

tain literary circles few had ever even heard of the eloquent peer. He was known among cultivated readers as the author of a very entertaining book of travel, and as the son of a lady who had written "The Irish Emigrant," and several other delightful Irish ballads, and a *jeu d'esprit*, consisting of pen and ink sketches, illustrative of the supposed adventures of an old maid on her travels in Egypt. The illustrations, executed by herself, were exceedingly good, and the humour of the letter-press was very gentle and delicate. The rich blood of the Sheridans flowed in his veins, and the Honourable Mrs. Caroline Norton was his aunt. Mrs. Norton was the lady who sat at the head of that distinguished circle of sweet singers forty years ago, and whose poetry the quaint Maginn once said was "as fluent, as clear, as lucid, and as warm as the liquid distilling from the urn." It was remembered by some that Lord Dufferin had delivered in the House of Lords one eloquent speech,*—a speech full of scholarly grace and beauty—on the occasion of his moving the address to Her Majesty in answer to the Speech from the Throne. All England rang with praises of this masterly utterance, and the touching allusions to the loss which the nation had sustained in the death of the Prince Consort, awakened many a responsive throb in the hearts of the people. Scotsmen, too, recollected that Lord Dufferin had delivered a stirring address at the Centenary Celebration of Sir Walter Scott's birth-day, in Belfast, and

* This speech was delivered Thursday, 6th February, 1862. A long extract from it will be found in Appendix A.

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