(Continued from first page.)

and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negociation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation: you were not at that period to be found in the House; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety, retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honour—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament; the embargo of 1776, for instance. "O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!" You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4,000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend; —you, Sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America;—you, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden, for his anti-American principles;—you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America:—and you, Sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty*; but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of craft and cunning), that the King had only dishonoured you; the Court had bought, but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of Government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support to the Government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward: and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the people: until at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is, that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is, an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland, by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man."'

Flood made a feeble attempt at a reply to this speech, and then left the House. Grattan was already absent, and it was apprehended that a duel would ensue. Both members were, however, taken into custody, and bound over to keep the peace; and no evil results followed. The language used by both members, in this great contest, was, in the highest degree, unparliamentary — that is, considering what is or what is not "parliamentary," according to the interpretation at present put upon parliamentary precedents. If, in our paltry apology for a Parliament, one member said against another anything half so severe as Flood said against Grattan, or Grattan said against Flood, there would be a tremendous uproar about "breach of privileges;" and the Sergeant-at-Arms would be seen flourishing his white stick over the offending member, at the dictation of an ignorant, despotic and conceited majority, who would not be considered worthy to tie the latchets of the shoes of either Grattan or Flood.

Mr. Grattan pays a nigh tribute to the memory of his rival, whom he survived, in the following paragraph, which occurs in a pamphlet addressed by him in reply to some publications which emanated from Lord Clare on the Union question:—

"Mr. Flood, my rival, as Lord Clare's pamphlet calls him, had faults; but he had great powers, great public effect; he persuaded the old, he inspired the young; put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt and he had the arm of a Jupiter; he misjudged when he transferred himself to the English Parliament; he forgot that he was a tree of the forest, too old to be transplanted at fifty; and his seat in the British Parliament is a caution to the friends of union to stay at home, and make the country of their birth the seat of their action.'

Mr. Grattan's own experience, as a member of the British Parliament, gave a sad verification to the truth of the remark contained in the last part of this quotation.

From what I have written, and from the extracts I have read, you can now form some estimate of Grattan's style of eloquence. His reported speeches have been long the theme of admiration with scholars, commentators and poets. They all agree in placing him in the first rank as a cultivator of that Art which he so nobly practised for the glory and liberty of his country. As a pure, disinterested, unselfish patriot, he had no superiors in any age or country; —for courage, for virtue in all its godlike shapes, he stands likewise unsurpassed. And as to his eloquence, it is not my own opinion I shall offer, but the opinions of others, to shew that he had scarcely a rival and no victor in ancient or modern times. "Of all the great Parliamentary orators," says one of his biographers, "whose speeches have been preserved, those of Grattan are most worthy of perusal by the reflective and the studious. The speeches of Pitt and Sheridan read in the study as so much rhetoric: Fox's orations are the massive remains of a wonderful debater: the purpose of the hour—the interests of his party—occupy too large a space in all his speeches, which, after all, were 'made to be spoken, and not to be read.' Burke had two distinct styles —one grave and didactic, as in his American speeches, which are spoken essays, when he wearied his hearers though he delighted his readers. In the other style he was diffuse, and essentially rhetorical. But Grattan blended two styles into one, and dazzled those who listened to him, while he spoke so as to instruct even posterity. He was never surpassed for the union of philosophical principles and oratorical energy." Lord Brougham, who is a great authority on eloquence, says: "No orator of his age is his equal in the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious and liberal principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but most appropriate language." Sir James McIntosh, a great scholar, a fine speaker, and no less celebrated in the walks of literature than Brougham, thus speaks of Grattan: "When the illustrious dead are gathered in one tomb, all national distinctions fade away; and not even the illustrious names of Burke and Wellington were more certainly historical than that of Grattan."

"More than any Irish patriot of his age, Grattan was cautious as to the means he employed. It was not enough to have glorious ends—he strenuously insisted throughout his life on the necessity of worthy means. His moral character stands out in prominent relief amidst the venality and selfishness of his contemporaries." The great reformer and philanthropist, Wilberforce, said of him:—"I never knew a man whose patriotism and love for his country seemed completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably to the public good."

One short extract, full of eloquence, pathos and beauty, from the pen of the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of England's greatest ornaments in literature, and one of the truest friends that mankind ever had—and I shall conclude this imperfect sketch of Grattan. Alluding to the vile slanders against the people of Ireland by their English persecutors and oppressors, the Rev. Sydney Smith exclaims:

"Thank God that all is not profligacy and corruption in the history of that devoted people—and that the name of Irishman does not always carry with it the idea of the oppressor or the oppressed—the plunderer or the plundered—the tyrant or the slave. Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? who did not remember him in the days of its burnings, and wastings, and murders? No Government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland—lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man. He is gone!—but there is not a single day of his honest life of which every good Irishman would not be more proud than of the whole political existence of his countrymen —the annual betrayers and deserters of their native land."

George the Fourth visited Ireland in 1821. The Irish people, in one of their fits of madness to which a mercurial race is subject, abased their high spirit and almost worshipped the brainless and licentious despot. No English monarch ever received such an ovation in Ireland as

"The fourth of the fools and the despots called George;"

and I venerate the memory of Byron for having lashed our countrymen for their servility on that occasion, as he does in his inspiriting poem of the "Irish Avatar," in which he alludes to the genius of Grattan, as a great man who could not stoop to worship a worthless lump of clay like George the Fourth.

"Ay roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan, the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest—
With all which Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possessed.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequalled, preceded, his task was begun;
But Grattan sprang up like a god from the tomb,
Of ages the first, last, the saviour, the *One!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Promethean to kindle mankind—
Even Tyranny, listening, sate melted or mute,
And Corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mind."

CURRAN.

I have left myself scarcely any time to speak of Curran, whose character I intended to sketch in connection with the subject of Eloquence, of which he was as much a master in his own peculiar line as Grattan. Curran was no statesman like Grattan, nor did he ever distinguish himself in Parliament as an orator, though he always ranked himself on the popular side. His patriotism was as unselfish and incorruptible as that of any other man of his time; and his courage prompted him to overleap every obstacle, and to treat even with scorn and derision the bayonets of the British soldiery presented to his breast, when the Law Courts were crammed with the armed myrmidons of the Castle to overawe the eloquent advocate while vindicating the cause of truth, justice and mercy in the persons of the unfortunate victims of English misrule, placed upon their trials for high treason. Confronting the armed mercenaries on one occasion in the Four Courts, while in the midst of a burst of passionate eloquence, Curran said: "You may assassinate, but you shall not intimidate me." The Law Courts during the prosecution of the State Trials, which grew out of the conspiracy of what was called the United Irishmen, and which precipitated the unfortunate rebellion of 1798 — were the theatres of his great achievements. In fact, his whole public life centred in those trials. They left him no leisure for Parliamentary displays, even if he had the taste for Parliamentary duties. But his talents and inclination unfitted him for Parliament. He was not capable of grasping economic details, and dealing with dry acts of Parliament But when an innocent man was doomed to legal assassination through the villainy and perjuries of a hired informer —where he saw the liberties of his country cloven down through organized rascality bounded on by Government —where he saw the very fountains of justice poisoned at their source—there was Curran unsurpassed for boldness, eloquence, integrity and patriotism But his speeches on such occasions, says his biographer, "will for ever remain less as models of eloquence than as examples of patriotism and undying exhortations to justice and liberty." Yet where, in all the range of printed oratory, can we look for more eloquent and spirit-stirring passages than some of his speeches on the State Trials will supply? Several of the speeches delivered on those trials were suppressed by the Government. Those which are preserved to us cannot be inferior to any that are lost. Though Curran never wrote his speeches before delivery, and took very meagre notes of what he had to say, they read throughout like the most finished compositions, perfect and compact in all their parts. For the great speech in defence of Hamilton Rowan, which has been always admired, he had only a few disjointed catch words, such as "Liberty of the Press," "Volunteers," and "Catholic Emancipation," and on these topics he poured out a flood of eloquence "unapproached," says a high authority, "by anything in Cicero or Erskine." I must advise you to read that speech wherever you can find it, and, indeed, to read all Curran's speeches on the State Trials; but as we all cannot have the benefit of their perusal, I must solicit your patience, while I read one short passage, which, though often recited at Debating Societies, will never lose its freshness and relish any more than if it were the finest poem in our language.

"This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year, it they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. *Since the commencement of the prosecution, this* part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which, it seems, it was a libel to propose; in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the *government, or that of the country been* weakened; *or is one million* of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them—"You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatise by a criminal prosecution the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the *voice of your country.*" *I ask you, do you think,* as honest men, anxious for the public tranquility, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their Sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you *think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them,* by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming *of three millions of men* from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the *genius of* UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god *sink together in the dust;* his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION."

The following short passage on the liberty of the press is far superior to the eloquent and often admired remarks of Sir James McIntosh, on the same subject, in the famous libel case at the suit of Napoleon Bonaparte. Curran's tribute to the liberty of the press—the great bulwark of all other liberty —has never been surpassed for eloquence, spirit, grace and beauty of composition—and for the lessons of wisdom which it imparts to rulers and ruled in every land:—

"What then remains? The liberty of the press *only*—that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing, but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case, sedition speaks aloud and walks abroad: the demagogue goes forth — the public eye is upon him—he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch. If you doubt of the horrid consequence of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor *the machinations of the slave, have any slumber*—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both: the decisive instant is precipitated without warning—by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason, till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries — one cannot read it without horror — there are officers whose province it is to *have the water which is to be drunk by their rulers* sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

"But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution. You have it at that memorable period when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly — when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but, at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

"In that awful moment of a nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore—of peace—of domestic liberty—and the lasting union of the two countries—I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of the state, that grand detector of public imposture; guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown."

There is another speech I should like you all to read—it is especially worthy of the consideration of every one who has an interest in seeing villainy exposed, truth and justice vindicated—for the young Barrister it is a model upon which too much study cannot be employed—and for mankind it is something to make them proud by the reflection that the human intellect is able to achieve such triumphs as it exhibits. Forensic eloquence never attained loftier heights than it did in Curran's speech on the trial of Peter Finnerty. A man named Orr was convicted of high treason on the most outrageously perjured evidence. The Jury, after the verdict, sent in a written instrument, declaring that several of their body had been made drunk, and they knew not what they did when they agreed to a verdict of guilty. The Vice-regal Court was petitioned, under these circumstances, to exercise the prerogative of mercy on behalf of Orr, and for a time delayed his punishment. But the vampires of the Castle thirsted for the blood of the innocent man, and he was executed. Peter Finnerty, printer of a paper called the *Press*, published a strong remonstrance against the Government for this act of cruelty, and he was prosecuted for libel. On the trial the Government made no attempt to deny the facts of the case;—it was clearly proved that Orr was *judicially murdered*, and his murderer was an infamous wretch of an informer, who was afterwards hung himself, named Jemmy O'Brien; but the Government rested its case on the ground that publications such as Finnerty's were calculated to bring the Administration into contempt. Thank God we live in a time when such a plea would be of no avail. When a Government gets into contempt by its own folly, or treachery, or tyranny, all the world now recognises the propriety and necessity of an honest and independent Press exposing it. Curran got his brief in Finnerty's case only a few minutes before it was called on; he had no time for preparation; but the speech delivered by him on that occasion was the ablest ever made by any advocate. He himself preferred it to all his other efforts; and although authors often greatly err in their opinions of their own works, as, for example, Milton, when he preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*, Curran's preference in this case has been justified by the judgment of contemporaries and critics. One author says, speaking of this speech: "His account of the duties of the public writer deserves to be the very Bible of the Press, it heroically directs and so wisely justifies them, and his narrative of Orr's fate goes on so tenderly, so gently, so grandly, that one hardly knows whether to admire its sagacity, pause upon its lavish beauties, or weep over its sorrows. It is the lament of an angel."

To shew you what a vile wretch the Irish informer was in the dark day of Ireland's great troubles, when the first symbols of Saxon rule were the gibbet and the hangman—

"When honour mourned, and freedom feared to smile,
When the bright light of England's fame was known
But by the baleful shadow she had thrown
On all *her* fate—"

I will, with your permission, read you two short extracts—the first is from the great speech on the trial of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, from which I have already given an extract; and the second is from the scarcely less eloquent and powerful speech on the trial of Patrick Finney for high treason. No other country in the world has suffered so much from the infamy of the Informer as Ireland did during the troubled period of what is commonly called the Rebellion of '98, * but which, as Grattan truly described it, was not so much the rebellion of the people against the Government as the rebellion of the Government against the people. The Informer was the chief instrument of Government in all its prosecutions against the unhappy victims of misrule; he was, in most cases, the shadow of the hangman, for when he made his appearance in the witness box, the hangman was considered to be close at hand. It is not possible to conceive that amongst the demons of the infernal regions there was such a concentration of villainy, ruffianism, and cold blooded cruelty as the Government Informer presented in his own person; and Curran has depicted his hideous character in colours which can never perish:—

"Gentlemen, I am not accustomed to speak of circumstances of this kind; and though familiarized as I have been to them, when I come to speak of them, my power fails me—my voice dies within me. I am not able to call upon you. It is now I ought to have strength—it is now I ought to have energy and voice. But I have none; I am like the unfortunate state of the country—perhaps, like you. This is the time in which I ought to speak, if I can, or be dumb for ever; in which, if you do not speak as *you* ought, *you* ought to be dumb for ever.

"But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you know, by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy, and of extravagant reward: I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory: I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who acknowledged, upon their oaths, that they had come from the seat of government—from the very chambers of the Castle—where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hope of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild, the wholesome, and merciful councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness!

"Is this a picture created by a hag-ridden fancy, or is it a fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? how his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death —a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—a juror's oath! —but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of his victim:—

"Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere."

Informers are worshipped in the temple of justice, even as the devil has been worshipped by Pagans and savages—even so in this wicked country is the informer an object of judicial idolatry—even so is he soothed by the music of human groans—even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifices."

"Give me leave to put another point to you—what is the reason that you deliberate—that you condescend to listen to me with such attention? Why are you so anxious, if, even from me, anything should fall tending to enlighten you on the present awful occasion? It is, because, bound by the sacred obligations of an oath, your heart will not allow you to forfeit it. Have you any doubt that it is the object of O'Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this blood-hound has pursued his victim? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court to where the unhappy man stands now, hopeless of all succour but that which your verdict shall afford. I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood; if he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear, without mercy and without end: but, oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath; the hand of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel: if he will swear, let it be on the *knife*, the proper symbol of his profession!"

* I have no qualms of conscience to prevent me from bearing open and heartfelt testimony to the heroism and patriotism of the men of Ninety-Eight. The circumstance of having been immolated by the Jemmy O'Briens and Castlereaghs rather adds to, than diminishes their glory. The Minister saw that, before the Act of Union could be carried, the people of Ireland should be driven into armed resistance to the usurpations of the Imperial Cabinet. From being the freest Parliament the world ever witnessed, the Irish House of Commons became the most slavish and corrupt,—it was, in its last days, merely a place for registering the edicts of the Ministet,—and these edicts compassed every species of oppression calculated to crush the spirit of a once free and always chivalrous people. The old Thirteen Colonies of America had nothing at all like the incentives to revolt which the people of Ireland had in 1798, —the *impolitic Stamp Act, and the silly tax upon tea*, which drove the Americans into the so-called rebellion, were mild and merciful measures compared to the hangings, quarterings, burnings, Curfew Acts, and all the other instruments of tyranny which accompanied the administration of English *justice* in Ireland. The majority of the people of England now sympathise with the Southern States in their revolt against the North — the people and rulers of England apply the *mild* phrase of "belligerants" to the Southern "rebels:" but the Southern people were never oppressed by their Northern brethren — their State Legislatures were never subsidized and corrupted by a Northern Minister—their people could not be hung and quartered without a show of justice — their freedom of speech or discussion could not be destroyed; in fact, their privileges could not be interfered with in any way, only that they should not be always allowed to have a President of their own choice for the whole Republic; and hence they rushed into revolt. The English people admire them for this; and Rebellion now puts on dignity in proportion to the strength and extent of its assumptions and successes. By and bye the admirers of the South will allude to the "rebellion" now in progress in words not less spirit-stirring, but not more harmonious, than were used in reference to the men of Ninety-Eight by one with whom I should be glad to exchange my humble courtesy in admiration of *their* valour and patriotism:—

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

"We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride."

I must now close, but it is with some reluctance, this very imperfect sketch of Curran. Another night will come, I hope, when I shall have the honour of again speaking to you on Irish Eloquence, and it is not likely the name of Curran will be suffered to pass in silence. He must be a cold Irishman who is not proud of him—proud of his great name—proud of the monuments which he has given to the forensic eloquence of his country, more enduring than brass or marble. "His life was full of labour, daring patriotism and love. He shrunk from no toil, and feared no peril for country, and fame, and passion. He was no pedant—good by rule or vicious from calculation. He strove, because he felt it noble and holy and joyous to be strong, and he knew that strength comes from striving. He attained enormous power—power of impassionate eloquence, and he used that power to comfort the afflicted, to guard the orphan, to rescue his friend and avenge his country.—A companion unrivalled in sympathy and wit; an orator whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot who battled best when the flag was trampled down, and a genuine earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time. His countrymen should study what he was and did, and his country guard his fame."

The study of the actions of great men is one of the most ennobling of pursuits. Few can hope to be great or noble by intellect or worldly rank, but all may be good, all may be useful members of society according to their opportunities, and this goodness and usefulness may be stimulated and encouraged by learning how other men triumphed over difficulties—how they won honour, and fame, and riches by self sacrifices, by devotion to the interests of mankind, and by a proper use of the great powers with which God had endowed them. Longfellow, the American poet, puts this thought in very beautiful lines:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

The Irish people—and it is one of the most beautiful traits in their character—are peculiarly tenacious in cherishing the memory of their great men—no matter whether they were distinguished on the battle field, in the Senate, or in the walks of Literature. The "dim religious light" which fame sheds upon the achievements of their poets, orators and warriors, of a bygone age, is far more precious to them than the glare and grandeur of the present hour; and the farther the object of their adoration is removed from them by the lapse of time the more fervently their affections entwine it, and the more romantic are the visions which bathe it in the attractive hues of beauty and excellence. This propensity of the Irish mind to recall and dwell with fondness on departed glory is finely illustrated in Moore's melody, "Let Erin remember the days of old," which she is never likely to forget,

"When her Kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

And then the poet recalls the tradition about Loch Neagh, which was supposed to have been originally a fountain, but by a sudden overflow, inundated the surrounding country, burying under its lymphid waves round towers and other monuments of ancient art:—

"On Loch Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve is declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.
Thus will memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look down through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover."

I have been looking down "through the waves of time" for the monuments of an Art far grander than that which gave round towers to Ireland, but I am afraid you will say that my time has not been much better employed than that of the fisherman on the banks of Loch Neagh.

BEER & SONS,

KING SQUARE,

HAVE, by the arrival of the ships *GAZELLE* from LIVERPOOL, *URANUS* from LONDON, and *CABOT* from GLASGOW, nearly completed their

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

The Goods per above vessels, in addition to those previously received, comprise in part:—

Superfine Cloth,	Scarlet, White and Blue Flannels,
Beaver and Whitney Cloth,	White and Printed Shirting,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,	Flannels,
Tweed and Sealskins,	Gents' Flannel Shirts,
Plain, Checked and Striped Wincies,	Mufflers, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Gloves,
French Merinoes,	Gents' Fur, Cloth and
Coburgs,	Wool Caps, Silk,
Lustres and Fancy Dress Goods,	Cloth and Felt Hats,
Skirtings,	&c. &c. &c.
	Gloves, &c, in variety.

Fall and Winter Mantles and Mantle Cloths,

Fitch, Oppossum and other FURS,

RIBBONS,

in the New Shades and Styles;

Fall and Winter Shawls,

together with a large variety of useful

DRY GOODS,

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Boots & Shoes,

a large assortment;

Mens' and Boys' heavy

BOOTS and BROGANS,

Ladies', Gents', Misses', Youths' and Children's

RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES,

of the very best manufacture. Ladies' RUBBER and FELT BOOTS, &c. &c.

Our usual assortment of

HARDWARE,

PAINTS, GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

Paint, Olive, Seal, Cod, and Kerosene

OILS,

GROCERIES,

a complete assortment, and all of first-class quality.

Our TEAS are very superior.

The above Stock of Goods having been carefully selected, are confidently offered to the public at the lowest paying prices.

Charlottetown, Nov. 16, 1863. 6w

Furniture Warerooms.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,

Manufacturer and Importer of Furnitur and Upholstery Goods,

RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of such as are in want of FURNITURE to call at his NEW and SPACIOUS WARE-ROOMS, on the corner of Kent Street and King's Square, directly opposite the Store of Beer & Sons, and examine as good and complete an ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE, comprising many new and beautiful designs, as can be found in this City.

His long experience in the business with facilities for prosecuting the same to advantage, combined with moderate expenses, enables him to sell his GOODS at much less per cent than any other Furniture store in this Island. Every article required for Housekeeping supplied at this Establishment.

A few of those celebrated Clothes Wringers, a most convenient article in a good Housekeeper's Laundry.

N. B.—One Superior Rosewood, 7 octave PIANO FORTE, London make.

GEORGE DOUGLASS.
Corner of Kent Street and King's Square.
Charlottetown, Nov. 30, 1863.

Chance to Make Money!

THE Subscriber has in his Yard at "BROWN'S MART," Egmont Bay, a quantity of JUNIPER TIMBER, such as Plank-logs, Beams, Footocks, Knees, &c.,—also, Keel, Stem and Stern Post, consisting of the principal part of the material to build a Juniper vessel, of 100 tons,—also, a good new Mould and Model, the whole of which he will sell on reasonable terms, with privilege of yard room, &c., (if required) to build said vessel.

He also offers for sale the Hull and Spars of a superior new Brig, of about 230 tons register, (spruce, with hardwood bottom). This vessel is of a good model, and built under the inspection of W. Stogget, Esq., (Messrs. Lloyd's Agent).

N. J. BROWN.

Brown's Mart, Oct. 19, 1863.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber will feel obliged to all whose accounts are furnished, for an EARLY PA settlement. WM. HEARN People's Ch'town, Jan. 18, 1864. till the 1st

"RENFREW HOUSE,"

THOMAS'S OLD STAND,

GREAT GEORGE STREET.

DELANY & WILSON,

HAVING completed their FALL IMPORTATIONS, per PRIORESS from LIVERPOOL, URANUS from LONDON, and vessels from BOSTON and HALIFAX, beg to call the attention of the public to their

Extensive Stock of

DRY GOODS,

Groceries, Hardware, Furs,

Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,

&c. &c. &c.

—— COMPRISING ——

Ladies' Dress Materials in all the new styles, Coloured and Black Cobourgs, Wincies, Alpacas, French Merinos, Delaines, &c. &c. &c.
Shawls, Mantles, Bonnets, Hats, Plumes, Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnet Borders, Gloves, Hosiery, Woollen Hoods, Sontags, Skating Caps. Polka and Garibaldi Jackets, &c.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

In Cloths, Tweeds, Clothing, Fur Caps in great variety of styles and quality, Mufflers, Lambs' Wool Under Clothing, White Shirts, Collars, Ties, Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Fancy Tweed & Flannel Shirts, Braces, Rubber Coats, &c. &c.

STAPLES,

Grey and White Cotton, Striped Shirting, Prints, Ginghams, Bed Tick, Canvass, Osnaburg, Towellings, Table Cloths, White, Red, & Fancy Flannel, &c. &c. &c.

Men's, Women's & Children's

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

in endless variety.

Skeleton Skirts & Cane Hoops,

Very Cheap.

GROCERIES,

Tea (warranted superior quality), Sugar (very bright), Molasses, Tobacco, Crushed Sugar, Soap, Candles, Starch, Pepper, Mustard, Baking & Washing Soda; Raisins, Currants, Spices, &c. &c. &c.

HARDWARE.

Cut and Wrought Nails, all sizes, Plough Mounting, Chain Traces, Rope, Weaver's Reeds. Paint, Oil, Putty, Glass, Gunpowder, Shot, &c., &c., &c.

Homespun taken in exchange for Goods. The highest price paid in Cash for Fur.

☞ *Customers will please take particular notice of the Sign*

"Renfrew House."

Great George Street,
Charlottetown, Dec. 7, 1863. v rw isl p

MAILS.

Winter Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces and the United States will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY Evening, at 8 o'clock.

For England, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, every alternate THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock, p. m. Supplementary Mails will be made up every SATURDAY following, as follows:

Thursday, Dec. 31st,		Thursday, Feb. 25th,	
Saturday, Jan. 2d, 1864.		Saturday,	" 27th,
Thursday,	" 14th,	Thursday, March 10th,	
Saturday,	" 16th,	Saturday,	" 12th,
Thursday,	" 28th,	Thursday,	" 24th,
Saturday,	" 30th,	Saturday,	" 26th,
Thursday, Feb. 11th,		Thursday, April 7th,	
Saturday,	" 13th,	Saturday,	" 9th.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster-General.
General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Dec 28, 1863.

A CURE TO BE HAD FOR A TRIFLE

BY

Holloway's Ointment.

Gout, Rheumatism, Enlargements and Stiff Joints.

A cure of these complaints is within the reach of the most humble, by fomenting the affected part with warm salt and water, and rubbing in Holloway's Ointment twice a day. Thousands have been cured who looked upon Gout and Rheumatism as incurable. The same treatment should be employed for the dispersion of chalk stones, and all painful enlargements or stiffness of the joints; in such cases the Pills should be taken according to the printed directions.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, and Ulcerations of all kinds.

The cure of ulcers has won for Holloway's Ointment an imperishable reputation, as this healing Ointment will restore any case, however bad, to soundness. Many bad legs arise from imprudence, happening several years before and almost forgotten. If, then, there be any doubt as to the origin of the sores, the patient should read carefully what is written on secondary symptoms in the Book of Directions, as those sores never heal soundly until the system has undergone a thorough course of Holloway's purifying Pills.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Diptheria, and Bronchitis.

Any of the above ailments may be quickly cured if the Ointment be well and effectually rubbed into the neck and chest twice a day, leaving the parts constantly covered with a rug spread with the preparation; if this treatment be adopted promptly, in six hours it will effectually stop the most alarming symptoms. It must be evident that an outward application applied to the seat of the disorder must be more effectual than any that can be taken by the mouth. Holloway's