

of which it had previously constituted a part.

The Protestant meeting in Hillsborough gave Cooke an opportunity of displaying his great powers, and brought him into much favour with the Protestant clergy and nobility of Ireland. His policy was questioned there, and is seldom defended now. Yet it made the Presbyterian Church known, and procured for it favour which it would not otherwise have had. I may remark that it was after this famous meeting Cooke, who had formerly had a degree in divinity from some place in the United States, received the rare honour of an L. L. D. from Dublin University—indeed a unique honour *to a dissenter*.

The occasion of O'Connell's visit to Belfast, in the cause of repeal, induced Cooke to challenge the great agitator to discuss the question before a public audience. O'Connell was wise enough to decline the challenge. He tried to deliver a speech from the balcony of the Royal Hotel to the assembled thousands, not a word of which was heard for the yells, whistles, cheers, and other peculiar noises got up to drown oratory—and then fled ignominiously, leaving Cooke master of the field. After his flight, in a great meeting assembled in the circus, where was the Marquis of Devonshire, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Loftus, &c. &c., Cooke made one of his most powerful speeches. The writer was in the crowd on the occasion, and stood out, with thousands of others, the long meeting—compensated richly by the great speech of the evening. The rest was so much twaddle.

Previously, however, Dr. Cooke had driven Dr. Richey of Edinburgh, the advocate of Voluntarism, and his co-helpers out of the field. In a great debate which lasted two nights, closing the first night about twelve, and on the second about five in the morning, he effectually routed all who came to do battle on the occasion. His speeches on these two nights have been preserved, and certainly they display many gems of eloquence of the first water. And what is the more wonderful they must have been entirely unstudied, as they arose

out of unforeseen circumstances of the debate.

It is a matter of regret that Dr. Cooke has left no written memorial,—save the speeches and a few sermons—of his fame. It is questionable whether many of his sermons are fit for publication—questionable if published whether they would add to his reputation. His notes on Brown's Bible are not of much note, if the word may be excused. His efforts were largely extemporary. A few notes were all his guide through the mazes of his most eloquent discourses.

As a friend Cooke would stand by you to the death. One great claim on his friendship was that you were in trouble. If a man had acted foolishly and done wrong, Cooke would, while rebuking, defend him. He, whose cause no man took up, he stood by. He would lead a forlorn hope to victory. His speeches on *evidence and law*, in defence of some accused brother, would have done honour to the annals of Westminster Hall.

In company he was its life. He had anecdotes and stories suitable to all occasions—not stale Joe Millerisms, but real originals—and then *how* he told them. You may be sure so as “to set the table in a roar.”

His presence on the street was a thing to be delighted in. He trod the earth as a warrior. He had no weak part in his whole frame, which was knit together by cords of nerve and muscle, without any superfluous flesh. His face was that of Wellington, hooked nose, thin compressed lips, a broad, well-rounded forehead, and high, with till the last, abundant and slightly curling hair—in later years gray. His eye was gray and not very brilliant, though at times it would flash forth strange lights. Though altogether opposed to popery, there was not a papist who did not respect him; some of them indeed were privately his best friends. Although in turn he fought with almost all parties in Church and State save, of course, his own party—he has left behind him no enemies.

His funeral procession of two miles-long, composed of the dignitaries of the Church