

sincerity of my heart to press no claim, and to speak no language inconsistent with the kindest spirit of conciliation and amity. Whatever of harshness may have happened in distant times has passed away; the actors and the sufferers are no more, and their resentments ought to lie buried with them. It might have been hoped that the great compact of 1782, by which Ireland pledged herself, upon the express condition of 'equal liberty,' to abide and partake a common destiny, standing or falling, with Great Britain (vain and fond expectation!) would have been infrangible and immortal. Little did that illustrious man*, whose filial piety had raised the liberty of his native land from the tomb of ages,—little did he foresee that, in eighteen short years, it would be his sad fortune to see the triumphal car exchanged for the hearse, and to see her once more consigned to the darkness of the grave. But so her fate was written; and such the destiny of the dearest of her children; and he has lived to read the inscription upon her monument in the Act of Union. But, perhaps, sir, I ought to ask pardon; I ought not to repine at those inscrutable decrees which ordain that nations shall be mortal as the men that compose them.

"To come down, therefore, calmly to this last epoch of Ireland: if that measure had our free assent, and was really a compact, if there be such a thing upon earth as moral obligation, the terms of that compact should have been exactly performed. If, by the remorseless subornation of a treacherous and perfidious venality, to which the records of human turpitude can produce no parallel, it was forced upon us, how soft ought to be

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