard : immorality, to satirize, and to bear arms.

4. The three modes of instruction used by the Bards of the Island of Britain : the dictates of the voice-conventional of song, and of usage conventional.

5. The three joys of the Bards of the Island of Britain : the increase of knowledge ; the reformation of manners ; and the triumphs of peace over the lawless and depredatory.

6. The three splendid triumphs of the Bards of the Island of Britain : the triumph of learning over ignorance ; the triumph of reason over irrationality ; and the triumph of peace over the lawless and depredatory.

TRIADES OF BARDISM, OR THEOLOGICAL TRIADES.

1. Three things it is impossible that God should not perform : what is most beneficial, what all want most, and what is most beautiful of all things.

2. The three stabilities of existence : what cannot be otherwise, what need not be otherwise, and what cannot be conceived better ; and in these will all things end.

3. Three things will infallibly be done : all that is possible for the Power, for the Wisdom, and for the Love of God to perform.

4. The three grand attributes of God: infinite Plentitude of Life, of Knowledge, and of Power.

5. Three causes produced animated beings : Divine Love, possessed of perfect Knowledge ; Divine Wisdom, knowing all possible means ; and Divine Power possessed by the joint Will of Divine Love and Wisdom.

ETHICAL TRIADES.

1. There are three things, and God will not love him that loves to look at them : fighting ; a monster ; and the pomposity of pride.

2. Three things produce wisdom : truth ; consideration, and suffering,

3. The three great ends of Knowledge : duty, utility and decorum.

4. There are three men that all ought to look upon with affection : he that with affection, looks at the face of the earth ; that is delighted with rational works of art ; and that looks lovingly on little infants.

5. Three men that will not love their country : he that loves luxurious food ; he that loves riches ; and he that loves ease.

POETIC TRIADES, OR TRIADES OF SONG.

The three primary requisites of poetical Genius : an eye that can see nature ; a heart that can feel nature, and a resolution that dares follow nature.

2. The three final intentions of Poetry : accumulation of goodness, enlargement of understanding, and what increases delight.

3. The three properties of just imagination : what is possible, what we ought to be, and what is decorous.

4. The three indispensabilities of the language of poetry : purity, copiousness, and propriety.

5. Three things should be well understood in Poetry : the great, the little, and their connectives.

6. Three things must be avoided in Poetry : the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous.

7. The three principal considerations of poetical description : what is obvious, what instantly engages the affections, and what is strikingly characteristic.

8. The three dignities of Poetry : the true and the wonderful united, beauty and sapience, and the union of art and nature.

9. The three utilities of Poetry ; the praise of virtue and goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the affections.

10. The three indispensable purities of Poetry : pure truth, pure language, and purity of manners.

11. Three things thoroughly should all poetry be : thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.

We are indebted to a book entitled Williams' Poems, pub-

lished in London in 1794, for the Triades and the Bardism alluded to, and also a poem at the close of the pamphlet on the fulfillment of Isaiah's prediction of the millennium.

We pass on to the fifth century and reach the period of the birth of the patron Saint of Ireland. The native Irish for ages before Saint Patrick visited the country, were noted for generosity. He found it manifesting itself in an unbounded degree, by giving large portions of the proceeds of their labor to the poor and afflicted. This charity was connected with their sacred springs or wells. Saint Patrick's life had many vicissitudes connected with it. At one time we find him a slave; at another, he is cast away on the ocean; at another, we find him escaping from bondage; at another, we find him in Ireland before he had made up his mind to prepare himself to convert them to christianity. It is quite evident that when he was in Ireland first, that the good qualities of the people had a decided effect upon his mind; their genial minds and warm hearts, penetrated his inmost soul with pity for them, who, as Pagans, were addicted to some habits he could not approve. Hence we find him making his way into France, where he was educated, fourteen hundred years ago, in the same faith as we are to-day in America, proving that the church whose cause he espoused and whose virtues he exemplified in his life, was the one that should subsist in all ages, and teach all nations. Many nations claim Saint Patrick as one of their children; he evidently was like most men in his aspirations, when a mere ordinary man, but when he became a Saint, his charity was as broad as the Universe, and his faith as enduring and abiding as eternity; when Saint Patrick was a slave and in obscurity, his case then as regards nations claiming him as belonging to them, reminds me of a blind old man who lived about 200 years after the founder of that religion which has subsisted these 3,000 years, and which is clung to with the same tenacity as when Pharaoh would not let the children of Israel leave Egypt. That blind old man was poor and in obscurity, and he was a strolling minstrel through Greece and other countries; then no nation considered it an honor to acknowledge him, but since the greatest Poem in the world has been translated into every language of the civilized nations of the earth, and has been read by countless millions of scholars and students of all nations of any literary pretensions, from the days of Plato till the present time, we find many nations who were renowned as having achieved all things that a great people could, claiming it the greatest honor to name Homer, the greatest author of epic poetry and poetic inventions that ever existed in the world, as one of their

sons. Saint Patrick returned from France, and commenced planting the seeds of Christianity in Ireland, and he found the minds and hearts of the Pagan Irish soil of such a character, that it soon began to germinate and bring forth fruit. Yes, the seed of christianity, and the love of nationality, took such deep root in the Irish mind and heart, that 1,300 years of affliction, such as famine, pestilence, invasions, wars, and damnable, down-trodden and oppressive laws, combined with the offer of honor and emoluments, if the people would deny the faith and embrace heresy, has not in the least uprooted their faith and love of nationality. We believe that if God had tested any other nation on the earth so severely as Ireland has been, and who has still held out true to her faith without the least wavering, that we would not have had to-day, as Ireland is, a monumental nation, proving that our holy religion is not of this world. In the sixth century, about one hundred years after St. Patrick went to Ireland, Saint Augustine and thirty monks went from Rome to Britain, but as the Saxon race who occupied the country, did not have genial minds and warm hearts, the result was that christianity was longer spreading in that country, and the history of England since then proves conclusively that the soil Augustine had to plant in, was not only hard but more barren. We pass on some three hundred years, and in the mean time Ireland became quite universally christianized; so much so that in the ninth and tenth centuries and subsequently, she became the seat of learning. Then it was when the country, which since has become the leading nation in the world for universities, we mean Germany, was in comparative barbarism, Ireland's ecclesiastical universities were noted all over the world, and her monasteries also. She had hundreds and thousands of Monks six hundred years before the discovery of printing, indefatigably engaged in transcribing with their pen, not only the Holy Scriptures, but also the classics of Greece and Rome. It was in her Universities that thousands of youths from all parts of Europe, might be seen perusing the philosophy of a Plato or Aristotle, the drama of a Euripides and a Sophocles, the oratory of a Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of a Homer and a Virgil and the history of a Livy and Herodotus. Say not, that this was an age of darkness! It was then that those Gothic Cathedrals were built which stand in all their silent grandeur and glory; which have bid defiance to the ravages of time or the beating of the elements. It was then that stained glass was made, by which the object was imbedded in the interior of the glass which retains all their pristine beauty it had in the days of Ireland's

greatness and glory. Yes, while the Greeks have had no equals in academic architecture, Ireland has had none in that style of buildings which appeal to all the noble elements of the mind, and the highest and most exalted aspirations of the soul; let us hear no more about the dark ages by ignorant or knavish minds, when we find in this age of light and progression architects and builders, as did the one of the Trinity Church of New York a few years since, go to Ireland and behold with silent meditation and awe, those buildings built a thousand year ago, in order, if possible, to imitate them. During the interval from Saint Patrick till this time, many important changes had taken place. We find in the eastern part of Europe Mahomedism spread with much rapidity ; but it was done with the sword ; and we also find the dismemberment of the Roman Empire taking place, and the commencement of the modern nations of Europe. While the Mahomedans had great success in the East, we find the Church spread its doctrines and faith in the West. It was at that time that Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope, Emperor of the Western Empire, which empire in Territorial extent, we believe will soon be returned to France again, in proof of which we are writing some war articles and we will publish them soon. Ireland has had as a nation three epochs : the first was Pagan, which lasted from the first settlement of the country, till the fifth century, when Saint Patrick commenced the conversion of that people. The second was the ecclesiastical period which continued from the fifth century till about the eleventh. The third was the period of her invasions, wars and final subjection to the English yoke. But she will have another, that will be her reward for holding out to the end, and as individuals are to receive a crown according to the crosses they experience in this life, Nations will also, and Ireland's crown, when she arises from her prostrate condition, will be one studded all over with diadems that never fade away, or are destroyed by the ravages of time. Her jewels will be Holiness, Justice, Mercy and Truth. We will mention in this connection what the great evil is, under which Ireland has labored. As you all know, it is divided into four Provinces, Ulster, Leinster, Munster and Connaught. From time almost immemorial, the kings who governed these Provinces have endeavored to conquer each other. Sometimes two of them would fight in battle array against the other two, and at one time three kings fought against one; we believe it was the king of Leinster. This internal strife within, gave her invaders, the Danes and Saxons, a good opportunity to subdue them.— From the time one of the kings of Ireland called to his assist-

ance the king of England, to help him repel the other kings, (his invaders) Ireland has been more or less under the control of the English. The Danes, in the tenth century, were the first general invaders, from a remote country. Whether they built those round towers which abound through Ireland, with subterranean passages from one to the other, is a question not yet answered. The presumption is they were built before their invasion. They, however, took possession of them, and in case of defeat, they would retire within their subterranean passages. The wars with the Danes were kept up quite incessantly, till their expulsion from the country, which took place in the 12th century. Some amalgamation took place during the time the Danes were in the country, and all red haired Irish are descendants from this amalgamation between the two races.— William the Conqueror invaded England in the eleventh century and subdued the Saxons, confiscated their lands, and they became subservient to him. The Saxons continued in vassalage and were used as soldiers to invade Ireland. A great and decisive battle was fought on Good Friday, 23d of April, 1014. The leader of the Irish forces was Brian Boru. He succeeded Malachy the Second. He was eighty years of age when he perished at the celebrated battle of Clontarf, near Dublin.— The Danes succeeded to the control of the East coast of Ireland. They offered but a feeble resistance to Henry the Second, who received a bull from Pope Alexander the Third, confirming the grant of Pope Adrian the Fourth, of the lordship of Ireland. Having arrived in Waterford on the 19th of October, 1171, the ecclesiastical dignities swore fealty to him. From that day to the present, the English have had more or less control of the country, but since then there has been many invasions and attempts to entirely subjugate the Irish nation, but it has been resisted with great bravery and fortitude. To mention all the names of Ireland's warriors, would take too much time and room. After mentioning some of the numerous universities and colleges established between the ninth and fourteenth centuries, and also the influence of the Catholic Church, upon the civilization of the modern nations of Europe, which emanated from the Roman Empire, we will then revert back to Ireland's history, from the twelfth century down to the present time, but before we do so we will contrast the characters of the Celtic and Teutonic or Saxon races.

The Benedictine Monks established, in the ninth century, a medical university, which became in such repute that thousands from all parts of Europe, of all classes, wended their way hither to receive its benefits. The poor had medical advice

and medicine gratis, and the apothecary keepers could not charge exorbitant prices, as they do now. It was then regulated by the medical faculty, what they should charge. There were four universities for imparting classical knowledge, established in France; three in Germany, three in Scotland, one in Switzerland, and two in England. Oxford was established 500 years before the so-called reformation, or in other words, the wholesale plunder of the church property, and the Cambridge, was established 300 years before. In the 13th and 14th centuries, these colleges had from five to ten thousand students attending them. In the time of Henry the Eighth there were but 1500. At the present day there are but 600 students in attendance at each of these universities, established in the middle ages by Catholics, and which had then 12 times the number of students which they have in this age of light, and this too, in the richest country in the world. England has machinery enough employed daily, for the manufactories of the world, to equal the hand labor of 1,000,000,000, or the population of the globe, in a week, still we find more paupers in England than any country, for its population, on the Earth. She has more who cannot read or write, for her numbers, than any other country, and so benighted are tens of thousands, in the mining districts, that Dickens remarks they never heard of the name of the Savior of the world. She has, since the *plunder* of the church property, which the church used for the good of *all* the people, concentrated it in a less number of owners than any other country on the globe. She has made war with the Chinese and Hindoos, with the pious pretext of introducing the Bible among them, but for no other purpose than to compel them to purchase and take that deadly drug, opium, against their will, and used at the expense of their poverty, idioey and death. She has reduced the Irish people to the potato, as the staple article of food, which, when the crops failed, and they could not pay exorbitant rents to an aristocracy, without heart or feelings, living out of Ireland, therefore she has had thousands of huts and cabins leveled to the ground, and millions of Ireland's noblest sons and daughters were turned out to starve and to die. Should not such a nation be judged by God Almighty, and should not her punishment be more severe than any other Kingdom or empire that has been weighed in the balance of justice and found wanting? her downfall will result from her selfishness, injustice, pride and irreverence. We will make some remarks about the influence of the Catholic church upon the civilization of the nations of modern Europe which emanated from the Roman Empire. We

have stated that individual nations and humanity has epochs. We stated that at the time of the birth of the Saviour of the world, an epoch took place which appertained to the whole human family. In looking at the religions of all the antecedent nations of the earth before the advent of Our Lord, and also since, except those that were christians, it will be found that although they all clung to their religious faith and were disposed to proselyte those with whom they came in immediate contact, still they were not disposed to spread their religion all over the world. The reason of this is obvious; the moral principles of their religion did not appeal to and captivate the mind and heart of universal humanity as does the ethics or the moral elements of christianity as propagated and promulgated by the catholic church, hence from the time of the first promulgation of the glorious principles of the gospel by our Divine Redeemer until the present time, the church which he established and of which he is the head, has always endeavored to spread itself in all parts of the world. It is for this reason the church is conservative upon the political forms of the governments of the world, she not being of time as they are, but of eternity, allows man as a universal whole to adopt such governments as suits them best. All she asks is that the rulers do justice to the people, and several times she has compelled emperors and kings to do justice to their subjects which they were not disposed to do. When Pagan Rome had the whole world under its control, there were many diversified religions, although they were each opposed to the other. Still they all united together to crush and extirpate the religion which our blessed Lord established. The consequence was that most of the early christians had to live in the catacombs of Rome; still some went out into different parts of the world at the risks of their lives, and many became martyrs in spreading the faith. We pass on 400 years, and the general persecution in Rome ceased, and then Missionaries began to go abroad through Italy, Gaul, Briton and other countries. We come down 800 years or about the time of Charlemagne, and we find the faith had spread and the nations or tribes in Southern and Western Europe, had considerably advanced in the principles of the gospel. We come down four or five hundred years later, then we begin to see a new era commence; it was the elevation of woman. Some turmoils existed during this time, the results of a transition from an old faith to a new one. In the age of chivalry, woman became much elevated; but did not our holy religion, which places the Holy Blessed Virgin a model of all the christian virtue, have no influence in doing this?

Some three centuries ago, a general of Spanish birth, who

was handsome, brave and rich—one who had become influenced in behalf of woman, in that age of chivalry, and one who had fought many battles through her influence, and who had narrowly escaped with his life many times—what a beautiful sight it was to see that Spanish general lay his sword by his side and *kneel* before the Blessed Virgin, whose countenance bespoke naught but innocence, virtue and goodness. Then he vowed from that time henceforth he would devote his soul, mind, body and fortune, in behalf of the cause of our Redeemer, and what has been the result? We answer, from that beginning, of a Spanish general, prostrated before that Virgin, who is a model for all virtues, has emanated an order or society, of which St. Ignatius Loyola was the founder. The Society of Jesus has embraced, for its members, more piety, more virtue, more intelligence, more self-denial, more moral heroism, and has done more good, both spiritual and intellectual, than the same number of men ever did on earth. But recollect that chivalry was confined, principally, and almost entirely, to those countries which were Catholic in faith. Hence we find it abound in the south of Europe, or if in the north or west of Scotland and England, it did not occur till *after* the Norman invasion, which people were Celtic in blood. Woman has never been respected among the Teutonic race as she has among the Celtic. In the north of Europe, where the Teutonic or Saxon blood predominates, you find woman, to a great extent, mere pack-horses in toil. They have to work in the fields with wooden shoes, and they have to carry burdens (which we see them do in this country, where they are numerous) which is only fit for horses to carry.

Ireland had many Prophets between the days of St. Patrick and the ninth century. Among the most noted was St. Columbcille. We have *read* his predictions, as well as several others, and many things have transpired ages after they predicted they *would*, and they occurred to the letter. For instance, the prediction about the Danish invasion, and their final expulsion from the country, and also in regard to the subjugation of *Ireland* to the British *yoke*, and the manner the Saxon oppressors would treat *Ireland*.

In this connection, before we proceed with Ireland's historical period of wars and invasions, we will state that we are indebted to the Historical Ballads of Ireland for the engagement her warriors had with the Saxons and Danes, and also the poem on the Anglo Saxon race, and that on the death of Emmet. After the poem on the Anglo Saxon race, we will show the contrast between the Scandinavian Mythology and

the Greeks and Romans, in order to prove that the races of Southern Europe have originated and developed the Arts, while the people who are the offspring of the Teutonic race are not artistic in their nature. We do not do this out of any animosity or ill-feeling toward the Saxons, Danes, Swedes or Norwegians, but we believe it is a truth in nature and a fact in history.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY M. HALPIN.

ASSYRIA ! first of all the lands
 That ruled with universal sway.
 Thy Babylon with mortal hands
 Was formed—thy pendant gardens gay—
 Thy squares and palaces of gold
 Were builded by a race of men
 Profound of thought, of heavenly mould,
 That ruled for ages; but what then ?
 They were not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deeds doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

Th' Assyrian fell—his empire pass'd
 Away in darkness evermore,
 Like noon without a cloud o'er-cast.
 Whose eve is rent by thunder's roar :
 The Persian conquered ; Cyrus reigned—
 From ruin beauty sprung again—
 He spread his laws and arts, and gained
 From all submission ; but what then ?
 He was not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

And lo ! the hardy, daring Greek,
 With art and science in his hand—
 Philip's great son went forth to seek
 New conquests in the Persian's land ;
 And triumphed over the then known earth—
 Ay, wept for more. O ! every pen
 Delights to trace the Grecian's birth
 And life and genius : but what then ?
 He was not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

Greece fell ! just like an o'er-ripe fruit :
 And haughty Rome upsprung in place,
 And mightier grew ; and set her foot
 Upon the neck of every race.

The earth has never, never seen
 In peace or war, such matchless men—
 Yes, e'en in form, in height and mien.
 Seemed more than mortal; but what then?
 They were not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Aglo-Saxon nation;

The Goth and Vandal in their might,
 Poured down from Danube's regal stream,
 And swept o'er Rome, like plague's dark blight;
 Her history since?—a troubled dream.
 Then Charlemagne uprose; his sword
 Submission gained from royal men,
 Till Europe's fearful fendal horde
 Lay prostrate 'neath him; but what then?
 He was not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

The Spaniards and the Portuguese—
 The ocean kings whose standards waved
 In haughty pride upon the seas,
 Despite of dangers nobly braved.
 The new world's wealth was theirs alone,
 Whom unknown seas could never pen,
 Spain's pride and glory then outshone
 All other nations; but what then?
 They were not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

And Gaul—"the merry land" of Gaul—
 Hurl'd back united Europe's horde,
 And played in frantic zeal with all
 The "Rights of Kings." Napoleon's word
 Made monarchs; potent was his sway,
 O'er angry, proud, discordant men,
 His mind was like a brilliant ray
 Of light, all scorching; but what then?
 He was not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

Great men have sprung from every land—
 From every creed, and race, and clime;
 The earth brings forth her hero band
 Impatient as to place or time.
 Confucius and Columbus bold,
 George Washington* and Zenghis Kan;
 Brave Tell and Brian Boru of old,

And many others; but what then?
 They were not of the Saxon race—
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

* In name and likeness Washington was a Norman. His tall Herculean frame, large hands, long face and nose, proclaim him to have been a Norman of the purest stamp.

CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN

[BOOK IV.]

[C. XX.]—*Exigua parte æstatis reliqua, Cæsar—etsi in his locis hiemes sunt maturæ, quod omnis Gallia vergit ad Septentriones—tamen contendit proficisci in Britanniam; quod intelligebat fere omnibus Gallicis bellis auxilia subministrata inde nostris hostibus: et, si tempus anni ad gerendum bellum deficeret, tamen arbitrabatur fore magno usui sibi, si modo adisset insulam, perspexisset genus hominum, cognovisse loca, portus aditus; fere omnia quæ erant incognita Gallis. Enim neque quisquam, præter mercatores, adit illo temere: neque est quicquam notum iis ipsis, præter maritimam oram, atque eas regiones quæ sunt contra Galliam. Itaque, mercatoribus convocatis ad se undique, poterat reperire neque quanta esset magnitudo insulæ, neque quæ aut quantæ nationes incolerent, neque quem usum belli haberent, aut quibus institutis uterentur, neque qui portus essent idonei multitudini largiorum navium.*

[XXI.]—*Ad cognoscenda hæc prius-quam faceret periculum, præmittit cum longa navi Caium Volusenum, arbitratus esse idoneum. Huic mandat, ut omnibus rebus exploratis, reveratur ad se quam-primùm. Ipse proficiscitur cum omnibus copiis in Morinos, quod inde erat brevissimus trajectus in Britanniam. Huc jubet naves convenire ex finitimis regionibus undique, et classem quam fecerat superiore æstate ad Veneticum bellum. Interim, ejus consilio cognito, et perlato per mercatores ad Britannos, legati veniunt ad eum a compluribus civitatibus ejus insulæ, qui polliceantur dare obsides atque obtemperare imperio Romani populi. Quibus auditis—pollicitus liberaliter, hortatus-que ut permanerent in ea sententia, remisit eos domum; et mittit una cum his, Comium, quem ipse, Atrebatibus superatis, constituerat regem ibi, et cujus virtutem et consilium probabat, et quem arbitrabatur fidelem sibi, cujusque auctoritas habebatur magna in his regionibus. Huic imperat adeat quas civitates possit, hortetur-que sequantur fidem Romani populi, nunciet que se venturum eo celeriter Volusenus regionibus perspectis quantum facultatis potuit dari ei qui auderet non egredi navi ac committere se barbaris, revertitur ad*

Cæsarem quinto die, renuntiat-que quæ perspexisset ibi.

[XXII.]—Dum Cæsar moratur in his locis causa parandarum navium, legati venerunt ad eum ex magna parte Morinorum, qui excusarent se de consilio superioris temporis; quod barbari homines, et imperiti nostræ consuetudinis, fecerant bellum Romano populo; pollicerentur-que se facturos ea quæ imperasset. Cæsar arbitratus hoc accidisse opportune satis sibi, quod neque volebat relinquere hostem post tergum, neque habebat facultatem gerendi belli propter tempus anni, neque iudicabat has occupationes tantularum rerum anteponendas sibi Britanniae, imperat his magdum numerum obsinum. Quibus adductis, recepit eos in fidem. Circiter octoginta navibus onerariis coactis contractis-que, quod existimabat esse satis ad transportandas duas legiones; distribuit quæstori, legatis, præfectis-que quicquid habebat præterea longarum navium. Huc accedebant octodecim naves onerariæ, quæ tenebantur octo millia-passuum ex eo loco vento, quo minus possent pervenire in eundem portum. Has distribuit equitibus: dedit reliquum exercitum Quinto Titurio Sabino, et Lucio Aurunculeio Cottæ, legatis, deducendum in menapios, atque in eos pagos Morinorum ad quibus legati non venerant ad eum. Jussit Publium Sulpitium Rufum tenere portum cum eo præsidio quod arbitrabatur esse satis.‡

[XXIII.]—His rebus constitutis, nactus idoneam tempestatem ad navigandum, solvit fere tertia vigilia; jussit-que equites progredi in ulteriorem portum, et conscendere naves, et sequi se: a quibus cum id administratum-esset paullo tardius, ipse circiter quarta hora diei attigit Britanniam cum primis navibus, atque ibi conspexit armatas copias hostium expositas in omnibus collibus. Cujus loci hæc erat natura: mare continebatur adeo angustis montibus, ut telum posset adjici ex superioribus locis in littus. Arbitratus hunc nequaquam idoneum locum ad egrediendum, expectavit in anchoris ad nonam horam, dum reliquæ naves convenirent eo. Interim legatis tribunis-que militum convocatis, ostendit et quæ cognovisset ex Voluseno, et quæ vellet fieri; monuit-que omnes res administrarentur ab iis ad nutum et ad tempus (ut ratio militaris rei, maxime ut maritimæ res postularent, ut quæ haberent celerem atque instabilem motum.) His dimissis, nactus et ventum et æstum secundum uno tempore, signo dato et anchoris sublatiis, progressus circiter septem millia-passum ab eo loco, constituit naves apertæ ac plano littore.

[XXIV.]—At barbari, consilio Romanorum cognito, (equitatu præmisso, et essedariis, quo genere consueverunt plerumque uti in præliis,) subsecuti reliquis copiis, prohibebant nostros egredi navibus. Erat summa difficultas, ob has causas,

quod naves propter magnitudinem poterant non constitui, nisi in alto; autem erat militibus, oppressis magno et gravi onere armorum, ignotis locis, impeditis manibus, simul et desiliendum de navibus, et consistendum in fluctibus, et pugnandum cum hostibus: quum illi, aut ex arido, aut progressi paullulum in aquam, expediti omnibus membris, conjicerent tela audacter locis notissimis, et incitarent equos insuefactos.

Quibus rebus nostri perterriti, atque omnino imperiti hujus generis pugnae, omnes utebantur non eadem alacritate ac studio quo consueverant uti in terrestribus proeliis.

[XXV.]—Quod ubi Caesar animadvertit, jussit longas naves quarum et species erat inusitatio barbaris, et motus expeditior ad usum, removeri paullulum ab navibus onerariis, et incitari remis. et constitui ad aperatum latus hostium, atque hostes propelli ac submoveri fundis, sagittis, tormentis; res quae fuit magno usui nostris. Nam barbari permoti et figura navium, et motu remorum, et inusitato genere tormentorum, constiterunt, ac retulerunt-pedem modo paullum. Ac, nostris militibus cunctantibus maxime propter altitudinem maris, qui ferebat aquilam decimae legionis, contestatus Deos ut ea res eveniret feliciter legioni, inquit, “Desilite, milites, nisi vultis prodere aquilam hostibus: ego certe praestitero meum officium Reipublicae atque Imperatori.” Quum dixisset hoc magna voce, projecit se ex navi, atque coepit ferre aquilam in hostes. Tum nostri cohortati inter se, ne tantum dedecus admitteretur, desiluerunt universi ex navi: alii item, quum conspexissent hos, ex proximis navibus, subsecuti, appropinquarunt hostibus.

[XXVI.]—Pugnatum-est acritur ab utrisque. Tamen nostri, quod poterant neque servare ordines, neque insistere firmiter, neque subsequisigna, atque alius ex alia navi aggregabat se quibuscunque signis occurreret, perturbabantur magnopere. Vero hostes, omnibus vadis, notis, ubi conspexerant ex litore aliquos singulares egredientes ex navi, equis incitatis adoriebantur impeditos; plures circumsistebant paucos; alii conjiciebant tela ab aperto latere in universos. Quod quum Caesar animadvertisset, jussit scaphas longarum navium compleri militibus, item speculatoria navigia, et submittebat subsidia iis quos conspexerat laborantes. Nostri, simul atque constiterunt in arido, omnibus suis consecutis, fecerunt impetum in hostes, atque dederunt eos in fugam, neque potuerunt prosequi longuis, quod equites non potuerant tenere cursum atque capere insulam. Hoc unum defuit Caesarai ad pristinam fortunam.

[XXVII.]—Hostes superati proelio, simul atque receperunt se ex fuga, statim miserunt legatos ad Caesarem de pace; polliciti-sunt sese datuos-[esse] obsides, facturos quae imperasset.

Una cum his legatis venit Comius Atrebas, quem demonstraveram supra praemissum a Caesare in Britanniam. Hunc egressum ex navi, illi comprehenderant atque conjecerant in vincula, cum preferret mandata imperatoris ad eos: tum proelio facto, remiserunt, et in petenda pace, contulerunt culpan ejus rei in multitudinem, et petiverunt propter imprudentiam, ut ignosceretur Caesar questus, quod, cum petissent pacem a se ultro, legatis missis in continentem, intulissent bellum sine causa. dixit ignoscere imprudentiae; imperavit-que obsides, quorum dederunt illi partem statim; partem arcessitam ex longinquiore locis dixerunt sese duros paucis diebus. Interea jesserunt suos remigrare in agros; principes-pue convenere undique, et commendarunt se suas que civitates Caesari.

[Chap. 20.]—A small part of the summer remaining, Caesar—although in these places the winters are early, because all Gaul inclines to the North—yet resolves to proceed into Britain; because he understood that almost in all the Gallic wars succours had been supplied thence to our enemies: and, if the time of year for carrying on war should fail, yet he judged that it would be of great use to him, if only he should have approached the island, should have thoroughly discovered the race of men, should have learnt its situation, ports, approaches; almost all of which things were unknown to the Gauls. For neither does any one, besides merchants, go thither unadvisedly; nor is anything known to those merchants themselves, besides the sea coast, and those regions which are over against Gaul.—Therefore, merchants having been called together to him from every quarter, he was able to find neither how great was the magnitude of the island, not what or how great nations inhabited it., nor what custom of war they had, or what forms of government they used, nor what ports were proper for a multitude of the larger vessels.

[21.]—To ascertain these things before he should make the attempt, he sends forward with a long vessel Caius Volusenus, having judged him to be a proper person. To him he gives order, that, all things having been explored, he should return to him as early as possible. He himself proceeds with all his forces to the Morini, because thence was the shortest passage into Britain. Hither he commands that vessels come together from the neighboring regions on all sides, and the fleet which he had formed in the preceding summer for the Venetic war. Meantime, his designs having been learnt, and carried over by merchants to the Britons, ambassadors come to him from very many states of that island, who should promise to give hostages, and to be obedient to the empire of the Roman people. Which pro-

posals having been heard,—promised them liberally, and exhorted that they would remain in that sentiment, he sent them back home; and he sends together with these, Comius, whom he himself the Atrebatas having been overcome, had appointed king there, both whose valor and prudence he approved, and whom he judged faithful to himself, and whose authority was accounted great in these regions. Him he commands that he go to what states he may, and exhort them that they follow the faith of the Roman people, and tell them that himself would come there speedily. Volusenus, the regions having been examined with as much of ability as could be granted to him who dared not disembark, from his ship and intrust himself to the barbarians, returns to Caesar on the fifth day, and relates what he had discovered there.

[22.]—Whilst Caesar is delaying in these places for the sake of preparing vessels, ambassadors came to him from a great part of the Morini, who should excuse themselves concerning the design of a former time; because being rude men, and unskilled in our custom, they had made war with the Roman people; and should promise that they would do hereafter those things which he should have commanded. Caesar having judged this to have happened favorably enough for him, because neither was he willing to leave an enemy behind his back, nor had he the opportunity of carrying on war on account of the time of year, nor did he judge that these occupations about so very small things were to be preferred by him to Britain, exacts from them a great number of hostages. Which having been brought to him; he received them into allegiance. About eighty vessels of burthen having been collected and drawn together, which he considered to be enough for transporting two legions; he distributed to the questor, lieutenants and prefects whatever he had besides of long vessels. To this number were added eighteen vessels of burthen, which were detained eight thousand paces from that place by the wind, so that they were not allowed to arrive at the same port. These he distributed to the horse: he gave the remaining army to Quintus Titurius Sabinus, and Lucius Aurunculeius Cotta, his lieutenants, to be led away against the Menapii, and against those districts of the Eboraci from which ambassadors had not come to him. He ordered Publius Sulpitius Rufus to keep the port with that guard which he judged to be sufficient.

[23.]—These things being settled, having obtained proper weather for sailing, he loosed almost at the third watch and he ordered the horse to proceed to the more distant port to get on board the ships and follow him, by whom, when

that had been managed a little too slowly, he himself, about the fourth hour of the day, reached Britain, with the first ships, and there beheld the armed forces of the enemy posted on all the hills, of which place this was the nature. The sea was confined so by close mountains, that a dart might be hurled from the higher places upon the shore. Having judged this by no means, a proper place for disembarking, he waited at anchor till the ninth hour, until the remaining vessels should assemble. Meantime, the lieutenants and tribunes of the soldiers, having been called together, he shewed them both what he had learnt from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done, and admonished that all things should be attended to by them to a nod and to time (as the course of military business, above all, as maritime affairs required, as being those which had a rapid and restless motion.) These being dismissed, having obtained both wind and tide favorable at one time, the signal being given and the anchors raised, having proceeded about seven miles from that place, he stationed his ships near an open and level shore.

[24]—But the barbarians, the design of the Romans having been learnt, (cavalry having been sent before, and also chariot-men, which kind of combatants they were accustomed mostly to use in battles,) having closely followed with their remaining forces, forbade our men to disembark from the ships. There was the utmost difficulty, for these causes, that the ships, on account of their largeness could not be stationed, except in deep water; yet it was for the soldiers, oppressed with the great and heavy burthen of arms, in unknown places, with encumbered hands, at once both to leap down from the ships, and to stand close in the waves, and to fight with the enemy; whereas they (the foe), either from dry land, or having advanced a very little into the water, unencumbered in all their limbs, were hurling darts daringly from places perfectly known, and were urging on horses injured to the service. By which things, our men having been dismayed, and being altogether unskilled in this kind of fighting, all used not the same energy and zeal which they were accustomed to use in land battles.

[25]—Which, when Cæsar observed, he ordered the long vessels, of which, both the appearance was more unusual to the barbarians, and the motion more unencumbered for use, to be removed a very little from the vessels of burthen, and to be impelled by oars, and to be stationed at the open flank of the enemy, and the enemy to be driven on and dislodged by slings, arrows and arbalists, a measure which was of great use to our men. For the barbarians, confounded both by the shape of

the vessels, and the motion of the oars, and the unusual kind of engines, stopped, and drew back, *though* only a little. And our soldiers delaying chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, *he* who bore the eagle of the tenth legion, having attested the Gods, that that purpose might result fortunately for the legion, said, "Leap down, soldiers, unless ye wish to betray the eagle to the enemy : I certainly shall have performed my duty to the Republic and to my General." When he had said this with a loud voice, he threw himself from the vessel, and began to bear the eagle against the enemy. Then our *men* having exhorted together amongst themselves, lest so great a disgrace should be incurred, leaped down altogether from the vessel : others also, when they had beheld these, from the nearest vessels, having closely followed, approached the enemy.

[26.] It was fought sharply by both *sides*. Yet our *men*, because they were able, neither to keep *their* ranks, nor to stand up firmly, nor to follow closely the standards, and *because* any one from any ship was associating himself with whatever standard he might meet, were confused exceedingly. Indeed, the enemy, all the shallows being known *to them*, where they had beheld from the shore any individuals disembarking from a ship, with horses urged *to speed*, set upon *them* encumbered ; many surrounded few ; others hurled darts from the open flank upon *our men* altogether. Which, when Cæsar had observed, he ordered the skiffs of the long vessels to be filled with soldiers, *as* also the espial barks, and substituted succours for those whom he had beheld distressed. Our *men*, as soon as they stood together on dry *land*, all their *companions* having reached *them*, made an attack on the enemy, and put them to flight, nor were they able to pursue farther, because the horse had not been able to hold *their* course and to gain the island. This one *thing* was wanting to Cæsar *compared to his* ancient fortune.

[27.]—The enemy having been overcome in battle, as soon as they recovered themselves from flight, forthwith sent ambassadors to Cæsar concerning peace ; they promised *that* they themselves *hereafter* would give hostages, and would do *the things* which he should have commanded. Together with these ambassadors came Comius the Atrebatian, whom I had pointed out above *as* having been sent forward by Cæsar into Britain. Him having disembarked from the vessel, they had seized and had thrown into chains, when he was conveying the mandates of the General to them : then *however* battle having been made, they sent *him* back, and in suing for peace, laid the blame of that measure upon the multitude, and entreated, on

account of *their* thoughtlessness, that no notice might be taken. Cæsar having complained, that, when they had sued for peace from him of their own accord, abassadors being sent to the continent, they had brought upon *him* war without cause, said *that he* pardoned the thoughtlessness; and he demanded hostages; of whom they gave to him a part forthwith; a part summoned from more distant places they said that they would give in a few days. Meantime they commanded their own *men* to travel back to *their* fields; and the princes came together on all sides, and commended themselves and their states to Cæsar.

The Roman mile was about the length of our own: it contained a thousand paces, or five thousand feet, each pace being equal to five feet, as including a double step.

The Romans divided the night into four equal *watches*, the first beginning at sunset, the last ending at sunrise. Hence, the time when Cæsar weighed anchor, would be about midnight. The passage appears to have been near ten hours in duration, as the day did not commence till after the fourth watch, and Cæsar reached the Island *hora quarta*.

The arms of the Roman legionaries, offensive and defensive, were—a sword and two pikes; an oblong shield, a helmet, breast-plate, and greaves. Besides these, each soldier, on a march, usually carried provisions and utensils to the weight of sixty pounds.

The loss of a silver eagle, which was the standard of each legion was considered most disgraceful to the whole army, and was never risked except on most critical occasions.

Our mind is not trammelled, as some think it is, since we became a Catholic. We believe the church is the only organized institution existing in the world, that embraces all things created. See the sects who have separated from the fold—the Quakers for instance. They may be good and moral, and live a peaceable life. That is well; but does not the Catholic Church require that? Does not millions of her children live such a life? Look at the Quakers deprecating all the products of the artistic brain of man. God has given some that brain with a fine organization, and the result is, poetry, painting, music, sculpture, statuary, and architecture. Now, who is it that fosters these products of the human mind and soul? Is it not Italy the seat of the christian world? Let the artists from every nation of the globe answer. Let the admiring millions, of all nationalities, who flock to Rome, reply. Who patronizes all the arts? Let the common, mongrel, and unartistic churches of the Protestant world answer.

But to our subject. We have already stated that the Teutonic race were thoughtful and truthful, and very practical. Business is their main object, or in its stead, pure thought.—Their minds do not grasp the concrete with the abstract; hence their scepticism. If they could individualize as well as they generalize, they would behold a beautiful adaptation of means to ends pervading the universe, and they would end in faith in God, or belief in the immortality of the soul.—

The Scandinavians had in their Mythology, Thor for Norway. He was the god of strength and truth, and was called the matter of fact god. Frey was the god of Sweden. He was noted for exalted aspirations. Odin was the god of Denmark. He was noted for wisdom and knowledge. These were their supreme Gods. They had some of less note. The Goddess Freia was the wife of Odin, who was the supreme god of all, and from these two the others all emanated. Thor was represented in a chariot drawn by two bucks. It rolled through the air and he was the God who hurled the thunder and lightning at the giants of the North, and also at the icebergs. He represented strength. The goddess Freia was one of love, and the German name "frau," meaning wife, was derived from her name. She was sister to the God Frey. Hell, with them, was total darkness and intensely cold. The only instruments of music we have ever seen, in the pictures of a large number of their gods and goddesses, is in the form of a harp, with an eagles head at the top. The gods and goddesses are either in meditation or else eating, and this proves what we all know, that the stomachs of the Saxon English is the one thing needful to be satisfied. Some of them are supplied with the most deadly weapons of warfare.

They had one god of kindness, his name was Balder, and the one of war was a Bard. named Bragee he composed war songs ; there were three goddesses in one groupe. they represented the past, present and future, the god Odin had two ravens, one on each side of him, they would tell him all that was transpiring in the world. One spoke in each ear. There was one god of good and another of evil. There is one god with his hand in the mouth of a very ferocious beast, and another is chaining him. Indeed, the most of them are surrounded with beasts, and in one group of a dozen, we find the god of cunning and deception, speaking to the rest, some of which are thinking, others talking, and some have war implements in their hands. There is one group of sixty persons, all of which are supplied with some kind of implements of warfare, and in the back ground, is a ship, indicative of the seafaring tendency of the Scandinavian race, who were pirates along about the ninth century, and even before that, it is supposed they reached America in their piratical expeditions. They at least invaded Ireland and Scotland. The Scandinavian race includes the Danes, Sweeds, Norwegians, and all those northern people who are noted for their florid complexion, light hair and blue eyes. The whole surroundings of the gods and goddesses, indicate a ferocious nature. The god Bacchus, of the Greeks, who is one of

dissipation, has as good a face and countenance as any of the best gods of the Scandinavians. Remember what we say is not out of prejudice. The pictures we allude to, are to be found, in a book published by a Scandinavian, in Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark. It is the Greek and Roman mythology contrasted with that of the Scandinavians. The book was published by King & Son, in the year 1847. One more remark, and then we will proceed with the Roman mythology. We are publishing these facts because we think there is more significance in the originating principles of the human mind as regards their religion and its surroundings, than many are aware of. We believe it is an infallible index to the natural character of a people, whether civilized or otherwise. One god they represented as the god of greatness. He took delight in all things honorable, especially when he heard that men and women were striving, by the force of their minds, to elevate themselves in scale of being-

NOTE.—We wish all those persons in the world, whose souls and minds are so contracted and dwarfed, that we only know they have any is by their manifestation of envy, the means of vices, would take particular notice of what Ovid says about envy when we speak of that vice defied by the Romans and Greeks, and then let them follow the example of this heathen god alluded to above.

We will now allude to the Mythology of the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians. The latter had not so many gods and goddesses, in the human form, as the former, still they had two conspicuous ones, Osiris and Isis. They occupied a magnificent palace, a thing not mentioned in the Mythology of the people of the north, and in that temple they had all the surroundings of Oriental life. In it they presided as the chiefs and heads of those persons who were worthy to enter.—Pythagoras, who was a celebrated Greek philosopher, and lived about 500 years before Christ, one who would not allow his pupils to eat meat, and had traveled all over the known world, he went through the ordeals of all the then existing Orders. He even traveled to Briton and learned the secrets of the Druids. He remarks, that none but the good, true, and brave, could possibly go through the Egyptian ordeals before they reached the temple in which resided the great god and goddess, Osiris and Isis. The Greeks and Romans had gods and goddesses for everything connected with human life, from the time of birth till death. It will be observed what beautiful forms and surroundings they associate with Truth, Justice, and all the other virtues, and what horrible forms and surroundings in correspondence with envy, fraud, and all the vices. They had five celestial gods and goddesses, and as many terrestrial. The celestial were the gods Jupiter, Apollo, Mercury, Bacchus,

and Mars; the goddesses Juno, Minerva, Venus, Latona, and Aurora. The terrestrial were Saturn, Janus, Vulcan, Eolus, and Momus, and the goddesses were Ceres, Cybele, Vata, and others. The most beautiful morals are connected with their Mythology. We will publish their Muses, and Vices and Virtues of Man Deified, and let the reader decide which people are superior by nature.

PALLAS THE SYMBOL OF WISDOM AND CHASTITY.

By this story of Minerva, the poets intended to represent wisdom; that is, true and skillful knowledge, joined with discreet and prudent manners. They hereby signified, also, the understanding of the noblest arts, and the accomplishments of the mind; the virtues, as especially chastity. Nor, indeed, without reason, for,

1. Minerva is said to be born out of Jupiter's brain; because the wit and ingenuity of man did not invent the useful sciences, which for the good of man were derived from the brain of Jupiter; that is, from the inexhausted fountain of Divine Wisdom, whence not only the arts and sciences, but the blessings of wisdom and virtue also proceed.

2. Pallas was born armed; because, a wise man's soul being fortified with wisdom and virtue, is invincible; he is prepared and armed against fortune; in dangers he is intrepid, in crosses unbroken, in calamities impregnable. Thus, though the image of Jupiter sweats in foul weather, yet as Jupiter himself, is dry and unconcerned with it, so a wise man's mind is hardened against all the assaults that fortune can make upon his body.

3. Minerva is a virgin, as all the muses are; and accordingly the sight of God is promised to pure and undefiled eyes: for even the Heathens thought that chaste eyes could see God; and Wisdom and Modesty have often appeared in the visions of holy men, in the form and habit of virgins.

4. Minerva has a severe look, and stern countenance; because a wise and modest mind gains not its reputation and esteem from outward beauty and finery, but from inward honor and virtue: for wisdom joined with modesty, though clothed with rags, will send forth a glorious shining luster; she has as much beauty in tattered garments, as when she is clothed with purple, and as much majesty when she sits on a dunghill, as when she is placed on a throne; she is as beautiful and charming when joined to the infirmities and decays of old age, as when she is united to the vigor and comeliness of youth.

5. She invented and exercised the art of spinning; and hence other virgins may learn, if they would preserve their chastity, never to indulge idleness, but to employ themselves continually in some sort of work; as the example of Lucretia, a noble Roman princess, who was found late at night spinning among her maids, working and sitting in the middle of the room, when the young gentlemen came hither from the king.

6. As the spindle and the distaff were the invention of Minerva, so they are the arms of every virtuous woman. When she is furnished

with these, she will despise the enemy of her honor, and drive away Cupid from her with great ease; for which reason those instruments were formerly carried before the bride when she was brought to her husband's house; and somewhere it is a custom at the funeral of women, to throw the distaff and spindle into the grave with them.

7. As soon as Tiresias had seen Minerva naked, he lost his sight; was it for a punishment, or for a reward? Surely he never saw things so acutely before; for then he became a prophet, and knew future things long before they were acted. Which is an excellent precept to us, that he who has once beheld the beauty of true wisdom clearly, may, without repining, lose his bodily sight, and want the view of corporal things, since he beholds the things that are to come, and enjoys the contemplation of eternal heavenly things, which are not visible to the eye.

8. An owl, a bird seeing in the dark, was sacred to Minerva, and painted upon her images, which is the representation of a wise man, who, scattering and dispelling the clouds of ignorance and error, is clear sighted where others are stark blind.

9. What can the Palladium mean, an image which gave security to those cities in which it was placed, unless that those kingdoms flourish and prosper where wisdom presides? It is supposed to have fallen down from heaven, that we may understand—what we find confirmed by the Scripture—that every good and perfect gift comes from above, and descends from the Father of Lights.

To this I add the inscription which was formerly to be seen in the temples of Minerva, written in golden letters, among the Egyptians. "I am what is, what shall be, what hath been: my veil hath been unveiled by none: The fruit which I have brought forth is this the Sun is born." Which are words, as I think, full of mysteries, and contain a great deal of sense. Let every one interpret them according to his mind.

THE MUSES—THEIR IMAGE.

P. O what beauty, what sweetness, what elegance is here!

M. You mean in those nine virgins, who are crowned with palms; do you not?

P. Certainly. How pleasantly and kindly they smile! How decent and becoming is their dress! How handsomely do they sit together in the shade of that laurel arbor! How skillfully some of them play on the harp, some upon the cithern, some upon the pipe, some upon the cymbal, and some harmoniously sing and play at once! Methinks I hear them with united minds, voices, and hands, make an agreeable concord arise from their different instruments, governing their several voices in such a manner, that they make the most noble harmony, whose pleasing charms, entering into my ears, ravish my mind with pleasure.

M. They are the Muses; the mistresses of all the sciences, the presidents of the Musicians and Poets, and the governors of the feasts and solemnities of the gods.

THE PROPER NAMES OF THE MUSES.

P. What was the proper name of each of the Muses?

M. They had each a name derived from some particular accomplishment of their minds or bodies.

The first, Calliope, was so called from the sweetness of her voice;

she presides over Rhetoric, and is esteemed the most excellent of all the nine.

The second, Clio, is so named from glory. For she is the Historical Muse, and takes her name from the famousness of the things she records.

The third, Erato, has her name from love, because she sings of amours, or because learned men are beloved and praised by others.—She is also called Saltatrix, for she first invented the art of dancing, over which she presided. She was also the inventress of poetry.

The fourth, Thalia, from her gaiety, briskness and pleasantry, because she sings pleasantly. Some ascribe to her the invention of comedy, others of geometry.

The fifth, Melpomene, from the excellence of her song, and the melody she makes when she sings. She is supposed to preside over tragedy, and to have invented sonnets.

The sixth, Terpsichore, has her name from the pleasure she takes in dancing, because she delights in balls. Some call her Citharistria.

The seventh, Euterpe, or Euterpia, from the sweetness of her singing. Some call her Tibicina, because, according to them, she presides over the pipes; and some say logic was invented by her.

The eighth, Polyhymnia, or Polymnia, or Polymneia, from her excellent memory; and therefore the invention of writing history is attributed to her, which requires a good memory. It was owing to her that the songsters add to the verses that they sing, hands and fingers, which speak more than the tongue; an expressive silence, a language without words, in short, gesture and action.

The ninth, Urania, was so called either because she sings of divine things, or because, through her assistance, men are praised to the skies; or because, by the sciences, they become conversant in the contemplation of celestial things.

THEMIS, ASTRÆA, NEMESIS.

P. These three goddesses, I see, contrive and consult together on affairs of great moment.

M. I suppose so, for their business is almost the same; the same function is incumbent upon each of them. But, however let us inspect them all singly.

Themis, the first of them, is the daughter of Cælum and Terra. According to the signification of her name, her office is to instruct mankind to do things honest, just, and right. Therefore her images were brought and placed before those who were about to speak to the people, that they might be admonished thereby to say nothing in public but what was just and righteous. Some say she spoke oracles at Delphi, before Apollo; though Homer says that she served Apollo with nectar and ambrosia. There was another Themis, of whom Justice, Law, and Peace, are said to be born. Hesiod, by way of eminence, calls her Modest, because she was ashamed to see anything that was done against right and equity. Eusebius calls her Carmenta, because by her verse and precepts, she directs every one to that which is just. But here he means a different Carmenta from Roman Carmenta, who was the mother of Evander, otherwise called Themis Nicostrata, a prophetic lady. She was worshipped by the Romans because she prophesied, and was called Carmenta, either from the verse in which she uttered her predictions, or from the madness which seemed to possess her when she prophesied. To this lady an altar was dedicated near the gate

Carmentalis, by the Capitol, and a temple was built to her honor also upon this occasion. When the senate forbade the married women the use of litters and sedans, they combined together, and resolved that they would never bring children, unless their husbands rescinded that edict. They kept to this agreement with so much resolution, that the senate was obliged to change their sentence, and yield to the women's will, and allow them all sedans and chariots again. And when their wives conceived and brought forth fine children, they erected a temple in honor of Carmenta.

Astræa, the daughter of Aurora and Astræus the Titan, (or as others rather say, the daughter of Jupiter and Themis) was esteemed the Princess of Justice. The poets feign that in the Golden Age she descended from heaven to the earth, and being offen'd at last by the wickedness of mankind, she returned to heaven again, after all the other gods had gone before her. She is many times called by the name of Justitia, as particularly by Virgil. And when she had returned to heaven again, she was placed where we now see the constellation Virgo.

The parents of Nemesis were Jupiter and Necessity, or, according to others, Nox and Oceanus. She was the goddess that rewarded virtue, and punished vice, and she taught men their duty, so that she received her name from the distribution that she made to everybody.

ULYSSES AND PENELOPE.

Penelope, the daughter of Icarus, was a rare and perfect example of chastity. For though it was thought that her husband, Ulysses, was dead, since he had been absent from her twenty years, yet, neither the desires of her parents, nor the solicitations of her lovers, could prevail with her to marry another man, and to violate the promises of constancy which she gave to her husband when he departed. For when many noblemen courted her, and even threatened her with ruin unless she declared which of them should marry her, she desired that the choice might be deferred till she had finished that needle-work about which she was then employed, but by undoing by night what she had worked by day, she delayed them till Ulysses returned and killed them all. Hence came the proverb, "To weave Penelope's web," that is to labor in vain; when one hand destroys what the other has wrought.

THE VIRTUES AND VICES WHICH HAVE BEEN DEIFIED.

OF THE GODDESSES THAT MAKE THE GODS.

These goddesses—whose images are small, and all painted in one picture—are the Virtues; by whose favor not only the *Dii Adscriptitii*, but all the other gods beside, were advanced to heaven and honored with the utmost veneration. You see some Vices among them—for they had altars dedicated to them too—which, like shades, increase the luster of the Virtues, whose brightness is doubled by the reflection of colors. To both of them there are adjoining some gods, either favoring or opposing them. I shall say something, briefly, according to my design, of them.

THE VIRTUES AND GOOD DEITIES.

The ancients not only worshipped the several species of virtues, but

also Virtue herself, as a goddess. Therefore, first of her, and then of the others.

VIRTUE AND HONOR.

Virtue derives her name from *vir*, because virtue is the most manly ornament. She was esteemed a goddess, and worshipped in the habit of an elderly matron sitting upon a stone. M. Marcellus dedicated a temple to her, and hard by placed another, that was dedicated to Honor. The temple of Virtue was the passage to the temple of Honor, by which was signified, by virtue alone, true honor is attained. The priests sacrificed to honor with bare heads, and we usually uncover our heads when we see honorable and worthy men; and since honor itself is valuable and estimable, it is no wonder if such respect is shown in celebrating its sacrifices.

FAITH.

Fides had a temple at Rome, near the Capitol, which Numa Pompilius (as it is said) first consecrated to her. Her sacrifices were performed without slaughter or blood spilt. The heads and hands of the priests were covered with a white cloth when they sacrificed, because Faith ought to be close and secret. Virgil calls her *Cana Fides*, either from the candor of the mind, whence fidelity proceeds, or because faith is chiefly observed by aged persons. The symbol of this goddess was a white dog, which is a faithful creature. Another symbol of her was two hands joined, or two young ladies shaking hands: for by their right hand, they engaged their faith for their future friendship.

HOPE.

Hope had a temple at Rome, in the herb market, which was unfortunately burnt down with lightning. Giraldus says that he has seen her effigies in a golden coin of the Emperor Adrian. She was described in the form of a woman standing; her left hand lightly held up the skirts of her garments, she leaned on her elbow, and in her right hand held a plate, on which was placed a *ciberium* (a sort of cup) fashioned to the likeness of a flower, with this inscription, *SPES, P. R.* The Hope of the People of Rome.

JUSTICE.

Justice was described like a virgin, with a piercing, steadfast eye, a severe brow, her aspect awful, noble, and venerable. Alexander says, that among the Egyptians she had no head, and that her left hand was stretched forth and open. The Greeks call her *Astræa*.

PIETY.

Attilius, the *duumvir*, dedicated a chapel to piety at Rome, in the place where that woman lived, who fed her mother in prison with the milk of her breasts. The story is this: The mother was punished with imprisonment, and her daughter, who was an ordinary woman, then gave suck. She came to the prison frequently, and the goaler always searched her, to see that she carried no food to her mother. At last she was found giving suck to her mother with her breasts. This extraordinary piety of the daughter gained the mother's freedom, and they were both, afterwards, maintained at the public charge, while they lived, and the place was consecrated to the goddess Piety. There is a like example in the Grecian history, of a woman, who by her

breasts nourished Cymon, her aged father, who was imprisoned, and supported him with her own milk.

MERCY.

The Athenians erected an altar to Misericordia, Mercy, where was first established an asylum, a place of common refuge to the miserable and unfortunate. It was not lawful to force any thence. When Hercules died, his kindred feared some mischief from those whom he had afflicted; therefore they erected an asylum, or temple of mercy at Athens.

CLEMENCY.

Nothing memorable occurs concerning the goddess Clemency, unless that there was a temple erected to Clementia Cæsaris, The Clemency of Cæsar, as we read in Plutarch.

CHASTITY.

Two temples at Rome were dedicated to Chastity; the one to Pudicitia Patritia, which stood in the ox market, the other to Pudicitia Plebeia, built by Virginia, the daughter of Aulus, for which she, who was born of a patrician family, had married a plebeian, the noble ladies were mightily incensed, and banished her from their sacrifices, and would not suffer her to enter into the temple of Paudicifia, into which scantorian families only were permitted entrance. A quarrel arose upon this among the women, and a great breach was made between them. This induced Virginia, by some extraordinary action, to blot out the disgrace she had received, and, therefore, she built a chapel in the long street where she lived, and adorned it with an altar, to which she invited the plebeian matrons, and complaining to them that the ladies of quality had used her so barbarously. "I dedicate," says she, "this altar to Pudicitia Plebeia, and I desire of you that you will as much adore Chastity, as men do Honor; that this altar may be followed by purer and more chaste votaries than the altar of Pudicitia Patritia, if it be possible." Both these altars were revered almost with the same rites, and no matron, but of approved chastity, and who had been married but once, had leave to sacrifice there. It is likewise said in history, that the women, who are contented with one marriage, were usually rewarded with a crown of chastity.

TRUTH.

Truth, the mother of Virtue, is painted in garments as white as snow; her looks are serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet modest; she is the pledge of all honesty, the bulwark of honor, the light and joy of human society. She is commonly accounted the daughter of Time, or Saturn, because truth is discovered in the course of time, but Democritus feigns that she lies hid in the bottom of a well.

THE VICES AND EVIL DEITIES.

I call those Evil Deities which oppose our happiness, and many times do us mischief. And first, of the Vices, to which temples have been consecrated.

ENVY.

That Envy is a goddess, appears by the confession of Pallas, who

owns that she was assisted by her, to infect a young lady, called Aglauros, with her poison. Ovid describes the house where she lives, in elegant verse, and afterwards gives a most beautiful description of Envy herself.

Protinus Invidiæ nigro squalentia tabo
Tecta petit. Domus est imis in vallibus antri
Abdita sole. carens, nec ulli pervia vento;
Tristis, et ignavi plenissima frigoris; et quæ
Igne vacet semper, caligine semper abundet.

Then straight to Envy's cell she bends her way,
Which all with putrid gore infected lay.
Deep in a gloomy cave's obscure recess,
No beams could e'er that horrid mansion bless;
No breeze e'er fann'd it; but about it roll'd
Eternal woes, and ever lazy cold;
No spark shone there, but everlasting gloom,
Impenetrable dark obscur'd the room.

† Pallor in ore sedet; macies in corpore toto;
Nusquam recta acies; livent rubigine dentes;
Pectora felle vivant; lingua est suffusa veneno;
Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.
Nec fruitur somno, vigilantibus excita curis;
Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum: carpitque, et carpitur una;
Suppliciumque suum est.

A deadly paleness in her cheeks were seen;
Her meagre skeleton scarce cas'd with skin;
Her looks awry; an everlasting scowl
Sits on her brows; her teeth deform'd and foul;
Her breast had gall more than her breast could hold;
Beneath her tongue black coats of poison roll'd;
No smiles e'er smooth'd her furrow'd brows, but those
Which rise from common mischiefs, plagues, and woes;
Her eyes, mere strangers to the sweets of sleep,
Devouring spite for ever waking keep;
She sees bless'd men with vast successes crown'd;
Their joys distract her, and their glories wound;
She kills abroad, herself consumed at home,
And her own crimes are her perpetual martyrdom.

CONTUMELY AND IMPUDENCE.

The Vices Contumely and Impudence, were both adored as deities by the Athenians; and particularly, it is said, they were represented by a partridge, which is esteemed a very impudent bird.

CALUMNY.

The Athenians erected an altar to Calumny. Apelles painted her thus: There sits a man with great and open ears, inviting Calumny, with his hand held out, to come to him; and two women, Ignorance and Suspicion, stand near him. Calumny breaks out in fury; her countenance is comely and beautiful, her eyes sparkle like fire, and her face is inflamed with anger; she holds a lighted torch in her left hand, and with her right twists a young man's neck, who holds up his hands in

prayer to the gods. Before her goes Envy, pale and nasty, and on her side are Fraud and Conspiracy; behind her follows Repentance, clad in mourning and her clothes torn, with her head turned backward, as if she looked for Truth, who comes slowly after,

FRAUD.

Fraud was described with a human face, and with a serpent's body. In the end of her tail was a scorpion's sting, and she swims through the river Cocytus, but nothing appears above water but her head.

DISCORD.

Petronious Arbiter, where he treats of the civil war between Pompey and Caesar, has a beautiful description of the goddess Discordia.

*Intremuere tubæ, ac scisso Discordia crine
Extulit ad superos Stygium caput. Hujus in ore
Concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina flebant:
Stabant ærata scabra rubigine dentes;
Tabo lingua fluens, obsessa draconibus ora:
Atque inter toto laceratam pectore vestem,
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.*

The trumpets sound and with a dismal yell
Wild discord rises from the vale of hell.
From her swelled eyes there ran a briny flood,
And clotted gore upon her visage stood;
Around her head serpentine elf-locks hung,
And streams of blood flow'd from her sable tongue;
Her tatter'd clothes her yellow skin betray,
(An emblem of the breast on which they lay,)
And brandish'd flames her trembling hand obey.

FURY.

Fury is described, sometimes chained, sometimes raging and revelling, with her chains broke, but Virgil chooses to describe her bound in chains, although Petronius describes her at liberty, unbound.

——— *Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.*

——— Within sits impious war
On cursed arms, bound with a thousand chains,
And, horrid with a bloody mouth, complains.

——— *Furor abruptis, ceu liber, habenis
Sanguineum late tollit caput; oraque mille.
Vulneribus confessa cruenta casside velat.
Hæret detritus lævæ Mavortius umbo.
Innumerabilibus telis gravis, atque flagranti
Stipete dextra minax terris incendia portat,*

Disorder'd Rage, from brazen fetters freed,
Descends to earth with an impetuous speed;
Her wounded face a bloody helmit hides,

And her left arm a batter'd target guides ;
 Red brands of fire supported in her right,
 The impious world with flames and ruin fright.

FAME.

Pausanias and Plutarch say that there were temples dedicated to Fame. She is finely and delicately described by Virgil, which description I will subjoin for it deserves not only to be remembered, but transcribed into all books as there is occasion.

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,
 Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo ;
 Parva meta primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
 Illam terra parens, ira irratata Deorum,
 Extremam (ut perhibent) Cœo Enceladoque sororem
 Progenit ; pedibus celerem et perniciousis alis ;
 Monstrum horrendum, ingen, cui quot sunt corpore plume,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabide dictu)
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sovant, tot subrigit aures.
 Nocte colat cœli medio terræque per umbrom
 Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno.
 Luce sedit custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
 Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes :
 Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri.

Fame the great ill, from small beginnings grows,
 Swift from the first, and every moment brings
 New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings,
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies;
 Enraged against the gods, revengeful earth
 Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth,
 Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste,
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast ;
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight ;
 Millions of op'ning mouths to fame belong
 And every mouth is furnished with a tongue ;
 And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
 She fills the peaceful universe with cries ;
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes ;
 By day from lofty tow'rs her head she shows,
 And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news.
 With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,
 Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with
 Talk is her business, and her chief delight (lies ;
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.

FORTUNE.

Why was fortune made a goddess, says St. Augustin, since she comes to the good and bad without any judgment? She is so blind, that without distinction, she runs to anybody, and many times she passes by those that admire her, and sticks to those who despise her. So that Juvenal had reason to speak in the manner he does of her. Yet the

temples that have been consecrated to her, and the names that she has had, are innumerable. The chief of them I will point out to you.

She was styled *Aurea*, or *Regia Fortuna*, and an image of her, so called, was usually kept in the emperor's chamber, and when one died, it was removed to the palace of his successor. She was worshipped in the Capitol under the title of *Bona*, and in the *Esquilæ*, under the title of *Mala*.

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia ; sed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna. Deam, cæloque locamus.

Fortune is never worshipped by the wise ;
But she, by fools set up, usurps the skies.

According to Keating's History, Ireland was first governed by kings, 1300 years before Christ, and the number who reigned up to the birth of our blessed Savior, was ninety-two ; to St. Patrick, thirty ; to Henry II., sixty-four ;—making in all, 186 kings, who ruled Ireland before it came under the tyrannical rule of England ; and what is most singular, is the fact, that the only Englishman who ever became Pope, bestowed that country upon Henry II., of England. The Pope was Adrien IV. To show the rapid spread of Christianity, we find that from the 61st year of the age of St. Patrick,—when Pope Celestine in the year 431, and the 4th year of the reign of King Laegari, Ard. Righ., sent him to Ireland,—that before he died, in the year 492, making his age 122 years, he had established 355 churches, and consecrated as many bishops, and ordained 3000 priests. During the reign of King Concorban Ard. Righ., which lasted from 827 to 839, we find, notwithstanding the piratical invasions of the Danes and Norwegians, four colleges of note, and many of less character, were established in Ireland. One of these had as many as 7000 students, more than one thousand years ago. After mentioning the oppressive cruelties of the tyranny of Turgesius, A. D. 830, to A. D. 843, we will take up some of the innumerable battles fought between the Irish and their invaders, during a period of 600 years from the 12th century to the 18th.

Turgesius, the Norse tyrant, with his armies of the men of Finn-Lochlainn, held supreme power in Ireland for thirteen years, after he had previously been the scourge of that country for seventeen years ; for during that length of time he had been exercising violence and rapine upon its inhabitants. This he was enabled to effect by the arrival of a large fleet, which had arrived from Norwegia to his assistance, and which had come into port in the north of Ireland. By this fleet the country was devastated, and forced to deliver up hostages.

There were many battles between the piratical invaders and the Irish; but, by the greatness of their fleet, and the numerous hosts they brought over from Norwegia and other countries of the north of Europe, they at last reduced them to serfdom and bondage. We will give an abridged account of the subjection of the Irish to the northern pirates, and to prove the verification of the predictions of one of the prophets of Ireland, we will subjoin the verses :

“Then heathens shall come over ocean’s wide wave,
By whom shall confusion be brought on the Gael,
And of their race an abbot shall rule in each church,
And of their race a king over Eri shall reign.”

The invaders placed a king over every canton in Ireland, a chieftain over every territory, an abbot over every church, and a steward over every homestead. The man of the house was not allowed anything, not even milk for the infant, until the steward was provided for first; and besides this, if they did not provide one ounce of gold for each one of the northern oppressors, in a year, they had their nose cut off their face.— Then no lord or lady of the Irish was allowed to wear any mantles or garments, except the cast off clothes of the northern invaders. It was not allowed to give instruction in letters nor to live in religious communities, for the Lochlannaigh dwelt in the temples, and in the duns; no scholars, no clerics, no books, no holy relics were left in church or monastery through dread of them; neither bard, nor philosopher, nor musicians pursued their wonted professions in the land; no daughter of king, or lord, or chieftain was allowed to wear either silk dresses or precious ornaments; no son of king, or of lord, was allowed to receive instructions in feats of agility, in shooting, or in any martial exercise. No banquet of feast was allowed to be enjoyed amongst friends until the tyrants had first satisfied themselves thereof.

The result of the heavy oppression of this thralldom of the Gaels under the Lochlannaigh was, that great weariness thereof came upon the men of Ireland, and the few of the clergy that survived, had fled for safety to the forests and wildernesses, where they lived in misery, but passed their time piously and devoutly. And now these same clergy prayed fervently to God to deliver them from that tyranny of Turgesius, and, moreover, they fasted against that tyrant, and they commanded every layman amongst the faithful that still remained obedient to their voice to fast against him likewise. And God then heard their supplications in as far as the delivering up of Turgesius into the hands of the Gaels.

THE BATTLE OF CREDRAN.

1257.

A brilliant battle was fought by Geoffrey O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell, against the Lord Justice of Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, and the English of Cannaught, at Credan Cille, Roseede, in the territory of Carburry, north of Sligo, in defence of his principality. A fierce and terrible conflict took place in which bodies were hacked, heroes disabled, and the strength of both sides exhausted. The men of Tirconnell maintained their ground, and completely overthrew the English forces in the engagement, and defeated them with great slaughter; but Geoffrey himself was severely wounded, having encountered in the fight Maurice Fitzgerald, in single combat, in which they mortally wounded each other.

THE BATTLE OF ARDNOCHER.

1328.

A. D. 1328. MacGeoghegan gave a great overthrow to the English, in which three thousand five hundred of them, together with the D'Altons, were slain. This battle, in which the English met such tremendous defeat, was fought near Mullingar, on the day before the feast of St. Laurence, namely, the ninth of August. The Irish clans were commanded by William MacGeoghegan, Lord of Kenil Feacha, in Westmeath, comprising the present baronies of Moycashel and Rathconrath. The English forces were commanded by Lord Thomas Butler, the Petits, Tuites, Nangles, Delemers, &c. The battle took place at the Hill of Ardnocher.

DEATH OF ART MACMURROGH.

1416.

Art M'Murrogh died at Ross in 1415, after having reigned over Leinster for forty years. He was the greatest Irish soldier of his age, and the first, perhaps, that overreached the Normans by tactics and strategy. His campaigns against Roger Mortimer, Richard II., the Earl of Ormond, Sir John Stanley, and Sir Stephen Scroope, Lord Thomas of Lancaster, and the first Earl of Shrewsbury, the "British Achilles," have yet to claim the pen of an historian. He took Ross, Carlow, Euniscorthy, and other fortified places from the English, exacted an annual tribute of eighty marks, which was paid to his descendants until after the year 1603; and during his life cost the English treasury, according to the statements of their own chronicler about 1,200,000 marks. He is spoken of by Caxton, Marlburgh, and Hollinshed, as "the chief captain of his nation,"—"the canker that lay in the heart of Leinster,"—"M'Murrogh, at whose mighty prowess all Leinster trembled," and in the like phrases. Valor and virtue sustained him through many trials, and victory shone like a sun round his old age.

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

In the year 1577, the English published a proclamation, inviting the

well affected Irish to an interview on the Rathmore of Mullaghmast, in the King's County. A safe conduct was given to those who accepted the invitation to return as they came—for good and not evil was intended towards them. Some hundreds of the most peaceable and well-affected came, and they were hardly assembled when they found themselves surrounded by three or four lines of English horse and foot, completely accoutred, by whom they were treacherously attacked and cut to pieces, not a single man escaped. Speaking of this massacre, Captain Lee, in his Memorial to Queen Elizabeth, says: "They have drawn unto them by protection three or four hundred of these country people, under color to do your Majesty service, and brought them to a place of meeting, where your garrison soldiers were appointed to be, who have there most dishonorably put them all to the sword; and this hath been by the consent and practice of the Lord Deputy for the time being." The old Saxons served some of the ancient Britons in the same manner. They invited them to partake of their hospitality, and, seated, one between each of the Saxons, at a given sign they each murdered a Briton. One escaped, and before they captured him, he slew fifty Saxons with a bar of iron.

TYRRELL'S PASS.

1597.

In the valuable notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the following account of the battle of Tyrrell's pass is given at page 621: "The Captain Tyrrell mentioned in the Annals, was Richard Tyrrell, a gentleman of the Anglo-Norman family of the Tyrrells, Lords of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. He was one of the most valiant and celebrated commanders of the Irish in the war against Elizabeth, and during a period of twelve years, had many conflicts with the English forces in various parts of Ireland. He was particularly famous for bold and hazardous exploits, and rapid expeditions. Copious accounts are given of him by Fynes Morrison, MacGeoghegan, and others. After the reduction of Ireland he retired to Spain. The battle of Tyrrell's Pass is described by MacGeoghegan, and mentioned by Leland, and other historians. It was fought in the summer of 1597, at a place afterwards called Tyrrell's Pass, now the name of a town in the Barony of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. When Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, heard that the English forces were preparing to advance into Ulster, under the Lord Deputy Burrough, he detached Captain Tyrrell, at the head of 400 chosen men, to act in Meath and Leinster, and by thus engaging the English forces, to cause a diversion, and prevent their joining the Lord Deputy, or co-operate with Sir Conyers Clifford. The Anglo-Irish of Meath, to the number of 1000 men, assembled under the banner of Barnwell, Baron of Trimleston, intending to proceed and join the Lord Deputy. Tyrrell was encamped with his small force in Fertullagh, and was joined by young O'Connor Faaly of the Kings County. The Baron of Trimleston, having heard where Tyrrell was posted, formed a project of taking him by surprise, and, for that purpose, despatched his son at the head of the assembled troops. Tyrrell having received information of their advance, immediately put himself in a posture of defence, and making feint of flying before them as they advanced, drew them into a defile covered with trees, which place has since been called Tyrrell's pass, and having detached half of his men, under the command of O'Connor, they were posted in ambush, in a hollow adjoining the road. When the

English were passing, O'Connor and his men sallied out from their ambuscade, and with their fifes and drums, played Tyrrell's march, which was the signal agreed upon for the attack. Tyrrell then rushed out on them in front, and the English being thus hemmed in on both sides, were cut to peices, the carnage being so great that out of their entire force only one soldier escaped, and, having fled through a marsh, carried the news to Mullingar. O'Connor displayed amazing valor, and being a man of great strength and activity, hewed down many of their men with his own hand; while the heroic Tyrrell, at the head of his men, repeatedly rushed into the thick of the battle. Young Barnwell being taken prisoner, his life was spared, but he was delivered to O'Neill. A curious circumstance is mentioned by MacGeoghegan, that from the heat and excessive action of the sword-arm, the hand of O'Connor became so swelled that it could not be extricated from the guard of his sabre until the handle was cut through with a file."

RORY O'MOORE.

Roger, or Rory O'Moore, is one of the most honored and stainless names in Irish history. Writers, who concur in nothing else, agree in representing him as a man of the loftiest motives and the most passionate patriotism. In 1640, when Ireland was weakened by defeat and confiscation, and guarded with a jealous care, constantly increasing in strictness and severity, O'Moore, then a private gentleman, conceived the vast design of rescuing her from England, and accomplished it. In three years England did not retain a city in the Island but Dublin and Drogheda. For eight years her power was barely nominal; the land was possessed and the supreme authority exercised by the Confederation created by O'Moore. History contains no stricter instance of the influence of an individual mind. Before the insurrection broke out, the people had learned to know and expect their Deliverer, and it became a popular proverb and the burden of national songs, that the hope of Ireland was in "God, the Virgin, and Rory O'Moore. It is remarkable that O'Moore, in whose courage and resources this great insurrection had its birth, was a descendant of the chieftains of Leix massacred by English troops at Mullaghmast, a century before. But if he took a great revenge, it was a magnanimous one; none of the excesses which stained the first rising in Ulster are charged upon him. On the contrary, when he joined the Northern Army, the excesses ceased, and strict discipline was established, as far as it was possible, among men unaccustomed to control, and wild with wrongs and sufferings.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

1646.

About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Neill, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse, approached Armagh. Monroe who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, marched thither on the 4th of June, at midnight, with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot. Meanwhile, O'Neill, aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, between two hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose, marched thither on the 5th of June, at the head of his troops. He ordered his brother,

George Monroe, to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Coleraine, and to join him at Glasslough or Benburb. O'Neill, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonel Bernard M'Mahon and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent this force from joining with Monroe. Monroe himself had passed the river, at a ford near Kinard (now Caledon) and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O'Farrell, who occupied a strait through which it was necessary for him to pass, but the fire of his cannon compelled this commander, after a short rencontre, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Neill amused his enemy, during several hours, with various manœuvres and trifling skirmishes, until the sun, which at first had been favorable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Neill had sent against George Monroe was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general at first imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Coleraine, but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Neill, however, seized the opportunity, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valor. The gallant Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence.—He fell, combating with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces, fighting around their beloved commander. Meanwhile, the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Neill's horse, and a general rout ensued. One regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery, retreated with some regularity, but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners; three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe himself fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents, and baggage, with the greater part of his arms, booty, and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having two horses slain under him in his flight. The loss of O'Neill, in this decisive battle was only seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

1745.

Upon the death of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, in 1740, his daughter, Maria Theresa, discovered that the sovereigns of Europe, instead of being true to their oaths and to her, made immediate claims upon her territories, and prepared to enforce them by open hostilities. In a short time the question became a European quarrel, to be settled only by the doubtful issue of war. Louis XV. of France, and Frederick the Great opposed her, whilst England, Holland, Hungary, Bavaria, and Hanover, aided her in the protection of those rights, which had been guaranteed her. In the prosecution of this war, an army of 79,000 men, commanded by Marshal Saxe, and encouraged by the presence of both King and Dauphin, laid siege to Tournay, early in May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. At the Duke's approach, Saxe and the King advanced a few miles from Tournay with

45,000 men, leaving 18,000 to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld. Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his center was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left center, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight line. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland's right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened upon him, which, assisted by a constant fire from the French tirailleurs, (light infantry) drove him back. The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon; and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass. Everything being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed on between the hill of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so, it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters, but it stood the storm and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged, but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible. Duc Richelieu had our cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength; but these French were fearful sufferers. Louis was about to leave the field. At this juncture, Saxe ordered up his last reserve, the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames' horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of '*Cuimhnigídh ar Lumneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach*,' [Remember Limerick and British faith] was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France." The English were weary with a long day's fighting, cut up by cannon, charge and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh, and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally, but they were literally stunned by the shout, and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless, and falling by hundreds.

The Irish troops did not pursue them far, but the French cavalry and light troops pressed on till the relics of the column were succored by some English cavalry, and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one third of the men. The capture of Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Oudenarde, followed the victory of Fontenoy.

We will now glance at the history of Scotland and its successions of Kings and Queens, and also England. Then we will close our remarks with Ireland from the beginning of this century until the present time.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE TIME OF THE POSSESSION OF THE WESTERN PARTS BY THE SCOTS, OR IRISH, AND THE EASTERN PORTION BY THE PICKS.

Kenneth II., king of the Scots, vanquished the Picks in the year 845, and united the country, and formed it into the one kingdom of Scotland. His successors were Donald V., Constantine, Ethus, Gregory, Donald VI., Constantine II., Malcolm I., Indulphus, Duffus, Culas, Kenneth III., Constantine IV., Grimus, Malcolm II., and Duncan. The last named monarch, was slain by Macbeth, who succeeded him in the year 1056, and retained the crown until Malcom III. avenged the murder of his father and ascended the throne in 1056. David I. came to the throne in 1124, and he fixed his residence at Edinburgh. William the Lion, came to the throne in 1165, and was succeeded by Alexander II. in 1214. In 1286, there were two claimants of the throne—Robert Bruce and John Baliol. The latter obtained the crown through the influence of Edward I., of England, Baliol acknowledging himself a vassal of the English king. A war between them soon followed. Baliol was defeated, taken to London and executed. William Wallace, that noble minded and true hearted man then took the command of the Scots, but Edward defeated them in the battle of Falkirk, in the year 1298. In 1306, Robert Bruce, son of the rival of Baliol, claimed the Scottish crown, and in the battle of Bannockburn, in the year 1314, totally defeated Edward and his powerful army. This victory secured the independence of Scotland, and confirmed that brave, noble and good man Robert Bruce in possession of the throne.

We will state, that this poem of Bruce's, addressed to his

army, was composed by Burns while on horseback, one stormy night, amid thunder and lightning, such as was seldom seen or heard of before in Scotland.

BANNOCK BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains! and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

The house of Stewart succeeded in 1371, the unfortunate history of which is invested with more than ordinary interest. Mary Queen of Scots was deposed in 1567, and was succeeded by her son James VI., then a minor. The latter succeeded, on the death of Elizabeth in 1603, to the crown of England, by which both crowns were united in one sovereignty. The following table contains the names of the Scottish Kings from the accession of Malcom III., until James VI., when the union of the two kingdoms was effected:

Donald VII., 1093.

Donald II., (usurper) 1094.

Donald VII., (restored) 1095.

Edgar 1098.

Alexander I., 1107.

David I., 1124.

Malcolm IV., 1153.

William 1165.

Alexander II., 1214.
 Alexander III., 1249.
 John Baliol, 1292.
 Robert Bruce, 1306.
 David II., 1330.
 Edward Baliol (usurper) 1332.
 Robert Stuart II., 1370.
 Robert III., 1390.

James I., 1423.
 James II., 1437.
 James III., 1460.
 James IV., 1489.
 James V., 1514.
 Mary 1543.
 James VI., of Scotland and I., of
 England, 1567.

Scotland has had many battles of note, but we have not time or room to mention them. We would say, however, that all Scotchmen have our heartfelt good will, who have the spirit of a Bruce or a Wallace. Perhaps, in the history of patriotism and bravery, no two men ever equalled, or at least surpassed, Bruce and Wallace, notwithstanding the crown of the two kingdoms were centered in and worn by one of Scotland's sons, after the reign of the much belied Mary. Still the blood of the Stewarts did not continue long. At one period, we find, after the year 1603, when James I. reigned, it only continued one succession in the person of Charles I., to 1625. Then commenced the protectorship of Cromwell, the natural king at that time, who displaced an artificial one. Then the house of Stewart is continued in the person of Charles II., 1660, and James II., 1685. Then comes the house of Orange, in the person of Mary II., and William III., in 1688. Then the house of Stewart commenced again in 1702, in the person of Queen Anne.

We will now take up the history of England and treat it in a condensed manner from the time of the first settlement of the country, till the present time. We will also make some comments upon some of her monarchs.

These islands are supposed to have been colonized by Celtic tribes from the adjacent continent, B. C. 1000. The Goths, under the name of Belgæ, passed into England, subdued the Celts, or drove them into fastnesses and established several petty kingdoms, in which state the country was found by Julius Cæsar, B. C. 55 Agricola, the general of Domitian, subjugated the demi-savage inhabitants in Britain, but did not penetrate into Ireland. The Romans held possession of England for 475 years, and on the decay of their imperial power, they withdrew to the continent, leaving the Britons to be harassed by incursions from the Picts and Scots, (or Irish,) who soon passed the wall built by Severns for the protection of the British from the Tyne to Solway Frith. The Britains then sought the aid of the Saxons, who occupied the country. They made the Britons their serfs, and drove many into Wales, Cornwall and Ireland. The Saxons were subdued by the Normans

in 1066, since which period, excepting the interregnum of the government of Cromwell, there has been a successive hereditary sovereignty. In 1282, the principality of Wales was added to the crown of England; in 1707, the kingdom and legislature of Scotland was united with England under the title of Great Britain; and in 1800 the separate legislature of Ireland was incorporated with that of Great Britain, under the title of the United Kingdom.

The southern part of Britain, with the exception of Wales, was, in 515, divided into seven kingdoms, called the Heptarchy, and governed by Saxon princes; in 825, Egbert united these kingdoms in one, under the name of England. Harold, the last Saxon king, was slain at the battle of Hastings in 1066, and his conqueror, William of Normandy, succeeded to his throne. Since then the following monarchs have reigned in England:—

NORMAN LINE—ACCESSION.

Accession.				Accession.				
William I.,	-	-	-	1066	Henry VIII.,	-	-	1509
" II.,	-	-	-	1087	Edward VI.,	-	-	1547
Henry I.,	-	-	-	1100	Mary,	-	-	1553
House of Blois.					Elizabeth,	-	-	1558
Stephen,	-	-	-	1135	House of Stewart.			
House of Plantagenet.					James I.,	-	-	1603
Henry II.,	-	-	-	1151	Charles I.,	-	-	1625
Richard I.,	-	-	-	1189	The Commonwealth.			
John,	-	-	-	1199	Cromwell, (Protector,)	-	-	1648
Henry III.,	-	-	-	1216	House of Stewarts.			
Edward I.,	-	-	-	1272	Charles II.,	-	-	1660
Edward II.,	-	-	-	1307	James II.,	-	-	1685
" III.,	-	-	-	1327	House of Orange.			
Richard II.,	-	-	-	1377	William III., and Mary II.,	-	-	1688
House of Lancaster.					House of Stuart.			
Henry IV.,	-	-	-	1399	Anne,	-	-	1702
" V.,	-	-	-	1413	House of Brunswick.			
" VI.,	-	-	-	1422	George I.,	-	-	1714
House of York.					" II.,	-	-	1727
Edward IV.,	-	-	-	1461	" III.,	-	-	1760
" V.,	-	-	-	1483	" IV.,	-	-	1820
Richard III.,	-	-	-	1483	William 4th.,	-	-	1830
House of Tudor.					Victoria,	-	-	1837
Henry VII.,	-	-	-	1485				

We will comment upon several of the monarchs of England, in the reign of King John in 1199, or 310 years before the accession to the throne by Henry VIII. We find the celebrated Magna Charta, or the trial by jury established. Consequently

it was established in Catholic times and by Catholics.* The next character of note, who is made conspicuous by that great genius, Shakespeare, is Richard III., who was a monster in human form. Then comes Henry VIII., who was a man that possessed a strong and vigorous mind, but rough in its nature. His defence of the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, we have read with much interest. His reasoning against Luther was quite conclusive and very argumentative, but he did not practice very long what he defended. We find before he fell from the grace of God by his lusts that the head of the Church Militant gave him the appellation of the Defender of the Faith. The sacrament he violated afterwards, is the most important one, in some respects, of all. We find that marriage as instituted by Almighty God in the creation of man and woman—as Adam and Eve—is of such paramount importance to the welfare of mankind, that its violation, after the fall, had much to do in causing the almost universal destruction of the human family when the flood took place. Then subsequently, until the coming of our blessed Saviour, we find its violation caused, to a great extent, the downfall of those powerful empires which had an existence before the birth of Christ, and as we come down later, we find those nations which have violated this sacrament, make less progress in true civilization than those who comply with the teachings of our Lord upon this subject, and which have constantly been reiterated by his church. Is it not painful to see a church established by law, the founder and head of which was a man who had six wives and who murdered four? This church to-day, has many members who no doubt are exemplary men and women. But as for them to try to prove their church's succession from the Apostles, is perfectly preposterous. If anything is proof of the fact that the church whose head, (at Rome we mean)—visible head,—because no enlightened Catholic contends for the idea that the See of Rome is any more than the head of the visible or Church Militant,—we say, that the strongest proof that he represented the head of the Church of Christ upon earth, is the fact, that as he said “If it is the will of God, we will lose England rather than save it by the violation of the express command of our Saviour, who says expressly that no divorce shall be granted, save for the crime of adultery.” †

* The old law of self defence is best, unless we can have the twelve jurors, men of good minds, honest hearts and without any prejudice. Look at the mock trials many of the Irish Patriots have had. See the packed jury in the recent trial of Daniel Sullivan.

† Even then the Catholic Church only allows separation from bed and board during the life of one of the parties. She contends that marriage is indissoluble, consequently neither can marry while the other lives.

Now, we ask all candid and enlightened minds, of whatever religious faith, who did right, the Pope or Henry the Eighth, in the divorce of his first wife, Catharine? He had nought to say against her. She had become imbued with the teachings of the church, that chastity was a holy virtue, and as a lady of rank, fortune, and intellectual accomplishments, she, as a Catholic, had always the model of christianity before her, which was the Blessed Virgin. This sacrament is one upon which rests the whole fabric of human society, the church, the state and the family, and it is a fact worth considering, that in all countries, Protestant in their character, that as you diverge from the Catholic Church, does this holy sacrament become subservient to the civil law. Hence, as you lower the standard of this sacrament will the marriage tie become destroyed by the state having jurisdiction over it. In such countries, divorces are granted for the most trifling pretext. Look, for instance, at the laws of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, England and America, and especially the state of Indiana. Look at the religious sects that have sprung up in our own day—such as Free-loveism, and Mormonism*—striking directly at the moral wellfare of society. It was this sapping and undermining the principles of social harmony and well-being of mankind, in different ages, that caused the state or civil power of Catholic countries to suppress such heresies.

The next monarch we will allude to is James I. Under his supervision, we find the Bible translated. What has been the result? We answer that the Scripture, received as canonical about the year 320, in the days of Constantine the Great, or 1287 years before James—we find it adhered to down to the time of James. What was that Bible? We answer, the same as the Douay version, with two whole books more than in the James version. Besides, those interpolations are not in it which were inserted in order to pander to the prejudices of the sect who placed them there.

The last one we will mention is the Protectorate, Oliver Cromwell, the natural king, who supplanted Charles I. He has been much belied by English historians, who were hired for that purpose. He has been vindicated by the most forcible, vigorous, original and voluminous writer of the age, who has just completed the life of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. We allude to Thomas Carlyle. Oliver Cromwell had faults which we do

*In all our observations, of the Europeans who have embraced Mormonism, which is worse, in some respects, than the Polygamy of the Turks, we have found, that with but few exceptions, they are all of the Teutonic type, or if Celtic, they are from Protestant countries. Of fourteen millions Irish throughout the world, but eleven persons ever became Mormons, and probably they were Protestants.

not countenance. He evidently was very bigoted, still he displayed great powers of mind and energy of purpose.

All persons must admit that England is a great nation. She has more people under her sway, than any other kingdom that ever had an existence. Rome, in the zenith of her glory, had but one hundred millions under her control, while England has nearly three hundred million, and her territorial grasp is in all quarters of the globe, as well in numerous Islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. There has been a perfect adaptation of means to this end. In the first place, we find the island healthy for the body and mind; then we find the race who occupy it, with the largest and broadest heads of any other people in the world. This accounts for their meat eating tendencies, and their cruelty when fully aroused. The island is isolated, preventing invasions except through the medium of ships. England's maritime greatness is the result of two causes: One is the fact that she was liable to invasion, and hence she has developed her navy, to thus protect herself, and as the country is small, she has been under the necessity of developing her manufacturing interests, and that has tended to develop her maritime greatness. There is one nation, which is her near neighbor, who is fast approximating to England in her navy, and that nation, if she ever invades England, will not labor under the disadvantages that she did fifty years ago, when the great Napoleon attempted it. England has been guilty of more chicanery, in which she has involved more nations in war, than any other one on record, and we believe she has seen her zenith. Her star of greatness is fast setting.—Whether she will be judged by God Almighty, by any special judgment or not, we are not prepared to say. Still, in the European and Asiatic war that is brewing, which will be the most disastrous that ever occurred, she will be more severely tested than she ever was before. Her wisest statesmen are doing all they can to avert it, but it will be of no avail. We will not say any more in this pamphlet upon that subject, but we will write a few war articles, shortly, for the Press. We will then explain ourself more fully.

Since the time of George I., in 1714, we find the Saxon blood, through the line of the German race, has had a decided preponderance. For that reason, England generally sympathizes with the German nations, and she has always, with her gold, bought the services of the Germans, in a military point of view. She hired the Hessians, during the Revolutionary War, to fight against us, but the German states, perceiving the great and transcendent growth of the Russian Empire, passed

laws against allowing any power of Europe to get their recruits from them. Therefore, England, in the great approaching European and Asiatic war, must not depend upon foreign recruits. She must face the struggle herself.

Ireland, during the last century, has had many names of renown in the different departments of learning, especially as poets, statesmen, patriots, and orators. We will only mention a few, then make a few more remarks and conclude. She has her Burkes, Sheridans, Grattans, Curraus, Goldsmiths, Moores, Phillips, Emmets, O'Connells, Shields, Mitchells and O'Briens. We do not consider all hope for Ireland's prosperity was comparatively lost, until the beginning of the present century, when her Parliament was destroyed, her Manufactures prostrated and her Commerce ceased to be. Notwithstanding Ireland has had centuries of persecution, still, in the firmament of moral and intellectual greatness, she has had many stars of the first magnitude. Behold that bright cluster of statesmen and orators she had in the seven years trial of Warren Hastings, Governor General of India. That trial, the greatest that ever occurred in the world, called forth forensic efforts not equalled in the annals of history.

We have read the orations of ancient and modern times.—Demosthenes' appeals were so soul stirring as to awake a flame of patriotic emotions in the minds and hearts of the Greeks that could only be extinguished by death. Cicero's invectives against Cataline, were so scathing as not to be equalled in his age, and Daniel Webster's great speech, in reply to Hayne, possessed such a high toned irony and sarcasm, as to produce the death of his opponent. Yet, when you concentrate all this eloquence of Greece, Rome, and America's greatest orators, into one effort, it is still inferior to the great four days' speech of one of Ireland's sons, Mr. Burke, in the trial of the monster, Hastings. We will allude to his opening of that trial, and Mr. Sheridan's closing.

Imagine yourself in a magnificently decorated Hall, arranged with all that genius could create, wealth command, or taste suggest—one in which the coronation of many kings had taken place. As spectators, we behold all the royalty of England, the rank of many countries, the lords of Great Britain, and the beauty, talent and genius of the metropolis of the world. At one end of the hall is to be seen elevated seats, in which are sitting the Supreme Judges of the English realm. The tribunal is the highest in the land; this court is surrounded with all the paraphernalia of such a tribunal; the judges, with grave countenances, powdered wigs, and long flowing robes;

the prisoner is one who was the Governor General of an empire of a hundred million of people; the barristers, the greatest statesmen and orators in the world. All is ready, and the trial commences. The culprit is sitting perfectly motionless, not moving a muscle or limb. All eyes are upon him. At last the greatest of that bright constellation of orators, rises slowly from his seat. All eyes turn from Hastings to look at the great Burke. His eloquence we will compare to the waters of the four great inland seas of America, converging and centering into a small river, before it passes over the greatest cataract on the globe. As it enters the river, its current is somewhat slow, but as it passes along, and nears the Niagara, the more impetuous it becomes, and as it approaches the Falls, its impetuosity is such that everything that gets within the vortex is irresistibly carried over the great cataract. So with the eloquence of the great BURKE. He commenced softly and slowly, in describing the country of India, a country in which the culprit had committed barbarities, the recital of which would make a heart of stone melt. The orator described the country in such a beautiful and graphic manner, that, for the time being, all imagined themselves in Bombay, Calcutta, or some other part of India. Hastings does not move. The orator becomes more warm and vehement, when he depicts the cruelties that the culprit committed, and he does it with such sympathetic language, that all faces become suffused with tears, and every heart beats with pity and compassion, save one, and that is the criminal's; still he moves not. Then the orator changes the theme. He points his hand toward Hastings, and becomes very vehement when he describes his barbarities in India, and he does this with such a glow of eloquence, and such power of sarcasm, that all tears disappear, and all hearts become hard and all eyes are cast upon Hastings, and each face indicates revenge. Hastings begins to writhe, and the blood rushes to his cheek. The orator continues to become more and more eloquent, and peals and flashes of matchless eloquence succeed each other; Hastings begins to tremble—then his oratory becomes so overpowering, and his invectives become so scathing that Hastings can endure its lash and sting no longer; he writhes, trembles, and finally sinks under it.—Still the orator continues—then an outburst of overwhelming eloquence is heard—the ladies faint and fall prostrate—the judges become confounded and awe-stricken—the spectators are completely overcome with dumbness, and are so much overpowered with his sublime eloquence, that when the great orator concluded his speech, universal and profound silence reigned for a long time in the House of Lords.

Sheridan closed the trial with his speech, and it was no shorter in its delivery, and but little inferior in pathos, power, and vividness with which he depicted the crimes of Hastings; but, notwithstanding his guilt, he was acquitted.

Subsequently a short time, we find a young man of fine mind, warm heart, and patriotic intentions, engage in the noble work of the liberation of his country from British tyranny. He was unsuccessful, and what was the result? We answer, he was was put to an ignominious death! But one day before this occurred, we find him deliver a speech before his accusers, which was so replete with all that was noble, good, and true, and it was delivered with such Roman-like fortitude, and so full of feeling and pathos, that if any other nation or tribunal had been his accusers, except the English, he would have been pronounced acquitted. He was found guilty of treason, and put to death.

Emmet's death will ever be a black spot upon the escutcheon of English history, that will increase, enlarge, and expand, until universal humanity will behold nothing but total darkness, the symbol of evil, encompassing that nation. As an American, we cannot forgive England, because, in Emmet's fate, we behold what would have occurred, if unsuccessful, to Washington, Jefferson, Warren, Montgomery, Carroll of Carrollton, Lafayette, Kosciusko and others, whose virtues we should all imprint upon our minds and engrave in our hearts, never to become erased, and we should write their names and achievements in letters of gold, and enshrine them in indestructible history, never to become obliterated while time lasts.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH.

After the Attorney General concluded his speech, the Clerk of the Crown, in the usual form, addressed the prisoner, concluding in these words,—“What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?”

Mr. Emmet, standing forward in the dock, in front of the bench, said :

“My Lords, as to why judgment of death and execution should not be passed upon me, according to law, I have nothing to say; but as to why my character should not be relieved from the imputations and calumnies thrown out against it, I have much to say. I do not imagine that your lordships will give credit to what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breasts of the court; I only wish your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories until it has found some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms with which it is at present buffeted. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence to the fate which awaits me; but the sentence of the law which delivers over my body to the executioner, consigns my character to obloquy. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, but also the

difficulties of prejudice. Whilst the man dies, his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France: it is false. I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France. Never did I entertain the remotest idea of establishing French power in Ireland. From the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provisional Government, it is evident that every hazard attending an independent effort, was deemed preferable, to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into this country. Small, indeed, would be our claim to patriotism and sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to sell our country to a people, who are not only slaves themselves, but the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. And, my lords, let me here observe, that I am not the head and life's blood of this rebellion. When I came to Ireland, I found the business ripe for execution. I was asked to join it. I took time to consider: and after mature deliberation, I became one of the Provisional Government, and there then was, my lords, an agent from the United Irishmen and Provisional Government of Ireland, at Paris, negotiating with the French Government, to obtain from them an aid sufficient to accomplish the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, the preliminary to which assistance, has been a guarantee to Ireland similar to that which Franklin obtained for America; but the intimation that I, or the rest of the Provisional Government, meditated to put our country under the dominion of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe, is utterly false and unfounded. Did we entertain any such ideas, how could we speak of giving freedom to our countrymen? how could we assume any such exalted motive? If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniate their views, and is not warranted by the facts.

"Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid, and we sought it—as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace.

"Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and, if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

"Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No; let not then any man attain my memory by believing that I could have hoped to give freedom to my country, by betraying the sacred cause of liberty, and committing it to the power of her most determined foe. Had I done so, I had not deserved

to live; and, dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would give freedom. What has been the conduct of the French towards other countries? They promised them liberty, and when they got them into their power they enslaved them. What has been their conduct towards Switzerland, where it has been stated that I have been? Had the people there been desirous of French assistance, I would have stood between them and the French, whose aid they called in, and, to the utmost of my ability, I would have protected them from every attempt at subjugation; I would, in such case, fight against the French, and, in the dignity of freedom, I would have expired upon the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Is it then to be supposed that I would be slow in making the same sacrifice for my native land; and I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her freedom and independence, am to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of French tyranny and French despotism? My Lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation, to meet the ignominy of the scaffold, but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of the despotism and ambition of France; and whilst I have breath, I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties, and against their happiness. I would do with the people of Ireland as I would have done with the people of Switzerland, could I be called upon at any future period of time so to do. My object, and that of the rest of the Provisional Government, was, to effect a total separation between Great Britain and Ireland; to make Ireland totally independent of Great Britain, but not to let her become a dependant of France.

"When my spirit shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in defence of their country, this is my hope, that my memory and name may serve to animate those who survive me.

"While the destruction of that government which upholds its dominion by impiety against the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the field, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hands, in religion's name, against the throat of his fellow, who, believes a little or less than the government standard, which reigns amidst the cries of the orphans and of the widows it has made,"—(Here Mr. Emmet was interrupted by Lord Norbury.)

After a few words on the subject of his objects, purposes, and the final prospect of success, he was again interrupted, when he said—

"What I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of affliction.

Lord Norbury interrupted the prisoner.

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated, in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted

impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and *not justice*, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives, sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

"My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the tame endurance of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my Lord are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man—you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, *what a farce is your justice!* If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, *how dare you calumniate it?* Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but, whilst I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors, or——"

(Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.)

"My Lords, will a dying man be denied the privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, from a reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country. Why then insult me, or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my Lords, that the form prescribes that you should put the question; the form also confers a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury were impanelled. Your Lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit, but I insist on the whole of the forms."

(Here Mr. Emmet paused, and the court desired him to proceed.)

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as it has been expressed, 'the life and blood of this conspiracy.' You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions to yourself, my Lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would not deign to call you friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand."

(Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.)

"What, my Lord, shall you tell me on my passage to the scaffold—which that tyranny of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my death—that I am accountable for all the blood that

has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

“I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life; and am I to stand appalled here before a mere remnant of mortality? Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor—let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause, but of my country’s liberty and independence. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks my views—no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppression, for the same reason that I would have resisted tyranny at home.”

Lord Norbury—“Mr. Emmet, you have been called upon to show cause, if any you have, why the judgment of the law should not be enforced against you. Instead of showing anything in point of law, why judgment should not pass, you have proceeded in a manner the most unbecoming a person in your situation; you have avowed, and endeavored to vindicate principles totally subversive of the government, totally subversive of the tranquility, well-being, and happiness of that country which gave you birth; and you have broached treason the most abominable.

“You, sir, had the honor to be a gentleman by birth, and your father filled a respectable situation under the government. You had an eldest brother, whom death snatched away, and who, when living, was one of the greatest ornaments of the bar. The laws of his country were the study of his youth; and the study of his maturer life was to cultivate and support them. He left you a proud example to follow, and if he had lived, he would have given your talents the same virtuous direction as his own, and have taught you to admire and preserve that constitution, for destruction of which you have conspired with the most profligate and abandoned, and associated yourself with hostlers, bakers, butchers and such persons, whom you invited to council, when you erected your Provisional Government.”

“If the spirits,” said Emmet, “of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory scene, dear shade of my venerated father, look down on your suffering son, and see has he for one moment deviated from those moral and patriotic principles which you so early instilled into his youthful mind, and for which he has now to offer up his life.

“My Lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to heaven—be yet patient. I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life, and for my country’s cause, with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. My race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is *the charity of its silence*. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the

nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.
I have done."

We appeal to the Irishmen of America, especially the
Military :

Not to be soldiers for mere name or show,
But to be ready, across the mighty ocean to go;
And when you sail over the Atlantic main,
Let each one arrive in Ireland, France, or Spain,
And in the approaching din of battle and strife,
Let all be ready, to sacrifice their lives,
For the noble purpose of having Emmet's epitaph written,
With the words, "humbled low has become Great Britain!"
Let him who inscribes upon that neglected tomb,
Engrave upon its surface, Ireland's oppressor's final doom;
And may that silent and obscure grave soon see,
England invaded, subdued, destroyed, and Ireland free!

LINES BY ROBERT EMMET.

Genius of Erin, tune thy harp
To freedom, let its sound awake
Thy prostrate sons, and nerve their hearts,
Oppression's iron bonds to break.

Long and strong then strike the lyre,
Strike it with prophetic lays,
Bid it rouse the slumbering fire,
Bid the fire of freedom blaze.

Tell them glory waits their efforts,
Strongly wooed, she will be won,
Freedom, show, by peace attended,
Waits to crown each gallant son.

Greatly daring bid them gain her,
Conquerors, bid them live or die;
Erin in her children triumphs,
Marked by glory if they die.

But, if her sons, too long opprest,
No spark of freedom's fire retain,
And with sad and servile breast,
Basely wear the galling chain;

Vainly then you'd call to glory,
Vainly freedom's blessing praise,
Men debased to willing thalldom,
Freedom's blessing cannot raise.

Check thy hand and change thy strain;
Change to a sound of woe,

Ireland's blasted hopes proclaim
Ireland's endless sufferings show.

Show her fields with blood ensanguined,
With her children's blood bedewed,
Show her desolate plains,
With their murdered bodies strewed.

Mark that hamlet, how it blazes,
Hear the shrieks of horror rise,
See, the fiends prepare their tortures'
See! a tortured victim dies.

Ruin stalks his haggard round,
O'er the plains his banner waves,
Sweeping, from her wasted land,
All but tyrants and their slaves.

All but tyrants and their slaves;
Shall they live in Erin's isle?
O'er her martyred patriots' graves,
Shall oppression's minions smile.

Erin's sons, awake!—awake!
Oh! too long, too long! you sleep;
Awake! arise! your fetters break,
Nor let your country bleed and weep.

Ah! where is now my peaceful cot?
Ah! where my happy home?
No peaceful cot, alas! is mine,
An exile now I roam.

Far from my country I am driven,
A wanderer sent from thee,
But, still, my constant prayer to heaven,
Shall be to make thee free.

EMMET'S DEATH.

"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge,
Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip
As he uttered a ribald jest;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
The demon throbbed within.

"He dies to-day," said the jailor grim,
Whilst a tear was in his eye;
But why should I feel so grieved for *him*?
Sure I've seen many die!

Last night I went to his stony cell,
 With the scanty prison fare—
 He was sitting at a table rude,
 Plaiting a lock of hair!
 And he looked so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 And he spoke in so kind a way,
 That my old breast heav'd with a smothering feel,
 And I knew not what to say!"

"He dies to-day," thought a fair sweet girl—
 She lacked the life to speak,
 For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lip and cheek—
 Despair had drank up her last wild tear.
 And her brow was damp and chill.
 And they often felt at her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

S. F. C.

Forty-five years after the death of Emmet, another rebellion took place, and such men as Mitchell, Meagher, O'Brien and others were engaged in it, and were unsuccessful. But what was their fate—we answer banishment. Why not put them to death? they were guilty of the same crimes as Emmet. We answer, the spirit of the liberty of our forefathers had become infused into the minds of universal civilized humanity, and in defiance of the public sentiment it created, England dare not put these men to death. That is some encouragement. And then look at one of those men who was banished. He received a pardon according to his own dictation. Then look at his reception in this country. No other man from abroad ever received such a reception as this Irish Patriot did, except one. That was an old man who came here after the lapse of forty years from the time he first came to this country to assist us in the achievement of the God, designed principles of Liberty. He left his native country when a youth of eighteen years of age. He there possessed wealth, rank, and great honors and emoluments. Still, on the altar of Liberty, he was willing to sacrifice all. He saw with his mind's eye, a band of patriots like Washington, Jefferson, Warren, Montgomery, Carroll, and numerous others, struggling against the mightiest power on Earth. It was well that Lafayette should receive a reception involving the manifestation of all the unbounded gratitude this nation possessed. The Patriot had scarcely arrived in New York before we find on the shores of the Battery tens of thousands of persons, of all nationalities, of every class and profession. They were there to bid the Irish Patriot a cordial welcome to our shore. The merchant had left the counting house, the literary man his study, the

Editor the sanctum, the lawyer the Court, the Judge the Bench, the mechanic his workshop, and the hard-working, honest, warm hearted laborer, the shovel, the pick and the hod. Before he arrives at his lodgings, we see thousands at the hotel, and there his reception was as enthusiastic as at the landing. He remained but a short time in the metropolis of the country, and then started for the Capitol of the Republic. In all the places he passed through, the same warm and cordial reception took place. He finally arrived near the Capitol, and thousands of the first minds of the nation were there to greet him. The whistle was heard, and at last the cars arrived. One spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm rends the air, and all rush to see and speak with him. He is welcomed to the seat of government.—He next visits the Court, and the trial ceases. The Judge leaves his Bench and considers it an honor to hold converse with him. He then visits the United States Senate, the session ceases to go on. The Vice President leaves his seat, and converses with him, and bids him welcome. Then many of the distinguished Senators approach him, with warm and reciprocal feelings. He is then invited by them to partake of the hospitalities of their own homes, and enjoy the social pleasures of their firesides. He was next invited by States through some of their distinguished sons, to partake of their hospitalities, and among the foremost was the Old Dominion, who has had such sons as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Patrick Henry, and many others, who were willing to sacrifice their lives, fortunes and sacred honor, for the liberation of this country from British tyranny and oppression, as Smith O'Brien was for his country (Ireland.)

Let us all work for one end—the liberation of Ireland from the British yoke—and persevere in accomplishing it with the same regularity that the sun rises or sets, that water runs below its level, or that gravity is towards the earth's centre, or that the season changes, and let the man of any nationality who upholds England in her damnable treatment of Ireland, be looked upon with the utmost contempt; but let the Irishman, of whatever Province he is from, or whatever faith he espouses, be looked upon as worse than Cain the first murderer, and like him spare his life in order that he may become a wanderer over the earth, and let universal humanity deprive him of all the social pleasures of life, and let the human heart assert its true dignity even in the English breast, and despise him as they did Benedict Arnold, the traitor to his country.

We will allude to two of Ireland's numerous authors, Goldsmith and Moore. The former had a more versatile mind than

the latter. Goldsmith wrote on a variety of subjects. His *Vicar of Wakefield* is the greatest; it will bear reading more than once. His play of *She Stoops to Conquer* is a standard Comedy at the present day. His animated nature did not call forth his greatest genius. His songs are very fine; they have such an outflow of goodness in them. His greatest fault was his improvidence; a defect in the character of most men of genius; but to make up for that, he had a heart that did not know what selfishness was. On one occasion Goldsmith was accosted in London by a poor widow. It was in the inclement season of the year. She stated she had not sufficient bed clothes to protect herself and children from the cold. He, with the true characteristic of the Irish heart, went to his lodging, which was near heaven, because the garret was the room that most struggling genius lived in in that city, which has attracted more men of talent and genius than any other city on the globe, and he stripped his bed even to the sheets, and gave them to her. When he went to retire for the night, he found his bed minus the clothing. He was in a quandary what to do. The idea struck him that by ripping a hole in the feather bed he could retire within its precincts and enjoy the sleep of Morpheus. He did so, but in the course of the night he got his head inside, and in his turnings he got completely lost, and remained so till almost suffocated in the morning, when his old friend Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, essayist, romancer, and lexicographer, came to his rescue and extricated him from his disagreeable lodging place. Goldsmith at last was taken sick, and he was not visited by the great, rich or affluent. But a greater homage was paid him when he died. It was a young lady, who sought a lock of his hair, and it was many poor women and children whose faces were all suffused with tears when they took their last look at their greatest and best benefactor in the metropolis of the world.

Moore's melodies are the finest in existence, and his *Lallah Rookh*, we believe has no equal. Shelley's *Queen Mab* has some passages, which, for beauty of language, and splendid drapery, is not surpassed; and Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, has large portions, that, one who had not read *Lallah Rookh*, would suppose could not be equalled. Moore's descriptive imagination, so far as the scenery of the Eastern World and Oriental life is concerned, we cannot conceive could be surpassed. He, when young, in the year 1806, visited the United States, and was introduced to Mr. Jefferson. Being of small stature, and not having yet created any literary reputation in this country, Jefferson, when the ordinary remarks

upon such an introduction were over, ceased the conversation. Moore like all geniuses, was very sensitive; he felt himself hurt, and he did not have much respect for the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence. During an interval of twenty years before the Sage of Monticello died, in 1826, we find him become such an admirer of Moore that he read his productions in preference to any other poet, and on his death bed he had his beloved daughter read Moore's melodies to him in preference to any bard or poet of ancient or modern times.*

Ireland's Statesmen, Orators, and Patriots, we will compare with those visible stars in the firmament of heaven; they appear to shine with great brightness on account of their nearness. But her Saints, Martyrs, and Ecclesiastics, we will compare with those countless millions of worlds afar off in the outer boundaries of the universe, called the milky way. Their dimness to the naked eye results from their distance, they being so far from earth, that light, emitting itself at twelve million miles a minute, would be thirty-six thousand years in reaching us, and each one of these are found not only to possess inherent brilliancy and effulgence, but they are grand centers around which revolve other worlds. With the Statesmen, Orators, and Patriots, we are all familiar, by reading their achievements. But, with the Saints, Martyrs and Ecclesiastics, who lived a more quiet and retired life, they were not fully known, except to God; and for their moral heroism, and self-denying life, they are each enjoying the beatitudes of Heaven. Methinks I behold the Patron Saint of Ireland, nearer the throne of God than the other angels, whose crown is studded with the diadems of Mercy, Truth, and Holiness, and his constant prayer is that Ireland will hold out to the end, and that she should have no other crown constantly in view, but such a one as he has received as a reward for his labor in her conversion. If Ireland obtains that crown, she will escape the rock of Pride, Injustice and Selfishness, upon which have struck and foundered, all the fallen kingdoms, and empires of the past ages of the world, and she will become noted as the nation governed by Justice, Holiness, and Truth, and be instrumental, by precept and example, in causing one faith to spread throughout the whole globe, and she will hasten the day when the nations of the earth will learn war no more; and the spear shall become a pruning hook, and the sword a plowshare, and all will sit under their own vine and fig tree, and none will molest or make them afraid; and the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and a little child will lead them.

—* *Moral*.—We should not judge too much by the size or external appearance of a person in regard to the mind.

ODE ON CONVERTING A SPEAR INTO A PRUNING HOOK.

"And they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."—ISAIAH, CHAP. II., VER. 4.

FELL weapon, that in ruthless hand
Of warrior fierce, of despot king,
Hast long career'd o'er ev'ry land,
Hast heard th' embattled clangor's ring;
Wrench'd from the grasp of lawless Pri le,
With reeking gore no longer dy'd
I bear thee now to rural shades.
Where nought of Hell-born War invades:
Where plum'd AMBITION feels her little soul;
And hiding from the face of day
That dawns from HEAV'N, and drives away
Those fiends that love eternal Night,
She, with rude yell, blasphemes the SONS of LIGHT.
That bid her deathful arm no more the world control.

* * * * *

Thou, Strength of Kings, with aching breast,
I raise to Thee the mournful strain;
Thou shalt no more this earth molest,
Or quench in blood thy thrift again.
Come from rude War's infernal storm,
And fill this hand in alter'd form,
To *prune the peach, reform the rose,*
Where in the expanding bosom glows
With warmest ardours, ev'ry wish benign:
Mine is the day so long foretold
By Heaven's illumin'd Bards of old,
To feel the rage of discord cease.
To join with angels in the songs of peace.
That fill my kindred soul with energies divine.

Dark ERROR's code no more enthralls,
Its vile infatuations end;
Aloud the trump of Reason calls!
The nations hear! the world's attend!
Detesting now the craft of Kings,
Man from his hand the weapon flings;
Hides it in whelming deeps afar,
And learns no more the skill of war;
But lives with Nature on th' uncultiv'd plain:
Long has this earth a captive mourn'd,
But DAYS OF OLD are now returned;
We PRIDE's rude arm no longer feel;
No longer bleed beneath Oppression's heel:
For TRUTH to LOVE and PEACE restores the world again.

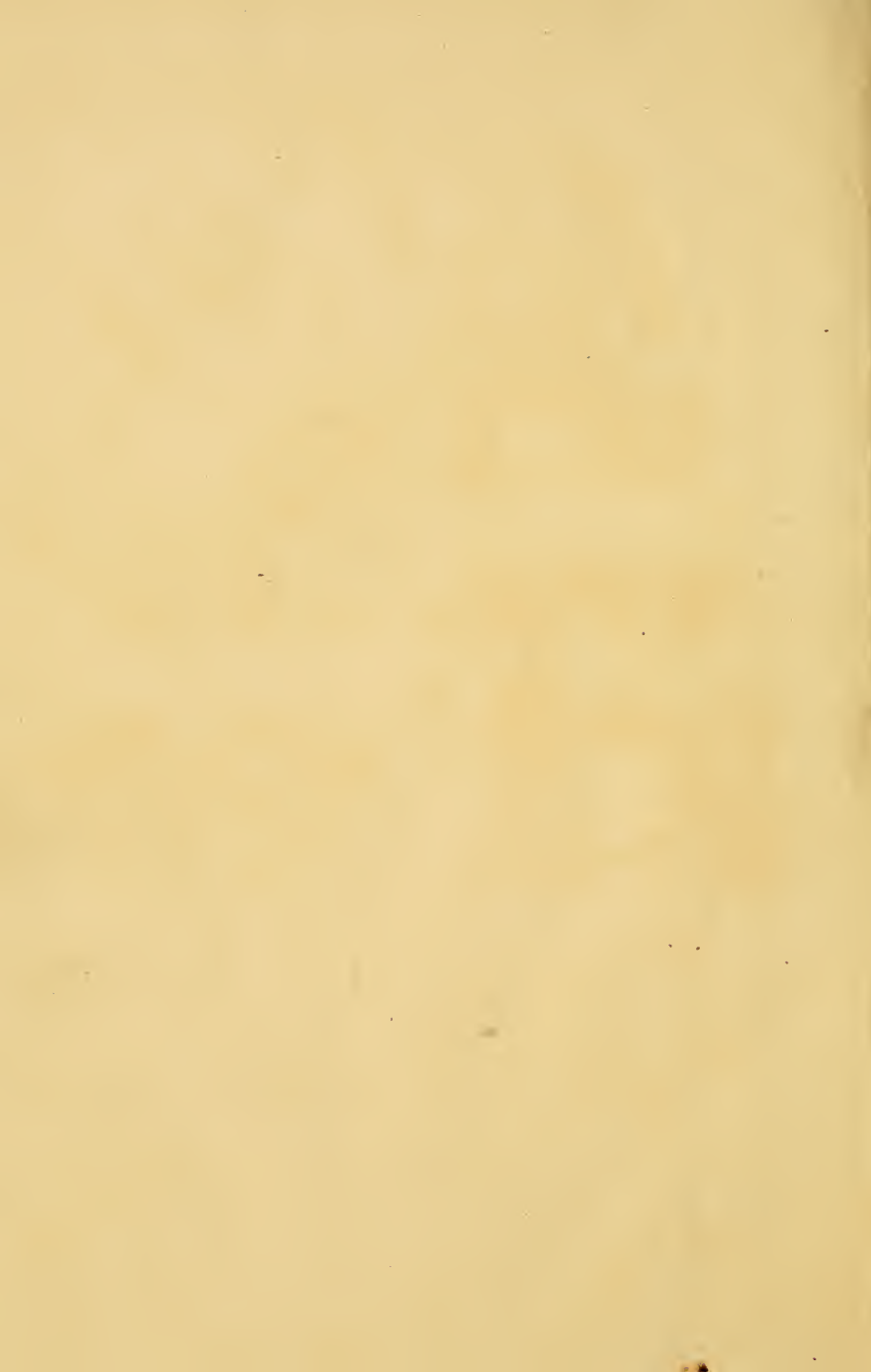
The dawn is up, the lucid morn,
I carol in its golden skies;
The Muse, on eagle pinions borne,
Through Rapture's realm prophetic flies;
The battle's rage is heard no more.

Hush'd is the storm on every shore ;
 See LAMBS and LIONS in the mead
 Together play, together feed,
 Crop the fresh herbage of perennial spring :
 From eyes that bless the glorious day
 The scalding tears are wiped away ;
 Raise high the song ! 'tis Heav'n inspires !
 In chorus joining with seraphic lyres,
 We crown the PRINCE OF PEACE, he reigns th' ETERNAL KING !

E R R A T A .

In speaking of the disparity, as regards races, we do not allude to individuals. Many causes may exist which produces the disparity we see ; we contend for the general principles discussed, and not isolated, as individuals. We also wish the reader to make some allowance for any typographical mistakes which may exist in it, and take it for the contents which the Pamphlet contains.





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