

The following admirable jeu d'esprit (from the London Chronicle) is a capital satire upon the Arms-Bill legislation of English Ministers for Ireland, as will be evident to our readers. It supposes not only a Repeal of the Union, but the transfer of the Imperial Parliament to Ireland, leaving England just as Ireland is at present.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal

THE CASE MADE OUR OWN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT, DUBLIN—HOUSE OF COMMONS—DISTURBANCES (ENGLISH BILL.)

Mr. BLENNERHASSET, Secretary for the affairs of England, moved the first reading of the Suppression of Disturbances Bill for England. He expressed his deep regret at the necessity which compelled him to propose a measure of this arbitrary kind, but said, it was uncontrollable; and that he had never greater confidence in any thing in his life than his ability to convince the House of the expediency of this bill—confugiendum est ad imperium. The melancholy state of England was unhappily a matter of too much notoriety, not only in the United Kingdoms but throughout the civilized world. All Europe was shocked by its crimes; it had arrived at a state of unparalleled demoralization; truth, probity, justice, humanity, nay, reason, he might add, had long fled from that guilty land. The learned and hon. member for the city of Westminster (Mr. Dobson) had called upon the House to redress grievances before they punish the crimes to which the people had been goaded, and had tauntingly asked them to take the intolerable burden of the Catholic Church from the shoulders of the people of Protestant England before they laid the edge of the sword on their necks. But remembering, as he (Mr. Blennerhasset) could not fail to do, the disappointment of the good hopes he had entertained from the Protestant Relief Bill, which had admitted the Protestants of England to a participation in the rights of their Catholic brethren, he had abandoned all expectation of advantage from any measure of redress, especially when they were given distinctly to understand that discontent and agitation were never to cease till the separation of the Legislature of England from the Parliament of Ireland should be accomplished; which he (Mr. Blennerhasset) would resist to the death—(loud and continued cheers). Unfortunately, as he had before observed, the state of England was too notorious. He held in his hand a faithful catalogue of crimes; and the only difficulty was, with which lot he would begin. In that cruel land, human beings were killed and sold for their flesh like sheep, with this difference—that they were first entrapped with pretences of kindness, and afterwards murdered in the slumbers of intoxication or a sleeping potion. This practice which prevailed from Edinburgh to London, was familiarly and commonly called Barking; and it was no unusual thing, if a servant tarried on an errand, or a person failed in punctuality at a dinner party or an appointment, to hear it coolly observed, "I should not wonder if he has been Barked." He held in his hand a poem, which too accurately depicted this horrid pitch of crime. The motto was quoted from one of the daily histories of England, which were but chronicles of crimes; it ran thus:—The extent to which the practice of Barking has been carried in the metropolis, is perfectly astounding; people are missing in every quarter.—Morning Herald. This frightful fact is thus corroborated with additional and more particular evidence, in a poem, in which a virtuous indignation seems to have inspired the muse—

March, march! bold and raw lobsters:
Bow street and Lambeth-Street, what are ye after?
March, march! though devil a mob stir—
People are missing in every quarter.
Place men and pluralists,
Townsmen and ruralists,
Vanish around us, like sheep to the slaughter,
Soon shall we fish up
The wig of a Bishop;
People are missing in every quarter!

(An expression of horror ran through the House upon the reading of these blood-curdling lines.) The right hon. gentleman, after a pause, continued, with much emotion—It cannot surprise me that Irishmen, to whose minds deeds of blood are strange, should shudder and thrill with horror at this ludicrous but too accurate picture; but more remained to freeze the blood, and make the hair to stand an end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. The poem continued:

Spirit of Burke! whose belligerent fury
Halloed earth's bloodhounds to rapine and ruin;
Spirit of Burke—Burke the Second—whose
Doom'd thee to death scarce for darker mis-
doing!
Where'er you are lurking,
Behold but the Barking
That's now going onward in every quarter!
See poor Constitution
'Neath fell Revolution,
Pitch-plaster'd prepared for the slaughter.

The Constitution of England had indeed long been defunct, and the proposed Bill was only intended to protect its corpse from the hideous abuses of crime and science. He had other papers in his hand, which showed the prevalent opinion, that the trade in a certain article of food, which continues a part of the favourite food of the people of England, was driven to human flesh—(loud groans)
Mr. Thompson called out—"Read, read! Name, name name!"
Mr. Blennerhasset continued—The papers were ballads, which he deemed of the very highest authority; for as they were written and sung for the mass of the people, any falsehood in them would be instantly corrected and denied. In these ballads, was recorded that pork sausages were made of the flesh of little children, who were, as there was too much reason to believe, in many cases sold by their own mothers—(loud shouts of indignation)
But what is there, continued the right hon. gentleman, which these depraved people will not sell? The northern border of them sold their king, and the Southern race sell their wives, their children their own bodies even. He would mention a fact. A person went into a sausage shop accompanied by a favourite terrier dog, a remarkable animal, with two dots over his eyes, or tanned marks, which agreeable features had given a value to him with his owner. The person having been supplied with the sausages, looked around for his dog on quitting the shop; the faithful creature was not to be seen! In vain he whistled and called Prince; yet the door had been closed, and the dog could by no means have escaped. Suddenly the master of this dishonest manufactory exclaimed—"Lord, Sir, I have he has not fallen through the trap!" What trap? what mean you?" cried the alarmed customer.
"Why," rejoined the man—"if man we may call the cook to cannibalism—there a strap which lets down our meat to the steam-engine; which chops it up below to mince and if the dog has fallen in there, he has been cut up, and boiled and ramed into the skins in the twinkling of an eye; and for aught I know, you may have him there in your hand in the pound of sausages, for our steam-engine makes a hundred weight a minute."—This trap doubtless served as an *oublie* for many a sturdy customer.

The improbability of the English people had reached as great a height as their barbarity. The case of Cook was an example of a class of crimes. A Mr. Pass called upon him at Leicester for a small account, or debt. Observe the consequence. Cook kicked him on the head instantly; this is what the English call a *settle*, that is, in this way they settle their accounts. Will it be believed, that the atrocity was dramatized, and the incident being popular, became a favourite entertainment, under the name of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts?" Sir Giles Overreach represents the unhappy creditor, and the poetic justice of the last act consists in his barbarous assassination for asking for his money, which, with the consequence, is made the example of his overreaching himself! In the same way has been dramatized by this people the murder of Mr. Weare by Thurtell; also that of Falders in France, performed on the English stage, as the play-bills expressed, "with the blood drunk by the real pug—the part by the celebrated Toby." Indeed, these acts are so popular, that they are always made matter of scenic exhibition. So much is murder prized by these people, so covetous are they of any memorial of deeds of blood, that the hair in which Maria Martin was murdered by her seducer was sold in tooth picks; (hear, hear!) and cheers from the Ministerial benches.) the hedge, sprinkled with gore through which the body of Weare was dragged, was sold slip by slip; every lock of Thurtell's hair was worth gold, the pistol with which he did the deed of blood fetched a large sum and the rope with which he was hung was sold by the inch! The water of the well in which the Italian boy and others were drowned by Bishop was purchased at a crown a pial. What a frightful state

of sentiment in a people did these notorious facts indicate! (loud and protracted cheers.) I have before me said the Right Honourable Gentleman, the affidavit of a celebrated physician, who says he was called by a London Lady, who, in proof of her broken health and spirits, said she had lost all interest in the murders in the newspaper. When restored by a mild treatment, giving tone to the stomach and strengthening the digestive organs, who thanked the doctor with tears of gratitude in her eyes, and said emphatically, "You have been the saving of me; I now relish my murders." To what an unprecedented pitch had demoralization arrived, when even women were capable of this depravity of sentiment! But to proceed with the case of Cook having murdered Mr. Pass, roasted the body, and ate it, though the fact was concealed by the witnesses, who did not dare avow the cannibalism which is secretly practised and generally favoured, or I am greatly misinformed. As the strangling and selling the bodies of the victims had been called Barking, after the first person convicted of the practice, so the roasting of the body of a creditor was called Cooking after the name of the perpetrator. Sir, I have too much reason to think that in every house in England there is a Cook. Cook was patted and caressed in prison by all the ladies of the place; delicacies were sent him, and he was styled by the patroness of the Protestant Bible Society of the town "a blessed child of God." (Hear, hear, and expressions of horror.) Since this deed it has been impossible to collect debts in England. Every man who calls for his money expects to be killed or settled, as they say, and roasted, which is familiarly termed "consuming a tradesman's substance." An execution now and then takes place as a blind, just to avoid scandal, but there is hardly the name of justice in England. Juries sympathize with the worst criminals. A man was clearly proved to have broken his wife's neck; the foreman of the jury delivered a verdict of "Served her right." Sheen cut off the head of his child because it cried, the Judge sympathizing with the aversion to children of every kind, directed an acquittal, because the child was called Bidolph Thomas Sheen in the indictment, when its baptismal name was Thomas Bidolph Sheen. Thus between two names English justice fell to the ground.—Upon this it was universally supposed that Sheen had a privilege of cutting off children's heads, and he was applied to by thousands of the disciples of Malthus to operate; but being a steady circumspicer and a better sort of Englishman in every respect; he was always inclined on Christian names as indispensable to his license, and cautioned the more sanguinary populace, that it is murder to kill a child unless a lawyer afterwards miscalls it in a bit of parchment. Are people to be trusted with the administration of laws who are capable of such barbarous irrationalities? What protection is there against such crimes and such follies? Sir, there is none. We must take away the law from these people before we can institute justice among them. Children in regard and equally in cruelty must not be trusted with edged tools. What is the state of society where a child is doomed to death in the presence of its mother? for Sheen's wife was present when he laid the infant on the table, and murdered it. (The strong emotion excited in the House by the narrative of this circumstance, and the pathos of the Right Honourable's manner, is indescribable.) Are we to sit quietly by whilst such transactions as these occur? Are we to permit the continuance of such a state as this? (Loud cries of hear, hear!) What, I ask, had been the consequence of permitting it so long? Not only is the law completely paralyzed, but is not this the fact also—that when these murders prevail, moral check, every moral restraint, on which we calculate more than upon the law to prevent murders is completely at an end!—(Hear, hear!) Do we ever hear in Ireland of the deliberate murder of children as in England? The Right Honourable Gentleman then proceeded to instance the case of Mrs. Brownrigg, the murderer of Mars and Williams and curiously touched up on the case of Eugene Aram, to show that the best educated classes were equally addicted to these atrocities. He then passed to crimes against property, and explained on the fires in Kent and the Southern counties, the sacking and burning of Bristol, the tumult and destruction at Nottingham and the connexion between these enormities and these political opinions of the great mass of the people. He read the statements of Sir Charles Wetherall, Mr. Macworth Pead, Mr. Horace Tress, and Lord

Londonderry, that the poetical Unions and the Edinburgh Review under the Grey Government had been the cause of these outrages. He then passed to the state of things in the metropolis of England, and described the frightful appearances of anarchy. The first object which the traveller sees on entering London by the great Western road is the House of the Hero of Waterloo, with iron blinds to protect the inmates from missiles which would otherwise be showered in by an unbridled lawless multitude. He recounted the attack at noon-day, and in a most public thoroughfare, on the person of the Duke of Wellington, with the design of tearing him limb from limb. He instanced the secret conspiracy formed in the city, the drilling and exercising of a body of rebel troops with wooden swords, whose words of command were overheard in the street, and who were actually made prisoners, but not brought to condign justice, the Secretary of State not having ventured to carry on the prosecution. Such was the state of intimidation which unnerved the law. He mentioned the case of Dennis Collins, who was employed by the Birmingham Political Union to stone the King to death; and concluded by saying, that he felt assured he had made out his case, showing the necessity for the proposed law, protective of the innocent against the repeated enormities of the guilty. He finally declared that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in England, and also of Trial by Jury; the substitution of Courts Martial, composed of Irish officers, who might be relied upon for impartiality and temper; the power of searching houses by night, and imprisoning in any place which the captors may choose, the prisoners to be detained till trial, or after acquittal, till the pleasure of the Viceroy be known; and punishing all persons found abroad between sun and sun in any district proclaimed by the Viceroy, Sir Harcourt Lee, would be hailed as a blessing by the peaceable inhabitants of Great Britain. (The Hon. Gentleman sat down amidst loud cheers, and cries of "Divide, divide.")

THE GREAT MORAL REFORM.

The present aspect of the mighty agitation in Ireland is eminently worthy of contemplation. It is difficult to realize the passionate enthusiasm of this impulsive people, shown in daily gatherings of hundreds of thousands to listen to most exciting harangues—all tending to a stirring issue of civil war, or at best, of radical change in their Government—to see all these movements going on in the face of every provocation to violence and tumult, the daily concentration and accumulation of troops and munitions of war to overwhelm and crush them—and to witness the most perfect peacefulness in their proceedings—to see a whole nation so agitated and so beset, yet no riots, no brawling, no drunkenness, no interruption of hospitality, no neighborhood quiet, of general order! The people who can exhibit such a spectacle are scarcely praised too highly, when they are called by their leader, "the bravest, the most moral, the most religious people on earth." But in these high points of the Irish character as exhibited in their present movement, Mr. O'Connell is not the representative—it is not to the political agitator, but to the illustrious Apostle of Temperance that we are to refer this rare union of mighty movement and sublime order. As there never was before an instance of a whole nation converted from debauchery to temperance, so here we have the most impressive lesson of the value of the great Reform to the respectability and power of a people. We could deduce it from the effect of temperance on the happiness, influences and standing of individuals—but how feeble the light of such reasoning compared with this unpretending, but irresistible fact, that breaks gloriously from the Reform and Nation! And so mighty a work has been done by one man—a simple priest, going about in homely raiment; speaking in few and homely words of eternal sincerity to the hearts of men; mocked at, but not man king; or even to complain; sustained by the pious assurance that God smiles upon and rewards every effort to recover back erring man to honesty and virtue.