

fall from greatness can scare, but under cottage window or castle wall, sings her plaintive warnings or her moaning requiem in lamentation of the long descended.

The Irish are religious—especially in that form of the religious sentiment, which nourishes trust and resignation, and holds intimate communion with the invisible and the future world. In all their habits of thought, in their daily life, they evince a tranquillity of pious submission which must have its source in a profound, and habitual experience. Their recognition of Providence in all the events of existence is unfading, and therefore their patience under miseries which would drive more discontented natures to madness. Wrong, too, as we Protestants may consider their views of saints, and the condition of the dead, no doubt, I think can be, that these views to many minds give impressiveness to spiritual existences. The intercourse of saints and angels the mass of the Irish people realise as a fact. The angels to them, are in every deed around their path; the saints about their bed: the world of spirits to the poor untutored peasant is not remote and unkindred, but at his very door, an object so dwelt on by faith that it almost brightens to a thing of sense: the whole army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles are constantly recalled to his imagination; the benignant and the beautiful Mary, blessed among women, and blessed for ever, is linked with his reverential affections, these with all their associations familiarise the things of a higher life to his daily thoughts—they sanctify the toilsome earth, and they humanise the distant heaven. And false, too, as we may conceive their doctrine of the dead, it is not without a spirit of goodness and of love. The Irish to whom their friends in life are so dear, think they can even follow them with good offices beyond the grave. And how is the memory kept in kindly action by these impressions; the widow has something taken from the pang of desolation—the orphan feels around him a watching parent, the bereaved have invisible communion with the spirits of the faithful, they recal the departed in every sacred hour, they turn towards them in every sad and solemn experience, they hold them by every bond of feeling as well as faith, they enshrine their memories in the visions of the sanctuary, and they embalm them in the sighs of prayer. And these charities to the dead are not without their charities also to the living; and though logic may disprove them, and theology repudiate them, they have yet an element of truth bound up with all the instincts of the heart, which no argument can subvert and no dogmatism eradicate.

In the moral character of the lower Irish, incongruities appear which are often urged severely against them. Their phraseology is sometimes characterised by exaggeration or evasion; and occasionally, it is positively false. Thence, not a few will maintain that they have no regard for truth. They conceal their money, at times, on a rail-road or in a steam-boat, and try to lessen or escape the fare: thence they are deemed sordid. Too sadly and too often they have done violent deeds, thence they are sanguinary. They have not always been free from petty thefts, thence they are dishonest. Paradoxical as it may be considered, admitting these not to be entirely groundless charges; I will yet insist that on the whole, the Irish are not faithless, sordid, cruel, or dishonest. Exaggeration of phrase to *our* apprehension is a simple idiom to the Irish peasant; he means what he says, but he says it after *his own* fashion, and not *ours*. Evasion, he has been taught by his masters; by laws which he has never seen friendly, and which he had no scruple to defeat; by landlords who have ground him beyond his power, to whom he first gives his whole substance, and then gives his excuses. Their terrible exactions first make him a beggar, and then make him a liar; first denude and emaciate his body, and then distort and deform his soul. Thus it is always with dependence and poverty.

Long oppression goes far to root out manliness. Moral courage is the virtue of independence, and cunning is the weapon of the slave; the freeman is frank because he has no fear; he uses no evasion, for he does not dread the consequences of open speech. The poor exile that by some odd obliquity of mind quibbles about a cent, will yet remit all he possesses to comfort his aged parents, or to bring over his brothers and sisters to this land of plenty. Nay, he will share his only dollar with a fellow creature in distress, who has no claim but sorrow, and no kindred, but a common nature. And although the humble Irish sometimes commit small transgressions on the law of *mine* and *thine*, yet in matters of value they are scrupulously faithful. Ireland is a poor land, but crimes against property are of rare occurrence. A traveller loaded with wealth may pass from the north to the south, and although hunger and hardship surround him as he goes, he need fear no evil for his money. I know not the country in the wide earth in which as an in-offensive stranger, I should feel greater security than in Ireland in purse and person; and there is not a peasant's hut in the loneliest bog in which I would not if need required, commit myself to