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**O'CONNELL'S LAST.**

LONDON, April 15, 1837.

*My dear French.*—I beg to call the attention of the Association, and indeed of the people of Ireland generally, to the present posture of affairs. This is not a time for apathy or silence.

If ever the advice of Lord Anglesey—agitate, agitate, agitate—was seasonable, it is at the present moment.

We are threatened with a restoration of the execrable dominion of the tories—a restoration which in Ireland would be fertile in tears and in blood, and in England, would hazard convulsion, if not promote, in the existing condition of the operative classes, actual revolution. It is, therefore, the duty of every man who values his allegiance to the throne, and desires the peace and liberty of the people, to exert every faculty in order to prevent so horrible a catastrophe as must ensue from the assumption of power by the tory party.

I know full well that it is to the last degree probable that their career would be short, as it certainly would be tyrannical and ignominious. I also strongly hope that their brief reign would not do much mischief in Great Britain; but in Ireland their dominion of a day would inflict upon us permanent and incurable evil. I will only allude to the judicial bench. So many of the judges are entitled to retire upon the superannuation pension, that, one way or the other, various vacancies would immediately occur; and when you reflect on the furious, fiery, and indecent partizans who would be likely to be their chosen successors, you must shudder at the apprehension of witnessing what your fathers witnessed as they wept—the party sheriff—the partial jury—the partisan judge—and all the multiplied evils of that administration of the laws which rendered itself a curse, and the form of judicial proceedings a bitter mockery and an insulting infliction.

Need I rouse you by any further reflection? No. The history of orange torism in Ireland is written in too sanguinary characters to require any stimulant to every exertion to prevent the addition of a single page to that sad story.

You recollect the Duke of Wellington's "sword" speech in 1828—you recollect his Manchester massacre speech in 1832—you recollect the whole history of Peel's political life—and you have had the epitome of that history in the orgies of orangeism, when the no-poetry flag, floating over the heads of Haddington and Hardinge, outraged decency, and flung contempt on the people of Ireland.

Agitation then, peaceable but determined, legal but continuous, constitutional but universal. My advice is, that every county, city, town, and parish in Ireland, address his Majesty, the King, and petition the House of Commons, praying that the mild, the paternal, the conciliatory, the peace-producing, and, above all, the impartial and the just administration of the affairs of Ireland by the present ministry should be continued and perpetuated.

Your petitions can state shortly, but strongly, the cruelty, oppression, impoverishment, and debasement which have been inflicted on Ireland for six centuries by the misrule of English oppressors, aiding a fell and pecculating faction in the country itself, and governing for the benefit of that faction, and for the oppression and spoil of the people.

Your petitions can then forcibly delineate the happy change which has taken place since the arrival of Lord Mulgrave in Ireland—the usual effects of that change—its tendency to create permanent peace and security—to reconcile the Irish nation to the loss of their own parliament, and to create an acquiescence of affection and interest in the permanence of the union, and to ensure at one and the same time the just liberties of the people, and the strength and stability of the throne and constitution.

Your petitions, can then, alas! with too much ease, point out the horrid results which would necessarily follow from the restoration of the tory domination—justice

outraged—the law distorted—property insecure—life unsafe—the sectarian insult—the oppressions of bigotry—and, in fine, the oft-repeated Orange massacre, if not extermination.

Call upon your gracious Sovereign to save the high-minded—the generous—the brave—the loyal people of Ireland, from the prospect of scenes, at the sight of which human nature would shudder; seek the shield of the beneficent monarch who now happily rules these realms, to protect his faithful people of Ireland from the machinations of their and his enemies.

Especially pray the representatives of the British nation to rally round the first ministry which ever showed themselves the real friends of Ireland, and to declare their entire confidence in the policy which has dictated a course of conduct equally wise and useful to the entire empire.

Such is the conduct which I think the people of Ireland ought to pursue at the present period: a reiterated cry from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway—from Cunnemara to the Hill of Howth, should be heard, and would (who can doubt it?) be kindly heard at Windsor and Westminster; and Ireland, thus protected from even the apprehension of Orange torism, would have leisure to discuss, with amicable dispositions, the details of the other ameliorations in our institutions which the wisdom of the age and the wants of the people equally suggest and require.

Above all, we may then look for a peaceable and satisfactory settlement of the tithes question; neither should we be disposed to quarrel with those who have proved themselves our friends, provided such substantial and satisfactory reduction were made in that oppressive impost, which, while it rendered the question of present appropriation of a surplus unimportant, would give a prospect of a future, and not remote, extinction of the impost in its present odious form.

But this is foreign from my present purpose. I now only throw out my advice to have as many of such addresses and petitions prepared and transmitted as possible.

Let me not be misunderstood—I do not fear a tory invasion of power. Peel is, to be sure, ready to take power; aye, and to retain it upon any conditions. But the reform bill, short as it is of its proper dimensions, renders his present seizure of that power impossible. His only chance is some fastidious or punctilious abandonment of office by the present possessors. This we must guard against; indeed, when it is recollected that the representatives of the Irish people had never abandoned the present ministry on any minority, one would suppose that it would naturally be deemed a desertion of friends who deserve better if the ministry should abandon a post in which they are able, at all events, to protect one-third of the British empire from the worst of all political calamities.

Let us then rally for the continuance of the present government. In our great experiment, respecting the value of the union, it is absolutely necessary that we should, on our part, do everything we can to place the union in the most favourable point of view to the Irish people.

I have the honour to be

Your faithful servant,  
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I have one descendant who is not a member of the association. He has a claim on you. Do be so good as to propose Christopher O'Connell French—he will make the fifteenth of my grand-children who have had the honour to belong to that patriotic assembly.

The "stock-jobbing" war in the north of Spain came under the review of the House of Lords on Friday last, when the Duke of Wellington pronounced an opinion upon it, which must make General Evans envy, by comparison, a severe pelting with cabbage stalks in Covent-garden market. The noble Duke, after proving in the clearest and most satisfactory manner that the framers of the quadruple treaty never contemplated any hostile proceedings on the Spanish soil, pro-

ceeded in his usual cool manner to pronounce an opinion upon the merits of the warfare carried on by General Evans, his legion, and his majesty's marines, under Lord John Hay. His grace stated that not only had the efforts of General Evans been unsuccessful, but that they must unavoidably be so from his position, and that he has from that position done more damage than service to the cause of Donna Isabella. But let us quote the duke's own words:—

"Under these circumstances he did not think those operations, as connected with the legion, were of as much importance as the noble lord would have them believe. But he would go a little further, and say, that he firmly believed the connection between the legion and the feet had been injurious to the military operations of the Queen of Spain's army. From what he knew of the nature of the country, and most particularly of the position which it was the great object of Don Carlos to attain it was his decided opinion that, in order that the troops might act together, there should be a communication between them. If they were not actually joined, there must be a certain communication between them, for without communication there could be no co-operation, and any attempt at co-operation without it would, in his opinion, in all probability lead to disasters such as had lately taken place at Hernani. With General Saarsfield at Pampeluna, and General Evans at St Sebastian, it was impossible to have a communication between them, unless by the French frontier and by sea, or by the Ebro. What had happened? General Evans was to make an attempt on a certain day, on which the general at Pampeluna agreed to march also. It turned out, however, that there was frost or snow, or rain, or some physical impediment, which prevented a movement on the part of Saarsfield thereby throwing the whole onus of the attack on General Evans, who was shortly compelled to retreat, or at least had retreated, to St Sebastian, in order to co-operate with the British fleet, that there might be something like British co-operation. The British marines must come ashore—something must go on that might be called a co-operation of the British fleet—not, however, for the serious purposes of a war. (Hear, hear.) War was out of the question—it was a case of stock-jobbing. (Hear, hear.)

"Stock-jobbing!" yes, that is the word! The Duke of Wellington does not say that Lord Palmerston is a stock-jobber, nor does he assert that General Evans is a "stunted corporal," as a certain Irish scamp called the hero of Waterloo; but the duke looks upon the whole affair as a farce, a mere mimicry of serious warfare, a tragi-comedy for shop-boys and nursery maids to laugh at on Easter Monday—in short, a demonstration of hostilities so ridiculous, that he cannot conceive any object it can possibly serve except it be some fraudulent jobbing on the Stock Exchange.

We never entertained any other idea of this war, as our readers can bear witness.—The only motive for enlisting poor men, and dragging our unfortunate countrymen from their homes to fight for fame and liberty, in one of the most inhospitable regions of Europe, where a speedy death prevented enduring dishonour, was to effect an operation upon Spanish bonds, raise their value in the market, and enable certain Christian and Jew swindlers to sell without loss that which they had purchased in the hope of realizing a profit. That is the character of the war which the whigs call a war of principle.—Whether willfully or innocently, Lord Palmerston perseveres in it, to the disgrace of our arms, but without the slightest hope of making any demonstration worthy of British ambition, or calculated to put an end to the civil war which devastates Spain.

In what a humiliating light does this mean speculation, in which the blood of Englishmen is wasted, and their flesh and bones devoted to the vultures and the wolves, place the name and honour of our country? We can hardly repress the indignant feelings which a policy so heartless, a crusade so absurd, a contest so selfish and fraudulent, kindle up while we reflect upon its conse-

quences—upon the waste of life, upon the demoralization, upon the disgrace inseparable from the enterprise, and its decided failure.

And this ignominy is brought upon us in the name and cause of liberty! Cupid and the whigs tell us that it is the duty of England to support constitutional liberty in Spain. What baseness! The whigs had a chance a million times more noble in the case of Poland; but they had no bonds at stake, no scrip at a discount, no risks to null in the market; and consequently unhappy Poland, the victim of its own patriots, the dupe of its liberal and sympathizing friends, was sold and sacrificed by the whigs of England, the unblushing professors of civil and religious liberty! Poland is in chains—General Evans is at St. Sebastian! Lord Palmerston is foreign Secretary and yet the ministry, beaten in the Lords, and with only a majority of thirty-five in the Commons, have the effrontery to carry on the government! In what is all this to end—*Liv. Mail.*

**THE CHURCH.**

The Bishop of Salisbury was consecrated on Sunday week at Lambeth Place, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishops of London, Durham and Ripon were present at this ceremony. The Rev. Mr Tyler preached.

The late Bishop of Salisbury has bequeathed to St. David's College, which owes its existence mainly to his perseverance and liberality while bishop of St. David's, his valuable library, consisting of many thousand volumes, "with the exception only of such books as Mrs. Burgess may think proper, immediately after his decease, to select for her own use and benefit." He has left £3,000 3 per cent. Consols upon trust, that out of the interest £40 per annum should be applied to the maintenance of the Burton Mrs. Martha Moure's, and the two elder scholarships in this college; the remainder of the interest to be paid to Mrs. Burgess during her life, and after her death to the use and benefit of the principal professors and students. It is due also to Mrs Burgess to state, that the Bishop having expressed an intention of leaving £200 to the college to provide a suitable room for the reception of the books, and present it with a copy of Owen's portrait of himself, in possession of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, though he had not reduced his intention to a written injunction in his will, she has declared her purpose of fulfilling his lordship's wishes in both these particulars.

**MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.**—The city of Paris, in its municipal capacity is said to be preparing a splendid fete in honour of the event. Diamonds, to the amount of 4,000,000 francs were said to be ordered for the wedding presents of the bride of the Duke of Orleans at Vienna.—The expenses for the new arrangements in the wing of the Tulleries intended for the Princess Helena are estimated at 60,000 francs, without hangings and carpet.

**DUTY OF THE PEERS.**—The House of Peers forms a council for weighing, with greater caution and deliberation, the resolutions of the House of Commons. If the more popular assembly is sometimes led away, as it is natural it should be, by sudden impressions or temporary clamour, this hereditary senate may interpose its voice and thoughtful opinions to suspend the effect of an intemperate vote.—*Lord John Russell's Essay on the British Constitution.*

**CHURCH-RATE PETITIONS.**—The petitions from Manchester against the ministerial measure for the abolition of Church-rates have been sent to London for presentation. They were signed by 15,200 individuals, each of whom gave his trade and residence, so that if any question should arise as to the weight which ought to be attached to this expression of opinion in favour of the church, there can be no hesitation in giving an answer to it.

We are sorry to say that the trade of Nottingham continues in a very bad state.