

From the Peterboro Chronicle.
LINES.

BY L.

I hate the world—I hate its empty show,
Its mincing coquette and her brainless beau,
Whose beggar soul, that never learned to soar
Beyond the limits of the coat he wore,
Lies fest'ring in a fashionable clod.

If there be one degraded work of God,
'Tis that which animates a fancy man,
Whose sphere of thought is shrivel'd to a span.
One of the sweetly scented dying things
That soar upon a pair of broad cloth wings,
And only flourish in a drawing room.

Altho' the lamp of life be tinged with gloom,
'Tis "airy nothing," this poor worthless moat,
Still through its latest ray, will gaily float
In all the hollowness of human pride;
Content because 'twas thus his father died.
Who left him all that charmed, save wit and worth.

Then, what is all that sounding thing call'd
"Birth?"

The "leather and prunello" 's all it gives :
'Tis not its pageant, 'tis the soul that lives;
The proudest title that it ever gave,
Must rot in the republic of the grave,
Where there's a homage for the mighty dead.

The misery of being fashionably bred ;
Obliged to sit, to move, to breathe by note,
Half strangled in the latest style of coat ;
The hair bedaubed with precious foreign fat—
Surmounted by a certain sort of hat
That might be called a three cock'd butter
boat.

Let's see—I need not put it to the vote—
This thing that flutters round a lady's fan,
Cannot be in reality a man;
We know that instinct partially refin'd,
Becomes a specious counterfeit of mind ;
Thus he may be, from countless ills released,
That soulless link which binds us to the beast.

PUBLIC SPIRIT of the IRISH.

It should be to every Irishman, and to every man who claims any affinity to Irish blood, the source of high national pride, that in Ireland there is bounding elasticity of spirit, which no oppression can crush. Ever since the period, when the great influence of a higher civilization were ploughing up the pathways nearly all over the rest of Europe, Ireland has been bound to the car of British supremacy. Whilst the art of printing and the vast discoveries in mechanism, and those springs of a nation's wealth and progress were being opened by these discoveries, in the south and north of Europe. Ireland has been fettered to the despotism of England. Penal statutes, that at this day and in this land would be called brutal if pressed upon a nation of untamed savages, have been suspended over the heads of the Irish people, for generation after generation. United to the barbarous disregard of life, which made it only a "misdemeanor" to kill an Irishman, was their savage hostility to the creation of educational institutions in Ireland; the brutal hunting of the ministers of their faith to the mountain caverns, and the deadly penalty of sending up a prayer to God except by the ritual of the Established Church; the uniform and tremendous efforts to break down the manufacturing spirit of the "mere Irish,"

and to extirpate the last vestige of commercial enterprise by import and export duties, of an enormous and unequal character; the obligation which England forced upon her to carry the products of her industry into such markets only as she permitted; the necessity which these laws created of struggling against the whole power and influence of the combined avarice, perfidy and fraud of English policy. These are some of the features of the atrocious policy which England has uniformly pursued towards Ireland, and who shall say that it was not sufficient to push Ireland back from the glorious sunlight of modern civilization, inventions, improvements, and the whole enginery of modern discoveries to advance a people in wealth, wisdom and happiness.

If the public spirit of a people could be crushed, that of Ireland would have been wholly extinguished under the galling servitude and humiliating and degrading distinctions of their English rulers. From Cromwell, who threatened to drive them into the sea for their obstinate love of their native land and devotion to the creed of their fathers, down to the Peel ministry, who threatened to butcher them for daring to proclaim their sufferings and wrongs to the world—the people of Ireland have been the victims of English cruelty, brutality, and oppression. And yet how eloquent is the history of the British Empire with their mighty contributions to its power and greatness?—what page of it is not lighted up with the products of Irish genius, or made glorious with record of Irish valor?—What part of the history of its literature that does not bear the impress of Ireland? What glorious epoch in the national councils, what Great act of British statesmanship or proud period of British orators, that has not been adorned with Irish genius, and derived added power and splendor from its contributors? The proofs of these assertions stand out prominently in the annals of England for the past two centuries, and there they will stand forever, a mighty rebuke to the ingratitude of England, and a proud monument of the indomitable energy and natural greatness of the Irish people. That the people of Ireland have sustained themselves under such terrible influences against them, is the best proof that they are better able to govern themselves than any other people are to govern them; that they have in an eminent degree the capacity for self-government, and that with the privilege of carrying out their own destiny in the race of nations, they would be equal to any nation of men that ever dwelt upon the earth. It is, too, a fair inference, that if they have borne up under the yoke of their rulers for so many ages, and have struggled up to as high an elevation as that of England, under laws of their own framing, Ireland would under brighter auspices and with the full development of her own resources, rival, if not surpass, the happiest nation upon the earth. They number three times the population of the Colonies at the time of the Declaration of American Independence, and there is certainly as much energy, union and resolution in the people as

distinguished that splendid epoch of our history. The country is as rich in the benefactions of nature, and the people as capable of ploughing it up, and why then is it that they cannot be free and prosperous?—*Boston Pilot.*

From the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 411, 609, and 496. Boston, fifth edition, 1839.

[CONCLUDED.]

But the most popular history of the Spanish Inquisition among the enemies of this tribunal, is that by Don Juan Antonio Llorente, published at Paris, 1818, in four volumes, 8vo. A brief sketch of this remarkable man's life, will show us what motives elicited the publication of this work. He was born at Calahorra in Spain, A. D. 1756. He studied for the Church, took the degree of bachelor in theology, with considerable credit, and was ordained priest at an early age. A singular incident occurred at his ordination: after the consecration, in which he had recited the sacred words of Christ, together with the ordaining Bishop, he was seized with a sudden illness; which prevented his receiving the holy communion: some viewed the occurrence as ominous. His first work after ordination was a comedy "on matrimony," (9) which, however, at the earnest solicitations of a friend, he consented to burn. When subsequently vicar general of the diocese of Calahorra, he composed another comedy, and had it acted on the stage, very little to the edification of the people and of the chapter of that city. So great was his passion for this kind of writing, that, when afterwards wholly engaged in politics, he employed his leisure hours in translating into Spanish many of the unchaste poems of the lascivious Casti!—His was a troubled and restless spirit.—Not content with his retirement at Calahorra, he proceeded to Madrid, where he spent his time intriguing for place. He succeeded, and rose step by step, until he became secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid, an office which he held from 1790 to 1792. Having been guilty of a grievous betrayal of the confidence reposed in him by the Inquisitor general, and of several other irregularities of conduct, he was ordered to leave Madrid, and to repair to his native place.

Here he was equally restless and intriguing. Detected by the Spanish government in a secret correspondence with the emissaries of the French republic in 1793, and suspected of other misdemeanors, he was arrested, and sent by the Inquisition, not into a dungeon, but merely into a retired convent of the Recollects at some distance from Calahorra, to compose his restless spirit, and to do penance for his sins. Among his writings which were seized, several were found against the Spanish government, against the Holy See, and against the Inquisition. And

9. El matrimonio a des gusto.

yet, strange cruelty of the bloody Inquisition upon his writing letters full of repentance and abject submission, he was released from his place of retreat, and again received into favor. He now made his appearance at court, and pushed his fortunes more rapidly than ever. By the aid of powerful friends, he was soon created canon of Toledo, and received the cross of the order of Charles III.—At the court of Ferdinand VII, he was loaded with honors, and yet on the first invasion of the French, he sought out Murat, their commander-in-chief, turned traitor to his country, and ranged himself on the side of her enemies. He repaired to Bayonne to pay his court to the new king, Joseph Buonaparte, took the oath of fidelity to him, and was appointed one of his secret counsellors. He now gave himself up entirely to politics; abandoning every ecclesiastical function, some say, even doffing the ecclesiastical habit. Charged by Joseph Buonaparte with a commission for the suppression of the convents in Spain, he discharged his office with singular zeal and efficiency. In 1809 he was ordered by Joseph to write a history of the Spanish Inquisition, and he was well paid for his labor. He knew well what kind of a work would suit the palate of his royal master, and what kind of a work he was expected to write. He set about his task with great zeal; but owing to the expulsion of the French from Spain, and to other causes he was not able to complete it until nine years later. He fled to Paris with his royal patron, and after having taken temporary shelter in England, he returned to Paris, after the treaty of Vienna, in the year 1815.

Nothing shows more fully his restless ambition, his total want of principle, than the course which he now adopted. Finding that the sun of the Buonaparte family had set forever, he determined again to pay his court to that Ferdinand whom he had abandoned and betrayed! He employed his usual weapon of low adulation: wrote a genealogical table of the Royal family, and addressed letters full of flattery to the king and to the chapter of Toledo. But all was unavailing: his letters remained unnoticed. Then it was that he gave way to all the bitterness of his spirit. He thus wrote his portraits of the popes, full of invective and misrepresentation. When accused of gallantry with a French countess, at the age of sixty six, his friends defended him on the ground that he had previously married her, though he was a priest who had vowed celibacy! He was finally banished from France, by the French government, for improper conduct, (10) and died shortly after at Madrid, February 25th, 1823, in the sixty seventh year of his age. Had the Spanish government and the Inquisition been such as he represented

10. The writer of his life, prefixed to his "History of the Inquisition," ascribes his banishment from France to the persecution of the French clergy. Mr. Prescott hints the same cause. But we think that the true cause is to be found in his own restless ambition, and the jealousy of the French government.