

This jest had reference to the following Parliamentary report :

"The Irish bill of rights having been passed, mainly through the splendid eloquence and masterly efforts of Grattan, Flood made an attempt to achieve what he imagined would be a greater triumph. He declared that the mere repeal of the law (6 Geo. I.) which subjected Ireland to the control of the English Parliament was not enough, and insisted upon an express renoucement of the right of the English Parliament to interfere in any way with the government of Ireland.

"Grattan, having good reasons for it, maintained that his own bill was sufficient, and vigorously opposed that which Flood introduced.

"The two orators, forgetting their old friendship, exchanged speeches full of the bitterest personal invective."

Another issue gives an account of an intended duel between these two fire-eating patriots, Flood and Grattan. After fighting long with pens and tongues, they discarded the use of these bloodless weapons and decided to settle their disputes by the gentlemanly "code of honour" (?) then in fashion—"coffee and pistols for two." A meeting was arranged to take place at Dover. However, through friends of both, the affair was amicably settled. Grattan, who lived till 1826, strongly opposed and bitterly lamented the Act of Union between England and Ireland. Grattan said of himself: "I watched by the cradle of my country's greatness, and I followed its hearse"—alluding to the Act of Union. O'Connell called the Act of Union *the grave of Ireland's prosperity*. Daniel O'Connell had a high opinion of Henry Grattan, the son of the great Irish patriot. He said of him: "He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol to his head, and if he were persuaded that his own

immediate death would secure the repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of Heaven, fire away.'"

The news from France concerning the revolution of 1792 and '98 is terribly realistic. A reign of terror is indeed established there. Unhappy France! bound, bleeding and crushed beneath the iron heel of a sanguinary and brutal despotism.

Oh! cruel war! Oh! intestine war!

"That owns no Sabbath; war with impious toil.

Unspent, with blood unquated, the fiend  
Of vengeance, still rebellious, still pursues  
His work of death; nor pauses, nor  
relents

For law divine, nor sight of human woe."

Those inhuman rulers, who worshipped the devil under the title of Liberty, in their insensate fury sacrificed alike both innocent and guilty. The oppressed are now the oppressors, and their war cry is "*A bas les Aristocrates.*"

"The mob is a monster with the hands  
Of Briareus but the head of Polyphemus;  
Strong to execute but blind to perceive."

When Louis Quinze, in a prophetic mood, gave this *mot* to posterity, "The monarchy is very old, but it will last my time—*Après moi le deluge.*" his Majesty doubtless did not dream of the awful deluge of blood by which the iniquities of his royal ancestors for generations back would be visited upon the heads of the innocent, the noble, and the holy ones of France. Thiers' "History of the Revolution" graphically describes the fearful scenes of bloodshed and terror; but never has it appeared so real, so pitiful, as when reading from day to day of those harrowing events, as if they were still in progress.

Reading those old papers of a century ago and musing on these mournful pictures, I felt carried away in spirit back to that bygone period when the mock trial of Louis XVI. was taking