

his last illness, and on his passage to eternity, about the year 376, for he then expressed himself thus:—'Entering upon so long and dangerous a journey, I have my viaticum, even thee, O Son of God. In my extreme spiritual hunger, I will feed on thee, the repairer of mankind. So it shall be that no fire will dare to approach me; for it will not be able to bear the sweet saving odour of thy body and blood.'—[Necroism, can. 81. p. 355. t. 6.]

THE O'CONNELL ANNUITY.

*** "I will not (says O'Connell) consent that my claim to 'the rent' should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation. My claim is this.—For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burthen of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to prepare the resolutions—to furnish supplies to the correspondence—to examine the cause of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

"To descend to particulars. At a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause; and that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure?

"Other honors I could not then enjoy. "Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £3,000—an amount never before realized in Ireland, in the same space of time, by an outer barrister. Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labors would have been at once mitigated; whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I would have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

"If I had abandoned politics, even the

honors of my profession, and its highest stations lay fairly before me. But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that, although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them, unless the Union should be either made a reality, or unless the heinous measure should be abrogated.

"I did not hesitate as to my course.—My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honors and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country!—and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor never shall repent.

"An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made; and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

"But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream? and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted,—even by you, with mean and sordid motives. I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity, when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country, than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices. Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow; one evil perhaps greater than all the rest; one claim I believe higher than any other upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained? what modes of abuse! what vituperation! what slander, have been exhausted against me! what vials of bitterness have been poured on my head! what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me? what derogatory appellation has been spared? what treasures of malevolence have been expended?—what follies have not been imputed? in fact,—what crimes have I not been charged with? I do not believe that I ever had in private life, an enemy. I know that I had, and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and best abused man in the universal world! And to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side, instead of the sword of a

Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness. All this I have done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality, which teaches that the laborer is worthy of his hire; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enables one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards. Yes, I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland; and I glory in my servitude."

THE AGE OF CANT.

The unfortunate, but not unexpected result of the Niger expedition is now occupying the attention of the public, and Captain Trotter's official account of the voyage will be read with a melancholy interest, not unmingled with indignation. The sacrifices to the vanity and folly of the Exeter Hall spouters were allowable enough while they involved merely a crush of evangelical dowdies, and a great consumption of sandwiches and peppermint lozenges. But if the great gods Stephens and Buxton insist upon human victims, we think their worship must be suspended. Vanity is ever the most cruel because the most enduring of human passions, but it must have its limits, or have limits found for it. Stephen talks much—so doth Buxton—but we cannot think the longest and noisest speech ever spouted by either as equal in value to the life of a single British sailor.

Exeter Hall, though usually filled by 'babes' in sense and information, requires very "strong meat" to render it attractive. Protestant Meetings were formerly very available, and Mr. Hugh Stowell had been very effective, as he beat the front rail and abused the Papists, but Puseyism had put a spoke in that wheel. Missionary Meetings had begun to lose their original piquancy—people knew so precisely what was coming when each "dear brother" arose and commenced with a faint and clearing cough, that they heard of the torture of Hin-loos and the starvation of Esquimaux with as much composure and as little feelings as if the sufferers had been English factory children. It was necessary to get up something "startlingly interesting"—or the evangelical actors would have played to empty benches.

So, it was determined to bring out "a striking novelty, regardless of expense" and by an enormous exertion the novelty was brought out, and the energy of the managers deserves praise, whatever may be thought of the motives. They planned this Niger expedition, which as stated in the bills, was to convert Africa to the principles of commerce and Christianity—to suppress the slave trade as a policeman would suppress the orange trade under your parlour window—to induce the black savage to study all theologies and wear breeches—to establish colonies on the Niger and people them with happy and flourishing emigrants from England, and civilized and grateful natives of Africa—and in fact to transform that conti-

nent incontinently from a sort of Black Gang China into a great Cape of Good Hope.

All this sounded very well, and the Exeter Hall people were delighted at the idea of regenerating Africa. And when Prince Albert was prevailed upon to mount the platform, and in a short but graceful speech, to avow his Royal Highness's hope that the expedition would succeed, their joy knew no bounds. The applause was enthusiastic, and praises of the virtues and philanthropy of gods Stephens and Buxton were given out for repetition every day until further notice.—That notice has arrived.

Three vessels sailed on this expedition, the Albert, the Wilberforce, and the Soudan.—They visited the Niger, and ascended it to the distance of 320 miles above the sea. A piece of land was purchased of a native chief, and a model farm was established thereon. All the Europeans placed upon it were instantly taken ill of the fever, with which every breath of air over this accursed river is rife, and they had all to be removed back to the vessels. Officers, crews, and passengers sickened and died, and up to the date of Captain Trotter's letter from Fernando Po, Captain Allen and twenty-nine other valuable lives had been sacrificed to the Exeter Hall gods, many more being expected to share the same fate. The following is an extract from Captain Trotter's communication of the 25th of October.

"I have no exact return of the number taken ill in the Wilberforce, but I believe it may be stated that *only five white persons escaped the fever in that vessel whilst they are only four who have not been attacked in the Albert*, up to the present time, and *no white person in the Soudan escaped it*. And when I add that Dr. M'William is of opinion that *few, if any, will be fit to return to the coast of Africa, who have had the fever*, and that every lieutenant, excepting Mr. Strange, all the medical officers but Dr. Pritchett and Mr. Thompson, all the mates, masters, second-masters, and clerks, the whole of the engineers and stokers of the expedition, and the gunner of the Albert (the only vessel that has an officer of that rank) have been attacked, their Lordships will be able to form an idea of the paralysed state of the steam-vessels."

Such is the style in which, and such is the price at which excitement is got up at the Exeter Hall Theatre. At an immense expense, first rate officers, men, and vessels are sent out to a poisonous and deadly region, on an impracticable task—the money and the lives are squandered—but gods Buxton and Stephens have made their speeches, and received their applause. The subject is too disgusting for further comment.

The *Liverpool Mail*, a staunch Conservative, has espoused the Puseyites, and condemns the bishop of Chester, for licensing several Irish clergy who have been engaged by congregations in his diocese for the avowed object of preaching down Puseyism.

One of the places complained of in the parish of Marylebone, as being infested with Puseyism, is St. Margaret's Chapel. A cross at the present minute appears over the communion table, two or three feet in height: candles and candlesticks of the same height are on each side of it: the minister's books bear the cross, and many of the prayers and the Communion-service is addressed towards the same object.