

of April, which shone like a first ray of light and truth through the gloom of 1848, and by refusing to go to war with Austria, he convinced the world that policy would never lead him to a forgetfulness of the sublime neutrality of the common father of all nations. Ecclesiastical reforms, and the spiritual interests committed to his charge were matters of far higher importance with him than political reforms, to which, however, he very justly directed his attention. Whilst the whole of Europe was prepossessed with his fate, and at the very time when his fall and the creation of the republic were proclaimed at Rome, the pontiff, calm and free in his exile at Gaeta, with his eyes raised towards heaven, and his mind occupied exclusively with the government of souls and the duties of his apostolic charge, addressed to all the bishops in the universe a bull, designed to accelerate the moment when the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception should be declared an article of faith. Restored to Rome and set free, by the valor of the French army, with the co-operation of the Spanish, Austrian, and Neapolitan arms, he then re-established his paternal authority, beneath the shelter of the tricolor standard which formerly waved at the arrest of Pius VI and Pius VII. The secrets of the future belong to God; but whatever may be the issue of the French occupation, the taking of Rome and the re-establishment of the pontifical power by the army of a republic, recall the brightest recollections of the Church and of France. Whoever witnessed our troops on that occasion, kneeling, in their power and simplicity, on the open space before the Vatican, waving their liberating banners, having before them the church of St. Peter, the world's cathedral, beneath their feet the ashes of the martyrs, over their heads the hand of Pius IX, extended to give them his blessing, may consider that he had seen the noblest spectacle under the sun. And it will then only remain for him to repeat, in accents of grateful admiration, the words engraven by Sixtus V on the obelisk of Nero: *Vicci leo de tribu Juda: fugite, partes adverse. Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus ab omni malo plebem suam defendat.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

There has been so much "said and sung"—written and spoken of the Liberator, that it is with conscious diffidence I at all approach the subject of even recording a few things concerning him, which I know have never appeared in print before the present time. In the life of such a man, hundreds of thousands of amusing and interesting anecdotes must have escaped his chroniclers. Indeed, the transactions of his life have not been half recorded and although his son John, who ought to be a competent person to write a full history of his father's life, has attempted it, yet the work has been considered by the best judges as a failure. This failure may also be attributed to a very great many causes—but certainly partiality of the son towards so great a man as his father was, is not one of the causes. No man could treat of the world-renowned man, with a more impartial pen than John O'Connell. But it remains for other men and other times to portray the life of the most remarkable and gifted individual that perhaps, ever lived; I say perhaps, considering the times he lived in, and the mighty revolutions which he was the chief means, under God, of accomplishing. That he was destined for the consummation of wonderful achievements none will dare to deny—his athletic frame was formed for a giant mind such as few other men ever possessed. He soared aloft like an eagle above all his peers—his mind comprehended, as it were, all matter, and his eye at one glance swept through illimitable space, and marked objects which no other could behold. He was a political Newton, whose discoveries in his particular science astonished the world by the effulgence of the light which he cast around. Tyrants trembled at the thunder of his voice, and from the rising to the setting of the sun—in every clime and amongst every people, the name of O'Connell was worshipped—and will continue to be worshipped until the great angel shall proclaim that "Time is no more!" This is but a feeble attempt—but no, I do not mean to attempt any thing in introducing a few anecdotes connected with the immortal name of O'Connell. Yet, with all his power and greatness—in the glorious noon-day sun of his dazzling splendor—when by the nod of his head, or the waving of his arm, he could have had millions of men at his command—yet, I say, with all this, he was humble and meek as a very child. It has been said he was ambitious—so he himself stated publicly thousands of times. But his ambition was of a different stamp from what that word vulgarly, or popularly, if you will, means. His ambition was not selfish; for no man ever existed yet, who cared less about self than he did. Had he been selfish, he could have enjoyed place, pension, and untold emoluments; whereas he died—oh heavy word, but true—almost a pauper! No, his ambition was to be free, and to see the whole universal family of man free—free as the air which God has given to all his creatures for the sustenance of life and health! That ambition was worthy of such a man as Daniel O'Connell! He hated tyranny as opposed to God's law—he loved liberty because it is Heaven-born. He was, withal, one of the meekest great men that ever lived, as the following short fact will amply prove. I mention it here before proceeding with some few anecdotes connected with the wonderful history of this astonishing man's life. When the question of "repeal" was at spring tide, before famine and pestilence had wasted the "Land of the West," when the despot who sways the Russian sceptre, commissioned a lady to procure Dan's autograph at any price, and when he found out for whom it was wanted, refused it, (*this I state of my own private knowledge*), when his popularity was even at its greatest ascendant, I brought my little daughter,

then some five years of age, to introduce her to him. She had heard a great deal about "Dan. O'Connell," and frequently importuned me, in the most earnest manner, to "introduce her to him!" I took her one day to Conciliation Hall, and just as I entered I met the "Liberator" coming out. He shook me by the hand and inquired how I did. I said, "Sir, this is my daughter, who is most anxious to be introduced to you." He took her in his arms, (for he was always fond of children,) kissed her, and said, "May God bless you, my child." The little thing, while he yet held her in his arms, turned to me, and said, "Pa, is this Dan. O'Connell? why I thought to see a great man!" I was almost struck dumb. I could not utter a word, and I am sure I never felt so embarrassed in all my life. He saw it, and again kissing the child, he laid her down gently from his arms, his eyes filled with tears, as he said, "Yes, R——, she is right, I am not a great man in the sight of God!" And putting his hand on her head, he again said, "God bless you, my child, I am not a great man!" I mention this to show his wonderful humility. And now I come to a few matters, which, if not interesting, are, at least, original, as I am not aware that they have ever before appeared in print.

O'Connell, when at the Bar and practising, had more business than any other man who ever walked the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin. There was also a galaxy of genius in the Hall at the time. Old Bob Holmes—now nearly one hundred years of age, and of whom I shall have something to say hereafter; Rollston, Tom Dickson, (the father of the Irish Bar, lately deceased;) the late Sir Michael O'Loughlen, Bart., Master of the Rolls, (the first Catholic Master, or Vice Chancellor of Ireland, after the passing of the Emancipation Act;) and the late chief Baron Wolfe, (another Catholic,) and a host of others, who were not only distinguished for their forensic eloquence and abilities, but for their wit, satire, and exuberance of fancy. In fact, the "Hall" and the Courts at that time, presented more the appearance of a genuine Comic Theatre, than of a "Temple of Justice." Whatever Court—and they were always engaged in some case or other—that these brilliant spirits were to be found in, was sure to be crammed by the citizens, who seemed to make it a regular part of their business to attend the Courts for an hour or two every day, "to hear the sun," as it was familiarly called. But it was at *Nisi Prius* sittings that the "sun" used really to take place, and many country gentlemen were in the habit of taking their sons to town at the sittings after Term in order to give them a treat in the *Nisi Prius* Courts for a few days. O'Connell was never what is called a "wit"—that is, he was never so quick as his competitors, nor would he pick up such trifles as they sometimes stooped down for; neither was he very ready at repartee—that is, he did not habit himself to such except when there was a good opening, and when such an opportunity did offer, he came as it were with a sixty-pound shot, which demolished all before it without leaving a wreck behind! He used to say that "to get one good *dab* of a bomb shell at a fellow, was worth all the hedge firing that would be levelled at him for a fortnight," and this he always carried into effect, so that when once he *did* get a rap either at an antagonistic counsel, witness, or judge, it was sure to be of such a knock-down description that the recipient did not require a repetition, for Dan did not do things by halves in that respect. By way of parenthesis, I recollect some years ago, when a misunderstanding happened to arise between him and the corps of Dublin Reporters—a body to whom he was, generally speaking, attached. The matter ran rather high on both sides (no matter what the original quarrel was about) for some time, but eventually the Reporters succeeded. In the course of the discussion O'Connell called the Reporters "a parcel of mice," and this annoyed one of the Reporters so much that he resolved to have some sort of satisfaction. An opportunity soon offered, and at a public meeting which took place, when all the Reporters were seated at a table, the gentleman alluded to started up and addressing the Liberator in a peremptory tone and manner asked, "Sir, did you dare to call me a mouse?" Dan looked at him for a moment, and then with a sarcastic sneer, which made the reply ten times more forcible and bitter than it really was, replied, "No, Sir, I did not mean to say that you are a mouse, because you're a big rat." Mr. E. fell down on his seat as if struck by a cannon ball, whilst laughter loud, deep and long followed the reply. Tom Furlong the Poet, (of whom Scott said that had he—poor Furlong—lived, he would have rivalled Tom Moore as a Lyrist, and surpassed him as a Poet; no mean authority was Scott, nor was it a mean compliment he paid poor Furlong;) Tom, I say, got hold of this, and wrote an excellent satirical song on the subject, in which he gave Dan a few hard knocks, for he did not like O'Connell—one of the stanzas ran thus:—

"'Twas I who bearded Judge Downs,
I saw him put down in a trice;
But now, oh! big murder an' ouns,
Must I be put down by the Mice!"

The allusion to Judge Downs, and the contrast which Furlong drew out of it, annoyed O'Connell considerably, although it did not vex him; and at a public dinner shortly after, where he met poor Furlong, he said to him in a familiar sort of way:—"Tom, the next song you write turn the back of the axe to your friend's forehead—keep the edge for your enemy." Now the matter referred to about Judge Downs, was as follows:—this Downs was one of the Irish judges—one of the greatest brutes that ever existed either as a man or a judge. He bullied and trampled on the whole Bar; but at last O'Connell (to use his own words) undertook to hear the Lion in his den, and so he did—he worried the judge to such an extent, that he drove him from the bench (which he disgraced) into his grave, no doubt some time previous to the happening of such an event in

the course of nature. On a more recent occasion, the reporters of the Dublin press entered into a resolution not to report public meetings held on Sundays within a certain distance of the Metropolis.—This caused a serious split between them and O'Connell; he threatened to start a new morning paper—the proprietors of the then daily papers did all they could to induce the reporters to break the resolution, but without effect—they held out and finally succeeded, and to this day meetings held on Sundays, except for religious or charitable purposes, are not attended by the Dublin reporters. O'Connell felt deeply annoyed, and used to ridicule the reporters by calling them the gentlemen who invented a new Religion! "ah," he would say, when seeing the reporters enter a public meeting, "here are the gentlemen who profess the 'Geographical Religion'—I never knew that Religion was bounded by geography until these gentlemen discovered it."

O'Connell was engaged some years ago in a trial at *Nisi Prius*, when a party brought an action against another for a sum of £1,000, alleged to have been won at a gambling table. He was for the defendant in the case, who alleged that the whole matter was a regular swindle, and that a conspiracy was got up against him, to extract the amount claimed.—The counsel engaged along with Dan, was the present Judge Jackson, now one of the judges in the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland. Jackson was an able lawyer, but in politics he was a bitter bad Tory.—Previous to his elevation to the Bench, he was made a sergeant-at-law, and subsequently attorney-general, and occupied a seat in the House of Commons for a southern Irish borough. Many a bitter "tussel" had he and Dan on the floor of Saint Stephen's, until at last, in a celebrated debate, O'Connell baptized his old colleague as "The sorry Sergeant"—a name by which he is known to the present day; and after that "christening," Jackson never attempted to come in contact with O'Connell as long as he lived. But to return to the *Nisi Prius* trial. The evidence in support of the case, for the plaintiff rested on the testimony of a man who was said to be a foreign Count, with a very unpronounceable long name—in fact he was the only witness, and he proved the plaintiff's case quite satisfactory. The defendant had no witness. It so happened that it was Jackson's turn to cross-examine—and a first-rate cross-examiner Jackson was. He hammered (to use Dan's own word) away at the Count for nearly three hours, but he did not budge one peg, and at last Jackson said, "you may go down." The Count was leaving the table, when O'Connell suddenly started up, and looking the Count full in the face with one of those searching glances which he alone could command, said, "Stop, Sir—sit down there."

The Count obeyed, and sat down accordingly. "My Lord," said Dan, addressing the Judge, "I claim the privilege of cross-examining this 'foreign' Count on the part of my client."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Connell, go on," replied the judge; "you have a perfect right to cross-examine him."

O'Connell looked at the Count for a few seconds, and sticking (to use a bar phrase) his keen grey eyes into the Count's face, he said—

"I believe you were engaged at one time in a gambling transaction, were you not?"

The Count's countenance fell like that of Cain, when the Lord called on him in reference to Abel.—He twisted and turned and appeared to writhe with pain. The question was repeated with double energy and emphasis, for O'Connell saw at once that he had hit upon some point of which before he was quite ignorant. The Count appealed to the judge, but his lordship desired him to answer the question at once, and directly, or if he failed to do so, he would commit him to prison. The Count, after several twists of his body, replied,

"Yes, but it was all a falsehood."

This admission was a point of great importance, and O'Connell at once seized on it. Still looking at the Count, he said,

"Oh, of course you say it was a falsehood, but I will make you swear the contrary—come, out with it Mr. Count—I tell you I know all about it,—aye, and will make you tell every word of it to that Jury before you quit that table?"

In point of fact, O'Connell knew nothing whatever about his man, but from the first answer which he got from him, he suspected that some thing lay at the bottom, and he was resolved to dig it up, whatever it might be. The case of his client, the defendant, could not be in a more desperate condition, and he concluded, that come what might, the case could not be worse. The Count shook like an aspen leaf; and altogether he cut one of the most extraordinary figures ever seen at a witness table.

"Go on, Sir," said O'Connell, "and tell the jury about the little gambling transaction—I tell you, Sir, we must have it from your own mouth."

The Count at last said; "Well then, as you appear to know it all, I may as well tell you."

Without entering into details, it will be sufficient to say here, that O'Connell extracted from the Count one of the most extraordinary confessions on record, the substance of which was, that the Count was not a Count, but one of the most accomplished swindlers in Europe, and known as the "Brighton Billiard marker;" that he had been engaged in many swindles and robberies, and that he had escaped justice several times, both in England and on the Continent; and in fine, that the case in which he was there engaged, was a conspiracy got up to rob the defendant by means of a verdict from a jury, and that every word he had sworn on his direct examination in support of the case was false? The judge, the jury, the whole bar, and the crowd of people who were in court, all, as it were, felt electrified at the horrible disclosures made by the Count. The jury at once found a verdict for the defendant, and the perjury

committed by this wretched man was so palpable, that the judge ordered him to be taken into custody, which was at once complied with. A loud burst of applause followed, and very unusual in a Court of Justice, it was not attempted to be repressed, but was repeated for several minutes, evidently even to the satisfaction of the judge. In the midst of the excitement which prevailed, Jackson (as already stated, now a judge) flung his arms around the neck of O'Connell, and in a state of phrenzied delight, roared out at the top of his voice,

"Well, Dan, in politics you are the devil, but in a court of justice, by H——n you are an angel!" This of course caused a loud cheer, in the midst of which the court adjourned.

The sequel is now told in the words of the immortal man himself, in reply to Jackson, who asked him how he had discovered the "Count"?

"When I was a young man at the Bar," said O'Connell, "I was engaged in an arbitration case, and next room to where the jury sat, there was a billiard table. I used sometimes to go in to look at the players, though I never took a Cue (qr. que?) in my hand during my life, and I used to observe that the marker had a peculiar shrug of the shoulders. When that "Count" was leaning on the table, I saw the same shrug of his shoulders, and I concluded he was a billiard marker, and you see I was not mistaken."

"And was that all you knew about him?" asked Jackson.

"Nothing more, but you see I made something out of my early observation of billiard playing."

Jackson repeated his former exclamation, and shook his colleague most warmly by the hand and went home to his—dinner!

I fear I have made this anecdote rather long, but for the sake of the man I may count on the forgiveness of my readers. Perhaps this may lead to some other short sketches, which so far as I am aware, have not met the public eye in print before the present time.

PROSPECTS OF WAR.

(From the London Globe.)

The aggressive position assumed by France is becoming more difficult of concealment, as her preparations and tentatives extend on all sides; and there would be no advantage in reciprocating with an affectation of ignorance the hypocritical mask which is still worn as a form. We have already known in this country the style of talk which prevails, not only in French society generally, but especially in the household of the new Emperor, about a probable blow at England. And this talk is not of recent origin; it has been a habit with the French. A stock book of the military schools of France, *Essai Général de Fortification*, by Bousmard, has habituated students of military affairs to "sudden attacks on valuable ports and partial ravages" as a settled element of military action—"The destruction of some great naval or military establishment, or the ruin of some great first-rate commercial town, to carry away all the shipping, empty the warehouses, or make the town pay a ransom for the preservation of what cannot be carried off." The Prince de Joinville, had pointed out a specific object for such blows; the talk of the Tuilleries followed up the idea; and we have reason to believe, although we cannot be in the secrets of the party in power, that our own government has been put upon the alert by reports of a precise nature. These reports are confirmed by what is before the public. Some days back, M. Ducos, the French Minister of Marine, assembled the representatives of the principal naval districts in France, to make an exposition of the views of the French government; *apropos* to the proceedings in this country. England, he said with surprising effrontery, had taken the initiative in preparing for action, by the large increase to her navy and marines, by her organized militia, and by raising defences on her coasts. He overlooked the building of the Austerlitz, the Jean Bart, the Napoleon, and the Charlemagne. These are means of aggression and not of defence; and they have naturally awakened the active caution in this country, from the humblest classes to the very highest in the land. Such means of attack on an opposite coast suggest the defence of our own seaports, and of our own royal coast residence. The demands on this government, to conduct the police of the Channel Islands, according to the views of the Tuilleries, have naturally made our military, if not our civil officials survey the defence of the Islands. But M. Ducos chose to overlook these facts. He affects to speak of the French ports as only "open roadsteads"; even Cherbourg and Toulon not being completely fortified; and Cherbourg being positively threatened by the impregnable fort at Alderney. "It is impossible for France," he says, "to accept this state of things, and she will follow England step by step. If England fortifies, France will fortify; if England builds more war steamers, France will build more. This declaration, was to be expected. If other states witnessed the warlike preparations of France in quiet, those preparations would be continued until the one power might dictate the public law of Europe. But if these preparations are noticed, and are counter-balanced by modest preparations of a similar kind elsewhere, then those preparations are to be the pretext for new measures to increase the start which France has already gained.

The motive for the statement which M. Ducos has volunteered does not come out. It is conjectured that he may have hoped to work upon that timid policy which prevailed so much in English platform speeches some months back; but if so, he is mistaken. He has, on the contrary, done a service to those of the public who feel any solicitude on the subject, and has strengthened the hands of those officials who share that patriotic feeling, by enabling the English public at large better to understand the practical necessity for effective preparations.

It is not to be supposed that England alone is threatened. Quite the reverse. Towards other neighbors, France stands in the attitude of a man armed at all points, with knees bent on the spring, every muscle elastic for movement, and eyes glancing sharply round. In Belgium already there is a report that priests and bribes are preparing the public mind, secretly, for a great vote of "Oui," when Louis Napoleon shall ask Belgium to be annexed to the Empire. Patriotic Spaniards are already complaining of French