

SYDNEY SMITH ON IRELAND.

BY ANOTHER CLERGYMAN.

"This, then, he says further, is one of the most striking features in Ireland—the great mass of the population is completely subjugated and overruled by a handful of comparatively restive, in whom all the power has been incessantly compelled to vest."

How nicely the cap fits the present class of Irish landlords! From their moral, intellectual and social physiognomy and their manner of acting towards the unfortunate people whom they would look upon for an indefinite term as their property and their prey, it is easy to trace their pedigree to the right ancestral source. They are, with a few honorable exceptions, the lineal descendants of the old "hard, bigoted, domineering tyrants of Ireland."

On a certain day, when the slaves so lowly, could meet to chain unlowly, who could be but his bonds at first, would not break them slowly!

All that is necessary is to keep up the fight and show a bold and united front to the enemy. The brave Irish band with Parnell at their head have now advanced too far to be pushed on till they reach the goal. Their cause is just. The end they are aiming at is so clear and approvable that it needs only the persevering use of fair and approvable means to attain it.

Of course, the Irish landlord will continue to "look with trembling apprehension" to every little concession that will be wrung by the Irish patriots from the English Government. He will move heaven and earth to prolong his dynasty. Not a jot or tittle of his "vested rights" will he yield if he can help it.

In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the Pope is not landed nor are there any Catholics out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Drumore. . . .

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"Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is of very difficult attainment. I do not mean by health merely an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be in perfect tone—full of vigor and alacrity. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that but the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a dot checked up, from foot pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed digestion, or an agitated pylorus. . . .

"Some people talk," he says, "as if they were quite teased and worried by the eternal clamors of the Catholics (now Irish agitators); but if you are eternally unjust, can you expect anything more than to be eternally vexed by the victims of your injustice? You want all the luxury of oppression without any of its inconveniences. I should think the Catholics very much to blame if they ever ceased to importune the legislature for justice so long as they could find one single member of Parliament who would advocate their cause."

what not? But we can make ample amends for all that. He was bound to a creed which appears largely made up of negative factors, the sum of which is hatred of the Catholic Church. So bravely, too, did he rush and keep in the thick of the fight for the violated rights of his Catholic fellow-subjects, that he might have been signalized as a distinguished Papist, had he not now and then given unmistakable proofs of the genuineness of his Protestantism. Indeed, sometimes his allegations are hinted with such humor and so adroitly turned to suit the leadings of those who could believe anything told of Papists; and so it is at the same time diametrically opposite to the more obstructive prejudices, that we enjoy what he says."

"Let that eminent Protestant, Lord Bathurst, state any one instance where, for the last century, the Pope has interfered with the temporal concerns of Great Britain. We can mention, and his lordship will remember, innumerable instances where he might have done so if such were the modern habit and policy of the court of Rome. But the fact is there is no court of Rome. There is a wax-work Pope and a wax-work court of Rome. But Pops of flesh and blood have long since disappeared; and, in the same way, those great giants of the city exist no more, but the translucent images ardent Guildhall. We doubt if there is in the treasury of the Pope change for a guinea. We are sure there is not in his armory one gun that will go off."

"Suppose after a severe struggle you put the Irish down, if they are mad and foolish enough to resort to open violence, yet are the retarded industry and the misplaced energies of so many million of men to go for nothing? Is it possible to forget all the wealth, peace and happiness which are to be sacrificed for twenty years to come, to these pestilential and disgraceful squabbles? Is there no horror in looking forward to a long period in which men, instead of ploughing and spinning, will curse and hate and burn and murder?"

Further, he says:—"You are shocked by the present violence and abuse used by the Irish Association; by whom are they driven to it? and whom are you to thank for it? Is there a hope left to them? Is any term of endurance offered to any scope or boundary to their patience? Have they reason to believe that they are wretched and to be the greatest of the great? Have they brighter hopes in an other religion? Is anything that you have left to them, but that of disgust, hatred and despair, which, breaking into wild eloquence, and acting upon a people wild with rage, are preparatory every day to a mass of treason and disaffection which may shake this empire to its very centre? You may laugh at Daniel O'Connell and treat him with contempt, and turn his metaphors into ridicule; but Daniel has, after all, a good deal of real and powerful eloquence; and a strange sort of mingling sometimes comes across me that Daniel and the doctor are not quite so great fools as many most respectable country clergymen believe them to be."

"In the sixth letter he wrote, under the nom de plume of Peter Plymley, and addressed to 'My Brother Abraham who lives in the country' (letters which had an immense circulation at the time), he forcibly reprimands his countrymen of the real causes of Irish agitation. 'Why, he asks, will you attribute the turbulence of this people to any cause but the right—to any cause but your own scandalous oppression? If you tie your horse up to a gate, and beat him cruelly, is he vicious because he kicks you? If you have plagued and worried a mastiff dog for years, is he mad because he flies at you whenever he sees you? Hatred is an active, violent passion. Depend upon it, WHOLE NATIONS HAVE ALWAYS SOME REASON FOR THEIR HATRED. Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to incurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and equals? Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been anxious for their freedom as your own? Nothing of all this. What then?—Why, you have confiscated the territorial surface of the country twice over; you have massacred and exported her inhabitants; you have deprived four-fifths of them of every civil privilege; you have at every period made her commerce and manufactures slavishly subordinate to your own; and yet the hatred which the Irish bear to you is the result of an original turbulence of character, and of a primitive, obdurate will, utterly incapable of civilization!'"

"In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, he eloquently asks in the preceding letter, have we any memorial of ancient kindness to refer to? Any people, any zeal, any country on which we can depend? Have we any hope but in the winds of heaven and the tides of the sea? Any power to prefer to the Irish that they should forget and forgive their oppressors, who in the very moment they are calling upon them for their exertions, solemnly assure them that the oppression shall still remain."

"If the Irish," he says, in another place, "were a rash, violent and intemperate race, are they to be treated with rashness, violence and intemperance? If they were addicted to fraud and falsehood, are they to be treated by those who rule them with fraud and falsehood? Are there to be perpetual races in error and vice between the people and the lords of the people? Is the supreme power always to find virtues among the people; never to teach them by example, or improve them by laws and institutions?"

"If you think the thing must be done at some time or other, do it when you are calm and powerful, and when you need not do it."

"He takes up the rallying cry of the English priests, and on their strength presses the argument against them with irresistible force. 'No, Papacy; therefore emancipate the

Catholics, that they may not join with foreign Papists in time of war. Church for ever; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not help to pull it down. King for ever; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may become his loyal subjects. Great Britain for ever; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not put an end to its perpetuity. Our Government is essentially Protestant; therefore, by emancipating the Catholics, give up a few circumstances which have nothing to do with the essence. The Catholics are disguised enemies; therefore, by emancipation, turn them into open friends. They have a double allegiance; therefore, by emancipation, make their allegiance to the king so grateful that they will never confound it with the spiritual allegiance to the Pope."

Deriding the idea that they had anything to fear on the ground that the Irish might try and recover the land from which they had been evicted, he says:—"A great deal of time would be spared if gentlemen, before they order their past chaises for a No Popery meeting, would read the most eloquent defense of these people, and inform themselves even of the rudiments of the question."

"But, after all, who are the descendants of the rightful possessors? The estate belonged to the O'Rourke, who were hanged, drawn and quartered in the time of Cromwell; time, not before that it belonged to the O'Connors, who were drawn, hanged and quartered in the time of Henry VII. The O'Sullivan have a still earlier plea of suspension, evicision and division. Who is the rightful possessor of the estate? We forget that Catholic Ireland has been murdered three times over by its Protestant masters."

"The succession of dark events chronicled in the history of Ireland since Sydney Smith stated her case so ably and stood almost alone among his countrymen in his defence, more than warrant us in recalling his scathing denunciations of the English Government. Famine and wholesale evictions, murder and hanging, trial by pocked jury and by no jury, an atmosphere of English bayonets and a chain of coercion acts, scarcely less numerous than the old penal laws—these are still the fruits by which England's system of governing in Ireland may be judged."

Referring in another place to the point of Irish history alluded to in one of my citations, Sydney Smith says:—"In April, 1782, 70,000 Irish volunteers were under arms; the representatives of 170 armed corps met in Ulster, and the English parliament (the Lords and Commons, both on the same day, and with only one dissentient voice, the Minister moving the question) were compelled, in the most disgraceful and precipitate manner, to acknowledge the complete independence of the Irish nation, and nothing but the good sense and moderation of Great Britain prevented the separation of the two crowns."

"If the same golden opportunity again offer the Irish might not be easily restrained by the 'good sense and moderation' of anyone from going the whole way? As soon as the 'volunteers of '82' had consented to disarm and lay down their arms, the grumblers of the faithful exponents of the Limerick treaty soon found efficient means for restoring the old order of things. The Irish tried to rally and regain their position, but the abolition of '88 showed that the opportunity for a successful rise had passed. The same disastrous effects which followed this attempt would doubtless mark a like contest should our ancestors prevail and they ventured upon the same daring experiment."

"Yet, if over a people had a just cause for rebellion, the Irish, if treated and infamously governed as they have been, are that people. Nations have rebelled for much less reason than they have, and the victorious leaders are accounted heroes in every land. That the Irish have a sufficient cause to strike for independence no one can deny. The difficulty or uncertainty lies not there. Such an attempt on their part, even with ten times more reasons than they have, is wholly unjustifiable, because, under the present circumstances, it could lead to nothing else but bloodshed and the most disastrous consequences Ireland's treasury and armory answer pretty well the description Sydney Smith gives of Pope's, and as for active help from outside, there is a physical impossibility in the way; a body cannot act where it is not, and the vigilance of England's steel cruisers would, in all probability, prevent it from reaching a spot where it could act efficiently against her. Therefore, no treason, no rebellion, but as much stubbornness and stoutness as the law permits."

"Oh! if Ireland was only strong enough! In that case, it's the same old story. England would be aware of this in its time, and she would make herself as sweet and amiable as ever she is in her nature could be towards the Irish, leaving no stone unturned to conciliate her and that her friendship and goodwill. And then? Well, the sister, like, unable to forget the past and not ungrateful of the future, would scarcely feel disposed to receive Albin's graces, and, as for no

England when the welfare of Ireland is concerned? About as much effect as the friction of water, or India rubber balls upon her iron-clads. It is not recorded that England ever entertained the idea of fulfilling serious obligations when not moved thereby by the fear of more serious consequences. It takes the sharpness of steel and the eloquence of the cannon's mouth to keen her sense of duty with respect to her obligations towards her neighbors."

"Wanting the suggestive appearance of 70,000 armed men, 'as much stubbornness and stoutness as the law permits' is the next best weapon the brave Irish volunteer, now in the field can employ to arrest her attention. The struggle will be long and hard, and justice and liberty will come slowly, but they will come at last. Fight to the last and you cannot be slaves, says Thomas Davis."

"One or two more notations from the pleadings of the most powerful and eloquent advocate the Irish ever had out of their own land. In a speech on the 'Catholic Claims,' he addresses his countrymen in the following manner on the effects of England's policy towards Ireland:—"We preach to our congregations that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging, Otaheite is emerging; Ireland is not emerging. She is still veiled in darkness. Her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your distinction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiery? Is it anything but a tissue of murders, burnings, hangings, famines and diseases, as never existed in the annals of the world?"

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cause, she would in all likelihood hasten to raise the green flag and fling its folds to the breeze of a free Irish sky!

Could the chain for an instant be given which tyranny swung round us then, Oh! it is not in heaven, but in our hands! To let tyrants tread it again!

Erin O'Erin! Oh long to the shade, Thy star will shine out when the prodigal shall fade! And thy slavery's cloud o'er thy morning had hung! The full noon of freedom had been round thee yet!

THE END.

BREVETTES.

The Czar's two sons are slight and gentle youths, resembling their mother.

A Voodoo woman in North Carolina actually frightened four negroes to death by putting the "evil eye" on them.

A consideration of the highest importance in artificial illumination is that rooms should be lighted only by means of indirect rays or diffused light.

That most sullen and sulphuric grapple of grand armies in the Wilderness is to be told by General Grant in a forthcoming number of the Century.

Runnymede, where Magna Charta was signed by King John, is said to be shamefully neglected, and the spot will soon be sold under the hammer.

The total number of flowering plants now known in British North America may be estimated at about 3,000 species against 10,000 in the United States.

In the trial of a case about a hog in Cobb County, Georgia, lately, the Justice took the hog for his costs and the lawyer had to content himself with gairing the case as his fee.

Although a variety of microscopic forms of plants have been found on bank notes and coins in circulation, none known to be dangerous to human life has yet been discovered.

A lady of Brunswick, Ga., has a beak the feathers of which were plucked from a flock of geese during the Revolutionary War. The feathers are just as soft and downy as ever.

The observations of Professor C. P. Langley have convinced him that there has been a mistaken conception of the sun's heat in the popular mind.

The film of detritives from whom Brainerd, the Vermont bank defaulter, escaped, is now offering a reward of \$10,000 for his recovery, and are confident that the man is near St. Paul and has not gone back to Canada.

The old postal cards have on the front the legend "Nothing but the address can be written on this side." So much fun was made of this palpable truth that Uncle Sam changed the new cards, and they now read: "Nothing but the address to be on this side."

The German race, said Mr. Talmage, the preacher, telling of the travels from which he has returned, "have attained a wonderful state of development, both mental and physical. You can talk with a scholar on a scientific subject and get intelligent answers."

The word "Satan," which often occurs in the Pauline, is one of doubtful meaning. It is supposed by some Bible scholars to signify silence, or peace in the mystical performance of the sacred song. Others again claim that it is intended to indicate special attention to the subject.

They tell a funny story in Hartford. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, speaking of the length of her residence in that city, said: "I don't remember when I came; I do not live by years." This being repeated to Mark Twain, "I wish," he observed, "the tax collector would adopt that principle."

The Duke of Devonshire has at Holker Hall a notable herd of short-horn cattle. He paid for the stock, in all, since 1851, the sum of \$107,245, and the gross receipts from sales in the same time amount to \$144,665. A year of difference between these sums he has paid all expenses of management, feeding, etc., and laid away a bon' some net profit.

WEDDING.

The marriage of Mr. Dwyer, merchant of Carillon, to Miss Katie Kelly, daughter of John Kelly, Esq., a prominent resident of Carillon, took place on the 25th Sept. The bride was richly attended. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Kelly of Greenville. The groom was supported by Mr. T. P. Kelly, a brother of the bridegroom. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. High Mass was celebrated, which was very imposing; the music and singing rendered by the choir was highly appreciated. The happy couple took their departure by the steamer Prince of Wales, with her colors flying at full mast. They were accompanied as far as Rignard by a number of their friends, who, on leaving, gave them a hearty send-off on their trip to New England, where they intend visiting the principal cities, also New York. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents.

A CATHOLIC AUTHOR HONORED BY THE POPE.

Our Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has been graciously pleased to impart his Apostolic Benediction, for the second time, to Mr. James J. Troy, author of "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity;" and to signify his high appreciation of "Tributes" and of "Catholic Flowers" from Protestant Gentlemen. His Holiness has also designed to honor Mr. Troy with the present of an Aquilone executed in wax, representing St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, the work of a distinguished Roman artist.—Phaladephic Catholic Standard.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men, that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, &c., should try them.

Farmer Pershing, of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, has about 1,000 bushels of apples in his orchard, which he recently offered for \$10 to any one who would take them away. The crop in Western Pennsylvania is the largest in many years.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

Sixty thousand books and pamphlets have been published by Congress since 1776.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are made pallid and unattractive by function irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

The deaths in Europe from smallpox are said to be 60,000 annually. The mortality is almost wholly confined to civilians, as owing to constant vaccination and revaccination the armies are almost wholly free from the disease.

What is this disease that is coming upon us.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and heavy, the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of febrile chill collects about the testicles. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant, the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease; some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Hartill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be.

J. S. Motte, 53, Highgate, Kent:—I have always great pleasure in recommending Curative Syrup for the liver, as I have known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them as I have found numerous cases of cure from the Curative Syrup. I have also sold a great quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be.

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WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and heavy, the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of febrile chill collects about the testicles. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant, the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease; some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Hartill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be.

J. S. Motte, 53, Highgate, Kent:—I have always great pleasure in recommending Curative Syrup for the liver, as I have known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them as I have found numerous cases of cure from the Curative Syrup. I have also sold a great quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be.

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