

House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious Bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberties of the press, and every other institution dear to Englishmen.

"Against the Bill I protest in the name of the Irish people and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of—that our redress is not to be agitated; for in such cases remonstrances cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

"The clause which does away with trial by jury—what, in the name of heaven, is it if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

"If ever doubted before of the success of our agitation . . . this Bill, this infamous Bill—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys and heard from her lofty hills? Oh, they will be heard there—yes, and they will not be forgotten.

"I have done my duty, I stand acquitted to my conscience and to my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and now I protest against its harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example."

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE HORSE AND THE FOAL.

AND old horse—a widower—and having only one son, pastured in a meadow by a running stream, where the water, the clover and the shade, afforded a choice union of advantages. When not gam-boling our foal nibbled the rich clover when not nibbling he gamboled. Lazy and fat our young solitary began to get tire of life; he was weary for want of something, to trouble him. In disgust he sought his father. "Father," said he, "for a long time I have not felt well; this clover is sour, and is killing me; the water is bad; the air affects my lungs. Let us go or I shall die." "Son," said the father, "if it is a matter of life or death, we must set out." They left their fatherland. The younger traveller bounded away with joy; the older one proceeded with a less elastic step. But he guided the rejoicing foal. Through rocky mountains, dry and herbless, they took their way. Night came on. Still no pasturage, no water, no shade. Next day by strength of tooth, they eat a few parched reeds. No more our foal galloped, after two days he could scarcely walk. Thinking the lesson well learned, papa began to return home by an unknown route. By the middle of the night they had regained fatherland. As soon as the foal scented the rich clover, he ran forward exclaiming Oh! what a feast is here! how tender is this grass! Father we need not go any further to look for better, let us stay here. We could not have recognized the very meadow, he had so lately quitted in disgust. He hung down his head in shame. "Son," said the horse, "take this as a rule."

He who enjoys too much is already disgusted. A thorn is necessary to every rose."

### THE TWO ASSES.

Two asses, each carrying two paniers, travelled leasurly to market. To entertain themselves on the journey they entered into conversation, like good and sensible asses that they were. Master Aliboron said to his comrade Grison: "Brother, do you not find men