

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The following is the letter from the Times Paris correspondent, dated 23rd ult. An absurd report has circulated for the last few days to the effect that General Cavaignac had been arrested, and that he is now confined in some mysterious dungeon. It is hardly necessary to say that there is not a word of truth in this rumor. General Cavaignac has not been in Paris for many weeks; he was not here even during the elections. He is residing on a small property near Chateau du Loir, in the department of the Sarthe, with his family, and concerns himself very little with public affairs. He is, in fact, living in the utmost tranquillity. Without being very opulent he is in possession of an ample income, which has been increased by the death of his uncle, and in other respects he is to all appearance among the most contented of men. He took no part in the late elections beyond placing his name at the disposal of his political friends. For the present his chief occupation seems to be in superintending the building of a small pavilion on his grounds. The house he occupies is small, and General Cavaignac wishes to have a spare room or two for the accommodation of a few friends who may happen to visit him. This is the only durance to which he is reduced. Three agents attached to the Secret Police of Paris left yesterday for Genoa, whence they proceeded to Leghorn and Naples. Their mission is said to be connected with the late insurrection in Italy. The Ministerial journal, Le Pays, gives the following explanation of the alleged conflict between the French soldiers at Rome and the Pontifical troops:—On learning the events of Genoa and Naples, some obscure demagogues, seeing that they were unable to do anything at Rome, attempted to excite the Pontifical troops against our soldiers, who have been always remarkable for their blameless conduct and their excellent discipline. Colonel Yanni, who commands the Pontifical army since the death of General Farina, took the most energetic measures to maintain order, and, with the exception of three or four isolated cases without importance, but repressed with determination, and in which it was proved that the aggression did not emanate from our men, no further disorder occurred. All was promptly terminated, and the Roman people on this as on former occasions testified to the merits and the good spirit of our troops.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—The report of the attempt on the life of the Emperor at Plombieres originated on the faith of information having been given to the directors of the Strasburg Railway that it was intended to take up the rails on one part of the line when the Emperor was on his journey. Before his departure every precaution was taken against accident.

The *Moniteur* contains the following:—"For more than a month the police had had proof that a plot had been formed in London to make an attempt on the life of the Emperor. Three Italians, charged with the execution of this horrible project, were at Paris, and arrested. The arms also which were to have been used for the perpetration of the crime had been seized; they consist of poignards, revolvers, &c. Brought to justice, the prisoners had already confessed their crime and revealed the name of their accomplices. The government notwithstanding suspended the proceedings against them, in order that the *clat* of the process might not be regarded as a means of influencing the result of the elections which were about to take place.—The proceedings are now resumed, and an ordinance of the Judge of Instruction has sent before the Chamber of Accusation all the prisoners arrested, with their accomplices. Their names are Thibaldi, Bartoletti, Grilli (otherwise Saro), Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Mazarenti and Campanella."

The Catholic world, which whilst admiring the talents, could not but deplore the irreligion of the deceased Beranger, will be glad to learn that shortly before his death the poet was reconciled to the Catholic Church. "He owed"—says a writer in the *Tablet*—"this inestimable grace, probably, to his great and unostentatious charity, and the prayers that were daily offered for him at the Archconfrerie for months past. Only fancy his friends mounting guard by him night and day since the commencement of his illness (liver complaint) and declaring 'que le bon Dieu n'entrerait pas chez lui que par la police.'—Was not this a pretty state of things? It seems that a Dame de Charite living in the same house had for months and months, unconsciously to him, been disposing his mind to good and pious thoughts; she brought him in contact with the Cure, to whom he took a fancy. She obtained his consent to see a Priest, and at midnight the Cure was introduced by a private door into his alcove, while one of his friends was sleeping on a sofa drawn across outside the other door. Beranger was perfectly calm and self-possessed.—He went to confession, and received absolution with much contrition. The next day he somewhat startled his friends by his pious ejaculations.—'Mon Dieu que vous etes grand et misericordieux et que je suis petit et miserable ayez pitié de moi.' One of those present immediately exclaimed, 'The Priest has been here,' but was reassured by his sleeping friend. Beranger kept his secret, fearful, perhaps, of the expulsion of his good angel, the Dame de Charite. Masses were said for him this morning all over Paris.—Some months ago he retracted the worst songs in his works, and the poor of his quarter bear touching testimony of his charity.

SPAIN. The complete destruction of the revolutionist bands has restored the country to confidence.—Every incident confirms the opinion that the insurrection of Andalusia was in connection with others which were to have taken place simultaneously in several parts of Spain, had not the vigilance of the Government defeated the combination; also that Spain was intended to act with Italy and France in one general conspiracy against Imperial and Royal authority, the Priest-

hood, and the laws of these countries. Carlo has suffered the sentence of martial law. Other conspirators have also been shot; to the number of forty-five; amongst them Eulalié at Seville, and at Rondo, Pedro Alonso, and Jose Esposito, who formed part of a band which was going through the province. The number of prisoners taken since the late events amounts to 1,549. Their declarations make known that the plot was of immense extent. They had counted on raising many bands, and of exerting the garrisons in order to raise many towns at the same time.

ITALY. The *Debats* contains the following details respecting the late insurrectionary movements in Italy:—"The plot was conceived on a large scale, and was skilfully organised; the most experienced conspirators, not only of Italy, but of France and Germany, were privy to the arrangements. The leaders of the movement had considerable sums of money at their disposal, the origin of which remains a mystery. The supreme direction of the conspiracy was entrusted, according to all accounts, to Mazzini. He visited Genoa, it is said, at the commencement of the month of April, after having run through Germany, France, Switzerland, and even the Italian provinces of Austria, defying, with rare presence of mind, the vigilance of the Austrian police, which is nevertheless so clever in discovering those who are obnoxious to it. We are now acquainted by the declaration of M. Ratazzi that the merit of the discovery of the plot at Genoa is due to the French administration, which at once placed itself in communication with the courts of Rome, Naples, Turin, and Florence. Two circumstances then arose: the Italian courts were enabled to take precautionary measures, and the conspirators saw themselves detected and threatened. It is said that confusion and hesitation entered their ranks; that the majority desired an adjournment of the enterprise, but that the minority insisted on an immediate appeal to arms. The explosion of the plot was the work of this obstinate minority. This criminal and absurd enterprise has occasioned great evils, and caused many victims. The conspirators have lost many of their men; but, as generally happens, the leaders have taken care of themselves. Mazzini was, it is said, in favor of the adjournment, and the movement broke out in spite of his exertions."

The Mazzinian invaders of Naples landed in Calabria some four or five hundred strong. They expected an enthusiastic welcome from an oppressed people exasperated by tyranny, and yearning for the advent of their liberators. What they found was a loyal and contented population, who rose against them, bent on exterminating them like noxious vermin. From Sunday till Wednesday they seem to have fought every inch of their way, after which such as were not slaughtered or taken prisoners dispersed. One hundred and fifty of them are lying in prison in Salerno awaiting their trial by the ordinary criminal tribunals. How does the *Times* bear this "heavy blow and great discouragement?" Admirably well. Old Fagin never listened more coolly to the account of a pupil's trial and sentence than the *Times* (a very Fagin of Continental revolutionists) to the tragic story of these men's crime and death. On Friday last they were "heroic men," for, despite their imprudence and their crime, in sacrificing so uselessly the lives of such a number of persons, they are heroes, and will live in history." On Wednesday they are treated to such expressions as "abominable murder," "atrocities," "desperate conspirators," and the "frenzy of filibusters."—But one sentence of the *Times*' article is the worst, unkindest cut of all, and betrays a callousness which even old Fagin never attained.—"The adventurers," says the *Times*, "appear to have acted on the supposition that the train was laid, and that their presence would supply the spark." And they are reproached for that!—And by whom? By one of the very journals which for twelve months has been preaching to the whole world that the train was laid and needed but a spark to fire it. Why this old figure of the train and spark has been stereotyped in the offices of the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and *Morning Post*. We have seen it and laughed at it a hundred times. And if these miserable men were at last duped, as the *Times* says, into believing in this train and spark, on whose head should their blood cry for vengeance but on that guilty press which for so many months labored to propagate and confirm the delusion that has proved fatal to its victims? The *Times* has now to tell us that "Te Deums are sung at Naples for the victory of Padua, and the grateful Monarch has returned thanks to his loyal Calabrians for their attachment to his person, and their devotion to his throne." Meanwhile, the diplomatic rupture still continues, and the great powers of France and England refuse to hold intercourse with the King of the Two Sicilies, because he will not take their advice as to the proper mode of governing his subjects.—*Tablet*.

RUSSIA. The Emperor has addressed the following autograph letter to Cardinal Antonelli:—"Your zealous efforts at consolidating the good relations between us and His Holiness the Pope, as well as your incessant co-operation in bringing about a happy agreement of the two Governments upon questions relative to the spiritual necessities of our faithful subjects of the Roman Catholic religion, have acquired for you a right to our gratitude and our sincere esteem. To manifest this towards you, we name you Chevalier of the Order of St. Andrew, the first Apostle, and we send you adorned the insignia of the Order, in remaining affectionately yours,

ALEXANDER. St. Petersburg, 9th June (21), 1857. The ships which were sunk in Sebastopol in the autumn of 1854 in the harbor have been taken up. Many are sent to Nicolaïev for repairs, and will shortly be put to sea. As to the town, it is a real arsenal of constructions of all sorts (writes an eye-witness). More than ten thousand workmen, carpenters, masons, &c., are being employed, without counting the legions of military occupied with the new fortifications. Only three-quarters of the south town are preserved, and here the enlargement of the streets dislodges many of the inhabitants, who will be obliged to go to reside at Odessa or elsewhere. The new quarters are very handsome, with parallel streets and large squares; as much as can be the gardens are restored, and plantations of orch-

ards are made in the environs of the town. The labors have been carried on with so great an activity, that many of the houses were habitable by May. The walls being of granite, and very little mortar necessary in the construction, the masonry work dries quickly. As a measure of precaution against deleterious exhalations, a fresh layer of lime and clay has been added over the land, which served as a burning-ground to the English, French, Russians, and Turks. The palisades are replaced by walls nine feet high. In the year 1862 Russia will have arrived at the thousandth year of its existence as a separate Power. In commemoration of that anniversary the Emperor has ordered that a national monument shall be erected at Novogorod, where the first Russian Sovereign resided. To defray the expenses of the national monument a general subscription has been opened throughout the empire, in conformity with a circular addressed to the different governments by the Minister of the Interior. The Director-General of the Works and Ways has been entrusted by the Emperor with the erection of the monument.

INDIA. The doings in India are a social or a servile war, according to the light in which we view the Sepoys who have rebelled. It is the most arduous and the most discouraging kind of war, for in it neither glory nor territory is to be gained, nor increase of influence, nor increase of wealth. India, the conquest of the century which ends this year, has now to undergo a second and final subjugation. The nation will do well to consider it as new ground on which everything has to be done over again. And, indeed, where can it be said that the British influence has not been shaken? Do we know enough of Mahomedans and Hindoos and their ways to say that in any station, from the Indus to Rangoon, the belief in our weakness and our imminent fall has not penetrated? The Mutiny has broken out without suspicion on the part of hundreds of officers whose whole lives have been devoted to the superintendence of Asiatics. As the rulers of India have been so completely surprised by the late events, why should not others happen for which they are unprepared? They believed in the greased cartridges of Barrackpore up to the moment when the whole Army for 1,500 miles was in a flame. The same limitation of view, the same undue security, may be found again. Ought Parliament and the people of England to measure their exertions by the reports of Indian officials, when it has been proven that there exists among Asiatics an understanding and a power of co-operation which years of service do not enable an European to detect?—*Times*.

BERANGER. (From the *Moniteur*.) For years Beranger has not sung, but France has learnt by his loss to what a degree he was ever dear and present to her—how the soul of his songs was part of her own soul, of her own immortal genius, whether she be considered as a race or as a people. The Emperor, by taking upon himself the charge of his funeral, and by wishing, as it were, to preside over them in thought, has shown how in this, as in everything else, his sentiments are those of France. Beranger, when he died, had nearly completed his 77th year. Even his age was engraven on every memory, and the date of his birth, when it became the subject of inquiry, always recurred in the shape of a song.—

"Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère, En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt, Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père, Mon nouveau nez, sachez ce qui m'advint. His life was simple, and by his good sense, his probity, and the moderation of his tastes, he rendered it consistent and dignified. When he was young and in poverty, notwithstanding the temptation of the age, he contrived by a secret and obstinate toil to prepare a talent superior to the light and already charming ebullitions on which he tried his hand. A humble situation in a public office was sufficient for his wants, and he held it till he found it was likely to compromise his independence. Then he became thoroughly free, and, taking his grand flight as a minstrel—acknowledged by the young and by his native, doating on the glories, and sympathizing with the sorrows of France, whom he consoled by his reminiscences and his hopes, he desired no other vocation. In his old age, when he saw more events come to pass than doubtless he had expected, when he found himself a better prophet than he had supposed himself to be, he had the wisdom still to remain the great and simple poet he had always been, without repudiating the prodigious public results to which he had contributed to the best of his power. Beranger had naturally that patriotic soul that cannot be communicated. He was susceptible of joys and sorrows which have never been felt by many literary gentlemen who have applauded him, but which are felt at once by a people. Hence that long intimacy between the people and Beranger, notwithstanding these *fiancées* which popular works do not absolutely require. The invasions of 1814 and 1815, the fall of the "Grand Empire," the degradation of the "braves" and the insolent triumph of the "incapables"—the Myrmidons vaunting themselves on the car of Achilles—these were to him sources of grief, indignation, and derision—occasions for vengeful reprisals. No one understood better than Beranger how much the genius of Napoleon was, at a certain period, identified with that of France, how much the national pride and the pride of the hero were, in fact the same, and how one defeat was common to both. No one has better shown how the day of reparation for both these glories—the glory of France and that of the name of Napoleon—belonged to one and the same cause. He saw this as a poet, but the poet saw further than many a politician, and when the dream was realized Beranger the honest man had the good sense not to belie Beranger the poet.

Is it necessary to remind those generations of his immortal songs who from the age of 20 to the age of 60 knew them all by heart? Such, for instance, as that which is the first of its class, but is still gay and lively, because victory still (January, 1814) shows the prospect of a brilliant change—

"Gai! gai! sermons nos rangs, Esperance De la France; Gai! gai! sermons nos rangs: En avant, Gantois et Franks!" and indeed, all those in which, after so many humiliations and defeats, he begins, as a sympathetic poet, to probe and dress the wounds of brave hearts? In 1810 the allies have at last quitted the soil of France, which they occupied, and Beranger exclaims:—

Reine du monde, o France, o ma patrie! Sonlevé en ton front cicatrice!" With Beranger it is sufficient to give the key-note, every one follows in his train. What finer hymns than *Le Ching Mai*, *Le vieux Sergent*, *Le vieux Drapier*, *Le Chant du Cosaque*, *Waltz*, ever emanated from a national and warlike soul? Beranger, more than any other, has kept alive in France the worship of glory and the noble symbols with which it is connected in the heroic annals of the age—

"Quand secourrai-je la pousserie Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?" The tri-colored flag was the banner of Beranger. Once it re-appeared, but without the eagle; and hence it was not complete. Beranger saw this day, in which all his friends took some part in affairs, and all were more or less ministers; but nevertheless he never sang in honour of the half-triumph. Was this because he loved always to be the poet of the vanquished, never the poet of the conquerors? We cannot believe anything of the kind. A victory gallantly achieved is to a genuine poet as much a source of inspiration as a noble defeat. In 1830, and the years that immediately followed, Beranger sang but

little, or not at all, because his feelings as a patriot were but half satisfied. 1839, when all that could be said by the wise and the prudent, and even said to himself, on the political part of his nature felt a regret; and when gradually and successively military days honorable to that politic Government, which he assisted actually arrived, he did not—patriotic poet as he was—feel an unmingled and inspiring joy. There was, not then to be found an ample compensation for that mournful day on which he had said:—

"Son nom jamais n'attristera mes vers. As yet there was nothing to silence the insulting song of the savage victor, whom he had represented as exclaiming, in the drunkenness of his joy:—

"Retourne boire à la Seine rebelle, Ou tout sanglant tu t'es lavé deux fois; Hennis d'orgueil, o mon coursier fidèle, Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois."

However, Beranger lived to see the days of ample reparation—the days of victorious struggle, and, doubtless, if his muse had been 20 years younger, he would have found notes for their celebration. "Le retour de l'armée de Crinée et son entrée dans Paris,"—what a theme for a song by Beranger! His last songs, which have not yet been published, and which have only been communicated to some of his friend-in-confidence, are, we are informed, in the style of the *Souvenirs du Peuple*:—

"On parlera de sa gloire Sous le chaume bien longtemps. Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère, Parlez-nous de lui!" These are epic songs in their way, finished and severe in point of form, and intended to mark certain moments in that grand destiny of Napoleon which occupied Beranger to the last, jealous as he was to identify more and more his own popularity with the glory of the Emperor.

Beranger, during the latter years of his life, before he was confined to his room by the malady to which he at last fell a victim, was remarkable for a rare quality that denoted the excellence of his disposition. He was the most actively obliging and serviceable of mankind. Honoured by all, finding none but friends and admirers, and desiring nothing for himself, he still ventured to ask for others; few persons ever applied to him without deriving some advantage from the application. He excelled in giving practical and appropriate advice. His letters, naturally but carefully written, have assuredly been treasured up by all who have received them, and a charming collection could be made of them, as a moral treasure, in the style of Franklin. Such a collection would offer a new but not unforeseen aspect of his moral character. There will be frequent opportunities to direct public attention towards a fame that has long been an universal patrimony. At present it will be sufficient to point out that superior power of talent by which a poet so light and often so brilliant in his gaiety has dexterously and successfully continued to engrave his name upon the most indestructible marbles of history.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

Delhi is a celebrated city in the Bengal presidency of India, and was anciently the metropolis of the Patan and Mogul empires. Its population is some 200,000. That Delhi, in its period of splendour, was a city of vast extent and magnificence is sufficiently evinced by its ruins, which are supposed to cover nearly as large a surface as London, Westminster, and Southwark. The present inhabited city, E. and N. the ruins, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, and called by him Shahjehanabad, about seven miles in circuit, is situated on a rocky range of hills, and is surrounded by an embattled wall, with many bastions and intervening martial towers, faced along its whole extent with substantial masonry; and recently strengthened with a moat and glacis by the British government. It has many good houses, chiefly of brick. The streets are in general narrow, but the principal are wide, handsome, and, for an Asiatic city, remarkably clean; the bazaars have a good appearance. There were formerly two very noble streets; but houses have been built down their centre and across, so as to spoil them; along one of these, running from the palace S., to the aggregate is the aqueduct of Ali Merdan Khan, re-opened by Capt. Blane in 1820. The principal public buildings are, the palace, the Jumma Masjid, or chief mosque, many other mosques, the tombs of the Emperor Humayoon and Sedar Jung, &c.; and within the new city the remains of many splendid palaces belonging formerly to the great dignitaries of the Mogul empire.—Almost all these structures are of red granite, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble. The general style of building is simple, yet elegant; those of Patan architecture are never overdone with ornaments so as to interfere with their general severe and solemn character. The palace, as seen from a distance, is a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, towering above the other buildings. It was built by Shah Jehan, is surrounded by a moat and embattled wall, which towards the street in which it stands is 60 feet high, and has several small round towers and two noble gateways.—Heber states that as a princely residence it far surpasses the Kremlin at Moscow; but, except in the durability of its materials, it is inferior to Windsor Castle.

The soil in the neighbourhood of Delhi is singularly destitute of vegetation; the Jumma annually overflows its banks during the rains, but its waters in this part of its course are so much impregnated with natron that the ground is thereby rendered barren rather than fertile. In order to supply water to the royal gardens, the aqueduct of Ali Merdan Khan was constructed, by which the waters of the Jumna, white pure and wholesome, are conducted for 120 miles to Delhi, immediately after the river leaves the mountains. During the troubles that followed the decline of the Mogul power the channel was neglected, and when the English took possession of this city it was found choked up in most parts with rubbish. It is the sole source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, and of drinkable water to its inhabitants, and when re-opened in 1820 the whole population went in jubilee to meet the stream as it flowed slowly onwards, throwing flowers, ghee, sweetsmeats, and other offerings in the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British government. The deficiency of water is the great drawback upon the city and its province, since Delhi is otherwise well fitted to become a great inland mart for the interchange of commodities between India and the countries to the north and west. Cotton cloths and indigo are manufactured, and a shawl factory, with weavers from Cashmere, has of late been established here.—Shawls, prints, horses are brought from Cashmere and Cabul; precious stones and jewellery are good and plentiful; and there are perhaps few, if any, of the ancient cities of Hindostan which at the present time will be found to rival modern Delhi in the wealth of its bazaars or the activity of its population.

At the S.W. extremity of the city stands the famous observatory, built, like that of Benares, by Jye Singh, Rajah of Jyepoor, and formerly containing similar astronomical instruments, but which, together with the building itself, have been since partially destroyed. Near the Ajmeer gate is the Medressa, or College of Ghanselud-Deon Khan, an edifice of great beauty, for the repair of which, and the revival of its functions, the government has very liberally contributed. The Delhi College is now divided into the Oriental and the English departments, astronomy and mathematics are taught on European principles, and in 1830 there were 287 students. According to Abel Faizel, no less than 7 successive cities have stood on the ground occupied by Delhi and its ruins. Indraprastha or Indrapur was the first, and the residence of the Hindoo rajahs before 1103, when the Afghans or Patans conquered it; it was the seat also of the first eight sovereigns of that dynasty. Sultan Balen built another fortified palace—Moor-ud-deen;

another on the banks of the Jumna; and others were built in different parts by succeeding sovereigns, one of which was near Oustub; and lastly, Shah Jehan, towards the middle of the 17th century, chose the present spot for its site, which is certainly more advantageous than that of any of the preceding cities. In 1011 Delhi was taken and plundered by Mahmood of Ghaznee; in 1393 by Timour; in 1525 by Babber, who overthrew the Patan dynasty, and commenced that of the Moguls; and in 1796 the Maharattas burned the suburbs; and in 1799 Delhi was entered and pillaged by Nadir Shah, who did not retain possession of it. Since 1803, together with its territory, it has virtually belonged to the British, and is the seat of the resident who has exclusive charge of the Emperor and Royal Family; conducts all the ordinary negotiations with States in the N.W. of India; in the judicial and revenue departments, possesses all the powers of the Sudder Court, and also of the revenue board within the five divisions of the Delhi territory. The annual stipend of the Delhi Emperor and family amounts to £150,000.

HEATING A COUNSELLOR; OR, HOW KEDAGH GEOGHAGAN GOT HIS WILL DRAWN FOR NOTHING.

A few miles from Barnestown, the residence of the famous Anthony Malone, and contemporaneous with that worthy, there lived a jolly old squire of the regular Irish school, named Kedagh Geoghagan. This old gentleman, together with a great deal of Irish virtues, contained in himself a great deal of what his enemies would call downright Irish vices and infamies. Among them he was exceedingly litigious, to which disposition, the propinquity of such a convenience as the prime sergeant, was, perhaps, in some degree an encouragement; be that as it may, the assistance of Malone was often given to extricate his unlucky neighbor out of those scrapes which his infatuation was daily hurling him into; but his patience and good will were at length exhausted, when after years of such hard service, he had to declare himself absolutely ignorant of the color of Kedagh's gold. This unlucky consumption of his imprudence came about at the very moment when the Counsellor's aid was most required. Poor Kedagh had got himself into a dreadful hobble. Some sharp attorney had taken under his protection, one of his numerous victims, and law and equity were together, hurling their thunders on his now defenceless head. He knew that Malone would, in a few days, be going to town to attend Term, and that unless his anger was previously deprecated, it would be idle to expect assistance from him. To pay him would be an abandonment of those principles on which, through good report and evil report, he had acted for nigh half a century; and pay him he would not—and yet, to get free of the dilemma, without doing so, was a puzzle. He, however, at last, hit on the expedient which will be seen in the sequel.

The day for Malone's departure had arrived, and he was already in his carriage driving out of his avenue gate, when his progress was stopped by a fine herd of cattle turning down in that direction.

"Hallo, my man," shouted the Counsellor to the herdsmen, "whose bullocks are those?"

"Mr. Geoghagan's, your honor," replied the fellow, touching his hat,—"that is, they were, sir, but he sent them to your honor, wid his compliments, and this bit of a note,—at the same time fumbling the misshapen epistle from the recesses of his breeches pocket, and handing it to the great man.

"Hum—aye—unforeseen troubles—hope to be excused—request a continuation of my services—oh, very well, my good man, all's right—present my compliments to your master, and tell him I shall feel happy in using my utmost exertions in his business—drive them on, and deliver them to the herd—one, two, three—ten, I believe, are in it—pon my word, a very fine lot of bullocks, and do credit to the feeder, and you may tell your master I said so—stay there half-a-crown for you to drink my health, since I'll not be below myself—drive on, John.

Next valition Malone returned home, full of complacent delight at the good news he had to tell his generous client, for whom his splendid talents had procured an unequivocal victory. The morning after his arrival, when taking his usual walk through his concerns he met his herd, and after receiving his congratulations on his safe return, began making the natural enquiries, regarding his stock.

"Fine weather you had while I was away, Thady."

"Yis indeed, 'twas delightful, your honor."

"Pon my word, I never knew it so soft at this time of year before—an old parliament gentleman of my acquaintance, that was laid up in his bed-room ever since winter, was able to go down all the way to the Cove of Cork last week, it was so mild."

"Dith! dith! think of that now."

"Yis, indeed—and how is the grass coming on, Thady?"

"I never seen the like your honor, if you'd only jiststep down an' look at it you'd see, yourself, sure."

"You didn't find Mr. Geoghagan's bullocks too great an addition, I hope?"

"Sir—

"Old Kedagh's bullocks; those that he sent here the day I went to Dublin; pon my word, Thady, they shamed you they were so superior to any you ever sent off my pastures."

"Och, he's a very judgmatial feeder, your honor, but for all that, I'd show my herd with his any day—but as to the bullocks—bedad, your honor, myself don't rightly know what you're talking about at all, at all."

"Why—the bullocks lie sent here the day I went

Anthony Malone (referred to above) was born on the 5th of December, 1700. He was the son of Richard Malone, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his time, who died about the years 1744 or '45; his son Anthony was said to be the only one who at all equalled him in his profession. Anthony was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1738, and continued to practice for fifty years with eminent ability and success. The year after his admission he was returned to Parliament by the County of Westmeath, which he subsequently represented, with only a short interruption until the time of his death. In 1740 he was made Prime Sergeant—at that period the highest office in the profession—and held it till 1754, when he was deprived of it for advocating the right of the Commons to dispose of the unappropriated surplus of revenue raised by act of Parliament, without the consent of the crown. In 1757 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland by the Bedford Ministry, and administered the office for over two years with such consummate ability and satisfaction to all parties, that there was not a single appeal from any of his decisions. In 1760 he was again removed from office for his resistance to the encroachments of the crown. He maintained the principle of the House of Commons to originate the supplies, which act of integrity, although not falling within the limit of his judicial functions, was made the pretext for his removal; so that it was said of him that "as he was raised to office for his capacity so he was dismissed of it for his virtue." He resumed his barrister's gown, and was soon after made a Privy Counsellor, and was honored with precedence at the bar before all the crown lawyers—of which it was aptly said that having been endowed by nature with this precedence already, the King could neither add to nor take it from him. He died on the 8th of May, 1776, having been actively engaged in the exercise of his profession up to the week immediately preceding his decease. Had he been more pliant or less honest he might have achieved more permanent advancement; but he lived at a period of his country's history when distinguished talents united with integrity and honor were regarded by those in power with jealousy and fear, and rather as a bar than a claim to the promotion of their possessor.