

nothing to the purpose. He drew close to the curious structure; heard the usual moans and lamentations issue from it; peered closely into it, and saw the sick man himself lying stretched on his straw, quite alone and seemingly helpless. He called out, and again the frightful eyes met his. He hurried homewards, stricken to the heart with terror.

But after all, there was no witchcraft or goblinism in the matter. He had really and truly seen Robin Costigan shuffling rapidly towards the old mansion, and he had also really seen Robin Costigan lying on his back in his den outside the avenue gate.

And as soon as Robin judged himself free from further observation, shrewdly concluding that no more questions would that night be asked of him, he protruded at first part of his body from the opening of his lair, and then crept out inch by inch on his hands and knees. Thus he remained for some time, turning his head from side to side. All was safe, he at length concluded. He then crawled to the low crumbling wall that swept round from the gateway, and scrambling over it like an old ferret, and squatting down at its inside, again looked and listened all round him. Still nothing was to be apprehended. At a few steps distant, a tangled and forsaken shrubbery, however, to any one who could or would thread it, formed a short cut to the point where he had encountered the dog-watcher, now invited his further progress. Darting into this, he made way through it, with a skill that showed he was no stranger to its difficulties. In a few minutes it delivered him almost into contact with the ruined house.

Turning to the rear of the building, he got into it through the almost open space of one of the kitchen range of windows, and proceeded along an arched stone passage. It was pitch dark, but he knew his way and did not hesitate for an instant. He entered the cellars of the house, traversed it, and arrived at another passage which apparently terminated all the under regions of the edifice. But this did not satisfy Robert Costigan. Standing over a certain spot, he struck his stick in a measured kind of way against the floor; paused, repeated the same signal; and presently, close by where he stood, a square flag seemed gradually to raise itself up—the circumstance becoming observable from a dim red light which broke through the orifice it had concealed. The old beggarman then descended a few stone steps, and continued through an apartment—dripping overhead with damp—to a more distant vault. Here two smithy-looking men were busy at a small furnace, or occasionally near to it. Costigan joined them; and immediately afterwards the hen's hangman added himself to the party—the same individual who had raised the trap-door to admit Robin into the secret manufactory. It may here be noticed that the contrivance of this trap-door was not as old as the building of the mansion; and that it had been devised and constructed by Robin and his friends, in order to give any chance passenger on a level with it above, the idea that there, indeed, terminated the under vaults of the house.

"Well, old Darby the devil," said one of the men—the scoundrel was known to his present associates only as Darby Cosney—"well, old Darby the devil, you've bravely to-night; the faver isn't goin' through you very intirely."

"Will ye ever be finished with this job," growled Darby, by way of answer.

"This is the last cast," replied another.

"We're finishin' off the last cast; do you think these 'all stand the jingle, Darby? Here, you black-muzzled gallow's bird, show these to him."

Darby's nurse brought for inspection to his patient, a large pewter dish full of five-penny pieces and half-crowns. Darby scrutinized them very closely.

"They'll do," was his laconic comment.

"If they wasn't the right sort we'd hear of it," remarked the first man who had spoken.

"I don't like botchery, Paul Finnigan, nor I don't like prate. Fire to you, sowl an' body, you eumurdgeon! Will you take care ov yourself, will you?"

The first part of this discourse was a reply to Paul Finnigan's familiarity, the second, accompanied with a blow of his cudgel, was addressed to his tender young nurse, who had stumbled, and nearly upset the dish of base coin which he was bearing back to the artists.

"You're a little cross to-night, Darby the devil," said the other man; and he indeed was an artist in his way, and presumed on his cleverness.

"Let me hear none of your gab neither, Moloch," rebuked Darby, growlingly; "will you finish the cast to-night, that's the question?"

"Out an' out, by the hokey poker," replied Moloch.

"Plase God, an' we will," assented Finnigan, "t'would be the devil's own quare play to be here any longer."

"We'll cut to Connaught agen," was the suggestion of the grandson of the sick man of the hut.

"An' 'tis high time for ye to be done," resumed Darby, "a fellow might as well be in one of their blackest cells as in that cursed pig-sty. My ould bones is knotted together lyin' in it."

"Bee this holy file," said Moloch, raising one of the implements of his art, "'twas a bright thought in you, Darby the devil, my darlin'."

"I was afeard that young jade of an informer 'ud bring the spies on us—an' if they came this way I could give ye warning—that's the whole of it; you know I kep ye together these many years, while others war thrapped like rats," was Darby's reply.

"There isn't a better watch-dog, nor a better head-piece, wid the life in his carcase, this night," complimented Moloch.

"Hogh! You're sure you'll be all ready to start before day-dawn? That's the talk," continued Darby, authoritatively.

"'Tis 'most day already," he was answered.

"I'll be on the thramp afore ye—ye know where we are bound for at present, and where we're to meet agen?"

"To a place twenty-five good miles from this, by the hokey poker."

"'Tis a wonder that the whiskey let ye remember id. Ye must be there as the dark comes on to-morrow night week. Maybe I'd want your help. Maybe the Babby and myself could manage the job."

"Bee this holy saw," said Moloch, ceasing the motion of a very small one, with which he was finishing the edges of some half-crown pieces—and as he spoke, he looked fully from beneath his bent brows into the malignant, the hellish eyes of the old beggarman—"Bee this holy saw, Darby the devil, I'd 'most lay down my own life to stop that business—fugh!—'Twill be a sorrowful job to spill the blood of the little creature."

"What's that you say?" asked Darby, in a slow, inward voice.

"I done bad jobs in my lifetime, bud I don't like this one. She was so comely, when she was very young an' small, that 'twas like the sunshine to my eyes to look on her; an' she wouldn't harm the wing or a fly, herself—poor, poor thing!"

(To be Continued.)

#### THE DESTINIES OF ROME.

We give below some extracts from a lecture delivered in the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole, Dublin, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, D.D. Dr. Moran's address was listened to throughout by an overflowing congregation, whose attitude of deep attention attested the hold which the lecturer had on their sympathies. The very reverend gentleman said:—

"On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, in 1586, Pope Sixtus V., wresting a noble obelisk from Augustus and Tiberius, erected it in honor of God in front of that matchless sanctuary which, 'of temples old, or altars new, stands alone with nothing like to it,' and inscribed on it the words—Christ conquers, Christ triumphs, Christ reigns. This simple motto tells us the destiny of Christian Rome. Divinely chosen to be the centre of God's Church, it must show forth the power of God, and, perpetually, till time shall be no more, the victories and triumphs of the Cross. So, too, till the fulness of time was come, did God choose, in the Jewish dispensation, one spot of this world which He wished to be called His own—Jerusalem, 'the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth'; and there He placed the temple of His Majesty, the one beautiful spring of joy and hope, and peace, the one beacon-light which could guide man to heaven. The Church of God was not to be confined merely to one city or people; it was to embrace all nations, and tribes, and tongues; and yet it was to be one kingdom, and its unity was to be the very proof of the Divine power which sustained it. In the ways of Providence, Rome, chosen as the centre of that unity, was to reserve Rome's destiny. Hitherto, the throne of Satan, and the citadel of the superstitions of paganism, it trampled the world under foot: now the capital of religion and the city of Christ, it was to sanctify the world and lift it up to breathe the pure air of the mountains of God. During two centuries and a half, the foundations of this spiritual city were cemented with the blood of countless martyrs. Every age and condition of life, and every clime and nation under the sun, sent its chosen champions of faith to the triumph of martyrdom in Rome. The citizens of the Emperor Nero was the first great theatre of these triumphs, and it was met that on that hallowed spot should arise the noblest shrine of earth to the glory of God, in honor of the Prince of the Apostles. Then the Coliseum was so steeped in Christian blood, that St. Gregory the Great could send a little of its dust, as a priceless relic, to Queen Theodolinda. Forty thousand Christians, from every province of the empire, were assembled to work as slaves in the erection of the great baths of Diocletian: how would they have rejoiced, and how would they have blessed their toil, did they know the walls at which they labored would one day be a glorious shrine under the invocation of her who is the Queen of Angels and of martyrs. Thus, year by year, Rome was purified, ennobled, and sanctified. Thus, in the ways of God, was mysteriously prepared that city of the Church, which He wished to call His own. And now the heart of Constantine is subdued to Christian truth. We would deify ourselves, however, were we to suppose that by the conversion of Constantine, the rulers of the Roman Empire, from being the chiefs and deities of Paganism, became, by a sudden transition, the promoters and champions of the Christian faith. No, the ruling powers that guided the destinies of the empire continued as devoted to the cause of Paganism, and as hostile to Christianity, as in the days of Nero and Diocletian. The Government of Imperial Rome had clung to Paganism—the day of avenging elationism was now at hand. From the depths of the German forest mighty armies of barbarians rushed in on the distant provinces of the empire; but this did not suffice to disturb the joyous festive routine of the City of Seven Hills. In her pride of heart the mistress of the world cried out, 'I sit a queen, and sorrow I shall not see.' The storm was for the moment averted by liberating forty thousand slaves, and paying all the silver and gold demanded by Alaric. But the wages of impurity were not long delayed. The forty thousand slaves ceaselessly clamored for revenge on their past masters. In the plains of Rimini, Alaric again marshalled his countless host. As he passed the Apennines, a holy hermit threw himself in his path, seeking to mitigate his wrath. 'Servant of God, cried Alaric, 'seek not to turn me from my mission: it is not from choice I lend my army against that devoted place, but some invisible power which will not suffer me to halt a single day, urges me on by violence, continually crying out to me without ceasing, 'Forward! march upon that city, upon Rome, and make it desolate.' (Socrat. Hist. Eccl. vii. 10). Nevertheless, the pride of Rome was not destroyed. When the barbarians had retired, the pagan fugitives, like a returning tide, hastened back to the ruined city, but they showed no signs of conversion or repentance. The Queen of the Seven Hills still refused the Cross; she chose rather once more to deck her brow with the laurel wreath, and again she had recourse to pagan oracles, seeking for some decisive promise of revenge and victory. About the middle of the fifth century the Huns poured in a new tide of destruction on the decaying empire. They were led on by Attila, who styled himself, 'the scourge of God.' Deprived of human aid, the citizens and senators all looked to the great St. Leo as their only hope, and prayed him to avert the impending calamity. Robed in his sacred vestments, and accompanied by his deacons, the Pontiff went forth unarmed to meet the ruthless barbarian king. What words he used we know not, but Attila subsequently avowed to his discontented chiefs that whilst St. Leo spoke, another venerable man appeared to him in the heavens menacing death if he refused to abandon his enterprise against Rome. The Vandals were more savage than the Goths, and the name of their leader, Genserich, was more terrible in Rome than that of Alaric himself. Once more the only refuge was in religion. Instead of a sally of the Roman youth, writes Gibbon, 'there issued from the gates an unarmed and venerable procession of the bishop at the head of his clergy. The fearless

spirit of Leo, his authority and eloquence, again mitigated the fierceness of a barbarian conqueror. Twice more, within twenty years, the city was forced to endure all the terrors of invasion. But though the Queen of Empire thus 'saw her glories, star by star, expire,' she renounced not the service of paganism, even on the anniversary of the delivery from Attila. St. Leo was forced to address to them the words of the prophet, 'In vain have I struck your children, they have not received correction.' For Totilla, a barbarian king, but famed for his temperance and chastity, was reserved the task of demolishing the last vestige of pagan Rome, and setting aside for ever the institutions of Romulus. As he advanced towards the city, the deacon, Pelagius, who had spent his vast paternal wealth among the poor, was sent by the Romans to ask for a truce, even for a few days. The Goth received Pelagius with honour and embraced him; but, at the same time, declared his unalterable resolve to level Rome with the dust. The city was given up to the fury of the barbarians. But Totilla himself hastened to St. Peter's, and, at the prayers of the clergy, granted permission to the inhabitants that wished to fly from the doom of the city. When the Goths retired from the Seven Hills, Rome was indeed a desert; even the city gates were torn down by the barbarians, and borne away as trophies of their triumph.

"Whilst the power of paganism was thus broken in its very capital, Providence was gradually unfolding its mysterious designs for the salvation of the barbarian nations. For the first time brought in contact with Christian missionaries by these incursions, the barbarians soon became docile children of the Cross; and before a century had passed, from the invasion of Totilla, Rome had avenged her sufferings by the spiritual triumph of faith in the very depths of the forests of Germany. In the age of St. Gregory the Great new enemies presented themselves at the gates of Rome. Once more it is the angel of religion that wards off destruction, and the inhabitants find a refuge beneath the mantle of the Vicar of Christ. Yet his untiring exertions saved Rome, and he merited to be hailed by the citizens as 'the Father of his country.' Succeeding Popes pursued the same course, shielding the shrines of the Apostles by the mantle of religion. A signal triumph awaited the exertions of Pope Gregory II. In the year 729, the Lombards, urged on by the Exarch, and paid by Imperial gold, laid siege to the city. Gregory II. had no army to defend the walls, but, accompanied by an august retinue of the Roman clergy and nobles, he went forth to the Vatican fields, where, close by St. Peter's, the enemy pitched his tents. The Pontiff made a moving appeal to Judgment, reminding him of the sacredness of Rome, and of the mysterious Providence which had hitherto guarded its sanctuaries. He concluded with the words: 'The city cannot be consumed without giving to the flames those churches and tombs which have been ever regarded by all nations, far and near—and even by those little removed from barbarism—not only with veneration, but with the most thrilling religious awe; and is it to be credited that Attila, overawed by the more apparition of the Apostles, retired from Rome, while the sight of their sepulchre, close to which he is standing has no power to move a Christian king to mercy?' Judgment could not conceal his emotion; he prostrated himself for the Pontiff's blessing, and then proceeded to the Basilica of St. Peter's, where, divesting himself of his mantle, diadem, silver cross, and military belt, he offered these royal ornaments on the tomb of the Apostles, as a pledge that thenceforward his army should only fight in defence of Rome. When, in after years, the Lombard chiefs again harassed the cities of Italy, need I mention the devotion of Charles Martel, the piety and heroism of Pepin, the triumphs of Charlemagne? On Christmas-day, in the year 800, Charlemagne entered St. Peter's arrayed in Patrician purple, and, as he knelt before the shrine of the Apostles, Pope Leo placed on his forehead the sacred chrism, and placed the Imperial crown upon his head, whilst the church resounded with acclamations of 'Life and Victory to Charles Augustus, most pious and pacific Emperor, raised up by God! The Saracens, when assailing the western nations, had for their chief object the destruction of the Christian faith. The Roman Pontiffs were untiring in their efforts to rouse the princes of Europe to oppose them. In the year 903, ambassadors from Southern Italy, presented themselves at the camp of the Saracen Emir, now master of Sicily. He did not even vouchsafe an audience to them. A few weeks passed on, and whilst the Emir matured his conquests, night and prayer and penance was seen on the Seven Hills. One night, as he set out to continue his devastating career, he slept in a little chapel of St. Michael, the Archangel; on a sudden the camp was aroused by the intelligence that their Emir was no more. Summoning the leaders of the army to his bedside, he told them, as he expired, that that night St. Peter, in the form of a venerable Bishop, clothed in sacred robes, stood before him, and with the pastoral staff transfixed his breast. Throughout seven centuries, with rare intervals of peace, that war, under the name of the varying names of Saracen, Mussulman, and Turk, was waged against the Cross by the disciples of Mahomet. For St. Paul was reserved the glory of achieving the final discomfiture of the restless enemy. On the morning of the 7th October, 1571, the allied fleets of Venice, Spain, and Rome sailed out from the port of Lepanto, and, under the standard of St. Peter, shattered for ever the Mussulman power. Rome decreed to Colonna, the victorious commander, all the honours of a triumph. 'Three hundred years have passed since that glorious day. The Dominican Novices still linger at Santa Sabina. The orange tree planted there by St. Donivice has not decayed. The room where that great saint lived of old, and where St. Paul V. prayed at the moment the battle raged at Lepanto, still breathes the fragrance of his piety. But when the Christian pilgrims visit that hallowed spot, and looks down on the present and condition of Rome, how must he sigh for the day when the present herid of the virtues, as of the name of Pius, may once again, at the threshold of the signs of the Apostles, give the kiss of peace to the triumphant chivalry of Catholic Europe!

Whilst the Pontiffs labored to guard the city of Rome from foreign assaults, the spirit of revolution within the walls more than once attempted to revive the rule of Romulus, at the shrine of the Apostles. The first great leader of revolt was Arnold, of Brescia. Expelled from the religious order to which he belonged, 'he,' as Otto of Frisinga writes, 'endeavored by an unheard of temerity, to re-establish the reign of murder and tyranny on the Seven Hills.' Even Barbarossa turned away in disgust from his arrogant and unmeaning words. His tragic fate is described by Otto, of Frisinga, who tells us that he received his death from the lips of Barbarossa himself. For some time Arnold was defended by the Visconti, who, however, soon surrendered their protegee into the hands of the Imperial Prefect of Rome. By the order of the Emperor he was brought to the stake, and the Imperial Prefect caused the ashes of the pyre on which the wretched man was burned to be swept into the Tiber. The next great revolutionary leader was Nicola di Lorenzo, better known by his popular abbreviated name Cola di Rienzo. He was a fanatic whippersnapper of the House of the Gracchi and Caesar. 'His letters,' writes Sismondi, 'are full of mystical fanaticism; his references to the ancient heroes of Rome are always mingled with invocations to her Christian saints.' He was treated mercifully by the Popes, and received pardon at their hands, but the people could not tolerate his crimes. His last discourse on the Capitol was interrupted by the cries of the assembled populace. Seeking safety in disguise and in flight, he was discovered and dragged by the people to the platform of the palace, on the Campi-

doglio, and there an assassin plunged a dagger into his breast. Gibbon adds: 'He fell senseless at the first stroke: the impatient revenge of his enemies inflicted a thousand wounds; and his body was abandoned to the dogs, the Jews, and to the flames.' I need no more than mention the memorable sack of Rome in 1527, which renewed all the horrors of the invasions of the Goths and Huns. Two armies, the one of German Lutherans, under the command of Franksberg, the other of Spanish troops, led on by the Constable de Bourbon, made a joint attack on the city on the morning of the 6th of May. Franksberg, pointing to Rome, said to his soldiers—'Behold your plunder; Luther has promised it to you; if you hold back famine and death await you.' Their subsequent excesses baffled description. Ranke writes—'Restrained by no leader, the bloodthirsty soldiery, hardened by long privations, and rendered savage by their warfare, burst over the devoted city. Never fell richer booty into more violent hands, never was plunder more continuous or destructive. Franksberg, as he marched to Rome, wore on his neck a chain of massive gold, and it was his boast that with this he would strangle the old dotard of the Vatican. On the morning of the assault, as he joyfully advanced towards the apparently defenceless city, he was seized with apoplexy, and fell lifeless to the ground. The other leader, the Constable de Bourbon, as he mounted the walls in triumph, was struck down by a bullet, and being borne along by his soldiers, expired at the threshold of St. Peter's. This sack of Rome was destined in the ways of God to purify it from the corruption with which an immoral literature had begun to flood the entire Peninsula. Towards the close of the last century the statesmen of Europe, led away by Voltairean ideas, sought to make the Church of Christ subservient to their political schemes. The great Pontiff, Pius VI., saw the See of Peter at one and the same time assailed by Ferdinand of Naples, Joseph of Austria, Charles of Spain, Leopold of Tuscany, the Bourbon of Parma, and even Louis of France, all nominally Catholic sovereigns, but all combined to enslave the Church of God. Again were the Psalmist's words repeated: 'Quare fremuerunt gentes et reges convenerunt in unum.' The reign of terror, and the principles of '39, overturned those thrones, and scarce the memory remained of all their plotting against the Vicar of Christ. In 1799 the storm fell upon Rome. The aged Pius VI., venerable for his four score years, his virtues and his great deeds, was treated with brutal violence by the Calumnist Jaller and his associates, who, in the name of the French Republic, dragged the saintly Pontiff from the Vatican, and hurried him off to the prison of Valence. The infidels of that day gleited over the downfall of the papacy, and boasted that the last of the Popes was in their hands. Even an official decree was promulgated in Rome that the Cardinals would not be allowed to elect a successor in the place of the dying Pope. Yet the august prisoner, when yielding his spirit to Heaven, on the 29th of August, 1799, took from his finger a precious gold ring, presented to him by the good Queen Clotilda, of Sardinia, sister of Louis XVI, and commanded one of his attendants to consign it to his successor in the See of St. Peter. That same autumn the armies of France, ignominiously flying from Italy, left Venice free for the conclave. A change, too, has come over the rulers of France, and whilst the newly elected Pope Pius VII. enters his capital amidst the acclamations of his people, Napoleon, on the field of Marongio, proclaims his determination to uphold the rights of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and to build up the ruined altars of his country. He sent an ambassador to Rome, and gave him the instruction: 'Comport yourself towards the Pope as if he had an army at his back of two hundred thousand men.' A few years roll on, and Napoleon, blinded by his unperceived success, renounces the protection of the Sovereign Pontiffs; the Papal States become an Imperial Province, and his son is styled the King of Rome. To the threat of excommunication, he replied: 'They say I am to be denounced to Christendom; nothing but ignorance, the most profound of the age in which we live could have suggested such a notion; the date involves an error of a thousand years. Does Pius VII. imagine that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers? Need I tell you the result? He whose breath scatters the mightiest hosts, and causes the earth to tremble, looked down in his wrath on that imperial pride. The arms did fall from the hands of Napoleon's soldiers; and he himself was led away a captive, to end his years on the rock of St. Helena. Little more than twelve months have passed since another Napoleon abandoned another saintly Pontiff of the name of Pius. And, again, need I mention the result? Step by step, as the French troops receded from the walls of Rome, the German armies penetrated into the heart of France. The capital of Christendom surrenders to the Piedmontese troops, and Napoleon appears as a suppliant at the tent of Bismarck. Victor Emmanuel enters the City of the Popes, and France has the humiliation of witnessing the Prussian triumphant entry into her capital. Thus, in the unmistakable character of unchanging truth, history traces for us the divine decree, that Rome is the city of the Vicar of Christ, the heavenly-guarded centre of the Church of God.

#### HOME RULE.—V.

##### IRELAND BEFORE THE UNION.

Any sketch of Ireland, however brief or rapid, at the period of her resurrection to which we have now arrived, would be not only incomplete, but unjust to a great memory, if it did not render homage to Henry Flood. A patriot of no mean stamp, a statesman of considerable experience in the management of public affairs, and a consummate master of party tactics, he was the leader for a long time of a real Parliamentary opposition. And by the patriotic fervour of his harangues, in a period of lengthened and almost hopeless prostration of the national spirit, he helped to sustain the popular cause, and prepare the way for the advent and triumph of his friend and subsequent rival, Grattan. Having accepted place, however, under the administration of Lord Harcourt in 1775, the 'official silence' imposed on him tended much to lessen his influence as a patriot, and he ceased to lead any party in the Irish House of Commons, at a time, too, when great events were near at hand. In that year Grattan entered Parliament, and by the sheer force of his genius, the novel grandeur of his eloquence, and the fervid energy of his patriotism, soon distanced all competitors in the parliamentary arena. In that memorable year, too, began the American War; and it is extraordinary, and full of the deepest meaning for Irishmen of the present time, as it was of that day, with what significant clarity the remonstrances from Ireland were listened to by the Government. As the war progressed, the restrictions on Irish trade began to be discussed. In March, 1778, the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl of Buckinghamshire, delivered a message from the King to the Parliament, announcing that 'a treaty of amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by His Majesty's revolted subjects in North America'; in consequence of which war was declared, and Spain having at the same time formed an alliance with France, affairs began to look gloomy enough for England. We do not write in any vindictive spirit, but desiring only to touch lightly on the records of those times for the purpose of refreshing the memory of such events; and as history is said to be 'philosophy teaching by example,' to try if we cannot make the past in some measure profitable to the present and the future. In this momentous crisis of England's destinies, Irish affairs began to receive redoubled attention. Proposals were submitted for the relief of the Catholics; for the encouragement of the fisheries—which might suggest awkward reflections to the present Prime Minister—also for the advancement

of trade; for the improvement of waste lands, and such measures. When the Bills for the commercial relief of Ireland, however, were to be read a second time in the British House of Commons, several members for English trading towns violently opposed them, and the table of the House was literally covered with petitions against any extension of commercial advantages to Ireland, by which the trade of Great Britain should be in any manner affected. So violent, indeed, was popular clamour in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other places, that the inhabitants publicly threatened to be no longer loyal if these bills should pass, although supported by Burke and some of the most eminent statesmen of the time. The bills were accordingly rejected.

By the jealous and abominable system thus adopted, Ireland in 1779 was fast approaching to national bankruptcy. Her commerce had dwindled away, her manufactures were nearly extinguished. In every struggle of the Irish Parliament to stimulate the trade of the country, the British monopolists interfered; and the jealousy of the smallest manufacturing town in Great Britain was powerful enough to prevent the adoption of any measure, however beneficial or hopeful for the prosperity of Ireland.

'Writing of that miserable period, in his 'Commercial Restrictions,' the Hon. Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Dublin University, states:—'The present state of Ireland teems with every circumstance of national poverty. Whatever the land produces is greatly reduced in its value; the merchant justly complains that his business is at a stand; that he cannot discount his bills; and neither money nor paper circulates. In this and the last year about twenty thousand manufacturers in this metropolis have been reduced to beggary for want of employment. They were for a considerable time supported by alms. Almost every branch of the revenue has fallen. A militia law, passed in the last session, could not be carried into execution for want of money. Our distress and poverty are of the utmost notoriety. The proof does not solely depend upon calculation or estimate; it is palpable in every public and private transaction, and deeply felt amongst all orders of our people. And this,' he adds, 'has been the consequence of the laws which prevent trade and discourage manufactures.'

So disgusted were the people of Ireland generally with the selfish policy of English trade, and the ruinous results of the system adopted towards them, that associations began to be formed; public meetings were convened by the high sheriffs of Dublin, and other civic functionaries, in the principal towns throughout Ireland; and solemn engagements were entered into against the importation of British commodities, and for the encouragement and support of Irish manufactures. And as the country was drained of troops for the war abroad, and the Chief Governor declared himself unable to afford any effectual assistance, the people of Ireland, resolved to defend themselves. Volunteer corps began to be enrolled in every part of the kingdom. Their formation was approved and sanctioned by the Government, and Parliament bore testimony to the valuable services rendered by these patriotic guardians, in votes of thanks to the several volunteer corps 'for their spirited exertions at the time, &c. necessary in defence of the country.'

Such was the state of affairs when the Irish Parliament met on the 12th October, 1779. The Lord-Lieutenant made the usual vague discourse about the Royal cares and solicitude for the distresses of the kingdom, and the 'common interests of all his people.' When the usual slavish address to the Throne was proposed, Grattan, who had already distinguished himself as a public speaker, moved an amendment, declaring: 'That the natural support of our country has decayed, and our manufacturers are dying for want. Famine stalks hand in hand with hopeless wretchedness; and the only means left to support the expiring trade of this miserable part of your Majesty's dominions is to open a free export trade, and let your Irish subjects enjoy their natural birthright.' This amendment was the immediate occasion of one of the most memorable episodes in the history of that time. Hussey Burgh, the Prime Minister, rising from the Treasury Bench, declared he 'would never support any Government in fraudulently concealing from the king the rights of his people; that the high office which he possessed could hold no competition with his principles and his conscience; and he should consider the relinquishment of his gown only as a just sacrifice upon the altar of his country.' As a substitute for Grattan's amendment he proposed—'That it is not by temporary expedients, but by a free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin.'

The effect of such a speech, from such a man, and from a person in his high position, was electrical. This amendment passed unanimously amidst joy and exultation, which soon spread beyond the walls of Parliament, and 'Free Trade' became at once the watchword of the nation. To impress the British Ministry still more with the determination of Ireland to obtain an extension of commercial rights, the Irish House of Commons spiritedly resolved to grant the supply for a short period only, and accordingly agreed to a six months' money bill; and this being backed by the meetings of the Volunteers, with men like the Duke of Eglar and the Earl of Charlemont at their head, and the significant motto 'Free Trade or—' affixed on the mouth of their cannon, awakened the Government to a lively sense of the wrongs of Ireland. The minister now thought it expedient to yield to the claims of the country; and at the close of 1779 measures for the relief of the Irish import and export trade were introduced into the British Parliament and speedily passed into law: such an excellent quickener of the stolid English official mind, the Irish proceedings proved to be. The same old story over again: Ireland found she had wrung the accomplishment of her desires from England's weakness, and, knowing that she owed none of this goodwill or friendship, or the smallest anxiety for her prosperity, she left no transports of gratitude for favours so reluctantly conferred, or rights so unwillingly conceded; while the facility with which Irishmen saw their demands obtained in the time of England's need, but stimulated them the more to seek the redress of older wrongs, and turn their attention to higher aims.

—Catholic Opinion. HUSBANDS.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—The Education Question continues to supply the chief topic of discussion in the journals. Public interest is stimulated by the rumours which are borne across the Channel from time to time as to the probable intentions of the Government. Various schemes are conjectured or announced, upon the 'highest authority,' for solving the difficult problem of University education. The latest, which has been put forward with some confidence, is to the effect that there is to be established one great 'University of Ireland,' which is to consist of an examining Board composed of heterogeneous elements, and with Colleges, scattered profusely over the country, in affiliation with it. Endowments would be provided out of the funds of the University of Dublin, which, if the project be correctly sketched, would be deposed from its high position, deprived of all claims to a national character, and placed upon the level of obscure provincial schools which are dignified with the high-sounding names of Colleges. The alumni and friends of Trinity College, who are proud of its history and jealous for its prestige regard such a suggestion with keen dissatisfaction. They protest against the degradation of their ancient institution, and the lowering of the standard of education in Ireland, which, they maintain, must inevitably follow if such a plan were adopted. The