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Right Hon.^{ble} John Philipot Curran

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LIVES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED

IRISHMEN.

John Philpot Curran.

BORN A. D. 1750.—DIED A. D. 1817.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born in the summer of 1750, his father, Mr James Curran, was the seneschal of a manor court at Newmarket, in the county of Cork. His mother's maiden name was Philpot, the descendant of a respectable family of that name. She is represented as a person of superior endowments and attainments, and her distinguished son, perhaps justly, traced from her the talents he possessed. With more certainty, he attributed his subsequent success in life, to her early influence.

From the estimate early formed of his capacity, he was committed to the tuition of the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, the clergyman of the parish. From the manner in which this circumstance is mentioned by Mr Curran's biographer, and referred to by himself, it is to be inferred that Mr Boyse's care and instruction were gratuitously bestowed from kindness and the high opinion he had conceived of the youth. His rapid progress seems to have justified this kindness, and induced his parents to determine upon his receiving a college education. His first destination was the church.

After a time, he was removed to the free school of Middleton, and his expenses were supplied wholly, or in part, at the sacrifice of £10 a year, by Mr Boyse.

In 1769, he entered as a sizar in the university of Dublin—an honourable test of his proficiency—as from the number of the sizars being limited, his admission was the result of a successful and most probably a severe competition.

In the university, his studies were principally devoted to classical literature, and in this too, his assiduity was rewarded and proved by the scholarship which he attained. His progress and attainments are not unfairly to be estimated from his having commenced reading for the fellowship.

During this period of his life, the progress of his mind is in some

degree traceable by many of his letters, which have been fortunately preserved and interwoven with the narrative of his life, written by his son. Our object, and the restricted scale of our memoirs, will not permit us to avail ourselves of these, unless when they chance to be strictly coincident with the line of our narrative. It is observable that though the earliest of them indicate the usual activity of youthful sentiment, the language is far more free from the vices and mannerism of style, than we should have anticipated.

When he had entered his second year in college, an incident occurred which manifested his command of the resources of wit and reason, so as to elicit the applause of his fellow-students, and awaken his ambition. In consequence of this, it is said he changed his determination of entering the church, for the bar. He had obtained the reputation of wit, accompanied with its not unusual concomitants—wildness and extravagance. He was seldom missing in the youthful freak, for which, until the last generation, the students of “old Trinity,” were renowned. He was, it may be inferred, often in perplexity and often in want of money, but he bore all with steady courage and unshaken good humour.

He is represented by his biographer, as having been much addicted to metaphysical inquiries and disputations, and to have frequently conversed on the nature of death, eternity, and the immortality of the soul topics, which are the first to offer themselves to the curiosity of youthful speculation, before the mind has learned the narrowness of its range and the vastitude and obscurity of such subjects.

There are preserved also some specimens of his power of composition in verse, from the same period. They indicate very considerable command of versification, an easy and not inelegant turn of language, and a tendency to wit; in a word, a talent for the prompt and playful style of the *vers de societe*, but not, even the slightest indication of any poetic power beyond metre and rhyme. The verses to W. Apjohn, we should pronounce, generally, superior to most effusions of the same nature which he afterwards produced, for the truth, point, and ease of the satire.

Having finished his academic studies, Mr Curran proceeded in 1773, to serve his terms in the Middle Temple. From London, his letters give a tolerable account of his feelings and occupations. We must here be satisfied with a single incident. He was in the custom of frequenting a debating society, in which, though he felt the native impulse, he could not muster the nerve for a trial of his own powers of speech; he was in some measure discouraged by a “precipitation and confusion of utterance,” (perhaps the result of eagerness which is apt to outrun the tongue), which had among his schoolfellows obtained for him the soubriquet of “stuttering Jack Curran.” Such was the amount of this defect, that he was advised to devote himself to the silent duties of the chamber counsel. Mr Curran must of course have felt the consciousness, which never fails to accompany a power so strenuous and kindling as that of the orator; he felt what no one else could perceive so well, where his difficulty lay, and determined to overcome it. His first attempt was, as may well be supposed, a failure. He stood up filled with nervous anxieties, and more apprehensive of

the eyes and ears of which he became the centre, than of the topics of the debate; and thus pre-occupied, the mind refused its office, he got no further than "Mr Chairman;" his friends cried hear him, but as he has told the story, "there was nothing to hear." After this untoward incident, some time elapsed before he could again summon up courage for a second trial. A more auspicious moment at last arrived. It was under the happy influence of a remittance from Newmarket, and an additional glass of punch, that he repaired with his friend Apjohn to the "devils," where there was already an orator on his legs, "just such a person," according to Mr Curran's own description, "as Harry Flood would have called 'the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons!'" I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, &c., &c. 'He descanted on Demosthenes the glory of the Roman forum; spoke of Tully as the famous contemporary and rival of Cicero; and in the short space of half an hour transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably, the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met there was something like a wager of battle in mine; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel to 'orator Mum,' who he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it off in future by some more popular method than his silence." Mr Curran followed the seasonable advice, for which he repaid his adviser, the "dirty cravated orator, in such a sort, that it was agreed by most persons present, that they never 'saw him so well dressed.'" So decided was his success, that the president dispatched his secretary to invite the "eloquent stranger" to sup with him. After this seemingly trivial, but perhaps really important incident, Mr Curran became a regular speaker at debating clubs, where he acquired the fluency, and what is more important—the confidence, which in public speaking is more than half the battle. It is mentioned by his biographer,* that from his zeal in the cause of the Roman Catholics, and from his dress, he was supposed to be a young priest of that church, and in the club at which he most usually attended, was called "the little Jesuit from St Omers."

It appears from various sources, that very high anticipations of the future success of Mr Curran, began to be soon entertained among his friends, and a letter from Dr Creagh of Newmarket, afterwards his father-in-law, gives some proof of the strong and just impression his conversation and other manifestations of talent were capable of making. We also learn that he was endeared, among the circle of his friends

* To prevent the necessity of references, we may here mention once for all, that this memoir is entirely written upon the authority of the "Life of Curran, by his Son;" that is, so far as relates to the facts and incidents of the personal history of its eminent subject.

and relations, by his affectionate and unassuming deportment among them. That he was subject to intervals of despondency, and that his circumstances were sometimes such as to warrant depression of spirits, were there no other cause. We also learn, that among his friends, there was at least one who was generously desirous to impart assistance. This was Mr Hudson the well-known dentist, his friend and neighbour through the remainder of their lives.

Of his studies we are told, and of this there is indeed ample proof in his practice, that his reading was extensive and assiduous. His acquaintance with all the best standard English writers, is clearly ascertainable through most of his speeches, and formed, indeed, a most important department of his mind. Though apparently of spare and attenuated frame, he was patient of fatigue, and required but little rest; and being constitutionally alert, he was enabled to pursue his studies with interest and constancy, while seemingly devoted to convivial habits. Among those writers from whom he is supposed to have derived his earliest notions of style, were Junius' Letters, and lord Bolingbroke. The speech of Antony in Julius Cæsar, was also an incessant study, and he could pronounce it with great skill. Of the classics, Virgil was his favourite, and next to him, Homer.

A peculiar source of his ideas, which might not be anticipated, and without some reflection may not be well conceived, was his familiarity with the language and manners of Irish low life. The deeply imaginative tinge of Irish nature infused through the language, and embodied in the very ignorance of this antique race, could not fail to impart much to a mind like that of Mr Curran, which, though not of much compass or depth, was within its proper range endowed with the keenest perceptions and nicest tact and sensibility. "He used," says his biographer, "to say himself, that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired women over the dead." Perhaps, it may also be not too much to say, that his political sympathies were in some measure kindled at the same source.

Mr Curran was called to the bar in 1775. His character went before him, and he rapidly obtained employment; as a proof of this, it is mentioned, that the "first year produced eighty-two guineas; the second between one and two hundred; and so on in a regularly increasing proportion." The same nervousness which impeded his first effort at oratory influenced his *debut* at the bar, and that in a manner much more marked, and, we should presume, unusual. He had but to "read a short sentence from his instructions, but he did it so precipitately and inaudibly, that the chancellor, lord Lifford, requested of him to repeat the words and to raise his voice." The brief "dropped from his hands, and a friend who sat beside him was obliged to take it up and read the necessary passage." On what precise occasion this distressing affection was conquered, we are not informed; but his biographer mentions, in connexion with the foregoing anecdote, that it disappeared when he had to repel unwarrantable attacks. One of these occasions is mentioned, and said to have occurred very early. On some statement of judge Robinson's, Mr Curran observed, "That he had never met the law, as laid down by his lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the judge; "but I suspect

that your library is very small." Mr Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the title pages give me the writers' names, my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr Curran, "My lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Strap in Roderic Random, who, having stripped off his coat to fight, intrusted it to a bystander; when the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off; Mr Curran thus applied the tale:—"So, my lord, when the person intrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, Sir, I'll commit you," replied the angry judge, to which Mr C. retorted, "If your lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed." We have extracted this dialogue, as indicating the promptness of Mr Curran, and the bold spirit, which in those rude and disorderly times, were a strong recommendation at the Irish bar. A contest so discreditable could not now be likely to occur in the same scene.

a/ Some years, nevertheless, occurred, before the real powers of Mr Curran had a fair occasion for display. This occasion offered itself at the Cork assizes, in an action brought by a priest of the church of Rome, against lord Doneraile. The occasion was one of which the circumstances are so wholly foreign to the spirit of our times, and so unlikely ever to recur in times in which the upper classes of society are so much more civilized, that it is unnecessary to go at length into a story which can now convey no lesson. It is enough to say that Mr Curran acted with humanity and spirit, and won for himself the enthusiastic attachment of the lower orders, who from that time looked upon him as their champion. In the performance of his duty on this occasion, he had to cross-examine Mr St Leger, brother to the defendant; and, as it was his object to depreciate his evidence, he had described him in very gross and insulting language in his speech. In doing so, he had, however, not mentioned his name. When "Mr St Leger came upon the table, and took the Testament in his hand, the plaintiff's counsel, in a tone of affected respect, addressed him saying, 'Oh, Mr St Leger, the jury will, I am sure, believe you without the ceremony of swearing you; your character will justify us from insisting on your oath.' The witness, deceived by this mild and complimentary language, [his irritation evidently diverted his notice from the very palpable trap that was laid for him,] replied with mingled surprise and irritation, 'I am happy, Sir, to see you have changed the opinion you entertained of me when you were describing me a while ago.' 'What, Sir? then you confess it was a description of yourself! Gentlemen, act as you

please; but I leave it to you to say, whether a thousand cathcs could bind the conscience of the man I have just described.’”

A duel followed, in which Mr Curran evinced very great intrepidity; he was called upon to fire by his antagonist, to which he answered with a pun, tolerably fair considering the occasion, “No, Sir, I am here by your invitation, you must open the ball.” And then, observing Mr St Leger’s pistol, to be directed wide of him, with singular promptitude he called out “fire.” St Leger fired, and missed. This was a well known manœuvre among duellists of that day. Mr Curran declined firing, and the affair terminated.

This incident contributed materially to the increase of Mr Curran’s practice. It had another effect, which we must state in the language of his biographer:—“It was probably, too, with this event,* that originated his great popularity among the lower orders of the Irish, —a feeling which a little time matured into an unbounded veneration for his capacity, combined with a most devoted attachment to his person.’ After some further sentences, Mr Curran proceeds, “His genius and habits were so purely national, that the humblest of his countrymen, forgetting the difference of rank in their very many common sympathies, fondly considered him *as one of themselves*, and cherished his reputation not more as a debt of gratitude to him, than as a kind of peculiar triumph of their own. These sentiments, which he never descended to any artifices to cultivate, continued unimpaired to his death, and will probably survive him many years.”

We have long since adverted in this volume to the monks of the order of St Patrick, founded by lord Avonmore, Mr Curran’s chief friend. It contained all those who were most eminent for wit and popularity, and most indeed of the first public men of the time. Among these Mr Curran was a principal member. One of the better, perhaps the best of his poetical efforts, was the charter song of the order. At his pathetic allusion after a lapse of many years to the recollections of this union, we have already taken notice in lord Avonmore’s memoir. We shall here add, that the passage in which it occurs, has been censured as out of time and place, but that we think it to be vindicated on sufficient grounds by his biographer. (Note. p. 128.)

Mr Curran had been seven years at the bar, when he was returned as member for the borough of Kilbeggan, by the interest of Mr Longfield, afterwards lord Longueville. Having disagreed with Mr Longfield on political opinions, he shortly after insisted on purchasing a seat to be filled on Mr L.’s nomination. It was about the same period that he obtained his silk gown.

In 1785, Mr Curran had a quarrel with Mr Fitzgibbon, afterwards lord Clare. The debate in which it occurred, arose out of a measure of the latter gentleman, who was at the time attorney-general. While Mr Curran was speaking, Mr Fitzgibbon slept, or more probably, pretended to sleep, on which Mr Curran let fall some strong personalities, which were retorted with equal violence, Mr Curran again replied;

* His biographer (we should say,) includes many incidents of a very popular character, which we have omitted for want of space.

the consequence was a hostile meeting, after which they retained a mutual enmity through life.

At this time Mr Curran had attained a full and lucrative practice at the bar. His life passed in a round of duties and occupations which demand no comment, and offer little of detail. The point of view in which he always appears to most advantage, and in what we might call the most genuine character, is in such of his letters as have been published. These, and we regret it much, are wholly beyond our compass. A visit which he paid to France in 1787, affords some pleasing specimens; he was a nice and discriminating observer of all that is characteristic, and with his happy humour and power of language, never fails to transport his reader to the scene. He possessed a peculiar turn for practical wit, which occasionally gave rise to adventures which could not be carried through by any one but himself. Of this many curious instances are yet remembered, which we cannot here venture to relate on the mere authority of oral tradition. An amusing story, but far inferior to some we have heard, is told by his biographer among the details of his visit to France.—Having received from his friend Arthur O'Leary, an introduction to the superior of a convent near some town he was to pass; Mr Curran was received in the most cordial and complimentary manner, with a Latin oration, and an offer of the keys. The Latin was so very bad, that he, without hesitation responded in the same language; he said "that nothing could be more gratifying to him than to reside for a few days among them; that he should feel himself perfectly at home in their society; ^{act} that he was by no means a stranger to the habits of a monastic ^{pr}, being himself no less than the prior of an order in his own country, the order of St Patrick, or the monks of the screw. Their ^{ame} might never have reached the abbot's ears, but he would undertake to assert for them, that though the brethren of other orders might be more celebrated for learning how to die, the monks of the Screw were as yet unequalled for knowing how to live. As however, humility was their great tenet and uniform practice, he would give an example of it on the present occasion, and instead of accepting all the keys which the abbot had so liberally offered, would merely take charge, while he staid, of the key of the wine cellar." A very droll adventure is also related, on the occasion of his sitting at the opera between an Irish lady whom he had accompanied thither, and a young Frenchwoman. The ladies having manifested a mutual disposition to converse, but being respectively unacquainted with each other's language, Mr Curran volunteered his service as an interpreter. He however so altered and adorned the conversation as it passed, with witty and complimentary additions, that the ladies each began to entertain a very flattering impression of the other, in the words of his biographer, "he transmitted between the parties so many finely turned compliments, and elegant repartees, that the unsuspecting ladies became fascinated with each other," at length Mr Curran, when he thought admiration had gained its height, "in conveying some very innocent question from his countrywoman, converted it into an anxious demand if she might be favoured with a kiss, 'Mais oui' mon Dieu! oui,' cried out the animated French girl, 'j'alloys le pro-

poser moimeme,' and springing across Mr Curran, imprinted an emphatic salutation, according to the custom of her country, upon each cheek of his fair companion; and then turning to him added, 'O vraitment, Monsieur, madame votre amie est une veritable ange.'

In 1788, Mr Curran made an excursion to Holland, of which as usual his letters contain some graphic and interesting sketches.

In the following year, he took an active part in the Regency question. It is mentioned that on this occasion he was offered to be raised to the bench, and eventually to the peerage, on the condition of giving his support to the administration. These offers he had the public virtue to decline. His opposition was on the other hand marked by a fresh degree of spirit and unsparing animosity, and he wielded his favourite weapons of ridicule and illustrative exposure with so much address, and preferred charges so plain and popular, that it is evident he became very obnoxious to the Irish administration. Some time after, upon a discussion in the house on the division of the Board of stamps and accompts, he was replied to by Sir Boyle Roche, who concluded with language conveying a clear menace of personal consequences. Mr Curran made a spirited reply, which he concluded by saying, "as to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril; I feel in my own spirit, the safety of my honour, and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the nation and to the individual." In a few days after he was insulted by some person, who was, or was supposed to be, in the service of the castle.* He applied to major Hobart to dismiss the person; the major replied that he had no such power, and that the person was as much a stranger to him as to Mr Curran. Correspondence followed and was terminated by a duel from which neither party received any hurt. To enter into the merits of the quarrel, would require a fuller statement than we have thought it expedient to offer.

Between Mr Curran and Mr Fitzgibbon, there grew up by degrees a spirit of hostility which is easily accounted for, upon a full view of their respective characters, without any imputation to either. The moral as well as the intellectual features of their characters were cast and combined in a mould of the extremest contrast. There are

* We believe this to have been Newell, a person notorious for his daring, presumption, and perfidy, almost unparalleled. Having, by turns betrayed and maligned all who put any trust in him. Both by nature and habit, incorrigibly addicted to deceit—a liar, even when there was no object further than to fabricate a story, he was incapable of stating the most ordinary fact, without a mixture of falsehood. Having first betrayed the rebels, and included innocent with guilty persons in his informations, he presumed upon the importance of his services, when such services were unhappily of some moment, and having attempted to beard his employers, he came speedily into contact with men of principle and honour, and received mortifications and repulses, which he revenged by turning again, and calumniating honourable men. His calumnies were greedily received, and propagated as history, by those who repelled with scorn his disclosures respecting the rebels. He ended his execrable career, by falling into the hands of his former friends, by whom, there is reason to believe, he was assassinated.

some strong reasons why we do not wish to delineate in detail, the points of opposition; of which the principal one alone needs mention, as it is one of constant recurrence in our labours. Posterity has not done equal justice to the men; the faults of Mr Curran were more popular than the very virtues of his enemy. The balance of an impartial comparison would involve a scrutinizing analysis, which we should not desire to apply. We could not with any fairness consent to the severe calumnies and misrepresentations which have darkened the fame of the earl of Clare—nor even to record more honest censure, without disturbing more than we could wish the wreath with which affection and popular opinion have crowned the grave of his antagonist. For this reason we shall pass very lightly over the history of their disagreements. There grew up a hostility between them of which we shall only say that we entirely disagree with the estimate which is to be drawn from the statements of Mr Curran's biographer; of the merits of their contention and in the constructions of their actions. We see indeed, much to censure in the whole conduct towards each other of both these eminent men.

To Mr Curran, a main consequence of this quarrel was that he lost his practice in the court of chancery, which he rated at £1000 a-year. His powers of advocacy were so pre-eminently fitted for the practice of the law courts, that it is not easy to conceive how he could fail to have his utmost powers of effort engaged. But this, we are aware, does not meet the question of emolument.

From the period last mentioned to 1794, Mr Curran took a very active part in the numerous important questions brought forward in parliament. In these he took the popular side, and spoke and acted with all the fearless honesty of his character. He stood by the side of Mr Grattan, and yielded to none in zeal or popularity.

It would nevertheless, according to our estimate, be an injustice to Mr Curran, to look upon him as a politician. So ranked, he would take his place among many good and eminent men, whose names are now beginning to be nearly lost upon the roll of celebrity. It is as a rhetorician and an advocate that we are to put forward the claim of one, who in these respects has perhaps never been excelled, and not often equalled in modern times. In weighing the merits of his oratory, a very remarkable oversight seems to have been committed by critical writers, who, in reviewing his printed speeches, have neglected those allowances which are always to be made for the advocate, from the consideration of the actual circumstances under which he has to address the jury or the court. We have already in our general introduction to this period, given some account of the eloquence of the last century and of its influencing causes. It will here be enough to say, that there was at that time a taste for all that appealed to the fancy and passions in oratory; and that the pleader who had to address a jury, best consulted the interests of his client by conforming in some measure to their tastes. We do not indeed agree with the argument which we have sometimes heard advanced, that the applause of an assembly, or even the verdict of a jury, is any test of merit; this remains to be tried on more strict grounds; we think it a full excuse for much that has been severely censured by critics in Mr Curran's

addresses. And if the licence be once allowed, we are inclined to think that where the censure has fallen to the ground, much high praise will be found due to the singular promptitude of application, of argument, of sarcasm, retort, or pathetic and solemn appeal; in a word of all the higher elements of rhetoric—with also the rich and overflowing affluence of the stream of a poetic diction. These, whether he abused them or not, belonged to Mr Curran. But it is indeed known, and has been well insisted on that his seemingly most licentious deviations from the staid and dry decorum of the forensic style, performed an important part; if judges or juries could be so impressed, it was fit so to impress them. At least so it will always be considered by the advocate.

His defence of Mr Rowan, addressed to any jury and in any time, must be always admitted to be a noble piece of advocacy. He exalts his subject and the occasion with every solemn and affecting consideration which can impress the conscience or feelings of the jury in favour of his client; and his manner and style were equal to his matter. The power of allusion, was the master quality of Mr Curran's mind—on light occasions it probably furnished the better part of his wit, while on serious ones it played a more important part. His most powerful passages display a mastery of the best models, and of the most effective passages of ancient and modern literature. His biographer notices the striking resemblance of his opening sentence in the defence of Mr Rowan to the opening of Cicero's defence of Milo. A more remarkable and closer similarity occurs in the same speech, as the much celebrated passage on emancipation is very nearly a paraphrase of a well-known passage from Cowper's task.

“ We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried on the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breath in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country and their shackles fall,” &c., &c.

Task.

“ I speak in the spirit of 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,” &c., &c. The entire of these two splendid specimens, are much too long for quotation. By referring to the originals, the curious reader will easily observe the several mouldings which the same thoughts and images have received from two minds of very different classes, each perhaps equally expert, and each eminently a rhetorician in his own art. Mr Curran's speeches afford much matter for similar observation. The masterly allusion to the golden image and the spirit walking through the furnace is (in the sense of our observations,) another instance of Mr Curran's surprising range of command over the varied expanse of literature. Scripture he had evidently studied as a favourite classic, and uniformly drew from it his happiest touches of allusion and most graceful language. If it may be said with truth, that there is no indication of

much merely intellectual compass or depth about Mr Curran, it will by those who justly weigh his claims, not be considered as any derogation:—such was not his own pretension; it was not in any way essential to his proper character. But in such an estimate, there is probably a very considerable error of a kind not very fully understood: if we admit that Mr Curran does not appear to have been endowed with any of those broad and massive intellectual powers which must be attributed to the higher classes of lawyers, economists, and statesmen; we should add that he possessed powers as rare, and as profound, when judged by a more impartial and philosophic estimate; his depth was a moral depth. His world was that of the heart and of human nature. The admiration of mankind is more honest than discriminating; and injustice is often the result, because praise injudiciously bestowed, raises pretensions open to question: and question, too often originating in hostility, seldom waits to do justice. Mr Curran was a consummate advocate—he possessed the powers of the actor, the dramatist, the poet, and the moralist, all kindred faculties; and if he is to be referred to a class; it will *in principle*, be the class of Scott and Shakespere, not Adam Smith, Pitt, Fox, or Burke, though Burke might be referred to every class.

We have been at some pains to express these views with more distinctness than many of our readers may think necessary, because otherwise we might appear to take a slighting view of an eminent man, of whose genius we have not formed the same precise estimate with many of his admirers. We wish to have it understood, that in valuing him *differently* we do not undervalue him intentionally, and that though in common with others, we may have widely erred, yet that there is no derogatory design in our statements.

We must now enter more at large into some details concerning those unfortunate and guilty men whose trials took place in 1798, and whose defence forms no little portion of Mr Curran's renown. Mr Rowan's case we omit, because we propose to offer a brief memoir of this gentleman further on.

The next state trial in which Mr Curran's efforts are recorded is that of Mr William Jackson. He was a clergyman of the church of England, a native of Ireland, but had for several years resided in England in the family of the Duchess of Kingston, who is supposed to have used his pen in her controversy with Foote. Having visited France and embraced the principles of republicanism, he was presently employed in the same cause with other Irishmen who from perverted nationality or want of honesty were ready to lend themselves to the designs of the enemy. He was sent over to Ireland to ascertain the practicability of an invasion. We have already had to mention the result. In London he met an old confidential friend to whom he made certain communications, and engaged to some extent in his correspondence. This person after a short time fearing to have gone too far—revealed the circumstances to Mr Pitt. Mr Pitt availed himself of so favourable an opportunity, and desired him to accompany Mr Jackson to Ireland,—and by his means obtain further information as to the state and progress of the conspiracy which seemed to be thus indicated. Accordingly this person, whose name was Cockayne,

obeyed, and soon made discoveries already familiar to the reader. Of Mr Jackson's guilt there could of course be no doubt, and it was not long before Cockayne gave information, and he was arrested and tried on the charge of high treason.

As Mr Jackson had been held aloof from, by the exceeding caution of the United Irishmen, he had not at the time come into connexion with the leaders of this body—further than some meetings of a probationary nature with Tone. But the interest taken in his fate was so great among that body, that four inferior members, associated to save him by the assassination of Cockayne; a circumstance which became known in the course of another trial.

Mr Jackson remained in prison a year, during which time he was treated with great kindness and lenity by the government, and permitted to enjoy the society of his friends. A circumstance is mentioned, during this time to have occurred, which is not only honourable to Mr Jackson, but which offers a strong case for the illustration of the important moral theorem, that laxity of political or public principle is not inconsistent with private integrity. One of his friends had remained with him to a late hour, and he went to see him to the outer door. The jailer was asleep and beside him lay the keys. Not wishing to disturb him, Mr Jackson took the keys and let out his friend. While thus engaged, the natural thought of escape flashed upon him; he wavered for a moment—but the next brought up to his mind the consequences to the jailer, who had on all occasions treated him with kindness; the generous sense prevailed, he quietly laid down the keys, and without awakening the friendly jailer, returned to his apartment.*

The terrible particulars of Mr Jackson's trial cannot we regret, be here stated with the detail they merit. We abridge them from Mr Curran's life, where they are given with dramatic effect.

Precautions had been taken against suicide, which were ridiculed by the prisoner, who observed that "the man who feared not death, could not want the means of dying, and that as long as his head was within reach of the prison wall, he could prevent his body from being suspended to scare the community."

When on his way to the court to receive his sentence he was observed to be very sick. In the court he appeared in great disorder, which was for a time ascribed to fear. This continued to increase rapidly; he obeyed the directions of the court, with unnatural and spasmodic efforts, which served to indicate an imperfect consciousness; the perspiration streamed down his face, and rose in clouds of steam from his hair; a general impression of astonishment and horror spread through the court. "He beckoned his counsel to approach him, and making an effort to squeeze him with his damp and nerveless hand, uttered in a whisper, and with a smile of most awful triumph, the dying words of Pierre—

' We have deceived the senate.'"

Struck by these terrible indications, Clonmel was about to remand him, when the attorney-general entered the court and called for judg-

* Dr M'Nevin's Pieces of Irish History. Life of Curran.

ment; he was accordingly “set forward and displayed a horrible spectacle; in a profuse perspiration, tottering, and his face convulsed with a rapid succession of ‘minute and irregular’ spasms: his eyelids weighed down with the gathering torpor, drooped upon his half closed eyes on which the dim glare of approaching death was to be seen. Still endeavouring to obey the orders of the court, and to assume the appearance of firmness, he exhibited in a manner which must have been awful to witness a frightful struggle between the powers of life and death. In this condition, while vainly trying to stand erect, he was asked the usual question of the law, “what he had to say why judgment should not, &c.” Mr Curran rose and interposed some arguments in arrest of judgment. A long discussion took place—during which the symptoms rapidly increased. The windows of the court were thrown open, and the discussion went on. At last Mr Jackson sunk in the dock. The conclusion is taken from the reported trial, we copy it from Mr Curran’s life, as follows.

Lord Clonmel. “If the prisoner is in a state of insensibility, it is impossible that I can pronounce the judgment of the court upon him.”

Mr Thomas Kinsley who was in the jury-box, said he would go down to him; he accordingly went into the dock, and in a short time informed the court that the prisoner was certainly dying.

“By order of the court Mr Kinsley was sworn.”

Lord Clonmel—“Are you in any profession?”

Mr K.—“I am an apothecary.”

Lord C.—“Can you speak with certainty of the state of the prisoner?”

Mr K.—“I can; I think him verging to eternity.”

Lord C.—“Do you think him capable of hearing his judgment?”

Mr K.—“I do not think he can.”

Lord C.—“Then he must be taken away, &c.” While Lord C. was giving directions, the sheriff informed the court that the prisoner was dead. On which lord Clonmel rejoined, “let an inquisition and a respectable one be held upon his body. You should carefully inquire by what means he died.” The court adjourned and the corpse remained in the dock till next day—when upon the inquest a large quantity of metallic poison was found in his stomach.

The most remarkable feature in this case, was the decision in opposition to the most ancient and established principles of criminal justice, that in Ireland, one witness was sufficient to sustain the charge of high treason. If such an anomaly could be justly or safely admitted, it would have been in that time, and in Ireland, in which secrecy in treason had attained a perfection in itself as strange and unprecedented. It would perhaps be dangerous, on any consideration to tamper with the sanctity of a principle of such universal and obvious importance: we abstain therefore from some reflections suggested by the commentary of others. One affirmation must be made, that we wholly deny the assertion that any excessive severity can be fairly imputed to the administration of criminal law in Ireland: but that on the other hand it was remarkably mild. The contrary opinion, asserted by eminent and able men does no credit to their candour or judgment; they were advocates and popular party men—and as such, may be excused for using the language

of their party. But we cannot help thinking it strange, that their descendants, biographers and admirers can be betrayed into the sober historical assertion of such wholly unwarranted sentiments. The conduct of the administration, was mild, forbearing and equitable; and if severity be at all a part of justice, it never was more called for than at the time. We would not admit of an unconstitutional expedient; but we quite concur in the assertion of the wise and good man who was attorney-general then, that "it was rather necessary to strengthen the crown against the popular crime, than to strengthen the criminal against the crown." We have, indeed, made many statements in proof of this proposition; and we have not done with it yet. There can be no reasonable doubt, that the law as it was supposed to have stood, was in principle defective—nor was the contingent advantage sufficient to compensate a deviation so wide from a principle which derives something of its stability from the most ancient usage. The fault was amended by special enactment, settling the rule that high treason should require two witnesses for conviction.

Of the depravity of those miscreants, whose evidence was in that dreadful and calamitous state of things resorted to, there can be no doubt. It is one of the most deplorable conditions of secret conspiracy, that resort must be had to such means; accident may be allowed for: but accident apart, there is no way by which honest and trustworthy men can become privy to the deliberations and designs of artful villany. The witness must either first have committed the crime, or practised treacheries little less guilty and far more revolting. But having made so much allowance we must add that there is no better alternative; and that practically, no ill consequence of moment is likely to arise in any court of justice worthy of consideration. In all the trials of this time, and in all such trials, there were and must be large allowances in favour of mercy, the real demerits of the witnesses were rightly weighed and appreciated, neither the verdicts of juries and judgments of courts were *exclusively* dependent on mere asseveration; whatever may be the *rule* of legal practice, there is in all cases a moral evidence arising from a certain range of facts and circumstances, which essentially governs the decisions of men. The question is ultimately, as to the validity of a chain of proof, in which the character of the witness and the probability of his statements as well as their abstract value, must be weighed in the scale of the nicest responsibility. In mere theory, it would indeed be easy to show how the lives of innocent men might be placed in the hands of perjurers; we fear to be carried too far into disquisition; but we could easily show that, unless the court itself be first depraved into an instrument of cruelty, (as in the Spanish inquisition, the revolutionary tribunals, or the courts of some old despotism) such cases are merely theoretical; it would be easy to show that the counteractions, in a British or Irish court of justice are too numerous and too stringent; and that if anything must be admitted on the other side, it is merely so much must be allowed for the fallibility of all human judgment. One more remark must be made. Subsequent proofs have in all instances confirmed the judgments in these cases; and though such proof could have no weight in justification of a verdict; yet if duly considered it has muc

in its application to the foregoing argument, as the question of probability is affected by the result of the comparison of instances; the uniform result indicates the agency of the uniform process.

It has been said that the minds of the jurors were at that time strongly influenced by a general panic, and also by that of the informers, whose testimony they were called upon to reject. Of these influences, the first had some existence, the second does not require notice. The general fear of conspiracy did not mislead the juries; but those who have made the remark, have failed to notice, that a contrary influence of a much more urgent nature also prevailed. The fear of a wide spread popular conspiracy to overawe the consciences of juries, is ascertained by well-known and unquestionable facts: should any one doubt it, we can only here say, that it is a very intelligible consequence of any popular conspiracy, and especially in this country. No one, for example, is ignorant of the extent to which *provincial* juries are controlled by their fears, in the disturbances of our own times. But neither then, or now, has there been any just ground to impute any very considerable departure on either side from their sworn duty, by the jurors in criminal causes. In the metropolis, where they have always acted under a sense of adequate protection, it may with confidence be affirmed that, at all times, juries have performed their duties with courage and honesty; and there was in the cases to which these remarks are applied, no substantial difficulty. The considerations thus reviewed are in our judgment not required for the purpose of explaining the peculiar resources of Mr Curran's advocacy. So far as such explanations can be necessary, the main causes were some of them of a nature opposite to those alleged. To create those very impressions, under which he sometimes appeared to labour; and to excite some sense of the state of parties, and the conduct of persons which seemed to rouse his indignation, was an essential part of his duty as an advocate. He had in every one of those celebrated cases, to contend against law, fact, and justice: this is an important portion of his praise; an essential excuse for seeming defects. But the unfortunate result has been, that the same dexterous advocacy, which once failed to cloud the common-sense of a jury, or to prevent the decisions of justice, has been used to pervert history and to give a specious language to party.

If Mr Curran's style of appeal is to be apologized for, (we do not see that it is necessary), it must be on different ground. It was justified by the practice of his day; and it is not to be overlooked, that it was his uniform style and adopted independently of the circumstances alleged. In truth, the rules by which he has been rather severely criticised, have been applied by a ludicrous complication of mistakes—the clear oversight of all applicable considerations. Assuming (what must be assumed by the pleader) that his cause is good; his clients, the jury, and the court, were precisely in the position that is implied in all those solemn and pathetic appeals; and such was the highly seasoned style of logic and language, demanded by the taste of the time. We do not in this include the faults incidental to that style, of these we shall take special notice.

The most remarkable in many respects of those trials was that of

Henry and John Sheares, whose fate is still recollected with interest. This trial afforded one of the most memorable displays of Mr Curran's eloquence, and of the peculiar energy with which he threw his mind into the cause of his client. The trials of several of the leaders of the conspiracy, who had been seized at Bond's, and of Bond himself, followed. There is one reason, why we may now pass them slightly. As trials, they could not, from the circumstances, be more than the necessary preservation of the form and instrumentality of the law. The facts were too well ascertained and their character too unambiguous, to leave room for any serious question. Mr Curran discharged his duty with his usual talent and zeal, but though it was his duty to endeavour to shake the character of the informer, he must have been aware that the degree in which any point he could so gain would bear on the whole proof of the guilt of his clients, was nearly an infinitesimal, compared with the full evidence of circumstances. It is no disparagement to Mr Curran—what is equally applicable to every other criminal advocate—that if the doctrines he was often accustomed to state on the subject of testimony were adopted in practice by juries, it would be impossible to establish a case of high treason otherwise than by having recourse to proceedings of a nature wholly different from the trial by jury. Happily, the ingenuity which it is on those occasions the advocate's duty to employ, is in most cases wholly inoperative with the plain common sense of a tribunal, of which it is the merit, that in questions of fact, it is provided with the kind and measure of intelligence which such questions require, unperplexed by the rules of science. In making this assertion, we must take leave to guard our meaning.

The doctrine of presumptions, is like sight and hearing, far easier to apply than to analyze, and generally more correct in its intimations, than any mere inferences of theory. But it is in part for this reason, and in part on account of the fallibility of all human judgments, that the rules of legal science lean uniformly to caution, and are so contrived, as to favour mercy, rather than strict justice. Its intent is not so much to aid the sagacity of the tribunal, as to control and limit its exercise, on the merciful principle, that it is better that ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer. But as circumstantial evidence may amount to a degree, far beyond any demand of justice, or even of mere allegation of witnesses, it would be ridiculously absurd to suppose, that technical restrictions can limit the common sense of a jury, to the extent which it may be the advocate's duty to demand. Any rules by which Jackson, or the Sheares's, or Bond, could have been acquitted, would have been inconsistent with the sufficiency of the law. The purpose of those whose liberality would relax the severity of criminal justice, under the circumstances then existing, would be overshot—for the concession of their assumptions would only tend to prove, that the law of the land is insufficient for such occasions, and that times of danger and conspiracy would thus demand some provision of a more prompt and decisive character. It is a mistake to assume, that the conviction of these men rested on the mere allegations of informers, or were in any degree decided by fears or influences. The information of Reynolds, (to take an instance,)

was essential to the *arrest* of certain persons, and to the steps by which strong facts were clearly ascertained: but not in the *least degree* necessary to ascertain with the utmost assurance of which the human mind is capable, the truth of the charges. The *testimony* was essential to satisfy the conditions of positive law. If a murder were committed in the hall of the courts, and under the eye of justice—the same formal and strict testimony would be required; and a clever advocate might use similar expedients to construct his defence. It is fit and right it should be so—were it not, presumption might under circumstances be sadly stretched. But in the cases Mr Curran had to deal with, all was as clear as is consistent with the nature of human concerns. The conspiracy was fully known to exist, and the men were fully identified with the conspiracy. Reynolds was but an essential form of Justice. We fully approve of the extension of mercy in such cases, and do not here contend for strict justice to the shedding of blood; we only repel certain statements, and deny the fitness of allowing justice to be stultified by paltry technicalities, of which the true intent is first dexterously put out of sight by the advocate, and next totally set aside by the historian. The praise of Mr Curran does not demand the assertion and defence of his bar arguments.

It may here be the best place to give some account of the two brothers, John and Henry Sheares, whose unhappy fate alone entitles them to historic recollection. Of these unfortunate gentlemen, were there indeed any propriety in giving a very detailed account, they are still sufficiently recollected by several persons, and we have been made sufficiently familiar with their characters and private history, to sketch them with some precision; but there is really no reason for such a departure from our general rules of selection. They are mentioned to have been members of the Irish bar; Henry the elder brother possessed a competent fortune, had received a university education, had no talents, but was much valued and loved in the private relations of life. He has left the character of being weak, credulous and yielding. Some traits of an opposite but not inconsistent kind, have been preserved among his acquaintances, he was proud, ambitious, talkative, and ostentatious. His brother John was a man of firmer intellectual mould: a simpler and sterner character, with far less vivacity, but with more tendency to enthusiasm. These brothers were remarkable for their strict attachment to each other, and as usually happens, John possessed a strong ascendancy over both the conduct and opinions of his feebler brother. In 1792, they had spent a little time in Paris, where they contracted a republican taint, and in consequence, when they came home, they fell into contact with the United Irishmen. With their principles, they took up also the cant about reform; under the cover of which, these principles were concealed.* With these dispositions, they soon became objects of public suspicion, and in a few instances, fell under the special notice of the authorities, but were by a lenity, unfortunate perhaps for themselves, connived at. When matters had arrived at the verge of insurrection, they were soon drawn in to take an active part. Among the ex-

* Life of Wolfe Tone.

pedients resorted to by the conspiracy, for the furtherance of their views, a very obvious preliminary, was the endeavour to seduce the soldiery from their duty. In the army, there was in some degree, the same diffusion of revolutionary opinion and sentiment, which then prevailed among the lower classes; and it is evident, that there must thus have been found abundant means of access to the soldiery, through the agency of disaffected individuals. And such, according to the construction which the whole of the facts taken together appear to suggest—it was in the attempt to avail themselves of such an instrumentality for the purpose of seduction, that the Messrs Sheares became the dupes and victims of their own intrigues. Among the troops quartered at Laughlinstown camp, there was a captain of the name of Armstrong, who, though certainly not a United Irishman, was, we presume, a person of unsettled principles on general questions of politics, and had fallen into the not unusual habit of talking very loosely—an imputation not having much weight in that day. But it was the means of exposing him to the proposals of those who were on the watch for such indications; and it is to be observed, that the conduct of the conspiracy had at that time begun to pass into the hands of less experienced persons, and was carried on with less tact and discretion, than had till then accompanied the conduct of the united men. Captain Armstrong belonged to a regiment which was supposed to be disaffected, and this offered an additional inducement for the trial. It so happened that he was accustomed to resort occasionally to the shop of a bookseller, Mr Byrne, who was evidently a *procurer* for the purpose of rebellion. This person drawing his inferences, both from the conversation (on books, political and religious) of Armstrong, and from the character of his regiment, took the very obvious step of sounding his opinions; these, there is every reason to believe, were of a free and loose complexion, and most probably had, in theory, a close affinity to those of Mr Byrne. It is at least easy to see how this person might thus without any design be led to consider Mr Armstrong as one fitted for his purpose: such, at all events, was his conclusion. And it should be recollected by the fair reader, that it does not follow from these incidents, that Mr Armstrong actually held the notions which he is thus shown to have expressed: every one who has conversed with the world, has often met weak persons, who take the tone of their conversation entirely from that which prevails among those whom they set up as models for themselves—the vain, the light and daring. Deism, dissoluteness, drunkenness, and disloyalty, formed at that time, no slight portion of the character of the rakish fashion of the day, in the middle ranks of Irish gentry. They deeply tainted the militia officers. The consideration is here so far important, as we are inclined to think, that too much stress has been laid on the fact, that Mr Armstrong had on previous occasions, used very libertine expressions. There was an impression made on Byrne, that Mr Armstrong was ready for the proposals which, there can be no doubt, he was anxious to urge. “Sir,” said he, “I could wish a gentleman of your enlightened principles, would allow me to introduce you to some gentlemen who would be happy to cultivate your acquaintance—I mean the Messrs

Sheares, men who are deeply engaged in the common cause; and as you can render material services, you will be a valuable acquisition, &c." Now, at this stage, various constructions will apply to the conduct of Armstrong, not one of which will go to affect his character as a witness, though some of them would bear unfavourably on him as a man. Some persons, when they perceive a shallow design, will humour it for mere cajolery; and it is also evident, that to a man of unrefined and coarse mind—which does not involve dishonesty or untruth—the conduct of Byrne was adapted to suggest a *counterplot*, which was perfectly fair—but not precisely within the conventions acknowledged by gentlemen. When it was proposed by Byrne to introduce Mr Armstrong to two gentlemen of his own way of thinking; Armstrong, of course, saw that he was to be subjected to a regular course of seduction, and made instrumental to a certain purpose, and he probably decided at once what to do. There was here indeed little choice between one course, which was rigidly right, and a crime of the basest description; it was *his duty to expose such an attempt*. He *may* have lent himself too far to a *false understanding*, and if so, we cannot acquit him of the charge of meanness; but he was also perhaps under a very natural impression, which the history of the trial puts wholly out of sight; and it is one which might carry a man very far: the reader must recollect, that all the time he may have (or must have,) perceived that he was himself the object of a crafty, perfidious, and criminal game, and that he was deeply interested in outwitting and defeating his insnarers. He had not, it ought to be remembered, before his mind the tragic circumstances, which have lent a peculiar interest to the fate of his seducers. Now, though it may be truly said that no person of a high sense of honour will stoop to a contest in craft, such as we are now supposing; it will not follow that a man who will, is to be regarded as acting on meaner motives than those of the multitude. The exercise of considerable artifice and even of deception, unworthy as it is of the gentleman or the christian, does not disqualify as a witness in a court of justice. If it did, few indeed could be admitted—a large class would be too evidently excluded. The manner and circumstances must regulate the credence of the man in such cases. If it be asserted that in the proceedings of Mr Armstrong there was both duplicity and treachery; they were employed in opposition to duplicity and treachery, with this difference, that on the side of Mr Armstrong the motives were clearly those of duty, on that of the Sheareses of crime. We do not affirm (or admit,) that there is any duty which in strictness can warrant such conduct—we simply assert, that in the administration of justice, character must be estimated according to the average morality of human conduct, which is by no means very high. In poetry, in moral writings, in the professed *maxims* of the world, a higher standard prevails, drawn from a purer code; and therefore, when the advocate finds it expedient to depreciate character, it is very easy to turn the pure and bright beams of moral truth upon the infirmities of another, which his own could ill stand the test of. It is also to be observed, in reference to this case and some others, in which Mr Curran was employed—that the same considerations lead to the further stricture

on criminal advocates in general, that they carry their efforts to taint the character of the witnesses for the prosecution, something beyond what we can admit to be fair. Perhaps the best excuse for this may be, that such dexterity is insufficient for the purpose for which it is employed, and can seldom impose on the good sense of juries.

But to return to our narrative, Mr Armstrong, upon receiving the proposal of Byrne, must have felt the intent of the proposal, and concluded without any doubt as to the line which his duty imposed. Byrne may in the first instance have acted without thought, and unadvisedly made the concession usual in such cases: it would have needed some firmness and presence of mind to refuse; he had heedlessly talked himself into a false position. But having assented, it is still more apparent that he must have felt himself committed to act in one way or other. He might have retracted, this would have required explanation and recantations, from which weak and mean men shrink. He pursued the rigid line of duty, in communicating with his superior. It appears that he received the directions usually given on all such occasions; to lend himself to the arts employed for his corruption, and thus enable the government through his means to trace them. Mr Armstrong acceded, and having been introduced to the brother conspirators, he necessarily entered upon a course of proceedings of no very honourable character, and from a review of which we fully admit, we think very lowly indeed of Mr Armstrong. We have so far dwelt with more than usual minuteness on the preceding details, because the different narrators of the same transaction, while they do not deny the substantial truth of his allegations, appear to consider his character *as a witness* questionable, and that some discredit is thus reflected on the prosecution. We think differently in both respects, and have endeavoured to make apparent the grounds of our opinion.

It was past midnight when Mr Curran rose to address the jury in the defence of Mr Henry Sheares; he was exhausted by the exertions of a day spent in protracted endeavours to discredit the testimony of the witness. He availed himself of the equivocal character of many of the circumstances already mentioned, with a latitude fully conceded to the advocate in such cases, with great felicity, and delivered one of the most affecting speeches perhaps ever heard in a court of justice, leaving no topic untouched which might affect the feelings, conscience, or reason of the jury. As, however, the whole evidence was such as to leave no doubt upon the case, his eloquence was vain to save his unfortunate clients. From the circumstances which came out on the trial, the credibility of Mr Armstrong seemed to be considerably shaken;* but his evidence was too strongly supported by facts and circumstances to admit of reasonable doubt. And the verdict of guilty was followed by the sentence of the law.

* Some opinions held by Mr Armstrong, were proved by most credible witnesses, and denied by him on oath. But his profession of such opinions may have been false, and his oath true. Men of shallow understanding and loose lives have often made a boast of infidel opinions, and assumed the character of freethinkers, without (in reality,) having any distinct opinions at all. And it is also not improbable that the idle boast of a random tongue, may be wholly forgotten by the speaker.

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>
The peculiarities of position and circumstances under which these unfortunate gentlemen were thus placed, can have in them but little more interest than must belong to that dreadful interval between the condemnation of the criminal and its sad event. But incidental occurrences have withdrawn the gloomy veil which mostly conceals the terror of the condemned cell, and a frightful as well as affecting glimpse is given of the extremity of moral suffering in the person of Henry Sheares. On the announcement of the verdict, the brothers clasped each other in their arms. When brought up for judgment they each addressed the court. Henry Sheares having a large family, attempted to utter a request that he should have time allowed for the arrangement of his affairs; at the mention of his family, his feelings overpowered him, and he was unable to proceed. His brother John addressed the court at some length. After vindicating himself from the imputation of having inculcated sanguinary rules of conduct among the rebels,—he proceeded with strong and pathetic earnestness to implore that some respite should be allowed to Henry, to provide for his unhappy wife and six children, and their aged mother. The request was inadmissible, and the refusal, which was hardly less pathetic than the request, was rendered painful to lord Carleton, by circumstances which we shall state in his own words. “In the awful duty imposed on me, no man can be more sensibly affected than I am, because I knew the very valuable and respectable father and mother from whom you are both descended. I knew and revered their virtues. One of them, happily for himself, is now no more; the other, for whom I have the highest personal respect, probably by the events of this day may be hastened into futurity,” &c. His lordship’s address ended with the sentence of the law. And at the demand of the Attorney-general, he ordered that it should be executed on the next day. John Sheares prepared to meet his end with the natural firmness of his character. A letter which he wrote to his sister the night before his death, bears all the characters of strong affection for his family, and a calm and unshaken fortitude. The circumstances attendant upon the other brother’s death are more remarkable. We cannot fairly say that Mr Henry Sheares was utterly devoid of the ordinary degree of human courage, for the affections of our nature are variable, and the changes of character dependant on circumstance are very extreme; the peculiar incidents belonging to this unfortunate gentleman’s position, were such as to shake the fortitude and soften the affections of most men. When any cause induces a person to turn his back on danger, however free from fear he may have been, fear is likely to be a consequence. In Henry Sheares, the affectionate solicitude of his friends heightened the love of life and the pain of parting—the strong interest with which his fate was viewed imposed on his imagination; the impression left on his mind by the defence of his advocate, the sympathy of the judge, with minor incidents which we need not mention, all contributed to raise illusory hopes, and his feelings could not within the short interval allowed let go the hold of life and turn composedly to his dreadful fate. Such we believe were really the causes which operated to cast his mind into that fearful struggle, which, however it may commence, may lead to the

agony of terror. We have been tempted to regret that his letter to Sir Jonah Barrington was preserved; it exhibits that awful convulsion of spirit which the heart shrinks from, and which one would wish concealed for the same reason that the features are hidden in the last struggles of the scaffold. On receiving that letter, Barrington hastened to lord Clare, who was deeply affected by it, and advised Barrington to take the only step which remained, evidently intending to co-operate. But he was not aware of the rapidity with which the officials connected with justice were at the very same moment rendering vain any such late efforts. Had Sir J. Barrington received the letter but a few hours sooner, there is little room to doubt of his success, as substantially it contained an offer which was precisely conformable to the suggestion of lord Clare. "I will lie under any conditions the government may choose to impose on me, if they will but restore me to my family." The chancellor's suggestion was, "do you think Henry can say anything, or make any species of discovery which can authorize the lord lieutenant in making a distinction between them?" The chancellor was fully desirous to save him: but for reasons very plain and evident, he was anxious that the reprieve should be accounted for in such a manner as to prevent the mischievous consequences which it might otherwise produce at so critical a juncture. Among those who lived in that time and were acquainted with Henry Sheares, some excuses have been made for him; we do not enter into them here because they appear to us weak and inconclusive, and we should be compelled to waste space in their analysis.

The trials connected with this period, in which Mr Curran was successively engaged, remain some of them to be noticed hereafter; but so far as the orator or advocate merely is to be commemorated, we have nothing material to add to the remarks hitherto made. Some of the peculiarities of his oratory, we have traced to time and circumstance, some to the nature of the duty on which he was engaged: we may add very generally, that in some of the praises of the admirers of his speeches we do not coincide, and in like manner, that we strongly disagree with the most unfair and uncandid as well as narrow and mistaken attacks which have been made upon them in some well known critical works. We must now add, that so far as we can extract any fair notion of Mr Curran's political opinions from his conduct or public speeches, they are so broadly at variance with every opinion which we have endeavoured to maintain in these lives, that it would now be superfluous to enter on the subject. Of his parliamentary speeches few specimens remain; these, so far as we have seen them, rather manifest a disposition to relieve and adorn the tediousness of debate, or perhaps to disconcert by wit those upon whom argument had failed, than any very strong interest in or deep knowledge of the subject. He could not indeed have much thought to spare for such discussions. We also apprehend that his affections were too deeply cast and coloured in the mould and tones of nationality to look with cold and unbiassed reason on any of the great questions which then agitated the heart of Ireland to its centre.

During the peace of 1802 he paid a short visit to Paris, when a new chapter of political philosophy was opened to his keen observant mind,

and which we believe he attentively and profitably studied. His speech in behalf of Kirwan in the rebellion of 1803, is elevated not only by a sounder but stronger and more philosophic tone of principle than anything preserved of his previous displays. Something of this is due to a cause which, in fairness to Mr Curran, ought to be strongly put forward. The criminal advocate has too often the disadvantage of being induced (perhaps compelled,) to defend guilt by maintaining false principles, and imposing false impressions, and this must afterwards operate to lower the credit of his character as an orator. But on the occasion now adverted to, he took hold of the occasion to throw out many sound, forcible, and impressive appeals to his deluded countrymen which prompt, in reading it, a wish that there were now among us some voice of equal power to warn and to remonstrate with our delusions. Of the rebellion of 1803 we must offer some separate notice, and shall therefore avoid it here. We shall only stay to notice that the intimacy of Robert Emmet in Mr Curran's family involved him in circumstances of a most painful nature. To some of these we must distinctly advert in a brief memoir of Robert Emmet, to which we refer the reader. The visits of this ill-fated man, necessarily cast some degree of suspicion on one so popular in his opinions and reputation as Mr Curran, and occasioned some troublesome steps of inquiry, in which he was however treated with respect, and delicacy as well as justice, by all persons concerned in the investigation.

On Mr Pitt's death, Mr Curran's party came into power. He was appointed master of the rolls, and a member of the privy council. He was dissatisfied with a station so little in conformity with the character of his habits of legal practice, which had been entirely or at least chiefly confined to the law courts. And in consequence there arose a coolness which lasted some time between him and his friend Mr George Ponsonby.

There remains little to be told. The rest of his life was passed in the duties of his situation, and the social intercourse for which he was endowed with so many striking qualifications. It is mentioned by his biographer, that from the hour of his promotion, his spirits were observed to decline. To relieve the monotony of his time, he was led to form some projects of literature. Of these, one was a memoir of himself and his time. It is much to be regretted that his health and leisure should have deprived the world of anything from Mr Curran's pen; we may frankly say, it is not precisely a historical work that we should most desire to receive from his hands; nevertheless it must be added, that it is so impossible to believe that he could have fallen into the utter falsehood, and the flagitious misrepresentation which disgraces the historical accounts of his time, it would have been an advantage to possess the testimony of one man of scrupulous integrity and of legal and constitutional understanding to confront with so much false testimony. Indeed, there are circumstances that show Mr Curran's mind to have subsided into far more just and temperate views than might be presumed from the evidence of his speeches: but as we have already observed, the speeches of the advocate or the partisan are no test of the historian. The few remarks

upon the subject left by Mr Curran himself,* give a favourable idea of the spirit in which he would have entered on the task, and suggest the scrupulous caution and self-distrust, which are among the best securities for the truth and impartiality of history. Of the other literary undertaking mentioned by his biographer, it must be allowed that few men appear to have been more eminently qualified by nature—while there was also much in the previous habits of his life to prepare him for such an effort. We doubt whether a work of fiction can be the fruit of such broken efforts as he would have had the power to bestow, still there cannot be much doubt that in this department of effort, he could not well have failed to leave a work of great power, pregnant with wit, observation, and the heart-knowledge in which his genius lay. This was the favourite undertaking—and perhaps very little remained to be done, could the effort be summoned for that little. He had in fact composed a great part of his tale in his mind, and was in the habit of reciting long passages from it among his friends, such as to suggest very high expectations of what it would be when completed. Mr Curran is mentioned as being much addicted to novel reading, and to have dwelt with the freshness of infant delight on the scenes which caught his fancy in the writings of the most eminent novelists. He had evidently a fine and feeling perception of effect, indicated by his great mastery of the art of social narration, and this, schooled as it is likely to have been by his habits of reading and the practice of a fine discrimination, could not well fail to have raised any effort of his pen far above the standard of mediocrity. With all this, there can be no doubt of the power of Mr Curran in the exercise of his intellect in the range of passion and sentiment; this was the proper walk of his understanding, plainly perceptible in all his sayings and doings of whatever description: within the same range of moral power which gave weight and pathos to his addresses, there can be little doubt of the success with which he might have wielded the wand of fiction.

The change of habits to which these projects were to be traced, had, as we have said, a depressing effect on his spirits. The dry business of equity, did not afford exercise to his peculiar powers. It was morally a termination of his public existence, and the effect is very traceable, both in such of his letters as have been preserved and in the recollections which yet remain among those who knew him. We are inclined to infer, from a multitude of small incidents, that he had been at all times a man of the most morbid habits and tendencies of temper; these are liable to be repressed in society, and in the conduct of public business; to some extent, they shun the eye of day. It is in the privacy of retirement, or on those occasions when a man's individual sense is in some way brought into action that they assert their supremacy. In many of the well-known stories about Mr Curran, there are strong proofs of this. For example, the collisions between himself and lord Clare, are, some of them, referrible to a tendency to suspect insult, and to the well-known habit of an irritable self-assertion. It is somewhat curious indeed, that the partiality of his bio-

* See Life, by his Son, vol. ii. p. 163

grapher in stating the affronts which he resented with so much spirit, passes entirely over what is so very obvious, the insults on his part which preceded them, and which Mr Curran was so ready to offer at the call of public duty. There is one statement made by his biographer which appears to be wholly accountable on the supposition of a morbid anticipation of insult, and a fierce preparation to repel it. Mr Curran, under circumstances tending to implicate him in Emmet's rebellion, is brought by the attorney-general (acting as a friend) to lord Clare in private, and is insulted by a look, which he imagined himself to have returned with such a formidable glance as completely to prostrate the lord chancellor, and to have changed him so wholly, that having intended to be very tyrannical, he actually conducted himself with great forbearance and delicacy. Now, all this requires no comment; any one who has well considered the characters of the parties will at once see how Mr Curran imposed on himself. We should not notice this, but that it affects another person besides Mr Curran.

During this period, Mr Curran passed his vacations in travelling for health or amusement. In his visits to England, he was received with all the distinction which his talents and celebrity claimed from persons of every rank; and we accordingly trace him in the highest whig circles.

In 1814, the increasing infirmity of his health induced him to resign his judicial appointment—and from that period he passed most of his time in England. A few of his letters are the sole materials from which (if space admitted,) we should be enabled to follow him with any detail through the brief remainder of his days. These letters, which, considering the writer, must be read always with interest, have an added interest in the very singular distinctness with which they exhibit the working of a mind to which the world had become vapid and colourless, and of which the springs appear to have become thoroughly broken down, and the spirits evaporated. Still it is the probability, that, under the influence of the social affections, and the power of convivial excitement, the “cervantic spirit which used to set the table in a roar” would be lighted up for a moment, and that the wonted charm would be found upon his tongue. And such, indeed, is apparent from the testimony of many. But from the more retired and sobered loneliness of his pen, the power and exhilaration had departed—he is perceptibly overpowered by a sense of the monotony of the prison wall of his existence, and of a life cheered by no animating principle; his heart is sick. He reflects and remarks, but his mind is not with his words—he makes efforts, and is strenuous without energy or power. He meditates on mortality in the catacombs, and on all the sad and busy vanities which he meets; but in all he seems to be rather rousing up his mind to feel and think, than to be in earnest on anything, except now and then an affecting allusion to himself. He was accompanied by an impression, which did not deceive him, that he was near the end of his life. A few years of very melancholy wandering from place to place in search of health, which he did not hope to find, and of social intercourse, which he but imperfectly enjoyed, conducted him to the gate towards which all are travellers. He was first seized with slight attacks of paralysis, which did not apparently affect the

vital parts, and which went off without serious alarm. It was on the 7th of October, 1817, a swelling appeared over one of his eyes, which he merely attributed to cold; on the 8th he was seized by apoplexy, from which he continued insensible, or nearly so, to his death on the 14th. "Three of his children," writes his biographer, "his son-in-law, and daughter-in-law, and his old and attached friend, Mr Godwin, surrounded his death-bed, and performed the last offices of piety and respect."

He was buried on the 4th of November, in one of the vaults of Paddington church. Among others, Mr Thomas Moore, the Rev. George Croly, and Mr Godwin, attended his funeral.

His biographer claims for him the praise of "having held for the last twenty years of his life, the reputation of being the most eloquent advocate that had ever appeared at the Irish bar," and adds, that "if future times shall hold his genius in estimation, it is his eloquence which must entitle him to that distinction." With this *dictum* we fully agree; and, as any further criticism would involve very tedious discussion, we must be content to adopt it.

But the most striking and peculiar of Mr Curran's talents was one which of all others is least susceptible of any permanent memorial. It was his wit, which during the better years of his life was as an exhaustless spring of delight in the convivial ring. A few first-rate specimens are handed down among the old story-tellers of the Irish bar—they require to be well told, and would evaporate on paper. So much of the best sallies of wit consists in the prompt and unexpected light that flashes from the spirit, and glances on the incident of the moment, that in few instances it bears even oral repetition; and for this it must be acted to the life. It is also the free and unstudied sparkle of evanescent gleams of combination, allusion, and of the play of fancy, that constitutes the better order of wit; the specimen must needs do it wrong. And the more so, as *taken singly* there are few *mots* so supremely good as not to be within the compass of numerous punsters, who having adopted a profession of waggery succeed from time to time in manufacturing very clever things.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan.*

DIED A. D. 1834.

MR ROWAN was born in 1751. He was the son of Gawin Hamilton, of Killyleagh, and of the only daughter of William Rowan, whose name he adopted, in consequence of a desire expressed in his grandfather's will. The accounts of his early life are of much interest, but must be here omitted. He received his education in England; and having been for some time in Westminster school, he entered the university of Cambridge. While a student, he paid a visit to Holland. He obtained a commission in the Huntingdon militia, from the duke of Manchester. About the same time, he was induced by a London

* This memoir is drawn up entirely from the autobiography of Mr Rowan.

solicitor to raise money by selling annuities at six years' purchase, and launched into a course of extravagance. Soon after, he became acquainted with lord C. Montague, who being compelled to return to his government of South Carolina, invited him to accompany him as far as Falmouth, and then prevailed upon him to take a trip with him to America, in the character of private secretary. At Charleston, he witnessed some of the political disorders which were in fact the early preliminaries to the American war. After three months, he took his passage back to England, where having arrived, he returned to Cambridge.

Finding himself heavily involved by the extreme mismanagement of his pecuniary concerns, he applied to his parents. His mother offered to compound with his creditors, which he honourably refused. He obtained relief by arrangements suggested by a friendly solicitor, which, at some sacrifice of his estate, obtained money to pay his debts, and continue his expensive style of living. He hired a house on Hounslow Heath, kept lodgings in London, and "having plenty of cash at command, thought nothing of expense." He kept his phaeton and hunters. His coachman turned out to be a notorious highwayman, known as "sixteen-string Jack," who, there was reason to suspect, used his hunters for the purpose of highway robberies. This man on one occasion, when his master happened to want cash to buy a horse, offered him a £50 note.

About this period of his life, a paper written by one of his Cambridge contemporaries, supplies some distinct notions of his character at an early age; and as it is preserved by Mr Rowan himself, it may be regarded as authentic. The following particulars may be gleaned from it. It mentions "his incessant intrepidity, his restless curiosity, his undertaking spirit." His strong mechanical tendencies are also dwelt upon, as something unusually remarkable. His love of adventure and frolic were equally striking, and he was "to be found in every daring oddity. Lords Burlington and Kent, in all their rage for pediments, were nothing to him. For often has the morning caught him scaling the high pediments of the school door, and at peril of his life, clambering down, opening the door within, before the boy who kept the door could come with the key. His evenings set upon no less perils; in pranks with gunpowder, in leaping from unusual heights into the Thames," &c. At Cambridge, he is similarly described, as "after shaking all Cambridge from its propriety by a night's frolic, in which he climbed the sign-posts, and changed all the principal signs, he was rusticated," &c.

Of his vivacity, frolic, and love of practical jests, many curious anecdotes are told. And his early disposition appears equally marked by warmth both of temper and affection, and by his animated enthusiasm. With such a disposition, the bent of his opinions was likely to be determined by the intercourse of that society in which he should chance to fall. And his associates were nearly all persons who entertained opinions closely resembling those which were afterwards the principles of his own course in life. But one disposition of Mr Rowan's mind is strongly and justly pointed out by the editor of his life, as offering the true key to much of his early conduct; and we should add

that the same clue is also adverted to by Mr Rowan himself, when the experience of much suffering had made him "a sadder and a wiser man;" it was an irrepressible craving for distinction. It was his prominent impulse to be first; and the success which was in early years, the result of courage and physical prowess, helped to buoy up and feed this most unfortunate direction of human pride.

The narrative of Mr Rowan's life, is one of romantic and striking incidents and adventures, which we much regret being compelled to omit; but it should be said that they are mostly such as to convey the impression, of which we fully believe the justice, that he was a man of great moral and physical energies, and capable of the utmost extremes of hardihood, and the most exalted sacrifices to his notions of right.

Among other excursions and journeys, Mr Rowan paid a visit to France, where he resided for some time. He became acquainted with the notorious and unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald, who attempted to jockey him out of a horse. Having by his firm and manly bearing defeated this design, he was soon after drawn in to take some part in a quarrel between the same gentleman and a Mr Baggs; of which one consequence was, his being tricked out of £100, and then induced to act as second in the duel which ensued between the parties. It was, upon the whole, as singular an affair as we can recollect to have read of. Mr Fitzgerald was accused of being *plastronè*, and defended himself by throwing off his coat and waistcoat, when it was observed that, though not defended in the cowardly way suspected, he had taken the curious precaution of tying ribands round his waist and arms. When the parties fired, Mr Baggs was wounded; and while levelling their second pistols, he sunk, saying, "Sir, I am wounded." "But you are not dead yet," answered Fitzgerald, firing at him. "Baggs immediately started on his legs, and advanced on Fitzgerald, who, throwing his pistol at him, quitted his station, and kept a zigzag course along the field, Baggs following him." Baggs took a flying shot, and brought down his man; and Fitzgerald who was now wounded in the thigh, proposed, that as they were both wounded, they should begin again. But Baggs had been taken to his carriage.

About the same time, or soon after, Mr Rowan obtained from his friend, lord C. Montague, a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Portuguese army; which led to further wanderings and adventures, but to no military service. He visited Portugal in consequence, and paid a visit to Gibraltar.

A more important event in the history of his life is next to be mentioned. In 1781, he was married to Miss Dawson of Lisanisk, near Carrickmacross. This young lady was at school in England, and was accustomed to reside during the vacations with Mr Rowan's mother. She was, at the time of her marriage, in her 17th year. Some time previous to their marriage, Mr Rowan was in Paris; and his letters and journals addressed to her, and now published in his autobiography, afford many interesting glimpses of Paris, and some not less so of himself. His mother came to Paris, accompanied by the young lady, and they were married there. While they continued to reside in Paris, their eldest son Gawin Hamilton, afterwards a distinguished captain in the navy, was born. They remained about two years in

Paris, moving, as their rank entitled them, in the best circles, and receiving the most marked attentions from all persons of distinction.

In 1784, Mr Rowan came to reside in Ireland, when he purchased Rathceffey, in the county of Kildare. Soon after, while he was in Dublin with his family, a transaction occurred, which first brought him prominently into popular notice; and thus, we are persuaded, exercised an unfortunate influence over his after-course in life. We cannot enter into details in themselves insignificant; but the sum of the affair was, that a girl of the name of Mary Neal had been, or was alleged to have been, grossly ill-treated. The proceedings taken by her father were crossed by other accusations and proceedings—Mary Neal and her family were accused of robbery. Her mother died in prison; and Mary was convicted, and sentenced to death. A strong feeling of suspicion was excited, and Mr Rowan entered into the investigation of the circumstances with all the enthusiasm of a generous and fiery nature. He wrote a pamphlet on the occasion; and causing a person who had a principal share in the accusation to be arrested, he convicted him of subornation of perjury. Mary Neal was thus saved, but an active paper-war ensued; and Mr Rowan, while his own enthusiasm was strongly excited in the defence of an injured female, became the object of popular admiration and favour. This is the occasion of a story well told by Sir Jonah Barrington, and also quoted by Mr Rowan's editor, which represents him as making his appearance in a club composed of lawyers, and alarming the company with his formidable appearance, and more formidable demand to know if any of them would avow himself the calumniator of Mary Neal.

This incident was soon followed by another still more adapted to throw an inauspicious popularity round Mr Rowan. A bull-baiting having been attempted to be suppressed by the sheriff, resistance was made by the people—they pelted stones at the soldiers, who fired in return, and killed four persons. Mr Rowan was applied to, and after some signs of reluctance, came forward; after subscribing largely to a fund for the prosecution of a public inquiry, he came to town and spent five hours in "tracing every step of the military that day." Sheriff Vance was tried, and acquitted; but Mr Rowan's character was set in a strong light, as a defender of the people's rights, and his enthusiasm received a new impulse.

Impulses of a stronger kind soon arose, which were adapted to act powerfully on the calmest mind. It cannot be necessary to repeat the history of the Irish volunteers. In this celebrated body Mr Rowan was enrolled. He joined his father's company at Killyleagh, and was distinguished by his military adroitness in the usual exercises. At the election of delegates, he was elected for the county of Down.

We may pass this portion of his history with the observation, that it was his introduction to that career of party which he afterwards followed. He was universally received with those marks of distinction which were the natural tribute to his character and station, and which were peculiarly adapted to work on a proud temper, accessible to flattery, and alive in a high degree to all the kindly emotions and social sympathies. At this time, faction had not yet wholly absorbed the public feelings: and while motives of the noblest kind first im-

bodied the protestants of the north, the political sentiments which soon began to be developed among them, and to vitiate their conduct and character, had in themselves some high redeeming qualities; they were true in principle, and only erroneous so far that they were premature as related to Ireland, and unseasonable as regarded the then state of Europe. In this there is no reproach conveyed. If there were errors, they were those of wiser men than Mr Rowan, or those who acted with him; they were the errors of Flood, and Grattan, and Fox, and of a numerous and most illustrious host of first-rate men; and only illustrate the shortsightedness of the best human wisdom.

The reader is already aware, that two great impulses began at very nearly the same period to be developed among the volunteers—that of revolution, and that of political reform. They were both separately and conjointly efficient. The revolutionists availed themselves of the question of reform, and grew up under its cover; but, as will ever happen in such cases, they who were most in earnest, most enthusiastic, and prepared to go farthest, gradually contrived to infect the entire. They availed themselves of every impulse, and of the whole machinery of the party—seized on all pretexts, and converted every passion to their purpose. And thus, it may appear that while the views of some were of the most pernicious kind, others were moderate and well principled. Of this latter class was Mr Rowan; and to him, as to several others, the defence set up by that party, and their advocates, may be justly applied. They were insensibly warped with the direction given to their party, and were *taught* to despair of reform, and to look for a remedy in the gulf of revolution. The transition was artfully conducted; and it was sustained and fomented by the open sanction and excitement of the eloquence of public men, who little considered the poisonous exhalations they were breathing over the mind of their country.

The exceedingly able and dexterous, but most unwise and unreflecting men, who gradually obtained the lead of the United Irishmen under the pretext of two distinct views, leading the one to the other, by which they actually imposed upon their friends, held virtually but one from the beginning, according to the account they at the last gave of themselves. It was first reform, *as the means of revolution*; and then revolution, *quocunque modo*. By this double understanding, they were enabled to quibble afterwards with a safe conscience, and with the help of that kind of reasoning by which anything can be proved, or any course justified.

Mr Rowan became (as he could not well fail to be) implicated in suspicion. In December, 1792, a paper of the most seditious nature, breathing the sentiments, and in the language, of the Parisian democracy, was actively circulated among the volunteers; and Mr Rowan, with Mr Tandy, were accused of being the instruments employed for the purpose. An *ex officio* information was filed by the attorney-general against Rowan. At the same time, Mr Tandy resented some disrespectful words applied to him by Mr Toler in the house of commons; and having resolved to obtain satisfaction in the way then usual, he applied to Mr Rowan to act as his friend. Mr Toler, however, declined the proposed meeting. Other incidents of the same kind quickly followed.

A duel between Mr Burrowes and Mr Dowling took the parties over to Holyhead; and Mr Rowan accompanied, as friend to Mr Dowling. Another quarrel of the same nature immediately after occurred between the hon. Simon Butler and lord Fitzgibbon. Mr Rowan was applied to by the former. But lord Fitzgibbon, whose courage had, in several well-known instances, been placed beyond question, refused to compromise the dignity of his station, by answering a challenge on account of severe language used by him, in delivering a sentence of the house of lords. Mr Rowan called upon him, and with great propriety, hoped he might be permitted to say it was not his lordship's intention that his words should be taken personally, and that they had been made use of unreflectingly. The answer of lord Fitzgibbon is characteristic: he "thought that the circumstances of the case called for the expressions he had used; that he never spoke unreflectingly in that situation; and, under similar circumstances, he would again use similar words." He declined further explanation, referred Mr Rowan to his situation as lord chancellor, and so the matter ended. Mr Rowan, in this affair, conducted himself with a spirit and temper which seem to have made a favourable impression on the mind of the chancellor. A friend of his, who chanced to breakfast with lord Fitzgibbon soon after, mentioned that Mr Rowan had expressed to him his regret at having come to Ireland while party was running so high, and that he would return to England, when the prosecution then pending should be over. Lord Fitzgibbon desired the gentleman to tell Mr Rowan, that if he would retire to England for a few years, "he would issue a *not. pros.* on the prosecution" But unfortunately he added the condition that he should withdraw his name from the United Irishmen. This Mr Rowan declined, and the offer came to nothing.

In 1793, an incident occurred which was the cause of great trouble to Mr Rowan. In a trial in Scotland, a letter of his was read in court in evidence against a Mr Muir, to whom it had been addressed. It drew from the lord advocate some very severe language, directed against the writer. Mr Rowan resolved to look for satisfaction, and went over to Edinburgh with his friend the hon. Simon Butler. The public was then little less agitated in Scotland than in Ireland, by passions, animosities, and fears; and there was far less indulgence for the chivalric levelling of the Irish code of honour. The lord advocate was less accessible to hostile messages than lord Fitzgibbon, and there the character of Mr Rowan was less known. A warrant was issued against him. He was set at liberty on the security of Mr M'Leod, a gentleman of large property and extensive connexions, and holding generally the same party tenets. The matter was then terminated by the lord advocate's declaration, that he did not hold himself accountable for observations which he thought proper to make in his official capacity, &c. And as it was evident that he could not be compelled to take a different course, Mr Rowan and his friend saw the inutility of further prosecuting an affair which a little sounder discretion should have stopped at the first.

In the meantime, the period of the expected trial drew on upon the information filed in the preceding year. It was the wish of Mr Rowan to be defended by United Irishmen. But Messrs Emmet and Butler

thought it might seem presuming for junior counsel to take the lead in such a case. He yielded to the urgency of Mrs Rowan and other friends, and engaged Mr Curran. In the meantime his mother died, and he went for a time to England to settle her affairs. Great delays occurred in the prosecution of the trials. We have not space to detail them, and the more so as they would lead to rather tedious expositions as to the causes, which were mistaken by Mr Rowan, whose ear was abused by the calumnies propagated by his party.

At last the trial came on: it had been awaited with breathless interest by his friends and by the lower classes. The celebrated speech made by Mr Curran on the occasion has been already noticed in this volume. A verdict of guilty was brought in, and Mr Rowan was sent to the new prison to await his sentence. Mr Rowan addressed the court on this occasion; and though he vindicated his own intentions with perfect truth, he still avowed enough to justify the verdict, by strong implication. It has been denied that he was the distributor of the seditious libel at the time alleged; Mr Rowan did not himself deny it—he distinctly justified the sentiments it expressed, and that in language which implied his being a party to its distribution, (see *Autobiography of A. H. Rowan*, p. 197). He was sentenced to a fine of £500, and two years' imprisonment; and to give securities, under heavy bail, for seven years.

During his imprisonment, Mr Rowan's deportment and style of living were characteristic of the peculiar moral temper of his mind; at the same time manifesting the generosity of his disposition, and his strong tendencies to the love of popularity. His means were liberal, and he kept a frugal table for himself, yet such as to enable him to dispense freely to the wants of his poorer fellow-prisoners. When he had been about three months in prison, Mr Jackson, of whose trial and death we have already related the circumstances [*Life of Curran*], was introduced to him, together with Cockaine, the fatal satellite of his mission. He also about the same period received from Mr Tone his well-known "Statement of the situation of Ireland," written for the information of the French Directory. Of this paper Mr Rowan made two copies, of which he gave one to Mr Jackson to convey to France. This, Cockaine put under a cover directed to Hamburgh, and dropped into the post-office. The whole matter had been preconcerted with Mr Pitt—Cockaine was immediately seized, and taken before the privy council; and Mr Jackson was arrested, and sent to Newgate.

The same evening Cockaine came to Mr Rowan, and gave him an account of all that had passed; but such as it is hard to say how far it may have been true or false. At all events, he so far alarmed Mr Rowan, that he considered his life in danger, and determined to escape. This he effected by a stratagem which would be tedious to relate at length, and which we believe Mr Rowan would not have adopted unless under a sense of very urgent necessity. Having induced the under-jailer to accompany him to his own house in Dominic street, he contrived to retire for a moment into a back room, where he first disguised himself, by dressing himself in the clothes of his herd, who fortunately had come to town that day; he then let

himself down by a rope from the window, and proceeded to the head of Sackville street, where, after some delay, he was met by his friend Mr Dowling, according to appointment, with horses. They then proceeded to the sea-side, to a Mr Sweetman's, near Baldoyle, where they were kindly received.

The next morning Mr Sweetman set out at daybreak for Rush, to endeavour to engage a passage for Mr Rowan in one of the smuggling boats, and found the place in great confusion, as a military party was already there, making an active search for Mr Rowan in all the neighbouring houses, under the guidance of Mr Dowel, the under-jailer. In the course of the day, proclamations appeared, offering £1000 from government, £500 from the city, and other sums from the jailers, for his apprehension. Thus disappointed in this quarter, it was proposed to Mr Rowan, to make his escape in a small fishing wherry belonging to Mr Sweetman, to which he consented. Two brothers, of the name of Sheridan, were found to navigate this little craft, and they were to find a third person to assist. They embarked, and after many slight casualties, among which was a storm and a fleet of merchantmen, with their convoy, they reached the coast of France in safety. He divided his purse among the sailors, and bade them make for home; but, as he learned, they were pursued and taken. We cannot enter into the lesser details, for which we must refer to the autobiography from which this account is taken. Mr Rowan was treated with harshness and suspicion by the first official persons with whom he came in contact. He was for a considerable time imprisoned in Brest, and exposed to unexpected insults and privations. At last, however, by the intervention of circumstances, his name was recognized by the inspector of jails, who, by an application to the *Comite de Salut Publique*, had him liberated, and sent to Paris.

In Paris he had an interview with Robespierre. He was at the same time seized with a severe fever. He soon became disgusted and shocked by the horrible scenes then acting there. He witnessed the execution of 200 persons, and, at the distance of some hundred paces, found himself standing in a lake of human blood. He resolved to go to America; obtained passports for the purpose, and sailed in a wherry down the Seine. His journey was impeded and rendered extremely dangerous by the officious blood-thirstiness of the inhabitants of different places he had to pass; and it was with some difficulty, and after many interruptions and dangers, that he reached Rouen.

At last he engaged a passage to America, and embarked. His voyage was not without its danger. One of these was an incident for which he was fortunately prepared; for, seeing the likelihood of detection by some British cruiser, it had been agreed between himself and the captain, who made up some bills of lading for him in his assumed name of Thomson, that he might appear as an American merchant on his return home. When they had been two days at sea, their vessel was brought-to by the *Melampus*, commanded by Sir J. Borlase Warren, who had been acquainted with Mr Rowan in Cambridge. An officer was sent on board, who examined the ship's papers, and then interrogated Mr Rowan pretty closely. Mr Rowan retired

as soon as he was allowed, to avoid the risk of being observed by the British commander.

The voyage was tedious, and crossed by contrary winds; and Mr Rowan amused its tedious monotony by writing a journal for his wife. Among numerous entries of incident or reflection, there occurs one which ought not to be omitted. "I own to you candidly, when it is of no avail, that my ideas of reform, and of another word which begins with the same letter [Republicanism] are very much altered by living for twelve months in France; and that I never wish to see one or the other procured by force. I have seen one faction rising over another, and overturning it; each of them in their turn making a stalking-horse of the supreme power of the people, to cover public and private massacre and plunder; while every man of virtue and humanity shuddered, and skulked away in a disgraceful silence."

At last America was reached, and landing, Mr Rowan remained for a short time at a boarding-house in Philadelphia, from which he soon proceeded to Wilmington, about thirty miles from that city, and in the state of Delaware.

During the few years of his continuance in America, there occurred little to prolong our narrative. He was supplied with money by frequent remittances from his wife, whose superior good sense and steady affection appear conspicuously through his entire narrative. He made two several efforts to embark in trade; but displayed more of the ardour and strenuous temper of his mind, than of the caution and calculating prudence so essential to secure profit, or even guard against loss, in any branch of business. His indifference to privations; his proud humility, which spurned the aristocratic distinctions to which he had been reared; his readiness to submit to hard labours and trying losses;—all indicate, in no unfavourable light, the bold and strong outline of the heroic temper of old romance. He suffered much from the separation from his wife, but would not urge her coming out to join him, from the recollection of the sufferings of his own voyage. The incidents of Mr Rowan's life in America have considerable interest, which cannot be retained in an abridgment. We therefore omit them.

During the greater part of this interval, occasional efforts were in progress to obtain permission for Mr Rowan to come home. Lord Clare exerted a kindly influence in his favour, and expressed his willingness to assist in obtaining his pardon: by the exertion of his authority, he also prevented Mr Rowan's property from passing out of the hands of his family on his outlawry. He now exerted himself to obtain his pardon. In this he met obstacles from the opposition of the English chancellor, but was countenanced by lord Castlereagh. A friend of Mr Rowan (of opposed politics,) sent him out the draft of a petition, which he advised him to transmit to government; but this he declined, as it contained admissions and engagements which he could not make consistently with his own opinions. Mrs Rowan, however, urged her suit that he might be permitted to return to Europe. Of this the following extract will sufficiently state the main particulars. "Mr Griffith warmly seconded her efforts, by writing to the lord chancellor, and calling on him repeatedly to urge her suit.

To the chancellor's honour be it recorded, that he always evinced a cordial sympathy in the sufferings and deprivations of Mrs Rowan and her family; that he gave her the most judicious advice as to the management of her affairs, and suggested such a course of conduct to Mr Rowan, as led ultimately to the accomplishment of her wishes. At length, in September, 1799, she was gratified by the receipt of the following letter from lord Castlereagh, with whom Mr Rowan's father was well acquainted:—"Madam, my lord lieutenant having, by desire of the lord chancellor, stated to his grace the duke of Portland, that Mr H. Rowan was anxious to proceed to Denmark from America, but that he was afraid he might be apprehended in his passage by one of his majesty's cruisers; I am directed to acquaint you, that, in consequence of the favourable report made by the lord chancellor of Mr Rowan's conduct since he resided in America, he will be secured (as far as his majesty's government is concerned,) in the refuge which may be granted him in Denmark or elsewhere, as long as he continues to demean himself in such a manner as not to give offence," &c. &c.

In consequence of the arrangements thus made, Mr Rowan had in 1800 the happiness to meet his family in Altona, where he took a house.

In July, 1802, Mr Rowan transmitted to the king a petition, which, as it gives a just view of the mind and sentiments of the writer, we transcribe.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"THE humane protection afforded under your majesty's government to your petitioner's wife and family, while crimes were imputed to him which might have rendered him liable to the severest penalties of the law, and he had taken refuge among your majesty's enemies, has made an indelible impression on his mind. He could not avoid comparing, with the strongest feelings of gratitude, the situation of his dearest connexions with the forlorn state which the families of emigrants experienced in the country to which he had fled. Under these sensations, in the year 1795 your petitioner withdrew himself from France, and retired to America, being determined to avoid even the imputation of being instrumental in disturbing the tranquillity of his own country. During above five years' residence in the United States your petitioner resisted all inducements to a contrary conduct, and remained there quiet and retired, until your majesty, extending your royal benevolence, was graciously pleased to permit his return to Europe, to rejoin his wife and family. Impressed with the most unfeigned attachment to your majesty's government, in gratitude for those favours; conscious of the excellence of the British constitution, in which your petitioner sees, with heartfelt satisfaction, his native country participating, under the late happy union effected by your majesty's paternal wisdom and affection; your petitioner approaches your majesty's throne at this auspicious moment, praying that your majesty will extend your royal clemency," &c. &c.

In the meantime, lord Clare, to whose influence Mr Rowan's friends mainly trusted, died, before the matter could be pressed with much confidence; and Mr Griffith, having gone over to London, met

with some discouragement from Mr Pelham. Some further correspondence followed, in which Mr Rowan himself took part. At last the question was discussed in the cabinet, with a favourable result; and his pardon was resolved on. And in the meantime, arrangements were made to permit his coming to England, which were communicated by Mr Steele and lord Castlereagh, from each of whom he received letters, which marked an active and friendly attention to his interests.

The king's warrant for his pardon and the regrant of his property, contained a stipulation to prevent his going to Ireland. As it was the opinion of lawyers that this pardon was informal, and that it should be passed under the great seal of Ireland; that his application should have been in the first instance made to the lord lieutenant; and that the pardon only secured his liberty in England; it was a great object to go over in order to plead his pardon, and have his outlawry reversed in the Irish courts. In obtaining this permission, he failed during the Addington administration; but on the change, he applied to lord Castlereagh, who showed every disposition to effect his wishes. The delays were productive of advantage; for in the interim he found interest to have the form of the pardon changed, and was permitted to reside in Ireland.

He went over to Ireland, and went through the proceedings necessary for the reversal of his outlawry. This being done by the usual forms, he was put to plead, on the original indictment for high treason: he pleaded the king's pardon; and this being allowed, he was discharged. These forms were concluded in a manner highly honourable to Mr Rowan, who, in a brief and eloquent address, expressed his sense of the clemency which had throughout been extended to himself and his family; and concluding, "Were I to be insensible of that clemency, I should indeed be an unworthy man. All are liable to error. The consequences have taught me deeply to regret the violences I then pursued. Under the circumstances in which I stand, were I to express all I feel on this subject, it might be attributed to base and unworthy motives," &c.

After this, Mr Rowan in a few days returned to London. He was warmly congratulated, and his political opponents were not backward in the cordial testimony of their satisfaction.

The remainder of his life does not belong to history; it was passed in the discharge of his duties as a kind and beneficent landlord, and in cultivating the relations of private and domestic life. He lived to the extremest date ordinarily assigned to man; and though his course was prosperous in the main, he had the affliction to survive his estimable wife, and his good and brave son, captain Gawin William Rowan Hamilton, who rose to the high rank he held in the British navy by courage and conduct. This gentleman distinguished himself in several actions and commands. In 1832 he resigned the command of the *Druid*, in consequence of delicate health. He only lived from this date two years, and died at his father's residence in August 1834, of water in the chest, leaving a son of sixteen to represent his father's family.

Mr Rowan died in 1834: his remains were placed in a vault in St Mary's church.

Sir Laurence Parsons, Earl of Rosse.

BORN, 1758.—DIED, 1841.

WE have already had occasion to notice the origin of the family of Parsons in Ireland. William Parsons, lord justice of Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, died, leaving a son, through whom his estates were transmitted to his posterity for four succeeding generations. His grandson was elevated to the peerage, as baron Oxmantown and viscount Rosse. The next descendant was advanced to the earldom; but the next, Richard, second earl of Rosse, died without issue, when all the honours expired, and the representation of the family passed into another branch.

Laurence Parsons, the brother of the lord justice, was joined with him as supervisor of the crown lands in Ireland. He had been appointed attorney-general for Munster, and was also made one of the barons of the exchequer. The third successor in descent from this gentleman, Laurence of Birr Castle, was made a baronet: the fourth in descent from him, or the third baronet, had two sons, William, the elder, who succeeded as fourth baronet, and Laurence, who was elevated to the peerage in 1792, under the titles of baron Oxmantown, and afterwards viscount Oxmantown and earl of Rosse; the first and last of which titles were limited in reversion to the son of his elder brother, William, who had become the representative of the elder branch in 1764, by the death of the last direct representative. The person to whom we have thus traced down was the eldest son of Sir William, fourth baronet, and elder brother to the earl. He was born in 1758, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1791.

In the lifetime of his uncle he took an active part in politics. He was very much distinguished for his high independence, his firmness and temperance in opposition, and a style of eloquence of the best quality,—in which respect he was little, if anything, inferior to the most eminent public speakers of his day. His style was not, however, of that peculiar kind which distinguished the popular orators of his country, nor did he carry his popular opinions to that extreme which was necessary to obtain the applause of the multitude in that period, when nothing short of extravagance could satisfy the excited ear of a public inebriated with the lees of American and French democracy. Yet it may confidently be affirmed, that he was not inferior to any other orator of the Irish parliament, if regard be had to the standard qualities of clear reason, and an easy, unencumbered, and forcible style. Some of the most respected men of that day have been much indebted to the favour of the public. The support of popular views has always conferred a species of distinction, which has been, in some measure, the result of its effects on the public mind; and in some, of the false taste which once prevailed. Something also is, in strictness, to be allowed for the facility of appeals to vulgar passions and of amplifying on vulgar prejudices. Sir Laurence derived aid or reputation from none of these tinsel qualifications. He

neither adhered to corrupt administrations, nor flattered the delusions of a rude and ignorant populace, nor lent himself to the turbulent and ambitious captiousness of shallow demagogues. Of the public men of his day in Ireland, not one approached nearer to the wisdom of the statesman, in either party; certainly in his own, none so near. Whether he was right or not in his opposition to the relief bill in 1792, one thing is certain, he clearly and forcibly, in one of the ablest addresses which we recollect to have read, predicted its remote effects. He did not fear any evil from the relaxation of the penal enactments, so far as the gentry and nobility of the church of Rome were directly the subject; but he saw that the Irish peasantry were, on every account, then unfit to be trusted with power. He saw that it would have simply the effect to hand over so much power to the demagogues and to the papal cabinet. This he saw in the exceeding ignorance of the populace, and their entire subserviency to those who flattered their passions or governed their superstitions. He clearly perceived the infatuation of attributing any weight to the idea of conciliation—a notion not merely absurd from the mistake it involves, but the moral assumption of injustice it so strongly implies in principle. Conciliation is so much the cant of shallow policy, that it is worth a few remarks.—It is a principle highly applicable only in the transactions of private life, and with regard to individuals. In such cases it is an appeal to affections and sentiments, to gratitude, or to some such sense of personal obligation. Considering men, however, in their aggregate state, such sentiments have but a slight and transitory hold; they can be awakened in the collected multitude by the sympathetic excitements to which crowds are subject. But multitudes acquire all their deliberate sentiments by separate processes, and in their component individuals. The individual acknowledges, in his sober moments, but a small part of the obligation of his country. Much of it he cannot comprehend: little of it affects himself, and that little, remotely. The public impression, however strong, is but an ebullition, and, supposing it the deepest, would quickly subside: its permanent effect would be an evanescent quantity. So far is one, and but one, part of a complex error: *so far* the only reasonable question as to conciliation should be, will those who govern the will of the multitude be contented, and allow the people to be quiet. For, in unenlightened times and nations, the most grateful multitude will change at the first breath of the trumpet of discontent. Another fact should not be wholly disregarded, that concessions have ever been, and will ever be (and not quite untruly), attributed to fear—that thus they offer no reason for gratitude, and much reason for increased exaction. It was this mistake that mainly overturned the Roman empire. But the doctrine, as we have said, implies gross wrong:—why should that which justice demands be granted from the cowardly and unphilosophic principle of conciliation? And surely this exceedingly obvious principle must itself be too quickly suggested not to neutralise the boon—surely it must ever be understood that it is something that demands no thanks, but may call for contempt. We would gladly blot out the frivolous word that implies concession from fear, or denial from injustice, for ever from

the doctrines of statesmen. Such was the sense of Sir Laurence Parsons: he bade the house of commons grant the projected immunities, if they thought them matter of right; but he warned them as to what the consequences would surely be. He told them that the power thus given would be used, without any reserve but that of a cautious policy, to attain an ascendancy fatal to the country and constitution. We should have made some extracts from this speech, by far the ablest of those delivered in the Irish Parliament, but that any specimen would do it wrong.

We find no very distinct records of his career, but the imperfect reports of his speeches in the Irish parliament. He was first member for the University, and afterwards for the King's County, of which he retained the representation, until the death of his uncle, in 1807.

When the question of the legislative union between England and Ireland was brought forward in the Irish parliament, he took the lead in opposition. It was twice debated in 1799, when the measure was rejected; and in 1800, when it was successfully introduced. On this latter occasion, Sir Laurence anticipated the intentions of the government, and introduced the subject in opposition to the address. He thus brought on a spirited and warm debate, the same in which Mr Grattan made his celebrated speech on that occasion.

Sir Laurence accused the minister of using corrupt means to effect his purpose; of "prostituting the prerogative of the crown, by appointing members to places, so as to *pack* parliament." He dwelt on the impropriety of bringing on the measure at a time of public disorder and alarm, when the country was covered with armies and terrified by martial law; and insisted that the project ought to be postponed to peaceful times, when the mind of the country should be free for determination; and on this point dexterously retorted his own reasonings, against reform in time of war, upon the British minister.

He dwelt on the probable consequence, that the 100 Irish members would become merged in the 600 members of the United Parliament—so that, virtually, there would be no representation for Ireland. He dwelt on the good actually done by the Irish parliament.

He observed with regret the disposition in Irishmen to look up to England, and down on their own country, as the means of encouraging the assaults of the British minister.

With far more reason, Sir Laurence urged the mischiefs which were likely to be produced by the increase of absenteeism consequent on such a measure. He ended by moving an amendment upon the address. He was replied to by lord Castlereagh, and supported by lord Cole, Mr John Claudius Beresford, Right Hon. G. Ogle, and Mr Grattan.

We do not further enter upon the history of this debate, as the topic must recur in other memoirs.

In 1787 Sir Laurence was married to Miss Lloyd of Gloster, in the King's County. In 1802 he had the misfortune to lose a son, whom he commemorates in affecting terms in a work published many years after.

In 1807 he succeeded to the earldom of Rosse. It is now several

years since we recollect to have read with much pleasure a work written by him, having reference to the evidences of revealed religion. Not happening to possess the book, we cannot, at this moment, recall more precisely its purport. But we have a very clear recollection of the impression which its statements then made on us and on others, of eloquence, right intent, and an effective and agreeable style, combined with the evidences of studies which are the best comfort, ornament, and occupation of the leisure, and of the declining years of those who have the reputation and ability to be the leading men of their time.

We have also to mention a small volume, of the highest merit and ability, written by his lordship in the earlier period of his life, on the bequest of Henry Flood, in which he enforces with rare ability the importance of Irish antiquities.

The earl died in 1841.

George, Count de Browne.

DIED, 1792.

THIS eminent soldier was an Irish officer in the Russian service, who conducted himself so nobly on several occasions, that he obtained the government of Livonia, and was made a count of the empire. After governing Livonia for thirty years, his resignation was refused by the empress Catharine II., who answered, "Death alone shall part us." He was an immediate descendant from the Brownes of Moyne, in the county of Mayo.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

BORN A. D. 1763.—DIED A. D. 1798.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD was the fifth son of James, the twentieth earl of Kildare, afterwards first duke of Leinster. His mother was daughter of the second duke of Richmond. After his father's death, the duchess was again married to Mr William Ogilvie, a gentleman of ancient and respectable Scottish descent. Lord Edward, being at the time of this marriage very young, thus fell under the care of his stepfather, who treated him with great affection and tenderness, and brought him up with a view to the military profession.

Concerning the particulars of his early education, there is nothing of any importance to mention. Though eminently gifted with some intellectual endowments of a very high order, they were little developed by education. It is, however, evident that he was brought up in virtue and religion; and that his strong natural affections were cultivated in a very eminent degree. In such sense as the terms can be applied to human creatures, and to an extent in which they can be predicated of few, this amiable but hapless young nobleman was pure and overflowing with goodness; he was possessed of taste, imagination, and enthu-

siasm; but his habits of observation were more subservient to these qualities than to reflection or common sense; and when his enthusiasm, passions, and even his virtues, came into the sphere of a false but high-sounding philosophy, his noble but unguarded spirit became entangled in the illusions, and fell a victim to the crime and folly of darker spirits. So sweet and refined, so kindly and humane, appear all his notions, and so sad and fatal was the course of error into which he was led astray, that even the widely destructive and desolating principles to which he fell a martyr are lost sight of for a moment in the pain of such a fall, and the sad fate of such a spirit.

In his eighteenth year, lord Edward obtained a lieutenancy in the 96th regiment of infantry. From this he exchanged into the 19th, with which he sailed for America. We shall not enter on the history of this campaign; but must not omit the highly honourable testimony of Sir John Doyle:—"I never knew so loveable a person; and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression."

In 1783 he returned home: his brother sent him into the Irish parliament, in the proceedings of which his name hardly happens to occur. With his brother, and the party to which his family had uniformly belonged, he was always on the side of opposition.

But the taste for military life, and a native love of adventure, seems to have had possession of his breast; the dull routines of civil life wearied his romantic and buoyant temper; he could not find interest in political proceedings, which exercised none of his intellectual powers or moral passions; his field was the ocean and the unknown land; and it may be easily felt how he must have burned for activity. He gave himself for a time to the study of his profession; visited Spain; and finally joined his regiment in Nova Scotia.

He had formed more than one attachment, and met with an early disappointment: it appears that the young lady's family had objected to him on the score of fortune. The origin of his republican notions is attributed by his biographer to this. The links of such a process are obvious enough; indeed it is easy to perceive, that when the republican mania was going, his was not the mind to repel it: it cannot, however, escape attention, that, in characters of an ardent and active temper, such an incident, must have had a powerful influence, and may have helped for a time to govern and modify his thoughts; and we may at least well conceive the stirring campaign, or the adventurous voyage, to have been the chosen resources against the fret and impatience of disappointment.

Under these circumstances, the many strong, and the more numerous evanescent ties by which human feelings are bound to society, may well be conceived to have fallen loose from lord Edward, when he found himself under the fascination of nature in new, wild, and adventurous scenes, among the boundless forests and prairies of the new world. Every one who is endowed with a spark of the imaginative part of our intellectual nature, and who has ever felt the impulses proceeding from the overflow of youthful life, will readily seize the inspiring effect of such situations. They are common to many; but in this particular instance they constituted and for ever

modified the character of the man. It was a combination of incidents and influences specially adapted to a nature, which, to the last year of his life, was remarkable for its freshness and youthfulness of spirit. To such a temper there must have been something highly congenial in scenes attractive to every nature; it was, if we may be permitted to use a bold but not unsuitable figure—it was as a recommencement of the wonder and admiration of his infant years. Here seemed the reality of nature—pure—unincumbered with the restraints—free from the low desires—unfettered by the dull usages—undisturbed by the cankering disappointment and anxieties—uncontaminated by the vices of social life. Here the charm of independence, and of the primitive simplicity of savage life, first caught hold of a mind constituted for their reception. There was no complex system of relations with social life, such as in the course of a few years arises from man's commercial or civil character, and from the thirst for gain or power, to counteract these influences: nor were the reason, the analyzing and comparing powers, brought strongly to bear on them by any previous discipline, either from experience or study. Lord Edward caught the flame of enthusiasm from the associations of this interval of his life. He did not, as some in whom the speculative faculties were uppermost have done, build wild theories inconsistent with social life; but he became fitted for their reception. If we are asked, upon what evidence we would assign such workings to the influence of the circumstances here implied, we answer, that we would, if necessary, rest on the testimony of his letters, of which many have been published by Mr Moore. We have dwelt at so much length on the impression which their perusal has made, because it is not in our power to give them as extracts. They indicate in *effect*, all that we have attempted to place before the reader in the form of inference. The poetic powers of lord Edward, though, we presume, quite uncultivated, seem to have been of a very high order; and though his talented biographer has, in some instances, noticed the effect of this, we think that he does not sufficiently allow for the fact. We have often felt that the poetry which is wrought into some structure of language, is far inferior to the internal poetry of thought, feeling, and action, which constitutes a great part of the poet's existence. A man may, by a combination of but ordinary faculties, acquire the skill of dressing out a very scanty modicum of fancy into effective verse: the artifices of composition are themselves a science, and have a charm. But there is a deep, in-born, and seemingly inexhaustible lightspring of bright creations of imagination, fancy, or feeling, in the genuine poet, that infuses its sunshine through every particle of the mind—its sunshine or its gloom,—and lights up or overshadows the existence of the man, though he may never have turned a stanza, or dallied with the fetters of rhyme. In a word, we speak not of a paltry art, but of a high and powerful state of soul—an influence which we can best describe in the language of an Irish poet, with whom, we trust, the reader is acquainted:—

“ Hast thou beheld the obedient march of waves,
 The appointed flow, the regulated fall,
 The rise and lapse alternate? Even as soon
 Shall they rebel against the silent maid

Who walks in joy among the company
 Of Stars, and smiles enchantment on the deep,
 As poet struggle with the awful power
 That wakes the slumbering spirit into song,
 Or man forbid the soul to undulate
 Through all its depths, what time the breath of heaven
 Waves o'er the darkness."—ANSTER.

Some more special notion must, however, be desired, of the influences of which we speak, on lord Edward. In a letter to his mother, he writes—"You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods as well in winter as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house." Speaking in the same letter of an excursion, he goes on—"I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions, when one awakens, perhaps, in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest—all your companions snoring about you—the moon shining through the trees—the burning of the fire—in short everything strikes you."

It may be conceived how deeply such a spirit must have been captivated by the attractions of savage life; and so it was. He frequently expressed his delight at the simplicity of their modes of life, and at their primitive equality. He entered with ardour into their forest pursuits of game, and was even adopted into one of their tribes. In one of his letters, he says—"The equality of everybody, and their manner of life, I like very much," &c.; and he frequently dwells with pleasure on the same thought. Thus, in brief, was his nature moulded. That he thus arrived at the actual formation of any of those anti-social theories which have been worked out by the shallow ingenuity of half-crazed philosophy, we should not be inclined to admit. But it must be remembered, that of these theories, some are illusions native to the mind, the triteness of which has been put out of sight by the eloquence or ingenuity of their advocates. That such notions should offer themselves very strongly under the precise peculiar circumstances, we would look upon as a matter of course: the paradox of Rousseau is conjured up in a different form by Shakspeare in the forest of Ardenes; under every approach to similarity of circumstance, the same vision will arise; it is the deepest aspiration of old human nature. With these remarks we shall quote Mr Moore, who says—"The conclusions drawn by lord Edward in favour of savage life, from the premises, thus half-truly, half-fancifully drawn by him, much of the colouring which he gave to the picture being itself borrowed from civilization, had already, it is well known, been arrived at, through all the mazes of ingenious reasoning by Rousseau; and it is not a little curious to observe how the very same paradox which the philosopher adopted in the spirit of defiance and vanity, a heart overflowing with affection and disappointment, conducted the young lover." For the causes here assigned, we have made some allowance—not much. We think that Mr Moore overrates their effect, as we suspect he also does their intensity and duration. We do not think that lord Edward was one to be so permanently affected at that period of his life by the tender passion, or that the sentiment of disappointment could be retained and carried into the forests of America by a heart so overflowing with youthful life, and all its varied and buoyant emotions. Love, and all its gay

and sad changes of romance, are certainly dear to the young breast; when not in actual operation, they are the favourite playthings of sentiment, and so far we can imagine the romantic wanderer to have courted the influence of such melancholy dreams; but it requires no casual state of emotion to suggest and recommend the fascinating dream of savage life. There never was a poet (unless Mr Moore claims to be an exception,) who has not dreamed it: nor to those who have the good fortune to be altogether exempt from such wild imaginings, will this tendency be quite unintelligible. It is, in fact, the intuitive impulse of the natural man—the conception suggested by all the passions, but modified by the acquired tendencies of civilization; and, looking at Rousseau, he displays, indeed, one of the many curious examples of what has often occurred in philosophy—the employment of much subtilty in coming round by a circuitous way on common and superficial illusions.

In lord Edward's mind, tastes, enjoyments, and natural instincts, keenly called forth and imparted all that Rousseau's philosophy hallucinated. There was, meantime, preparing in Europe a social phase of moral and intellectual delirium; a derangement of the structure of civilization, which bore a most unhappy affinity to the speculations of the hunter of the American woods.

Before we follow lord Edward into Europe, we must not neglect to observe, that, among the charms of his most delightful letters,—among the most interesting we ever remember to have read,—one principal attraction is the beautiful sentiment of filial piety that is diffused through them. The image of his mother seems ever present to his thoughts, and is called up by every scene that gives him pain or pleasure. Whenever he is animated with the noble emotions which every situation from the heart of savage nature to the thronged military rock of Gibraltar was sure to awaken, the overflow of filial love escapes in some exclamation of “fond endearment,” that cannot be read without a starting tear. One of those effusions we extract for the picture it gives, and the incidental sketch of home life: “I long for a little walk, with you leaning on me—or to have a long walk with you, sitting on some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, looking at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time.”

But we have loitered beyond our space in this portion of his life—partly, indeed, because justice requires that his character should be set in the true light, as an amiable enthusiast, whose virtues were those of a fine mind and lofty nature, and whose faults were the result of virtues turned astray.

On his return to Europe, lord Edward was introduced to Mr Pitt. Mr Pitt must have quickly seen that he was not likely to find in him a very important or very certain accession to his strength; and London was, at the time, for one so predisposed, as dangerous as Paris. In the society of Fox and Sheridan, Mr Moore represents him as drawing new and deep draughts of the philosophy of republicanism. In these gentlemen “he found those political principles to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his
and imagination, by all the splendid sanctions with which

genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good fellowship, could invest them."

From London he went to Paris, in the autumn of 1792. It was a time when the great movement of the revolution had fully set in, and already given sufficient indications for the mind of Burke of what it was likely to grow to. The unhappy Louis was only not yet murdered—the south was filled with massacre—the empire of pikes had been proclaimed and established—the goddess of reason was worshipped—and the Jacobins were reaching their dreadful ascendancy: all was menace and murder; but they were wreathed with flowers, marched to music, and revelled in the strains of love and peace—liberty, equality, and the regeneration of mankind. The theory which the woods of America had conceived, which the eloquence of Fox had ushered into birth, the theatrical *prestige* of French taste displayed in its specious proportions. The enthusiastic stranger failed to be impressed with the tiger features, or the sparkle of the assassin's knife beneath the tragi-comic robe, or the blood that dropped from its folds; he heard but the philosophy of the forest—the Arcadian vision was native to his heart; their cant was as the echo of the free woods. The splendid and imposing exhibitions, which, in a more advanced stage, "drew iron tears" from the bucaniering sympathy of Mr Tone, gave also a strong military impulse to a higher heart.

But the influence of these new impressions was heightened by a stronger and purer influence. He became acquainted with a young lady whose birth is yet involved in some degree of mystery, though she was understood, and it has since been pronounced truly, to be the daughter of the duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis. With this lady he fell in love, was accepted, and married. It is to be presumed that the daughter of Egalité was not unversed in the philosophy of the revolutionary *salons*, and that the expansive spirit of latitudinarian benevolence became exalted and charmed by that purer passion which throws its own peculiar grace on everything. Whatever be the cause of the change (which, it must be confessed, was not much), his lordship grew thoroughly, and, it must be said, absurdly imbued with the mania of liberalism. We use a modern word; for it is now but a word for the same disease in another form: the acute disorder has taken a slower form and is become chronic. The fundamental maxims which are now occasionally adverted to, cautiously, and remotely, and timorously inferred from, by coolheaded Englishmen, who would not dare to follow them out to their consequences, were then sincerely and madly embraced, and carried to their legitimate (we cannot say *lawful*) consequences. We find lord Edward, whose heart and imagination absorbed the whole man, writing as follows: "In the coffee-houses and playhouses, every man calls the other comrade, frère,—and with a stranger he immediately begins: "Oh, nous sommes tous frères, tous hommes,—nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde." Such language was the spell which called up, and seemed to embody in flesh and blood the sublime and lofty genius of the American prairie. It won upon his imagination and his affections, and lured him, by his very goodness and benevolence, from the path of honour and of safety.

On a fatal day, at a public dinner given by the English in Paris, in honour of the French victories, lord Edward proclaimed himself a convert to the doctrine contained in the foregoing pithy description, flung off his allegiance, and his civil and military rank, and adopted the title of "le Citoyen Edward Fitzgerald." His dismissal from the king's service followed as a matter of course. Inquiry was considerably spared—it was unnecessary, and could only serve to throw a stain. The hope was entertained that his dream would have a waking, and that he might quietly fall back into the path of sobriety. Mr Gordon, the only historian of this period of Irish history, has hazarded some strictures on the treatment of that offence; in answer to which it will be enough to observe, that though it cannot be denied that lenity and conciliation may, as Mr Gordon assumes, have better effects as regards the individual offender; yet, in all such cases, this must be but a secondary consideration. The English government was engaged in a strenuous combat with the disorganizing principles of the revolution; and were it not so, the conduct of lord Edward could not, under any circumstances, be passed over without prejudice to the principle of discipline. It would, indeed, be an unfortunate handle for reproach, that would have been soon enough seized by those who have censured the opposite conduct; for by what law of equal rights could lord Edward have been connived at, and any subaltern in the king's pay been permitted to breathe sedition?

Lord Edward did not complain—beyond the limits of the mania by which he was impelled, his common sense was too just: he was not subject to those vindictive affections which so commonly warp the sense of factious men. He was decided in his elected course by every sentiment that binds strong spirits: the habits of his mind; all he had learned of political opinion; the connexions he had formed; in brief, the air he breathed was the wildest republicanism—the very negation and defiance of social institution. No strong grasp of reason restrained him from the too sincere adoption of those conclusions which he drew from the fallacies of profounder men. He was no more than Grattan would be, or even Fox, if they fairly followed out the principles so often implied, and so often announced in their inflammatory speeches. By the severest logic it would, indeed, be an easy task to work out all his errors from the speeches of the soberest of the liberal school. But this is a truth to which we mean to revert.

We have already traced the early rise and spread of republicanism in Ireland. It was widely diffused under various pretexts, and insinuated into the popular spirit in the vehicle of some real and many pretended or spurious grievances; and was far advanced in its progress when lord Edward arrived in Ireland.

His first return to his native land, and into the circle of his friends and connexions, may well be supposed to have been guarded by more wholesome associations and influences than those with which he had for some time been surrounded. His family ties, and still more the tie he had so recently formed, strongly tended to direct him into the quiet courses and enjoyments of domestic life. During this time there may have been a considerable interval, in which he was

becoming acquainted with the actual state of things in Ireland. The conspiracy of the United Irishmen, though very generally and even precisely apprehended in every circle, was yet not correctly identified in any of its secret springs. It spoke, as usual, an equivocal language, and was sanctioned by the countenance of some good, but not clear-sighted, men.

In this interval he enjoyed all that home-felicity for which his nature was so pre-eminently constituted. His lively affections spread sunshine over his roof and around his path; his simple tastes and spirit, free from the bonds of social convention, ensured and preserved for him those true and pure delights which nature only can bestow, and bestows on so few. The history of this interval is illustrated by letters chiefly written to his mother. They breathe all that is kindly and noble in our purest and highest conceptions of the human character. But such pictures of life cannot easily be preserved in the narrow space we have at our command—the commonplaces of human happiness and misery convey little, however varied; and such representations can only be conveyed in the minute incidents which distinguish one life from another. Though such happiness as we should have to describe may not be the lot of many, it is that state which is nearest to the heart, and is easiest conceived by all. From these letters we may select a passage or two.—In October, 1794, his lordship was yet reposing over the concealed earthquake in which his happy home was to be shaken down for ever. He writes, in this month, to his “dearest mother”—the confidential recipient of all his emotions:—“The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am. . . . Dear mother, how you would love it [his infant]! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother’s arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.” One more little picture must stand here for many of the same character and force. Describing his little place in Kildare, he says—“I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweetbriar, honeysuckles, and Spanish-broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam. and child, of a blustering evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book,—coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled, flower-beds and plants covered for fear of frost, the place looking comfortable and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother,” &c. This letter was written in 1794.

The United Irishmen had been several years slowly, but effectively, undermining the government, and cementing the prejudices and passions, the distresses, and the vices, of the populace into a dark tissue of infatuation, to serve their purpose, when they were joined by lord Edward, in 1794, or, as some writers state, two years later. He brought with him some military science

and talent, but no great prudence; but he possessed one quality which does not appear to have been much among their gifts—a bold and decisive spirit, which was likely to awaken and sustain the real movements of insurrection. This is not the place in which we can conveniently re-enter upon the difficult, delicate, and complicated proceedings of this particular period: as, in point of fact, no statement connected with Irish politics can be simply made, we can only avoid the discussion of facts involved in conflicting statements, and obscured by an incrustation of party prejudices and fallacies, by cutting short the narration. An outline of this portion of history has been offered in the account of Mr Tone: some further notices shall be offered in another.

It will here suffice, for the purpose of the present memoir, to mention, that at the period of lord Edward's accession to the conspiracy of the United Irishmen, it had not only attained a very mature form, but had acquired a vast increase of impulse from the hopes of a French invasion. Lord Edward, with Mr Arthur O'Connor, undertook to go to France, for the purpose of opening a direct communication between the "Irish Executive" and the Directory. In the previous year a Mr Lewines, a Dublin attorney, had been sent to Paris; and the result was, a proposal of the mission of some agent of rank, accredited by the leaders of the body. In consequence, these gentlemen now repaired to Hamburgh, and from Hamburgh into Switzerland. At Basle it appears to have been arranged, that Mr O'Connor should proceed alone to meet the French authority, as lord Edward's connexion with the house of Orleans might cause suspicion as to the object of such a meeting. Accordingly Mr O'Connor went forward, and had an interview with Hoche, in which the general project of an invasion is supposed to have been adjusted. Some of the results have been stated. Hoche's expedition took place shortly after, in the same year.

This incident was not, of course, wanting to alarm the government; and measures of a very stringent nature were resorted to for the preservation of the country. The danger was urgent; its full extent perfectly apprehended; but such was the complete organization of a society of which concealment was a main object, that, as Mr Moore justly states, there had now "elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion, under their very eyes, without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power." This *desideratum* was providentially supplied by what seems to have been the accidental indiscretion of Mr Thomas Reynolds, a mercer of Dublin. He was concerned in some pecuniary transaction connected with some lands near Castle Jordan, in the county of Meath, and was travelling with Mr Cope to receive possession of these lands. On this occasion he disclosed the particulars of the entire plot. There are different accounts of this incident; but it is yet doubtful whether Reynolds was actuated by conscientious and honourable, or by sordid and treacherous motives. As we can best understand the manner of the disclosure, it seems to have commenced in the natural garrulity of Reynolds—he could not resist the cravings of self-important vanity; and in clumsily displaying his sagacity and political information, he pro-

bably dropped hints which roused the curiosity, and sharpened the attention of Mr Cope; who, by a little cautious cross-questioning, or perhaps by opposition—which, since the days of the Pylian sage, has been a good screw for secrets—drew out enough to make Reynolds feel himself committed. According to the account given by Mr Madden, Cope made indirect proposals of reward; on which Reynolds revealed the whole, and was prevailed upon to take the only course which was consistent with safety, after such a communication; and the government was at last put in possession of the requisite information. The memory of Mr Reynolds has been ever since in bad odour among Irishmen—we have no great interest in his defence. If the matter was according to our construction, his worst fault was indiscretion; if not, it is evident that he was wanting in the “thieves honour” of a conspiracy; but the crime, which prevented a worse, and saved the country from a deluge of its best blood, may be allowed to pass with at least as much indulgence as we have shown to the buccaniering enterprise—the vindictive, plundering, and confiscating patriotism of Wolfe Tone. But what we wanted to observe is this—the very curious abhorrence of the “informer,” which is deeply marked in the character of the lower classes of the Irish people. It would seem to have a peculiar connexion with habits. It may be traced, it is true, to a very ancient origin: it seems to be the proper and natural result of a conspiracy and crime, in whatever shape; and to be no less than the *self-protecting principle* applied to vicious and criminal combinations—the *virtue* of the assassin, the thief, and the conspirator. In this point of view, it is a matter of curious contemplation to observe the deep hold which this strange point of honour possesses of those classes and communities which are most habitually conversant in criminal combination—the smuggler, the bandit, the conspirator. Were we to adopt lord Bacon’s method of classifying human prejudices, we might call it an “idol” of the den. But leaving this consideration, and looking to the essential principle—the moral character of the act; it is, in truth, evident—and ought not to be left unsaid—the motives alone must constitute the essence of such a character. We must not allow of evil, that good may come; and though assuredly the fidelity of a cut-throat or a swindler is more allied to evil than his repentance, yet we must allow that such a repentance as is here supposed may be itself a result of the most sordid vices.—We ought, after casting such a balance, to confess that, from all the circumstances, we do not think very highly of the honour or honesty of Reynolds; though we cannot assent to the peculiar language with which he is commonly mentioned. We freely admit that the disposition which induces an individual to turn informer against those in whose aims he *is himself* implicated, is most likely to be a bad quality; it is, indeed, that providential countercheck in the moral system against comprehensive schemes of villany—the conspiracy of the evil is counteracted (in many ways,) by its own inherent nature: it would be absurd to look for high motives among the vicious or the false. The popular fallacy, however, goes something farther,—it attaches an odium to the authority that uses such a resource. This fallacy is more especially to be found wherever the people have imperfect notions of right and wrong; and

it has always more especially been observable in this country, where it has been encouraged by the use which has been so largely made of the popular mind for the purposes of agitation.—In this latter form, it is not necessary to expose such a notion; it too obviously implies a conventional etiquette or point of honour between the law and the offence—the crown and the traitor—which has only to be put into a distinct form to resolve itself into a mere joke. The obvious design of this work must be taken as the proper excuse for these remarks: every step we advance in the history of the latter part of the eighteenth century is clouded with gross misrepresentations, and the prejudice into which in course of time they have become fixed as a portion of the Irish public mind.

To return,—Mr Reynolds, having committed himself as described, was prevailed on by Mr Cope to endeavour to retract and extricate himself from the conspiracy, and to give him information from time to time of its proceedings. A meeting of the delegates was soon to meet (12th of March,) at the house of a Mr Oliver Bond; and of this Mr Cope gave information to the government.

On the appointed day, Mr Bond's house was visited by the police magistrates, and fourteen of the conspirators were apprehended. Dr M'Nevin and Mr Thomas Emmet were apprehended at the same time, and several others.

Lord Edward alone escaped. A separate warrant had been issued for his arrest, of which he received notice from a faithful servant, as he entered his brother's mansion in Kildare Street. Mr Moore, with great justice, regrets the circumstance of his having happened not to be taken with the others, as it seems indeed a matter of course that his life would have thus been preserved with theirs. But it seems still more unfortunate, that the high enthusiasm of this young nobleman did not allow him to pause in his determinations, and more discriminately reflect on the precise position in which he was thus placed. Instead of this, he resolved on pushing the preparations, already far advanced, to the issue of arms.

The government, as we shall more fully detail hereafter, adopted measures the most vigorous, though not more so than the emergency required; and by the very natural effect of such measures, the disaffected classes were rendered impatient and irritated. This irritation was increased by the imprudent and most reprehensible declamations of opposition members of parliament—criminal lawyers—and public journals; of whom some (like Mr Grattan,) were ignorant of the real state of Ireland,—others (like Mr Curran,) felt a strong habitual sympathy with the popular passion,—others, again, (like all the popular journalists,) only thought of their faction. Lord Edward was now the sole head of the approaching insurrection; and while the insurrectionary classes looked to him with anxious solicitude, the officers of justice were no less earnestly engaged in endeavouring to discover his place of concealment.

He remained for a month concealed in the house of a widow lady; from whence, it being necessary for the purposes in which he was engaged, he removed to the house of a Mr Murphy, a featherman, in Thomas Street. Still he might have saved himself. Lord Clare,

actuated by strong commiseration for one so much to be pitied, and so deeply misled, intimated his desire that he should make his escape, and that the ports should be open to facilitate it; but lord Edward's courage, and his zeal in what he looked on as a noble enterprise, spurned at escape, save through the path of triumph. But his daring indiscretion rendered long concealment impossible in his present abode; and he removed to a Mr Cormick's, another person in the same line of trade, where he may in a manner be said to have kept an open house for the confederates of his enterprise. It was decided that the banner of rebellion should be raised in the province of Leinster, in the end of May. And every day his discovery became more and more an object of the utmost importance. On the 11th of May, a reward of £1000 was proclaimed for his apprehension. This decisive act gave new impulse to the conspirators; and the 23d of May was fixed for a general rising through the kingdom.

On the 17th, information was received that he was to pass guarded from Thomas Street to Usher's Island, and major Sirr, with Messrs Ryan and Emerson, heading a strong party, proceeded to that quarter—"and there being two different ways (either Watling-street or Dirty-lane,) by which the expected party might come, he [major Sirr,] divided his force, so as to intercept them by either road. A similar plan happening to be adopted by lord Edward's escort, there took place in each of these two streets, a conflict between the two parties; and major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life," &c.—One prisoner was taken, who imposed on them so adroitly by the assumption of ignorance, that he was let go in a few days, and turned out after to have been M'Cabe, one of the most notorious of the rebel party.—Lord Edward so far escaped. Next day, many slight incidents occurred which led him to suspect that he was watched—they are detailed at length by Mr Moore. He was conducted back to Murphy's by Mrs Murphy.

About mid-day, a sergeant-major with a party of soldiers passed by, and halted at Moore's, where he had been in the morning. This incident so plainly indicated information, that it was thought necessary to put him into some more secure concealment. Accordingly, a place was found among Mr Murphy's stores, where his lordship continued till dinner-time.

Mr Neilson had been parading the street during the day in a state of much excitement, and occasionally turned to ask Mr Murphy, as he passed, "Is he safe?"—"Look sharp!"—He was at last asked to meet lord Edward at dinner; and he, becoming free from apprehensions, came down to join the party.—After dinner, Mr Neilson suddenly retired, for some unknown reason; and, on quitting the house, left the door open behind him.* Lord Edward, being left alone, retired immediately

* This incident has given rise to suspicions affecting the character of Neilson. These are, however, unfounded in fact. Mr Madden mentions the following entry—"June 20th 1798, F. H. discovery of L. E. F. £1000;" from which it appears that the informer was somebody whose name was designated by these initials. He also mentions a train of circumstances which seems to fasten the imputation on a person named Hughes, one of the immediate attendants of lord Edward.

to his bed-room, when Mr Murphy, soon following, found him lying on the bed with his coat off. Very few minutes had passed from Neilson's departure; and Mr Murphy was just asking lord Edward if he would like some tea, when a trampling was heard on the stairs, and major Swan entered the room. What followed is thus related by Mr Moore:—"Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy described him, 'like a tiger' from the bed; on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then turning short round upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier who just then entered—'Take that fellow away.'—Almost at the same time, lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which it now appeared he had in the bed with him; and immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

"In the meantime, major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw within the room lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan—the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood; and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened as he was with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire; and aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him before he could be disarmed, or bound so as to prevent further mischief."

He was carried away in a sedan-chair to the castle, where his papers were examined and verified. From thence he was removed to Newgate. There he suffered much from his wound—perhaps more from the cruel and unnecessary exclusion (if truly stated,) of his nearest friends.

There remains a very circumstantial narrative of these incidents, written by Mr Murphy, of which we have made little use; because, by his own account, he was immediately removed from the scene of action; and also because his account is strongly tinged with very evident, but most excusable, feelings of irritation. We only advert to it because it differs slightly from that collected by Mr Moore.*

The government acted on this occasion, as on many others, with a severity which would, upon any principle of human nature but one, be inexplicable—the sense of dire emergency and the vindictive spirit which cannot fail to be sooner or later developed by fear and opposition. Lord Camden refused to permit the relations of the unhappy prisoner to have access to him; nor could he be induced to relent by the most affecting entreaties. Finding him inexorable, lady Louisa Conolly, the prisoner's aunt, had recourse to lord Clare. Lord Clare was entertaining a large party at dinner, and came to the door with his

* Madden's United Irishmen, vol. i, pp. 254, and seq.

napkin in his hand. He could not act in direct opposition to lord Camden; but he was so deeply moved by the entreaties of this noble lady, that, without his hat, or the slightest change of dress, he stepped at once into her carriage, and drove to the prison—introduced her to the prisoner's apartment, and remained with considerate patience for two hours, while she communicated with her dying nephew.

The scenes which occurred between lord Edward and some members of his family are extremely affecting. In pain of body, and deep distress of mind, a heavy sense of desolation and horror had crept over his feelings. Mrs Pakenham, who watched him with unwearied care, having learned that symptoms of a fatal kind had also set in, sent off an express for his brother Henry, and lady Louisa Conolly; from whose letter, as given by Mr Moore, the following extracts are taken:—"I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said, (what will never depart from my ears,) 'It is heaven to me to see you;' and shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round; and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland; but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'"

"Henry then took my place; and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting of a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.'" Lady Louisa then mentions a conversation in which she gave him some accounts of his wife and children. It did not proceed far before he showed signs of mental wandering. They left him with a promise to return next day. But within two hours and a-half he was dead.

The wounds of lord Edward are stated to have been slight, and insufficient to have caused his death. But there was a sad aggravation of circumstances. The incidents immediately preceding and connected with his capture, were of so shattering a nature, and so likely to shake and disorder a frame of mind and body so finely organized as that of lord Edward, ill and broken as he is described to have been for the previous fortnight, that we have no doubt that a severe illness must, at all events, have been the result. After his arrest, the agitation of his feelings, and the disorder of his nervous system, are indicated, by well-attested facts, to have been very great. A wound which, under more fortunate circumstances, would have been rapidly healed, was, as has sometimes been experienced in even slighter cases, affected by a morbid action, resulting from an entire derangement of the frame and its functions; and, accordingly, it is stated that mortification set in the day or two before his death. It was accompanied by fever and occasional paroxysms of strong delirium. If to any one this account should appear insufficient, we have to suggest a due consideration of the circumstances. The unfortunate young nobleman was under the immediate apprehension of an ignominious execution, horrible beyond all description to his high pride and sensibility. It was the same awful terror that has so often blanched the hair and

stamped the wrinkles of premature old age, in a few days upon the convict. Of these conjectures, a strong confirmation will be found in the narrative of Mr Moore, who mentions the effect produced on his lordship by the sounds from abroad, where preparations were in progress for the execution of another person.

One extract will complete our melancholy and most reluctant task. It conveys the most satisfactory incident by which the life of mortal man can be attended at its close. "I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout—and as late as yesterday evening got Mr Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ,—the subject picked out by himself,—and seemed much composed by it."

Such scenes, so told, will be read, as they have been transcribed, with a painful tension of the breast and a feeling too deep for comment. A heart more full of all the kindly affections, or more alive to the happiness they confer—a temper more free from degrading vice—or a spirit so heroic, will not often be presented by human record, in a situation so darkly and awfully contrasted with its proper nature and happier hopes.

It remains to give some account of the more immediate consequence of this tragic incident to the remaining members of the party thus deprived of their leaders.

Deprived of their leading men, the executive directory met in a state of perplexity, and not without serious apprehensions; but they easily saw that there remained no choice between hurrying on the insurrection or abandoning their accomplices to their fate. It was not, indeed, difficult for men intimately acquainted with the state of the people, to be aware that the wave of excitement had reached that point at which it must break. They issued orders, on the 23d of May, for a general rising of the people. Early on that day the colonels of the districts immediately surrounding Dublin met in Abbey Street, to receive orders from those who were commissioned to give them. Neilson, already mentioned in this memoir, was the principal acting person on this occasion. It is said by one who was not likely to be misinformed, that on this occasion he got drunk on his way to the directory; and instead of proceeding on his errand, he reeled off to the prison of lord Edward. He offered, according to some accounts, to force his way; but it is certain that he was arrested. He was well known to the jailer, having been for some time in the same prison. In the meantime he was expected at the directory, and much anxiety was felt. On learning what had occurred, they dispersed in hurry and dismay. This completed the disorganization of the party and their system. There remained an infuriated and widely-confederated populace, deprived of leading and command, but desperately bent on the venture to which their spirits and passions had been so long and so sedulously wound up.

Lord Edward left three children with his widow. On the 27th of July, 1798, a bill for his attainder was brought in by the attorney-general,—which passed after much discussion. The members of the Irish government are admitted, by adverse authorities, to have been reluctant on the occasion; but to have acted on the principle, that

examples of terror were necessary at the time. When the peace of the country had been settled, there was shown much disposition to repair the injury thus sustained by the family of the unfortunate young nobleman. As lord Edward had not been tried, there was much question as to the legality of the attainder. On this we cannot pretend to determine, but it seems inconsiderate. Had he been tried and convicted, the attainder would, we believe, be an immediate consequence, by the common law. The bill of attainder was not by law, but by an express act of the legislature, in strict conformity with the principle of law; and, therefore, quite constitutional. The treason was *confessed* by several acts, and not subject to any doubt. A bill of attainder would seem to be the precise remedy in such a case, for which the law falls short, though the *reason of the penalty remains*. We think that a mistake arises also from not clearly keeping in view the real principle of all legal penalties—not for the punishment of the individual, but to deter others from the offence.

But the point of justice being settled, it must be admitted that an attainder, in one respect, differs from most other penalties, inasmuch as it includes the innocent. This consequence has led to several modifications; and, above all, to the very cautious and humane administration of such a penalty. Nor can it be said that the case of lord Edward is remarkable as an exception. The disposition to reverse the attainder, was counteracted by the violent outbreak of Emmet's rebellion, in 1803, and by the agitated state of Ireland during the interval. The return of a general peace was the event for which the English government thought it prudent to wait; and this caused a longer delay than was anticipated. At length it came; and, in 1819, on the application of Mr Ogilvie, and by the kind efforts of the late earl of Liverpool, the attainder was at last reversed.

The estate of lord Edward had been sold under the foreclosure of a mortgage in chancery. It was purchased by Mr Ogilvie for the heirs; to whom it was restored, free from encumbrance.

Samuel Neilson.

BORN A. D. 1759.—DIED A. D. 1803.

It is alleged by Mr Madden, that Mr Neilson was "the originator" of the United Irish Club, as Mr Tone was the contriver and author of its organization.

The prominent part which he took in the events related in our previous volume, renders it fit to give some distinct account of him. In so doing, we must endeavour, so far as may be, to avoid re-entering too minutely into questions to which we have already devoted a considerable portion of our space. A few preliminary observations are necessary to this essential abridgment of our labours.

The reader who has perused the memoir which we have given of Mr Tone, may recollect that a very principal object which we have kept in view, through that memoir, has been to exhibit the fact, that there was, from the commencement of the United Irish Association, a

secret intent, concealed by a public and avowed pretext. Both have been, with sufficient fulness, traced and appreciated in these pages. The after statements by which the same delusion was attempted to be kept up, have also, to some extent, been exposed; and we shall yet come to their more deliberate exposure. With these remarks, we shall offer a summary account of the main incidents of Mr Neilson's life.

He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the north, and spent several of the earlier years of his life in some commercial business. The prevailing passion for politics, and the great interest of the critical events of the time, drew him, like others, into political movements, which then rapidly absorbed all other concerns in Ireland. He became proprietor of a public journal called the "Northern Star," which was the principal organ of that party out of which the United Club had its origin. The preliminary address of this paper, proposed parliamentary reform, as the chief object of its attention. But in strict accordance with the statements which we have already made, we have Mr Tone's authority for the assertion, that reform was in part regarded as a pretext; and in part, as a means to an end; and that this end was "to erect Ireland into a republic, independent of England."* The first number of this paper appeared 4th January, 1792. The particulars are very fully and minutely detailed by Mr Madden;† but we think it enough to state here, that it was set up by a subscription of wealthy merchants of Belfast, that Mr Neilson embarked £500 in the undertaking, and that the paper quickly acquired an extensive circulation, by his exertions. After some time, in 1794, he became sole proprietor of this paper. As it was the great channel for the publication of matter not altogether within the bounds of legal admissibility, it was occasionally the subject of expensive prosecutions, which soon induced the other proprietors to relinquish their shares, and finally compelled Mr Neilson to abandon his mercantile occupations. After many misfortunes of the same kind, brought on by the illegal and seditious character of his publication, it was finally suppressed in 1797, after having been a principal instrument of incalculable mischief to his country. Previous, however, to this last mentioned event, Mr Neilson himself had, with others of his confederates, been arrested, and committed to Newgate, on a charge of high treason. Mr Neilson's conduct upon the occasion was manly and creditable to him. It was such, at least, as in some measure to confirm our opinion that, however we must condemn his actions, and repel his principles, he considered himself as acting for the good of his country; and that he was elevated by a sense (however fallacious) of right. We say this here the more emphatically, as the views offered in these memoirs, of the conduct in which he was embarked, involve so much of crimination, that it becomes the more imperatively necessary to preserve all strictness of discrimination, in favour of those whom we are thus forced to censure. With this sense, we take the present occasion to express our opinion, that Mr Neilson was sincere,

* Life, Vol. I. p. 67.

† Madden's United Irishmen, Vol. II. p. 51; and Vol. III. p. 102.

honest, and disinterested; and that, although he acted under delusions too common at the time, he was one of those few whose patriotism was not a pretence, and a cloak for the concealment of faction, self-interestedness, or mere turbulence. We cannot afford space for the detail of such incidents; but the circumstances of Mr Neilson's arrest are extracted at length by Mr Madden (pp. 104, 105, vol. iii.), from the *Northern Star* of that date. It will here be enough to state, that he voluntarily surrendered himself to those who were authorized to arrest him, on the alleged ground that, having committed no offence, he had nothing to fear.

Among the points specially to be noticed on the occasion of this incident, there is one of seemingly small importance, on which we consider it most especially our duty to animadvert, because it constitutes an essential part of the uniform tinge of misrepresentation, against which it has been our chief care to guard. The narrators of the incidents of this period, in speaking of the conduct which the Irish administration found it necessary to observe with regard to their prisoners, describe it in general terms which seem to imply the most cruel as well as needless severities. When, however, the relation descends to particulars, they exhibit not only the utmost stretches of lenity and indulgence, but even a general laxity, which is not always so easy to justify; and which occasionally gives rise to consequences, such as to account for some instances of seemingly unaccountable strictness. Occasional harshness is indeed a necessary and unhappy consequence of all habits of undue relaxation. Now, in the instances immediately under consideration, some such causes are made quite apparent from Mr Madden's narrative: that there was a very imperfect and relaxed system of prison government; that the prisoners availed themselves of it, to a very remarkable extent; that thus their whole demeanour, as well as some occasional incidents, could not fail to awaken alarm and suspicion among the prison authorities; and that, in consequence, there was occasional recourse had to the employment of a formal strictness, which appeared capricious, and carried with it an appearance of exceeding the demands of the occasion, for this is the common effect of all relaxations of system; and lastly, that the complaints which accompany the narration of such formal acts of strictness, almost uniformly terminate in the admission of great indulgence and lenity; so that it is not easy to account for this inconsistency, until it is observed to be the result of a fallacious and most unfair habitual system of language, indiscriminately applied. Some instances of very rough and informal acts may, indeed, be traced in these narratives, which can only be excused by the sense of emergency and the ignorant zeal of the persons employed. These can, however, be in some measure accounted for, by the conduct of the prisoners themselves, as related in their own accounts. They contrived, with great dexterity, to defeat all the ordinary constraints of their prison, and to maintain a nearly unrestricted correspondence with their friends and confederates abroad. With this we find no fault; but we contend that it offered grounds to justify extraordinary precaution on the part of the government, and to excite considerable irritation among the subordinate agents with whom they were in per-

sonal communication. The prisoners were persons of considerable talent and courage, and were *known* to be connected with a wide-spread and formidable conspiracy; facts entirely overlooked by those who adopt in their defence an indignant tone of injured innocence, wholly inconsistent with these facts. The perverted and wrong-headed spirit in which these men saw everything, is indeed curiously illustrated by the mock-heroic petulance with which they are related to have resorted to the very forms of justice. Of this, some ludicrous instances may be found in Mr Madden's history. But it is not our intention to enter into any detail of the history of these individuals, whom the events of an agitated period have brought into a prominence to which they are not otherwise entitled. As the narrative of their misfortunes has been made the vehicle of much injustice, we have simply considered it as our duty to endeavour to rectify the false position in which their misdeeds and follies have been placed. We fully concur with Mr Madden in condemning the occasional instances of brutality in low officials, which he relates: we also have felt with him the deeply afflicting pictures of distress to which the imprisonment of these persons, who are the heroes of his narrative, gave rise. But we cannot approve of the invidious tone in which the tale is told. He does not seem to have reflected that these instances are but the common incidents of humanity; that cruelty and vice may be found acting on the side of justice and order; and that the bosom affections of life will assert themselves even in the sufferings of the lowest criminals. Mr Madden speaks of the sufferings of Neilson and his fellow-prisoners, as if they were those of innocent men, though he must know very well that the government were thoroughly aware of their guilt. He evidently assumes, that there ought to have been a strict adherence to those ordinary constitutional processes, which are not sufficient, and never were designed, for the state of emergency to which these persons had reduced the kingdom—a state which would well have warranted the most decided and summary courses that the precedents of history admit; and which, mainly considered, was met with a degree of moderation as well as firmness, not easily to be paralleled in such emergencies. The constitution would be feeble indeed, which could be swindled away by men as shallow and visionary as Neilson and his associates, under the very protection of those forms and constraints which were instituted mainly for its defence. It seems to be imputed as a serious offence on the part of those whose duty it was to protect the state, that they used the only available means for the detection of as dangerous a conspiracy as any which has been recorded in history. Who, but spies and informers, can, under the well-known circumstances, be found to give the necessary intelligence? But on this point, it is evident enough that the common fallacies of the criminal advocate—admissible in the discharge of his duty—are absurdly adopted by historians. We cannot enter on the task of answering perfect absurdities. It is curious enough to find grave and learned men seriously examining the proofs of *ascertained* offences, as if they were lawyers, by the application of tests and arguments which, even

when addressed to juries, have no effect, because they are manifestly inconclusive.

On the 22d February, 1798, Mr Neilson was liberated. If we are to adopt the grounds for this step, proposed by liberal historians, we would infer that it was in some measure to prevent disclosures, which, if prematurely made, would seriously embarrass the efforts of government to bring the details of the conspiracy to light. It is also probable that a false sense was attached to the declaration that Mr Neilson was innocent, made by Bird, a person who, having first agreed to give information, was seized with remorse, and escaped. It did not occur that Bird was probably not quite in the secret, and also that his notion of guilt may not have involved rebellion. On his liberation, Mr Neilson removed to the house of a Mr Sweetman, with whom he remained until the arrest of the principal leaders of the conspiracy at Bond's.

After this event, he again was induced to take a very active, and even violent part. His excuse, when afterwards questioned, was, that he had learned that he was again to be arrested—an apology of which we must doubt the candour, as it is not only inadequate, but essentially connected with the violation of the pledge on which he was liberated. However this may have been, he now exerted himself with great activity in filling up the vacancies left by these arrests. His habitual indiscretion quickly led him into the danger he pretended to have apprehended. He was actually proclaimed on the 22d of May, the day after the arrest of Henry and John Sheares. He planned an attack on Newgate, for the next day, for the liberation of lord E. Fitzgerald. He was taken while reconnoitering the prison, and his party in consequence dispersed. He is alleged to have received severe personal injuries on the occasion. The fact is not to be doubted, as the sincerity of Neilson is strongly attested, and still more forcibly confirmed by after circumstances. Yet it is to be observed, that the foulest imputations are brought forward against more respectable men, on far less grounds than those which have given rise to suspicions connected with Neilson's conduct at this time. We shall presently notice them, not for the purpose of crimination, for we acquit Neilson of the imputed wrongs,—but to illustrate the true nature of charges easily made, and often difficult to meet, which have been too largely dealt in by the party to which Neilson belonged.

Mr Neilson was the first proposer of that compromise with the government, by which himself and many of the other prisoners were spared, and afterwards liberated. It was suggested to him by his attorney. We have already mentioned the main particulars. The evidence given on the occasion by Mr Neilson, is subject to the same comments which we have already made on that of his fellow-prisoners.

During the negotiation which was carried on between the prisoners and the government, a very striking, and indeed singular, display of human perverseness and cunning ensued. The prisoners were making terms for their lives: they bargained to give certain information to the government, and formed the design to deceive the government in their communications. They simply viewed the contract as an occa-

sion to impress views favourable to their purposes, and to vindicate themselves. Their examinations (as published by themselves) were plainly a contest of advocacy. Nevertheless, they manifested a bold and defying front, and exercised a petulance of temper, which would be astonishing, if we were not to consider that, when they had secured their lives, there was nothing further to fear; that is, nothing at once apparent. There was, however, in their evidence, nearly as much inadvertence as craft and dissimulation. They let fall inconsistencies and strong admissions, in the shape of opinions; and, on the whole, displayed a temper and tone of character, which could not fail to awaken strong distrust.

While such was the position in which they stood, circumstances arose in which it appeared unsafe to liberate them unreservedly. The conduct of Mr Tone had made it quite apparent, what consequences were to be expected from sending out some dozen missionaries of Irish conspiracy to guide French expeditions to our shores. To the administration it became apparent, that it was inconsistent with their own notions of public safety. They acted on a principle of public duty, (perhaps a mistaken one,) when they determined to qualify the terms into which they had entered with the prisoners. These, on their part, displayed the temper which was to be expected, and for which it is easy to excuse them. They were subjected to a grievous disappointment, and, according to their principles, an unmerited penalty. But it had become far too apparent, from their own conduct, and the tone of character they had displayed in the negotiation,—that, under the existing circumstances, they could not, with safety to the kingdom, be trusted. Whether, under such an impression, (for this is enough,) it was the duty of government to hold to the terms of an agreement, hollow and specious on the part of the prisoners, and on that of government merely a formal pretext for mercy—is a question into which we do not think it necessary to enter; nor should we have wasted space by stating it, were not the complaints of the prisoners iterated and reiterated, until they have passed into tacit admission on all sides. There are occasions when it may become apparent that persons in office have entered into engagements inconsistent with their duty to the nation: it will then depend on the nature of the contract, and the character of the parties, how far they are bound. A nation, for example, having *ratified* a treaty with another nation, to its own prejudice, must abide by it; because, in the commerce of nations, good faith is of more importance than any consequence which can be fairly supposed. But it is not in the power of a government to bind a nation, to its manifest hurt, to a small party of individuals, even if they were not rebellious subjects. And even if this proposition should not be granted, it will be allowed that the case admits of strong allowance. Assuredly, it was not for subjects leagued against the government, and equivocating for their lives with the intention to keep no faith themselves, to complain of any departure from an imperfect engagement, in which there was no reciprocity—a contract which could not stand in equity. We cannot consider that, substantially, any injustice was committed towards men whose whole proceedings had fully and fairly earned for them the last penalty of the

law; and who, in bargaining for their lives, had recourse to every possible chicanery. Men whose folly, to say the least, steeped their country in blood, and who used all the efforts of falsehood to make their own crimes appear chargeable on the essential and indispensable precautions of government, could not be permitted to take the lofty tone of wronged and suffering patriots, and to heap most unmerited odium on the government, while experiencing its mercy. The indignation of official agents was quite justifiable: it was in some instances displayed in acts of petty insolence, discreditable to the actors, but nothing further. The personal indignities of which Mr Neilson has complained, are not to be assumed as attributable to any cruelty on the part of persons under government: the prisoners were generally treated with great indulgence—this we have on the express admission of many of them. Mr Neilson appears to have been in some respects a special exception: this will be in part explained by his own conduct, which was at times such as to alarm his associates. He was violent, indiscreet, and, if he cannot be described as a drunkard, he was, when drunk, more than usually dangerous. Mr Madden, we are aware, defends him from this charge: but Mr Madden, whose honesty of intent we freely admit, has unawares slipped into the very common failing of having two different methods of judging of the infirmities of different classes—one for lord Clare, and another for Samuel Neilson. For those who, in that period of emergency and alarm, were burdened with the most trying and responsible duties which can fall to human courage and wisdom, there seems to be no scrutiny of motives too nice, no rule of conduct too exacting: they must rise above mere humanity, and execute justice, or maintain truth, without suffering at any time, for a moment, the most delicate tinge of indignation to rise against the fools, the madmen, or the knaves, from whom it becomes their duty to save the peace, happiness, and virtue—the religion, principles, and institutions of the social state. On the other hand, for the theorists and projectors who would carry out the most wild and insane speculations at the expense of society—who, while they breathe philanthropy, union, and the rights of man, in their ignorance and folly, or wickedness and selfishness, as it may be, (for there is always a mixture,) of which the result must be blood, ruin, and desolation,—there is no stretch of allowance too wide. The philosophy and heroism which is supposed to be implied in their creed, covers every vice, and explains every ambiguity. The heroes and martyrs of rebellion are to be canonized by popular piety, and the blasphemy of imputation repelled with pious resentment. So radically is this perverted sentiment intermingled with those writings to which we are now mainly compelled to resort for material, that, as we read, an influence falls over the mind, and we shrink involuntarily from profaning the monument which a false superstition has raised. We recoil from insulting the ardour of honest and well-meaning, though, we think, mistaken veneration.

We are not in the least degree desirous to pursue the memory of these idols of popular veneration with severity. Our only desire is to apply the same law of equitable allowance to the infirmities of those who have been the marks of a deep and long-breathed rancour,

which has not been permitted to pass with the times and events which gave rise to it. We freely admit of the defence which has been made for Mr Neilson, on some apparently equivocal points. We think that he was, to the full extent of his own principles, an honest man. His letters from Fort-George display him favourably, so far as respects the private relations of life. His political conduct was sincere, according to his views. But those views were not merely fallacious; they were to be carried into effect by craft and dissimulation, to an extent which we shall presently have to point out. His sufferings evidently sobered, corrected, and dignified his character; the prisoner of Fort-George is a different man from the prisoner at Newgate. On the whole, there is somewhat very unaccountable in the circumstances attending his imprisonment in Newgate. He made a complaint of the very heavy irons in which he was placed by the jailor. But it afterwards incidentally appears that those irons were but a pretence. He only wore them, he told Mr Curran, for the inspector; while the jailor affirmed in court, that he put them on him from the fear that his life would be attempted. There is some inconsistency in the whole narration; and the entire of the circumstances, when put together, seem to justify the dismay and tergiversation of the rebel directory when they heard of it. If Neilson was, what we should not wish to deny without better proof, an honest man, he was so excessively unguarded in his conduct, that no secret can be easily imagined safe in his keeping. Persons of his character often differ much in their sober and drunken moods. And further, it ought to be observed—rather in reference to the topic into which we have been led, than to Neilson—that in Ireland, and in Neilson's especial circle, a man might acquire a very honest name, and be very far from being an honest or honourable man in any other. There was, at that time, among the lower classes, a very singular confusion of principle, which appears to have been indigenous, but which we ascribe in reality to a perpetual state of secret confederacy, in many respects not essentially different in principle from the murderous creed of the Thugs in India. The people had little notion, at the time, of strict truth or commercial integrity; but in its place there was a certain point of faith and honour in crime, of which the conventional name was "loyalty." To be true to his faction, to be a trustworthy accomplice, to hold the religion of *his fathers*, were the general tests of character. The devotion to a cause appears to be a strong tendency of the Irish character—a moral element, which, if correctly disciplined and rightly applied, would be the source of the highest moral virtues. But the Irish peasantry were then wholly uncivilized—the gentry not very much above them in this respect; and it can be perfectly understood how a class of fallacies, generated in a common social state, grows insensibly round the moral nature of a people. The point of honour was, indeed, a virtue of the same class; and it held a similar supremacy over the gentry. To some extent the two elements were blended. A fact not sufficiently allowed for in the analysis of social influences, is the great intercourse between the higher and lower classes in the early part of life. The child has his first sentiments from the servant; his first ambition is to receive the flatteries of the dependent: the youth, studious of athletic games

and field sports, enters into relations of sympathy with a larger and lower class. Thus the sentiments, the notions, superstitions, and prejudices of the inferior class, entered insensibly, and modified the not very dissimilar habits of mind of the middle class. In the long-continued existence of such a state of things, accompanied by a system of conspiracy which had become constitutional, the same influences operated on the very language of the country. We reserve some further disquisition on this point, till we shall have an occasion to apply it.

The personal severities experienced, in some particular instances, by some of the prisoners, are not to be fairly imputed to the Irish administration, but to the animosity of low individuals. Such instances cannot be defended; but it is admitted, on the best authority (that of the prisoners), that their general treatment was humane and indulgent. Some allowances must be made for the impression caused by sudden alarms; something for sudden indignation; something for the fact that, in emergencies, the first proceedings were of necessity summary, and conducted by inferior agents. Even the statements of those writers who omit no complaint which can be imagined, contain sufficient admission to make good this view. Strong charges are made in general terms against lord Clare and against lord Castlereagh: their conduct, however called for, is interpreted by the imputation of vicious motives; yet when they are in any instance personally brought forward, their actions are humane and honourable.

To return to the contract: the English government it was, and not the members of the Irish administration, which, on very full and sufficient grounds, determined to detain the prisoners till the termination of the war with France. They could not decide otherwise. They could not have anticipated that this would be productive of any very unreasonable length of captivity. They ordered them to be conveyed to Fort-George, a military fortress.

The true spirit of this measure, and the entire absence of any vindictive motive, was shown by the great attention paid to the health and comfort of the prisoners. This is strongly testified by the letters of Mr Neilson, from which Mr Madden gives abundant extracts. The same documents also strongly manifest a very considerable improvement in the character of Mr Neilson himself. Separated from the moral contamination of the party with which he had moved—the depraved habits which had lowered both the moral and intellectual tone of his mind; and confined to the society of the better class of that party—men of talent, information, and virtue,—he becomes sober, reflecting, and disciplined. Separated from his family, his affections are awakened into a predominating intensity, and his religion becomes a happy and salutary resource.

The prisoners passed their time in reading, and music, and frolic, which was indeed in itself both natural and excusable, in a manner and with a degree of violence which bore plain marks of the same turbulent and vindictive spirit which marks the whole of their conduct. Their remonstrances and reproaches, evidently designed to excite popular irritation, produced no effect either on the people or the government; and they were perhaps surprised by the lenient and forbearing treat-

ment which was shown them through the entire period of their imprisonment.

Mr Neilson, by a courageous act of self-denial, was enabled to obtain his son as the companion of his captivity. The prisoners in Fort-George, were allowed each a pint of wine every day. Mr Neilson sold his share at the rate of 3s. 6d. per bottle, by which means he raised a sufficient sum for the maintenance of his boy, then in his seventh year, and remarkable for his docility and amiable dispositions. This child not only employed much of his father's time usefully and pleasurably, but also helped to amuse the dulness and monotony of their confinement for the other prisoners exerted themselves for his instruction.

Under these circumstances, Mr Neilson's imprisonment, though disturbed by the natural impatience of constraint, was passed in a quiet and virtuous tenor of studies, duties, innocent amusement, and intelligent society, which had together a salutary influence both on his health and moral character.

At last, peace was concluded with France; and the inmates of Fort-George were liberated. Mr Neilson turned his mind to America, but first determined on a clandestine visit to Ireland—both to see his family, and to vindicate himself from some imputations which affected his reputation. He effected this purpose with some risk, but without any material adventure.

He then crossed the Atlantic—having left his family in Ireland—with the intention to secure the means of subsistence, before he removed them from their friends. On his arrival in New-York, he soon received encouragement to induce him to set up a journal; and entered upon his labours with diligence and success. But a rheumatism, contracted during his long imprisonment, soon returned with added severity, and his constitution quickly gave way. He died at a small town on the river Hudson, in 1803, in the 44th year of his age.

*Doctor Mac Nevin was not a Roman Catholic,
a Protestant*

Doctor MacNevin.

DIED A. D. 1841.*

DOCTOR MACNEVIN was descended from a family of considerable respectability, in the county of Galway. At an early age, he was sent to Germany, on the invitation of his uncle, Mr Hugh MacNevin, who had acquired some property in that country by marriage. He there received a good education, and having obtained the qualifications essential for the practice of physic, he returned to Ireland, and commenced practice with great success in Dublin. Being of the Church of Rome, and possessed of an active temper and considerable talents, he soon began to take a prominent part in the political agitation of his time; and thus became acquainted with the leading members, who, under the pretext of seeking catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform,

* Though Doctor MacNevin has lived far into a period later than that in which we are yet engaged, yet his life belongs to the time in which he is here noticed.

were working round their party, with great art and success, to deeper views. Dr MacNevin is mentioned, by his daughter,* to have been first initiated into the arcana of the United Irishmen by Arthur O'Connor and lord E. Fitzgerald, on whose expressed desire he became a member; after which, his activity and zeal were distinguished on several occasions.

The events which soon after followed, and which led to the long imprisonment and expatriation of Dr MacNevin, have been sufficiently detailed in the preceding memoirs. After his liberation, the doctor travelled for a time: he subsequently went to France, and entered, with the rank of captain, into the French service—with the hope (as his daughter infers from his conversations on the subject,) of serving in some expedition against Ireland. This prospect having soon wholly disappeared, he resigned his commission, and sailed for New-York, where he once more entered, with the best success, upon his profession. In 1810, he married; after which he spent a long and prosperous life. He appears to have been a man of the kindest nature, capable of the warmest attachments, and deriving from them the uninterrupted felicity of his long life. He died, respected by his adopted countrymen, and lamented by his friends and family, in 1841. Besides several political pamphlets, he published a "Ramble through Switzerland"—"Pieces of Irish History"—an edition of "Brande's Chemistry"—an "Exposition of the Atomic Theory," &c.

Buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1841

Thomas Addis Emmet.

DIED 1841. *incorrect*

DOCTOR EMMET was a physician of great practice, and high repute, in Dublin. He held for several years the place of state physician. He was thus, by station, brought more directly into the acquaintance and conversation of the most eminent public men of the day. With much to recommend him to the regard of his large and eminent circle of intercourse, there is ample reason to believe that the doctor was rather a clever and active-minded than a wise man. Were we to form an opinion from the various notices of him which occur incidently, and from the history of his children, we should say that he was a man of singular and eccentric habits of mind, with a considerable portion of flighty enthusiasm and cracked talent. As politics in Ireland were sure to absorb any superfluous activity of mind, the doctor was very earnest and wrong-headed in politics. In a time when revolutionary notions were mixed up with even the most temperate views of whig party, he left all far behind in the wildness of his schemes, and the almost crazed zeal with which he took every occasion to enforce them. He had three sons, all young men of the most brilliant parts, who, each in his own way, inherited something of the unlucky craze which neutralized the understanding of their father. I to the fault of nature, education did not fail to add its part. A

* Memoir, in Madden's United Irishmen, Vol. III.

Bunk
 hyperbolic and fanatic idolatry of country, was the devotion of their infant years. There are times and countries, when, unquestionably, the principle could not well be either misapplied, or carried too far; but Ireland was not the country; nor was the beginning of a democratic ferment, that was to overflow the civilized world with confusion, the time for any very violent excess of such a temper. The Emmets grew up in the spirit of martyrdom, to a cause which they were prepared to adopt as the cause of their country. With the spirit of knights-errant, we must allow that they were endowed with the noble virtues of ancient chivalry—they were humane and honourable, as they were devoted. As each of the brothers is entitled to some share of our notice, we shall give here a short account, in order, of the two elder, before entering upon our narrative of the history of the younger and more celebrated brother.

Temple Emmet, the elder, was considered, by those who knew him, a prodigy of attainment. His memory was astonishing, and his command of language strange and peculiar. He is said to have begun his profession of the law with the full and precise knowledge that is usually the attainment of a laborious life. But if we are to form an opinion of his intellect from the account which remains of his style, judgment and the discursive faculty do not seem to have had much place. His language was not merely extravagantly figurative, but actually cast in the mould of verse; and even as poetry, it appeared inflated. He, nevertheless, soon attained practice, and died early, in greater business than had been known in any other instance.

The next brother, T. Addis Emmet, is better known. Of the three, he would appear to have had the most manageable combination of faculties. He also was called to the bar, and rose to early eminence. He was, like his brothers, early schooled to liberalism in politics; and though he did not join the United Irish conspiracy till 1796, he yet endeavoured in all things to serve its ends in his professional capacity. One occasion is mentioned, on which he acted in a manner remarkably characteristic of that peculiar temperament ascribed to his family. Some persons were prosecuted for the administration of an unlawful oath. At a certain stage of the proceedings in court, Mr Emmet, having risen to speak to a point of law, took the opportunity to say that he did not consider the oath unlawful; and, to the astonishment of the court and all persons present, he added, "My lords, here, in the presence of this legal court, this crowded auditory, in the presence of the Being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal,—here, my lords, I myself, in the presence of God, declare, I take the oath." It is mentioned by Mr Madden, that another barrister—well known as one of those United Irishmen who were expatriated by the agreement with government—a Mr William Sampson, at nearly the same time, performed the same feat on a similar occasion, and with the same impunity.

Mr Emmet soon after joined the conspiracy, and was one of those who compromised for life, on the occasion here adverted to. We have already offered some comments on the evidence which he gave on *that* occasion.

In 1791, he married a Miss Patton, the daughter of a presby^{in which}

clergyman, by whom he had many children. This lady was permitted to remain with him during a considerable part of the long interval in which he was confined in Fort George, and had a child there.

After the liberation of Mr Emmet, his thoughts naturally turned to America. He crossed the Atlantic, and landed at New-York. After some doubts as to the selection of a profession, he chose to recommence life in the profession with which he had already made acquaintance in Ireland. He selected the state of Ohio, and was admitted to the bar at Alexandria; but presently yielded to the advice of general Clinton, then governor of New-York, to remain there. A great obstacle, arising from the regulations of the bar, stood in the way; but by the influence of his friends, and the consent of the benchers, it was removed; and he was permitted to practise, without the preliminary probation of six years, which would have been a serious deduction from a life of which forty years had been already spent.

We very much regret that we cannot go into the interesting details of Mr Emmet's most honourable and distinguished career at the New-York bar. It is a portion of American biography; and though we admit that it reflects honour on the country of his birth, yet it would lead us too far from the course—from which, however we may have been occasionally tempted to wander in our earlier volumes, we are now imperatively bound to keep.

He rose to the rank of attorney-general, and stood in reputation at the very head of his profession, both as an orator and a lawyer. One of his critics compares him to Erskine, and places him above Curran, — and adds, "I might safely challenge the whole list of Irish orators for the superior of Thomas Addis Emmet." We quote this as clearly fixing one thing—the unquestionable character of Mr Emmet. As to the comparison, we may observe by the way, without questioning Mr Emmet's superiority, that the critic displays an imperfect acquaintance with the Irish bar; at which Mr Curran, with all his undoubted eloquence, was far from standing first; and at which Mr Erskine would have met more than his match.

Early in the year 1827, while addressing a jury with all his wonted eloquence, Mr Emmet was seized with an apoplectic fit, and carried home, where he died, in the 63d year of his age. Every mark of respect due to his great eminence was observed. His funeral was attended by the members of his profession.

Mr Emmet was as well known, and as much revered, for the worth and amiability of his private character and deportment, among his friends, as he was honoured and respected by the public for his talents and public virtues. His learning was various; his knowledge of his professional science, profound; and the industry by which these attainments had been gained, not less than the brilliant talents employed in their use.

A public monument was raised in the court where he was seized with his last illness, and inscribed with an honourable and true tribute to his memory, from the country of his adoption.

Robert Emmet.

DIED 1803.

ROBERT was the youngest son of the Doctor Emmet mentioned in a foregoing memoir. Of the history of his early life, it is unnecessary to take notice. It must be easily apprehended that his education and early habits were the fitting preparation for the brief and unfortunate career which forms a part of the history of his country.

He has been described, by one who was not likely to be in this respect mistaken, to possess surpassing eloquence. But all that is known of the incidents of his life may serve to illustrate how little of essential connection there is between eloquence and a sound understanding: his opinions on political subjects were those of a visionary and fanatic. We must endeavour to state, within the briefest compass we may, the event of which he is the hero.

The legislative union between this country and England had been effected, and the consequences were looked forward to, by sober men of either party, with different anticipations; while there was prevalent among the more moderate men, and the better classes, an anxious hope for the benefits which its advocates had abundantly promised. These hopes were to receive the first of many blows from the desperate project of a few deluded men, a remnant of which had, unfortunately for this country, escaped from the hand of justice in 1798. Among these men there was deeply retained a trust that they would still be enabled to effect their mad and wild projects: they brooded in Paris over dreams of revenge and plunder, which their fancy delineated with a fine and shadowy pencil as the back-ground of that political regeneration which was yet to come from France, then beginning to spread her principles, and their results, over Europe. There Mr Robert Emmet found a secure and appropriate asylum from the stern control of the English ascendancy, and the constraint of British laws; and, in the society of a chosen circle of citizens and sages, the *élite* of the Jacobins and the United Irishmen, drew the liberal lore of French philosophy and Irish patriotism. These men were at least resolved that their beloved country should not settle down prematurely into an ignominious acquiescence in the new order of things, or subside into the hackneyed progress of commercial civilization. To rescue her from this inglorious end, and restore her to her centuries of intestine disorder, was the favourite hope for which alone these men lived. They kept up a correspondence with their friends at home, and watched with anxious vigilance everything that stirred the popular spirit.

For a moment, their hopes had been excited by the report of colonel Despard's meditated conspiracy to assassinate the king; and before this design failed, they had met, and entered upon a resolution to send over to London to obtain accounts of the actual progress of affairs, and to give such aid as might be required. One of those who were not under any prohibition, accordingly visited London, and entered into communication with Despard. This emissary, having been so far

successful, proceeded on to Dublin, and succeeded, without much trouble, in raking together the embers of the rebellion of ninety-eight. There was enough of this to be met in every quarter; but, mixed with the patriot's fire, there had sunk deep a cold and deadening experience. The generation then existing had received a lesson on the consequences of civil war, which damped their eagerness with a little cool discretion; and this, which was to show itself signally when matters were a little more advanced, gave signs, even at the outset, not very satisfactory to a gentleman who was yet fresh from the Parisian school, and breathing freedom. Nevertheless, he did not despair, but entered on a vigorous course of preparation; brought together secret meetings, and spent considerable sums in the collecting and forging of arms. This gentleman, whose name was Dowdal, is said to have been carried by his enthusiasm into many indiscretions, and now and then dropped his disclosures in mixed company. The government had obtained a clue to Despard's conspiracy; and it is more than probable that the correspondence of Mr Dowdal thus fell into the hands of the authorities. His own associates, trained to caution, and fearing his indiscretions, began to avoid him; and he was himself, by some means, so alarmed, that he concealed himself for a time. Despard was arrested, and his conspiracy frustrated; but Mr Dowdal had given so much encouragement to his friends in Paris, that Robert Emmet and others were already on their way to Ireland.

Emmet arrived some time in the end of November, and took up his abode at Rathfarnham, where he lived with Dowdal in entire seclusion. Mr Hamilton, one of the principal persons now concerned, was sent to Paris for Russel, the well-known friend of Wolfe Tone, and one of the original planners and movers in the old conspiracy. The whole party were soon together, carrying on their secret meetings in Thomas street, and making all provisions and arrangements for the execution of their treasonable ends.

At these meetings, Emmet was usually in the chair. They did not confine their discussions to the immediate purpose of the meditated outbreak, but entered into the consideration of all the various conceivable forms of government, consistent with that insane notion of freedom which was the basis of all their acts and imaginings; and there is authority enough to say, what, considering the men, needs no authority, that plans were proposed, amounting to the dissolution of the social state in any form. To such results, even the most moderate looked as consequences to come, but from the reproach of which they hoped to keep clear, by declining to be the immediate instruments of unnecessary mischief and ruin.

While they were thus proceeding in these isolated deliberations, accounts were received from correspondents in the north that appeared to indicate some revival there of the smouldering fires of the former conspiracy. To avail themselves of this auspicious promise, Mr Russel was despatched in that direction. That we may not have to write a memoir of this gentlemen, we shall for a while accompany his movements.

After a circuitous journey, Mr Russel arrived in Belfast, where he was well known as the active associate of Mr Tone; and, immediately

after, a meeting was brought together, to hear from his lips an account of the hopes, means, and progress of the new conspiracy. He, on his part, as his breast was the seat of a more earnest and sincere zeal, had the more anxious part of endeavouring to feel the pulse of their patriotism, and to infuse into lukewarm breasts the spirit of conspiracy. Though he found many ready enough to enter warmly into the views which he unfolded, it presently became unpleasantly apparent that the majority were unprepared to hear of any prospect of *immediate* action: their sentiments were as disaffected as he could desire; and they showed many sparks of convivial indignation, such as finds a safe and salubrious vent over the punch-bowl. But it was too plain that their expectation and their wishes had not risen above the natural impulse of the vulgar—to hear speeches, hold meetings, utter complaints, and enjoy the comfort and self-importance of conspiracy.

His views were, however, assented to; and when the more daring agreed on immediate organization, no one had the face to show his fears by dissent; and thus it was that Russel was for some time the dupe of his own activity and enthusiasm. One meeting got rid of its vacillation by appointing another; and several were held in succession, in different places, and by different persons. We shall avoid the disagreeable and sometimes painful task (now unnecessary) of entering into details, which could not be prolonged without language which we endeavour to avoid to the utmost extent.

Having set the flame in motion, Russel hastened to make his reports in Dublin; and having obtained instruction for concerted movements, he returned to his post. The plans in town had been conducted to the verge of explosion; and Mr Russel returned to urge immediate action. He brought accounts of formidable preparations, of sure-laid projects, and seeming success. We have to observe generally, on these enunciations, that they evidently infused more of surprise and consternation than of military ardour. The meetings began more and more to become like Quakers' meetings, and to derive their whole excitement from the circulation of the glass. Russel promised mountains, after the approved prescription of conspirators. He did more, recollecting the maxim of Horace, to appeal to the evidence of seeing—*oculis fidelibus*,—he carried about a military coat, made and ornamented after the true revolutionary cut of the Parisian school; and when he found his oratory ineffectual, or when at times he had succeeded in exciting a transient glow—the hectic of a fear-damped patriotism,—he put on the coat, and endeavoured to rouse their virtue and confidence by a stalking show of military pomp. But the coat had mostly an effect different from his intention—it seemed to offer a nearer view of a ^{glimpse} of real realities, and evidently excited a wish to escape. In a ^{word} it is nearly evident that his valour only roused the spirit of northern discretion; and the coat, gorgeous with gold and green, came upon the jolly meetings as an evil auspice, that shook from its horrid skirts “pestilence and war,” like Milton's comet, and not only sobered the stoutest, but paralyzed even the circulation of the social jorum.

Like most deeply infatuated men, Russel, though he could not help feeling the reaction on his own confidence of these discouraging ^{war}

idents, neglected to reason on them strictly; but thought to escape from the suspense of one abortive stage of progress, by trying the next and more decided. His courage took refuge in the path of desperation. It appears only accountable by some such impulse, that, in despite of the manifest indications of reluctance, which were the only result of all his exertions, he endeavoured to resort to the expedient of violent and open action. Notwithstanding the dry evasions, the reserve, and the frequent panics of his friends, and the decidedly avowed unwillingness of the peasantry, he proposed an attack on the barracks in Belfast. His opinion, supported by his colleague Hamilton, and by a few bold persons of an inferior description, was passively assented to by the meeting in which it was proposed, because they shrunk from expressing reluctance; but with a secret intention on the part of each individual to keep himself clear of all danger. This was the latent danger. Russel and his companion were too brave, and too little sagacious, to comprehend this state of things, until they were personally committed beyond retreating. In the interval, their eyes were painfully and slowly opened by a succession of painful disappointments. The meetings for the purpose of the enterprise above mentioned, can only be understood by comparing them to a crowd of grown men humouring the follies of children. They came together, talked of the crops, and looked grave at the mention of action—proposed to wait a little—took fright, and skulked away, leaving the general alone. The persons who were employed to convey intelligence, and sound the people, returned accounts that they generally expressed reluctance to be shot at and hanged, and would not rise until they saw decided prospects of success. These persons, in their heedless zeal, distributed seditious papers indiscriminately, and soon rendered secrecy out of the question. The violent alarm thus spread over the country operated as an added check, both to the peasantry and to all leading men who might otherwise have aided with their council and influence. The agitators presently also had the mortification to learn that one of their chief friends had abandoned them.

But they had one trust—they depended upon the success of Robert Emmet in Dublin, and reckoned with confidence on the results. For themselves, there was no safety, but in the field; and they strenuously urged those who could be prevailed to listen, to consent to rise when the account of Emmet's success should arrive. This promise none of their friends refused, for all considered it a safe one; and a general understanding spread to this effect. The two colleagues separated, and met with various incidents; but one event was common to both—they were reached by the tidings of Emmet's failure, and were under the necessity of concealing themselves; but in vain. We shall presently recur to the remaining incidents of their career.

We now return to the master-mind of the movement. Mr Emmet's zeal, energy, and talent, had infused spirit into his immediate accomplices in the metropolis. He collected material, and organized a system of not inadequate preparation, and arranged schemes of attack simultaneous movement, which, had they been successful, must undoubtedly have caused much calamity, though it cannot consider-ly be affirmed that they would have ensured the prosperous issue

of his undertaking. A house was taken in Patrick street, No. 26, where a manufacture of arms and various combustibles was kept busily at work. Pikes to fold like the handles of a parasol, for concealment, and abundance of long pikes, were forged; rockets and grenades were made; hollow beams were filled with every missile of destruction, with gunpowder to give them murderous effect. With these, guns and blunderbusses were stored, with other implements, for the various purposes of assault or obstruction. Among the several cross circumstances which frustrated these formidable preparations, the first was a frightful accident. In bearing materials from the furnace to the table, for the preparation of the rockets, the droppings of some explosive substance had been suffered to fall and concrete on the floor. A spark from the workman's pipe fell on this; and a tremendous explosion of the whole store of inflammable ingredients shook the house, and destroyed the floor on which they stood. One man was killed, most of those present frightfully injured, and great alarm communicated to the whole neighbourhood. Most unfortunately, the real occasion of the mischief was not suspected, though the police of the city (not then very efficient) crowded to the scene, and found scattered in confusion the plain-speaking evidences of some secret treason.

The effect of this disaster was, a great increase of vigilance in the indefatigable mind of Mr Emmet. He now took up his abode wholly at the depôt, where he watched the progress of the work, relieving himself by study, and taking rest, as nature required, upon a mattress on the floor. A few sentences, from a paper written at this time, and found in the room, not only convey with the most impressive truth the character of the writer's mind, but throw no feeble gleam of exposure on the conduct of his plans. "I have little time to look to the thousand difficulties which stand between me and the completion of my wishes. That those difficulties will disappear, I have an ardent and, I trust, rational hope. But, if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back,—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink, and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to those visions of happiness which my fancy has formed in the air." How strongly the inexpressible enthusiasm of the fanatic is drawn in this language! how still more strikingly the rashness and precipitancy of spirit that hurries to ruin, and will not damp its energy, or fret its impatience, by the deliberations and precautions that are essential to the success that in any way depends on minute and complex details! Such a man might be efficient on the edge of battle, and lead the torrent of a rushing charge; but Mr Emmet was engaged in a nice and delicately-framed system of arrangements, dependent on the most circumspect attention to the conditions of time and place. Such a project was easy enough to plan; and Mr Emmet, so far, was no way deficient in contrivance: but in his calculations, many elements were omitted. Like all ardent projectors, he could not allow for casualty,—he could not forecast the small accumulation of errors, fears, and vices, which must have part in such a tissue

minds and instrumentalities. Mr Emmet has left an authentic detail of his whole arrangements, written with a view to vindicate himself from the reproach of an abortive plan. We can here only use it for a brief summary; but it is impossible to give that document an attentive perusal,* without feeling the truths here expressed.

The three principal points selected for attack were the pigeon-house, the castle, and the artillery barracks at Island-bridge. An arrangement for the surprise of Cork-street barracks was also planned. Certain points from which effective resistance was to be apprehended were also to be occupied. These were chiefly, the old custom-house, Mary-street barracks, and the corner house of Capel street, opening on Ormond quay. For all these points, strong bodies of men were severally allotted,—generally from two to five hundred. Houses were secured by hire or otherwise, and magazines of the most formidable description designed. In some streets, strong lines of defence were planned, either by chains and cross-beams, or by overturning the neighbouring stands of hackney coaches. A line of streets (being the issues from Beresford street) was to be thus occupied, to compel the king's troops to move towards the castle in the line on which the rebel forces were to be concentrated for their reception. As the army might still take different directions at Merchant's quay, there were arrangements for assault in different turnings. All these arrangements were to be mainly of the same description;—cross chains, and beams loaded with explosive ingredients; bodies of men in the houses, with fire-arms and grenades, and in the streets with pikes.

When the time drew nigh, the materials were found wanting, partly from the blunders of subordinate agents, and partly from want of money. In consequence, Mr Emmet gave up all the points of his plan but the castle, and the lines of defence.

For the attack of the castle, the men were to assemble at the depôt in Patrick street;—a house near the gate was to be obtained. The first step was to consist in the entrance of two job coaches, loaded with armed men, who were to step out and seize the guards. Should this stratagem fail, persons were to be ready, in the next house, to come down by a scaling-ladder from a window over the guard-house; and a fire was to be at the same moment opened on the gate from three opposite windows. An arrangement was made, in the expected event, to send off the Lord Lieutenant and government officers, with the bulk of the artillery, to the commanding officer in Wicklow, where the tragedy of Wexford bridge might have been enacted on a magnificent scale. A case it should be found necessary to retreat. It is, however, essential to particularize the events that were intended, or might have been. The actual result will clearly show what might have been expected from success.

Three rockets were to denote the commencement of an attack; a rocket with stars, to announce victory; a silent one, repulse.

The beams were left,—some unloaded, some without wheels; the fuses were unfinished; the jointed pikes blown up, &c. &c. The

* It is published in the Appendix to the Life of Mr Curran, by his Son.

appointed bodies of men did not come in. Some parties came too soon, and went off in time to save themselves and others. In short, nothing was ready, and all was in utter confusion; and as the counties were supposed to be ready for simultaneous action, the day could not be postponed. "Had I another week, had I 1000 pounds, had I 1000 men, I would have feared nothing," was the significant apology of Mr Emmet. To this unfortunate madman it is justice to add, that, when the moment approached, and he saw that failure must be the inevitable result, he made such efforts as he could to prevent the rising.

But numbers of Kildare men had actually come into town; and though Mr Emmet had the courage to rush upon a sea of bloody contingencies, he possessed neither the sense nor firmness to arrest the impulse altogether. He made an effort far less efficient than he seems to have assumed it to be, to prevent the rising of the counties; yet, while he states this fact in his apology, and endeavours to vindicate his conduct, it does not appear that it crossed his thoughts, how rash and criminal, on any allowance, was his next and last step. Having actually relinquished the objects of his enterprise, and exerted himself to arrest its progress, is the only intent which could (even according to his own principles) justify the havoc and bloodshed it involved. After having insisted that his object was to allow of the least bloodshed his purpose would admit, and after the enterprise was divested (for the time) of all its promises, it seems strange and unaccountable to find him leading out a small and desperate band of ruffians and desperadoes, of the most vile and abandoned description, to waste their violence and sanguinary propensities on peaceful men. He could not, under the circumstances, dream of any effective success, consistently with any pretension to be qualified for command, nor consistently with any knowledge of the rabble at his heels, could he have failed to see what was to follow. Any drum-boy could have unerringly predicted the whole course of the following incidents: but the sanguine temper, so truly drawn by his own hand, worked to the last; and this is Mr Emmet's true apology. He then had upon his mind an impulse and an impression, not much differing from the illusion of monomania, that, *somehow or other*, all would go well.

On the appointed day, numerous small bodies of men had come in, and collected at the assigned points of mustering. These were, for the most part, dispersed by reports which were long attributed to cowardice or treachery, but which, by Mr Emmet's own account, may be inferred to have been set in motion by himself. The money, required for some indispensable necessaries, had not been obtained until five in the evening; and by the absence of the store-keeper, at this critical moment, as well as from the want of arrangement, the materials and equipments lay in inextricable confusion.

About nine in the evening, when, by the plan, 2000 men should have been armed at their posts, about 200 were come together; and a more scattered bands, at different lurking corners, waited securely to see what turn the matter would take. The appointed signal was given. A rocket was seen to arise from Mass lane, and a disorderly and unarmed banditti rushed together at the depôt. There, guns and

pikes were liberally dispensed to all who came; and there can be little doubt that many of the mere city rabble, whom the noise drew together, were tempted to take the weapons thus lavishly given.

Among the tumultuous and confused uproar of people, scrambling for pike and gun, Mr Emmet stood conspicuous, in an attire not quite unsuitable to the occasion—the green and gold of revolutionary France. Messrs Stafford, Quigly, and Dowdal, his staff-officers, were similarly attired in Jacobinical foppery.

The arming was soon completed, when Mr Emmet drew his sword, and gave the word “Come on, boys!” and marched off at the head of a small party of not quite a hundred men. The last division of his followers, to the number of 400, were to join in Thomas street.

In Thomas street, Mr Emmet was destined to learn a lesson in the laws of insurrectionary war, which the history of a few previous years should have amply taught. The rabble, whom he conducted, displayed the faithful indication of the only purpose for which they were fit. A carriage driving through the street, was instantly surrounded, stopped, and torn open; and a cry went through the crowd, that they had taken the lord Kilwarden. It was answered with shouts for vengeance from every tongue. His lordship, whose character had been made popular by justice and the most signal humanity, thought that the sound of his name would have been a safeguard among the people. He was, alas! mistaken—he had miscalculated the temper of the rabble, and the passions of human nature in their direst phase; or, more truly, he was in total ignorance of the true nature of the infuriated disarray that crowded round. He was not permitted long suspense. Torn from his carriage, he was pierced with thirty pikes. He is said to have been pressed by the blood-thirsty avidity of the crowd against a door, and, while writhing with numerous wounds, to have cried out, in his agony, for a merciful and deadly thrust, to end his tortures. The patriotic apologists for this and such deeds, have attempted to extenuate its atrocity, by a story which we shall take a future occasion to tell, but which has no true application here. The point of it is, to transfer the blame from the crowd, to the vindictive recollections of one man. But the whole circumstances, however told, repel such a solution, and render it unnecessary. It is rather beyond the charity of history, to vindicate the fame of the perpetrators of a murder as foul as ever disgraced the stained and empurpled records of human nature; though we cannot pass without note, the perverse liberality which dwells with indignant eloquence on the half-hangings and other cruelties resorted to by vicious officials of police, and displays its charity by such apologies. With the accusations just alluded to, we fully sympathize. The objects have been exaggerated for party purposes; and this partly accounts for the inconsistency we have alleged. We have glowed with indignation at the cruelties committed in the disguise of justice. Even though the alleged half-hangings might not, wrongfully to the individual or to the law of justice, be superseded by more complete, but sanctioned executions; yet were they justly to be reprobated, as displays of the evil nature of the agents. These men indulged the inherent cruelty of their natures; though there were awful and indispensable necessities in that desperate crisis, which gave

at least the shadow of a rightful sanction to their deeds. But such extenuations are wholly foreign from the horrible tragedy of lord Kilwarden's murder. The animosity of one man can neither explain nor extenuate the scene. The unfortunate lord Kilwarden was accompanied by his daughter, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr Wolfe. The daughter attempted to intercede for her father, and offered money. The ignorance, as well as the brutality of the crowd, were displayed in the reply: they "were looking for liberty, not plunder." She was pulled from the carriage, and ordered to take herself out of the way. The reverend Mr Wolfe thought to escape; but he was followed, and piked to death.

The time lost, and the notice attracted by these exploits, made it hopeless that they should succeed in an attempt to surprise the castle. To this main object of their meeting, they were urged by their leaders; but the unfortunate Emmet must, at this painful and degrading moment, deeply and agonizingly have been awakened from his romance of patriotism to a true sense of the position into which he had so blindly rushed. His lofty dream of a band of patriots had terminated in a paltry rout of the vilest cut-throats—most probably the lowest dregs of the town, (to admit more would be a slander on the Irish peasantry,)—following the same old instinct of all such base aggregations, from the rising of Jack Cade, to his own. The horrible exploit they had committed seemed to have roused their fury and self-confidence beyond the control of leaders. From killing the chief justice, they naturally proceeded to break the prisons. They took the reins in their own hands, and marched off to the Marshalsea prison. Here they surrounded and slaughtered a corporal; but the guard, consisting of about eight soldiers, turned out in their own defence; and the rabble, with a cowardice worthy of the deed from which they came still reeking, gave way and retreated, leaving several rebels dead upon the street. After proceeding some distance, and an insignificant fray with the watch and some constables, they came into contact with a picquet of about fifty soldiers, who were detached to meet them towards Thomas street. On seeing the military, the word was given to the pikemen to charge. The soldiers were ordered to fire; and, at the first volley, the rebels turned and fled with precipitation. This put an end to the affair: every one, leaders and men, turned to seek his own safety as he might.

The leaders, Emmet and his friends, with a few more of their officers, took their road towards the Wicklow hills. At an early hour in the morning, they entered a farmer's house in Tallaght. They were in the highest spirits, and exhibited a levity of character little consistent with the disappointments of the night, or the horrors which had been perpetrated in their names, or even with the slaughter and capture of their wretched adherents. They played with their calamities with the heroism of Sans Culottes—not inaptly assumed the character of French generals—spoke gibberish to their entertainer—and evidently were happy at the risk they had escaped. How far the more ardent temper of Mr Emmet was sustained by the same spirit, we have not the means to judge; which we regret, because we think that moral trait should be lost of a story which ought to be so deeply instructive to Irishmen.

In the meantime, the depôt in Patrick street was found, by the waste of arms and ammunition which lay strewn before the house since the previous evening, when they had been tossed out of the stores to the mixed crowd. There were found 8,000 pikes, with upwards of 36,000 ball-cartridges, with rockets, grenades, scaling-ladders, and all other such implements of attack and defence. Mr Emmet's papers were discovered, among which was a proclamation to the citizens, announcing freedom, and the end of British oppression. Preparations enough were also found, to give a brilliant and imposing exterior to success. Green flags and uniforms were found in such abundance as the scanty finances of the conspirators, and the prudence of tailors, would afford.

It was now the remaining object of those who cared for Mr Emmet, either from private regard, or the hopes of "another day," that he should escape from the kingdom. Mr Emmet's fate was crossed by another ungoverned impulse, which his wayward and ardent temper had received in the course of the preceding incidents. During his retirement at Rathfarnham, he had found free access to the home and hospitality of Mr Curran, and contracted a strong and mutual attachment with his daughter, Miss Sarah Curran. Such a proceeding, it is to be admitted, was inconsistent with discretion and honour. It was clandestine, and under circumstances which should, on the part of Mr Emmet, have suspended the prosecution even of an open and avowed affection. But it is the excuse of the lady, that she was young; of the gentleman, that he was too sanguine to be considerate. She only saw the splendid mind, ennobled by aspirations, of the value of which she had no just measure: he looked forward only to success, which would repair the fault of a momentary deception. They stood, in the thoughtlessness of their young and inexperienced breasts, over a caldron of woes unutterable;—for her, broken-hearted agony, and a life of sorrow; for him, remorse and a violent end, unredeemed by any circumstance to adorn his memory.

While his friends were at work to secure his retreat, he could not resist the impulse to seek a last farewell of the object of his affections. For this he returned to lodgings which he had for some time previously occupied, in Harold's cross. There, in August, he was taken by major Sirr.

Thus, a prisoner, his fate was fixed. There were in his case no alleviating circumstances. The rebellion, which he had made such exertions to excite, did not, like the former, grow out of any train of long accumulating causes—it was no operation of the madness of the time;—it was the effort of a few individuals to renew and prolong the crimes and sufferings of a people exhausted and subdued by the calamitous inflictions of civil war. Its very failure was due to the apathy and prudence, the fear, and the rueful experience of the country. The leaders, few and unsupported, were only carried forward by the delusion of their reason, and the ardour of their impulses,—as children striving to keep up a play, when their seniors have grown tired of it. But it was a game for lives. There was no plea for Mr Emmet but the deep spirit of Quixotism, which was interwoven with the bright and powerful qualities of his head and heart. He was a man who

would have stood calm on the last fragment of Ireland, in the wreck of a dissolving world—whose passions and virtues did in nowise belong to the region of low-born realities in which he was lost. For him there was no redeeming angel in the furnace:* his fate must be lamented, but it cannot be condemned.

On the particulars of his trial and death it is not necessary to dwell. His defence of himself is spoken of as a model of eloquence unsurpassed. There is a tradition, which we do not believe, of a singular proof of indifference to the terrors of the scaffold. But there are some deeply affecting circumstances, which can only be recited and heard with pain, and on which we should not wish to dwell, but that a kind of justice forbids the omission of anything that can relieve the narration of so unfortunate a career. In the last hours of his life, Mr Emmet evinced a high indifference to self, and an earnest and fervent care for the object of his latest affections, such as would have graced a nobler end. Nor is the anxious effort he made in that fearful moment, for the vindication of an imaginary honour, less indicative of a noble strain of character.

When Mr Emmet was committed to prison, he called aside the gaoler, and gave him all the money he had about his person, and entrusted him with a letter for Miss Curran, requesting its safe delivery. The gaoler, as his duty prescribed, gave it to the attorney-general. When Mr Emmet ascertained the circumstance, he immediately sent to the authorities to offer, that, if they sent the letter according to its address, he would plead guilty, and go to execution without a word; that otherwise, he would address the people. Of course, such a compromise could not be accepted.

Of the fate of Mr Emmet's accomplices, it remains to say a word. Mr Russel might, according to every account, have escaped. On learning the arrest of Mr Emmet, he came to town, in the hope of rescuing him by some means. He was arrested by the active vigilance of major Sirr. On his trial, he displayed the firmness and enthusiasm of his character. He vindicated his designs on a ground somewhat distinct from the principles of Mr Emmet and other persons similarly engaged. He appears to have been strongly impressed with some fanatic notions, derived from his own interpretations of the Apocalypse, and to have looked forward to the event of revolution as part of the plan of Providence. He requested, on his trial, three days for the completion of a work on the subject. He was condemned and executed in Downpatrick. The same fate was shared by Drake and Currey, two of his accomplices. The rest were afterwards pardoned.

As we have frequently had occasion to make mention of Mr Russel, it may have some interest to be mentioned, that he was the son of a respectable gentleman, an officer in the army, and afterwards master of the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. He was himself early in the army, and served at Bunker's-hill. After the American war, he was

* The reader may recollect the affecting lines of Mr Moore :—

“Thou hast called me thine angel in moments of bliss;
Still thine angel I'll be, in the horrors of this;
Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.”

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Viscount Kilwarden
Lord Chief Justice of the Kings Bench in Ireland

Engraved by S. B. Bird, from a painting in Trinity College, Dublin

placed on the half-pay, and became the friend and colleague of Tone. His leisure was for a time occupied in theological studies, for which his previous education had not prepared him. With a sanguine and gloomy turn of mind, he became a fanatic. Without judgment, knowledge, or any talent but that of language—a fluency the more prompt, because unconstrained by reason,—he naturally found his level in the councils of the ignorant enthusiasts who then gave their main impulse to the popular passions.

There was, among the persons whose names or deeds demand no memorial, engaged in these disturbances, a man of the name of Dwyer, who, at the head of a small but desperate banditti, had remained in arms, in the county of Wicklow, from the previous rebellion. This person was supposed to possess an entire influence over the peasantry in that county; and overtures were made to him by the party of Mr Emmet. He is said to have replied, that “he would not commit his brave men on the faith or good conduct of the rabble of Dublin: if, however, they could gain any advantage, or that he should see the green flag flying over the castle, he would be at hand to aid them.”

Some further incidents, connected with this narrative, will be found in the following memoir.

Arthur Wolfe, Lord Viscount Kilwarden.

BORN A. D. 1739.—DIED A. D. 1803.

ARTHUR WOLFE was the eldest son of Mr John Wolfe of Forenaghts, in the county of Kildare. He received his education in the university of Dublin; and, having been called to the bar, soon rose to eminence in his profession.

In 1787, he was appointed solicitor-general—attorney-general in 1789.

As first law-officer of the crown in Ireland, he was not less distinguished for his ability than for the humanity which obtained for him a well-merited and honourable popularity, won without any compromise of right or justice, and by no vain or vile prostration of his abilities to the vices and follies of the multitude. Of this, many incidental proofs are recorded.

In 1798, he was raised to the dignity of chief justice of King's Bench; and, in the same year, created lord Kilwarden of Newlands, in the county Dublin. In 1800, he was advanced in the peerage, as viscount Kilwarden of Kilwarden. In the next year, he was appointed vice-chancellor of the university of Dublin.

The memory of lord Kilwarden obtains its chief claim on our historical recollection by the event and the circumstances of his death, reflecting the highest honour on him, as it would dishonour—if they were not below the level of dishonour itself—on the wretched miscreants by whom he was murdered.

His lordship had been, since the former rebellion, known to entertain lively fears of assassination. When attorney-general, the mildest discharge of his duty had raised enmities against his person, which the

duties of chief judge in a criminal court were not likely to diminish; and so much alive were his apprehensions, that, up to the last year of his life, from ninety-eight, he had continued to pass his nights in town, from the fear of some attack beyond its limits. His country-house was about four miles from Dublin, on the side from which the rebels were crowding in, on the 23d of July, 1803, from Kildare; and towards evening, the family were alarmed by a succession of alarming rumours. Either the accustomed fear returned to his lordship's mind, or, as some have supposed, he was to attend a privy council; but he set out at a late hour of the evening for town, in a post-chaise, with his daughter and nephew.

They passed, without interruption or alarm, along the solitary roads towards the Kilmainham side of Dublin. On reaching town, he resolved on entering at the nearest point, from the impression that all danger of interruption would cease on gaining the more populous and public streets: hence, instead of entering by the barracks, he ordered his driver to pass through St James street and Thomas street, which were at the moment in the actual occupation of the rebels. It was ten o'clock, and, it is said, more than usually dark, as the carriage entered Thomas street, about two hours after sunset. The rebels had at the time wholly thrown off all control, and been heated by several casualties, in which they had committed some unprovoked assassinations. The carriage was stopped within twenty yards of the entrance to Thomas street, and the party within dragged out. His lordship's cries for mercy were disregarded; and a violent contention took place among the murderers, for the savage gratification of wounding him. One gentleman who was present was slain, for an attempt to save him. His nephew was slain in an effort to escape, as has been conjectured, from his being found twenty yards farther on. Miss Wolfe, allowed to escape, made her way to the castle; where she arrived, in a state bordering on frenzy, with the dreadful story.

It was at this time that, the alarm having been fully spread, some small parties of soldiers were collected, and brought forward to check the further movements of those misguided ruffians. They were in consequence suddenly alarmed, and compelled by their terrors to decamp. Some persons who had been terrified witnesses of the scene, among whom was at least one servant of his lordship, ventured to approach the bloody spot. They found him frightfully mangled, but yet breathing, and conveyed him to the nearest watch-house, in which, stretched on such a bed as the place afforded, he lived in pain for half-an-hour. While he lay contending with his mortal agony, and in this lonely and forsaken condition, a person who stood near him, roused to indignation by his pitiable state, exclaimed that he "hoped the assassins would be executed next day!" The truly noble reply of lord Kilwarden was, "Murder must be punished; but let no man suffer for my death, but on a fair trial, and by the laws of his country"—words which, as lord Avonmore truly said, "ought to be engraven on his tombstone in letters of gold, and which deserve to be transmitted to posterity as the motto of the family to which he was so great an honour, and so bright an ornament."

Dr Patrick Duigenan.

BORN A. D. 1735.—DIED A. D. 1816.

DR PATRICK DUIGENAN is said to have been the son of a peasant of the county of Leitrim. His parents are represented to have been of the Roman church. His conversion, according to the same account, was due to a Protestant clergyman, who kept a school, and had observed his early signs of superior intellectual power. From the school of this gentleman, he entered the university of Dublin, where he obtained a scholarship, and, in course of time, a fellowship. He took one of the two lay fellowships allowed by the regulations, and was called to the bar.

When Mr Hutchinson was appointed provost, Mr Duigenan took an active and leading part in the manifestation of that discontent which was the general and just sense of the university on an appointment so inappropriate. The consequences we have already mentioned, in our notice of Provost Hutchinson. Mr Duigenan displayed his strong but coarse satirical powers, in a series of squibs and pamphlets; was challenged, and took the field with a loaded blunderbuss; which so astonished and alarmed the opposite party, as to put a quiet end to the rencounter.

In 1785, he was appointed king's advocate, and judge of the prerogative court; and in 1790, he was elected member of the Irish parliament.

From this last-mentioned event, his name is largely mixed with those political incidents which have been noticed in the preceding pages. We cannot afford to re-enter on those topics, and shall therefore briefly notice such occasions as gave matter for the active application of the doctor's talents. With respect to his history, there is one point of very peculiar importance. We have little notice of his life and character, that does not come from the hands of his enemies; and it is a consequence, that nearly every assertion which affects his character is to be received with the utmost distrust.

He is charged with a fierce animosity to the members of the church of Rome; of which there appears no proof, but the strenuous opposition which he gave to their claims in parliament. This opposition is to be accounted for on the grounds of policy, so very strongly urged in his speeches, and altogether unanswered by his opponents at the several periods; while the fact that he married a lady of that persuasion, and kept a chaplain in his own house for her, affords a very striking indication of an unprejudiced temper, and of affections disengaged from such feelings.

There is no doubt that his political conduct, both as a writer and as a speaker, was marked by some disregard of the forms of courtesy preserved by others. He did not wield the keen and polished scalping-knife of Mr Grattan; nor could he, like Mr Curran, sport in glancing discharges of wit. The doctor's mind was not more powerful to apprehend, than it was simple and earnest in the vindication of political truths. With a clearness in the comprehension of the real state

and prospects of the country, and a perception of political causes and consequences, such as none of his able antagonists had any pretension to, he listened with impatience and indignation to singularly powerful statements, which were all founded on the most complicated misconceptions both of fact and principle, and which were calculated to do mischief to the country in two ways, by exciting the people, and by deceiving the government. Hence it was that there was a coarseness in his attacks, and a violence which mere party activity never could excite. Dr Duigenan was in earnest.

He was fierce in his attacks on Mr Grattan. It is to be admitted that this great orator displayed, in the latter period of his political life, strong proofs of an understanding that could gather wisdom from experience, and rise clear above the violent prejudices and sympathies of the earlier part of his career. But, in the Irish parliament, his close, nervous, and pointed statements, were but too often the echoes of excited popular passion and prejudice—the suggestions of those who made a trade of excitement; by their force and warmth, reflecting back power and sanction upon the delusions, to which they gave a voice, and the stamp of a higher currency. If even the statements made by Mr Grattan, in that period, were to be fully allowed, the indiscriminate violence of his denunciations was adapted to effect more evil than good could have resulted from his success. He wanted, and his party wanted, what none can be censured for the want of, a statesman-like sense of the real relations of political and constitutional facts.

Without attributing any very extraordinary powers of intellect to the subject of this memoir, we would claim for him, in some degree, those which were wanting to many of his superiors in genius. He was profoundly and extensively informed—he was master of much of the wisdom of experience; and he brought a strong sagacity to bear on the questions then agitating the Irish public. The consequences were, not only a strong and direct opposition to the popular parties, but to their principal abettors and parliamentary supporters. Other men, less strenuous and less consistent, have had some admissions in their favour; and for some, their friendships have secured at least some partial courtesy. But Dr Duigenan's life and memory consist in a fierce and stout opposition to the popular parties in Ireland; and, as all our historians have hitherto belonged to these, his name has passed into a by-word of reproach.

As to the main incidents of his parliamentary life, they are nearly identified with the various topics already noticed in our pages. One of the most remarkable efforts of Dr Duigenan, as a debater, was perhaps on the occasion of a bill proposed in the Irish parliament by secretary Hobart, February 1793, for the relief of the Roman Catholics. On this occasion, the doctor spoke at considerable length, in reply to that gentleman, and to Sir H. Langrishe, his seconder. His argument showed that he had closely sifted the history of that body, and looked prospectively to the probable workings of such a measure. We could not, without tedious detail, go into his arguments; but it would be a wrongful omission not to notice that events, long after his time, have, to a great extent, confirmed the deductions of his reasoning. If he is accused of an unqualified support of government,

it must be recollected that the bill which he resisted was a government measure; and for those who have accused him of animosity against the Roman Catholics, we may let the accused have at least the benefit of his own strong and plain denial, for which we transcribe the concluding sentences of his speech. "I utterly, from my heart, disclaim the operation on my mind, of any partial or interested views, in thus forming and delivering my sentiments on this occasion. In thus publicly declaring my sentiments, I even do some violence to my private feelings and affections, as I live in the strictest intimacy and friendship with several Roman Catholics, for whom I have the sincerest regard and esteem, knowing them to be persons of the greatest worth, integrity, and honour."

Another question in which Dr Duigenan is mentioned to have taken an active part, was that of the legislative union between the two countries. For such a measure the minds of all considerate statesmen and politicians had been long preparing. The policy of such a measure, as affecting the national interests of Ireland, had been generally recognised in the commencement of the eighteenth century, when it was rejected by the commercial jealousies of England. It was, indeed, evident enough, that a country so far behind in civil progress—so inferior in wealth, population, civilization, and all that constitutes the existence of a nation—could not stand by itself in the jarring community of Europe. It was as plain, that it could not be joined in any partial relation with a country such as England, on any terms, however limited, without a real and substantial subordination. This, no conventional understanding, no specific agreement, no legal provision, could prevent. It could not be prevented; and half a century of the most powerful effort, conducted by much ability, did not substantially diminish it. It could not be done away by acts of parliament, or by the most explicit renunciations on one side, and the most violent assertions on the other. It was the operation of circumstances not within the control of institutions, or the will of men. It was a condition of the social nature of man, as affected by the actual state of human progress.

Wise men felt the force and reality of this great truth; and if wisdom and virtue were inseparable, a more strict and diffusive union between the countries would, from an early time, have been the aspiration of the patriot. Of such a union, the effects might be very slow and remote; but they would be certain as nature. A process of equalization would commence, and proceed uniformly, but limited by the existence of numerous retarding causes. This advance would also be accelerated in its progress by the removal of obstacles, and by the accession of advantages.

But, besides the reluctance of England, there was in Ireland a great combination of causes to retard the introduction of the more intimate and equalizing connection here described. On these it will be useful to make a few remarks.

First, there was the reluctance of the Irish aristocracy, who, in the barbarous isolation of Ireland, possessed a degree of political power inconsistent with the more direct and immediate interposition of English authority, opinion, civilization, and commercial enterprise

Secondly, the system of jurisdiction and opinion, which placed Ireland under the jurisdiction of the Roman see, contained a powerful combination of obstacles. Thirdly, the influence of a powerful, but wrongly-instructed public feeling, which arose from national pride and antipathy. And lastly, the growth and concentration of a brilliant and effective parliamentary opposition; the constitution of which, it has been one of the objects of the previous memoirs, in some measure, to illustrate. From the operation of this last, combined with some other causes, also largely discussed in these pages, other still more effective obstacles arose towards the end of the century. Of the two last alone, it will be necessary to speak more distinctly.

The idea of carrying out in Ireland a distinct application of the elementary provisions of the British constitution, was the great, but somewhat premature, view of Flood, Grattan, and the lesser lights who accompanied or followed in their train. They were orators, lawyers, theorists, and, above all, patriots; living in the sunshine of the public gaze; heated by the popular sentiments which they had contributed to raise; having in their hearts and brains, though unconsciously, a theoretic state of things—a utopian Ireland, imaged to their understanding in the reflected light of Blackstone, the British debates, and the history of England. To this they squared or rounded all their thoughts, and played Walpole or Chatham on their lesser stage. To give effect to the spirit of party, thus awakened, dilated, and dignified, great occurrences contributed. Of this nature was the whole history of the volunteers, their political triumphs, the results on public feeling, and the wide-spread disaffection which so closely followed. Giving and receiving mutual excitement, the popular orators and the popular factions supplied each other with sanction and accumulating vitality. Pride entered largely into the animosities of a generous but barbaric race; and flatteries and prejudices, as fabulous as fairy tales, gave no light help to nourish the unenlightened antipathies of Irishmen against each other, and against England.

Such is the most brief and summary statement we can offer of the great leading obstacles to a union.

But to all thinking and observing men, whose minds were not absorbed into the whirl of party and faction, it was plain enough that the interests of Ireland absolutely required such a vital and intimate union. In the strife of the powers of Europe for territory, Ireland could not stand alone: in the wars with France, this could not, for obvious reasons, be consistent with the safety of either England or Ireland. With unequal resources, inferior wealth, and a comparatively slight and barbarous population, she could not stand, or be permitted to stand, on a commercial equality with England. Under the same rule, having common laws, and common political interests and government, she could not be allowed to exert a strong political animosity of opposition, exhibiting itself even in the commonest matters of form, and not obscurely or inaudibly asserting the same in more essential matters. Such a state of formal combination and actual opposition, virtually amounted to a separation. To rule Ireland at all, resources were used which were unconstitutional in their nature,

but absolutely indispensable; for as a *separate polity*, hostile in its temper and spirit, Ireland could not be permitted to remain. It must have been reconquered or ruled; and it could only be ruled by force or faction, tyranny or corruption.

If, however, there were apparent reasons on more general grounds of English policy, there were some far more imperatively requiring consideration with regard to the immediate interests of Ireland. There then had grown up a violent animosity between the opposite coasts of the two islands. Without contributing to each other's interests, they were affected by rival feelings in commerce. There were growing up seeds of hatred which, at some period, would have the direst and most violent operation. Ireland was augmenting her demands for concessions, which the people of England considered as sacrifices. Such a state of things was not to be continued.

One way alone was calculated to meet all these present and worse prospective evils. And this was such a union of the countries as should, to all purposes, make them one in interest, in law and constitution.

To bring this about, the prejudice and ignorance of the public were to be dealt with, and the fierce and proud resistance of those whose glory it was to keep up and feed the vanities and delusions of the populace. In the British parliament, the difficulties were comparatively slight; but it was in Ireland that obstacles were to be overcome of no common force and magnitude.

A great measure was to be effected for the advantage, safety, and welfare of both countries, but most of Ireland, which had then so much to gain, and so little to give. The means by which it was brought about have been censured. On these, it is, for very obvious reasons, not our wish to say much. Corruption was largely resorted to, and cannot, on the grounds which alone we would desire to take, be defended. But fairness demands some allowances, and the removal of some fallacies.

For those gentlemen who absolutely sold their votes, we have no defence to offer—they betrayed the trust of their constituents, or the known duty of their station. There were, it is true, many whose personal interests had an insensible influence at all times on their party conduct; and the less strict principle and inferior light of those days, such persons might easily be induced to see with the eyes of their superiors. It is not to be assumed that all members of parliament could, in that day, untie all the knots of every great and complex question of commerce and state policy. The reasons on the side of government were not so inferior in force, as to leave it clear that the anti-unionists were right. And it was but conformable with the vicious system, long naturalized by necessity in Ireland, that persons even who thought with government, should derive personal advantages from their compliances. Now, we have no doubt that this very defensible class of supporters includes many whose names lie under the heavier reproach of an assumed bargain. But these we only mention by the way. Had the union been a popular measure, and even indifferent in this respect, the accusations and reproach which have been lavished would not have been heard of—they would have been referred to the

long-established abuses of Irish administration, and the ordinary mediocrity of public virtue. But we lay no stress on these considerations, and only entered upon them with a view to the charges against the government which effected the union. There are three points to be taken together, of which little more than the bare statement ought to be required. The measure appeared expedient; there was but one way to effect it; and that way was one which, though not absolutely conformable with abstract principles of political rectitude, was in the strictest conformity with the usage of all times. In Ireland, the wholly anomalous disposition and working of the polity of the constitution, which was a mixture of high civilization and barbarism, of English law, French republicanism, covert papal jurisdiction, the local despotism of the wide-spread confederacies of the many, the petulant opposition of the demagogues, the self-interested intrigues of the government supporters;—all these causes together, composing a constitution compacted out of all the abuses incidental to civil society, demanded much special contrivance and management for the application of any government whatever. It was easy for Mr Grattan, and his good and able companions, to give force to their harangues by talking the language of the British constitution. And, considering them simply as an opposition, it was all fair enough. It must also be confessed that it must have operated as a useful check on a system which, from its nature, involved irregularity, and, from the nature of man, abuse. We find no fault, but simply object to the vicious echo of unfair and inapplicable objections. The government were compelled to govern, as all governments must, by the use of the forces in actual operation in the country. They had not, as then existed, and still exists in England, a rightly-informed mass of public opinion, itself the time-built result of the British constitution, at their back. At the same time, to constrain and enforce their sound decision, they were armed with no well-working system of institutions. They had to deal with a mixed medley of powers, all unconstitutional. Insulted and degraded by the dictation of an armed populace, who themselves claimed legislative authority, and dictated laws, the parliament was but a mart of intrigue, and an arena of faction. There existed an abusive instrumentality—the only effective principle which could be applied, in a defective, irregular, and imperfectly organized constitution of things. It was perhaps for the first time applied to a purpose of unqualified good to Ireland, and has in that single instance been immortalized by very exaggerated reproach.

To govern such a country, in such times, demanded the indispensable use of those instrumentalities which constituted the whole available means of resistance to the headlong impulses of the people. It was an act of wisdom to use these for the purpose of sweeping away the vicious state of things, which made them thus indispensable. An influence which had its basis in corruption, was the fundamental hold-fast of Ireland; by which, for at least twenty years, it hung suspended over the abyss of revolution. By corruption, the union was carried—the venality of some, the accessibility to influence of many; sordid resources, it is true, but used by the minister to work out a purpose essential to the safety and welfare of Ireland.

Mr Pitt had no selfish end in view; and they who will take the trouble to study the public discussions of the subject, which yet remain in many forms on record, will admit that the measure of the union was recommended on sufficient grounds of sound policy to render such charges unnecessary and vexatious. If there were those (for we have only assumed it for argument) who can be said to have bargained away their public duty, it is no defence for them to say that they were unintentionally right; but we are at the same time persuaded, that the heavy weight of political odium which they have thus incurred is in no way connected with the assumed or actual turpitude of political dishonesty. All popular faction, but especially in this country, deals in the most unsparing and indiscriminate imputation. The merest abnegation of political opinion is enough to draw from its cloud the spark of rancor, inveterate and unsparing. Nor is this a matter of reproach: the real burden of the charge is, not the means by which the union was effected; the union itself is the *corpus delicti*—the head and front of the offence.

That there existed ample reasons to render the union apparently essential to the welfare of Ireland, is the whole amount of our proposition. We enter upon the consideration only so far as concerns our own immediate office—the rectification of those fallacies which affect the reputation of many individuals whose memory deserves better from their countrymen.

If subsequent events have been really such as to warrant a different view of the real merits of that great measure,—so far as we are concerned, we may be satisfied to repel any inference to the discredit of its main proposers and supporters. It may be right to say, that we cannot concur in any such view. It would be perhaps construed into a miserable want of frankness, if we avoided the direct affirmation of an opinion which none of our readers can doubt. And therefore, without entering on a discussion which is here uncalled for, we shall give one paragraph to the distinct statement of our opinions.

We could offer many reasons for thinking that the union has been actually the means of opening many civil, and many commercial advantages; while it placed Ireland, for the first time, in possession of the real benefits of the British constitution, till then but a theory—the romance of oratory. It also, to a very considerable extent, diminished or neutralized the action of numerous vicious and irregular workings, which retarded all advances. It introduced the first steps of a spirit of British feeling and civilization, by increasing the communication between the countries. All these advantages can be fully proved in theory, and, to a great extent, verified by the actual results. That the whole extent of the proposed advantages has not in every respect been attained, must be admitted. For this, there are some evident reasons. In the first place, the measure, like all great and extensive measures of change—like all great revolutions (for it was a revolution, the real result of the united Irishmen, and their more sanctioned abettors)—was attended with its concomitant disadvantages, though all in their own nature exceedingly light and transient, if not aggravated and perpetuated by other causes. The same popular temper, the same popular turbulence, and the same inveterate divisions, which had

previously to the union, aggravated every evil, could not be expected to subside, upon the mere event of the union. Against this measure, every effort was tried to raise and maintain a feeling of public exasperation; but, above all, the real and direct operation of the union was counteracted to the utmost possible extent, by the raising of the most exasperating party questions, and by the instrumentality of a small body of men, who pursued their objects by the sole agency of popular feeling and passion. How far popular agitation should have been resorted to, for any purpose, would be a distinct question. We can conceive a danger, so counterbalanced by considerations of justice, as to warrant the risk of incurring it; but our affirmation is this, that, owing to the continued agitation of the Irish people, the most important benefits to be expected from the union have been counteracted to an incalculable extent. Commerce has been repelled—absenteeism has been largely occasioned, and fully *justified*—law has been weakened and disarmed—a perpetual conspiracy nourished—the most savage murders so countenanced by the populace, and so directly traceable to their known opinions, as to render them ostensibly the act of a land “where law protects not life.” Not to multiply such facts. Such are not the processes from which civilization has ever grown: such is not the state of things from which it ever will grow.

While the country continues to be in the arbitrary jurisdiction of a populace—under whatever name, whiteboys or ribbonmen,—and while any denomination of the better classes think it essential to their purposes, to carry their points by means of this unlawful agency, there will be no end to the sufferings of every class in Ireland. They only will have peace, who have nothing to defend, or who can afford to live elsewhere.

We have availed ourselves of the known opinions of Dr Duigenan, for the last statement of political opinion which we shall offer in this work. So far as we can see our way, in the few political memoirs which remain, we shall have it in our power to refer the reader to the statements already made.

Dr Duigenan rose to the stations for which he was, by his talents and attainments, pre-eminently qualified. He died in 1816; at which time he was a member of the privy council; judge of the prerogative court; vicar-general of Armagh, Meath, and Elphin; king's advocate-general of the high-court of admiralty. He was also professor of civil law in the university.

He was a man of strong intellectual powers, and exceeded by none of the many able men of his day in those practical applications of reason which are called common sense, and which, as the word is generally (though wrongly) taken, deserves a better name. He was not possessed of genius, or of the lesser endowments which are considered as genius. He was not an orator, and had little command of the artifices of persuasion or sophistry, or of the flowers and graces which captivate the hearer's fancy. These endowments he did not possess, or much appreciate. He had a coarse mind, impelled by a sanguine temperament; and treated the sophistries of his antagonists with scorn, without being even aware that he wounded their pride, and offended the taste of his hearers. But he was a man of the kindest nature,

and wholly free from the malevolence which will always be imputed to those who offend the public and its favourites.

He has been charged with sycophancy. We have not the materials for his defence. But the charges of the writers who were opposed to him may be dismissed lightly, for they are too heedlessly made. Those gentlemen who find no epithet of scorn too severe for those who touch with a breath of disrespect the memory of rebels and conspirators, are keen to find flaws in the characters of the honest and wise men who saved the country from their follies and crimes, and prompt to put base constructions, wherever they can by any stretch apply.

Right Hon. George Ponsonby.

BORN A. D. 1755.—DIED A. D. 1817.

THE subject of the present memoir was born in March, 1755. His father, the Hon. John Ponsonby, son to the first earl of Besborough, was a man of high eminence in his time, having filled the office of speaker to the house of commons.

Mr George Ponsonby received his education at Cambridge, where he obtained considerable distinction. In 1780, he was called to the bar in Ireland. For some years, he was remarkable chiefly for an apparent remissness in the avocations of his profession; but circumstances, which had their origin in the arrangements of government, having operated to reduce his income, the effect was to alter the character of his pursuits, and determine him to the laborious and diligent pursuit of the law.

Mr Ponsonby, having found it necessary to enter upon a course of serious exertion, soon attained the eminence due to his high and distinguished abilities, both as a lawyer and as a member of the Irish house of commons. But it is by his political life that he is best known, and best entitled to our notice. Deprived of a post of considerable emolument, to make way for Mr Marcus Beresford, (of which Mr Coppinger had been similarly deprived, to make way for himself,) Mr Ponsonby soon made the government aware that it had added another formidable name to the list of its opponents. From that time forward (the lieutenancy of the marquis of Buckingham), Mr Ponsonby was an active and able ally of the party of which we have already had to commemorate so many illustrious individuals.

When lord Clare was raised to the chancery bench, he presented his brief-bag to Mr Ponsonby, though his political enemy. The incident ascertains the high character of Mr Ponsonby in his profession, as it cannot be otherwise explained.

To follow him in the detail of this portion of his life, would involve the tedious repetition of topics already discussed so far as there can be any object in their discussion. The main questions in which he took a prominent part are known by the mention of his party: his last act, as a member of the Irish parliament, was opposition to the union.

In 1806, a change of parties occurred, favourable to Mr Ponsonby. The coalition between lord Grenville and Mr Fox, raised him to the dignity of lord chancellor. The administration by which he had been appointed was soon dissolved, and he retired with the pension of £4000 a-year.

He now commenced a new career, by obtaining a seat in the British house of commons. There he quickly became the leader of the opposition—a clear and strong proof of eminent qualifications. In the British parliament, his reputation as a debater stood high: he was clear, plain, and forcible. His style was strictly of the logical order; and though not remarkable for the ornaments or artifices of the rhetorician, yet polished and correct. He was noted for the facility and method of his replies, sometimes coming forward towards the close of a long debate, and meeting in due order the several arguments of numerous adversaries. He has also been justly praised for his fairness and candour in opposition. It is hardly necessary to mention that his political conduct was, in the main, regulated by the principles of the party to which he had so long been an ornament.

In the year 1817, during a debate, he was attacked by some paralytic affection. In a few days after, he died in London, and was buried at Kensington.

Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart.

DIED 1811.

If we were to distribute our space in strict proportion to the intrinsic merits of the subject, not many of his eminent contemporaries might claim a more full memoir than Sir Hercules Langrishe. During forty years, he represented the borough of Knocktopher in the Irish parliament, in which he sustained, throughout, a high character among the small knot of talented men with whom he was numbered. The few of his speeches which have survived, though sadly mangled in the imperfect reports of that period, display the mind and powers of an orator of the first rank. He was a whig in his politics, and strove, according to the views then entertained by his party, for the improvement and elevation of his country.

It would be a needless repetition to enter upon the numerous questions in which his talent and patriotism were signalized. He was not less respectable as a country gentleman, than distinguished as a public man. Having been for a considerable period resident in the vicinity of which he had been a conspicuous ornament—though long after his time,—we have personally been enabled to observe the recollections of affection and respect which have long outlived their object. His refined and classic wit—his social virtues—the happy and graceful facility of his pen—were remembered and praised by those who could well appreciate the better as well as the more brilliant qualifications of such a man. Some specimens of his poetry have been preserved, and may be seen in Mr Grattan's Life, by his son. They are full of wit, character, and spirit; indicate a mastery of the resources of scholarship,

then so important a part of literature; and, we would say, place their author in the foremost rank of the poets of the social or the political circles of a time when the faculty of verse was still somewhat of a distinction.

Sir Hercules belonged to a day, and was one of the brightest ornaments of a circle, which, for good or evil—its lustre or its darkness—the world is not likely soon to see again. It must be owing to no common combination of incidents, that so many persons so brilliantly endowed, and so rich in the excellencies which give a charm to private life, should have fallen so closely into the same circle. The subject of this brief memoir; the late chief-justice Bushe; Grattan; Richard Power, whose mind, the seat of all refinement, obtained for him the appellation of “The Classic;” the recently departed Sir John Power, whose fortune placed him in the centre of the circle, and whose head and heart adorned his prosperity, and would have dignified any condition; with many talented and worthy persons, not to be named, because their names belong to private life alone—and others, who still remain; were the individual components of a brilliant society, often brought together by the hospitality of Kilfane. In Kilfane, or at Knocktopher or Floodhall, was frequently assembled, from every quarter, the grace, wit, poetry, and talent of Ireland, in her proudest day of talented men; and all that can charm and wing the hour—in itself too swift—combined to elevate and adorn the social scene. Happy, if such scenes were not as transitory as rare! and fortunate, if they over whom they breathe the fairest illusions of a world in which all is largely mixed with illusion, are not lulled into forgetfulness of the realities which surround them and await them! But we forget our “brief.”

Sir Hercules was created a baronet in 1777. He was the first who endeavoured to obtain the relaxation of the penal statutes against the members of the papal church in Ireland, in 1792 and 1793.

He took a conspicuous part in the debate, in May, 1782, on the duke of Portland's address; in 1783, on Mr Flood's motion for reform. To reform, he was a consistent and steady opponent; and, we think, on just grounds, justly applicable at the time.

Sir Hercules died in 1811.

Sir Philip Francis.

BORN 1740.—DIED 1818.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS was the son of Dr Francis, the translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin, but received his education in England, whither he was sent in his tenth year. At the age of sixteen, he obtained a clerkship in one of the government offices, where he was taken into favour and employment by the elder Pitt, through whose influence he was speedily put on the path of honourable exertion. Having resigned an appointment in the war-office, by reason of some

misunderstanding with lord Barrington, he spent some time on his travels, in 1772.

In the following year, he was appointed one of the members of the council, in the Indian government, at Bengal. In that station, his quarrels with Mr Hastings, the governor, are matter of history. As the other two members of council held, or fell into his views, which were opposed to that of the governor, Mr Francis was thus placed in a most anomalous position—one, indeed, not easily reconciled with any notion of an efficient administration. The consequence was such as could not be avoided. The governor's power was in a measure paralyzed; and as he was placed in a most difficult position nothing but the most consummate possession of the qualifications which the juncture required, could enable him to act effectively for the safety of the British empire in India. Mr Hastings was bold, enterprising, prompt, dexterous, and unscrupulous: his conduct gave ample scope for opposition. Mr Francis tried his temper to the utmost; and private causes of animosity were mingled with and gave force and bitterness to those which were official. Mr Hastings frankly insulted his opponent, by a letter of the most unsparing reproach; and in the duel which followed, Mr Francis was severely wounded. He resigned his office, of which the salary was £10,000 a-year, and returned to England, to prepare new troubles for his enemy.

The history of the impeachment of Mr Hastings needs no repetition. It has been already stated as a portion of the life of its illustrious conductor. With reference to Mr Francis, it may be enough to state, that he had, with the keen apprehension of enmity, observed and treasured up the faults of Mr Hastings; and, from his local knowledge, was qualified to give the most full effect to their representation. He supplied the leaders of the impeachment with materials, added impulse, and contributed to give weight to their accusations. It was by Mr Burke, and Fox, and their associates, considered desirable to avail themselves of the knowledge of Mr Francis, by his appointment on the committee. But this, the justice of the house of commons would not suffer. It would, indeed, have been deeply to be regretted, that a just impeachment, which afterwards became the object of great unpopularity, should have been entangled with so questionable a proceeding. The peculiar acrimony of Mr Francis, was perhaps not then so well understood: it would have added much to the reproach. Mr Francis himself made, upon the occasion, a speech of great power, and remarkable for that characteristic combination of refinement, simplicity, energy, and point, which have subjected him to the imputation of being the author of Junius's Letters.

Mr Francis possessed too deeply the spirit of defiance, to be otherwise than an opponent to government; too much spleen and ambition, to be otherwise than a discontented man. He was among the first projectors of the reform association, called the *friends of the people*, by a misnomer which never has been fairly examined; but which, in most cases, might be corrected not amiss by the term, *enemies of their rulers*. His notions of reform were, like most such systems, erroneous inferences from a narrowed view of superficial truths—the best definition, perhaps, of plausibility.

Mr Francis was, it is said, once on the point of being sent out to India, as governor-general. In 1806, he was made a knight of the order of the bath.

The main subject of his parliamentary speeches was India. In 1814, he seems to have retired from parliament in disgust, and with the resolution of taking no further part in public life. He died in 1818.

It remains to offer a few remarks on a much controverted, but still undecided subject. Was Sir Philip Francis the author of the Letters of Junius? To enter fully on the discussion of the arguments for this opinion, would be an unpardonable waste of our limited space. It may be enough to state in what they consist, and to apprize the reader that they remain unanswered, but by the general objection, that they are not quite conclusive on the point; and that the inference is repelled on a different ground, which is not quite so satisfactory. Such is the state of a question not now to be decided.

The arguments in the affirmative of this question, are the following: That the style of the letters is similar to that of Sir Philip's speeches and known writings; while both are very peculiar and characteristic: a strong argument, it must be admitted. This argument is corroborated by another similar in its force. Numerous phrases, sentiments, figures of rhetoric, and sentences mostly remarkable in themselves, coincide either wholly, or too nearly, to be referred to the ordinary causes of such coincidences: another argument which, according to the degree in which it can be affirmed, may approach to certainty. An additional argument, of less weight, but which derives great value from the concurrence of other proofs, is the similarity between the character to be attributed to Junius, and the ascertained character of Sir Philip. Again, the correspondence in the time, and other circumstances of the composition of the letters, with the personal history of Sir Philip: his absences and presences; his special knowledge of facts; his discontents, enmities, and friendships. And lastly, we may add the consideration due to the *whole* of such arguments, as completing a stated sum of probability, of which each part derives some force from all the rest. This is but a brief summary of the argument, which, we must confess, leaves no doubt on our mind. To bring its parts together, we have omitted a few striking details, which we shall here state. It may be sufficient simply to advert to the known veneration of Sir P. for lord Chatham. Now, it is remarkable that the only person whom Junius drops his wonted acerbity, to compliment in the language of enthusiasm, is lord Chatham (Letter 54, col. 1806).

It has been noticed by more than one historian, that the letters of Junius show a minute knowledge of the events which had occurred in the war-office, and in the secretary of state's office, and of the chief persons connected with them. During the interval between 1763 and 1772, Sir Philip was employed in the war-office, which he was forced to leave on account of some annoyance from lord Barrington. In the same interval, the letters were published; and it has been remarked, that the clerk who was put in his place was honoured with the bitter scorn of Junius. "It is curious, indeed, to remark with what sort of feelings a person like Junius, who considered the highest

characters in the kingdom as not game too high for him, regarded an ordinary clerk who had been put into his place. We find him, accordingly, descending to the lowest and most scurrilous invectives whenever he touches on that subject, and evidently uttering the language of a man whose mind is agitated between contempt and indignation. He calls Chamier, Tony Shamney — little Shamney — a tight active little fellow—a little gambling broker—little waddle-well—my duckling—little three per cents. reduced—a mere scrip of a secretary—an omnium of all that's genteel. Bradshaw, who was connected with Chamier, he also mentions as Tommy Bradshaw—the cream-coloured Mercury, whose sister, Miss Polly, like the moon, lives upon the light of her brother's countenance, and robs him of no small part of his lustre.”* It is scarcely too much to say that Mr Francis alone could have been the writer of these phrases, utterly beneath the pride of the writer of the haughty letters to Sir William Draper; but quite consistent with the self-abandonment of pride, when it is deeply and painfully touched. We pass the touch of Irish oratory in the moon that robs the sun of “no small part of his lustre,” for it is not characteristic of either. Perhaps the appointment of Francis, soon after, to a place worth £10,000 a-year may be referred in some measure to the distinct, though secret understanding, of the formidable character he had assumed.

To this may be added, that Sir Philip is allowed to have been the most prompt pamphleteer and letter-writer of his time. It was his known habit to address the public journals on all occasions of the slightest public interest. Another circumstance may be mentioned: the hand-writing of Sir Philip has been found to be similar to that of the original copies of Junius, which Woodfall had preserved.

The foregoing are but instances to exhibit the general nature of this argument, and of the grounds on which it relies. The strongest fact of all is the least susceptible of being stated in a general form: it consists in the close similarity of the entire constitution and history of the characters of Junius and Sir Philip, so far as each can be traced. Slighter evidence would be sufficient for a jury upon a capital felony. It has now also a weight which it had not when the question was formerly discussed. There is at least one remarkable precedent—as it is upon the force of similar evidence, not more strong or complete, that an English barrister identified Sir Walter Scott with the author of Waverly. The material was, it is true, more abundant for the comparison of styles; but in many respects the argument was far less complete. With such strength of positive proof, this curious question seems to be reduced to the consideration of whatever objections can be offered.

Now, as to objections, we know but of one which merits any notice: it is very strong in appearance, but cannot bear examination. We mean, the denial of Sir Philip himself.

That the writer of Junius' Letters, *whoever he was*, did deny the authorship, may be taken for granted. That most *public* men of that day would little hesitate to deny an authorship *designed to be con-*

* Editor's Preface to Junius.

cealed, no one will doubt. That there were the most urgent reasons for such a denial, is as little matter of question. That the author of Junius' Letters was a person of as high political stamp and intercourse as Sir Philip, and as little likely to shield his own reputation, peace, and safety, by a species of falsehood often hazarded by men who would not be guilty of any other, will also be admitted, after a moment's reflection. Junius did not consider himself safe: he had assailed the highest and most influential public men; he had been in consequence denounced and proscribed among the circles in which he lived. He had probably now and then to listen to denunciations from his own personal friends: he was branded by Dr Johnson's pen as sharp, and far more powerful than his own. If he was a young man, as the history of Junius himself renders not improbable, (so far as we require,) he probably, as he advanced in life, found added reason for secrecy. Though the letters were admired as models of a certain style, and though many a conceited literateur would compromise all shames and fears to wear the plume of Junius, yet such are not the feelings which actuate public men of great and admitted abilities. To be the author of the letters would have been a small thing to Sir Philip. They had not then been enshrined in mystery, and exalted by discussions. Sir Philip was not ambitious of admiration on the mere ground of style, or to be the reply to a conundrum; but he justly shrunk from odium and enmity. It was from a sense of this nature, that towards the decline of life he gave up the India questions, strongly expressing the sufferings of his life, from the constant vexations of party animosity. "By so long endeavouring to maintain right against wrong, I have sacrificed my repose, and forfeited all hopes of reward and personal advantage. . . . As to future personal proceedings against any man, I am resolved to take no part in them. . . . My spirits are exhausted, and my mind subdued, by a long, unthankful, and most invidious application to one pursuit, in which I have never been able to do any good." This was after more than thirty years of public life—the sentiment of an anxious, restless, and irritable mind, which, to use his own expression, was as a sword that wore out its scabbard. Such a person was little likely to covet the supposed honours of Junius.

But the denial itself is more than a mere denial: it surely states a motive, and that in language which few but Junius would venture to breathe. He did not deny it as an indifferent matter, on which he thought it incumbent to speak the truth; *he anxiously deprecated* the assertion of "a silly *malignant* falsehood." Why was it malignant to place upon his aged brow the coveted wreath of Junius? It *was* malignant, because it was a distinction which he feared and shrunk from; because in his view, and in the circle of his associations, it would crown the old age of a not unhonoured life, with contempt and execration. In his apprehension, it was malignant; and his denial goes for nothing. There is no reason why he should not have denied it, more than why Junius should have denied it.

We have but one remark to add. We do not mean to attach to the authorship of those celebrated letters any portion of the species of censure implied in the language here used; we simply would express

what may well have occurred to Sir Philip. He lived among the persons whose enmity, dislike, and condemnation had been drawn forth by Junius. He had listened to language, and witnessed a sentiment which has not outlived its time. Junius was not a worse libeller than many worthy gentlemen now living, with whose names we should not think fit to associate the term. The letters were reprehensible in the degree that all political personalities are, and not a thousandth part so much to be condemned as the anonymous abuse of modern journalism, which no one blames, and no wise man cares for. We can easily conceive young men drawn into such writings, with far less motives than Sir Philip; and afterwards, when raised in rank, and improved in feeling and experience, looking back upon them with feelings of regret and shame.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

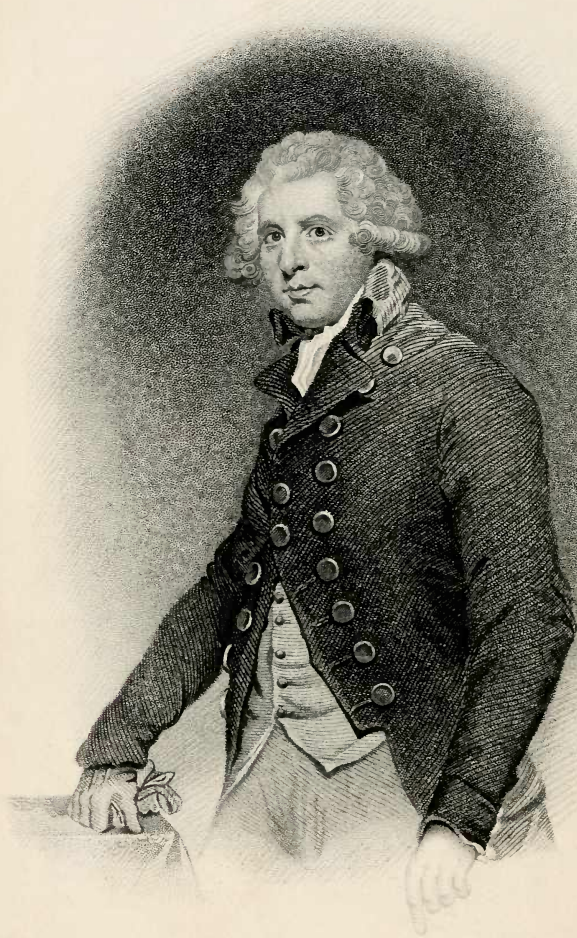
BORN 1751.—DIED 1816.

THE history of the Sheridans would be a history of the social state of their times. The manners, amusements, literature, and the transitions to which these incidents are subject, in the progress of time. Of the grandfather of the eminent person we are now to notice, some account has been already given. His father was also a man of considerable attainments, and eminent in his profession as an actor. This gentleman married a Miss Frances Chamberlain, the granddaughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlain. She was the writer of the well-known tale of Nourjahad, and other popular works.

Of this marriage, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1751. In his seventh year, he was sent to Whyte's school in Grafton street. Here he was only permitted to remain for one year; at the end of which he was, with his brother Charles, removed to Harrow. At that eminent school, Dr Robert Sumner was then master, and Parr an under-master. It is said that these able scholars quickly discovered the early indications of talent in Sheridan, and exerted themselves to improve it. They found in him an aptness to learn, in a great degree neutralized by the idleness of an over-vivacious temper. He was a universal favourite among his school-fellows. He was mischievous and full of pranks; but this disposition was qualified with so much wit and good humour, that he contrived to conciliate his masters into something very like connivance. He was praised and caressed; and it is quite evident, from the accounts of Dr Parr, that his ambition was gratified without any effort, by the praise of acknowledged talent. A great misfortune, as it was the means of diverting him from that application which would have given their proper aim to his eminent abilities, and enabled him to bear a masterly part in those great questions in which, notwithstanding his gifts of the first order, he can only be said to have floated on the surface. Thus, also, a strong and craving vanity was early nursed, and became too prominently the spring and guide of his conduct; often leading him into degrading associations, and always giving a tinge to his character,

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Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Engraved by J. B. Bird from a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

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which in some way lowers his most honourable actions. Anxious for admiration, and no less sedulous to maintain the reputation of a gifted idler, he gradually fell into the habit of secret study; and, by unobserved efforts, he made himself master of the principal authors read in schools. This feature of his character is important to fix on the reader's mind, as one of the leading clues to much that is peculiar in his after-life. "To seem in all things superior to effort—to preserve the dignity of seeming indifference—to conceal failure, and magnify success,"* are indeed common dispositions; and with these the heart that has been taught to live on the smiles of the world, will become at last identified.

Of his first attempts in literature, it will not be necessary to say much in a short memoir. They were pursued in partnership with a highly gifted and amiable youth, a Mr Halhed, his schoolfellow at Harrow, who was afterwards early successful, and would have risen to eminence; but having been sent out to India, he came home deranged.

Sheridan continued at Harrow until he had attained his eighteenth year; when he was removed to his father's house in London. His father contributed his own share to his education, and perfected him in the essentials of grammar and oratory. The removal of his family to Bath seems to have placed his genius in its more appropriate soil. His fine perceptions, and his disposition to satire, found ample food, in a place where the infirmities of human character flourish with their fullest luxuriance, and where the genius of sarcasm and scandal has made its most favoured abode. Here he studied human life with the eye of a wit, and drew that knowledge of manners, and that keen sense of human weaknesses and vices, which constitutes his genuine claim to the immortality of literature.

Their removal to Bath took place in 1770. His father's connection with the stage brought the family into an immediate intimacy with that of Mr Linley, the celebrated musical composer. With his daughter, herself eminent as a vocalist of the first order, young Sheridan fell in love. Miss Linley was no less celebrated for her talents than for her beauty; and he had numerous rivals. She was the rage of the hour: the young men of the city were fired with admiration; and among Sheridan's rivals were many of his own friends. He courted his mistress, as he studied, in jealous secrecy; and while many preferred their suits, and were rejected, he alone passed without suspicion. No romance is more deeply diversified with crosses and constancy, and the whole train of those vicissitudes of sentiment which though only celebrated in fiction, are no less known in reality, than the history of Mr Sheridan's courtship. We must here be content to select some incidents, too prominent to be wholly passed without note. Miss Linley had been proposed for by a Mr Long, a gentleman considered to have £200,000. He was accepted by her father; but was privately applied to by herself, with an entreaty that he would withdraw his suit. With a rare generosity, Mr Long not only complied, but took upon himself the danger of breaking off the match. Mr Linley took legal proceedings, and was indemnified with £3000.

* Dublin University Magazine, April, 1837.

Among the numerous incidents belonging to this portion of our memoir, there was one attended by very serious consequences. Among the admirers of Miss Linley was a Mr Matthews, a married man, who was intimate with her family; and who, presuming on her profession, began to persecute her with attentions which could only be received as insults. Repelled in these odious advances, he had recourse to menace; and she felt herself compelled to disclose the circumstances to her lover. His feelings need not be explained. He immediately proceeded to expostulate with Matthews; but his remonstrances had no effect. Terrified by such ruffianly and degrading importunities, and disgusted with a profession which exposed her to them, Miss Linley came to the resolution of flight. Sheridan, who it may be assumed was her adviser, borrowed the needful means from his sister, and accompanied her. Her plan was to take refuge in a French convent. Of the achievement of this exploit, we only state the main outline. The time was taken, when the family were engaged at a concert; and, with a proper female companion, the fugitives made their way to London. There it naturally occurred that the only remedy for the dangers attendant upon such a step was an immediate marriage; and they were married accordingly.

The romance was not to terminate with the wedding. The mortified pride of Matthews could not acquiesce in being so frustrated by a rival whom he perhaps had too readily despised. He satisfied his vengeance by calumnies and misrepresentations, some of which appeared through the medium of the Bath Chronicle. These found their way to Mr Sheridan, who wrote to threaten vengeance; and who shortly returned, with that purpose, to London. He found his way at a late hour of the night to the lodging of Mr Matthews, and was for a long time detained at the door, on pretence that the key could not be found. When this artifice failed, he was at length admitted. Matthews met his remonstrances with an altered tone, and endeavoured to appease him. With this view, he had recourse to lies: he told him that the reports of which he complained, were circulated by his own brother, Mr Charles Sheridan, in Bath. Sheridan at once went off to Bath, saw his brother, and ascertained the falsehood of the assertion. Both brothers returned to London, and Sheridan immediately challenged Matthews. Matthews showed no very keen appetite for cold steel, and many delays and changes of place took place on this meeting. At last they engaged with swords, in the Castle tavern, Henrietta street. They were not long confronted, when Sheridan contrived to strike his antagonist's sword aside, and, running in, caught his sword-arm by the wrist. Matthews asked his life, and, after some efforts at evasion, was compelled to retract his calumnious statements, in a writing which was inserted in the Bath Chronicle.

Mr Matthews withdrew from the painful notoriety which attended this defeat, and attempted to shroud his wounded reputation in the retirement of his Welsh estate. He was, however, assailed by the condolences of some "damned good-natured friend," who soon convinced him that he might as well meet the sword of his enemy as the tongues of his neighbours. How long, or by what process of persuasion and mortified rumination, the courage of Matthews was roused

from its torpor, we are not enabled to state. His valour was screwed, we presume, "to the sticking point;" and he set off with his friend, once more to seek and brave the trial of cold iron. The parties once more met, but with a different result. Unfortunately, Mr Sheridan thought to conclude the affair as on the former occasion, by a *coup de main*, and rushed upon his antagonist, laying himself quite open. He was received on his point, and severely wounded. The sword, coming against one of Mr Sheridan's ribs, was broken; and the parties closed and fell, Matthews being uppermost. On the ground, a most brutal strife followed, on which the seconds appeared to have looked with blameable remissness. Matthews, after several attempts to wound his antagonist with his broken sword, recovered the point, with which he wounded him in the belly. He received a similar wound from Mr Sheridan, whose sword was also broken. His second now called out, "My dear Sheridan, beg your life!" This advice was also repeated by the other second; for this seems to have been the etiquette of such encounters. "No, by G—, I won't!" was the reply. They now resolved to interfere; and the parties were, with their own consent, disarmed, and withdrawn from the scene.

The result was, that a strong suspicion of the fact of their marriage was raised; and Sheridan's father, still in the hope to guard against such an event, sent him for a time upon a visit to some friends in Essex. The youthful pair still continued to guard their secret, as, both parties being under age, they feared the marriage might be dissolved. Sheridan remained in this afflicting separation, of which the suffering was greatly augmented by the natural jealousy of his temper; and his painful apprehensions were increased by a consideration of the peculiarly exposed condition of his wife.

After much distressful and harrassing endurance, and some stolen interviews, Mr Linley became convinced of the inutility of any effort to separate them, and at last consented to their marriage. A second and more formal celebration accordingly took place, in the spring of 1773.

The first step taken by Mr Sheridan was, to refuse his consent to the engagement which had been made for his wife as a public singer. They retired to a cottage at East Burnham, from which they removed in winter to London.

It will not be necessary further to pursue this part of his life in any detail. His wit and reputation for talent was set off by his adventures, and by the accomplishments and pleasing manners of his wife; and they were received in the best society.

Sheridan now commenced his brilliant career as a dramatist. In the summer of 1774, he had finished his well-known comedy of "The Rivals," in which he seems to have taken some hints from his recent adventures with Matthews. The first reception of this comedy was not answerable to the character it afterwards attained, and still bears. It came forth with the errors of inexperience about it, and, among other defects, had that least of all likely to pass the trial of an audience: it took four hours in the acting—a test which few, if any, plays ever written would be likely to escape without some show of impatience. It was coldly received; but the prompt sagacity of the author took the

hint, and, before the next representation, it was trimmed into more current form and dimension. It was then received with the favour due to its characteristic power, and took its place as a stockpiece among the most popular plays in the language—a success which may be said to stamp its claim, whatever may be conceded to the criticism which has discerned its faults as a representation of character. It effects the object of the author—to amuse and instruct by ridicule. The faults and weaknesses of his persons might, it is true, be delineated with a more fine and feeling hand, and more conformably to nature and reality. They might also be worked into considerable dramatic effect by the coarser and more common method of the plot, in which actions are followed up to their consequences. But it is equally legitimate, and more appropriate to the species of follies which are the subject of “*The Rivals*,” to treat them with the appropriate edge of ridicule. This is done in the manner most suited to a mixed audience, by the humourous exaggeration of caricature—a species of satire agreeable to the custom and taste of all times, and founded on the principle that much of the absurdity of human conduct can be represented in no other way. The real operation of the folly of Lydia Languish would probably consist in a course of secret impulses, and nearly evanescent acts, which, separately taken, would be in no way ridiculous. To expose them, they are to be converged in the concave mirror of satire. Nor is there in this anything really unnatural: it is effective as a sort of practical exemplification, in which absurdities are carried to their legitimate consequences, and displayed apart from the tissues of reality. In life, the duellist is also a man, and has the common interests and pursuits of other men; in the satire, he is a duellist, and no more. The drama does not represent life in the abstract, or even the whole life and character of its heroes: it selects an incident of their lives, in which some ruling virtue or vice, weakness or absurdity, is brought out, and becomes the spirit of the hour. Such a consideration strongly enforces the justness of the mode of delineation which has been in some measure blamed in “*The Rivals*.” The satire is not the representation of the man, but of the folly. It is an infirmity realized for the moment, by dressing it in the features of humanity. Once more let the character of Mrs Malaprop be considered: the slipslops which distil so amusingly from her tongue are in no one instance more extravagant than the lamentable reality: no absurdity is too gross for the flippant and conceited tongue of an ignorant and shallow woman, with a pedantic temper and a half education; as was very common in the last century. Such blunders were but occasional; and how was this disgusting absurdity to be touched by any delineation pretending to the character of reality? Surely if Mrs Malaprop had only fallen into one dull flippancy in the whole representation, the point must wholly have escaped; or, if observed, it would have been considered as the mistake of the author. But Mrs Malaprop was simply the impersonation of feminine slipslop, and her blunders touched into perfection by the wit of the satirist. It is not the less exact as a specimen, because it is qualified by a ludicrous felicity. Of the cowardice of Bob Acres, we should observe that it is a most keen dissection of the workings of a passion in itself most singularly

characterized by the opposite extremes of the ludicrous and awful. Such are its different aspects to the looker-on and the subject of it. There is no passion so resisted and subdued by the pride of manhood: it only obtains power where there is unusual folly and imbecility; and its real tendencies and suggestions, when betrayed, are so disgusting, that it requires to be set off by the playful absurdity of the satirist, to bear the light of popular representation.

Sheridan's school was the world. His observation was keen; but it was the observation of a wit, and not of a philosopher. Of the facts to be collected from society, from self-experience, and from the occasional reaches of mind in thought or composition, he was master. His mind worked within a narrow compass; and this may be said upon his own authority. "There are," he said, "on every subject, but a few leading and fixed ideas; their tracks may be traced by your own genius, as well as by reading." This *dictum*, expounded by the actual productions of Sheridan, of every kind, indicates at once the real machinery, and the limit of his intellectual power. He had not in view the comprehensive application of principles, for this was not in his writings or habits. His fixed ideas were but practical resting-places for the memory and fancy—a popular system, beginning in certain common elements of practice, rules, maxims, and established facts. But we must not suffer our pen to be led away by distinctions which, however just, demand more space than we have at our disposal.

At this period, Mr Sheridan was anxious to make his way into political life. He commenced by the writing a reply to Dr Johnson's pamphlet, "Taxation no Tyranny." His indolence, in an effort for which he had naturally no vocation, was perhaps the cause of his not having completed it. The fragments published by his biographer do not display much of the talent suited to the antagonist whom he had selected, or the nature of the subject.

Sheridan became, not long after, a member of the celebrated Literary Club: he was proposed by Johnson, with the observation that "he who had written the two best comedies of his age, is surely a considerable man." This occurred in 1777.

Although he did not permit Mrs Sheridan to appear on the public stage, yet his circumstances were not such as altogether to dispense with the profitable employment of her singular talents. And this was rendered the more necessary by the extravagant habits of life into which he was led by his social tastes and accomplishments. Private concerts were had recourse to, and in some measure assisted to supply the waste of their profuse living. Their house became for a time one of the gay centres of festivity; and if income was obtained from various sources, it went out something faster than it came in. But it was the season of youth, and hope, and power, and high friends, and splendid attractions.

It is indeed a curious, but melancholy consideration, that now, even in the heyday of his life, when the path to fortune and the attractions of the world, in their brightest form and hue, seemed opening before him, and all was enjoyment of the present, and gay hope for the future, the causes of ruin were already sprung up around him, and, though slowly, yet surely, preparing a future day of gloom and deser-

tion. There is a strong and feeling contrast between the pecuniary embarrassment which was entangling him, and the festal abandonment of his home, and the brilliant increase of his fame. Those hours which were not engrossed by the serious game of politics, were devoted to mirth and frolic. Besides the social and convivial wit for which he is remembered, he was equally addicted to, and successful in, practical jokes; and of this many curious stories have been preserved by Mr Moore and other biographers. By Mr Moore we are told, that "he delighted in all sorts of dramatic tricks and disguises; and the lively parties with which his country-house was always filled, were kept in momentary expectation of some new device for their mystification or amusement."

"The Duenna" appeared on the 21st November, 1775, at Covent-garden: it ran for 95 nights. The merits of this celebrated opera are so generally known, that we may hold ourselves absolved from any criticism. The comments of which it has been the subject would, if mentioned, require several paragraphs of analysis, which our readers will excuse, and for which we have not room.

In the same year, he entered into a treaty with Garrick for Drury-lane theatre. Garrick was about to retire into private life, having realized an ample fortune. They had become acquainted at the table of Reynolds, and were, as they should have been, soon warm friends. Garrick seems to have thought that Sheridan's dramatic genius would give new life and success to that theatre, which he had for some years found it not easy to manage. Ten thousand pounds was to be paid by Sheridan. The sum was advanced by two of his friends, who were secured by mortgages upon his share in the concern. Mr Linley joined to the same amount, and Dr Fordyce to the amount of £15,000. The rest of the estate continued with Mr Garrick's partner.

Sheridan was, as he said, resolved upon success; and he argued that of this laudable resolution, success must be a consequence. Such a consequence must depend on means and causes, which are too often forgotten in the computation. Yet Sheridan had strong grounds for confidence: he possessed within himself a rich mine of wit and dramatic invention; and had not indolence, the thirst for dissipation, and the ill-regulated ambition which drew him into the field of politics, interfered to relax and counteract the bent of his mind, and divert his talents from their proper aim, we should be inclined to look with similar confidence to the result of his exertions. In addition to these disqualifying tendencies, he was utterly without that commercial prudence, attention, and calculation, without which the most prosperous circumstances will be neutralized. He had not a due sense of economy, or any apprehension of the real effects of debt. He spent profusely what he had, and what he had not, and seldom looked beyond the success or the triumph of the hour.

His first effort disappointed his friends. The alteration of Vanburgh's comedy of "The Relapse" was a failure: the "School for Scandal," however, appeared in May 1777, and made amends. For years, this distinguished piece eclipsed all other dramatic productions. It still holds its place at the head of the comic drama. Many things have been written or said, tending to diminish this praise. The pains

it cost the author has been noticed; its moral has been assailed; and the very authorship questioned. On the latter of these points, we do not consider it necessary to speak; it is simply foolish. On the others we may make a few remarks, as it is on his dramatic achievements alone that the true fame of Sheridan must rest.

To say that any degree of slow and careful elaboration, by which the most consummate excellence of art can be produced, can diminish the praise of success, would display an ignorance of the powers, and a misconception of the character and resources of genius: it involves a confusion between the ideas of excellence and rapidity, which latter is more frequently an indication and a result of mediocrity. This ought to be understood. As the faculties augment in power, the first consequence must be a proportional enlargement and perfection of the standard conceptions of excellence, and consequently a still greater increase in the difficulties of execution, which must fall short of the poet's or artist's taste, in proportion as it approaches the perfect standard. Here then is evidently shown an inverse ratio between power and rapidity, so far as such inferences are to be allowed. As the standard rises, the labour of art becomes more and more infinite: mediocrity alone, aiming at little, soon arrives at its imagined perfection. If it may, with some speciousness, be replied, that in the actual instance under consideration, the application of this principle is not very precise—as promptness is essential to the merit of wit,—it would not be difficult to show the misconception contained in such an objection: it simply shifts the question from art to conversational power. The power is the same, but differently used: the same talent which can exhilarate and arouse the social circle by the rapid and rich play of point and allusion, contrast and comparison, is capable of the most unbounded elaboration, and is subject to all the gradations of improvement. The same principle applies to all that can be done by the power of art. The highest aim prescribes the deepest elaboration, and no elaboration can create the power. “A thousand years of labour could not have enabled Hayley to write ‘Comus,’ or Cumberland the ‘School for Scandal.’”^{*} The materials for this comedy seem to have been accumulating from an early period of his life, and to a considerable extent are to be traced to the associations of his sojourn in Bath. The steps of its progress have been traced by Mr Moore in details too long for this work, but curiously, and on a scale of unusual breadth, disclosing the secrets of the midnight lamp.

Much has been said of the defects in the conduct of the story or plot of this, as of Sheridan's other plays. The real interest of the “School for Scandal” is not properly to be sought in the plot, or in the progress of its incidents, but in the truth and happy boldness of the satire. We do not therefore concur in the criticism which has analyzed a part of the design which had no existence. The truest and severest picture of the manners and morals of a time needs no aid from the common charm of the circulating library. But it challenges criticism on a different score—the moral perversion displayed in the brothers Charles and Joseph Surface,—in whose charac-

^{*} Dublin University Magazine.

ters libertinism is adorned, and virtue degraded, so as to convey a corrupt and thoroughly false impression to the spectator. This cannot indeed be denied by the most practical critic, who is not ready to betray the most sacred duty of his office: and we must not only admit the severe strictures which have been often repeated on the flagitious misrepresentation which is the signal stain upon this great masterpiece; but strongly, as is our duty, impugn the defence which has been set up for Sheridan, by his admirers. It has been defended by the assertion that there was worse before it, and that a service was done to morals, by the exposure of the hypocritical Joseph Surface, while the irregularities of his brother are set off by the bright example of his natural virtues. Were open profligates commonly persons of exalted worth, and were persons apparently of strict moral conduct commonly secret villains; if such a transposition of the realities of human nature actually were to exist, something might be said in defence of the representation. It would have at least the merit of truth, though it would unhappily be a better argument for vice than vice has yet been able to find. But the hypocrite and the libertine are the creations of the dramatist: referred to reality, they are among the accidents of a vicious state of society, and not properly the subject of moral portraiture. In real life they may exist; but they are a morbid specimen, and should not be selected. The truth must be said: there was a state of society, when it was felt to be an object to sneer down religion and decorum, and to invest profligacy with the grace and dignity of virtue. The preposterous transfer was welcome to the gay and the vicious (the friends of the author), and was the honour and glory of the piece. It helped the cause of dissipation, and swelled the triumph of dice, drunkenness, and drabbing, against "grave advice with scrupulous head." Every one knows that the favourite cant of open profligacy is, the charge of "hypocrisy" against those who scandalize it by decency; and the effect of a contrast like Sheridan's, in favour of vice, must be, so far as it goes, to bring into disrepute all the higher moralities, and to shed a gay charm around the libertine. On the other hand, so far as the representation can be said to apply, it can have no effect whatever: the Joseph of reality still has his secret to himself. The profligate will wear the plume woven for him; but he is not bound to maintain a stock of concealed goodness, for some dramatic *dénouement*: he will be content, with Charles, to have credit for virtues on the score of profligacy and vice.

In 1778, Sheridan had made a further investment in Drury-lane, to the amount of £45,000. He had been reconciled with his father, and on this occasion used his newly acquired power to make him manager. It was hoped that the father's experience might compensate for the imprudence of his son.

Garrick died January, 1779. Sheridan attended as chief mourner at his funeral. On this occasion he wrote the longest of his poems. Of his poetry, we shall not say anything in this cursory sketch: the consideration would lead us too far. According to our estimate, his mind possessed no poetry, save the rhetoric; and even in this, we should have important deductions to make. As a poet, his best success is the ballad, in which his point, his sentiment, and his not un-

lyrical ear, combined in his behalf. This is sufficiently apparent in the songs of "The Duenna."

In the same year "The Critic" appeared, and to some extent maintained the reputation of Sheridan. But the difficulties in which the theatre began to be entangled were beyond the powers of prose or verse. His father was little competent, in his old age, to deal with perplexities which, in a far milder form, had been too much for the vigour of his youth. He resigned; and the plot began to thicken on the "Road to Ruin."

But the gloomy chasm that was to swallow up the brightness of Sheridan's career was for many years to be concealed by other successes. His brilliant powers, all pre-eminently of the social order, had brought him prominently into the highest circles, and made for him friends of the leading whigs of the time. It had long been the favourite object of his ambition, to try his fortune, and display his powers on the stage of politics. The friendship of Fox decided him.

To pass superfluous detail, he obtained his desire. He was brought into parliament as member for Stafford. A petition complaining of undue election gave him a favourable occasion for the display of his eloquence; but his *début*, owing to nervous excitement, was unsatisfactory. Such an impediment could not long retard powers of such an order; and though he prudently avoided committing himself for a time on great questions, he gradually convinced the house of his value.

We do not consider the politics of Sheridan such as to demand an excuse for venturing into the history of his time, or of the questions which occupied the orators and statesmen who then lived. We must therefore endeavour to adhere to a strict course of personal history. From the outset of his political life, he is to be seen as the friend and follower of Mr Fox. While he mainly adopted the principles of that great man, and seconded the party movements of which he was the conductor, his own tact, address, and keen common-sense, enabled him to keep clear of many of the disadvantages of a violent popular faction; and he knew how to avail himself of the connections thus obtained, to raise his own position, and wind his way to favour. He thus found access to the prince of Wales, and soon attained, by his wit and address, the confidence and companionship of his pleasures and amusements.

The reader is most probably acquainted with the general state of parties at the time: we have sufficiently described it in Burke's memoir. The country was menaced by a violent influx of revolutionary principles, represented in the person and party of Mr Fox. With this party the prince was for a time connected. They fought his battles, and swelled his state. His extravagance had led him into difficulties—his associations had involved him in the just displeasure of the king, who hoped to break such alliances, and induce his heir to marry, by making it a condition of the payment of his debts. Such a compromise was rejected by the prince; and several years of painful disunion afflicted his father, and promoted the objects of his political friends, by making their talents useful. He was thrown into the arms of as debauched

and unprincipled a set of projectors, parasites, and profligates, as ever degraded a court.

For Sheridan, as for Mr Fox, it is to be said, that they were actuated rather by their own tastes and propensities, than by any low motive by which men are likely to court favour in courts. However the friendship of the prince might appear to promise future political advantages, their own tempers, passions, and pursuits, were all in the same track; and the prince was not one to whom any companion could fail to become attached.

Through the entire of the protracted negotiations which were consequent upon the prince's difficulties, Sheridan was the nearest in his confidence—the partaker of his counsels and of his amusements. In this latter capacity, his spirit of mischievous frolic had ample range; and many stories are told of his exploits of practical humour. If the outbreaks of their gaiety are less equivocal than the nocturnal sallies of prince Hal, and the revelry of the Boar's Head, they are not far short in mischief, and far superior in wit. In that grave play of specious knavery, which mystifies the victim of a jest, Sheridan was unrivalled. Of this, the instances which have been repeated by numerous biographers and collectors of anecdote are numerous, and among the best of their kind.

The climax of his renown as an orator rose from the impeachment of Mr Hastings. It is needless to estimate the precise value of the praise his celebrated speech obtained: it answered the highest uses of praise to its object. We shall offer some remarks at the close of this memoir, on this and some other points of the same nature.

His father died in 1788; and the attendant circumstances, in themselves unimportant, brought into evidence the natural strength of his filial affections.

In 1791, he received a severer blow, in the death of his wife. Her health had been shaken by the heavy labours which she undertook, to regulate and keep order in the tangled engagements and perplexed affairs of her husband; in which she manifested the most admirable patience, industry, and talent. A cold, operating on a naturally delicate habit, seems to have brought on her last illness. She received the most tender and assiduous attention from her husband, who sat up night after night by her death-bed.

In 1795, he was again married to Miss Ogle, daughter to the dean of Winchester. His party at this time was crumbling away: the views they had espoused had begun to be exposed by facts; and a deep reaction, set in motion by the eloquence of Mr Burke, was confirmed by events. Sober men began to shake off the revolutionary delusions of the day, and to perceive the importance of rallying in defence of institutions. Sheridan was not slow to follow the dictates of reason, and became for a time the object of reproaches to the leaders whose intrigues for place were defeated by his address.

In 1798, he brought out "The Stranger" and "Pizarro"—well-known adaptations from the German Kotzebue.

In 1804, he obtained the receivership of the duchy of Cornwall,

from the prince of Wales, "as a trifling proof of that friendship his royal highness had felt for him for a long series of years."

In the autumn of 1807, he entered into a treaty with Mr Jones of Dublin, long well-known to the Irish public as the spirited proprietor of Crow-street theatre. It seems to have been a part of the agreement, that Mr Sheridan should write a play within the given time of three years. This agreement was arranged in the form of a bet for 500 guineas, which was agreed on by the parties in presence of Mr Richard Power and Mr Becher, who joined in the bet.

As we have already intimated, Drury-lane theatre, had from the beginning, been a source of embarrassment and extreme annoyance to its proprietors. The petty squabbles of the company of actors and actresses, the accumulation of debts, the doubtful and controverted rights, and the occasional lawsuits to which they gave rise, became too much even for the natural *insouciance* of Sheridan. This state of things was aggravated by an accident. He was attending a debate, when word came that the theatre was on fire. He left the house, and proceeded to the scene, when he witnessed with surprising calmness the destruction of his whole property.

In 1811, the arrangements for rebuilding the theatre were complete. And among these the interests of Sheridan were attended to. He was to receive £20,000, out of which different claims were to be satisfied. It was also a stipulation, that he should have no concern or connection of any kind with the new undertaking. Such a condition strongly indicates the impression which existed as to his utter unfitness for any concern in the conduct of business. In truth, with every kindly, amiable, and generous impulse, he was incapable of bringing home to his mind the urgent sense of duty, of right, or of obligation, or any of the principles which are essential to the whole commerce of life. Such considerations were, in a mind of which *buoyant levity* was the characteristic quality, only known as elements of rhetoric, and the flourishes of sentimental poetry. Mr Moore's observations on the transaction here related, are too important in this point of view to be omitted. Having mentioned that the adjustment of the affairs of the theatre were undertaken by Mr Whitbread, he proceeds: "It would be difficult indeed to find two persons less likely to agree in a transaction of this nature,—the one, in affairs of business, approaching almost as near to the extreme of rigour, as the other to that of laxity. While Sheridan, too, like those painters who endeavour to disguise their ignorance of anatomy by an indistinct and fuzzy outline, had an imposing method of *generalizing* his accòmpts and statements, which to most eyes (and most of all to his own,) *concealed the negligence and fallacy of the details*; Mr Whitbread, on the contrary, with unrelenting accuracy, laid open the minutiae of every transaction, and made evasion as impossible to others, as it was alien and inconceivable to himself."* The light, inconsiderate, and volatile frame of Sheridan's temper was as a butterfly impaled upon the needle of the artist—writhing and fluttering to escape to his zephyrs and his flowers. Mr Whitbread did not comprehend the levity and the ingenuity that would load to-morrow with

* The italics are not Mr Moore's in the above extract: they are intended to mark the passages bearing mainly upon our own statement.

calamity and ruin, to make to-day run smoothly; and this was the life and soul of Sheridan. On Sheridan's part, the collisions which arose in their proceedings were embittered by distress and wounded pride.

Among these annoyances, one alone requires our immediate notice now. He applied for an advance of £2000, for the purpose of securing his election for the borough of Stafford. But as this advance would have been premature, and anticipate the state of his accounts, it was refused. The refusal was perhaps harsh, but it was strictly right, and was peculiarly the result of all Sheridan's conduct. It is one of the cases in which opinion is seldom just, and in which justice is sometimes difficult. In looking back on the history of men like Sheridan—so light, brilliant, and unfortunate,—we cannot help seeing through the light of those consecrating recollections which follow departed genius. There was nothing in poor Sheridan's character to command either the respect or sympathy of men of strict principle and sober conduct. But it was nevertheless a blow that gave the last sad impulse to his declining career. The dark spirit of ruin, to which he had sold his life, had followed his progress through court, and senate, and stage, with invisible steps, but steady malignity of eye: it now began to tread closer on the heels of the victim, and to claim the fatal price. The known prospect of £20,000 was a dangerous signal to his creditors. The precise detail of the state of his affairs at this time, we have not been able to learn; nor is it further important than the general fact: he was dipped beyond his means in debt,—though it is mentioned that there was still some balance remaining over and above the debts, to which he was rendered subject by the arrangements of the committee for the management of Drury-lane.

We must here, in passing, say (and we only say it that our silence may not be misinterpreted) that we wholly disagree with, and deeply disapprove of, the comments of some other writers on the transactions of this period of Sheridan's life, as uncandid and unjust. It is vain to palliate his follies and his misconduct at the expense of just and honest men. There is something gratuitous in the misrepresentation of circumstances, and the misconstruction of the motives of those who have been charged with that neglect which was the inevitable result of his own conduct, of the position in which he had placed himself, and of the degrading changes which he had undergone: they can serve no good end. It is not by dealing wrongful imputations that a great man's memory is to be redeemed from the censure of history.

These remarks have their object; and, let it be said, are written with a constrained and temperate hand. We do not consider the memory of George IV., whatever were the *real* faults of the man or of the prince, less important to history than that of Mr Sheridan. Both are long beyond the reach of satire or partial praise, which must fall ineffective on the "dull cold ear of death." But we cannot let pass the pernicious implication, that it is the claim of brilliant social and literary talents to be protected at the expense of other men from the consequences of folly and infirmity. Let these considerations be our excuse if we deal unceremoniously, but fairly, with the latter days of poor Sheridan. And let us further preface this division

of our task with the remark, that for talent, or even for genius, exclusive of moral worth, we profess no veneration, and consider such a popular fallacy. Considered in itself, genius is simply power, valuable according to the use. It is the lofty moral and spiritual qualities which ought to be the result of a broader and higher range of mind, and of more large and purer sympathies, which give their grace, loveliness, and dignity to the poet of nature and to the philosopher of truth, and which demand the honour of mankind or awaken the enthusiasm of the observer. But we cannot be compelled to pay this high tribute to the man who has in his life displayed great powers, stripped of all these nobler attributes. We cannot consent to crown and gild a vicious model, or to add to the spurious wreath of praise twined by the hand of calumny.

During the closing years of his life, changes had been taking place in Sheridan, consequent upon his habits, which were such as to wear out the very bonds of the nearest relations of life, and which must have rendered him less the object of sympathy, and entirely cancelled the common claims which pass for friendship in the world. It was felt to be past the reach of all effective kindness to raise him from a condition, not more ruinous from its actual amount of evil, than hopeless from the increase of those infirmities which brought it on. He was in head and heart, mind and body, fallen from his height, such as it was—that of a wit—an ornament in the polished circles, a contributor to the amusements of the gay, and whatever value will be claimed and conceded for his political life. All this was gone. And, though it may so appear in the rapid transition of a brief memoir, it was not the change of an hour: he had been long working a downward way. Any one characterized by the tenth part of his folly, and without the brilliant energies which upheld him for an interval of forced elevation, would long before have been consigned to a charitable oblivion. He was felt to be incorrigible in the infatuation which “made him poor,” and would “keep him so at last.” With the fair allowance for such considerations, it ought to be neither matter of wonder or blame that his friends had become alienated from one whose ways were become incompatible with respect or with the habits of polished life—that he came to be tolerated in regard to past claims. “The ancients, we are told,” writes Mr Moore, “by a significant device, inscribed on the wreath they wore at banquets the name of Minerva. Unfortunately, from the festal wreath of Sheridan, this name was now too often effaced.” This is gracefully said, and it becomes Mr Moore to cast a flower where a harsher hand must fix a sterner mark; but it is our duty to translate the charitable concealment of poetic language. Sheridan had sunk into a habitual and confirmed drunkard. In some, caution; in some, their place in society; in some, their great insignificance, might in a measure counteract the tendency of his worldly acquaintances to spurn such a disgusting association. Much is endured, because it must be endured. But poor Sheridan had lived on the admiration of society; he had been cultivated by *inclinations* and the *sympathies* of men. With all his amiability, and the *prestige* of reputation, he was *felt* to have become disagreeable and disqualified, as much for the adornment of society as he had

always been for its affairs. No kindness could sustain him above the level he had *found for himself*.

But there is another consideration, before reproach against his great friends can be fairly admitted. It should have been fairly noticed, that the destitute state of his finances could not have been known. He was nominally in the possession of several sources of income. It was only known that he was embarrassed, and that, with the possession of any assignable estate, he would be embarrassed still. The prince had been munificent, and a patent office had apparently secured enough for moderate desires. The numerous anecdotes told by Mr Moore and others, could we here avail ourselves of so detailed a method, would amply attest the justice of these remarks.

Sheridan had one kind and invariable friend, who never deserted him, or lost sight of his interest. It was the prince-regent (Geo. IV). But having, between indolence and the habits already described, in a great measure become estranged from attendance at court, and as the same changes rendered him less qualified to appear advantageously in a circle which had during the very same time been changing in the opposite direction, he was not sought after or his society cultivated with the same flattering care. He was no longer attractive or the object of admiration and respect, though he was yet regarded with kindness and compassion. This was not understood, either by Sheridan or his friends. A morbid pride, which had lurked in his mind through life, resented the alteration, without justly calculating that the cause was in himself. He became pettish; and his friends, who did not look beyond him, naturally resented his imaginary wrongs. Party, which lives in misrepresentation and misunderstanding,—and above all, popular party, which is reckless in assertion, and looks on kings and nobles as game for “the liberty of the press,”—perverted the circumstances for the purpose of calumny against the prince-regent. And thus it was, that when the character and pursuits of poor Sheridan had become such as made it impossible for any person of rank to be his associate, or still less for the king to seek him out in haunts beyond which he had in a great measure ceased to exist—when he had fallen into such a condition that he could not be trusted a few hours to his own discretion—when he himself, with some natural consciousness of what he was become, avoided the society of which he had once been the ornament—he drew upon himself the neglect which he courted and resented. When a man loses sight of his own dignity and interest, it is frivolous to demand that he is to be held up by others. It is with some remorse that we follow the dictates of justice, in endeavouring to transfer a little misplaced censure to the proper scale. We participate in the common prejudice which demands somewhat of tenderness towards the infirmities of men like Sheridan. His hapless decline is indeed a theme to awaken the most painful sympathy. One asks with sorrow and indignation, Was all this talent, spirit, amiability, success, to terminate thus? How brilliant the ascent!—fame, fortune, public admiration, princely favour! How sad the descent!—embarrassment, poverty, degradation, and neglect! The mortifications aggravated by the most brilliant recollections, and embittered by the pride of a spirit still lofty in its ruin.

IN 1815, a disorder brought on by continued intemperance became confirmed and incurable. His powers of digestion were gone; but his native strength of constitution prolonged his struggle with disease. He nevertheless rapidly lost strength, and in the spring of 1816 was entirely confined to his bed. It was in this condition that his dying bed was harrassed by the demands of creditors. His house was beset by the bailiffs, and he was compelled to seek aid from his friends. Liberal assistance was offered by the prince-regent: it was refused, to satisfy the pride of Mrs Sheridan's relations. Perhaps, indeed, they acted from a more respectable feeling. His distress was not such as to be admitted without something of shame. And we feel also bound to say, that some of his biographers, in relating his pecuniary transactions, have been so much enchanted by their sense of wit, as to overlook the real and essential character of very equivocal transactions. We can find excuses in Sheridan's utter levity; but it is easy also to see to what lowering constructions he must have become subject in the opinions of the vulgar. We cannot, at all events, find any fair ground of reproach to any one but the unfortunate person who, too dearly perhaps, paid the penalty which seldom fails to crown a life of imprudence.

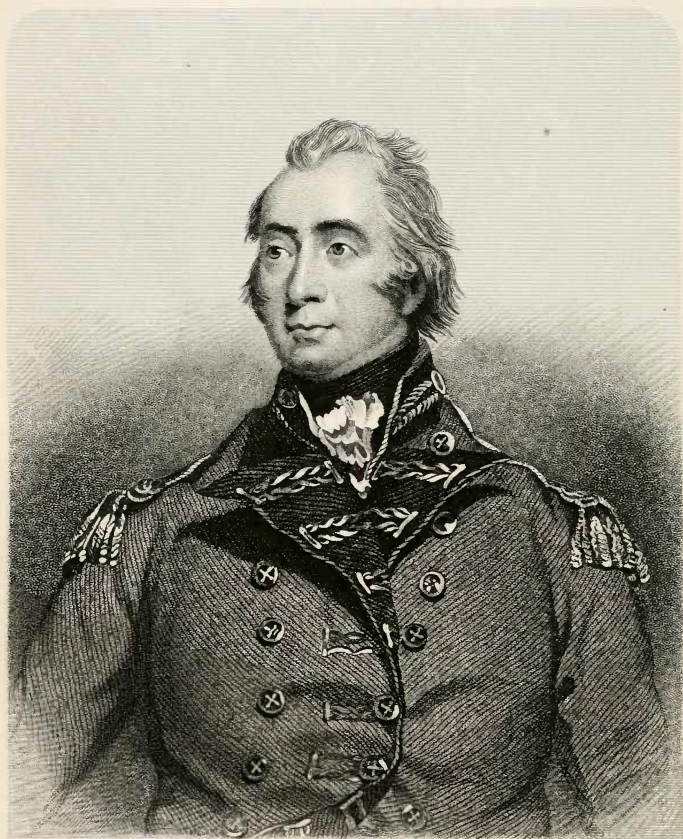
One more point connected with these considerations demands some notice, and it must be brief—where the public friends, the great and noble persons of Sheridan's party, are reproached with deserting him. It ought not to be forgotten, and the less because it is to his praise, that he had first departed from them. Though far from a wise or a prudent man, Sheridan was sincere; and when the true tendency of the conduct and principles of that party became palpable to his discernment, he expressed and acted on his better sense. Such changes are hardly tolerated when they can be supported by the power and respectability of the person, and the after-course by which his retreat is dignified.

But to conclude. Sheridan was arrested in his bed; and after keeping him a few days in terror, the bailiff was only prevented from removing him by Dr Baine, the physician who attended him. The bishop of London happening to learn of his dying state, sent an offer of his attendance, which was gladly accepted. Sheridan joined in the bishop's prayers with fervour, and appeared to have received much comfort. He died without a struggle, July, 1816. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

The personal character of Sheridan is best to be understood from the numerous anecdotes which are told by several writers of his wit, his prankish vivacity, his indolence, and most singular carelessness about times and engagements. We are also, by similar records, made acquainted with his powers of persuasion—the combined effect of wit, dexterity, and engaging address. These instances are numerous enough to overflow a volume, and there is little purpose to be served by selection: it would not serve the only purpose for which we could justifiably prolong this memoir. Mr Moore, in an ample volume, has, we believe, given a faithful picture of Sheridan. The most vivid and characteristic ideas of his personal habits and peculiarities may perhaps best be looked for in the *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*.

But, however they may in his lifetime constitute the man, personal defects and excellencies have no surviving power. They cannot be adequately represented by specimens. These can be but scattered reflections, which leave behind no image. Sense and truth may survive, but convivial pleasantry has no record. The raciest humour evaporates on the page, and grows dull as the *crambe* of "Joe Miller." It is as a comic dramatist of the first order that Sheridan must hold his place. As an orator, we cannot rate him very highly: we do not subscribe to the test of success. To be a test, success must be abiding—it must rest on something essential. The ultimate reputation of authors, though submitted to a more cold and deliberate judgment than the speech of a popular orator, is not in many instances settled by their first reception. The public taste, sentiment, and passion, are variously swayed by circumstances of the most transient effect; but true fame is fixed by the sentence of deliberate and enlightened judgment, which comes after the momentary burst of popular excitement, or the silly craze of fashion. This is more closely applicable to the public speaker than to any other display of human talent. There is in great crowds, under the excitement of an interesting occasion, not only an enormous development of sympathy, but a prepossession of the mind, which anticipates and is ready to find glowing eloquence and the most impressive representations. Under such an impression, it is only conceivable by experience, how much effect can be produced on the heated audience by the glitter of conceits—by obvious and flimsy turns of rhetorical dexterity. There are well-known instances where a court of justice has been affected by a sparkling effusion of mere language, in which even the subject was forgotten by the pleader; because, in fact, his remote and tumid allusions were applied to the real subject, even beyond their meaning, by the preconceptions of the jury. On the same data nearly, it might be explained, that a speech of the most accomplished excellence, while it may produce all the direct effect that eloquence can occasion, must, at the same time, be only justly appreciated by a very few hearers, and those the most self-possessed and unheated, or the most judicious and enlightened. We know it will be said, the only use of a speech is to produce the very effects which we are thus attempting to underrate. We do not assent to this: but we do not require to dispute it here; let it be granted. We have only to answer, that if the object and character of oratory be lowered to something so contemptible and low as the mere practice on the passions and sympathies of the crowd, it cannot have any pretension to a more permanent praise. Such, in point of fact, is not the pretension of that language in which Sheridan has been praised as an orator. We ground our decision on the consideration that all the remains of Sheridan as a speaker, or as a writer of plain prose, in which most of the same capabilities should appear, do not in any instance rise very far above clever mediocrity; and much, which we know to have been admired and rapturously applauded, was mere tumid verbiage, in the very worst taste—not to be praised for its sense, and displaying little of that other species of pretension which would best be tested by putting it into verse. As a debater, we are convinced that Sheridan's merit must have been

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considerable; for in this, his happy address, and the poignancy of his prompt and abundant wit, could not fail of their effect.

But, as we have said, it is with the dramatist alone posterity is concerned. As a dramatist, so far as the genius of the author is to be considered or the success of the piece, there is, in truth, no deduction of importance to be made. We have already entered in some degree into the merits of the *School for Scandal*, which cannot but be looked on as the masterpiece of its author, and most truly representative of the real powers of his intellect. Mr Moore has traced it to a slow accumulation of the result of labour and the concentration of long-collected wit. He has detailed a curious and instructive history—the slow steps of a progress in which two distinct sketches, differing in plot, became at length amalgamated into one. He has followed out the still more interesting process by which stray wit and the characteristic strokes of satire were caught, treasured, refined, and condensed into the brilliant and dazzling excess which flows so copiously in every sentence of the *School for Scandal*. From the MS. remains of his studies for this piece, it is plain with what diligence he seized and improved every suggestion, and turned every point in every aspect, until it was placed to the best advantage. In his margins, it seems to have been his habit to write down his unappropriated points, to wait the occasion when they might be best brought in. And thus, by consummate skill, was worked out the result of consummate genius.

Mr Moore has been most unjustly blamed for withdrawing the veil from the mystery of the poet's laboratory. We entirely disagree with so unfair a charge. It was the duty of the biographer. Without its close, true, and impartial representation of the actual merits of the person, biography would be a task too degrading for any qualified mind. What, it may be asked, is the memory of the departed to posterity, but a portrait or a lesson? Where, without impartial truth, would be the faith of history? which is, if not true, the worst of all romances. But the defence is not wanting. The history of Sheridan's works is but a modification of the history of genius; sometimes slowly maturing the *magnum opus*, and always, either consciously or unconsciously, collecting and ripening the form and materials. When Mr Moore shall have added one more to the list of departed poets, it is to be trusted that his varied life and brilliant productions will merit a historian and a commentator as instructive and impartial as himself.

Francis, Marquis of Hastings.

BORN 1754.—DIED 1825.

GEORGE RAWDON, of Rawdon in Yorkshire, came over with the earl of Strafford, and settled in Ireland, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was an active soldier in the rebellion of 1641; and, it is said, took a respectable and useful part in the affairs of the country during his time.* His great-grandson, Sir John Rawdon, was raised

* Burke's Peerage.

in 1750 to the peerage, as baron Rawdon of Rawdon, in the county of Down.

The grandson of this last-mentioned person was Francis, the subject of our memoir. He was born in 1754, at the family mansion in Down. Of his early life and education, it is needless to say more than that he was educated in a manner suitable to his birth. He early conceived a passion for the military life, and entered the service young, after having, as was then usual, given some time to foreign travel. When the American war broke out, he was a lieutenant in the fifth grenadier regiment. He was present at the memorable and bloody fight of Bunker's-hill, in which he was one of seven of his company who escaped: his cap was perforated by two bullets. On this occasion, he received the honourable testimony from the general (Burgoyne), in his despatch, "Lord Rawdon has this day stamped his fame for life."

In 1778 he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and appointed adjutant-general to the army under general Sir H. Clinton. By many distinguished services, he confirmed his growing reputation and displayed his capacity for command. As a consequence, much was trusted to his judgment and activity; and he was soon detached, on a separate command, in South Carolina. In this charge he conducted the force committed to his charge so as to acquire fresh praise; and in some time after, when lord Cornwallis a second time left him in the command of an inconsiderable force, in the same district, he had to maintain himself against the combined manœuvres of two American corps, under different generals; in which extreme difficulty he exerted so much superior skill, promptitude, and decision, that the enemy found it necessary to retreat before they could make any impression on his position. Soon after, a very superior force was collected to dislodge him. It was encamped on a hill while preparing to attack him, and delayed only for the arrival of some reinforcements, which were fast coming up, and immediately expected to arrive. As lord Rawdon was aware of the circumstance, it occurred to him that the most expedient step would be to anticipate the event, by a prompt attack on the enemy's entrenchments on Hobkirk-hill. By a well planned and directed movement, he reached the most accessible point of approach, without being perceived by the adverse commander (Green). Some dexterous manœuvring followed on both sides; but lord Rawdon perceived and baffled the intentions of his antagonist; and when the Americans came rushing down the hill, under cover of a heavy cannonade, a sudden extension of the British front received the charge, and disconcerted the design of their general. The consequence was a total rout, and a victory glorious for lord Rawdon.

In the decline of the British affairs (which had been sadly mismanaged by the commanders, who were ill chosen for the weighty charge of a war so extensive, and still more entangled by the fatal usage then adopted, of cabinet interference and dictation), lord Cornwallis became ill; and the retreat of the troops in South Carolina having been judged advisable, the charge of the movement was intrusted to the experienced ability of lord Rawdon. We shall only here say, that the important and most difficult trust was most fully

justified by a retreat conspicuous in military annals for the courage, circumspection, skill, and judgment with which it was conducted. In the course of this duty, lord Rawdon's bodily health gave way to the united effects of labour, anxiety, and the heat of the season in that sultry climate. He was, in consequence, compelled to travel in a cart, from which he directed the march. Such an effort was by no means likely to restore his strength; and the illness increased so much, that he was under the necessity of sailing for England. The vessel in which his lordship sailed was taken at sea by a French frigate, and carried to Brest. He was not, however, long destined to be a prisoner; but was exchanged, and returned to England.

His lordship's honourable services in America were rewarded with a promotion to the English peerage, as baron Rawdon of Rawdon, in the county of York.

In 1793, by the death of his father, lord Rawdon succeeded to the earldom of Moira, the title by which he was long an object of popularity in Ireland.

As a politician, it is not necessary to follow his lordship with any precision. It will be enough to say, that in this, as in his professional career, he manifested considerable talent, and as much judgment as could properly be looked for in the opinions of a clear-headed and sagacious man, who had not been educated as a statesman. In the practical details, there is a great affinity between the capabilities of military command, on a large scale, and those of political conduct; but in the latter, so much knowledge, of a nature both extensive and profound, is essential to the exercise of the ablest understanding, that none but genius of the highest order can be expected to be much more than an effective in the foremost ranks of party, without such preparation. Though we may admit that the highest nature, the noblest intentions, and the most exalted spirit of humanity, will, at least, ensure a thorough freedom from all the misconduct and failure which inevitably, in the end, result from the ordinary interference of those selfish and family interests which constitute so much of the real and interior policy of public men.

His lordship had an opportunity to signalize his military genius in the expedition under the duke of York, sent in 1793 to the assistance of the States-general in Flanders. A body of troops, of which he was in command, being ordered to Flanders, he embarked and landed with them at Ostend. The country was entirely in possession of the French forces; and it was only by the exertion of much skill, daring, and readiness of resource, that his lordship was enabled so to avail himself of favourable incidents as to join the English army. In the course of the movements essential for this purpose his lordship had a smart action with the enemy, in which he repulsed them.

On his return to England, he entered, with his natural activity, into the politics of his time, and joined the minority in the house of lords.

When the Union was proposed, he strenuously opposed it; but when it was carried in the Irish parliament, he admitted that his objections were removed by their consent. He also assented to the fairness of the provisions of the bill.

Having been appointed commander of the forces in Scotland, he became as popular there as in Ireland. One of the most popular Scottish tunes was, for a long time, "Lord Moira's Welcome to Scotland."

In this island, his affability, public spirit, and humanity, so endeared him to the people, that the United Irishmen seem for a while to have entertained the hope that he might be drawn into their views. They were, of course, soon made aware of their error.

On the death of his mother, he succeeded to the honours of her family.

In 1804, he married Miss Flora Campbell, countess of Loudon. He was employed, in 1812, to form a liberal administration; but the negociation did not succeed; and soon after he was appointed governor-general of Bengal.

In 1816, he was created viscount Loudon, and advanced to the rank of marquis of Hastings.

He returned to England in 1822; and, soon after, his health began visibly to decline. He, nevertheless, accepted of the government of Malta—it is said, from the embarrassment of his circumstances. His death was hastened by a fall from his horse, and occurred in 1825.

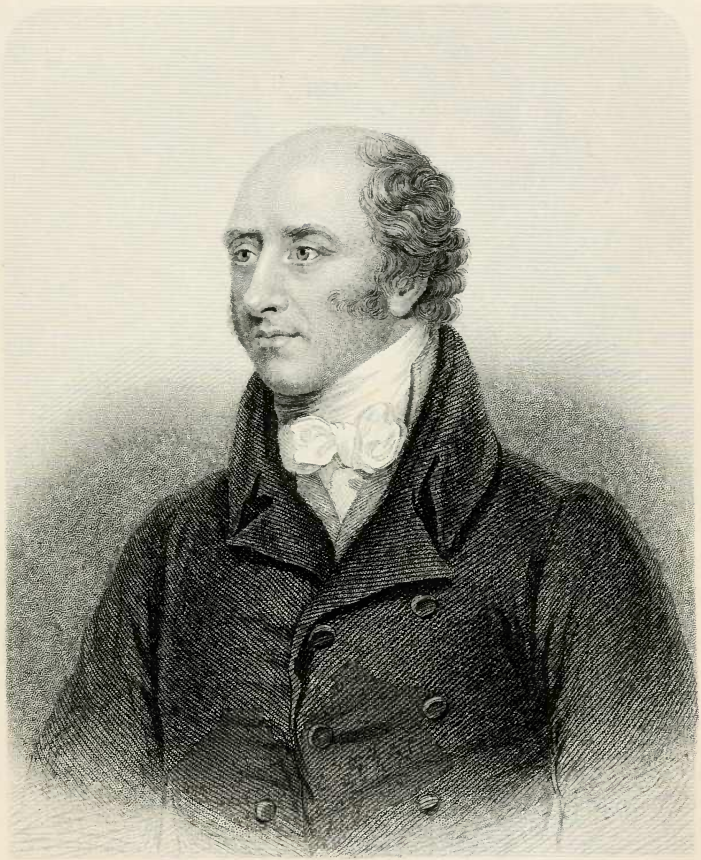
He was a good and high-hearted nobleman, with very considerable talents, much skill in his profession, and a true zeal for the honour and welfare of the kingdom. He was also kind and affectionate in the private relations of life, generous and considerate towards his dependants, kind to his friends, and exercised a munificent liberality and hospitality to all who came within his circle; and though many inheritances seem to have devolved upon him, yet his expenditure appears to have made him poor in the end.

George Canning.

BORN 1770.—DIED 1827.

THE ancestor of Mr Canning came into Ireland, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, as a military officer, and obtained a grant of the manor of Garbagh, in the county of Londonderry. The fourth in descent from this gentleman, Mr Stratford Canning, was married to Miss Letitia Newburgh of Ballyhouse, in the county of Cavan. His son by this lady, Mr George Canning, offended his father, by marrying without his consent, and was disinherited in consequence. He was a man of considerable talent; and, forming expectations of retrieving his fortunes by literature, he removed to London, where he published a volume of poems, and entered as a student in the Middle Temple. In the following year, his wife gave birth to a son. In one year more, this unfortunate gentleman died, leaving his wife and infant in a precarious condition.*

* There seems to have prevailed a general ignorance of the country of Mr Canning. The entire of his life, from his birth, is so identified with England, that this ignorance is excusable. Mr Canning claims to be an Irishman, in a letter published in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. The above particulars,



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Canning's mother was thus left, with her infant, in a forlorn condition,—from which she was extricated by a marriage with an actor and by employment as an actress. This person did not live long; and she then married a Mr Hunn, a linen-draper of Exeter.

Mr Canning's grandfather, whose inveteracy had exposed his parents to the vicissitudes of fortune, at last began to relent, and secured to his grandson a small estate in Ireland, which yielded the independent means for his education.

At the proper age he was sent to Eton, and quickly attained all the reputation of a schoolboy. He was more especially distinguished for the ease and elegance of his exercises in Latin and English. Among other qualities, which afterwards were distinguishable in his maturer efforts, was the abundant and happy vein of irony of which he was so perfect a master.

From Eton, at seventeen, he was removed to Oxford. There, too, he maintained his growing reputation. With the profound ambition which was one of the main impulses of his character, his whole conduct at Oxford was characterized by the most concentrated exertion and prudence. His associations with others were governed by an unerring soundness of judgment; his talents were cultivated—his memory stored with all that was ornamental or available in learning for the course he had already marked for himself.

Having left the university, he entered his name at Lincoln's Inn. For a time, he followed the study of the law,—of which the history and general principles form the indispensable foundation of the statesman's still profounder though less defined science. That he must have aimed at something farther than a mere profession, will seem probable, on a consideration of his character and position at the time. His extensive attainments, and splendid powers; his aspiring temper; his reputation, which had reached London before his arrival;—are elements of success, which, in a far less degree than belonged to him, must have turned any one who possessed them to public life. The prediction, attributed to lord Lansdowne, that Canning would one day be prime-minister, has at least one value: it cannot fail to have been founded on a perception of the *bent* as well as the power of his mind. Such a prediction would not, for example, be hazarded with regard to Scott or Byron, who were still superior to Canning in their powers; or with respect to lord Eldon, who, in his walk, was not inferior. It was neither the attainment nor the mere amount of power, but the whole *animus* of the man, which such a conjecture ascertains.

He quickly became an object of similar expectations in London society. He showed his superiority in the societies in which the young lawyers and aspirants for public life met to try or practise their powers. He was no less remarkable, in private circles, for his information, sparkling intelligence, wit, and address. He was introduced to most of the leading men of the whigs, and there was a general expectation that he would join their ranks.

Such expectations were disappointed when Mr Canning was brought

which we give on the authority of Mr Burke, in his "Peerage," sets any doubt at rest.

into parliament, by Mr Pitt for the borough of Newport, in 1790. Of the exertions of eloquence and reason by which this selection was justified, we cannot write in detail, as it would, for this purpose, be necessary to branch out into many questions on which, for obvious reasons, we cannot satisfactorily enter. In three years more (1796), he was appointed one of the under-secretaries of state by Pitt. With Mr Pitt he went out of office, in 1801; and returned on the declaration of war, in 1804, when he was appointed treasurer of the navy.

The death of Pitt, in 1806, dissolved the administration, and deprived Mr Canning of a powerful patron. He was, however, sufficiently advanced in estimation to be independent of the support of a patron. Powers such as he possessed, if once placed fully on their appropriate sphere and course of action, can hardly need further support. He was also freed from the ties of influence and authority which bound him, in some measure, to the strict line of Mr Pitt's views of policy. He had learned his own strength from many an honourable trial, and fixed his eye and thought on the highest point of attainment. To use his own language, he buried his allegiance in Mr Pitt's grave.

Still adhering, nevertheless, to the main principles of the policy he had already contributed to adorn and support, he took his part effectively in the contest with the Grenville party, which ended in the establishment of that sound and constitutional system of conduct which, under the mercy of God, at last freed France from a murderous despotism, and Europe from the iron and merciless domination of a single tyrant's will. In 1807, he came again into office with the duke of Portland, as secretary for foreign affairs; thus, for the first time, becoming a cabinet minister.

The succession of great and interesting events which followed, are too well known, and too variously related, to be told otherwise than in the minutest detail. We therefore only advert to such incidents as our immediate purpose demands.

Mr Canning was among the first and most efficient in stimulating the energies of England to the most honourable war, both in its object and event, that has as yet taken its place in the records of history.

In 1809, Mr Canning was implicated in a quarrel with lord Castlereagh, on account of a misunderstanding on the part of this nobleman, as to some effort of Mr Canning's to have him removed from the war-office. He was accused by lord C. of having expressly, but privately, made a stipulation with the duke of Portland to that effect, and thus made his lordship's continuance in office subject to his own pleasure, while he still continued to sit in the same cabinet with him. Such conduct was, in the opinion of the noble lord, not to be endured; and he demanded satisfaction in a letter. Mr Canning briefly replied, and, without offering any explanation or denial, further than might be conveyed in the assertion that his lordship's letter was full of "misrepresentations and misapprehensions," consented to give him the required satisfaction. They accordingly met, and Mr Canning was slightly wounded. An explanation, exculpatory of Mr Canning, was circulated, to the effect that the concealment of which he was accused was contrary to his wishes and express remonstrances, and that he had no discretion as to the time of the proposed change. He had first

stipulated for it, and then consented to its postponement to a certain period, which the duke had fixed on as convenient. We cannot enter into details, which can now have no very general interest; but it seems that, without any fault on his own part, Mr Canning was placed in a false position by the intrigues of the premier.

The consequence of this quarrel was, the resignation of both parties. We shall but briefly comment on the disgraceful character of this, and all such appeals to the pistol. Nothing can be said that is not obvious to the humblest common sense. They are unmeaning and absurd, if they were not criminal. If referred to the vindictive principle, they are a perversion which, if the consequences were not often so lamentable, would be nearly ridiculous: if referred to the higher principle which they offend—they amount to a crime of the deepest dye—an open and direct contempt of God. They can redress no grievance,—they wipe away no stain. A man may be a liar, a swindler in his dealings, a blackleg on the turf, a cheat at play, a traducer of his friend, a corrupter of innocence,—in a word, all that language can express of infamous and base,—and fearlessly stake body and soul in this lottery of death. He may even be a coward; for cowards, who are apt to quarrel, will involve themselves in the necessity of braving what they fear. For coward and brave, the duel is but a barbarous homage to the idol opinion,—an absurdity which has outlived the superstition which once gave it a wrongful meaning,—the test of a most audacious and blasphemous appeal to the Supreme Being, by an express violation of his laws. No comment on this practice can be required in the way of mere exposure: we but here record our opinion, as in duty bound. Could we afford it, much might be usefully suggested as to the course which ought to be taken for its extinction. But we can only add, that the course hitherto adopted is rather contradictory. It is not to be admitted that a person can justly be placed in so false a position as a military man has of late years been subjected to. It is unjust to make a man criminal by law for doing that which, if he does not do, he is liable to be cashiered for cowardice. Such Spartan legislation will answer no purpose: until the appeal to arms is placed out of the question, by full provisions to meet every stage of such transactions, law is as nothing. The man who considers himself pledged to risk his life, is fully prepared to meet all consequences. The law must cut the knot—as *silly* as a love-knot—of a *spurious* honour—an honour consistent with all rascality. More right, just, and true conventions must be settled: in a civilized age, and a christian country, they need not be mentioned. Surely the time is not very far off, when that species of grievance which is termed insult to that portion of a fool and a coxcomb which is called his honour, and which no anatomist of mind or body would be able to find, will be out of date. If a real effective slander can be repelled in a more rational way, there is no harm done, save to the slanderer—exposure is revenge: if it cannot, not all the blood in the camp or cabinet can wash it away. But we have gone far beyond our purpose.

Mr Canning did not again appear in the cabinet till 1816. He then was appointed president of the Board of Control, under lord Liverpool, who had been his schoolfellow and friend in the university

In the interval, he had the distinguished honour to be elected (1812) for Liverpool. He was sent ambassador to Lisbon in 1814, and had to sustain those assaults which are little more than the ordinary warfare of party, and may well be passed.

In 1820, after a troubled interval of office, during a time when the internal peace of England was broken by the pressure of a general collapse among the various trade interests, consequent on the changes from so long a war, Mr Canning was induced to resign, by his reluctance to be a party to the proceedings against the queen-consort of George IV., to whom he had formerly acted as an adviser. To avoid being present, he retired to the continent.

On his return, he was nominated to the government of India by the Company; and was on the eve of departure, when the death of the marquis of Londonderry occurred. This made an opening for him of a kind more suitable to his wishes; and he was appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs.

The politics of the administration, of which he thus became part, cannot, with any propriety, be compressed. We do not wish to entangle our pen in unsupported statements on the politics, so nearly those of the present day. It must be enough to say, that Mr Canning's views, while he yet belonged to the tories, were those of a constitutional whig,—a whig of the school of Burke,—perhaps a tory of the present hour. The consequence was, that a strong sense of alienation grew between him and some of the leading persons among his party.

Of this he was destined to feel the consequences, perhaps to be the victim. Mr Canning's generosity, and the expansive liberality of his principles,—his zeal for the welfare of his country, and for the freedom of every nation,—were nobly manifested in his entire conduct; but they were not tempered by a clear insight into the actual state of Europe. He did not see, what was then become apparent to some leading spirits alone, the vast fermentation of a rising change in the whole mind of Europe—a revolution still but in its beginnings. Mr Canning did not, in his zealous liberality, perceive the rocking of the groundswell on which thrones and institutions were trembling. He did not feel, as we could wish he had felt, that every retarding power would be required to withstand the fearful acceleration which must be necessarily consequent on the wide-spreading combination of opinions, powers, and increased numerical intelligence, with other causes of a physical character, then imperfectly anticipated. In the "holy alliance," he only saw the ambition of kings: it escaped his observation strangely, that whatever may be the individual self-interest which will always be found bound up with the best designs of men of whatever rank, the main design of that alliance was just, honourable, and founded in the strictest right. They were truly bonded against those evils against which they professed to declare; and it is our belief, that they were leagued also against evils only to be (then) apprehended by those few whose position made it difficult for them to be deceived. Mr Canning, with the purest integrity and the noblest feelings, unfortunately took a narrow view of policy: he looked to local interests and partial questions; and, consequently, showed a temper to act in resistance to a far broader and deeper policy—that of his friends and

colleagues in office. The consequence was to him unhappy. We ought at the same time to add, that we do not mean to pronounce against many of the main acts of Mr Canning's policy during this interval, in which, so far as we are enabled to judge, we see the highest ground for approbation.

When lord Liverpool was incapacitated by a paralytic stroke for the duties of his office, Mr Canning was commanded to form a cabinet. He applied to the leading tories; and, as every one is aware, failed, in a manner that was likely to make a painful impression upon his sensitive temper. He was therefore compelled to have recourse to his political opponents, and was thus thrown into the unfortunate predicament of a coalition always injurious to the public character of a statesman, and liable to entanglements and false positions, except in those instances when it is the early effect of changes arising from experience, the result of principle, and not the resource of party position.

This step on the part of Mr Canning, was rendered perhaps the less injurious to his reputation, as the change of conduct and principle to which it seemed to lead, had, for a considerable time previous, been strongly suspected; and was, in fact, the obstacle to his obtaining the sanction of his former friends. He was not the less subject to painful and mortifying consequences: he had become a prime minister, without the real substantial support of any party. He felt at his back, an alliance with which he had no real community of principle—for his conversion was but half-way. There was a pressure upon him, and he could not well escape being precipitated into distressing and difficult positions, in which those who had been his friends would be his opponents and his censurers; while he would be cheered on by those whom he could not respect.

We shall not more distinctly review the policy of his administration—it brought with it a popularity with which the spirit of Canning was too noble to be satisfied. It brought also an ample train of far more mortifying and embarrassing irritations and annoyances, which sunk deeply on his spirit, and in a few months brought him to his grave. He caught cold at the duke of York's funeral: it was aggravated by the wearing effects of continual and painful excitements, and closed his existence in the 57th year of his age.

As an orator, take him for all in all, Mr Canning had no rival in our times—he was the last, and perhaps the most accomplished, of that splendid class among which he is to be numbered. Without the matchless powers of Mr Burke, he had the strenuous will to excel, which, with the aid of a rich wit, and a fine rhetorical tact, always secured for his oratory a degree of finish, and a style, which the "careless grandeur" of Mr Burke mostly disregarded. In the full attainment of academic culture, and all those acquirements which are the result of the most ambitious and successful study, he excelled his contemporaries: above all, he was master of the treasury of Grecian and Roman literature. As a rhetorician, we know of no modern name to be compared with his; but irony was his unrivalled weapon: if rivalled, only perhaps by Tierney, another Irishman, far his inferior in all other respects. On the profounder powers of Mr Canning's understanding, we shall only say, he was a man of powerful capacities;

but we are not impressed with the conviction that any portion of his excellence lay in the depth or vigour of a strong comprehensive reason. It may happen that brilliant popular qualifications will carry their possessor into positions where plainer and more weighty powers are required to maintain the reputation gained from the less discriminate sense of the public mind. We speak cautiously of Mr Canning—there was perhaps more to be known had he lived; but we speak our impression from all that we find stated by his friends and admirers. Entirely avoiding all questions of recent British politics, as demanding a scope for statement far beyond our disposal, we cannot say more. So far as we have ventured to weigh the political character of Mr Canning, the consideration was necessary to the views preserved throughout these memoirs.

In private life, none could stand higher than he did for worth or social amiability. He was mild, affable, and unaffected in his deportment, and highly endowed with the best and kindest affections. On the rich and varied attractions of his conversation, we have the high testimony of Sir Walter Scott.

George Tierney.

BORN A. D. 1761.—DIED A. D. 1830.

MR TIERNEY'S father was a native of the county or town of Limerick. He became a prize-agent in Gibraltar. There his son was born. He received his education at Cambridge, and is said to have been designed for the legal profession. His course of life was altered by the death of his elder brothers, which made him master of affluence.

He selected the house of commons for his scene of exertion, and obtained his election for Colchester. In parliament, his distinguished powers of sarcasm and sneer—his prompt shrewdness, and fluent command of a plain colloquial idiom, most adapted for the application of those powers, made him an adversary not much to be desired. He was remarkable for his power of caricaturing the arguments he wished to decry; and, as with most persons ridicule is more effective than reason, he was thus most formidable in the ranks of opposition, for which his mind was pre-eminently adapted.

In 1798, having been accused by Mr Pitt of an opposition to "the bill for stopping seamen's protections, from a wish to impede the service of the country," a challenge and a duel followed, between him and Mr Pitt. They met, and fired two cases of pistols on Putney Heath, but with no result.

Mr Tierney took office as treasurer of the navy in Mr Addington's administration—and once more, we believe, after the death of Mr Fox. There is, however, little ground for any exception to the general statement, that he was a steady and consistent opponent to all government measures. It would be unfair to assert that he had not a sincere political creed, to which he conscientiously adhered; but there is much in his tone, manner, and public habit, to suggest the idea of vexatious opposition. This is perhaps chiefly suggested by

the very artificial character of his manner of statement and reasoning: his points were too commonly shrewd appeals to prejudice and ignorance, too often merely wit. In the perusal of such arguments as those Mr Tierney, and generally the supporters of the same questions, had recourse to, it is often forced upon the mind that the speaker does not believe his own inference. But to this Mr Tierney was perhaps one of the exceptions, if such a rule were to be allowed. It exceedingly seldom happens that men so shrewd have much capability of thinking justly on the broader questions of policy, or on any other of the more profound branches of human thought. Their true province is computation, in which the process of thought demands strictness, minute caution, nice perception, and steady attention. And, accordingly, Mr Tierney would have been an exceedingly clear and able financier. He was too subtle, had too much lively and prompt *finesse*, for the vague, complex, and unprecise phenomena of social workings on a large scale, which demand qualities of a different description—steady and reflecting observation, comparison, considerate judgment, and freedom from the sway of opinion and the entanglement arising from unessential considerations—too often the stumbling-block of very clever people.

Mr Tierney took office under Mr Canning, and was made master of the mint.

He died suddenly, January, 1830.

We add an extract, descriptive of his style as a public speaker, from a very able character of him in the Annual Obituary. "As a speaker, Mr Tierney was exceedingly original. From the moment he opened his mouth, until he sat down, the attention of his hearers never flagged for one moment. In a style which never rose above the colloquial, the most cutting sarcasms, level to the most ordinary understanding, escaped from him, as if he were himself unaware of their terrible effect. His sneer was withering. Of all the speakers, contemporaries of Mr Tierney, no one was so much dreaded as he was. His irony was inimitable. From the simplicity of his language, the reporter never misunderstood him; but from the rapidity of his colloquial turns, and the instant roar with which they were followed in the house, it was impossible to record all that fell from him; and the reports, therefore, though almost always characteristic of him, were far from complete. But his manner and intonation added greatly to the effect of what he said. It was the conversation of a shrewd, sagacious man of the world, who delivered his observations on the subjects under discussion with apparent candour, which contrasted singularly with the knowing tone and look of the speaker. His mode of taking an argument to pieces, and reconstructing it in his own way, astonished his hearers, who recognised the fidelity of the copy, yet felt at a loss how he had himself failed to perceive, during the preceding speech, what seemed now so palpably absurd," &c. Though it is allowed, that ridicule is not the test of truth, it is evident how much it disturbs the apprehension of it: and it is easy to see how much more effective this practice is likely to be in popular assemblies, than the methods of an understanding more deeply engrossed with the principles of the question, and the *real details* of the subject. The

writer of the preceding extract thinks it necessary to vindicate Mr Tierney from a charge of limited knowledge: his remarks just prove the fact of the existence of such an imputation. We wish to have it understood, that while it falls in very well with the opinion we have here expressed, it is by no means coincident with it. Our view is simply, that his mind was not of the order that deals with deep or extensive knowledge; and this is confirmed by the description of his admirer, and the mere fact of the suspicion having existed. Mr Tierney may have mastered the Encyclopedia—he may have devoured libraries; but the contents were never assimilated, and had little part in the operations of his mind.

Richard, Earl of Donoughmore.

BORN, A. D. 1756.—DIED A. D. 1825.

WE have already had to notice the right honourable John Hely Hutchinson, the father of the late earl of Donoughmore. This nobleman graduated in the university of Dublin; and became, when of age, a member of the Irish parliament. He attached himself to the whigs, from which the course which he took on the questions which then agitated the public may be easily enough ascertained. With respect to his personal character as a politician, there is all reason to believe that he was thoroughly free from the imputation of factious views, and that he had in every act the good of Ireland at heart.

The main question with which his parliamentary life is identified, is that which is known by the phrase Catholic Emancipation. This he pursued steadily through life. The grounds on which he and all the advocates on his side of this question placed their views, were in the abstract just, and consistently to be inferred from the soundest principles of humanity, law, and government; and such as do honour to their wisdom and humanity. The arguments which were opposed to them are not less creditable to their opponents. It was one of those questions, in the discussion of which, the actual realities which were under consideration differed remotely on either side. And, between them, the proper question was mostly allowed to fall to the ground. On one side were stated general principles, and a case of great hardship; on the other, special grounds, which they believed, and which, if true, made a most necessary exception to those rules.

It can hardly be denied that the claim of rights must be limited at some point, by co-relative duties of subjection to the laws under which they arise, and the essential self-preserving principle of all law and all right.

In November, 1797, this nobleman was created viscount Suirdale; and in 1800, earl of Donoughmore.

In July, 1821, he was created viscount Hutchinson, in the peerage of Great Britain.

He was a lieutenant-general in the army. He never married. His death occurred 25th August, 1825.

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Castlereagh

(First Marquis of Londonderry.)

Engraved by L. Freeman from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Robert, Marquis of Londonderry.

BORN, A. D. 1769.—DIED, A. D. 1822.

THE eminent nobleman whom we are now to notice, at a length very inadequate to the importance of his eventful history, was the son of the first marquis of Londonderry. He was educated at Armagh, and sent to Cambridge in 1786. He was early remarkable for the grace and suavity of his address; and no less so, for the cool intrepidity often so usefully displayed in his political life.

On attaining majority, he stood for the county of Down, and was elected. He commenced his political career with the popular party, as most young men will whose aim is political activity, and who are not controlled by such connections as leave no will to the young. The first feelings of youthful inexperience are popular sympathies: the earliest opinions partake of the nature of prejudices. But, independent of predilection, there is always a greater facility for display, and the exercise of unfledged experience, in the ranks of opposition: its complaints and reproaches are the aptest themes for youthful declamation. Any pelting of stones or of clods may pass on the side of assailants, who are in fact understood to be merely such; there is no reproach for inaccuracy—no serious detriment from absurdity. There is no responsibility, and therefore no nervous vigilance, precaution, and abstemiousness of statement, required. A young man too, is allowed the privilege of changing sides, when experience, and maturity of knowledge and judgment, may claim at least to be the causes of the change.

His *début* in the house was successful: on this occasion he spoke for the right of Ireland to trade with India, in disregard of the chartered rights of the company. He even presided at a public dinner, where the seditious toast, "Our sovereign lord, the people," was drunk. He supported the cause of parliamentary reform, and railed as stoutly against government as any of his party.

To what extent, or by what degrees or means, his eyes became clearly open to the errors and inconsistencies of the leaders of the Irish opposition, we have no means of judging.

Fortunately for his fame, and for the safety of Ireland, then at the point of a destructive rebellion, and which had for ten previous years been maturing its forces under the varied pretexts of popular agitation, he found reason to quit the unprincipled party which at that time lent their pernicious sanction to the United Irishmen. We think ourselves thus at liberty to assert briefly what we have already proved in detail. That the repetition is not here superfluous, will be fully understood by those who have but cursorily looked through the various histories, papers, or speeches, in which allusion is made to the life of lord Castlereagh. We are by no means desirous to be ranked among his admirers; and have always felt that he was, at a later period, placed, by a combination of circumstances and personal advantages, in a position above his real capabilities. But we deeply revolt at the injustice with which he, in common with greater men, has been

treated. A fair and full view of the actual state of Ireland at the interval now in question, exhibiting the total decomposition of its moral and social elements—the entire want of any system of constitutional principles, privileges, or powers, except in the mouths of declaimers—and the visible emergencies by which the government and peaceful part of the community were menaced—would plainly demonstrate the utter absurdity of those summary accusations, which Irish writers affirm for party purposes, and English writers echo, because they cannot understand how such loud and reiterated assertion should be so false, or so much violent animosity unfounded; unless indeed in the inflammable zeal of that vice which is said by the poet to kindle with its own progress:—

“*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in aures,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*”

That the Irish administration should suffer itself to be so shut in by the forms of a constitution which had no virtual existence, and was not recognised but for cavil—under emergencies, too, against which the most established constitution would be a farce—as to suffer all the institutions, the interests, and the entire of the social community, which it was their sole duty to guard, to be confused, harassed, and finally crushed by a combination of traitors and cut-throats—such was the moderate requisition of the popular leaders of that day. According to their notions, it was a deep grievance, that in the very presence of a gathering insurrection, connected with republican principles and agents, of which no one could at the moment see the extent or the end—that the perversion and the abuse of rules, designed for peaceful states, was not allowed to be made the stalking-horse of revolution. At that period, the whole peaceful and respectable part of the community (that is to say, the people of Ireland,) stood in terror and dismay; they were apprized of the horrors acting through Europe—they were obscurely acquainted with the designs of the French on Ireland; they were in the habit of hearing (from gentlemen like the Emmets and Shearses) the wildest designs discussed in the social circles, and the most horrible vaticinations and surmises of ills to come. These surmises were not without foundation. At such a time, indications arose, not to be mistaken by the lookers on, though easily confounded now; and the government was soon struggling on the ground with a ferocious conspiracy. With laws that had no power—with an undisciplined and raw militia and yeomanry, and no very certain clue to the actual position of an enemy whose main force lay in the obscurity of its ambush: the government in that awful crisis did its duty, in availing itself of the only means which it possessed, in its own and the country's defence. It used the indispensable and perfectly legitimate aid of deserters and traitors, against the traitors to whom they were untrue. It employed agents, who, being engaged in no regular service, used irregular means—means not to be used by persons of rank and refinement, but not unsuited to the coarse nature of such persons as alone could be employed on a low detective service. That such agents would commit abuses, was a matter of course, and

not to be guarded against. The only resource, under these circumstances, would have been a system of police, which did not then exist, even in its very elements.

These difficulties and unhappy necessities were heightened by the powerful action of an eloquent, zealous, and vivacious opposition, some of whom were enthusiasts, others superficial, others merely factious, and not a few tainted with the licentious politics and philosophy of the Jacobins—all perhaps, with a total disregard of consequences, mainly intent on the ordinary aim of oppositions, to gratify their party animosities, and overthrow their opponents. Such was the ruinous game of Mr Fox in England; and it is not likely that his Irish imitators were more honest or wise.

But it is perhaps a fortunate provision, in the distribution of human gifts, that the most practical powers of the understanding will be found on the side of order and the peace of society. It is easier to agitate and to rouse evil passions, than skillfully to conduct a civil contest; and there was on the rebel side little understanding, and that not the most influential, that could fairly cope with the practical abilities of men like lord Clare.

Endowed with an active taste for political concerns, with strong common sense, the firmest courage, and a thorough contempt of popular influences, lord Castlereagh, however induced, chose the side on which he could alone be respectably employed. He did not possess the brilliant antithesis, the pointed epigram, the flowered robe of metaphoric diction, or the treasured refinements of Grecian and Roman genius, to amplify the commonplaces of declamation, or give force and acceptance to popular fallacies. He would have been an obscure follower of those great men whose eloquence could dignify a cause which admitted little scope for candour, scrupulous truth, or practical common sense. It would be little becoming his rank to be the pioneer of a conspiracy. It may, therefore, we think, be with much reason assumed, that as matters ripened for the crisis, and as the real tendencies of the popular party became apparent, his lordship felt it unsuitable to remain in the ranks of opposition, and brought his talent to its proper position on the first available opportunity.

In 1798, it will be admitted that little doubt could remain as to the real course of events. He then took the office of secretary under lord Camden.

It will be merely sufficient to say, that having engaged on the side of government, he gave the whole force of his activity, talent, and address, to save the country, and put down an awful rebellion. He was mainly instrumental to the final amendment of that disorderly and most unconstitutional state of things from which it arose, by the measure of the union.

As a matter of course, he became unpopular in Ireland, and a standing mark for abusive language, which, being the proper missile of popular declamation, we should not object to, if, in this instance, it did not sink below even its usual level of decency and propriety. In the county of Down, he was rejected by his former constituents, and compelled to come into parliament on borough interest.

To follow his career in England would demand very considerable

detail of English and European politics, which, at this period of our history, has not sufficient object in his lordship's memoir. We shall therefore claim indulgence for a summary statement.

In 1805, he was appointed secretary at war and for the colonies; and, with some interruptions, he retained office till the event of his quarrel with Mr Canning, on which he resigned. In 1812, he succeeded the marquis of Wellesley as foreign secretary, in which office he continued till his death.

In this position his lordship was maintained by his consummate address and power of management, his unwearied industry and steadiness of purpose, and by the influence which these qualities were adapted to acquire and preserve. His ability was efficiently employed in the maintenance of the war policy; but we cannot say that we consider his abilities as fairly on a level with the great emergencies of the time. He cannot be considered as responsible for the errors, on a great scale, which protracted, and well-nigh frustrated the objects of the war. It had too much been the established usage, to attempt to govern the movements of foreign campaigns from the cabinet. The consequence was, not only a deficiency in the provisions for the war, but the counteraction of those talents and professional experience by which alone war can be well conducted. On several occasions national disgrace and public discouragement were risked and incurred by the consequences of defective forces, and generals hampered by unskilful orders. We do not believe that the commander whose genius (under Providence) achieved the ultimate triumph of British arms in the Peninsular war, could have directed its operations from his seat in Downing street. But to whoever these misarrangements, which frustrated British valour and military talent, are to be imputed, they were, we believe, happily terminated in 1809, when the marquis Wellesley succeeded to the war-office.

On the close of the war, lord Castlereagh went over to the congress as plenipotentiary for England. We cannot enter upon the proceedings of the congress, or of the kings and ministers of whom it was composed; but its results had no slight influence on the fortunes and reputation of the subject of this memoir. While we would vindicate, and are ready to vindicate, the general principles of policy which were on that occasion publicly recognised by the powers of Europe, we consider it evident enough, that in the train of dispositions and arrangements which, of necessity, claimed their attention, the common and secret-working views of self-interest, which are never far away from the human breast, were strongly roused by the numerous and various suggestions of occasion for the re-arrangement and distribution of territorial dominion, as well as from the essential necessity imposed on each of the powers then present to regard every proposition with relation to those consequences which might affect his own dominions. Without reproach to any one, it may well be inferred that the first high and solemn impulses of religion and duty, at which the infidel and Jacobin alone have sneered, soon passed away, and subsided under the influence of more common and worldly motives. And consequently, it might be inferred that the negotiations which followed, however a sound principle might be mainly recognised and observed, would par-

take largely of the game of cabinet and diplomatic double-dealings. Always keeping in view the one fact, that the assailants of the "Holy Alliance" are here held to be spurious and vicious, and that nothing which we have thus alleged in general terms is meant as concession to Jacobinism or deism, we consider the congress to have been soon led aside into the ordinary and intricate cross-purposes of diplomacy, to which the genius of the marquis of Londonderry, or the degree of influence and authority which he could command, were far from being equal. His personal spirit was too high—his honour, and his sincerity in the principles of action and arrangement, ostensibly adopted, were at variance with the part and the tenor of action imposed upon him by influences which he did not know how to meet or how to resist. It is probable that he was too prompt to trust the sincerity of royal intriguers, and their subtle ministers. But, however this may be, there is every reason for believing that, in the result, his lordship found many strong grounds for dissatisfaction with his own share in the proceedings of the congress. The interests of England were not merely suffered to be the last, but were seemingly neglected; and the lesser powers and communities of Europe were treated with injustice and wrong. The high spirit and political integrity of the marquis were evinced by a spirited protest against some of the most reprehensible acts of the sovereigns. But the sense of the little he had been able to effect in counteracting what he condemned, or effecting what he considered right, fell heavily on his spirits,—overwrought with toil, perplexity, and anxious care. He had, from nearly the commencement of his public life, been exposed to a current of vexations, such as would, in one-tenth of the time, have killed most other men. He was the mark of popular hatred, for his firm opposition to the principles of revolt and change; he was subject to a sense of the mortifying disrespect of the abler men of his own party, who held his lordship's abilities in less esteem than his pride could be satisfied with. His ambition, exposed to frequent checks and frequent mortifications, was much, though secretly irritated. His great self-command, and excellent common-sense, prevented these circumstances and affections from tainting his ordinary manner or conduct; but they made triumph essential, and defeat or humiliation deadly. In the triumphs of England he had obtained his share, from the cordial excitement of public feeling; but with the return of calm, a cold reaction was to follow, together with the keen-eyed criticism of the ablest opponents, both political and personal. A fearful and protracted reaction was to commence—a long reckoning was to be paid—events were to set in which would disappoint the expectations of the public mind of Europe—what he had done, and failed to do, were to be sifted with a firm hostility. What was wrong would be visited with the castigation of justice, severe in its moderation;—what was right would be assailed with the foul missiles of democratic journalism and oratory. Of this, much may well be assumed to have been present to his lordship's mind, of which the imposing habitual calmness was rather the result of pride than of stoicism.

The consequences became quickly apparent: he was soon observed to have lost much of his wonted placidity of manner, and to be occasionally absorbed, and often irritable. While thus affected, another

congress was resolved on by the European powers. The marquis had strongly protested against any further congresses, and had come to very altered views with respect to what had been done, and the course, in justice, to be pursued. But he had entangled himself, it is affirmed, by pledges, and in such a position was once more appointed to represent Great Britain in the game of diplomacy.

A mean spirit and an unprincipled breast could have found no difficulty in the position, not uncommon with great men in the world of politics. The lofty spirit of the marquis sunk under its intolerable pressure. This began more plainly to appear in the arduous session of 1822. It has been mentioned that the king, after having on one occasion given him audience, wrote to lord Liverpool, expressing his alarm for the marquis, whose incoherent talk suggested fears for his intellect, and urging to have medical advice obtained. The marchioness was at nearly the same time, on the same day perhaps, similarly alarmed by the same appearances; and his lordship's physician was sent for. The family were at the time about to proceed to North Cray, their country residence. Shortly after, they set out. In one or two days after that, by previous agreement with the marquis, Dr Bankhead proceeded to the country, and found him labouring under a heavy nervous attack. On the next day this continued, and indicated derangement by one of its most usual indications, the morbid suspicion of conspiracy. The following morning, his lordship was seen to rush into his dressing-room, whither Dr Bankhead, on being apprized of the circumstance, followed him. He just arrived in time to witness, but late to interrupt, the last fatal deed. The marquis, standing with his back to the doctor, was in the act of cutting his throat. He perceived the doctor coming forward, and called out—"Bankhead, let me fall upon your arm; it is all over!" The carotid artery was cut, as by the skill of an anatomist, with a narrow but deep wound, which must have been guided by deliberate inquiry. "The most expert surgeon, if endeavouring to extinguish human life with the utmost promptitude, could not have effected the object more scientifically."*

The marquis was exposed to many disadvantages. He was a man of the noblest moral constitution of mind—high-spirited, honourable, and independent. He possessed also considerable talents; but they were far inferior to the positions in which his ostensible and specious advantages placed him. An exterior appearance of the noblest order, both in person and countenance—a graceful address, and much that was the result of real goodness—with official expertness, and considerable powers as a debater—together with the advantages of rank, combined to raise him to an eminence which, under ordinary circumstances, he might have maintained without failure.

But he had to contend with emergencies which demanded powers of the highest order—if, indeed, any human powers could come with honour out of the responsibility embraced by his lordship. There was a rising change of public spirit, which was in some measure casting off the ancient conventions of the social state: it appeared, as such

* Annual Obituary.

changes too often must, in the form of license, insubordination, and the denial of all principles. The onward wave of human progress is, indeed, little governed by human wisdom or goodness: it is too often by the most vicious impulses that the fetters of worn-out prejudices are cast off; and hence, justified by fallacy, and degraded by wicked aims, the justice or the expediency concealed in popular ferments is little to be recognised. The insurgent impulse may be the result of some real defect in the constitution of things; but it infallibly takes the form of anti-social desigus, exactions, and crimes. Hence, in troubled times, a strong control becomes essential to preserve the peace of society and the integrity of its main institutions; while yet a progress is silently and unnoticed working its way, both in the position of things, and the opinions of parties, which afterwards gives force to retrospective enmity, when those who had to struggle with the emergencies of one time are pursued by vindictive recollections in another.

In reviewing the authorities (all surcharged with rancour) from which we have drawn up the narrative portion of this memoir, we have to say that they are, for the most part, perfect examples of that want of candour which arises from strong political bias. This we do not so much blame; but it is to be observed, that in many of the most decided of these portraitures, the writer scarcely throws a decent mask over the republicanism and the atheism which walk hand in hand through his paragraphs.

Major Gen. Sir R. R. Gillespie, K. C. B.

BORN A. D. 1766.—DIED A. D. 1814.

ROBERT ROLLO GILLESPIE was born at his father's house, in the county of Down, in January 1766. His family was of the first respectability in that county. His father, having no children from two successive marriages, when he again became a widower, married Miss Baillie of Innishangie, in the same county. From this marriage, the sole fruit was the subject of this memoir.

Of his education it will be needless to speak. Born to affluence, with a lively temperament, and indulgent parents, it can well be conceived that he was early led into the path of pleasure and dissipation. He was, nevertheless, endowed by nature with considerable talent, activity of temper, and love of enterprise; and, amidst the frivolous gaieties of fashionable life, he soon began to feel the promptings of a high and honour-seeking spirit. Of such a spirit, under the circumstances we have stated, the army presented the appropriate field of exertion. His parents were, for a time, reluctant to see their only hope thus drawn away from the safe road of peaceful life. He was destined for the bar; but this intention gave way to his strong bent; and in his 18th year he was gratified by the purchase of a cornetcy in the third regiment of horse carbiniers.

A considerable time occurred before he was placed in the way of distinction by actual service; and in the meantime we have only to

mention his marriage, in 1786, with the fourth daughter of Mr Taylor, of Taylor's Grange, in the county of Dublin.

In 1791 he had the misfortune to lose his father. In the same year, he obtained the step of lieutenant in the 20th regiment of light dragoons. He had, with the feelings of a married man and a landed proprietor, been for some time inclining to quit the military life: he now determined to join his regiment in Jamaica.

On the voyage, he had a narrow escape from shipwreck; and, on the first night of his arrival, was so unfortunate as to sleep in a bed recently occupied by one who had died of the yellow fever. He caught this horrible disease, and remained for two months in the doubtful struggle between life and death.

It was the time when there was much alarm reasonably felt from the progress of French emissaries in their efforts to revolutionise the island of St Domingo—their ordinary prelude to the inroad of armed usurpation. To avert from the British colony such a contagion, was an object of the most anxious consideration. The colonists in St Domingo had turned to the British for protection; and the commander in Jamaica was induced to comply. Lieutenant Gillespie seized the occasion to volunteer for the service. The intention of the British commander being known to the republican commissioners in St Domingo, they had recourse to a proclamation, announcing freedom to the slaves, to create confusion, and paralyze the resistance they had reason to expect from the planters. The British expedition was conducted with the usual bravery, and so far succeeded as to take the town and harbour of St Jeremie, and of the Mole of Cape St Nicholas. But, as difficulties probably accumulated to an amount beyond the force of their armament, they failed in an attack on Tiburon, and returned to obtain reinforcements. In the meantime, Mr Gillespie was advanced to the command of a troop, and had the good fortune to be thus enabled to take a distinguished part in the second and successful attack on Tiburon. This important success was followed by a determination on the part of the British commander to send a flag of truce, demanding a surrender, previous to the last decisive step of an attack on Port-au-Prince, the capital of the French territory. The mission was considered dangerous, from the lawless character of the republican commissioner. It was undertaken by captain Gillespie, and captain Rowley of the navy. They swam to shore with their swords between their teeth; were fired at on the way; and, on landing, were taken prisoners. The brutal governor would have ordered them to execution. Fortunately, in this critical moment, captain G. perceived some “emblem of freemasonry about the person of the commissioner, or one of his attendants;” and, being a freemason, it occurred to him to try the effect of some one of the signs of the order. The expedient succeeded, and had the immediate effect of saving their lives and obtaining a respectful treatment. They were honoured with a sumptuous entertainment, though the proposal of their mission was refused. They suspected some treachery still, but were safely dismissed.

In the attack, which immediately followed, Captain G. distinguished himself as usual. We shall not describe the combat, as no special

incident of a strictly personal nature occurs. The attack was successful. It is known that, owing to the fatal ravages of the yellow fever, and the general unwholesomeness of the climate, the British were discouraged from any adequate efforts to retain their conquest.

Captain Gillespie had received numerous wounds; and his strength was also much affected by extreme fatigue and the effect of an unwholesome climate. He availed himself of a still interval to visit England. He spent some months at home, made arrangements respecting his property, and took a tour in Scotland with his wife.

Having once more joined the service with an expedition sent out for the West India Islands under major-general Wilford, Captain Gillespie had part in the various transactions which followed the arrival of that officer. He soon rose to his majority (Dec. 1796), and obtained distinguished notice from general Simco in the succeeding spring. He quickly acquired a great command of local knowledge, which, with his usual promptness, talent, and intrepid activity, made his counsel of the greatest importance to the general. We cannot afford to enter minutely on the events of these expeditions. The major obtained from both general Simco and from general Whyte, who succeeded, the confidence and the approbation his never-failing valour and military talent deserved: by the latter he was appointed deputy adjutant-general. When, after a succession of events which we pass, the evacuation of the island of St Domingo by the British was a step of great hazard and difficulty, the experience of major G. was entirely relied upon. But on this occasion he had the mortification to be defrauded of his praise; for, as has in more than one instance happened, his services on the occasion were, in the despatches, attributed to another.

It was about the same time that he was attacked at midnight in his quarters by several assassins. He was roused from his sleep by a dreadful cry. Starting up, he seized his sword, and ran down stairs. His servant was severely wounded. On the major's appearance, eight ruffians rushed upon him. He defended himself with skill and presence of mind, and six of his assailants gave proof of his valour with their bodies: the remaining two fled. He received several severe wounds, and lay for some time in a doubtful state, but at last slowly recovered. His fame was by this exploit spread far and near; but as it was accompanied by reports of his death, his mother was so affected by the shock, that she fell ill and died.

On his recovery, he returned to Jamaica, where the sense of his merits was so high, that he was recommended by the lieutenant-governor to the House of Assembly, for appointment as second lieutenant-colonel to the 20th light dragoons, as "having served with distinguished credit in several high situations." The house consented in terms no less honourable to the major. But the event was yet more gratifying: the memorial consequent on these proceedings had not reached England, when the same appointment was made by the unsolicited favour of the authorities—a strong testimony to the high reputation of the major. In November 1799, he became lieutenant-colonel.

We pass several minor testimonies, not less creditable. We shall

only mention that, by a vote of the Jamaica legislature, he received a sword worth one hundred guineas; and that, by a declaration of major-general Churchill as to his merits, we are incidentally apprized, that, among the services he performed, he had successfully led the storming of two forts.

The lieutenant-colonel landed with his regiment at Portsmouth in 1802. He had been, for some time previous, the object of private and most inveterate and malignant persecution at the hands of a brother officer, to whom his high reputation was, perhaps, the object of invidious feeling. But, however this may be, it is well understood that there is mostly in every large community, in which there is room for it, some stirring and vivacious individual, ambitious for authority, without the talent to obtain it in the lawful way, and therefore mortified by the success of others, and desirous to supplant them by the only means at its command—low and slanderous intrigue. Such was the rival for honour that now hovered in prying obscurity about every movement of the colonel, misunderstanding and misstating all he did. These infamous and miserable attempts of petty rancour were as impotent as they were mean. The whole of his conduct had been too much in the light of day, and too high above the level of calumny. His traducer was discountenanced at head-quarters, and contemptuously repelled by those who best understood the state of facts. There was ignorance as well as malice in the complaints he made. But they made their impression with unhappy force upon the high and sensitive military pride of the colonel himself; and for a long time he was haunted and harrassed by dark imputations, circulated as industriously as the tongue and pen of a malignant and unscrupulous enemy could send them. Of course there was a resource—a court-martial is the best refuge for the honour of a soldier. But the commanders before whom the complaints had been made, by letters and applications, understood their whole groundlessness, and did not think that they demanded so much notice.

On the return of the troops, such charges acquired something of a different kind of importance. They could be circulated in a wider circle with less contradiction, and that contradiction less authoritative; and the colonel felt that his character could be whispered away by an activity of malice which never relaxed, and found kindred echoes as it went. He exerted himself to obtain an investigation. At last the commander-in-chief most fortunately saw the matter in the same light, and resolved to put an end to the affair. His enemy received orders to bring forward his charges. He did so; and, to the satisfaction of lieutenant-colonel Gillespie, his whole regimental proceedings received a minute, elaborate, and searching inquiry, which left no recess unexplored, or no dark spot for insinuation to rest on. He was acquitted in the very strongest terms that respect and approbation could find, and the only result was a clearer and more public attestation of superior merit than could otherwise be attained.

In 1805, he exchanged his regiment for one in actual service—the 19th light dragoons, then in India; and determined to travel thither overland. His journey was diversified with adventures as interesting to the reader, and as dangerous or disagreeable to the adventurous

traveller, as any we can recollect. To retain their interest, they should be told at length: we must, however, simply mention them. At Hamburgh, he only escaped being seized by the French, by a warning from a stranger whom he met at the theatre, and who turned out to be no less a person than Napper Tandy. Having fallen in with the Austro-Russian army, he drew up to let the soldiers pass; when "an illustrious personage," attracted by the sight of two valuable fowling-pieces which he carried with him, stopped, and, having examined them, deliberately handed one of them to an orderly, without the least regard to the colonel's remonstrances.

In his passage across the Euxine, he became aware that the pilot had changed the stipulated course of the vessel—evidently with some treacherous design. By a prompt effort of resolution, he compelled the fellow again to resume the proper course, and thus escaped being delivered up to pirates.

Having reached Constantinople, and remained there for a short time, he proceeded by way of Greece for Aleppo. He had with him a servant who understood the language of the wandering Arabs. Falling in with a large party; while they were at supper, this man ascertained that there was a plot to murder his master for his arms, to which the chief had taken a fancy. This person was, however, taken suddenly ill; and the colonel, who was provided with some powerful medicines, administered a dose, which, after leaving the matter perilously doubtful for a little, produced the wished-for effect. Gratitude followed, and protection took the place of hostility. Having made some stay at Bagdad, where he was honourably distinguished by Ali Pacha, he proceeded for Bussorah, and embarked for Bombay.

He was soon after appointed to the command of Arcot. He was not long there before he learned that an old companion in arms was at the time stationed at Bellore. On the 9th July, he had an invitation to dine with this friend; but, by a most providential interposition of circumstances, he was prevented from keeping the engagement—letters from the government having come, and compelled him to send an apology. It was the very night appointed for the first step of an insurrection, planned to commence with a massacre of the British in Bellore. About two in the morning, at moon-rise, the European barracks were surrounded, "and a destructive fire poured in at every door and window, from musketry and a six-pounder, upon the poor defenceless soldiers, who, being taken by surprise, fell in heaps." The rebels and mutineers then hastened to the houses of the officers, whom they shot; among others, colonel Fancourt, the friend of colonel Gillespie. These horrors continued until seven in the morning, when two officers and a surgeon made their way into the barracks, and rallied the courage of the remaining soldiers to fight their way out.

At six in the morning, colonel Gillespie was about to ride over to breakfast with his friend, when these frightful tidings came. With his usual promptitude, he collected a troop of the 19th dragoons; and ordering the guns to follow, he hastened to the fatal scene, riding all the way far before his men. He was joyfully recognised from a distance by a sergeant who had served with him in the West Indies. His approach was saluted by a fierce fire from the walls, in defiance

of which he made his way to a bastion in the possession of the British soldiery. They let down a chain of soldier's belts, by which he ascended, and took the command. His first step was a charge with the bayonet, during which the guns arrived. A sharp conflict followed, in which the Sepoys, who were commanded by their own officers, fought with desperation; and 100 of their number had fallen, when the rest broke and fled in every direction that appeared open to them. As everything indicated the privity of Tippoo and his sons to this conspiracy, the soldiery earnestly pressed to be permitted to attack the palace; and the colonel, filled with lively indignation, by the foul murder of his friend, felt a strong impulse to consent: but a sense of a higher responsibility suggested more discreet counsels, and he took the family under his protection. As the success of the mutineers was to have been the signal for a general rising of the native troops, colonel Gillespie's decision and bravery was thus the means of warding off calamities, of which the least amount would have been the fiercest and most extended succession of similar scenes. In all probability, the Carnatic was preserved. General Sir John Cradock spoke of the event in his despatch as a "military wonder"—Bellare being a fortress of great strength. The Indian government rewarded him with a vote of thanks. He was appointed inspector of cavalry, a post in which he added much to his reputation; though the Indian government afterwards were led, by some private intrigue (for such things then had existence in the Indian government), to supersede him. On the whole, it belongs to the faithful historian to say, that an achievement not more conspicuous for its heroism than important for the mischiefs it prevented, was repaid by an insignificant approbation, and by insulting neglect.

His regiment was ordered home in 1807; and he, still bent on active service, exchanged into the 8th, or Royal Irish light dragoons. He was immediately after appointed to command the cavalry in Bengal, against the Seiks of Punjab. In this service, he effected, by great exertion and address, a restoration of discipline long lost among the troops intrusted to his command.

Some adventures of less moment, though not less illustrative of the same remarkable heroism and ability, we are compelled to omit entirely.

In 1809, from a wish for more active service, he made another exchange into the 25th light dragoons. We have hitherto written colonel to his name, simply to escape the addition of a long title. He was soon after this time appointed to the command of Bungalore, with the brevet rank of colonel. The post was one of exceeding weight and responsibility, demanding, from the peculiar condition and existing state of the army, far more than ordinary caution, nerve, and conciliatory address. It was owing to the eminent ability for command of this able officer, that nothing occurred which demands especial detail. The best evidence of merit was his appointment to the command of the whole Mysore division.

The island of Java, for more than a century in possession of the Dutch, was, by the ascendancy of the French in Europe, now placed at their mercy, and occupied by a formidable force. It was too evi-

dent to be neglected, that the settlement was thus a dangerous vicinity for the British empire. An expedition was accordingly ordered, under the command of Sir S. Auchmuty, and landed in Java in August, 1811. In the preparations, the counsel of colonel Gillespie had been considered important enough to be the ground of much of the essential arrangements. He was placed in command of the advance of the troops. It of course fell to him to make the dispositions necessary to cover the landing of the expedition. On the 8th, possession was taken of Batavia. They were soon menaced by the rapid approach of a column of the enemy; and colonel Gillespie headed the party which sallied out, attacked, and compelled them to retire. Next morning the advance was ordered towards Welterweeden; where, on arriving at day-break, they found the enemy in possession of a very strong position. Their flanks were protected by two rivers, and their lines well covered by plantations, from which they were enabled to pour a destructive fire of musketry and grape-shot upon the British. A sharp action, which lasted two hours, carried all their points of strength, and gave them a total route. They fled towards Cornelis, an entrenched camp, five miles round, and guarded by 180 pieces of cannon. Preparations were now made to attack it. This formidable and brilliant affair demands a more full recital than we have space to afford.

In the position here to be attacked, everything combined to offer difficulties so formidable as rarely occur in the records of such operations. Here the French had concentrated their forces, brought together their means, and exerted in a very high degree the best resources of military skill. Their lines, strong by nature, were rendered stronger by art. Sir S. Auchmuty saw the necessity of the utmost circumspection, and resolved to begin by a thorough examination of the defences, and the surrounding localities. In the meantime, the lines of approach were commenced, and carried on with diligence; so that on the 20th, their works had reached to within six hundred yards of the enemy's. On the morning of the 24th, the batteries were complete; and a tremendous fire was opened upon the enemy, and returned with spirit.

It was nevertheless apparent that the enemy must have the advantage of a species of conflict for which their resources were far better adapted, and that success could only be hoped for by storming. Of an attack, the difficulties were such as might have suggested despair to spirit and ardour less than British. Front, rear, and flanks, were anxiously explored, and presented each an aspect impregnable, or nearly so. The right, protected by the Slokan, was soon concluded to be the most assailable; but, desirable as it was to obtain more precise information, the commander was reluctant to have it reconnoitred, lest his design might be suspected. A deserter gave the needful intelligence on the 24th. On his information, the plan was settled for storming the lines on the 26th.

The principal attack was committed to colonel Gillespie, supported by colonel Gibbs. The storming party set off a little after midnight, as they had a long and difficult march before they could gain the point of assault. The night was dark, and the way beset with obsta-

cles, ravines, strong fences, impenetrable plantations, and difficult defiles. They made but a slow progress; and it required all the vigilant and active sagacity of the colonel to keep the right way. Colonel Gibbs, less successful, was most unfortunately separated from the advance with his corps, by the same obstacles. At one point, the advance was thrown into perplexity by arriving at cross roads; but an officer who had been a few days before that way, happily set them right; and the guide soon began to recognise objects, which ascertained that they were on the direct way.

At last, as they approached the lines at the destined point, colonel Gillespie received an account, that colonel Gibbs, with the rear of the party was not come up. It was an anxious moment: to push on, or hesitate, were each laden with risks. He could not hope to remain long undiscovered by the enemy; nor could he securely reckon on the immediate approach of the rear. To avoid notice from the redoubt, he retraced his steps a little but after a pause of vain expectation, he justly considered that any longer delay would be to risk the failure of the attack, and the whole chain of operations connected with it; and that although the force under his command might be insufficient, yet he might expect that his firing would bring up the rear, who, having daylight to guide their march, might come up with more rapidity than he had been enabled to do.

Accordingly, casting away all indecision, he took his place at the head of a small but resolute party of 500, and moved forward to the attack.

“A deep cut across the road, close to the enemy’s lines,” writes an eye-witness of the whole affair, “obliged us to advance slowly, in order to afford time to the men to form, after they had passed over. The dawn of the morning now showed us the videttes of the enemy, who were posted outside, on the left of the road. They challenged us twice, and were answered, ‘Patrole.’ We passed on. An officer’s picquet, stationed close to one of the principal redoubts, situated without the river Slokan, challenged us next, when colonel Gillespie gave the word ‘Forward!’ and so rapidly was the advance conducted, that the enemy’s picquet had not time to effect their retreat, but every man was either killed or taken. A general blaze now suddenly arose, blue lights and rockets being sent forth by the enemy to discover our approach, while the artillery on the redoubts discharged their grape and round-shot; which, however, passed chiefly over our heads. The foe in the nearest redoubt had not time to reload; for our soldiers actually assailed it at the point of the bayonet, and carried it with such celerity, that not a man escaped.”*

Colonel Gillespie pressed on: in the heat of the attack, he kept in view the essential plan of proceeding. The passage into the enemy’s lines was yet to be secured. It was strongly guarded by four guns, and commanded by all the surrounding batteries. The struggle was fierce, but decisive. The colonel and his men carried all before them. Having secured the bridge over the Slokan, he rapidly entered, and

* History of the Conquest of Java. Extracted here from a memoir of General Gillespie.

attacked a redoubt within the body of the works. The enemy came crowding like bees upon his handful of men; but they were men of the same stuff as the conquerors of Vittoria, and Salamanca, and Waterloo; and where no other troops could have escaped, they were assailants still. In the face of a tremendous and destructive fire, outnumbered on every side, they pressed forward with the bayonet, and the enemy gave way. "Here," says our authority, "several officers lost their valuable lives, in the very bosom of victory; and many gallant soldiers were killed and wounded."

Fortunately, colonel Gibbs, with his party, arrived at this time. A formidable redoubt to the right was next to be won: he was directed to carry it. While this order was in the course of execution in the most gallant style, the magazine of the redoubt blew up, with its mixed and dangerous contents. Great numbers, on both sides, were killed by the explosion, which for a moment suspended the fight. The captains of the grenadier companies of three regiments were killed, and the ground was heaped with the mangled bodies of French and British, frightfully mixed together. Colonel Gibbs and some other officers were thrown to some distance, but without material hurt.

The French general Jauffret was at this period taken prisoner by colonel Gillespie in person.

Continuing the same course of operations, colonel Gibbs now went on to carry the redoubts to the right, and colonel Gillespie to the left and towards the rear, under a heavy and well-kept-up fire, until all the batteries were in their hands. At this point, it is stated, they were joined by the 59th regiment, led by lieutenant-colonel M'Leod. With this reinforcement, colonel Gillespie proceeded to attack the enemy's park of artillery and reserve. They were both powerfully and skilfully opposed; but in spite of every obstacle that a brave enemy could offer, they went on, making good their way from point to point, until their opponents, driven from a last desperate stand in front of Fort Cornelis, broke, and fled in all directions.

Other attacks, of greater or less importance, were during the same time made; but it will be enough here to state, that the commander, by a well contrived feint in the front of the camp, drew out a heavy fire from its batteries, and diverted for a time the attention of the enemy from the real attack.

All resistance being at last overcome by the stormers, the army advanced from every point to the pursuit. Colonel Gillespie received a severe contusion in the last assault, which, with the severe fatigue of such exertions as he had made, caused him to faint. He quickly recovered, and mounted an artillery horse for the pursuit: he was met by his own charger, and for ten miles followed the enemy. The enemy made several attempts to rally: at one place they came together in considerable force, and attempted a stand, with four pieces of horse-artillery, behind some broken carts and thick hedges. The colonel placed himself at the head of the cavalry, which, charging in sections, bore down all resistance. He took a general in this charge, as he had taken another in the camp. He also slew a colonel of the enemy.

By the account of Sir S. Achmuty, a thousand men were buried in the enemy's works, and thousands more in the retreat. 5000 pri-

soners were taken, among which were three generals, thirty-four field-officers, seventy captains, and one hundred and five subalterns. The despatch concluded with a just tribute to the heart and arm of that glorious victory. "I must not omit noticing to your lordship the very particular merit of colonel Gillespie, to whose assistance in planning the attack, and to whose gallantry, energy, and judgment in executing it, the success is greatly to be attributed."

We have given more than usual space to these details, though still far less than their interest and importance demand. The Peninsular war at this time concentrated the attention of Europe upon its rapid succession of splendid events and achievements; so that exploits which otherwise might have rung on every shore, passed almost unnoticed beyond the scene of action. We must however add that the exploits we have here but faintly sketched have, so far as the justice of history is concerned, been fortunate in the lively and spirited narration of an eye-witness, from whose account we have taken our incidents.

This important conquest was committed to the civil government of Mr Raffles, and the military command of the colonel. He was, however, immediately after these events, seized with a fever, from which, for a time, no hope of his recovery was conceived. Contrary to the fears of his friends, he at last struggled through, and was enabled to resume his duties. These were arduous and trying. The resistance of an open enemy was succeeded by the secret machinations of lurking hostility. The native princes were suspected to be on the watch for occasion to expel the Europeans altogether from their island. While engaged in the precautions thus imposed, he was summoned to the neighbouring island of Sumatra, where the native princes continued to surprise and massacre the European residents at the Dutch factory. As this island was a dependency of the government in Batavia, it was felt necessary to interfere. An expedition was fitted out, and committed entirely to the charge of colonel Gillespie.

Never, perhaps, have the details of any similar achievement been more full of romantic interest, or more decidedly illustrative of the uniform judgment, decision, and leading ability, in all respects, of its leader, as well as the bravery and steadiness of the force he conducted, than the arduous and formidable succession of trials and difficulties now overcome by the colonel and his followers. The force against them was enormous, and, had it been European, scarcely, indeed, to be faced with discretion. But there was, on the part of the Malays, no want of the energy and decision to resist the unequalled precision, dexterity, and promptitude, which took advantage of the least slackness, unsteadiness, or inadvertency. We must, however, decline entering on a statement which, without many pages of detail, would be to no purpose. We can only, therefore, mention that on this occasion the colonel displayed, in a very eminent degree, those qualities which would have been equal to a more formidable and important expedition, and amply succeeded in the objects of his mission.

He returned to Batavia, to encounter new emergencies, still more trying and formidable. The conspiracy, which had for some time been ripening in the dark, began to present indications not to be any longer overlooked; and to make the difficulty greater, the urgency

of the dangers to be apprehended was such, that it was not thought expedient even to await the arrival of a portion of the force which had not yet returned from Sumatra. The means of the sultan (or native king) were apparently overwhelming in amount, whether for places of strength, or the arms and munitions of war, or for numerical force. The Dutch fort, which had been built to check the native power, was worthless, unless as a store. The British troops were comparatively a handful to a nation. After some formal negotiations, which the sultan only attributed to fear, matters came to the decision of arms; and the sultan was stormed in his stronghold, defended as it was by a hundred guns, with all the impediments of walls, dykes, and gates of the utmost strength. The assault displayed the usual skill, spirit, and indomitable courage of the British soldier; and it was after suffering from many well-aimed discharges of grape, and surmounting many obstacles, that the gallant band succeeded in silencing the enemy's guns, and ending a desperate resistance of three hours' duration. Colonel Gillespie, on this occasion, received a severe wound in the arm. The result was the surrender of the sultan, and the entire termination of the conspiracy. The political consequences of this victory were very important: they were secured by the ablest arrangements.

So many brilliant services happily did not escape the observation of the government; and the colonel was now promoted to the rank which he was, in all respects, so qualified to adorn, being in the beginning of the year appointed major-general. The commander-in-chief, in his general orders, at very considerable length, and with a force of language to which nothing could be added, detailed the services of this distinguished officer. He dwelt on his personal intrepidity and presence of mind, his well-timed and prompt decision, and his wise and prudent arrangements.

As this memoir is growing beyond the limits prescribed by our essential economy of space, we must pass much that reflects high honour on the general, and possesses much interest in itself. He was, as is usual when there is a division of governing authorities in unsettled states, much thwarted in his wise and comprehensive views of policy, and had the mortification to witness the evils resulting from inattention to his counsels. It was perhaps under a sense that his powerful conducting energies were wasted on petty arrangements, and small vexations, that he gave up his command, and returned to India.

At that time, an expedition had been planned for the invasion of Nepaul—a mountainous region, of which the inhabitants were remarkable for their turbulent and predatory habits, as well as for their courage and hardihood. They had become very troublesome on the northern frontier, where they set up a claim to a fertile district, properly appertaining to the British dominion. An arbitration was, to no purpose, resorted to; and after a fair award against their pretensions, these lawless mountaineers, despising the prudent temporizing of civilized policy, asserted their claim by seizure. The impolicy of submitting to such an insolent encroachment, in the face of the whole east, needs no explanation. The territory was re-occupied, and the Nepaul-ese expelled. They returned, and avenged themselves on the inhabi-

tants. War was in consequence now declared, and an expedition more adequate to the occasion prepared.

An army of 30,000 men, under four commanders, marched to the borders of Nepal. This division was mainly suggested by the difficulties of sustaining so large a force on that distant march: it was also rendered expedient by the shape of the frontier, and the local structure of that country. It was important to repel the predatory incursions of the inhabitants along an extended line of country, and to intercept the several points of retreat or concentration consequent on the numerous lines of height and valley. The marches assigned to these divisions are not essential to our limited purpose. While the extreme right was directed to march upon the enemy's capital, the division immediately intrusted to major-general Gillespie was directed to march towards the district of the Dhoon, to occupy the valley of Desrah. The two right divisions entirely failed to enter the difficult country on the points to which they marched. General Gillespie made good his way to the Dhoon, where his operations were properly to commence.

The object of his operations was to pass into the valley of the Dhoon, and move on to the fortified camp of the enemy at Nahan; from which he could, according to previous arrangement, co-operate with the western division of the army, under colonel Ochterlony. There were two practicable passes into the Dhoon, the Timly and Kerrie, through which his division must enter. It was his intention to wait till all his forces were come up, and the 1st of November had been fixed for his advance. But he obtained information which decided him upon more prompt movements, to expedite his advance towards the interior. He was deeply sensible of the arduous nature of the service, and considered that the difficulties had in some respects been underrated. His apprehensions were considerably increased by the necessity under which he lay of numerous subdivisions of his force. He, nevertheless, made the complicated arrangements necessary to seize the guarded passes, and the ferries, and post his detachments at all the points of observation. The main obstacle to be overcome was the fortress of Kalunga, which guarded the entrance to the Dhoon.

On the 24th, he marched by the Timly pass for the banks of the Jumna; and, on the 25th, on descending into the Dhoon, for the purpose of reconnoitering positions, he received intelligence that colonel Mawby, whom he had sent in advance, in the hope that the valley and fort might be surprised, had attacked Kalunga, and failed, for want of correct information, and that "it was impracticable to take the place." It was unfortunate that, according to the previously concerted plans, he had a few days before detached a large force to co-operate with colonel Ochterlony. He saw the whole emergency—a position of very unexpected strength, with a force inferior to the occasion, and the utmost urgency of time. The fort of Kalunga stood, by his own description, "on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and covered with an impenetrable jungle—the only approaches commanded, and stiffly stockaded." He, nevertheless, considering the necessity of the occasion, and perhaps remembering the success of more formidable undertakings, determined to attack this fortress.

On the 29th of October, having reconnoitered the place, he made his dispositions for the attack. These dispositions are to be found in his field-orders, but are not within the compass of an extract. We can only say, they are remarkable for their clear simplicity, and the comprehensive concern they manifest for all possible exigencies. The several regiments were ordered to posts convenient for the lines of approach designed for their respective attacks; and a signal was appointed, on which they were to move simultaneously to the point of attack. During the night, artillery was carried to the height, and batteries erected at the most advantageous points.

It was arranged that signal-guns were to be fired two hours previous to the attack, in order that the columns might have full time to correct any errors in their distance, or lines of march through very difficult approaches.

At seven, the signal-guns were fired; and of course, it was to be reckoned upon as a matter approaching to certainty, that the several divisions of the force would be up nearly at the time allowed for. A little after nine, an attack made by the enemy, and repelled, seemed to offer a very advantageous opportunity to pursue them into their works; and very justly considering that the whole of his force must be close at hand, he directed the assailing column to advance, supported by the reserve, and covered by the fire from the batteries.

This prompt conception had the expected success. The Royal Irish Dragoons drove the enemy before them to the walls. A long and desperate struggle ensued, in which the troops actually engaged conducted themselves with the utmost steadiness, until they began to feel that they were numerically insufficient to hold the position they had by their valour and well-timed attack attained.

Most unfortunately, the signal had not been heard by two columns of the force intended for the attack; and thus, in this critical moment, the major-general was deprived of half his force. Suspecting some cause of failure, he despatched orders to urge them on; but though he took the precaution to send duplicate orders by different routes, they never reached their destination.

Having stated these essential facts, it will be unnecessary to detail the circumstances of two efforts to carry the place, directed with great skill and energy; but which, from the entire inadequacy of the means, failed of the desired effect. Nothing seemed left to be hoped for from further attempts; and the brave commander felt that the emergency was one for which there was no provision but the strenuous impulse which brave men receive from the heroism of their leader. On this, the major-general, of all men, may well be excused if he placed reliance; for no man had ever been more successful in combating far more trying emergencies than he then had to encounter: he had, indeed, well earned the title of "Enfant gatè de victoire," so happily applied to another, not braver or abler man. Confiding in his wonted success, and feeling the whole importance of the moment—incapable of admitting the failure of British arms—he at once determined to lead his men in person to the storm. He left the batteries, with the declaration that he would take the fort, or lose his life in the attempt.

The depression of the soldiery was cheered when they saw their

general place himself in front, with a calm and cheerful courage on his face; while he addressed captain Kennedy with these words:—
“Now, Kennedy, for the honour of the county of Down.”

The word was given, and the men rushed forward with spirit. But while their heroic leader was cheering them onward with his hat and sword, he received a ball in his heart, and fell lifeless.

There is no doubt left, by circumstances subsequently known, that, but for this fatal event, there would have been nearly immediate success. But this at once suspended and terminated the assault.

It may be fit to mention, that of five divisions of force which had marched to the frontier, only two made their way good into the interior, and came to a fair trial of strength with the natives in the field.

On the commander's fall, the next senior officer ordered a retreat.

It only remains to say, that the army and the government, both in India and England, were fully sensible of the loss they sustained in this event; and that all the honours which nations can confer upon their illustrious dead were dispensed with a free hand. The memory of eminent men is, however, more dependent upon the results of their achievements than upon the actual quantum of virtue or wisdom which they required and employed. The cenotaph neither spreads or perpetuates its report; and thus a most brave and illustrious soldier, who spent great abilities and heroic valour in remote and comparatively obscure warfare, retains no fame proportioned to his desert.

¶ There are some memoirs which might be added to the preceding; but as they have nearly an equal relation to the history of the next and last, we keep them back.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL SERIES.

Edward Maurice, Bishop of Ossory.

DIED 1756.

EDWARD MAURICE is so little known in the records of literature, that his name escaped our notice in the termination of our last ecclesiastical period. Our present notice of him must be brief. In point of actual claim to be commemorated as an eminent character, we might indeed omit him, as no extraordinary activity or success in public life, or no great published work, presents the ordinary claim which regulates our selection. That he was the author of a MS. translation of Homer, would be an insufficient reason, as we have not the least doubt that translations of Homer, and of other great works of every kind and class, enough to fill more libraries than ever have been printed, have occupied the lives, and mouldered with the dust of countless scholars. But the MS. of bishop Maurice is yet extant in the library of the university of Dublin, of which he was a graduate, and is known to possess merits of the very highest order. So far as can be judged from extracts, those printed by bishop Mant, in his history of the Irish church, leave no doubt as to the superior qualifications of the translator. While this admission demands its distinct record, we cannot, it is plain, prolong a memoir on the strength of merits so little public in their pretensions as unpublished manuscripts.

Bishop Maurice died in 1756.

Philip Skelton.

BORN A.D. 1707.—DIED A.D. 1787.

THIS very able writer in support of revealed religion was born in 1707, and received his education in the Dublin university. Some time after taking his degree, he obtained the curacy of Monaghan, in which his conduct as a Christian clergyman was no less worthy of distinction, than the talent and industry with which, in a very infidel age, he maintained the truth of revealed religion. With a salary of forty pounds a-year, he allowed ten for the support of his mother.

From this curacy he was removed by bishop Clayton to the living of Templecarn, a wild and extensive parochial district on the borders of Fermanagh and Donegal. Here he found a population entirely ignorant of Christianity, and exerted himself with the most devoted and exemplary diligence in their instruction. During this interval of

his life, he wrote a tract proposing "the revival of Christianity," which attracted public notice, and was attributed to Swift. It was, perhaps, while engaged in the arduous labour of a Christian teacher, in a scene pervaded by the deep spiritual obscurity which then prevailed in every class, that his mind was deeply impressed with a strong sense of the scornful discountenance which religion met from the upper classes of country gentlemen. The able and effective work which he wrote to expose the infidelity of his time, seems to be strongly impregnated with such a sentiment. His arguments are stated in the form of controversial dialogues, with all the force, though without the refined skill and eloquence, of Berkeley. The argument proceeds on the fiction that a lawyer, a man of large property, and a deist, visits the neighbouring parish church with his ward, a young gentleman whom he is desirous to preserve from all taint of religious belief. Offended with the preacher for bringing forward some arguments in favour of religion, he invites him to a controversy; the clergyman assents, and the argument is continued for several days in succession. Mr Skelton, in the management of his argument, displays powers both of statement and reasoning of a very high order, and a most extensive acquaintance with a subject of great variety and extent. He is greatly to be praised for the fairness with which he states the arguments of the deist, and as much for the conclusive force with which he replies.

The popular value of such a work is not, however, quite commensurate with these great merits. While the proofs of revealed religion, grounded on the ordinary principles of evidence, must always continue the same, every age has brought forth some form of unbelief peculiar to itself: the successive refutation of each infidel theory has still continued to drive the sceptic to exercise the powers of invention in some new resource. In consequence of this, the controversy with the deist must ever, so long as it shall last, continue to shift its ground to a large extent. At that time, it was the fashion to oppose Christianity with an imaginary religion of nature, and by certain unfounded notions of moral obligation, which no one but philosophers knew, and which none followed. It had been for some time the main art of deism, to endeavour to supersede the Gospel as much as possible, without allowing it to come directly into discussion; and the artifice by which this was to be effected was, to steal into its place a mode of religion which was admirably adapted for the purpose. In a most irreligious age, when all that was spiritual in Christianity was by common consent so neglected, that its preachers were content to deliver ethical discourses, which might have suited the ancient schools of Greece,—and the nominal Christian little thought of the Gospel, save as an ethic rule,—it was very easy to exhibit the same rule as the mere result of human reason; and thus, though nominally differing, the deist and the Christian would be practically the same. The results of such an artifice need not be detailed. It is easy to see what numbers would be happy to step across a line so narrow, in order to divest the rules of moral obligation of the penal sanction and the chain of conscience. From this consideration it will be understood, that the Christian advocates of such a time must have been largely

involved in the discussion of the most entangled speculations, in which it would not be desirable for any one but a professional theologian to engage.

In Mr Skelton's lifetime, such a work was of the utmost importance; though it must be added that, from the very nature and causes of deism, there are no writings so little likely to produce any commensurate effect as those in which it is opposed. The deist is often a most amiable man, and in all other respects most reasonable; but his opinions are so strongly founded in inclination, and so slightly in reason, that he is unwilling to look upon them closely; and without being more vindictive than others, to resent the exposure of his fallacious unbelief. Mr Skelton was impressed with a sense of the importance of a work which fills two laborious volumes, and went to London to look for a publisher. By his own account, the person to whom it was committed for an opinion was Mr Hume, who advised the publisher to print it. This work is, we believe, now scarce: it is entitled, "Ophincus, or Deism Revealed."

He was no less distinguished by his strenuous and well-directed labours as a Christian pastor; labours then more distinguishing, as more rare. In our times, it would be as rare to find a parish clergyman in Ireland remiss. Nor can it now be necessary to detail the laborious avocations which are familiar in every parish—except those few in which unhappily they have no scope.

Mr Skelton's work or name are little known beyond the limit of the theological obituary. In the record of the eminent and illustrious of this world, he can occupy but little space, however high he may stand upon a loftier and more permanent record. Had he been promoted to the higher stations of the church, he had ability and active energy and zeal to obtain a historical reputation; but he led a long life in comparative obscurity and poverty, fulfilling in times of great difficulty the duties of a faithful soldier of Christ, and earning for himself a better crown and a less corruptible treasure.

He died in 1784.

Rev. Dr Leland, F. T. C. D.

BORN A. D. 1722.—DIED A. D. 1785.

THOMAS LELAND was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1722. He was placed at the school of the celebrated Dr Sheridan. In his fifteenth year he entered the university of Dublin as a pensioner, and obtained a scholarship in 1741. In 1745, he first sat for the fellowship, without success; but the next year, was unanimously elected. He entered into holy orders in 1748; and it is mentioned by one of his biographers, that his deep sense of his spiritual obligations was manifested in an essay then much admired, though not now extant, on "The Helps and Impediments to the Acquisition of Knowledge in Religious and Moral Subjects." A few years after, he is said to have been commissioned by the university to publish an edition of Demosthenes. It was in 1756 that he published the first volume of his well-known

translation of Demosthenes, which was completed in three volumes, between that time and 1770. This, with the critical and historical capability displayed in his notes, raised and extended his reputation among the learned men and universities of England. Not long after the publication of the first volume of his translation, he published (in 1758) his history of Philip, king of Macedon; and having in 1763 been appointed professor of oratory by the board, he obtained no less distinction by a dissertation upon eloquence; which having been attacked by Warburton and Hurd, he replied in two successive publications, and obtained, according to the opinions of the ablest critics and scholars of his time, a decided victory over both. We shall not here enter upon this curious controversy, as it could lead to no useful end. The position of Warburton was, like many of his opinions, absurd, and ably maintained. He was a man of very high inventive subtilty and admirable skill in reasoning; but far from a proportionable soundness of judgment. He had a love of paradox; and in search of it, was apt to overshoot his aim and stumble into fallacy. Leland's next undertaking was a history of Ireland, written in the standard style of the best ancient or modern histories, and yielding to none in the highest merits of the historian—a lucid and masterly arrangement—a judicious selection of matter—a clear and simple, yet critically elegant style—and a thorough freedom from the influences of party, from which it is so hard to escape anywhere, but nearly impossible in Ireland. Such qualities place him in the first rank of historians, so far as the intrinsic merits of his work is weighed. There are, it is true, deductions enough to be made—some real, and some not more than specious. The historian of Ireland is little likely to be placed in the same scale with the historian of Europe or of England, whatever may have been the success or the real difficulties of his undertaking. But in a country of which the political temper has been so triply steeped in party rancour—in which the powers of vituperation are exhausted to find language for the eloquence of party—in which no small wit and ingenuity have been spent to the dregs in misrepresentation;—in such a country no impartial historian could be candidly accepted. When writing his history, the well-known abilities of Leland induced many to look to his work, as such works are ever looked to, as an instrument of faction; and he was much urged, by several men on both sides, to adopt those opinions and tones of statement most favourable to their own views. Such advice, however urged, he steadily rejected; and the consequence is, that his work does not meet the wants of any section of the public. But it may be safely recommended to the sober and sound-minded student of history as the "History of Ireland," which, so far as it reaches, makes any other quite unnecessary. We should not here say so much, even though deeply indebted to Dr Leland, were it not for the excessive flippancy with which his great work is commonly noticed by the collectors of biographical notices.

One charge, made in no unfair or illiberal spirit, is to be noticed. The comparatively scanty notice which he has taken of the more ancient history of Ireland, has been charged on Dr Leland as a fault. We cannot concur in such a charge. It originates in a confusion of

two great branches of knowledge, nearly related, but intrinsically distinct—distinct in their elements, and in the results to which they lead. The historian who undertakes the civil history of a nation, to perform his task aright, must pursue the remotest traces of all its institutions, and gather from the earliest antiquity the faintest light, which illustrates the origin and growth of its actual constitution. But there are many and important reasons why he must properly observe this limit. It is not merely that the objects of antiquarian research are, to a very considerable extent, unconnected with the main design and leading topics of the historian; but in fact it has also an importance of its own, and is too extensive and difficult to be needlessly combined with other topics of research and reasoning. The one belongs to the science of politics, in the broadest extent in which the term can be understood—combining the statesman's mind with that of the philosopher: the other falls within the province of arts, languages, the natural history of the human race; and embraces a wide range of consideration, too wide, remote, and vague, to have any very important application to civil and political history. Both demand powers of no inferior order, though much differing in kind: and for each, the labour of a life would be necessary. The person in whom both should be reconciled, or the history in which each could be fully entertained, would be the history and the historian of the human race. If, indeed, it were usual to pursue the civil history of modern countries back into the obscurity of traditionary times, we should not say a word in excuse of the omission. But such has not been the usage of the standard writers: their notice of the primitive history of the nation, has not in general been more than a formal preliminary. Nor is this fact to be explained by the want of traditions or national monuments; for every great empire has its recollections and antiquities. If any one desires an illustration, he may compare the lucubrations of Niebuhr, with the histories of Tacitus and Livy.

The investigation of Irish antiquities would have employed the life of Dr Leland three times over, and more than doubled his work. *Scriptus et in tergo, necdum finitus*. The success of the eminent antiquarians of Ireland, has not been so brilliant, many and able as they have been, that our civil history should await the termination of their labours. We would not be thought to think lightly of the antiquities of any ancient nation—every unquestionable discovery of the true interpretation of such remains and traditions, offers a fact of importance in the history of man. It is, at the same time, impossible to refrain from the observation, that if such labours were to be estimated by the amount of their actual results, or even by the soundness and discretion with which these results have been pursued, their claim to our respect is slight enough.

To these remarks on the writings of Leland, we may refer to the well-known praise of Dr Johnson,* and quote the following less known extract, supposed to be written by Dr Parr:—"Of Leland, my opinion is not founded upon hearsay evidence; nor is it determined solely by the great authority of Dr Johnson, who always mentioned

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Leland with cordial regard and marked respect. It might, perhaps, be invidious for me to hazard a favourable decision upon the history of Ireland, because the merits of that work have been disputed by critics. But I may with confidence appeal to writings, which have long contributed to public amusement, and have often been honoured by public approbation; to the life of Philip, and to the translation of Demosthenes; to the judicious dissertation upon eloquence, and to the spirited defence of that dissertation.”*

These works had been before the public, and the reputation of Dr Leland, both as a writer and as a very highly admired preacher in Dublin, had been fully established, when lord Townsend came over as lord-lieutenant. As he was fully informed as to the merits and public character of Leland, there was, as usual, a very considerable, though not very well-founded expectation, of his immediate preferment. This was, of course, owing to the public ignorance of the political principle then, and even now (though to a modified extent), adopted in the disposal of preferment. The support of the existing government, by the disposal of its patronage; to a certain extent essential to the existence of a government; is carried to an extreme, when made the ground of ecclesiastical promotion. It necessarily led to the evil of promoting Englishmen to the government of the Irish church—a great injustice, for which there was no excusable motive. Not that the actual selections were in themselves objectionable; but that the not inferior talent, wisdom, learning, and piety of Ireland, was passed over with most iniquitous neglect. The expectations of Leland’s admirers—expectations in which he was probably too wise to share—were disappointed. He could not, without discredit, be wholly neglected, and obtained some small preferments which could be held with his fellowship. The prebend of Rathmical, with the vicarage of Bray, were conferred upon him in 1768.†

Dr Leland died in 1785.

Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan.

BORN A.D. 1754—DIED A.D. 1805.

DEAN KIRWAN was descended from a highly respectable family in the county of Galway. He was born in the year 1754.

He was brought up for the priesthood, in the communion of the church of Rome; and in consequence, according to the custom of the time, received his education at a foreign university, the college of the English Jesuits at St Omer.

At the age of 17, he was induced, by the invitation of a near kinsman, to go out to the Danish island of St Croix in the West Indies, where his relation had considerable property. The strong sensibility of young Kirwan rendered the scenes of cruelty and tyranny which he witnessed there insupportably disgusting; and he soon made up his

* Quoted in Mant’s History of the Irish Church.

† Mant.

mind to return to his first destination. Having returned to Europe, he repaired to the university of Louvaine. There he soon rose to so much distinction, that he was raised to the professorship of natural and moral philosophy—a nearly incredible confusion of sciences. Previous to this, he had obtained priest's orders.

In the year 1778, he obtained the appointment of chaplain to the Neapolitan embassy in London. Having left the embassy, he came over to see his Irish relations; here, circumstances soon occurred to alter his views in religion, and he conformed to the church of England. We think it necessary to mention, that we are in full possession of the very silly and malignant fabrication which a very low writer has contrived to rake together to account for this change. It is too long to be gratuitously refuted, and we therefore pass it by. The change is surely not one which demands far-fetched and inapplicable reasons to explain it. Mr Kirwan's professed reason was probably near the truth—he thought he could do more good as a protestant preacher; and if the secret impulse of ambition mingled with, and gave added fuel to the fire of great native benevolence, it will not be set down as unworthy a man still young, and conscious of some high and effective powers. But, considering the moral and intellectual characters of the dean, as they are to be gathered from all that is known of the subsequent life of a very public man, we must confidently say, that it is quite improbable that he could for a day have entertained the notion of such a change, unless the reasons by which it might be warranted and justified, had first occupied his attention. It would be easy, if necessary, to show that such reasons are likely to be contemplated by every man of sound intellect in the church of Rome; and it is as plain that, until the very moment of decision, any possibility of change must be concealed. However unexpected by his friends, it is not to be presumed that the conversion of this eminent man was either sudden, or without the maturest deliberation.

He was first introduced to the pulpit of the church of England, by the rector of St Peter's church; in Anngier street in Dublin, June, 1787. Great numbers were attracted by curiosity. It was whispered by some, that he would display a vindictive enmity towards the church he had left; by others it was expected that he would endeavour to recommend himself by denouncing it. All such anticipations must have been disappointed: he made no allusion to the subject.

It is needless to trace the steps of the rapid progress which he made in public opinion. The effects produced, both from the matter and manner of his discourses, must have been very unusually great. It was a time when oratory was the prevailing taste. Always powerful in its effects on popular assemblies, it had in Ireland acquired a more peculiar power over public feeling, by its long-established use as the instrument of political agitation: a taste had thus been diffused, which had been improved and fostered by the influence of such men as Flood, Grattan, Curran, and other eminent orators, on the public taste; as well as generally by the native rhetorical temper of the Irish nation. Mr Kirwan was not inferior to the highest standard of the Irish taste; if second to any, it was to Mr Grattan alone. He did not possess the copious fertility of point, metaphor, or the ornamental play of fancy

which gave a force and novelty to the sentences of that eloquent man. But he possessed an ample store of the most powerful and effective turns of thought, highly-wrought pictures, and forcible appeals, both to the feeling and imagination, drawn from his extensive ethical reading; and above all, from the discourses of the fervid school of Massillon, and the orators of the French pulpit. All their deep and splendid conceptions he reproduced in English, with a power of manner, eye, countenance, action, and tone, which could, we are led to believe, only have been paralleled by men like Garrick, Kemble, or Kean.

In one respect, he had a great and signal advantage. It was a time when the pulpit was at the very lowest ebb, both of dulness and inefficacy. The infidel character of the age was more than countenanced by a style of preaching which had in it nothing to remind the hearer of Christianity, but a dull and frigid echo of its moral system. The preacher endeavoured to enforce the moral virtues on grounds exclusively prudential; and if any allusion to Christian doctrine was introduced, it was too evidently formal, to be understood as a thing really intended. The religion of society was that which the world is always endeavouring, by a nearly unconscious tendency, to work out for itself—a purely secular system of ethics, which was called Christian, to satisfy the forms of a church, and content the conscience of a multitude. But the commonplaces of the ethical schools were quite inadequate for any purpose of eloquence: the maxims of prudence were too low—the abstract rules of right too cold and heartless for the popular appeal. Mr Kirwan, whether from a sense of duty, or the dictates of a sound judgment, saw the necessity of a truer and more effectual groundwork. He sought and found it in the main truths of revealed religion.

It is not, however, to be supposed that he went to the full extent of the doctrinal teaching of the whole practical system of the gospel, to which the humblest teacher of the Christian church has since arrived. This we do not mention in any spirit of censure. It was something to have made a single step in advance. It was something in that unbelieving time to point, however remotely, to the Cross, and to arraign the intense secularity of the church-going multitude. If he did not advance the full efficacy and the true foundation of the gospel, he still went so far as to bring prominently forward those great practical facts and results which cannot be seriously entertained without a desire to look further for a refuge than human merits. The brevity of life, the transitory nature and the uncertainty of its objects, the illusions of which it is constituted, the nearness and certainty of death, and the terrors of the day of judgment;—these solemn and awful truths afforded the powerful and effective ground of his weighty and heart-moving appeals.

It must be observed, that it is only from twelve of his charity sermons that we can form any opinion as to the matter of his discourses. It would therefore be unfair to conclude as to the amount of his doctrines. The subject also was one which must be admitted to have imposed a certain line of topics. We must not, consequently, be understood to pronounce upon what he omitted; but, so far as our

means go, to point out and value what he did. He referred to the specific design and main result of the announcements of our Lord, as the ground and motive of charity, instead of confining himself to the poetical and philosophical, or political appeals to humanity and prudence, which had till then been the resources of the pulpit. If he did not instruct his flock where to find redemption, he endeavoured to make them look for it. Perhaps to the impulse which he then imparted, we may (under Providence) refer the great spiritual advances which immediately began to follow, when men like Mathias and Roe, with far humbler powers, drew from a purer fountain, and diffused wider and more permanent effects.

One thing is, however, certain. Kirwan "disturbed the repose of the pulpit." He introduced a new and true principle into the religion of his day. We have been thus particular, because it is usual to estimate his preaching by the requisitions of an age far different in its spiritual state.

It is also to be admitted that Mr Kirwan derived success from a method of delivery which we apprehend would scarcely be tolerated in our times, unless in its more appropriate practice on the stage. Sir Jonah Barrington has left a few descriptive sentences, which perhaps give the nearest idea of the orator:—"His manner of preaching was of the French school; he was vehement for a while, and then becoming, or affecting to become, exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face; a dead silence ensued; he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence; another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence; the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivalled his talents, and at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a 'celestial exhaustion,' as I heard a lady call it, not unfrequently terminated his discourse,—in general, abruptly."

The portrait of dean Kirwan, which was published as the frontispiece to his printed sermons, gives some added strength to the conception thus imbodyed in words. There is a considerable expression of much pathetic power upon his face, which, though what may be called plain, and what in common scenes might be thought forbidding, combined an austere solemnity with a heartfelt sentiment of commiseration and distress, suited with wonderful aptness to the main topic of his appeals. There is a strong, yet tempered, surprise and indignation, even in the portrait, that seems to bring as a reproach the wants and sufferings of the poor against the levities, the luxuries, and infidelity of a riotous and ungodly age.

The result was proportional to the means. The collections which followed his discourses were profuse, beyond anything before or since known; frequently amounting to twelve hundred pounds at a sermon. Those who came to give their half-crowns left their rings and watches in pledge for their full value. The reputation of the preacher rose in proportion to such success. He was addressed by parishes and corporate bodies, and painted by eminent artists.

The archbishop of Dublin recognised his merits by the prebend of Howth, and the parish of St Nicholas Without, amounting, together,

to £400 a-year. Lord Cornwallis afterward, in 1800, preferred him to the deanery of Killala.

He died in 1805, at his house in Mount-Pleasant avenue, near Dublin, leaving a widow and four children. As he had not been enabled to make any provision for them, king George III., with his wonted humanity and good taste, provided for them by a liberal pension of £300 a-year to Mrs Kirwan, with a reversion to her two daughters.

Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

BORN A. D. 1728.—DIED A. D. 1811.

FOR this eminent scholar and excellent man we are indebted to England. The long-established usage of transferring learned men to our sees from the English universities, while it has tended much to depress our church, and suppress many a bright light, has occasionally made amends in men like Bedell and Taylor, Percy and Brinkley—men whose names are splendid ornaments to learning, as their lives and actions were examples deserving of record for all that could grace their stations.

Of some of these illustrious persons, we are far from adequately supplied with any account proportioned to their merits, or the place they filled. For those who lived in former periods, history itself has afforded the materials, as there were few persons of any eminence who did not, as actors or sufferers, enter largely into the current of events. We are now compelled to trust to the gleanings of literary notices and to incidental recollections.

Thomas Percy was descended from the ancient Percys of Northumberland. Boswell asserts him to have been the heir of that family. This would, we suspect, have been hard to prove; nor was the occasion wanting, or unlikely to be suggested, as the heirs of that race appear to have been extinguished with the eleventh earl, and the honours to have passed with his daughter into another ancient Norman family.

He was born in Bridgenorth, in Shropshire, in 1728. The first rudiments of learning he received from the Rev. Samuel Lea, head master of Newport school, in that Shire. From this he entered Christ church, Oxford.

Having completed his academical terms, he was preferred by his college to the vicarage of Easton Manduit, in Northamptonshire, in 1756. In 1765, he accepted the office of chaplain to the duke of Northumberland. In 1769, he received the appointment of chaplain to the king. On this latter occasion, he took his degree of D. D. at Cambridge, for which purpose he was admitted a member of Emanuel college.

During the interval, of which the main incidents are thus summarily stated, the character of Dr Percy for elegant literature and extensive scholarship had been uniformly rising into public eminence. In 1761 he had published "Han Kion Chonan, a Translation from the Chinese Miscellanies." In the year after, some Runic poems, translated freely

from the Icelandic. A version of the Song of Solomon appeared from his pen in 1764, translated from the Hebrew, with a commentary. In 1768, his celebrated work, by which his rank is fixed in literary history, made its appearance.

At the same time, his reputation in the distinguished literary circle of London was extended and established. He was an original member of the celebrated Literary Club, and his name occurs in its annals with those of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. With Johnson he had long been on terms of the most kindly intimacy; and in the well-known memoir of Boswell, his name frequently is met; and his authority is often cited by subsequent editors, as conveying the most accurate and authentic notices of that great and worthy man. Dr Johnson's opinion of him is handed down in a letter, on which Dr Percy himself has said, "I would rather have this than degrees from all the universities in Europe. It will be for me and my children, and grandchildren." Such a testimony is not to be omitted.

It was in 1778, the same year that Dr Percy obtained the deanery of Carlisle, that he happened to give a dinner to a small party, consisting of Boswell, Dr Johnson, and Mrs Williams. In the course of conversation, Pennant was warmly praised by Johnson. Dr Percy, who recollected resentfully that Pennant, in his mention of Alnwick castle, had used language which he considered not sufficiently respectful, eagerly opposed. Johnson retorted; and a colloquy ensued, which was mixed with much sarcasm on the part of Johnson, who at last was violently excited by a very harmless personality. Percy had said that Pennant was a bad describer. Johnson replied, "'I think he describes very well.' PERCY.—'I travelled after him.' JOHNSON.—'And I travelled after him.' PERCY.—'But, my good friend, you are short-sighted, and do not see as well as I do.' Johnson said nothing at the time; but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a little while, Dr Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant. JOHNSON (pointedly).—'This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland.' PERCY (feeling the stroke).—'Sir, you may be as rude as you please.' JOHNSON.—'Hold, Sir! Don't talk of rudeness. Remember, Sir, you told me' (puffing hard with passion, struggling for a vent) 'I was short-sighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please.' PERCY.—'Upon my honour, Sir, I did not mean to be uncivil.' JOHNSON.—'I cannot say so, Sir; for I *did* mean to be uncivil, thinking *you* had been uncivil.' Dr Percy rose, ran up to him, and, taking him by the hand, assured him, affectionately, that his meaning had been misunderstood; upon which, a reconciliation took place.* We need not stay to point out the amiable and christian temper shown on this occasion by Dr Percy: it would be still more apparent, could we have ventured to extract the irritating dialogue from the beginning. But it is here quoted only to retain as much as possible the interest of the following letter to Boswell:—

"Sir, the debate between Dr Percy and me is one of those foolish controversies which begin upon a question of which neither cares how

* Boswell's Johnson, vol. vii., Ed. 1835.

it is decided, and which is, nevertheless, continued to acrimony, by the vanity with which every man resists confutation. Dr Percy's warmth proceeded from a cause which, perhaps, does him more honour than he could have derived from juster criticism. His abhorrence of Pennant proceeded from his opinion that Pennant had wantonly and indecently censured his patron. His anger made him resolve that, for having been once wrong, he never should be right. Pennant has much in his notions that I do not like; but still I think him a very intelligent traveller. If Percy is really offended, I am sorry; for he is a man whom I never knew to offend any one. He is a man very willing to learn, and very able to teach—a man out of whose company I never go without having learned something. It is true that he vexes me sometimes; but I am afraid it is by making me feel my own ignorance. So much extension of mind, and so much minute accuracy of inquiry, if you survey your whole circle of acquaintance, you will find so scarce, if you find it at all, that you will value Percy by comparison. Lord Hailes is somewhat like him; but lord Hailes does not, perhaps, go beyond him in research; and I do not know that he equals him in elegance. Percy's attention to poetry has given grace and splendour to his studies of antiquity. A mere antiquarian is a rugged being.

“Upon the whole, you see that what I might say in sport or petulance to him, is very consistent with full conviction of his merit. I am, dear Sir, your most, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

Among the many notices of Dr Percy which occur in the correspondence of Johnson, we learn that, for some time after his promotion to the deanery of Carlisle, he continued to occupy an apartment in Northumberland house. Here, sometime in March, 1780, a fire broke out, by which he sustained some small losses; but his papers and books were preserved.

Some coolness arose between him and Johnson, which has been ascribed to the circumstance of a parody upon the style of his versions of some of the relics of English ballads.* This incident was, however, at the time of its occurrence, far more harmless than it was afterwards made to appear. It was an unpremeditated effusion, in the natural flow of conversation at the tea-table of Miss Reynolds; but having been retailed, circulated, and getting into the newspapers, it assumed a character which was never intended. That, under this point of view, it must have been felt painfully, can be inferred from the way in which it is mentioned by contemporaries, who were not aware of all the circumstances; and soon after, Johnson complains, that Dr Percy went off to Ireland without taking leave of him.

It was in 1782 that Dr Percy became connected with this country, by his promotion to the see of Dromore. Some accounts of his conduct, and of the character he sustained in his diocese, are brought together by bishop Mant in his history. We cannot offer these more satisfactorily than by extracting the brief account of the bishop:—“Bishop Percy resided constantly in his diocese, where he is said to

* It was a parody on “The Hermit of Warkworth.”

have promoted the instruction and comfort of the poor with unremitting attention, and superintended the sacred and civil interests of the diocese with vigilance and assiduity: revered and beloved for his piety, liberality, benevolence, and hospitality, by persons of every rank and religious denomination.”*

The retreat of one who held a place so eminent in the most refined circles of scholarship and cultivated taste, could not but be followed by the most kindly recollections; and he still continued to be sought by the gifted and the learned. When Sir Walter Scott was engaged in his “Border Minstrelsy,” a work similar in material and design to the bishop’s, he constantly consulted and kept up a correspondence with him. His opinion of the bishop’s literary merit we shall presently notice.

Bishop Percy lived to a great age, and saw many changes in Ireland. He was deprived of sight some years before his death; and under this afflicting privation, we are told that he showed the most entire and even cheerful resignation; with the true temper of a christian, always expressing his deep thankfulness for the mercies of which he had, through his long life, been the continual object. His last painful illness was borne with the most exemplary resignation. He died in September, 1811, at his episcopal mansion, and was buried in a vault adjoining his cathedral.

Among the most popular literary remains of bishop Percy, may be mentioned the beautiful ballad, “O Nannie, wilt thou fly with me,” to a no less beautiful Scottish air. But the fullest justice to the literary recollection of the bishop may be only done by reference to the notices which he has received from one who was the most qualified to appreciate him justly. In his introductory remarks on popular poetry, Scott says: “The task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, whether in England or Scotland, was never executed by a competent person, possessing the necessary powers of selection and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr Percy, afterwards bishop of Dromore, in Ireland. The reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the result in a work entitled ‘Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,’ in three volumes, published in London, 1765, which has since gone through four editions. The taste with which the materials were chosen—the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated—the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collection indicated, render it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel, a work which must always be held the first of its class in point of merit,” &c. This high praise admits only of the one exception, which the modesty of its author would not have admitted.

The bishop was savagely and unfairly attacked by Ritson, who, to an irritability not quite clear of the limits of insanity, added the fierce animosity of a fiery polemic. His objections, partially correct, were urged with a fierceness and acrimony quite beyond the utmost delinquencies of literature.

* History of the Irish Church, vol. ii., p. 683.

Matthew Young, Bishop of Clonfert.

BORN A. D. 1750.—DIED A. D. 1800

MATTHEW YOUNG, among the most eminent persons to whom Ireland has given a birth-place for learning and talent, was born in the county of Roscommon, in 1750.

Having entered the university of Dublin in 1766, he was elected to the fellowship in 1775, after which he entered into holy orders. He is said, at the examination for the fellowship, to have obtained great credit for the knowledge which he had acquired in the Newtonian philosophy, which he cultivated with the ardour of high scientific genius. The period during which he lived in college was, in that seat of science, pre-eminently distinguished for talent and literary taste. It was the time when the first impulses of that scientific advance, which began to show itself in the civilized world, were more or less felt in every literary body; and, though it had much to depress it, both in the state of the kingdom, and the constitution of the university, was yet entertained by the leading minds of the place and time. The university of Dublin, standing by far the first in Europe as a seminary for the diffusion of a well-devised and equable system of education, was, in its other capacity as an institution for the promotion of literature and science, retarded and depressed by the severe drudgery of the junior fellows, who were condemned to labour in a treadmill of rudiments during the more active years of life. They were compassed without by a sea of bigotry and political prejudice, party exasperation, and democratic agitation. To cultivate learning, demanded a singular devotion, and a happy insensibility to the distraction and menace of the time. There was, indeed, another grievous want: science had no public. There was no concert in the pursuits of investigation, and none of that happy community among the varied branches of knowledge, and their students, which now carries the slightest thought through the civilized world. Men like Matthew Young found little sympathy outside the walls of a laborious university.

The engagements of his fellowship admitted little relaxation, and left less of that energy essential to his favourite studies. There was indeed a provision for such men in the arrangements of the institution; but at that time it was imperfect and insufficient. There were a few professorships, neither sufficient in number or endowment, which were from time to time filled by men competently qualified for their appropriate paths of investigation. When we affirm that they do not appear at that time to have been employed to the best advantage, it is necessary in all fairness to add that this disadvantage has been long removed. Men who were worn out by the severe routine of university labour, as well as by years, were raised to professorships, which, so far as lecturing alone is considered, they filled with exemplary learning and competency; but the years of invention, and intense and concentrated research, which draws deepest on the vital powers, were gone. And thus it was that men like Young, —far from few in the Dublin university—have so often passed, and left

no trace of what they were. Young toiled twenty years as a junior fellow, before a vacancy in the professorship of natural philosophy, to which he was elected, placed him in his appropriate seat.

In this interval, he had, by the very unusual industry of a mind which never wearied in the application of the highest intellectual powers, continued to acquire vast and varied treasures in every branch of study, and made considerable and curious advances in speculative science—enough, indeed, to prove the high place he must have filled in the scientific world of a later time. He produced several works, which manifested high powers of invention, some of which have been rendered unimportant by the subsequent progress of science; and others, perhaps, have never had their deserved reputation. Of these we shall say a few words at the conclusion of our memoir.

But first is to be mentioned, that the scientific progress which has of recent years so honourably distinguished the university of Dublin, received its earliest impulse from Dr Young. Much addicted to intellectual conversation, and hardly more remarkable for genius than for his social virtues, he uniformly exerted himself to promote the intercourse of the better minds in the university. Among other results of this nature, he brought together a society for the promotion of sound theological learning. It was composed of the best and ablest men in college, and lasted many years. As its members were for the most part men eminent in scientific learning, it gave birth to another society, of which Dr Young was also the main spirit. The members of this constituted afterwards the Royal Irish Academy, now among the few very highest scientific centres in the civilized world, emanating and receiving its main intellectual life from the university; from which, like some main artery of the heart, it communicates with and sends life into the best mind of the country. Of this, Dr Young was, during the latter years of his life, the most distinguished member; and the early volumes of the Transactions are adorned by numerous proofs of his talent and varied research.

On his appointment to the chair of natural philosophy, he devoted himself to its duties. A new and improved system of philosophical instruments gave new aid to his lectures, which were soon raised to a reputation till then unknown.

To the firmness and independent spirit of Dr Young is primarily due one of the most important benefits to the university, conferred in the abatement of a flagitious and destructive abuse. For a long succession of years anterior to 1791, the provosts of the university had been accumulating an unconstitutional control—the natural effect, perhaps, of the influence of station and authority, when acting on a very narrow compass. The fellowship, according to the statutes, and to the practice before and since, was the attainment of successful competition, awarded by the majority of the senior fellows; but, for some time, the provost had asserted a right of nomination. On all other questions, a *veto* was pretended to. The consequences need not be detailed. Dr Young drew up a memorial on the subject, which, Dr Magee has remarked, would do honour to “the ablest and best-informed legal understanding.” The attention of the university was thus awakened; and the next year, the question was for-

mally brought before the visitors. Happily, the vice-chancellor of that day was a man of the most uncompromising firmness and integrity of principle—lord Fitzgibbon; himself one of the most distinguished students in the under graduate course, the university ever produced; and these abuses were put a final stop to, by a judicial decision.

His treatise on the “Phenomena of Sounds,” had been published in 1784, two years before. He was engaged in, and had nearly completed his favourite work on the Newtonian calculus, when the see of Clonfert became vacant. Earl Cornwallis was at the time lord-lieutenant. He nobly and wisely set aside the claims of many a courtly aspirant, and asked for the most deserving: the most deserving was Dr Young.

It is needless to dwell upon the few incidents of two years, in which he laid aside his great work, to fulfil his still more important duties as an overseer of the church. It was an interval painfully illustrative of the uncertainty of all worldly success. “His consecration took place on the third of February; and nearly at the same moment, the dreadful malady, which terminated so fatally, made its appearance. At first only a small ulcer on the tongue, it occasioned little alarm; but the duty to which he was called at the primary visitation of his diocese, of giving a public exhortation to his clergy, produced such an exaggeration of the complaint, as gave serious cause for apprehension. Its horrid progress was henceforth continual. His utterance became painful, and gradually inarticulate. The disorder spread to the throat. To the dreadful pain attendant upon cancer was added the torture arising from the application of the violent remedies which were judged necessary. Hopeless of relief from regular practitioners, he went to seek it at Whitworth, in Lancashire; and there, after near five months of extreme suffering, he expired, on the 28th of November, 1800, in the fiftieth year of his age.”*

The same writer mentions further: “It will hardly be credited, that during the rapid progress of this deplorable malady, he drew up from his lectures his ‘Analysis of the Principles of Natural Philosophy,’ and superintended the publication with accuracy and correctness scarcely to be equalled—laboured in the improvement of his comment on the first book of Newton’s Principia—wrote an essay on sophisms, collecting examples of the several species from the works of the deistical writers, thus at the same time serving the causes of science and religion—made himself acquainted with the Syriac language, and completed a translation of the Psalms, of which before his illness he had done little more than sketch out the plan—and drew up a demonstration *a priori* of the attributes of the Deity. These last two works occupied his attention as long as he could hold a pen, and were the subject of his correspondence till within a very few weeks of his death. The axioms which he assumed as the foundation of his proof of the existence of a God, are discussed by him in a letter to the provost, dated the tenth of last October!”†

It remains to take some brief, and of course inadequate, notice of

* Appendix to Dr Elrington’s Funeral Discourse.

† *Ib.*

his literary character and works. To enter adequately upon the investigations of mathematics and physical science, neither belongs to a popular history, nor could answer any purpose for which we are engaged. His great work was not quite prepared for the press at his death. There yet remains a manuscript, of which if the merit is at all answerable to the description, or to the character of the author, the publication would be most desirable. We mean the essay mentioned in the foregoing extract, and which is said to consist of exemplifications of the several species of sophisms, collected from the works of infidel writers. A plan of the utmost value to logic. No sound-minded person who is intimately conversant with this ingenious though unsolid class, can fail to be aware how admirably fertile is the field it offers for the fullest illustration of every species of fallacy, disguised by all the arts of writing. In the long and continued controversy between Deism and Christianity, the utmost ingenuity of the most subtle minds has been exhausted in the effort to disprove the plainest, the clearest, and most complete body of proof that has existence; and in this daring and desperate task, the whole genius of fallacy has lavished its best and most curious efforts. This is the more important, because logical writers have not generally been very successful in the examples which they have invented. Mr Hume, whose genius in inventing sophisms, and admirable dexterity in disguising them by fine and gradual transitions, succeeded so long in perplexing the metaphysical world (the world of words), would supply many chapters of the most instructive analysis, to illustrate the various departures from right reason, and display the consequences. Should Dr Young's collection bear any proportion to his academic reputation, we must say that the publication of his MS. would be a desirable present to the reasoning portion of the public.

The scientific labours of Dr Young have not met their appropriate recompense. In part, because they were not adequately brought before the public; partly, because at the time, there was (properly speaking) no scientific circle beyond the walls of the universities; and, most of all, from the rapid development which every branch of scientific investigation has since received. Hence it occurs, that in the historical notices of science, in which far inferior men are named, the name of Dr Matthew Young has not its place. It is now too late to repair the omission. The following is the list of his works:—"The Phenomena of Sounds and of Musical Strings;" "The Force of Testimony;" "The Number of Prismatic Colours in Solar Light;" "On the Precession of the Equinoxes;" "Principles of Natural Philosophy."

Rev. William Hamilton.

DIED A. D. 1797.

THE Rev. William Hamilton was a fellow of the university of Dublin, from which he retired on the college-living of Fanet, in the county of Donegal.

He has merited commemoration by some writings which attracted great and well-merited notice at the time. In his "Letters on the Coast of the County of Antrim," his speculations on the geological and mineralogical character of that interesting district, drew the attention of scientific men in every part of Europe.

To the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, he contributed "An Account of Experiments for determining the Temperature of the Earth's Surface in Ireland."

His efforts to maintain tranquility in the surrounding country had been long successful, and obtained for him the love and veneration of every class; when the evil spirit of revolt, then rapidly diffusing its fatal influence, at last reached his county. He naturally became the object of conspiracy.

One evening in March, 1797, he was returning home from a visit to the bishop of Raphoe. Meeting some impediment at the ferry over the Swilly, he took the occasion to call at Dr Waller's of Sharon, and yielded to a pressing invitation to stay for the night. That night, at nine o'clock, Mr Waller's house was surrounded by a gang of armed miscreants, who fired several shots in through the window of the sitting-room. Mrs Waller was killed. They next threatened to burn the house, unless Mr Hamilton should be given up to them. In this dreadful emergency, the servants took the authority in their own hands; a horrible scene too revolting for description ensued. Every feeling but the cowardly instinct of self-preservation was forgotten. The unfortunate gentleman made a desperate struggle for his life, and a diabolical ingenuity was used to overcome his resistance. Having clung to the stair-case with a strong grasp, he was compelled to let go his hold by the application of a lighted candle to his hands. And thus, when all resistance was overcome, he was dragged to the door and thrust out to the blood thirsty miscreants, by whom he was, of course, instantaneously murdered.

Dr Hugh Hamilton, Bishop of Ossery.

BORN A. D. 1729—DIED A. D. 1805.

UP to the most recent period, there may be traced many signs of a reluctance, among the historians of learning, to do justice to several most distinguished Irishmen. Of this, bishop Hamilton offers an instance.

This distinguished mathematician was born in the county of Dublin, in 1729; entered the university of Dublin; and in 1751, when yet in his 22d year, obtained the fellowship.

In 1758, he published a "Geometrical Treatise of the Conic Sections," &c. It was eminently successful, and was soon adopted in all the British universities, and approved in general by mathematicians. The previous writers who had adopted the same general method of treating this branch of science, had used methods of proof which were either too narrow, or too prolix and circuitous. Dr Hamilton was the first to deduce the properties of the conic section from the properties of

the cone, by demonstrations which were general, unencumbered by lemmas, and proceeding in a more natural and perspicuous order.

In 1759, Dr Hamilton was elected professor of natural philosophy. In 1764, he retired on a college living. After some further changes, he obtained the deanery of Armagh. In 1796, he was promoted to the see of Clonfert: the appointment was made without any solicitation, or even knowledge, on his part.

He died 1st December, 1805.

Rev. Arthur O'Leary.

DIED A. D. 1802.

ARTHUR O'LEARY is now recollected for his wit, humour, and social qualifications. But he was a man of great worth, and sterling practical sense and integrity. He was born at Cork, and went in early life to France, where he studied at the college of St Maloes. In due course of time he became a Capuchin friar of the order of St Francis. He obtained an appointment, as chaplain to the English prisoners, during the seven years' war, with a small stipend from the French government.

On his return to Ireland, he distinguished himself by his well-directed efforts to dispel the prejudices of the people, on points essentially connected with their welfare and the peace and improvement of the kingdom. There existed at that time a strong and general desire for the relief of the people of Ireland from the severe pressure of the penal laws affecting the papists. The difficulty was very considerable, and the question was perplexed on either side by objections nearly insuperable. On one side was the illegal and extra-constitutional authority of the pope; on the other, the absolute impediment to national progress, presented by such a state of law. It was evident to every sound understanding, that the existence of a secret working foreign jurisdiction over the conscience of a people, imperatively demanded the counterbalance of a stringent system of control and exclusion. It was no less certain, that no kingdom could have peace or attain civil prosperity, with divisions and inequalities, distrust and animosities, pervading and poisoning its entire system. Such was the question, of which, as usual in all such questions, some saw one side and some another; while few, indeed, seem to have perceived its real difficulty, or actual merits.

O'Leary, with the practical good sense of his character, spoke and acted with courage and clear discrimination. He endeavoured to prevail on his countrymen to take advantage of the favourable disposition of their rulers, by conforming themselves to the essential conditions of the constitution, and showed them the contradiction of asking for the immunities and privileges of a state, the authority of which they rejected.

In a tract entitled "Loyalty Asserted," he endeavoured to maintain that the Romanists might conscientiously swear that the pope had no *temporal* authority in Ireland. In this he was strenuously

opposed by his brethren. It is now superfluous to discuss the value of the proposed concession; nor under any circumstances, should we enter upon the consideration here: we would only guard against the implication of any intent to convey our private opinion on the merits of the proposal. It is obvious that the question would remain, to what extent (in the particular case of the papal church) *temporal* dominion may be involved in *spiritual*.

It is evident, from all the writings of O'Leary, that he was a man of a clear and liberal understanding, who saw the real position and wants of his unfortunate country, and did all that lay in his power to breathe peace and right-mindedness. His efforts were on some occasions successful in repressing the spirit of grievous outrage. And it was admitted by the government, that he did much good, and prevented much mischief.

But the cloud of prejudices, the irritation of discontent, and the excitement of republican agitation, grew beyond the power of human influence. A man like O'Leary could not, in such an interval as the period of the Tones, Russells, &c., hope to maintain any authority with the Irish populace. He retired to England. There he acted for several years as clergyman to the Roman Catholic chapel in Soho Square, and lived peacefully, and respected by every class and communion.

He died at an advanced age, in 1802.

His writings have been published in one small volume. They indicate all the clear good sense for which he was remarkable. Some of his sayings are preserved, and have passed into the common stock of social humour. One specimen at least has preserved the name of its author. Some one who attempted, with great petulance, to draw him into a dispute on purgatory, was told with quiet humour by O'Leary, "You may go farther, and fare worse."

Rev. Samuel Madden, D.D.

BORN A. D. 1687.—DIED A. D. 1765.

DR MADDEN was born in 1687, and graduated in the university of Dublin. He acquired a high reputation, in his own day, for learning and talent; but his claim upon the memory and the gratitude of posterity, rests on benefits of an extensive and permanent kind, which are widely and effectively felt, though they convey no adequate recollection of their promoter.

The notices of Dr Madden are sufficiently numerous. It would, indeed, be impossible that a name so connected with the most useful institutions of Ireland, should be overlooked in any portion of our civil history. But we have not been so fortunate as to discover any noticeable details of his personal history. His monuments are thick around us, and present themselves on every side;—our arts, agriculture, and literature, and all that has contributed to the best interests of Irish civilization, are stamped with honourable recollections of Dr Madden. Such a man, whose fortune and understanding appears to have been

mainly instrumental to the civil and intellectual progress of his country, should, it might be thought, occupy a far more considerable place in its history and recollections. That such is not the fact, is simply the illustration of an important, though not very popular truth. It is not the most exciting incidents, or the most noisy actors, which impart the most decisive and important impulses to the real and permanent progress of the social state. The loud disturber who agitates the passions of the crowd, will be traced by the calamities which follow, and by the stern and lamentable, though necessary results of retributive justice or controlling expediency. But the act which forwards the more silent and slow-working tendencies from which all real improvement grows, can from the very nature of the process be but slowly tested and indistinctly traced. A single sentence may throw the nation into the waters of civil commotion, tinged with blood, and leaving desolation and delay. While a beneficent institution like the Dublin society, breathing a quiet influence upon the private pursuits of individuals; entering into the workshop—the study—the laboratory,—to suggest improvement, and propose reward; and, in something more than a figurative sense, shedding a quiet fertilizing dew over hill and valley; operates like the growth of vegetation, only to be seen by sober, thoughtful, and reflecting observation, though happily felt through all the recesses of social being. When the statue of the warrior whose victories have fortunately been effaced by time, or the laws and policies of statesmen, have been outgrown, or repealed or stultified by experience, the results of quiet industry, usefully encouraged, enlightened, and matured, will continue to be the blessing of millions, though not perhaps to bear the founder's or promoter's name.

In 1738, Dr Madden led the way to the most considerable step that ever was made for the civilization of this country, by a pamphlet entitled, "Reflections and resolutions proper for the gentlemen of Ireland." In this most able tract, with a solid and sterling judgment and sagacity, and a force, and even elegance of style, not often surpassed, he suggested and impressed the real importance of the polite and useful arts; after which he stated and proposed his plan:—"At as low an ebb as these arts are in Ireland, I am confident, if reasonable salaries were appointed by the public to two or three foreign architects, or if the linen or tillage boards, or the Dublin society had funds assigned to them to give premiums annually to the three best pictures, and the three best statues made here, or to the architects of the three best houses built annually in this kingdom, we should in time see surprising improvements in them all." The next year, he again called attention to the subject in a letter to the Dublin society, in which he makes an offer of £130 per annum for a premium-fund for the same objects.* Dr Madden's suggestions were adopted; his noble contribution to improvement accepted; and he lived to see the confirmation of his opinions, and the fruit of his munificence in a prosperous beginning of a course of rapid improvement.

But if Dr Madden has been inadequately repaid by the gratitude

* Mr Foot's address in 1843.

of his countrymen for the benefits already stated; others, which are certainly of not less importance, have been still more lightly recollected. If the beginnings of arts and popular institutions can be lost sight of in the splendour and magnitude of their subsequent progress, when through the medium of varied and numerous intelligence they have adorned and fertilized the land. How much less likely to be appreciated is the less prominent moral working, which, from small beginnings, sets mighty but *unseen* influences in motion, and improves the country by giving an increased momentum to its intelligence. Such was the institution of the system of premiums in the university. Of this most important change, the effect is by no means difficult to understand; we only doubt that it has been so fully appreciated as we think it deserves. It may be admitted, that the love of intellectual attainment is capable of very high development; but, unless in a few peculiarly constituted minds, and those not of the first order, this development is itself the result of acquisition. The vivacity and living impulses which mostly accompany the higher powers, have strong and early tendencies, which conduce nothing to the desire of rudiments, or of penetrating into spacious territories of knowledge, of which the uses cannot well be seen, till some progress has been made. Hence has it so often occurred that the most gifted men have been led astray in the commencement of their lives into premature appropriations of their genius, and been seen retracting their steps at much cost of life and labour, when experience has enabled them to perceive how much they have neglected the true ends of reason.

Before either the taste for acquirement, or a sense of its uses, can well be attained, some initial motive appears evidently to be required. The love of distinction, whether for industry or talent, almost coeval with the moral conformation of the mind, was the principle selected by the university on the suggestion of its public-spirited member. This principle was adopted, and in 1734, the system of premiums at the quarterly examinations, was adopted. The effects of this fortunate expedient for the encouragement of youthful industry, by substituting immediate for remote results, is known to all who have received a university education, and may be understood by all who know anything of human nature.

Nor did the honourable deeds here emphatically and yet too feebly and inadequately commemorated, emanate from an inferior or ordinary understanding, though on this head there remains but slight indication of what this eminent man really was. There is, however, an ostensible answer to the suggestion, that from a learned man, so earnest in the promotion of knowledge, and so sagacious in the means, some literary monument might reasonably be looked for. Such is not by any means, a conclusion warranted by strict experience. But, not to discuss the principle in the case of Dr Madden, there is an incidental fact of some importance on record. A very considerable scheme of literature, and which would probably have given a high celebrity to his name, was for some reason recalled and laid aside after its completion. The title of the work may explain the reason. In 1732, he published the first volume of "Memoirs of the Twentieth Century, or Original Letters of State under George the Sixth." Five

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Oliver Goldsmith

Engd. by S. Freeman from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A. Fullerton & Co. Dublin, London & Edinburgh.

others were to follow. The public attention was roused, and a rapid sale commenced; when suddenly the edition was called in and cancelled. Such an account appears to carry with it a whole history, equally suggested by the title and the result, of keen, far-sighted, and penetrating satire, and searching wisdom, laying bare the recesses of corruption and impolicy, and showing the remote consequences. Power of statement and knowledge there must have been; and, what is most here to the purpose, time and toil must have been sunk in labours which were frustrated of their aim.

Dr Madden cultivated poetry, and his productions were not despised by a man like Leland, to whose life of Philip a copy of his verses was prefixed. That his verses were but indifferent may be excused, both because many of the ablest men have failed in their attempts at poetry, but because he lived at a time when the very best was hardly worthy of notice, and when the poetry of England was in one of its dark intervals. The sun of Milton and Shakspeare was set; that of Pope was in its dawn. The day of Johnson, Goldsmith, and the more splendid and vigorous race which was to succeed, had not appeared. The verses of Dr Madden's time are mostly astonishing for their destitution of all that constitutes poetry. A poem entitled "Boulter's Monument," written by him, was revised by Dr Johnson, then young in his fame. It is mentioned in his life. Dr Madden is also said to have published a drama entitled "Themistoetes."

He was appointed to the living of Drummully, and preferred, it is said, to a deanery.

His death occurred in 1765.

III.—LITERARY SERIES.

Oliver Goldsmith.*

BORN A. D. 1729.—DIED A. D. 1774.

THE family of Goldsmith is ancient and respectable, and is traced by Mr Prior so far back as 1542 in Ireland, when John Goldsmith held the office of searcher in the port of Galway. A subsequent tradition states that a Spaniard, travelling in Ireland, married a descendant of this person, and that his children assumed their mother's name. They settled in and on the borders of the county Roscommon. One of these, the Rev. John Goldsmith, was one of the few who escaped from the massacre at the bridge of Shruel, in 1641. He was the ancestor of the poet, whose father was the fourth in descent from him.

* To save much reference, we may here at once state that this memoir is, so far as regards its statements of fact and dates, drawn up from Mr Prior's Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

The Rev. Charles Goldsmith, father to the poet, was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and entered into holy orders. He married, in 1718, Anne, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school of Elphin. Not being possessed of competent means of living, they accepted of a house at a place called Pallas, near Ballymahon, in the county of Longford, from Mr Green, uncle to the lady. Here they lived for a period of twelve years, struggling with difficulties, and increasing their family.

The scale of these memoirs must exclude many interesting particulars, which have now happily found a permanent record in Mr Prier's able memoir—a work for which Ireland should feel grateful.

On the 20th of November, 1729, Oliver Goldsmith was born at the place already mentioned. But two years after, on his father succeeding his uncle in the rectory of Kilkenny West,* the family removed to Lissoy, a “respectable house and farm on the verge of a small village standing in his own parish, on the right of the road leading from Ballymahon to Athlone, and about midway between these towns.” That the poet's recollection of this place suggested the principal local descriptions and characters in the *Deserted Village*, has all the proof of which the matter admits. Mr Prier gives much and deeply interesting information on these particulars, of which we shall make further mention at a future stage of our task.

Of Goldsmith's childhood, much might be told. Such traditions have generally no importance, because in the eminence commonly attained by ordinary men, the genius of the man has little or no part. The moral qualities or intellectual powers commonly displayed in the affairs of life offer little distinction that may not be resolved into their mere amount. When we are told of prudence, sagacity, varied learning, keen and prompt wit, clear and commanding reason, combined as they may be in various minds, we hear what most educated persons can thoroughly conceive, and what few are without in their several degrees. In the recesses of poetic power, however common to mankind its separate elements may be, there are depths of conception and creative invention unfathomed by the possessor, and a mystery to the world. Hence the seemingly irreconcilable phases of the same individual; the comprehensive reason, and the infantine simplicity; the slowness and dulness, concealing the accumulated treasures of observation; the second self, that awakens in the moments of serious exertion or high excitement, and presides in solitude. Of such combinations, on which we refrain from dilating, Goldsmith was an extreme instance. Those who have attentively read his works, and who are acquainted with the commonly known anecdotes of his public life, will be well prepared to learn that he was considered to be a dull child—that his first instructress “admitted he was one of the dullest boys ever placed under her charge, and doubted for some time whether anything could be made of him.” His schoolfellows, we learn, on the same authority, considered him as “little better than a fool, whom everybody made fun of.” The

* These localities are here stated without any notice of the old and long-standing disputes upon the subject, documents stated by Mr Prier having settled the question beyond controversy.

case, indeed, appears extreme; but there was a natural and easily traced connection between the character of the slow and seemingly dull child, and the well-known *etourderie* of the man, which gives it the importance of a principle in the exposition of a character which it is hard to contemplate without some curiosity. For this reason, we trust that it will not be thought digressive if we commence his memoir by a deliberate analysis of this not uncommon incident, of which Goldsmith was so strong an instance. It will, if we mistake not, much facilitate the conception of his character, and place it in a simpler and juster point of view than it has hitherto attained.

Among those to whom the habits of children are most commonly the subject of observation, it is not too much to say that there is an entire ignorance of the human mind and its faculties. And the consequence, so far as we are here concerned, is a constantly occurring mistake. Not being aware of the entire distinctness of several of the intellectual tendencies, every appearance is resolved into one of the two opposite categories of dulness or cleverness—a readiness to learn the alphabet—a smartness which is shown in bird-catching or in mischief—a promptness in acquiring the mysteries of the kennel or stable, or any kind of smartness and vivacity; all very commonly pass for the promise of talent. It never occurs to the fond mother, and still less to the nurse or schoolmistress, that in the occupations and pursuits of the grown-up world, all these numerous talents are to be seen exercised in their highest perfection by persons in whom there is a manifest incapacity for all the higher and profounder applications of mind. It is not perceived how destitute the smart stable-boy, or precocious little man who manufactures mouse-traps, or apes his seniors in folly, may be of imagination, of the reasoning faculty, or of fancy, or of moral or intellectual tact. These qualifications, less conversant with the ordinary *minutiæ* of daily life, and slower in their external manifestations, pass unseen by the vulgar eye, and gather force and material in the silent processes of observation, feeling, and association. If marked at all, it is most likely to be by the impatience of minute details, and an insensibility to all that does not move the sensibility or awaken the fancy. Thus endowed, if a child has not much vivacity, it will pass for dull; if it has, it may show tendencies which will be called odd or wild, but which are likely in some way to be misunderstood by the vulgar observer. These considerations are sufficient for our immediate object; but we must guard against a possible misconception. In explaining these distinct tendencies of human character, it is not intended to be affirmed that they are necessarily and always to be found separate, or that the same individuals may not frequently be seen possessed of a combination of the most opposite endowments. We merely assert, that such a division occasionally does occur—whether often or rarely, is not of present concern. Goldsmith was pre-eminently an instance to be explained by the distinction.

He was pre-eminently a poet by nature—and it must, in these latter times, be emphatically added, a poet of nature. From the first dawn of intelligence, his whole mind was unconsciously taken possession of by the associations of feeling and fancy. In accordance with this, his eyes and ears were governed, and his heart moulded by a spirit which threw

the halo of imagination round even the simple vulgarities that surrounded him. Devoid of vivacity, ungifted with the common shrewdness of common men, he only saw the outside of the busy play of rural life around him. Prone to reflection, he soon began to moralize upon, but not to penetrate, the affairs of life and the conduct of men. Hence, he was unconsciously different from those about him: while he was more fanciful and reflective, he was also more simple and implicit in his notions. Hence the ridicule of meaner minds—hence the frequent *etourderies*—and hence the keen sense of ridicule, awakening with the years of puberty, called forth and gave a painful development to vanity.

For the more clearness, the same elements may be traced also in the conduct of the adult. As new passions are called into existence, and new relations of life arise, the mind is forced into numerous points of contact with other minds; and conforms more nearly to the ordinary ways of life. But the habits and tastes are already formed. The intellectual faculties become engaged on the conduct and actions of men, and the poet or the philosopher contemplates and meditates on the players of an active and crafty game, which he wants the art and activity to play. Instead of profiting by his experience, he melts it into the mass of his philosophy; and while he grows wise in the science of human nature, he continues a child in conduct. From this general consideration can easily be traced the whole of Goldsmith—the irritable sensibility—the moralizing simplicity—the wayward humour—hurried and earnest self-assertion. We can also discriminate the goodness of heart, unchecked even by prudence—the deep affections to man and nature—the fond recollections of early scenes of unreality—his Auburn, the poetry of his youth, in which fancy takes its tone from the deepest fountains in the human heart, and communicates to his verse more touches of irresistible pathos than are elsewhere to be found in poetry. Much more may be accounted for, from the same simple principles: but we fear to be led too far into disquisition, and reserve these considerations for further occasions. So far, they will throw some useful light on the main history of his life.

At six years of age, he was committed to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne; of whom an interesting account is preserved in Mr Prior's memoir. Under this person's care, he made no considerable progress. But the earlier indications of poetry began to appear. His sister's description of him at this period, is by Mr Prior stated thus: that his temper, "though peculiar, was kind and affectionate; his manner, for the most part, uncommonly serious and reserved; but when in gay humour, none more cheerful and agreeable." Mr Prior follows out this description, by comparing it with the very similar temper and manners afterwards so familiarly known in the history of his London life.

We cannot enter at length into some interesting statements, relative to the books which at that time were the substance of popular literature in Ireland;—works of the most absurd or superstitious fiction; histories of robbers, taken from the Newgate Calendar; and ballads without end. Nor shall we delay to trace the effects of such reading

on the poet's youth, because though we agree with his historian in thinking it must have been very considerable, yet it is, according to our views, but secondary to the more general causes already mentioned—that is, so far as regards Goldsmith.

Among the incidents which may have had a very deep influence on his mind, was one otherwise of some consequence. A very severe attack of smallpox, which became confluent, and nearly threatened life, left its marks upon his face, and thus exposed him to a species of coarse and offensive ridicule, which is the sharpest of all to the vanity of youth. From this the perpetual consciousness of a shame to be protected and vindicated must needs have begun; and the weapons of retort must have been sharpened in painful meditation. Of this there are proofs in the shape of anecdotes, which cannot here be told. He began to acquire the reputation of wit, from occasional flashes of keen vindictive sarcasm.

In consequence of this illness, he was taken from the school of Byrne, and sent to an uncle's residence in or near Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. There he attended the school, which had once been his grandfather's; and began to apply his mind more sedulously to study.

He was first destined to the mercantile profession; but the indications of talent which now began to be displayed, led his parents to form a strong desire to give him the advantage of a college education. His brother Henry was already reading for the university at a school in Longford. Oliver was now sent to a school in Athlone, where he continued two years. On the death of the master, he was removed to Edgeworthstown school, from which he entered the university. From his schoolfellows, many interesting recollections of him were afterwards collected: we can only say of these, that they all tend to confirm the sketch already given of his youthful character.

We pass to his college history. He entered college as a sizar, in the year 1745, in his sixteenth year—a fact which, though it is to be added that he was last on the list of the eight successful candidates, seems to offer proof of considerable attainment. It was the misfortune of Goldsmith, that he was entered under the tuition of Mr Wilder—a man known for the irregularity of his own conduct, during the earlier stages of his college life, and for singular harshness and brutality after he became a fellow. By this gentleman, his proud and sensitive pupil was treated with the most galling contempt, and had to endure insults which even a firmer and humbler spirit could not easily have borne. These affronts he retorted at times, and thus added to the animosity of his persecutor, and made for himself a powerful enemy, where he should have found a protecting friend; and if ever a friend and protector was essentially needed, it was by poor Goldsmith, whose mind appears to have been wholly destitute of all conducting sense, and who drifted at the random impulse of his passions.

The condition of a sizar in the university has been humanely and beneficially changed: it was then replete with humiliations; and these were the more felt by Goldsmith, as the pretensions of his family were respectable. The income of his father was small, and rendered less by improvidence—so that he could obtain but scanty supplies from

home; and mortifying privations were superadded to exasperations and humiliations. Such a condition would have tasked the fortitude, prudence, and forbearance, of a stronger character. It is not to be wondered at, if it exercised the most inauspicious influences on the feeble and sensitive temper of such a subject. The sore and captious vanity which had been early developed by unlucky concurrences, was here inflamed, by contempts and humiliations, into an organic defect.

But this was not all. In Goldsmith's disposition, the imprudence for which his race had always been noted, seemed to have attained the maximum point. His penurious means were squandered on the impulse of the moment that placed them within his reach. His scanty pittance was equally ready at the call of pleasure or pity; and the sustenance of a month went to furnish the thankless revel, or to relieve some well-feigned distress. It may be supposed that such a temper, with such circumstances, must have involved him in many distressing and many ludicrous embarrassments; and of such, examples enough will be found in Mr Prior's history of his life.

He appears, nevertheless, to have been not entirely remiss in the pursuit of the classical portion of the college course, as he was one of the competitors for the scholarship; and though he did not succeed, he yet obtained an exhibition—then not worth more than thirty shillings a-year.

In 1747, his father died; and his means of support, always scanty, became still more so. The remittances from home were at an end, and he became dependent on the kindness of such of his relations as could spare an occasional contribution to his necessities; and but for this, he should have entirely relinquished his studies.

Among the friends to whom he was thus indebted, the principal was the Rev. Thomas Contarine, who had married his aunt—a gentleman of whose origin and personal history Mr Prior gives a most curious and interesting account.

With all these disadvantages and difficulties, he possessed a sanguine temper, which, if it led him into indiscretions, still suggested hopes. Though mortified by the dislike of his tutor, he possessed the good-will of his class-fellows, who loved his amiability and his convivial talents, and pitied his weaknesses: among these he was treated with friendly respect and regard. In their freaks and sports he took a prominent part; and in the convivialities to which, at that time, the youth of the country were (like their fathers) too much addicted, his song and story were among the best attractions. It is indeed known, that among the expedients to which he was compelled to resort for the means of subsistence, was the composition of ballads for the street singers, and that he sold these performances for five shillings a-piece. With his gift of verse well adapted to either light or grave, it can be conceived that he must have had some success in this mode of recruiting his purse. For the light compositions by which his necessities were thus relieved, he is mentioned to have shown some parental feeling, as it was his custom to stroll through the streets at night for the purpose of listening to them.

In 1747, there occurred a very serious riot in Dublin, in which the students took a principal part, and in which many were hurt, and

some lives lost. In consequence, some students were expelled: Goldsmith was among those who were publicly admonished as accessories to the riot. The consequence of this disgrace was beneficial to Goldsmith, who thereupon exerted himself to some purpose, and soon after obtained the exhibition already mentioned. It was his first academic distinction; but, according to the accounts which have been preserved, appears to have led to an unfortunate result. In his exultation, he thought fit to give a dance and supper to a party of his college associates and city acquaintances, of both sexes, in his rooms. Mr Wilder, hearing of this breach of discipline, proceeded to the place, and reprimanded him very severely (and perhaps justly) before all his guests. Goldsmith retorted, and it may be inferred in no very respectful or measured language. This the savage temper of Mr Wilder could not endure; and, giving way to his ferocity, he proceeded to inflict personal chastisement. From such a grievous indignity, there was no refuge for the mortified pride of the unhappy sufferer but absence from the scene of his mortification. He came to the resolution of quitting college, and seeking his fortune in some foreign country. With this view, he sold his books and other disposable effects. Having thus obtained a small sum of money, he yielded to the temptation to spend it, and remained in town till it was reduced to a shilling. On this he starved for three days, and then sold his clothes, which did not sustain him long. Sobered by suffering, he then turned homeward, and was met and relieved by his brother, Henry. This kind and affectionate brother, having clothed him, brought him back to college, and effected a hollow and transient reconciliation between him and his tutor. There are reasons stated by Mr Prior, which confirm the affirmation of Dr Michael Kearney (himself a good authority), that Goldsmith obtained a premium in a Christmas examination. This was, of course, a classical premium, as he had made no progress in science. Mr Prior's researches seem to fix this incident on the Christmas examination of 1748.

He graduated with his class in February, 1749, and quitted college immediately—glad to leave a scene of humiliation and disappointment. Conscious of talents of a high order, it had been painfully forced upon his feelings, that they were not of a kind at that time to be appreciated in that seat of learning; and that, whether from a want of inclination or intellectual power, he was deficient in those branches of knowledge on which academic reputation depended. In this, no doubt, idleness and disinclination had their share: but, at the same time, it is impossible not to be aware that his understanding was not of that order from which much could be hoped in any walk of exact science. His fancy, feelings, and moral perceptions, held in the composition of his mind a development of the highest order. An ear for the harmony of language, his most especial and distinguishing gift, completed the man, and made the poet and rhetorician. For mathematics he had acquired a distaste. The general cause of this we have explained in a previous memoir:—it is perhaps peculiar to mathematical science, that its first approaches convey no intimation of the attractive subjects of research to which it leads. To the spirit of fancy and sentiment it appears dull, barren, and contracted; and as it can be

successfully cultivated (up to a certain limit) by persons of the most inferior faculties, the successful industry of many seemed to offer to one like Goldsmith the disagreeable condition of a harassing and lowering competition with hard-working and patient mediocrity. The vanity of youthful self-confidence would look with slight on a rejected pursuit; and this was an infirmity observable at the latest periods of his life. What he did not cultivate, he despised; what he could not (or would not) master, was not worth mastering. Mathematics and logic were the objects of his avowed scorn; and not these alone: we find him dropping contemptuous sneers at Shakespeare and Milton, and generally speaking in a tone of slight or censure of whatever lay without his own range of exertion. Much of this may be traced to the incidents of his early life; but these must have, after all, been rendered effectual by the conformation of a peculiar genius. It is, indeed, probable that it is to this strong and peculiar bent that much of the real power, still unequalled in its own walk, is due. What Johnson has said of Thomson is applicable with far more truth to Goldsmith—he saw everything with the eye of a poet: this is only true of Thomson's verse. Goldsmith lived in the sphere of his own moral and poetic creed, such as it was—not profound or philosophical, but deeply dyed with all the affections of the simplest human nature. Devoid of artificial refinements, or the powers of subtle elaboration, the realities of common life, as known to his own heart, rushed upon his conception with a power which mere imagination never gave, and supplied those affecting, true, and harmonious pictures, drawn from the simplest objects, and coloured with the most common hues, such as none but the great masters of the epic or lyric ever left, or will leave. But we are anticipating—not perhaps to no purpose, as there is little told of Goldsmith that will not give light, or receive it from his character as a poet. He was among those who cannot be justly understood without a deep and lively sympathy with the secret spirit that pervaded his mind and characterized all his steps—the

“ Charming nymph, neglected or decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.”

Perhaps, when the writer of these lines is rightly understood, it will be felt that his poetry is too deeply identified with his life to be separated from it. Every one, even the slightest, of those singularly vivid touches of pathetic incident, which are profusely scattered through the *Deserted Village*, are the realities of early recollection, sketched by affection and fancy. Even the fallacies are true as regards the simple-minded and warm-hearted observation of the relator. The benevolent sympathy with human suffering, and the proud but too much mortified and irritated independence that warred against the pretensions of the proud, alike obscure the judgment and distort the perception of one far more endowed with feeling than discrimination, whose genius was, with all its vivid and various power, intensely that of human nature, and neither chilled nor enlightened by the habits or the intellectual tendencies of the metaphysician.

From the university, Goldsmith returned to the friends and to the haunts of his youth, and passed two years in idleness—undetermined and reluctant to decide as to his future profession. He was evidently much imbued with the restless love of excitement and adventure, which seldom fails to mark the poet. His temper recoiled from still-life industry, and the monotony of professional occupation. He went from place to place, sojourning as a guest among his relations. For a while he gave assistance in the school of his brother Henry, who was still curate of the living once held by his father, but lived in the old family-house at Lissoy. From the drudgery of teaching he soon recoiled, in disgust. At his uncle Contarine's, also, he passed much time. His favourite occupations were active: he gave himself up with lively and earnest fondness to the sports of the field, and loved to join in all the athletic recreations then cultivated by every class in Ireland, and more especially in the western counties.

His friends were earnest in their anxiety to see him settle into some sober pursuit; and the church, as the most immediately connected with a college education, and in which he was most likely to succeed, was thought of first. With this, however, his love of pleasure, and that vanity which was the prevailing weakness of his mind, interfered. He did not much relish the strict morality which he, justly and truly, associated with a sacred calling: he could not submit to its unpopularity; he could not abandon, however remote, the hope of cutting a gay and splendid figure in the attire of the world. At last, it is mentioned, the urgency of his friends prevailed, and he was presented for ordination to a bishop. But his studies had not lain in theological literature, and he was refused, probably on a strict examination. Another peaceful interval of rural relaxation, spent in the idle yet active amusements he loved the best, though he afterwards describes them with slight, followed. He was loved by his rustic intimates, with whose concerns he sympathized, and in whose sports he took even a leading part. He was much addicted to conviviality, and passed much of his time at an inn opposite his mother's house; and seems to have found companionship and sympathy in every company and amusement. Among his more respectable associates in the vicinity of Ballymahon, his favourite was a college acquaintance, Mr George Bryanton, at whose residence he was a frequent guest, and with whom he often shared the excursion or the field-sport.

This life could not last very long. Neither the means of his relations could afford to maintain an idler, nor could a decent pride endure so total and helpless a state of dependence. Though Goldsmith was not one from whom such considerations were likely to find early regard, yet he must have heard plain speaking now and then: the bread of dependent idleness is never wholly unmixed with bitterness. His kind and generous uncle, Contarine, obtained a tuition for him—an occupation for which he was radically unfit; but this was yet to be discovered. In the situation thus obtained he remained a year, until he became weary of the confinement and drudgery. He quitted it in consequence of a quarrel with some of the family.

It appears probable that during this interval he paid a visit to his relative and namesake, the dean of Cloyne. But, as there are no

details to be relied upon of the circumstances of this visit, it will be enough to mention that there is reason to think he was disappointed as to any hope he may have formed from such a connection.

On leaving his tuition, he possessed a horse, and thirty pounds. With this sum, he came to the determination to seek his fortunes in America. Having proceeded to Cork, he sold his horse, and made his bargain with a captain about to sail, to whom he paid his freight and expenses. For three weeks, the vessel was detained by weather; and at last, when the weather became favourable, Goldsmith had absented himself, and gone on some party of pleasure, so that the ship departed without him. The rest of this adventure is characteristically told, and must be given in his own words. It, indeed, strongly displays the reckless improvidence which was the cause of all his misfortunes. "The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket. Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast, Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork, with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above an hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road." The adventures which followed are told with all the dramatic effect which his pen could so well command. We must be content with the mere incidents. He first thought of a friend whom he had known in his college days, who lived in the vicinity of Cork, and had often urgently invited him, with many promises of amusement, to spend a summer with him in the county of Cork. Towards the habitation of this kind friend Goldsmith confidently turned his course, secure of entertainment, counsel, and relief. He was at first cordially received, and might have found all the friendship he had any reason to expect, had it not been so urgently wanting. But when his story was told, so decided a change came over the manner and countenance of his friend, that he could not help perceiving it. This amiable and worthy gentleman, who would have thought it worth while to entertain a spirited and agreeable companion, from whose company he might draw credit and advantage, immediately saw that the reckless confidence of the good-natured prodigal who claimed his friendship might cost something more than the *quid pro quo*, which is the only consideration with such cold and stunted spirits. He at once saw that his friend was likely to be more troublesome than pleasant, and to be got rid of as quickly as the forms of civility, and a due care for whole bones, would allow. He could not well retract the cordiality of the first welcome—few have effrontery equal to their actual meanness; but he endeavoured to extricate himself by arts not quite uncommon, though seldom carried so far. He resolved, with all possible politeness, to starve away the needy visitor, who had indiscreetly owned that he had but "one half-crown in his pocket," and was so silly as to add that he now thought himself in "a safe and comfortable harbour." The surprise and perplexity which this disclosure occasioned, poor Goldsmith at first attributed to kind concern; and the long silence which followed, to a nice sense of deli-

cate friendship, which was to be shown by acts, not words. He was undeceived: after a long fast of several hours, during which he wasted much curious speculation upon the lateness of dinner, the housekeeper made her appearance with a bowl of sago, some sour milk, mouldy bread, and mity cheese. He was then told that his friend's illness had condemned him to live on slops, and that the house had in consequence been unsupplied. Soon after, he retired for the night, and Goldsmith was obliged to go to bed hungry. The next morning, he determined on retreat; and, on declaring his intention, it was warmly approved of by his host, who told him, "To be sure, the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her and your other friends," &c. Goldsmith now renewed his statement of distress; asked for the loan of a guinea, and promised repayment; at the same time reminding his host, "It is no more than I have often done for you." To which he firmly answered, "Why, look you, Mr Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me; and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you: sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on."—"I readily grasped at the proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bed-chamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a good stout oak stick," &c. When he received this gift, Goldsmith was yet doubting whether he should not begin by applying it to the giver's back, when his doubt was interrupted by a rap at the street door. His host flew to the door, and returned with a gentleman, to whom, as if nothing of the previous incidents had occurred, he introduced Goldsmith as his ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. This gentleman invited them both to dine. They accepted the invitation, and were hospitably entertained. When they were about to retire, Goldsmith was asked to stay; on which he says, "I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors." At this new friend's he remained three days; and, when departing, was offered the free use of his purse. He took but a guinea, and proceeded homeward. Mr Malone has expressed his doubts of the truth of this and other passages of this period of Goldsmith's life. His doubts are judiciously discussed by Mr Prior. But they are in reality absurd, and have no ground but Mr Malone's want of perception of character.

His relations once more took up the perplexing question of his future profession, now become additionally embarrassing by the fuller development of a character too manifestly unfit for any common course of industry. They hit upon the most unsuitable of all, and contributions were soon supplied to fit him for the law. Mr Contarine gave him fifty pounds, and he repaired to Dublin, on the way to London, where he was to keep the usual terms. The result might have been calculated upon, for one in whom any sober course of steady proceeding would have been a strange exception to all his previous conduct. But in this instance, the event surpassed even his ordinary indiscretion; for, immediately after his arrival in Dublin, he was tempted to a gaming-house, and left pennyless again. The indis-

cretions of Goldsmith were not from the want of either principle, right feeling, or knowledge; but from the utter recklessness and facility which prevented him from using them. It was when the headlong impulse was over, and the folly done, that reflection came and overwhelmed his sensitive and infirm breast with ineffectual shame and remorse; and brought good resolutions, seldom to be trusted, but which in him had no abiding root. He was for some time reluctant to communicate his error and loss, and remained in much embarrassment in Dublin.

The circumstances were at last made known, and he was invited home. His uncle forgave him at once; and his mother, after some time. He then went to live with his brother Henry, and remained with him until some unpleasant difference between them occurred.

The next attempt for his advancement was, after two years, now made by the advice of the dean of Cloyne. The medical profession was to be tried; and it was arranged that he should go to study physic at Edinburgh.

He was enabled to proceed to Edinburgh by the united contributions of his relations, who promised their continued effort for his maintenance while on his studies. His love of natural history—his habits of curious observation, were favourable to the project, and he set off with more than usual hopes of himself.

We must pass briefly over this interval, of which the recollections are far too indistinct for any purpose of so brief a memoir. Some verses, supposed to have been written during the preceding interval of idleness, are, with some probability of circumstance, and much of internal evidence, traced to the magazines in which he was afterwards a contributor. He took the lead in convivial parties, which he could well enliven by song and tale,—and was much liked by his fellow-students, both for his powers of amusing and for his extreme good-nature. He was, as usual, imprudent in his expenses, and suffered often for his imprudence; and this was increased by the irregularity of his correspondence with home. Of this correspondence, few specimens remain: they are such as would lead us to wish for more—being full of the natural character and humour of the writer, and little short, in point of style, of his best productions. Much, indeed, of the power of Goldsmith's style—and style is his first pretension—was, more than in any other writer we can recollect, the result of a felicitous constitution of nature, and to some extent independent of either study, skill, or acquirement. We cannot here quote, but it is a part of his history to state one communication contained in a letter to his uncle. "I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives me pleasure." It also appears, from the same letter, that he had attained some degree of economy in the management of his resources, and also how very limited they were. "I draw," he writes, "this time for £6, and will draw next October but for £4, as I was obliged to buy everything since I came to Scotland,—shirts even not excepted." As this letter is dated in May, the reader will perceive that the £6 here drawn for was the allowance for six months,—so far as his uncle's contribution;

and his uncle must have been by much the largest contributor to his support. He was entangled by having become security for the debts of a fellow-student, and might have been thrown into prison, had he not, in his turn, received seasonable assistance from two other Irish students—Mr Sleigh, afterwards a physician, resident in Cork, the well-known friend of Burke and Barry; the other, a Mr Maclaine, still more known afterwards in London.

During the latter part of his sojourn in the Scottish metropolis, he probably had much enlarged his circle of friends. His exceeding honesty and good-nature must have struck and conciliated the better and more discerning observers among a shrewd and observant people. His social talents must have attracted many, and made him popular. He obtained an introduction at the duke of Hamilton's, in whose circle he was for some time a frequent guest. But for this species of intercourse he was incapacitated by the skinless vanity which made him too sensitively alive to every seeming of slight. He was not, perhaps, much mistaken in the suspicion that he was entertained on account of his power of amusing.

He had been about two years in Scotland, when he made arrangements for his voyage to Leyden—then among the first in repute as a school of physic. It was, most probably, the extreme slenderness of his finances that exposed him on that occasion to unpleasant contingencies, which might well seem attributable to his natural inadvertency, though this unquestionably had some share in aggravating his distress. Having engaged his passage in some trader, he presently found himself one of a company of persons, in whose appearance and bearing a more guarded observer would have discerned indications which might suggest cautious reserve in his intercourse with them. Goldsmith's good-nature, and rather extreme love of good-fellowship, threw him off his guard; and it appears, by his account, that he suffered himself to be drawn into the most unreserved familiarity with persons of very doubtful character. Two days after they put to sea, they were forced, by rough weather, to gain the English coast, and landed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. They proceeded to refresh themselves at an inn, and were engaged in the height of convivial merriment, when the whole party was surprised by a serjeant with his file of soldiers, and carried off to jail. They turned out to be Scotchmen who were sent over by the king of France for the purpose of a secret levy of men in Scotland. Goldsmith was detained for a fortnight; and there is reason to believe that he only extricated himself by the aid of his Edinburgh friends. As it occurred to him that such an adventure might interfere with his degree, he for some time endeavoured to cover the transaction with stories of an arrest for debt. This incident, though replete with inconvenience and vexation, was, nevertheless, the providential means of saving his life; for, in the meantime, the vessel had again put to sea, and was wrecked, with the loss of crew and cargo. He now once more obtained his passage; and, after nine days' sailing, was landed at Rotterdam, from which he made good his way to Leyden. The same letter from which (as given by Mr Prior) we extract these incidents, also gives an interesting account of the people and country, in Goldsmith's best style of humour and description. One of

the most striking characteristics of Goldsmith is the curious and sometimes puzzling mixture of sagacity and simplicity, of inadvertence and correct observation. For this we should feel it necessary to account, but that it is a combination common enough to have been noticeable by every one who has seen much of mankind. Though thus happily, both for ourselves and our readers, relieved from moral disquisition, we may point attention to some conditions which render a seeming inconsistency more intelligible. It will be, perhaps, enough to say, what most persons will perceive the truth of, that a keen and discriminating observation is in itself wholly distinct from those qualities of prudence and discretion by which it may be turned to the best account, when these advantages happen to exist in the same person. The first are intellectual; the second, moral endowments—often enough seen asunder. We thus, not unnaturally, through this life, find the most imprudent and inconsiderate of men observing keenly the events of life, anatomizing the conduct of men with skill, yet never seeming to make any voluntary effort of judgment for his own guidance. Again, Goldsmith's powers of ridicule are seldom surpassed; but his keen sense of the absurd seems never for a moment to interfere with his own absurdity. It is, after all, but an extreme case of a common truth: most people are more apt to exercise their discrimination on others than on themselves; and the conduct of many is not so much regulated by their prudence as by the impulse of the moment.

With what diligence Goldsmith's studies were prosecuted at Leyden, we have no very certain means of judging; nor is it a question of any importance. They were, however, the favourite objects of his taste; and probably formed a source of interest and occupation. There seems to be sufficient ground for the conclusion that he took no degree: there is indeed reason to believe that he was not formally matriculated as a student. It is probable that his narrow finances compelled him to pursue a more economical and less regular course of study.

When he had been there about a year, he came to the resolution of travelling. This is peculiarly illustrative of the temper of his character. Full of unsettled ardour and curiosity—active—habituated to a life of wandering and emergency—restless, courageous, and improvident. He relied on his own resources; and, if they failed, could trust to chance itself. He was fearless of hardship and fatigue, and full of that peculiar curiosity that feeds on new locality, and prompts to change of place. It is also in a high degree probable that these dispositions would acquire added excitement from the varied intercourse of a foreign university, then the resort of every country. With such a spirit, it can easily be felt how strongly the wandering craze might seize upon the mind of a poet, ardent of itself to wander and explore. "He possessed," writes Mr Prior, "an ardent curiosity, a buoyant spirit, and a constitutional inclination rather to look at the bright than the dark side of the prospect;—a disposition in some degree national, for it is a well-known and avowed peculiarity of the lower orders of his countrymen, to put as large a share of their faith in chance as in conduct, in much of the business of life. Reliance was no doubt placed upon his own ingenuity, his learning, and medi-

cal knowledge: he was young [in his 26th year]; his frame, though short in stature, vigorous and accustomed to fatiguing exercises," &c. To these considerations, it is justly remarked by Mr Prior that there was an interest attached to such a tour as that meditated by Goldsmith, which has since ceased, from the number who have travelled similarly "on foot through Flanders, France, Switzerland, and parts of Germany, at a trifling expense."

Connected with these considerations, a very curious fact is noticed by Mr Prior, which it will here be enough to advert to. It is evident from an outline given by Goldsmith of the life of the baron Holberg, who had died a little before, that he was in some measure stimulated by his example, and that he took him for the model of his wanderings—as, in fact, the description which he gives of him is precisely that of his own habits.*

Thus disposed and prepared, his only care was to raise some means towards the expenses of his journey. He was indebted to the generosity of Dr Ellis; but the kindness of his friend was frustrated by the indiscreet good-nature of his own disposition. Wandering into some horticultural mart, where flowers of the most costly sorts were displayed for sale, he immediately recollected the taste of his uncle, Contarine, for flowers, and laid out a considerable sum upon flower-roots, as a gift for him.

Of the incidents of his travels there is no satisfactory account. He kept no record. Mr Prior mentions some letters, supposed to be yet extant, which he endeavoured with much pains to trace, but unsuccessfully. Occasional anecdotes in his writings may, without much risk, be referred to the period of his travels. General recollections only remain from the statements which he made either by letter or in conversation. On such authority, it is mentioned that he travelled without money; that he made his way by his music, and by the hospitality of the peasantry. An extract from the Vicar of Wakefield has, we believe (at least within our own experience), been always regarded as descriptive of himself. "I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry—for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house at nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me, not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." The only difficulty in applying this to its author, is slight. Some doubt is suggested by a consideration of intrinsic improbability: his skill in music was rude, and confined to the most common airs of Ireland and the sister countries; and, generally, the excitement derived from music depends much on previous familiarity. But, not to say that he may have made numerous acquisitions during his residence in Leyden, and even on his travels, it may be that a quick and vivacious peasantry would be excited by even the sound of music, if but the time were tolerably marked—a common quality of the music best known to the lower orders in

* See his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning.*

every country. The general results of his observation, and doubtless much of the incident, is embodied in his poem "The Traveller." Some scattered accounts remain in his works of his adventures in Paris, where he obtained introductions to some of the most distinguished authors of the time. Among others, he made an acquaintance with Voltaire, by whom he was invited and entertained, and of whom he has left an interesting notice in his works. From Paris he again set out upon an excursion to Switzerland, with a gentleman to whom he was introduced. On this occasion he remained for some time in Germany, of which he gives some curious accounts in his *Essay on Polite Literature*. It was during this journey that he conceived the idea of "The Traveller;" of which the first rude sketch was transmitted to his brother from Switzerland. It may, indeed, be considered as an epistle which was, in the first intent, addressed to one whom he recollected with the gratitude and affection so deeply fixed in his disposition, and with whose memory so much of the most cherished associations of his life were associated. We dwell on so trifling a consideration, because it gives added point to the most graceful, tender, and refined address which we can recollect either in prose or verse, which, for this reason, familiar as it is to every one, we extract here.

" Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow,—
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po,—
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts his door;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil and trim the evening fire;
 Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the earth my own."

Nothing can be more exquisitely characteristic than the splendid and expansive picture in which he follows up this sketch of a desolate

condition, and represents himself on the "Alpine solitude," surveying a vast and varied scene of divine bounty and human happiness, and exulting in the blessings of others.

It is not necessary, in our stinted space, to follow out details which are enough to fill the two ample volumes of Mr Prior. It will be enough to state that, having remained for some time at Geneva, he went on to Italy; where, having (we presume) better resources, he saw more, and looked with attentive and diligent curiosity into the general state of learning and manners. His faculty of intelligent observation is strongly marked in all that he has written on the varied objects of notice. But nothing, perhaps, more strongly illustrates the profound sagacity which was exercised on all that came before him, by this self-heedless and simple-minded being, than his sagacious observations on the still minute indications of the changes which were slowly coming upon the spirit of the French. "He appears," writes Mr Prior, "to have clearly observed the slow and almost silent operation of a new and formidable principle, at that time taking root in the public mind of France." This remark he verifies by the following quotation from Goldsmith:—"As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the court, (the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction,) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered the kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will once more be free." Mr Prior observes in a note, the community of sentiment on this topic between Goldsmith and Burke; but assigns to Goldsmith a priority in time.

In 1756, he arrived in England. About his first attempts to obtain the means of living, there are numerous reports and traditions, but nothing ascertained. His own narratives of fictitious adventures have, with great probability, been applied to himself in this, as in other parts of his earlier life. We must here keep to what is known, or assumed for truth. His first ascertained effort was to turn his classical attainments to account. He failed, from being unknown, and, we think, from having taken injudicious steps to remedy this disadvantage. It is conjectured that he actually, at this time, obtained a situation as usher in an obscure school in Yorkshire; but soon left it, and returned to London. He then, with somewhat more success, endeavoured to avail himself of his chemical knowledge. Fortunately he discovered that Dr Sleigh, his old fellow-student in Edinburgh, was in town; and, having called upon him, was received with friendship, and his present wants relieved. By the exertions of this kind friend, he was enabled to establish himself as a physician in Bankside, Southwark.

It was about the same time that he became acquainted with Richardson, and, there is reason to believe, was employed for a while as a reader in his printing-office. Other traces of him have been obtained

from the recollections of acquaintances who at this time met him in town. With Dr Farr, he came to breakfast, and submitted to his criticism a part of a tragedy which he was engaged in writing, but which his better judgment probably found reason to throw aside. Mr Prior, in commenting upon this incident, notices it as an instance of the "frequent practice of young poets to start in the race for public applause with tragedy; adventuring thus, in their literary nonage, upon an effort which experience and the most cultivated powers only can hope to render worthy of general approbation." We quote this remark to observe, that the instance is an example of the universal tendency of the consciousness of power in the young, and of the natural ambition by which it is accompanied. As for the error upon the comparative difficulty of tragedy and comedy, we concur in Mr Prior's judgment; but on this, too, we must notice the reason of the error, and its probable solution. The main powers employed on these two branches of the drama are different: and those which belong to tragedy are the earliest developed, as they mainly consist in the natural powers of the mind; while comedy depends more exclusively on that kind of knowledge which comes with maturity alone. Though requiring less of every mental power than tragedy, comedy demands materials which, in a raw and immature mind, have scarcely any existence; while there is a full growth of all the loftier capabilities, the sentiment, passion, and poetry, required for the deeper drama. The powers essential for tragedy are far more general, and for this reason there are more numerous individuals capable of attaining mediocrity; while a far higher degree of intellect is required to pass the average level, and, therefore, high success is more rare. Observing that in this comparison is omitted all consideration of the common properties of both branches, it may be concluded that, considered thus apart, tragedy demands a loftier command of the ideal—a broader range of conception, and deeper philosophy, and is more within the province of creative invention; while the comic drama is more the work of skill, and less the work of genius. The question of comparative *difficulty*, escapes the proper points of comparison. Each demands special gifts which no skill can attain, and offers difficulties which a thousand years of the ordinary mediocrity of authors could not overcome.

Goldsmith was utterly unfitted to succeed as a physician: he wanted tact, discretion, self-possession, and address (the result of these). His appearance was against him; and he wanted the means which might compensate, by dress and the other specious externals which win, or compel the respect of the world. Strange and comic incidents must have occurred, and mortifications been felt. That he was unprosperous is beyond question.

About the end of the year 1756, it was proposed to him to undertake, for a time, the superintendence of the school of Dr John Milner, at Peckham in Surrey, during the illness of this gentleman. He consented; and continued there for a period not precisely ascertained. There remains, however, a very characteristic account of his general manner and deportment, his good stories, singular good-nature, and improvident generosity, which led Mrs Milner on one occasion to tell him: "You had better, Mr G., let me take care of your money, as I

do for some of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, "In truth, madam, there is equal need."

At the table of Dr Milner, he became acquainted with Dr Griffiths, at the time a bookseller in the Row, and the projector of the Monthly Review. The result was an engagement, by the terms of which, he was to live for a year with the bookseller, at a regular salary. This compact was, by mutual consent, dissolved in five months. Goldsmith found the drudgery more severe than he had anticipated, having been compelled to scribble daily from nine till two, and often the whole day. This is, indeed, one of the sad illusions to which young persons, who have a strong turn for literary pursuits, are liable. The exertion of the talents they actually possess, and the attraction of studies congenial to their taste, form the first great allurements, in their conception of authorship. Having, however, committed themselves fully, they soon, but not soon enough, discover that, to work to any purpose, they must, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be satisfied to work out the plans of the bookseller, and delve the clay or break the stones on the low regions about the foot of Parnassus, which they will find to be as hard and untasteful as any other clay and stones which it might be their better luck to work upon. To complain, would indeed be childish—for, not to say that most persons, who possess intellectual power, commence by over-rating it, the journey-work of literature alone gives profitable scope for the employment of moderate attainment and talent. It is only to be regretted, where rare abilities, adequate to the composition of such poems as "The Traveller," are condemned for life to the factory-work of the trade. This was, unhappily, the fate of Goldsmith. His first acquaintance with the trade was the more irksome and galling, as his obscurity made him liable to the insolence of dictation and ignorant interference. Not only Mr Griffiths, but his wife, impaired his articles by their tasteless and ignorant interpolations. The articles written by him for the Monthly Review long continued untraced to their author: at length Mr Griffiths' private copy fell, by the course of sale, into the hands of a gentleman, from whose liberality, by the intervention of a friend, Mr Prior was enabled to ascertain the exact extent and matter of Goldsmith's labours.

When he left Mr Griffiths, he "made a shift to live," by joining the literary with the medical profession. As a physician, he had no chance; but, as a writer, he could not fail to make his way: and, though his productions were but hasty and little considered efforts for daily subsistence, he was rapidly rising into notice. Much interesting matter, relative to his writings and acquaintance, which has been diligently brought together by Mr Prior, must here be omitted.

During this interval, he lived near Salisbury square, Fleet street: but his chief resort was the Temple Exchange coffee-house, where, as was usual among the literary men of the day, he met his acquaintances, and sought the relaxation of his idle hours.

It was in the year 1757 that he received an unexpected visit from his younger brother, Charles Goldsmith, then only twenty-one. With the simplicity of his race, Charles had rashly concluded that, as his brother was beginning to be known to eminent persons, he might have it

in his power to obtain something for himself. He was disappointed to find him living three pair of stairs up, and without any marks of wealth or comfort about him. Goldsmith, in his turn, felt the disadvantage and distress of having another to support, while himself not much above want. He did not, however, fail in all the kindness that his generous and affectionate nature could command; but Charles, seeing how matters really stood, went off as suddenly as he had come. With the same wandering spirit as Oliver, he went off to Jamaica, and did not return to England for thirty years, during which time he was unheard of.

In or about this period, Goldsmith obtained an appointment as physician to a factory in some of the colonies. During the delays which occurred in maturing the appointment and making preparations, he appears to have continued in a state of anxious deliberation, between his desire for independence and his reluctance to quit a scene where the hopes of success were beginning to dawn upon his efforts. Among the steps to which, during this interval, he was urged by the anxious state of his mind, was an effort to obtain some less unpleasant appointment of the same description. With this view, he presented himself at an examination in Surgeons' Hall, where, to his great mortification, he was rejected. The consequence of this was, his being compelled to abandon the appointment he had attained. In the meantime, he had been, at all the intervals he could command, preparing for publication his "Essay on the Polite Literature of Europe." He justly considered that something more deliberate and finished than the task-work of the periodical press was wanting to establish his reputation, and give a standard value in the market to his writings. On this occasion his wish to obtain a subscription in Ireland led to many letters, some of which have been happily collected and preserved by the laudable zeal of Mr Prior—a service the more important, as there is reason to believe that they could not, in the form of mouldering MS., have outlived another generation. The perusal of these letters, admirable for their style, but far more so for the deep insight they give into the affections and spirit of the writer, leave indeed nothing to be desired in this last respect. A deeper and broader range of thought might easily be found in many published letters, and a more keen and polished play of fancy; but never a more pure and true expression of the pride and tenderness of our nature. It is, perhaps, a fancy; but there is often in Goldsmith's poetry and letters a singular common power of bringing up the writer's self to the eye and breast of the reader, in the same way that many writers convey graphic touches of locality. There is a peculiar reality in those unstudied and artless, yet powerful flashes of feeling, which come by surprise, and for a moment seem to recall the past or absent: they are, throughout his writings, but more especially his poetic writings, charged with some undefined attraction, not found in other writers, that identifies the reader with the poet, and seems to convey the heart and imagination into the localities he describes or alludes to.

Of the letters here adverted to, it was the object to prevent the surreptitious publication in Dublin of his forthcoming book, by obtaining a subscription for it there himself, through the medium of

those friends to whom he wrote, and to whom his proposals were forwarded for circulation.

While this work was still on the eve of publication, Goldsmith had, by his excessive improvidence, placed himself in a position of the most extreme pecuniary embarrassment; and, in the thoughtless indiscretion of his nature, entangled himself in necessities not to be read or written of without pain and mortification. As the relation would be long, and as the effects were happily but transient, it will be here enough to say that, to meet the expenses of the trial he proposed to make in Surgeons' Hall, he drew on the purse and credit of Griffiths more largely than he could repay. Having made to this person some representations of an expectancy, the disappointment of which he was too proud and sore to explain, he evidently must have appeared to have had recourse to false pretences. Such was the inference of Griffiths, who accordingly treated him, on the occasion, with all the insolence of his nature. This affair ended by a total alienation between him and Griffiths, whose advances were repaid by a *Life of Voltaire*, hastily written for the purpose, and sold for twenty guineas. A Version of the *Henriade* followed; and was, like the former, published in the *Monthly Review*. This version is, however, supposed to have merely been revised and corrected by Goldsmith, for the benefit of a needy author, whom he endeavoured to keep from want, at a time when he had much to do to live himself. This leads us to dwell briefly on a beautiful trait of Goldsmith's character, which, however, can only be done justice to in a more detailed biography. His benevolence was the master-passion of his mind—a common virtue, but, of all others, the most rarely to be met pure from the adulterations of the world; and still, perhaps, more rarely, the ruling tendency of the heart. In Goldsmith it actually usurped much of the legitimate province of self-love: it also interfered with discretion and prudence. It was not merely that he totally forgot himself, in his regard for others; but he did not, until after years of experience, perceive how little the sentiment could be understood, respected, or shared in by the generality of people. Little governed by selfish wisdom, and utterly unable to look unmoved on the sufferings of others, his hard-won and penurious resources were lavishly bestowed on the poor, or became an easy prey to the artful, with both of whom his poverty brought him into too near vicinity. For the numerous incidents which have suggested these reflections, we must refer to Mr Prior's *Memoirs*, in which no accessible fact is omitted; or to his own writings, in which the whole heart of the author is so lucidly reflected, that to know them is to be more intimate with Goldsmith than most men are with their nearest friends.

It is not necessary, in a memoir designed to be short, that we should trace his progress to reputation. Chiefly obtained by great and talented efforts in the obscure walk of the periodical press of his day, it required the most signal uniformity of excellence and success to enable his employers to appreciate his ability at its just value. But the time came when his essays became the main support of the magazines and journals in which they appeared, too evidently to admit of the fact being overlooked. Still less was it possible for those who

themselves filled the highest places of intellectual rank, not to be aware that there had arisen among them a writer of the most eminent genius. In 1760, and the following year, his writings are shown to have been obtaining popularity—a connection with Mr Newbery brought him into a succession of engagements both profitable and creditable; and the success of his Essay had introduced him to the literary world. For the next following years, the same series of engagements proceeded without material interruption, and with increasing reputation; though, from the letters which he wrote to Mr Newbery (to be seen in Mr Prior's memoir), it is plain that he was very inadequately paid. He was also employed by Smollet, in the British Magazine.

His acquaintance with Dr Johnson originated in mutual respect and high estimation, before any personal acquaintance. An invitation from Dr Goldsmith first introduced them to each other. Every one who has read Boswell's Life of Johnson is aware how intimate their intercourse continued, until ended by Goldsmith's death. We ought here to observe, that it is mainly owing to the misrepresentation which pervades that otherwise singularly faithful biography, that the character of Goldsmith was defrauded of its proper respect in the estimate of after-times. We cannot doubt that, in Boswell's notices of Goldsmith, there entered much invidious feeling, arising from two causes, distinct, though combined in their operation. Incapable of adequately appreciating the genius of Goldsmith, Boswell was a keen and shrewd, though not very deep, observer of externals: he saw the real defects of Goldsmith, and he saw no farther. He looked down upon a man who was immeasurably his superior, and resented the claims and the allowances which he did not *really* comprehend. His accounts of Goldsmith are uniformly tinged with this jealousy and this misapprehension: the objection to them is not that they are not true, in point of fact, but that they are partial and one-sided recollections. Boswell cannot be fairly blamed for the error of his understanding; and, if this error were to be admitted, the feeling may be forgiven—few can bear the pretensions of mediocrity. But the consequence is to be much regretted, by which a writer, who stands among the three or four who were the first of their generation, should be only recollected by those weaknesses which were simply personal, and should have been forgotten when they were past, and when nothing but that which is immortal should survive. We dwell on these considerations at seemingly disproportionate length, because we cannot help thinking that the popularity of Goldsmith's writings has been impaired by the notion thus propagated of himself. Few will trouble themselves to look into the writings of the Goldy who struts and blunders in the page of Boswell.

The purchase of literary fame, when wrung from the obscure toil of writing for the trade, is perhaps the severest incidental to human pursuit; and never more so than in the instance of Goldsmith. The hapless drudgery of catering for the superficial and idle taste of the crowd, or for the dull wants of the public intellect, may be a gainful trade, and may even offer an easy road to reputation for many; but to the spirit overflowing with thought, and buoyant with the vivid

life of genius, it cannot fail to be a painful captivity, as well as a hard labour. For it would be a great mistake to assume that the toil of shallow thought, and the compilation of trite matter, is less laborious than the deepest speculation or the highest imagining. The labour is, indeed, woefully increased by the want of interest, and absence of the spontaneous power which ever accompanies the loftier efforts of thought. About the period at which we must now suppose ourselves arrived in Goldsmith's life, his health began to be shaken by the gloomy labours which brought so little remuneration. However animated in society, he had been taught, by long communion with adversity, to reflect intensely when alone. He became subject to attacks of illness; and a "painful disease" is said to have been the effect of continual drudgery at his desk. His circumstances were, however, in other respects improved; and he had recourse to occasional excursions to different places of public resort, of which, we are told that his favourites were Bath and Tunbridge. From the same cause, he removed to Islington in the close of 1762, where he boarded with a Mrs Fleming. Mr Newbery, his great publisher, resided in this neighbourhood, which was an additional inducement, as this gentleman was always ready to advance such sums as his expenses required. He paid fifty pounds a-year for his board, which is observed by Mr Prior to be equivalent to a hundred at the present. Here he continued till 1764. He was evidently treated with great respect and kindness by his hostess, who was accustomed to make no charge for dinners given to his visitors.

During the same interval, his literary projects were numerous. Among these was a biographical work, for the execution of which he entered into an agreement with Dodsley. This agreement is now extant, as a literary relic, in the hands of Mr Rogers. The title of the projected book was, "A Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons in Great Britain and Ireland." He was to receive three guineas a sheet, and to complete the work within two years. The difficulties of the task are apparent enough, but we think them hardly sufficient to compel the abandonment of such an undertaking. A natural history, by Dr Brooke, received important additions from his pen; in testimony of which, his receipt for eleven guineas from Mr Newbery is preserved. The labours of his pen seem to have been heavy; and (we would say) the payment far from adequate. It is evident, from the several receipts preserved by Mr Prior, that his expenditure was always in advance of his earnings, and his name on the wrong side of his publisher's books. To illustrate these statements, we must be content to extract one of the many documents contained in the Memoir of Mr Prior.

Brooke's History,	£11 11 0
Preface to Universal History,	3 3 0
Preface to Rhetoric,	2 2 0
Preface to Chronicle,	1 1 0
History of England,	21 0 0
The Life of Christ,	10 10 0
The Life (Lives) of the Fathers,	10 10 0
Critical and Monthly,	3 3 0

£63 9 0

It is needless to say that so much work would be paid at a far higher rate, to a writer of Goldsmith's reputation, in later times. Circumstances have, indeed, greatly changed. The profits upon successful composition are now largely increased, by the enormous consumption of the literary market. And very many influential causes of less weight may be added on the same side. This is one of the questions which we shall have to discuss in its proper place.

Goldsmith's acquaintance with Reynolds was formed about this period, and was one of the fortunate incidents of his life. It had the effect of fairly introducing him to his proper place in the scale of opinion, which is regulated by seemingly slight circumstances. Reynolds, a man of genius himself; of still more extensive taste; exempt, by the success and the nature of his pursuits, and perhaps by that of his mind, from the petty jealousy and invidiousness of literary competition; and having, in consequence, the freest intercourse with every class of cultivated society: linked by taste and talent with the gifted, and by the influence of his most popular and delightful of the arts, with wealth and rank, he was happily placed for the cultivation of social intercourse in all its more attractive aspects. He was also eminently endowed with that rare discernment which can apprehend the genuine indications of the character before the stamp of success has left no room for the exercise of penetration. Wealth, the reward of signal genius, and an open and liberal hospitality, completed the position of one who, without being the most gifted or greatest in his circle, was mainly instrumental to the union of the best and brightest minds of his day. With Burke and Johnson he had formed an intimate friendship, early after their introductions to notice. With the same happy tact, he saw the brilliant powers of Goldsmith. Neither the poet's anxious and irritable pride, the result of the circumstances and accidents of his condition, nor the nervous precipitation which sometimes placed him in an absurd position, nor the simplicity which, if unaffected by these disadvantages, would have been an admired virtue, prevented men of the highest order of mind from rightly appreciating Goldsmith from their first acquaintance with him. He was warmly and affectionately taken up by Reynolds, at whose table he was initiated in the best intellectual society which his age produced. It would be unimportant to dwell on this circumstance, were it not for the injustice which has been already remarked, and which, originating in the envy and insensibility of one man, has been perpetuated by the invidious notices he has left. But, in the early and discerning regard of such men as Reynolds and Johnson, there is an ample reply to any misconstruction, founded either on the ignorant slight of Boswell, or upon the anecdotes, true or false, which are told of the subject of this memoir. The fact which gives a stamp to the assertion that the ordinary character and conversation of Goldsmith were such as to elicit admiration and regard, is one which, when fairly looked at, admits no doubt: he might have been tolerated as a fool of genius, or an "inspired idiot," as he was called by some uninspired coxcomb; but it is utterly inconsistent with the known laws of human action, that any such fool should have been selected, by men like Reynolds, Johnson, and Burke, to be one of a small exclusive circle. That the Literary Club was almost immediately open to many who cau

not be said to have had any claim to similar distinction, is no objection to the inference thus suggested; it depends on the first intent. All that followed is nothing but what may be explained, and might have been anticipated, on the common principles of human intercourse. The distinguished men who formed the nucleus of that celebrated body, had each his own circle of friends in which he was accessible to influence, and open to solicitation. Few men of the world are ignorant of the intrigues by which cunning undermines its way to the distinctions which are supposed to be the reward of talent.

In December, 1764 (by Mr Prior's correction of the date), "The Traveller" was published. Its success, though not equal to the expectation of his friends, or to the transcendent merit of the piece, was very great, and decisive as to the literary station of the author. We defer any critical notice to the end of this memoir. The pecuniary remuneration was as much as he had, at the time, reason to expect, from the state of literature, and the ordinary principles of trade, but bore no proportion to the intrinsic worth of the production. It was, in truth, only among the higher class of educated minds that taste had yet made a remote approach to any classical standard; though the literature of England had long attained a high, perhaps its highest, pitch of excellence. All that criticism then could do was done, to inform the public mind upon the merits of "The Traveller;" and among the literary and reading circles, its progress was sufficiently rapid. Dr Johnson made all the efforts of friendly notice, through the press and in conversation, to bring it forward; and, among other methods, adopted the effectual means of reading it out among his acquaintances. It was also attacked by the malice or folly of a few. To those who judge by faults, they must always be easily found in all that is of human production. But there is one source of accusation which cannot fail—plagiarism, which must ever be the seeming defect of every thought or form of expression, in proportion as it approaches nearer to the most pure and natural standard of either. It is indeed a subject liable to perpetual error, and in need of some strict law of discrimination. In the common course of conversation, or the ordinary topics of human thought, the same thoughts and modes of expression are continually recurring, and the same suggestions arising from similar incidents. Neither these, nor the probable combinations of the mind, or the powers of expression, are so very various and infinite as to admit of any considerable variety; and the daily repetitions in every quarter of the world, are only not considered, because they are not heard by any one individual. Now, it may at once be granted that there are classes of writers who may escape the consequence of this condition: there are the countless adepts of the modern lyre, who indulge in the boundless variety of small nonsense; and the mightier few, who play the same fashionable instrument on the broader scale of transcendentalism and metaphysical speculation. We may also add a more favourable exception for those who, like Mr Southey, have availed themselves of some new and foreign atmosphere of poetry, completely removed from the haunts of life and nature—as in his splendid and wonderful creations from the oriental traditions and mythologies. But, among those who have worked poetry out of the old elements of civilized human nature, it is a mistake to look

for the *species* of originality imagined by the shallow criticism so often provokingly misapplied to our best poets. The error involved is a total disregard of the laws of suggestion and combination, and of the limited materials and impulses of human thought. What may legitimately be demanded is, that the *whole* combination is originated by the poet, and that the several thoughts and expressions are the natural suggestions arising from that whole in natural succession. So far regards the charge of *plagiarism*, strictly considered. We are willing to admit, in truth, that something more than the mere abstinence from this disgusting vice is properly required by the rule of composition; and that accidental coincidences, when they pass a not very wide limit, should be corrected and pruned away. But this point we are not obliged to discuss. We may, however, add, what every poet knows, and what they who are not poetical may consider curious, that one of the most frequent annoyances to which they are subject is the occasional discovery that they have fallen into trains of thought and expression belonging to previous writers of whom they were at the time wholly unaware. And it ought to be added, that there is a very large and varied range of common property in the fields of knowledge and opinion; and there is not an *inference* to be fairly gained without treading through some part of this. The originality of many is due to their looseness of reason; and, in the popular poetry of the present day, it would not be hard to find specimens of sounding eloquence which, if translated into the language of plain prose, might not be much wronged by the scornful epithet of "slipslop."

Among the friends supposed to have been at this time acquired by Goldsmith, in consequence of this poem, was "Mr Robert Nugent, afterwards lord Nugent, viscount Clare, and earl Nugent," a descendant from the Nugents of Westmeath. By this nobleman he was probably introduced to the earl of Northumberland; who having intimated a desire to see him, Goldsmith waited upon his lordship. The incidents of this visit have been made the subject of a ludicrous piece of slander, in which one of the fictions of the poet was turned against himself: but the actual occurrence has been ascertained from the narrative of Sir John Hawkins, who happened to meet him at the earl's on the occasion. Having waited to take Goldsmith home, he obtained from him the following account:—"His lordship told me he had read my poem, and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord-lieutenant to Ireland; and that, hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness." Sir John then asked, "And what did you answer to this gracious offer?" "Why," said Goldsmith, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help." Having mentioned this answer, he added: "As for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." The answer exposed him to an injurious comment from the reporter; but we trust the reader will see the higher qualities indicated in the statement—the generous affection that preferred his brother, and the native and simple independence of his mind. There was not in his deportment anything of the foolhardy sturdiness which

Sir John would impress—he would not have repelled real and substantial friendship—but he would not be trammelled by a *promise* which there *was* reason to suspect might be designed to purchase his political support. He did not desire to incur a debt of gratitude for future favours, but what he said amounted to a clear intimation of the way he would be served. His reply was just what it ought to be, and only to be mistaken by the crawling sycophancy of those who flatter in the presence of the great. But it is in the *comment*, which Sir John has so stated as to make it seem part of the answer to the peer, but which was made to himself, that a little touch of the simplicity and vanity of the poet's weaknesses appear. Goldsmith wished naturally to magnify his profession, and did not fully comprehend the sly malignity of Hawkins, who seemed to be at the moment doing him a courtesy.

Goldsmith, so far from having manifested any of the boorish (and indeed mean) rudeness insinuated, went away in a kind and gracious understanding with the earl, and was from that time on terms of intimacy in his family. The popular ballad of "The Hermit" was first composed and printed for the amusement of the countess. When this was afterwards published, a low writer, now too obscure to be named, publicly accused him of a plagiary from Dr Percy's *Reliques*; it was, however, stated, in a public letter by Goldsmith, that his ballad had been prior, and had been communicated to Dr Percy, who had taken and acknowledged the hint from it. Another source was pointed out afterwards, discovered as common to both, by some of the bishop's commentators; but, on examination, it appears *utterly* without ground.

Goldsmith still felt a strong impulse to the undertaking of some great work answerable to his powers, and to the reputation he had acquired. The difficulty of this was formidable. It is well pointed out in the following instructive passage from Mr Prior:—"It is on such occasions that the disadvantages of a professional author, destitute of fixed means of support, are most acutely felt; with his eye eagerly fixed on immortality, and with powers of an order capable of obtaining it, he may be doomed to experience, while toiling for fame, the want of daily bread." A volume of *Essays* which had been till then unproductive, was now compiled, to take advantage of the gale of public favour, and was published in June, 1765. For this he received twenty guineas—a fair price for the time, if it be considered that he had been already paid for its contents, as matter for the periodicals. It was suggested by Godwin to Mr Prior, that Goldsmith was probably the author of "Goody Two Shoes," as it appeared to him to exhibit the skill "of a practised writer of no inferior order." Mr Prior, by following out this curious proposal, seems to have ascertained coincidences of date and circumstance which give much probability to the sagacious hint of his friend.

Among other resources at the same period resorted to, to turn his reputation to advantage, and improve his means, was one adopted by the advice of his friends, and, as we see it, extremely injudicious. He suffered himself to be persuaded to try the success of his profession of physic. He set out on this chimerical project by assuming the dress then worn by physicians—purple silk breeches and scarlet roquelaure

—and, as has been ascertained from the evidence of tailors' bills, putting himself to other expenses for fineries which he at once carried to extreme, and which ill became his plain person and ungraceful deportment. The result was unsatisfactory. Some amusing details are preserved, but we must omit them.

Compilations, commentaries, and prefaces for the trade, were still found his best resources. But the "Vicar of Wakefield" now appearing, made a more effective, because a wider and more popular, impression than often has happened before his time, even to works of sterling power. Contrary to the then established precedent for works of the same class, it enlisted the sympathies on the side of honour, virtue, and religion, instead of libertinism and vice; and produced as much effect in opposition to the worst tendencies of human nature as Fielding and Smollett had produced by their aid. It has, indeed, (for, unlike those glittering fabrications of corruption, it may still be spoken of in the present tense,) an advantage rare to moral fictions, the well sustained interest of romance; and may be recommended as a medicine more palatable than luxury. The consequence was an admission into every circle, a translation into every language, and a permanent popularity in every civilized country.

In this production, it is an important duty here to observe, that it is also an abiding monument of the author's own genuine mind. A reader who may be even slightly conversant with the habits of the intellect in which imagination predominates, and the manner in which it incorporates itself with the phenomena of accident and experience, and spins its new and peculiar conceptions out of self-existence, will, in reading, perceive how deeply the whole narrative is infused with the clear and beautiful spirit of the framer's heart. From the same rich fountain originated the noble and virtuous sentiments, and even the venial errors of the better order of his persons. Even those ludicrous incidents which, for obvious reasons, were noticed as incidents of his own history, are the fruit of that reflex conception which a man acquires of himself. It has not, perhaps, been observed how much the power of satire depends on the follies and absurdities of the satirist.

During this interval, Goldsmith was a resident in the Temple, which, says Mr Prior, was "a favourite abode then, as it appears, of several men of letters." Here having, on the appearance of more promising circumstances, taken more expensive apartments, on which he laid out a sum of four hundred pounds, he enlarged his entire style of living, and laid, it is thought, the foundation of those embarrassments which poisoned his latter years, and perhaps aided the work of disease by lowering his constitutional health.

We have next to relate the main incidents of his success in another department of fiction. We omit, in consideration of our limits, the interesting train of circumstances previous to the appearance of "The Good-natured Man." It was first offered to Garrick, who evidently failed to discern its merit, or was more probably actuated by an invidious disposition towards Goldsmith—an inference to which we are strongly inclined, from the consideration of all circumstances. One who, like Goldsmith, appears to disadvantage in the intercourse of

society, and at the same time gives plain proofs of high intellectual superiority, will be judged according to his real powers by first-rate men, and according to his defects by the groundlings, who will consequently look with an invidious eye on the pretensions of one whom they would wish to despise. Garrick, who, with a smart but still diminutive genius, possessed a singular development of those very endowments in which Goldsmith was most deficient, and whose fame even rested upon them, would gladly have kept him in the back-ground. The friendship of men like Reynolds, Johnson, and Burke, made it difficult to treat him with open slight: but it seemed easy to suppress a comedy presented for his judgment and adoption. The amiable simplicity of the author expected justice and friendship, but his piece was kept in silence, until his temper was irritated by a delay which he must have felt to be disrespectful. He withdrew it by a very polite note, to which an answer equally courteous was returned. It was then given to Covent-Garden; and, after some short delays, was acted in January, 1768. Johnson furnished the prologue for the occasion. The reception of this comedy was far from equivalent to its real merits, and one of the best scenes was very near leading to an unfavourable result. Mr Prior mentions that the taste of the town was grown sentimental: a scene, then bold and new in the conception, and replete with the happiest humour, elicited unfavourable indications, and was suppressed before the next night of representation. The substantial merits of the piece were indeed too great to be overlooked, and these, with the talented exertions of Shuter, in the character of Croaker, saved it. It had a run of ten nights. It has never become a stock piece, and has, we should say, defects of a kind very opposite from those which offended its first audience. With the most admirable sketching of humorous caricature, grotesque but true, it offends in the serious part by an excess of the tawdry sentimentality of spurious benevolence and innocence in Honeywood, the hero; by a total violation of the laws of female propriety in the heroine, who lays aside the modest dignity of her sex, and plays the hero's part to protect and win the amiable simpleton, who must have led her a sad life after they were married. Such folly, and such forwardness, can only be tolerated in the shape of satire; and we cannot help saying that no sympathy can be felt with the conduct of Miss Richland, without the accompaniment of a bad example.

The profits, though small, must to the author have been far from inconsiderable. The three nights commonly understood to be allotted for the remuneration of the author, produced a clear profit rated between 350 and 400 pounds. The publication of four editions in quick succession must have brought a large sum.

It is no slight testimony for the intrinsic merits of this piece, that it received the high preference of Burke and Johnson. And generally, though the play-going multitude seem to have given it but a qualified approbation, the critics were on his side. The success of the play of "False Delicacy," in Drury-lane, was cotemporaneous with that of Goldsmith's; and the coincidences of time, plot, sale, the country of the authors (both Irishmen), led to comparisons; and an irritating sense of rivalry soon began to prevail between them. This was

increased by the gossip of the scribbling swarm that infested the haunts of literary men; and of which Goldsmith was but too much the prey and the dupe.

The period of his life at which we are now arrived demands little prolonged detail, in a memoir which pretends to be little more than a brief and summary sketch. The struggles with poverty, prolonged by imprudence, but in a considerable degree abated by transcendent genius, still, in some measure, accompanied him. Compelled to maintain himself by the journey-work of the trade, he could rarely command those intervals of leisure from which any great result, commensurate with his powers, might be fairly expected. He was, nevertheless, established in the possession of the high reputation due to justly appreciated genius; and as the preference of the market thus secured, gave a sure money value to the slightest effort of his pen, he was above the present apprehension of want. His varied engagements with the booksellers, demand here no special detail. He was now engaged on that well-known work, his "Animated Nature;" remarkable for the attraction which his simple elegance of style has given to subjects, which the learning, extended research, and increased accuracy of later times and far more informed writers, have not rendered so popular as they deserve to be. He was also engaged on an abridgment of his History of England; perhaps the most deservedly popular book that ever was written.

The labour of these avocations was pleasantly broken by an extensive intercourse with the best and most attractive society of the age. A visit to France, with some ladies of the name of Horneck, occurred in the summer of 1771. This excursion has been productive of at least one letter of exceeding interest, which is printed in his life by Mr Prior. Some time after his return, we find by a letter which he wrote to Mr Bennet Langton, and which is to be found in the same repository, that he had put off a summer visit to this gentleman in order to repair the loss of labour consequent on his excursion, and that he was at the time lodging at the house of a country farmer, and occupied in the composition of his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." "Every soul," he writes, "is a-visiting about and merry but myself; and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. Thus have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance." This retreat was "near the six-mile stone on the Edgware Road; and he finished several of the various compilations in which he was engaged at the same period. Mr Prior, who mentions that he continued to retain this lodging till his death, gives an account of his own visit to the spot, and describes the general features and character of the surrounding scenery, such as to prove the taste of the poet's choice. The son of the person with whom he lodged was, at that time, about sixteen, and remembered his person and appearance: from this person some not uninteresting accounts of his habits were communicated to Mr Prior. These we cannot omit. "It appears, that though boarding with the family, the poet had the usual repasts commonly sent to his own apartment, where his time was chiefly spent in writing. Occasionally he wandered into the kitchen, took his stand with his back towards the fire, appa-

rently absorbed in thought, till something seeming to occur to his mind, he would hurry off to commit it, as they supposed, to paper. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was seen loitering and musing under the hedges, and perusing a book."

"In the house, he usually wore his shirt collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which, when out of immediate reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness; he flung his slipper at it, which, in the morning, was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick daubed with grease. No application of a charitable description was ever made to him in vain; itinerant mendicants he always viewed with compassion, and never failed to give them relief." We must reluctantly abridge the rest. He was in this place frequently visited by Johnson and his other principal town associates, to whom he frequently gave dinners. The narrator also mentioned instances of Goldsmith's treats and entertainments to the young people of the house, and of his visits in the neighbourhood.

In 1772 the "Animated Nature" was completed, and he received the balance of the price, amounting to £840. At the end of the year he was anxiously engaged in the arrangements to bring out his comedy. Considerable difficulties arose, from the managers of the theatres to whom the piece was submitted; at last Mr Colman, who was unfavourably impressed, was urged by the solicitations of three common friends to give it a trial. As these delays were considered groundless and vexatious, and had the injurious consequence of impairing the prospects of success, by curtailing the time, they became a topic of conversation, and it is said raised some interest in the town, by which the conduct of Mr Colman was generally, and not without reason, attributed to the jealousy of rivalry. His strong predictions of the failure of Goldsmith's play were repeated on every side, and could hardly fail to operate to its prejudice; they were even repeated to those who came to engage their seats for the representation, as more specially appears in the instance of the duke of Gloucester's servant who had been sent to hire the stage box. Thus it is as evident as circumstances can render it, that all possible efforts were made to secure a failure. Some of the players refused their parts, and new difficulties arose which were overcome by the determination of the author, roused into firmness by repeated irritation. The prologue was supplied by Garrick: new difficulties arose about the epilogue: when these were obviated, mortifications were not wanting in the rehearsal, where the envy of Colman found a free vent. At last the play came out on the 15th March. The success was beyond all expectation. Under all the impediments that malice, armed with skill and opportunity, could devise—bad actors, dresses, scenery—there was a triumph which must have retaliated on Colman much of the distress which he had been the means of inflicting on its author. Only twelve nights remained free for its representation; on these it was received with all the strongest proofs of public favour. Goldsmith received between

three and four hundred pounds on the three nights allotted for the author. The excitement which had been raised among the literary circles continued to manifest itself variously. Colman escaped from the storm of squibs in prose and verse, many of which Mr Prior preserves, by leaving town. But the most serious consequence seems to have fallen upon Goldsmith. A letter, composed in the most bitter spirit of taunting malice, supposed to be written by Dr Kenrick, appeared in the "London Packet" of the 24th of March. An Irish captain, who was a friend of Goldsmith, and who understood but one way of receiving such an attack, suggested and urged violent proceedings on the occasion, with such success, that he repaired to the publisher's, and, without much preface, struck this person with his cane; a scuffle followed, in which it is supposed the poet came by the worst. The real author of the offence, who was at the time in the back parlour, came out and separated the combatants. Concerning this transaction numerous interesting particulars may be found in Mr Prior's volumes. The comedy was published with large profit by Newberry, to whom it was given in lieu of a novel for which the author had been pledged, but failed to produce.

In the meantime literary projects were not wanting to keep his pen employed, or to excite his active industry to renewed effort. Among these, a favourite one, was the plan of a dictionary of arts and sciences, which it may be regretted, was not carried into execution, as it was designed to contain contributions from Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Burney, and Garrick, on the several topics with which they were each most conversant. This, whatever may have been its intrinsic value, would have been inestimable as an object of personal and historic interest. But the time, expense, and the habits of the projector's own life and character, offered difficulties formidable in the eye of commercial prudence; and the splendid plan fell to the ground. A Grecian history, on the plan of his other works of the same description, was in the same year completed and sold to the booksellers. For this he received £250, as appears from his own receipt, published by Mr Prior.

Notwithstanding the success of his pen, Goldsmith's embarrassments were accumulating. He was utterly destitute of prudence; credulously good natured and compassionate, and consequently the dupe of every knave, and the prey of his own servants. A look or voice of distress was enough to torture his sentient weakness; and his entire stock of cash, when he possessed any, was kept in an open drawer. When occasional distress compelled him to borrow for his own wants, he was still ready to relinquish the scanty supply to the imposture of a begging story. Repeated loans had grown into a debt beyond his industry to pay—his credit with the trade began to fail—and his labour began to be sunk in hopeless efforts to repair the past. His spirits gave way before the prospect of distresses of which the recollections of his own experience could present the most formidable shadows. Of this sad interval of depression and despair, some accounts have been preserved from the writings of one of his most confidential friends (Mr Joseph Cradock); we have no room for the quotation, but it strongly represents the hectic of that depression which attends the last conscientiously vain struggle with the resistless approach of certain calamity.

It was during this season of distress that "Retaliation," the most felicitous specimen of the class to which it is to be referred, was written. It had become usual for most of the principal men of letters to dine together from time to time at St James's Coffee-house. On some one of these occasions, a question arose as to how Goldsmith might be mentioned by posterity. The conversation suggested to some one the notion of an epitaph; and for some time several of those present indulged their wit in specimens of this species of composition, for which Goldsmith was selected as the butt. Such is, with the highest reason, thought to have been the origin of Goldsmith's poem. It is, nevertheless, certain that it was not publicly read to the party or at the club, and that most of the members were ignorant of it till after the poet's death. From the evidence of a line, its date is assigned to some time in February, 1774. Mr Prior justly estimates the qualities indicated by this poem. "A production such as this presents no ordinary difficulties to the writer, as he requires for its execution great acuteness and much good nature, keen perception of the shades of character, and deep insight into the human heart." The poem, with all its singular merit, was left unfinished. As the spring advanced, his health and spirits continued to decline; while he endeavoured to sustain his spirits by dissipation, and indulged to extravagance in the expenses of pleasure and a profuse hospitality. Having retreated to the country, he was compelled by a painful disease to return to town, where his complaint gave way to medical treatment; but it left behind exhaustion on a frame already debilitated, and a nervous fever soon set in. His death was the result. It has been ascribed to the rash use of James's powders, taken in defiance of his medical attendant. His sufferings continued for a week, and it appears that mental distress had a chief effect in the fatal termination. When one of his physicians addressed him, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the state of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?" He answered, "It is not." He breathed his last on the 3d of April, 1774, at midnight, in his forty-fifth year. He was deeply lamented by the best and ablest men of his day, Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds: men who were capable of knowing what he was, and who felt what he could be, and might become, had his life been prolonged and circumstances been favourable.

It was at first designed that he should have a public funeral; but the embarrassment of his affairs altered the intention. It was estimated that his debts amounted to somewhat near £2,000.

The character of Goldsmith's mind seems to need less than usual comment. Its features are more broad, simple, and well defined than often occurs in human history; but it is even from this that some of the errors have arisen among his numerous critics and biographers. The conventional maxims of social opinion, formed on average views, and therefore mostly, though coarsely, just, are apt to fail in singular instances: because in all such, principle and the analysis of reason must be recurred to.

In thinking about Goldsmith, a difficulty of constant recurrence is the endeavour to reconcile the seemingly strong opposition between the wisdom of his writings and the extreme simplicity of his deportment

and manner, and the heedlessness of his conduct. To form a just conception of the character thus seemingly inconsistent with itself, there is a distinction to be observed, which, though of universal application, is not, in most instances, absolutely necessary to the estimate of human character. We mean the distinction between the intellectual and the moral constitutions of the mind. In the general composition of ordinary men, and in the common conduct of their concerns, the higher powers of the intellect have no part, and the inferior far less than might be supposed. The larger part of every man's conduct is governed by motives and impulses arising from inclination, the sense of interest, and the passions; and in these, is guided by those nearly unconscious convictions and perceptions which are ingrafted and impressed by habit. Whatever may be required over and above these, a very superficial exertion of independent thinking power can sufficiently effect. The qualities here described are, with considerable uniformity, engaged in the pursuit of those interests and objects of desire which mainly concern the individual, or which appertain to the narrow circle of his nearest duties and affections. And it is from their continued and habitual exercise within this restricted compass, that the general properties of expertness, caution, address, cunning, or prudence, and all the ordinary manifestations of common sense and ready sagacity, which is to be observed on common occasions, have their rise. That all these conditions may be improved by the concurrence of higher qualities, we are in no way concerned to deny. Nor are we prepared to assert, that higher attributes of intellect may not in many ways be improved by the aid of the more general and inferior qualifications. Our immediate object in laying down the distinction, is to remind our reader of what must be the result in a case of the possible, though less usual combination of genius and high sensibility, when to some considerable extent deprived of those more common, and perhaps useful, qualities which keep the common way of life. Now, we have but to follow the well-marked development of Goldsmith's character, from the earliest stages at which his fullest biographer has traced it, to find the clearest and simplest illustration of a disposition framed apart from the common walk of habit, and nurtured in the higher and less practical regions of fancy, imagination, reflection, and contemplation. Little, or scarcely at all, affected by the impulses of calculating selfishness, which is one of the first and most effective teachers and trainers of youthful reason; while others of equal age were sharpening their faculties in the shortsighted, yet not less eager and vigilant commerce of childish pursuits, Goldsmith employed his faculties in those visionary delights which have never so deep an enchantment as that which they exercise on the fresh fancy, which no reality of experience can interrupt. Endowed also with natural benevolence and tenderness far beyond what is usual, and, *consequently*, confiding in the love and kindness of all the world, it is evident that the elements of distrust, jealousy, and caution, wanted those ordinary stimulants which give them their early and effective predominance in the human character. And thus it was that he grew up and was tossed from wave to wave—in the unconsciousness of a simple and unworldly nature—exercising his intellect, and keenly too, but on a different

scale, and under different impulses, from those of the common classes of men. So far there is no difficulty. But the reader may perhaps recollect the coarseness and vulgarity of many of his tastes and habits. We fear to prolong these remarks too far; but a moment's attention will satisfy any one that there is no essential opposition in this fact: but, indeed, rather on the contrary, it must be allowed that the inordinate impulses of those strong animal passions, by which the early life of our poet may have been led astray, are not among the causes which lead to habits of prudence or to the improvement of the perceptions or manners, though they may *eventually* be the means of imparting a very considerable experience of human nature—of its follies and vices—and this, with all his credulous simplicity, Goldsmith possessed. The point of distinction here to be observed is this, his knowledge of man was the result of experience and observation; his disposition was that of habit, the growth of his nature from childhood; his knowledge of man was like book-learning, at the call of reason, but not an intuition of habit.

In attentively perusing the chief writings of Goldsmith, it will be observed that, so far as they display views of life and of human character, much is derived from the experience of his own mind—from his own virtues and his own errors—and that when the vices of the basest and most heartless kind are to be delineated, that he displays no proof of a thorough and internal acquaintance with the darker and colder corruptions of the human heart. He can with his usual power describe the *actions* of bad men, and their *results*; but he has none of that sympathy by means of which the *inward workings* of wickedness are caught for delineation. The characters of Dr Primrose and of his son are personated and drawn from within—while Squire Thornhill is remotely sketched, and no more than a common property of the machinery of stories. How differently would the same conception be managed by the pen of Smollet, who would have traced the favourite scamp with the colours of the heart, and dismissed him to happiness in the end. Wherever Goldsmith displays a knowledge of the moral world, it will, with little exception, be found to rise from the same more wide scope of study and patient observation, rather than from the commoner and more narrow circle of habitual intercourse. And it is to the very same fact that we are to ascribe his lively perception of numerous follies and anomalies which mostly pass unnoticed in the world, because most persons are too nearly identified with them to be much struck with their absurdity.

Thus also it may be more easily understood why there is to be found in his histories a wider and juster view of the larger events of time, and of their relations and consequences, than might be anticipated from the personal conduct and character of the writer.

With regard to the poetry of Goldsmith, it would be easy to apply much of the same reasoning; but for this there is not the same occasion. There is not the same seeming inconsistency to be reconciled; at least not further than the same suggestions will similarly apply. But we must not pass the consideration, that much of the peculiar inimitable tone of both his main poems is due to the same constitution of mind. The character of both the genius and its produce is the

same—intense simplicity and singleness. The whole of these thoroughly original compositions manifest, with uncommon force, the mind itself identified with the language; and this is their peculiar and characteristic excellence, and the secret of their power. Poets, as poets generally are, are compelled to step out of self—to throw aside the insignificance of common life, and their ordinary intercourse of thought—when they sit down to work out the manufacture of poetry, as mostly known to readers. Their materials are (evidently) selected, with more or less address, from a range of familiar common-places, and elaborately polished and adorned by repeated touches of skill. Goldsmith felt and thought in verse, and thus expressed the pure native suggestions as they rose. It is thus that, however he may have corrected and adorned, he had first secured that which no skill can give—the pure expression which alone can awaken the sympathy of the breast. This is the real charm of his verse, and it is also the true reason why no one can be a poet but by nature.

To sum the whole of these reflections, Goldsmith was, in a peculiar and eminent sense, the *opposite* of all that is understood by “a man of the world.” He was a poet, a philosopher, a dreamer, a reasoner, and a curious contemplator—all that could be compounded from intellect and sensibility: but as singularly deficient in the little arts and knowing qualities which govern all the smaller commerce of the world, and the petty craft they generate.

Among the effects of this temperament, we should notice the very singular power by which the utmost harmony of verse, and the utmost refinement and finish of expression, are combined with the utmost simplicity both of language and conception. No forced turns of either—no apparently far-sought phrases, or artifices for mere effect, remind the reader of the tricks of composition. All is the spontaneous product of *real* conception, no less simple than exquisitely true.

His poetry has found its way to every heart, from the Irish cabin to the chamber of refinement and luxury, for there is an echo to nature through the entire compass of humanity. It can be understood by all, and convey the same tenderness, purity, and harmony to every ear. Poetry may be overlaid by glittering art, disguised by fantastic philosophy, and degraded by imitations and fabrications—by triteness, nonsense, and eccentricity; and, in the effort to exalt the spurious texture of the trade of the hour, be huddled into neglect amid the confusion of tongues in the Babel of modern literature: but all this must pass away in no long time, because there is no substantial permanent principle to support it. One flimsy fabrication will be outshone by others, and the equally shallow fallacies of rationalism or transcendentalism must be cancelled by new follies, if not by natural wisdom: truth and nature will never want a place where there is sound sense, nor, it is to be hoped, fail to bring back the public taste to the more true and standard rules of judgment, in which the “Deserted Village” and “The Traveller” must find their claim to admiration.

Charles Macklin.

DIED A. D. 1797.

For the life of Macklin the materials are abundant, and the interest of these is also very great. His memoir would comprise the history of the stage for the more considerable part of the last century. Had this occurred at an earlier stage of these volumes, we should have cheerfully entered upon the details essential to such a review. The reader is, however, aware of the reasons why such a devotion of our fast-contracting space is now inexpedient; and we advert to the consideration here, only to avoid the imputation of having underrated the importance of the materials which we are compelled to refuse. The following summary is all we can afford.

Charles Maclaughlin was born in 1690, in the county of Westmeath. He was respectably educated, and having a strong propensity to the stage, changed his name to Macklin. He spent some years among different strolling companies, and about 1725 came to London, and was engaged in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre. In 1735 he had the misfortune to kill a brother actor by an unlucky blow given in the heat of a dispute; for this he was tried and acquitted. In 1741, his performance of Shylock fixed his character as an actor. For this part, his naturally harsh and sinister cast of features gave him great advantages. From this time, he was mostly sure of obtaining engagements at the principal theatres on the most liberal terms, though the caprice of his temper, much indiscretion, and a projecting disposition, very frequently involved him in difficulties which much neutralized his successes, and often threw him out of employment. To the talents of a first-rate actor he added those of a dramatic writer of very considerable merit, and produced several pieces which, however they might stand the test of criticism, were proofs of very great natural powers.

In 1748, he was, with his wife, engaged by Sheridan for the Dublin stage, at a salary of £800 a-year, for two years. His extreme capriciousness soon brought this engagement to a premature conclusion. He became so intolerably irritable and interfering, that he was actually excluded from the theatre; and, in consequence, had recourse to law proceedings. The result was a considerable loss, and the termination of a profitable engagement. He engaged next at Covent-garden, and played Mercutio during the winter with a success which has perplexed criticism to account for, as it was little suited to his appearance or presumed capabilities.

In 1754, he took a formal leave of the stage, being then in his 64th year, though still in the full possession of his powers. This step was occasioned by a speculation which was no less than the scheme of a coffee-house and tavern in the piazza of Covent-garden, by which he was to realize a vast fortune in a few years. The principal merits of the plan on which he relied were cheapness and order; and his arrangements for the purpose were liberal in the extreme, but otherwise not injudicious. At five o'clock a bell was rung, and dinner was served up, when the door was shut, and all further guests excluded. Macklin

having himself brought in the first dish, stood at the sideboard with his waiters, whom some months of previous drilling had accomplished in the art of attending without noise, according to a system of signs. The arrangement, it is said, imposed some useful constraint upon the guests; and, while the concern lasted, there occurred fewer quarrels than is usual in such places. The provisions for accommodation and comfort were otherwise ample, and the table was crowded with the wit and literature of the day.

Combined with this plan, there was another, which, considering its perfect inappropriateness, or the incapacity of Macklin himself, was singularly unfortunate, and adapted to convert the whole concern into a lamentable farce. The company, thus collected, were to be edified with critical dissertations on the British drama by Macklin himself. An undertaking which demanded the utmost learning, refinement of taste, judgment, and eloquence, was sure to become the butt of ridicule in the hands of one so destitute of all these qualifications, and only armed with that rash assurance which is so often the result of presuming ignorance. And such was the result. Macklin made himself ridiculous, and exposed himself to the terrible waggery of Foote, who seized every occasion to draw him into farcical colloquies, in which Macklin was his easy victim. Meanwhile, an improvident scale of expense, insufficient attention to economy, and the dishonesty of the servants to whom he trusted, soon reduced him to ruin, and in 1755 he was declared bankrupt.

He next joined Barry and Woodward in a new theatre in Dublin, when they built one in Crow street, in 1757. This partnership lasted but a short time, during which his wife, an actress of some merit, died. He returned to England, obtained a lucrative engagement at Drury Lane, and brought out the farce of "Love a la Mode," the success of which brought him both money and reputation.

In 1774, some discontents with his acting, and some with his conduct, arose, and were fomented into very considerable violence, which, after lasting for some time, ended in his dismissal from the company. He went to law, and obtained considerable damages, which he relinquished, simply requiring his law expenses, and £200 worth of tickets to be taken for his daughter's and his own benefit, with £100 similarly laid out for the benefit of the theatre, on his reinstatement in the company.

He was at this time in his 85th year, and still, from time to time, appearing on the stage both in Dublin and London. But on two occasions he was suddenly deserted by his memory in the act of performance, and in consequence gave up the stage soon after. His last appearance was in 1789, on the Dublin boards, in the character of Shylock, his memory failed in the middle of the play, and his part was taken by another. He was then, if his birth be rightly dated, in his hundredth year. He lived, nevertheless, for eight years longer, and died July 11, 1797.

Spanger Barry.

DIED A. D. 1777.

BARRY, the celebrated actor, who long contested the palm of histrionic excellence with Garrick, was born in Dublin in 1719. He was bred to the business of his father, an eminent and wealthy silversmith. But, possessing a strong taste for the stage, with unusually great advantages of person and voice, he embraced the dramatic profession in 1744. His success was distinguished, and being engaged in London, he played on even terms with Garrick, with whom he fully divided the public favour. His name occurs in every record of the theatre, and is associated with its entire history. There is no object to be attained by an abridged narrative of his life. He built Crowstreet theatre, and failed to make it profitable; but, returning to London, he soon repaired his circumstances, and lived in full possession of the most distinguished public favour till his death, in 1777. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Barry was also famed in his own time for magnificent and profuse hospitality, excessive extravagance, and for the same address in cajoling his creditors which distinguished Sheridan. These traits would furnish an amusing volume.

Laurence Sterne.

DIED A. D. 1768.

THOUGH actually in holy orders, and the incumbent of English benefices, Sterne's character and writings cannot, with any propriety, be referred to the ecclesiastical division of this work.

He was born in Clonmel, in 1713. His father was a lieutenant in the army, and grandson to the archbishop of York, Dr Richard Sterne. His early life was marked by numerous adventures, incident to the military profession of his father, and of these he has left some interesting accounts.

After much wandering he was placed at school at Halifax in 1722, and his father having accompanied his regiment to Gibraltar, was there wounded in a duel, so severely, that he never quite recovered—and shortly after being sent to Jamaica, died of a fever in 1731.

At the age of fifteen Sterne entered Cambridge: he graduated in 1736. He then, through the influence of his uncle (a prebendary of Durham and of York,) obtained the small living of Sutton. In 1741 he married, and obtained a prebend in York, through the influence of his uncle, with whom he soon after quarrelled. Their disagreement arose from differences of political opinion, but can not be satisfactorily explained in a brief sketch. Nearly twenty years, from this time, elapsed in the quiet enjoyments of rural and domestic life, in which his time was passed in the performance of his professional duties and the gratification of his tastes, among the chief of which,

music and painting were diligently cultivated. To these, authorship presently began to add its pleasures and troubles: it was in 1747 that the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance, and were received with immediate and general applause. There was, in that licentious period, no drawback upon their praise on the score of religion or strict morality, and their wit and fine sentiment were received as a full compensation for the vein of corrupting and indelicate suggestion which accompanied them throughout.—In the strangely capricious structure of Sterne's language, the most sublime and virtuous trains of expression were used to lead to the most offensive and ludicrous meanings—like flowery and adorned alleys leading to the dark recesses of vice. By pursuing no train of thought or narration, he was enabled to preserve the seeming of great copiousness of matter, as he was thus enabled to bring in everything that he could think of, or find in any book he could lay his hands on. The whole was, however, richly set off by great powers of humour, a picturesque conception, and those bursts of elevated sentiment which belonged to a mind at the same time replete with fancy, sprightly wit, and lively sensibility. We cannot here enter into a fuller description of this equivocal production—which we trust will not again be paralleled from the pen of a Christian divine.*

It introduced its author at once to the highest worldly circles, and as his conversation was very much of a piece with his writings, he was universally caressed and entertained. In 1760 he was presented with the curacy of Coxwold, where there was a desirable residence, where he afterwards lived at intervals.

His health began to decline under the combined influence of labour and dissipation upon an excitable and weak frame. A blood-vessel in his lungs was ruptured, and he was under the necessity of seeking a milder air in France. His reception in Paris was worthy of the sage motto "*vive la bagatelle*," of the gay and laughing generation of Frenchmen then living. His letters, which have been published, overflow with the account of his honours and triumphs. There the objectionable coarseness of his writings appeared softened by comparison with the exceeding grossness of manners and conversation, in which there was no reserve, and where delicacy was quite unthought of.

Having continued for five months in this giddy and brilliant circle, he was joined by his wife and daughter, and they repaired to Toulouse, where they remained for a year. After some further stay in Montpellier, he returned in 1764 to England. But as his health could not permit of any continued sojourn, he again went abroad in the following year. It was at this time his design to write an elaborate work descriptive of Italy, its manners, people, and antiquities, and he prepared himself for this purpose by extensive reading. But his strength did not admit of the necessary exertions. By his letters he is to be traced with much interest through Turin, Florence, Naples, and Rome; but the details are not full, nor is there any indication of

* On the subject of Sterne's Work, our opinion is stated very fully in the *Dublin University Magazine*, September 1836; from which this abstract is now drawn.

the more serious purpose. Having accepted of a travelling pupil, he extended his tour to Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so returned to England in 1766, where we find him engaged in the ninth volume of *Tristram Shandy*.

About this time occurred his most unfortunate intimacy with Mrs Draper; which, although we do not see reason to pronounce it guilty in the most criminal respect, yet cannot be seen as otherwise than degrading to his profession and years, as it was hurtful to the peace and reputation of its object. We cannot admit that the sentimental tie, commonly called Platonic, may not *in possibility* be quite innocent; but considering the inconsistency and self-illusion of all sentimental passions, and the sleepless wickedness of the human heart, we must admit a strong *primâ facie* case against it. Out of a thousand cases it is much if one is guiltless. For Sterne may be pleaded old age and a broken frame—his strong asseverations—his facile affections and quick sympathies—with the loneliness in which he then lived. The heart of an old man will seek something to rest on—as deserted by the promises of the world, an awful sentiment of loneliness begins to steal around it, like the approach of night. It is, indeed, to be regretted that he had not found a nobler, purer, and truer refuge in that faith and hope of which he was the pledged minister.

Repeated attacks of the same debilitating disease soon brought Sterne to the last stage. On the 18th of March, 1768, he expired at a boarding house in Bond Street.

In including Sterne in our memoirs, we have acted in deference to the general assumption of biographers; but we have to observe, that the grounds of admission by which we have been governed are wanting. His parents were English, and his education, as well as his subsequent life, was all in England. We have adopted a wide and liberal rule of construction, including both Englishmen who lived and founded families in Ireland, and Irishmen wherever they were born or lived: acting thus on a rule which excludes the mere locality of birth; we think it right to observe that in the case of Sterne there is no other claim. It is for this reason that we have declined entering upon the numerous topics offered by his life and works, at the length which they perhaps deserve. The view which we have formed upon some of the most popular questions respecting his writings, we have very fully stated in the *Dublin University Magazine*.*

Kane O'Hara.

DIED A. D. 1782.

O'HARA was the author of the burletta of "Midas." He was in his day distinguished for musical taste. He wrote the "Two Misers," the "Golden Pippin," and "April Day," and altered Fieldings "Tom Thumb" to the form which is now known. He died 1782.

* No. for April 1836.

Sylvester O'Halloran.

BORN A. D. 1728.—DIED A. D. 1807.

SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, a native of Limerick, is well-known to the students of Irish history. He began life as a Medical student. Before he had reached his twenty-first year he wrote a treatise on Cataract, which obtained the approbation of Haller.

In 1785 he became a member of the Royal Irish Academy,—and reached considerable eminence as an antiquarian. He wrote an ancient history of Ireland, which holds authority among antiquarians; and several other tracts, on the same subject, which have been received with distinction by competent judges. He died in his native city in 1807.

Arthur O'Neill.

DIED A. D. 1816.

O'NEILL is still remembered as a harper of unrivalled skill. He is said to have been instrumental to the preservation of many of the Irish melodies. He was also eminent for antiquarian knowledge. Like Carolan, he was blind. He was in his ninetieth year when he died, in 1816.

James Cavanagh Murphy.

DIED A. D. 1816.

JAMES CAVANAGH MURPHY was a very eminent architect, and the author of several distinguished works. He was a traveller, and published his "Travels in Portugal." He also published "Antiquities of the Arabians in Spain;" and "Plans, Elevations, and Views of Batalha in Portugal." He died in 1816.

Sir Richard Musgrave.

DIED A. D. 1818.

SIR R. MUSGRAVE is well-known as the author of a history of the rebellions in Ireland, in which he gave such minute and faithful details as to give great offence to the popular press. He was collector of the excise in Dublin, and a member of the Irish parliament. He died in 1818.

Rev. Archibald MacLaine.

DIED A. D. 1804.

MR MACLAINE was born in the county of Monaghan. He is entitled to be recollected for his distinguished translation of Mosheim's History, and some other less known writings. He died in 1804.

Charles MacCormick.

DIED 1807.

MACCORMICK was designed for the bar; but, unable to meet the necessary expenses, he turned to literary pursuits. His principal works are—"A Secret History of Charles II.," "Reign of George III. to 1783," "Continuation of Rapin's England," and a "Life of Burke." He died in 1807.

David MacBride.

DIED A. D. 1778.

MACBRIDE was a physician of very considerable eminence, and was born in the county of Antrim. His "Experimental Essays," published in 1764, obtained much notice. But he is to be commemorated as the author of a very able and highly distinguished treatise "On the Theory and Practice of Medicine." He died in 1778.

Elizabeth Hamilton.

BORN A. D. 1758.—DIED A. D. 1816.

MISS HAMILTON was born in 1758, in Belfast. As her mother was not in circumstances favourable to her education, she was, in her sixth year, committed to the care of an aunt, her father's sister, who resided in Scotland. By this lady and her husband the most anxious and judicious attention was given to her education. She applied to her studies with ardour and distinguished success. It is mentioned that, in her thirteenth year, an attempt was made by some youthful friend to taint her mind with deistical notions. Happily this effort failed. She came to the rational resolution to satisfy herself by a fair investigation. With her clear and vigorous understanding, the result of such an inquiry could not be doubtful. Her faith was fixed, and gave a direction to her life.

It was in 1785 she made her first essay as a writer for the press, by a paper sent to the Lounger. Though devoted to study, she never allowed her taste to encroach upon her duties; but, with a forbear-

ance and right-mindedness seldom to be seen except in the best and most principled women, devoted her hours to the household cares of her aunt.

At this period of her life she is mentioned as having been led for some time into an engagement of the affections which appeared to offer prospects of happiness, but which only led to disappointment, and the abandonment of any future hopes of entering into married life.

In 1786, the arrival of her brother, a most amiable man, in talents not inferior to herself, but more advanced in knowledge and the experience of life, not only contributed to her happiness, but also to the development and to the more judicious direction of her studies. Having at this time made a great progress in Oriental literature, and being engaged in translations from Indian writings, he communicated a taste for the same studies to his sister. Under his care and protection, she obtained the consent of her friends to visit London, where she was introduced to the literary circles of the day, and led to form more distinct views for her own guidance and the disposal of her powers.

In 1792, she had the affliction to lose her inestimable brother, who died while preparing for his return to India.

Her first serious exertion in literature was the "Hindoo Rajah," which, some years after its composition, she published in 1796. Her next work was "Modern Philosophers," in which she exposed the morals and philosophy which were then diffused with pestilential activity through Europe. She next produced "Letters on Education," an able and useful work.

Sometime in 1804, her useful writings had so far attracted attention that George III. conferred a pension on her. In the same year, she had returned to fix her residence in Edinburgh, where she was received with cordial satisfaction, and took an active part in the promotion of the improvement of the condition of the poor. Proposals of an advantageous nature were made to her to engage in superintending the education of a nobleman's children; she so far complied as to reside in the family as a guest for some months for the purpose of guiding the arrangements for that purpose. The result was another useful publication, entitled "Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman." Her next work was "Exercises in Religious Knowledge," published in 1809. The "Cottagers of Glenburnie" followed, with distinguished success.

In 1812, the state of her health was such as to excite alarm among her friends. It was advised that she should pass the winter in England. She accordingly repaired to Kenilworth, where she continued with laudable industry to pursue her plans of useful and instructive literature. But, in addition to gout and rheumatism, her ordinary ailments, she was attacked with a violent inflammation in the eyes, which occasioned the severest suffering. Having repaired to Harrogate, her strength and spirits continued to decline till the 13th July, 1816, when she was released from her sufferings by death.

John Jarvis.

DIED A. D. 1804.

JARVIS was a very eminent painter on glass. Having first obtained notice in Dublin, he removed to London. He was employed to paint the windows in Windsor and Oxford, from designs by Reynolds and West. He died in 1804.

Robert Jephson.

DIED A. D. 1803.

JEPHSON was born in 1736. He was a captain in the 73d regiment, and was a dramatic writer of some ability. He was warmly befriended by W. Gerard Hamilton, who obtained him £600 a-year on the Irish establishment. His tragedy of "Braganza" was admired by Horace Walpole. His "Count de Narbonne" was eminently successful. He died at the Blackrock in 1803.

• Charles Johnson.

DIED A. D. 1800.

JOHNSON was born in 1719, in the county of Limerick: received his education in the Dublin University. Was called to the bar, but was impeded by deafness. He is noticeable as the author of "Chrysal; or the Adventures of a Guinea." In 1782, he went out to the East Indies, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. He was for some time a writer in the Bengal newspapers—became partner in some journal, and is said to have made money.

He died in Bengal in 1800. He wrote several works.

Henry Jones.

DIED A. D. 1773.

JONES was born in an humble condition (in Drogheda), and became a bricklayer. His literary talents were introduced to the notice of lord Chesterfield, when lord-lieutenant, who took him to England. By the aid and interest of this nobleman, his tragedy, the "Earl of Essex," was brought out. It appeared in 1753, and ran twelve nights. Fierce passions, and an intractable vanity, alienated and tired out his friends, and he died in great want, in a garret, in 1773.

Arthur Murphy.

BORN A. D. 1727.—DIED A. D. 1805.

ARTHUR MURPHY was the son of a merchant. He was born at Clooniquin, in the county of Roscommon. His father was lost at sea. He was sent, at the age of ten, to St Omer's, to be educated: there he acquired a masterly acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages. He returned home in 1744; remained for three years with his mother; was then sent to an uncle in Cork, in whose counting-house he continued till 1749. He was destined for business, but the vagrant temper, so often combined with the poetical temperament, interfered, and, instead of going out to take charge of his uncle's West India estate, he returned to his mother in 1751.

In October, 1752, he entered on his long literary career by commencing a periodical: it lasted two years, and was the means of introducing him to actors and literary men in London. He contracted debts on the hope of a legacy from his uncle; but, being disappointed, he took Foote's advice, and tried his success as an actor. His first appearance was in *Othello*; and, though wanting in the essentials for distinguished excellence, by dint of judgment he rose to a respectable rank. He was thus enabled to pay his debts and clear £400. He then resolved to quit the stage, and go to the bar.

He was refused admission in the Middle Temple, on the ground of his having been on the stage; but was received at Lincoln's-Inn. We pass his political writings. He mainly lived by writing for the stage. His dramatic productions were in general attended with success.

He was called to the bar in 1762. He went the Norfolk circuit, but without success; and afterwards obtained but scanty employment in London, where he now and then appeared to plead. He left the bar in 1788, in disgust, on a junior being appointed king's counsel.

Retiring to Hammersmith, he gave himself up entirely to literature. In 1793 he published his translation of Tacitus, which he dedicated to Edmund Burke.

By the interest of lord Loughborough, he was appointed one of the commissioners of bankruptcy, and soon after obtained a pension of £200 a-year.

His dramatic works entitle him to a high rank among the British dramatists; and his classical attainments have obtained him no inferior place as a scholar.

He died at Knightsbridge, in 1805.

Edmund Malone.

BORN A. D. 1741.—DIED A. D. 1812.

MALONE was born in Dublin, in 1741. He was a descendant from the ancient family of the Malones,—a branch of the O'Conors. In

1756 he entered the university of Dublin, and graduated with his class in the ordinary time.

In 1763 he was called to the Irish bar, and was rapidly rising into reputation and employment, when a fortune was left him, which made him independent of professional industry. He therefore retired; and settling in London, devoted himself to literature. His chosen walk was criticism, and he is known to the world as the most judicious of commentators.

While engaged in the revision of his edition of Shakespeare, a very strange dispute arose between him and Steevens. Mr Steevens insisted that his brother commentator should reprint his notes without any change, in order to preserve the force and application of certain replies which he had in preparation for them. To this monstrous requisition, which overtops the proverbial absurdities of Shakespeare's commentators, Mr Malone did not think fit to accede.

Mr Malone's edition of Shakespeare was published in 1790. Its merit is too universally recognized for comment. In the present day, a more rational spirit has directed the antiquarian class,* and a vast accession of light has been reflected on the page of Shakespeare. The full importance of this is well known, but it would be unfair to exact the advantages of modern discovery from the ablest writers of the last century.

Mr Malone was intimately acquainted with Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Percy, and all the eminent men of his time. He was one of the executors of Reynolds.

In 1800 he published an edition of the prose works of Dryden, which till then had been obscurely scattered.

He was on the point of publishing a new edition of Shakespeare when he fell ill and died, in 1812.

William Halliday.

DIED A. D. 1812.

HALLIDAY was distinguished as a scholar; but only claims commemoration for his extensive attainments in the ancient Irish language and literature, from which much was expected by the Irish public. These expectations were disappointed, by his death at the age of twenty-four, in 1812. He published the translation of half of Keating's History of Ireland, and composed an Irish Grammar.

Joseph Black.

BORN A. D. 1728.—DIED A. D. 1799.

OUR claim to Black is of that nature which we should consider as exempting us from the necessity of introducing his name, were it not

* We shall enter largely upon the subject at a further stage of this work.

that his claim on the gratitude of this, and every other country where knowledge is prized, forbids the slight implied in the abandonment of our right. His birth belongs to France—his life to Scotland, but his father was a native and inhabitant of Belfast, where he was educated.

He was born in Bourdeaux, in 1728. At twelve he came home to Belfast, and there received the first rudiments of his education. From thence he was sent to the university of Glasgow.

The tendencies of his mind were early shown, and a strong love of natural science evidently directed his choice to the medical profession. Scotland was then the great centre of this branch of study, and to this that country was indebted for Black.

Black graduated in Edinburgh in 1754, and his inaugural dissertation is remarkable as a sketch of the subsequent track of his studies and discoveries. It was entitled, "*De humore acido a cibus orto et magnesia alba.*"

In 1756, he had brought his ideas before the professional and scientific circle of Edinburgh in a more full and detailed form, and it was perhaps in consequence that he received his appointment to the professorship of anatomy and chemistry in Glasgow, on the resignation of Cullen.

His great discovery on the subject of heat followed, and was the splendid result of several years of profound investigation. He also made the first steps in the discovery of the gases, of which till his time no just notion had been received. We abstain from all detail of these great branches of natural science, because we do not think that any one who has acquired the rudiments of chemistry can now be ignorant of them, or that accurate ideas can in a brief compass be conveyed to those who have not.* These latter are few, indeed, among the educated classes: those brilliant and interesting facts, not very long since among the profoundest secrets of nature, beyond the intellectual compass of the immortal Cullen, are now brought within the reach of every school-boy—the beautiful and powerful agents of more than half our social comforts.

Dr Black's theory of heat became universally adopted. He pursued it into many curious and useful applications, in which he was aided by his pupils, Irvine and Watt. He was ably followed in the same line of application, by Priestley and Cavendish. In 1762, he read an account of his experiments in public, and made a statement of the fundamental theorems on which the whole was built. The entire details of his method, experiments and discoveries, having been spread through all the schools in Europe, were taken up and prosecuted by the ablest philosophers. One of the consequences was, the same injustice that has so often aimed to deprive British genius of its fame. The French chemists, with the vanity and disingenuousness peculiar

* As we may be accused of not having observed the rule thus implied, we must observe that, if any instance to the contrary be found, the intelligent reader will also perceive the special reason. For example, an important controversy—a fallacy pernicious to science, morals, or religion—the advance of Irish art or science, &c. &c.

to that people, repeated his processes, and published the results as original discoveries, with an entire disregard of the author. Laplace published investigations on heat, plainly pirated from the labours of Black, which had been many years before the public. Of Black's existence he seems unconscious—a species of dishonesty which would be unaccountable and perplexing, were it not so usual among his countrymen as to leave no doubt as to its character and motives. But all such artifices sink into trifles compared with the audacious imposture which we must, however reluctantly, couple with the name of De Luc. As in the case of Newton and Leibnitz, there had been a previous correspondence on the subject, though of a nature far more explicit and direct. De Luc had communicated to Dr Black his admiration of his theory and investigations, and expressly proposed to be the foreign editor of a systematic exposition. Dr Black furnished him with numerous details. De Luc brought out a work in which he gave the whole theory as his own, incidentally stating (as a satisfactory confirmation) his understanding that Dr Black agreed with his conclusions!*

The friends of this great man were neither silent nor patient of such an unworthy proceeding. The doctor was urged to publish a systematic history of his discoveries; but this the urgent and laborious duties of his professorship, much augmented by the zeal with which they were discharged, rendered difficult. He had been brought from Glasgow, in 1766, to succeed Dr Cullen in the chair of chemistry in Edinburgh. Here his lectures became in a high degree popular: they were crowded from the whole of Europe, and became even fashionable as a part of polite education. This latter circumstance was the consequence of his extraordinary perspicuity, and the ingenuity, precision, and general interest of the experiments by which his statements were illustrated and confirmed.

His constitution was by nature extremely delicate; and the intense and anxious labour of his pursuits and duties was too much to be resisted without injury. He became subject to distressing affections of the stomach and lungs; and a spitting of blood was the result of any fatigue, or the slightest freedom of living.

It was in 1799, in the seventy-first year of his age, that he closed his illustrious labours with his life, by an easy and painless death, unattended by any decided illness. He was found dead in his chair, with the cup from which he had just taken the simple diet of which his delicate health admitted, resting on his knee in such a manner as to indicate how tranquilly and gently the last earthly change had passed.

His lectures have been published by Professor Robinson. The only works from his own hand are slight in bulk, though interesting and important in value. These are, his "Inaugural Dissertation;" his "Experiments on Magnesia Alba, Quicklime," &c.; "Observations on the more ready Freezing of Water that has been Boiled;" and an "Analysis of the Waters of some Boiling Springs in Iceland."

* From the application of these strictures, Lavoisier is honourably exempt. It was on the recommendation of this illustrious Frenchman that Black was elected as one of the foreign associates to the academy of sciences in Paris.

Thomas Dermody.

BORN A.D. 1775.--DIED 1802.

DERMODY'S father was a schoolmaster, first at Ennis where his son was born in 1775, and afterwards in Galway. In his school, Thomas, the subject of our memoir, received his education, and showed such extraordinary powers of attainment, that he is said to have been employed as classical assistant when he was but nine years old. Before he had attained his tenth year, he displayed poetic powers of no mean order. There is also reason to believe that the same precocity showed itself in every part of his conduct and disposition. When the affections and passions, as well as intellectual powers, are prematurely developed, they are necessarily far in advance of the slower progress of the judgment, founded on mature experience, and demand, in a more than ordinary degree, the control of authority, and the training hand of discipline and example. This seems to have been precisely what was wanting to Dermody. His father, a man of talent and learning, was addicted to drunkenness; and the consequence was a disorderly home and a vicious example. The son, without religion, prudence, or virtue, thoroughly ignorant of life, and inflated by imagination, vulgar flattery, and vicious reading, was, while yet a boy, inflamed with a strong inclination to leave his home and follow the fortunes of an adventurer. The perusal of that most profligate and corrupting novel, "Tom Jones," gave the immediate impulse to his depraved temper, and from the house of a gentleman with whom he and his father were on a visit, he departed, without communicating his design, for Dublin. Two shillings were his entire provision; but he entertained a full reliance on his genius, and a strong expectation of the fortunate adventures which happen to the heroes of romance. We cannot pursue the incidents of his peregrination; he arrived penniless in Dublin, and was soon glad to accept of a tuition from the keeper of a book stall. As this was the dictate of hunger, so it is probable that a few days of the sordid economy of a cellar, in which his employer resided, must have tired his wandering genius. He became successively acquainted with several persons of learning, who had the discernment to perceive his extraordinary talents and scholarship, and the liberality to relieve him, and to endeavour to put him in the way of doing something for himself. At last he was introduced to the notice of that most worthy man, the Reverend Gilbert Austin, Rector of Maynooth, who, being himself richly versed in every branch of literary and scientific attainment, and endowed with a most enlarged spirit of charity, entered with the zeal of his benevolent nature into the interests of a young and friendless scholar and poet. At his own expense he selected and published a volume of his poems; and, by means of a subscription, collected a sufficient sum to place him out of the reach of immediate want.

It was now that his vices began to assert the entire command over his conduct. The most abandoned and flagrant impostures, without any proportionable inducement, plainly indicated an utter disregard of every principle of right, or truth, or sense of honour or decency. And

the consequence was, that while by his genius he obtained patrons, he lost their protection as fast, by conduct unrestrained by either shame or prudence. We save ourselves the disgusting task of recounting instances, because there is, in the case of Dermody, no demand for the nice abatements which the duty of justice usually imposes, where good and bad are to be carefully weighed in the opposite scales, and the exaggerations of report corrected. Dermody had no virtues but those random and capricious impulses which originate in the animal sympathy, and which derive their real value from the more permanent habits of the mind; they may communicate ardour and fervency to spiritual sentiment, they may quicken virtue in the observance of right, but they afford to vice the gift of dissembling with effect, and are the current pretension of fraud and hypocrisy. We are fully aware, and admit, that these virtues of temperament (if the expression be allowed), when they are largely developed, may have a very controlling influence over the conduct—this it would be folly to deny—but, in the present instance, we have no allowances to make on this score. Thomas Dermody was not only abandoned to every vice, and devoid of all virtue, but he was avowedly so. His love of vice was avowed: “I am vicious, because I like it,” was the profession of which every incident of his life which has found any record, is the illustration. One after another, wealthy and liberal friends exerted themselves to raise him from the abject condition to which vice and folly quickly reduced him again; however lifted into respectability by his own genius or the charity of others, he uniformly sank back by the innate weight of a thoroughly profligate nature. Such being summarily the life to which details could but impart the severity which we wish to avoid, we have only to state the names of the benevolent and liberal friends who would, were it possible, have raised him to the position which they thought might be attained by his talent and learning:—Mr Owenson; Henry Grattan; the Countess of Moira; the Attorney General (afterwards lord Kilwarden), who generously offered to pay the expenses of a university education; all the successive efforts of these liberal friends were frustrated by a uniform improvidence at the prompting of a worthless and vicious disposition. A life of extreme vicissitudes and emergencies was the consequence; if he was one day the cherished object of generous patronage, in a few more he contrived to be the squalid inmate of the abodes of vice, or the penniless outcast even from these last retreats of human degradation. In depravity, as well as in goodness, there is a progress, which is, however, not so pleasing to follow; perhaps it is a wise and merciful provision, that the obliteration of the moral sense is accompanied, and perhaps limited, by the decay of the understanding. Something of this is strongly suggested by the incidents related of Dermody.

Having run through all the changes of a life few in years, but disgraced by profligacy and darkened by misery seldom compassed in the longest; worn by diseases and privations, and impaired in intellect, Thomas Dermody died in England, in 1802. His writings and his attainments were deservedly admitted as unquestionable indications of talents and of genius approaching the highest order, bestowed to no purpose but for a lesson too plain to be enforced by amplifications.

We have to add a strong assurance to our reader that it is with no uncharitable pleasure that we have written this brief summary. It is usual among the writings which must be turned over for our materials, to disguise, to some extent, the reality by qualifications which, when they do not chance to be quite nugatory, are pernicious. Leaving the character over which they pretend to cast a tolerant veil, thoroughly exposed to the understanding of any reader, their charity goes no farther than a courtesy or a deference to vice. The extent to which this perversion is carried is often ludicrous. Some one has, for instance, been complaisant enough to praise Dermody for not, "like some others," pretending to any virtue. We trust that no one may be offended by our disclaiming this species of charity, of which we cannot discern any useful or worthy end.

Samuel Derrick.

BORN A.D. 1724.—DIED A.D. 1769.

DERRICK began life as apprentice to a linen-draper in Dublin. Having a taste for gaiety and idleness, and some superficial talents, he quitted the business, and after vainly trying the stage, he subsisted by writing for the press. After many vicissitudes, he profited so far by his intercourse with the scenes of dissipation and folly, as to succeed Beau Nash as master of the ceremonies at Bath. He produced many works of no notoriety, and died in 1769.

Richard Lovel Edgeworth.

BORN A.D. 1744. DIED A.D. 1817.

MR EDGEWORTH'S family settled in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. Its descendants seem to have been endowed with more than the average portion of talent, vivacity, and activity of spirit, and to have passed through the lights and shades of earthly vicissitude, to which, in the course of things, such a modification of the character is liable. Mr Edgeworth seems to have faithfully inherited the mind with the fortune of his ancestors; and at an early age manifested on several occasions and in various modes, the indications of a precocious and prompt intellect—and of a temper active, adventurous, and speculative. Of this, numerous examples may be found in his memoir, which has long been in the hands of the public.

He was born in or about the year 1744. He ascribes that love for mechanics, for which he was so distinguished, to the early impression received in his seventh year from an old gentleman, who then showed an orrery and explained its uses. His youthful age was distinguished by a love of acquirement, and a no less remarkable fondness for the dissipation of gaiety, and the pleasures of the hall and field. In 1760 he entered the university of Dublin; he was then in his sixteenth year, and was, probably, too much under the intoxication of that opening period of youthful hope and desire, to attend to the studies of the

place. And, it may be added, that it does not necessarily follow that a practical talent for the results of science, is proportionably accompanied by a talent or taste for the rudiments, or the theory. Mr Edgeworth was idle, and, consequently, obtained no collegiate distinction. When he had passed about two years in this unprofitable course, he was sent to finish his education on easier terms in Oxford. While there, he contracted an attachment to a Miss Elers, the daughter of an old friend of his father's, whom he married in Gretna Green, a step rendered necessary by his being yet a minor. He obtained his father's forgiveness. He soon after entered the temple to keep terms for the bar. While thus employed, he became acquainted with Sir Francis Blake Delaval, the most wild and dissipated character of his day, a wit, gambler, and horse racer; by means of this gentleman he was introduced into a circle of persons of an idle and rakish class, but the death of an intimate, through whom this association was formed, was fortunately its termination; and he soon fell into more respectable and more congenial acquaintances.

He had been for some time amusing himself by exercising his ingenuity in the invention of mechanical contrivances, among which, the varied modes of locomotion appear chiefly to have engaged his attention. In pursuing these, he had conceived some improvement upon an invention of Darwin's, who had also amused his leisure in similar pursuits. The result was, after some correspondence, a visit to the Doctor, who had all through imagined his clever correspondent to be a coachmaker, and whose error was hardly removed after some hours' acquaintance. To most readers who may happen to be conversant with the social and literary history of that day, it is needless to say, that Mr Edgeworth thus dropped into a circle very peculiarly characterized: much shrewd common sense and observation—much intellectual activity, smartness, and ingenuity—a strong infusion of the superficial philosophizing of that day, moderated by those qualities, but still giving to their manners and language a slight tinge of *charlatanerie*, seem to be the characteristic breathing, with no small prominency, in the recollections of the clever and lively circle of the Swards, Darwins, Days, and their tea-table and epistolary friends. Mixed with these we meet names of weightier claim, Watt, Bolton, Ramsden, &c., men at the head of the practical science of their time, and the worthy founders of the vast improvements which are now so entirely altering the structure and operations of social life throughout the world. This, to one so social, clever, and vivacious, as Mr Edgeworth, was like the opening of a new world of adventure and a new field of intellectual excitement. The conversation and the gossip of the literary—the studies and inventions of the scientific—and the bold speculations of the theoretic, were laid open to him in their most animated and engaging aspects. Himself in many respects among the most ingenious and active spirited of the circle, his ambition was nourished, and his curiosity awakened and instructed; and his mind, which never could have subsided into a quiet and settled course, directed into one that was both respectable and safe.

Among his early acquaintance was Mr Thomas Day, a gentleman of fortune, known as the author of "Sanford and Merton." His

opinions may be generally described as extreme deductions from the eccentric and shallow theories of the day. In common with Mr Edgeworth, this gentleman indulged a taste for such theories, and their intimacy was cemented by an earnest ardour in the pursuit of useful and practical results from them. It would be tedious here to trace these propensities to the spirit of the time, or to show how a strong impulse in favour of change and innovation rendered education a topic of exceeding interest to speculation. It evidently was the main handle offered to the metaphysical inquirer for any extensive practical experiment. These young friends took up the question with the ardour of their nature and youth, and began to speculate on education before they can be properly said to have completed their own. For such youthful and inexperienced philosophers there must have been, as we know there was, a deep fascination in the sparkling eloquence of Rousseau. His erratic doctrines, founded on assumptions so specious as to wear to inexperience the aspect of plain common sense, were largely infused into the spirit of a time pregnant with change. With Day it found a congenial soil and became assimilated, shooting up in a plentiful growth of fantastic notions. Mr Edgeworth was, happily for himself and his children, gifted with shrewd sense and high powers of observation, which rescued him from the illusions which misled his ardour for a time. The philosophy of a depraved school was differently accepted and put into practice by each. Mr Day concluded by discovering a philosophy of his own, and while less daring minds speculated on the improvement of the rising race, by trusting their education to the kindly hands of nature, he resolved to begin one step at least farther back, in the education of the mothers. His plan was to educate a wife for himself; and for this purpose he took two female children from the foundling hospital, and carried them abroad, to superintend the growth of their understandings. Mr Edgeworth was content to try the experiment on his first-born son, and in course of time found reason to alter and amend his views on the subject of education.

The very unusual course and character of the main incidents of the earlier part of Mr Edgeworth's life, is such as to render it inexpedient for us to enter minutely upon the details with which he has abundantly supplied the world. They who look for them in his own account, will be much amused and, perhaps, instructed. He led a varied and busy life, was acquainted largely in the most interesting circles, and observed with a curious eye. His autobiography is replete with the interest which might reasonably be anticipated from such advantages. We must, however, resist the temptations to digress, thus offered in every page, and confine our remarks to a few points of more general importance.

Mr Edgeworth's first wife having died, he was shortly after married to a Miss Honora Sneyd; and with this marriage his autobiography ends, and the account of his life is taken up by his celebrated daughter, the offspring of his first wife.

After his second marriage, Mr Edgeworth returned to Ireland to live upon his estate. From that period he may be said to have commenced a new and far more respectable and useful course of life. The improvement of his property, and the education of his children exercised

his talents; while his devotion to mechanical studies and contrivances gave a salutary and safe direction to the excess of his mercurial faculties. In a country, and at a period when unbounded prejudice and ignorance obscured the intellect and repressed every tendency to improvement, his sagacity and experienced observation, and the boldness of a free and adventurous temper, combined to lead him to the adoption of a more rational and beneficent method, both in his estate and household. And in his conduct to his tenantry, and in the education of his children, he displayed an example in many respects worthy to be followed. So far as we are enabled to form an opinion from the statements of Mr Edgeworth's biography, we are convinced that among the tendencies of his mind, one was a strong ambition to be useful, and, according to his own views, to promote the interests of mankind.

Among the means for this laudable end, the diligent application to mechanical contrivances afforded employment to the prevailing turn of his tastes and intellect. He possessed much of the curiosity and invention essential to such a purpose; and we cannot doubt that a more profound and enlarged acquaintance with mathematical and physical science than he seems to have possessed, would have enabled him to take a prominent place among the authors of useful inventions. He claims to have invented an application of telegraphic communication, and we believe he is allowed to have made some useful discoveries relative to wheel carriages.

The most important, however, of Mr Edgeworth's claims to the gratitude of posterity, are his contributions, however they may be rated, on the subject of education. To this subject he applied much good common sense, much experience, and a diligent and careful study pursued under favourable circumstances. He had set out in life with a very remarkable mistake on this head; precisely the reverse of the most important and universal fact in the nature of the infant mind. So much so, indeed, that the notice of it offers the fairest occasion to state a truth more important to parents than any other to know and act on. It was the error of the school of Rousseau, that the early formation of the moral and intellectual character was to be trusted to the hand of Nature, and that the mind was to be suffered to attain a certain degree of maturity before any application of discipline or education. Mr Edgeworth had the good sense to reject the destructive and absurd quackery of the specious *character* of Geneva, and to adopt and inculcate a system founded on the reality of human nature. We are not, however, aware to what extent an elementary explanation of this principle has been at any time stated. It is the result of two distinct considerations: first, the fact that the faculties and the tendencies of the human mind begin to be developed in different degrees, and with a rapid though irregular succession, commencing with the earliest dawn of life. Thus, for example, before an infant is many months old, anger and jealousy begin to show themselves with love; and observation with curiosity, also as early begin to indicate the first intellectual movements. Before the first year is passed, there are few of either the moral or intellectual tendencies of ordinary men that cannot be more or less discerned by any qualified observer. This is the first fact. The second is, that all the knowledge, the dispositions, and acquire-

ments of mature life, are (with some insignificant exceptions,) acquired *habits*. That we think, act, and even feel, hear, and see, by habit. And that in proportion as habits are early acquired, they are more thoroughly incorporated with the character. These are the fundamental principles of education. And the very first proposition which follows most immediately from them is, that the very earliest indication of a tendency, (so far as certain other considerations of a limiting kind do not interfere,) would, in principle, be the moment for the application of a proportional discipline to that tendency. The limits arise from the fact that there are other tendencies of our complex nature to be regarded; and the parent's judgment is to be shown by preserving the temperate course between opposite principles. We are not engaged upon a treatise on education, or we should say much more; we have made the foregoing statement, because we are glad to have any opportunity to suggest a principle of such extensive importance, which (to judge from the common conduct of parents,) seems so very little known.

We do not agree with Mr Edgeworth as to the value of what his biographer has termed the "experimental method" of education. The results of particular observation of the indications of individual children, would have the same value that similar observation has in natural philosophy, were it not that all the main processes on which education must depend, are familiarly known. They are the old laws of human nature, on which thousands of able observers and thinkers have been engaged from the beginning of society. All that such a register as might thus be made could serve, would be the exhibition of the law regulating peculiar cases. We do not deny that such an induction might be very useful, we only deny the use proposed. We wholly disagree with the argument which an eminent critic has employed against it; for we are thoroughly convinced of the uniformity which must prevail in the utmost eccentricities of human conduct, or in the moral or intellectual phenomena of nature. It is to detect this very law that the method proposed would be useful. And the very hasty assertion of the reviewer is just what shows its want. It would be curious, and not without its use in theory, to ascertain the limits of age at which certain human tendencies may commence. The apparent singularities of children are not only reproduced, but they are actually the beginnings of the peculiarities of grown men—and in this view it would be desirable that they should be studied, and, if possible, be reduced to rules. They are, indeed, often the combined effects of nature and circumstances, and thus would be more important still.

Mr Edgeworth had ample opportunity for the prosecution of experiments on the education of children; he was married five times, and had children by each of his wives. Whether the method he pursued was the very best or not, it was in a great many respects judicious, and, so far as we have been enabled to judge from the results, successful in an eminent degree. Of the talents and virtues of some, at least, of his children, the public has been enabled to judge; and were we to test a theory by the criterion of success, the decision must unquestionably be favourable. It does not, indeed, follow from such instances that the theory is altogether right, because the practice has been

in some instances successful. A man may walk well, and have a false theory of walking. In common courses of conduct, men will theorize wrongly, and act with much practical prudence; observation, common sense, and judgment, go before and preside over the detail: theorizing follows; and many little exertions of ingenuity may obtain the merit of successes with which they have nothing to do. The children of Mr Edgeworth were endowed with hereditary talent—some of them in a very high degree. The experience of Mr Edgeworth was peculiar; to appreciate his theories of education we should allow or deduct for the intellectual constitution of his children. His method, however, seems to have been well adapted to the subjects on which it was employed. His pursuits, the results at which he commonly arrived, his love of explaining, were all suited to the excitement and gratification of intellectual tendencies. This would not be equally successful with numerous broods of children. In Mr Edgeworth's system there was a defect which no philosophical merits can compensate—we mean the want of a Christian education, by which alone the radical vices of human nature can be rightly disciplined. This is, indeed, the lowest statement which can be given of such a want. It is the vice which radically pervades the views of Mr Edgeworth, so far as they are to be inferred from his statements; made, too, under circumstances which seemed to impose the necessity of being explicit; that he looked on religion only so far as it has relation to the temporal interests, or simply as a social principle. This most indefensible error has been very justly and strongly reprehended by the same critical writer, in the "Quarterly Review," to one of whose strictures we have already adverted. We should, but for this, have made a few remarks; but we do not consider the comment which we should have to offer to be so much wanting now as at that period. As we have not here stated the fallacious defence, we may omit the reply. It may be enough for the present to record our protest against the notion, under whatever circumstances advanced, that any system of education in which the spiritual and eternal interests of the individual are not placed in their due pre-eminence, can be regarded as other than lamentably and fatally defective. These are the *first interests*, and it is an error, or a culpable neglect, to omit them: neither the legislature or the parent can set aside the paramount obligation; there is but one excuse which is not illogical, and that one is not true.

Mr Edgeworth entered parliament at a late period of his life. Of his political opinions, it is unnecessary to enter into any detail. At the time of the rebellion his house was attacked, and saved by the gratitude of one person who had received some act of kindness from his family. The members of his household had flown on the first alarm into Longford; and on their return they found everything safe, and were received with joyful welcome by the people of Edgeworthstown. It was at this period that Mr Edgeworth was married to his last wife.

Mr Edgeworth was a man of very considerable talent and virtue, and in a very high degree to be praised, when such praise was a distinction for all that contributes to the respectability and happiness of private life; as well as, also, for a public spirit of utilitarianism, which,

properly directed, controlled, and seconded, would be capable of great and extensive good.

He was joint author with his far more able and talented daughter, in several useful writings; most of which were directed with a view to the education of the young or the improvement of the poor; and which, we have no doubt, have had their designed effect in diffusing just ideas and dispelling prejudices.

Mr Edgeworth died in 1817.

Richard Kirwan.

DIED 1812.

MR KIRWAN was educated in the Jesuits' college of St Omer's: he was intended for a physician. He showed a strong turn for chemistry, and pursued the study with eagerness. By the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate in the county of Galway, and, in consequence, relinquished the design of a profession. He nevertheless followed his prevailing taste in devoting himself to the diligent pursuit of chemical investigations. He attained a high character for knowledge and skill, but was not fortunate in the results of his inquiries. Among the writings of more eminent men, and among the records of their discoveries or speculations, his name is commonly found, and his authority quoted, as a careful and accurate observer. He had the honour to be president of the Royal Irish Academy.

He was also diligent, and not unsuccessful in the collection of old Irish music, for which he had a strong taste

He died in Dublin, in 1812.

Mary Tighe.

BORN A. D. 1774.—DIED A. D. 1814.

MRS TIGHE was born in Dublin, 1774. She was the daughter of the Rev. W. Blachford. Her mother was a Miss Tighe of Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow. She married her cousin, Mr Henry Tighe, of the same place. She was remarkable for the refinement and delicacy of her taste and sentiments. Her frame and physical constitution were, unhappily, as delicate as her mind, and her health began early to give way—"to steal before the steps of time." Family bereavements and afflictions contributed to hasten a premature decline, and she died, deeply regretted, in 1814, after a long and distressing interval of extreme debility.

Her principal poem is generally known. The sweet, and often pathetic, composition of "Psyche," shows a mind of exceeding refinement and elegance, though in some degree too languid to excite much interest or convey permanent impressions. But it cannot be read without awakening a sense of tenderness and respect for the feeling and lovely authoress. Mr Moore has commemorated her in one

of his Irish Melodies—"I saw that form"—in which, if we are to place any faith in the language of poetry, he gives a pathetic testimony to her powers of pleasing, and the charm of her manners and conversation.

" Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To dwell with them were far less sweet
 Than to remember thee—Mary !"

James Barry

BORN A. D. 1741.—DIED A. D. 1806.

BARRY'S father was, according to the best accounts, the commander of a trading vessel which coasted the south of Ireland. His childhood was early marked by the indications of an intellectual temperament. His love of study was carried even to a dangerous extreme. Originally designed for his father's calling, he was soon observed to have recourse to sketching with chalk, on every accessible surface of the ship, the various objects that presented themselves along the coast. As he grew older, he began to exhibit more impatience of the monotonous life to which he was destined by his father. And as his prevalent taste and his singular talents became at the same time more apparent, his father was urged by many friends to change his purpose, and send him to school.

The history of his early days must be slightly passed; though, could we afford sufficient space, the formation of Barry's peculiar character would be instructive to trace. He made himself unusually remarkable by his intractable temper; his powers of conversation; his talents for, and love of, disputation; his devotion to reading; and, most of all, his enthusiastic study of art. His favourite books were theological, and his controversial temper was displayed and nourished by frequent disputes with the priests of the Roman Church who frequented his mother's house.

His early attainments in the art of delineation attracted universal notice. Without any of the aids by which the most ordinary tyro can now be rapidly accomplished in all that can be taught of art, he had, in his seventeenth year, acquired an easy, powerful, and expressive mastery of the pencil. At this period he began to paint.

For about five years from the point of time last mentioned, it will be unnecessary to trace him. Within that interval, he probably had advanced as far as was possible for mere intellectual power, unaided by the means usual for the students of so refined and difficult a branch of study.

Of the actual state of art in that period, it is our design to speak more at large in our introduction to the next, as we shall thus be enabled to offer some approach towards a sketch of the history of this particular branch of art. It will be here enough to say, that, considering the defectiveness of his means of attainment, and the actually low state of art, his progress was surprising. He was not without such

aid and encouragement as the praise of the crowd could give; and he also obtained occasional employment from the booksellers.

It was in 1763, when he had attained the twenty-second year of his age, that he came to Dublin with several paintings, of which the enumeration here will show the range of his mind. These were, Æneas escaping with his family from the sack of Troy; a Dead Christ; Susanna and the Elders; Daniel in the Lion's Den; Abraham's Sacrifice; and the Baptism of the King of Cashel. This last mentioned alone needs be noticed, as it was his actual introduction into life. The story on which this painting was designed, is told at length by Keating. Patrick was represented leaning on a staff, or crozier, of which the lower end, armed with a spike, rested on the monarch's foot. His guards were advancing to seize the supposed offender, but were stayed by perceiving that their master seemed quite unconscious of the spike which was piercing through his flesh. It was a well chosen subject; and the time was fortunate for the painter. The society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures in Ireland was just preparing for an exhibition of paintings. Barry applied for and obtained a place for his picture. It was hung near the two best paintings in the room, the productions of artists who had exhausted the means of improvement then to be obtained, and finished their studies in Italy. When Barry went to see his picture after it was hung, he was elated by perceiving his own decided superiority. The favourable anticipation thus raised was confirmed on the opening of the exhibition. He was excited to a fierce delight by the general impression: the crowd pressed eagerly to see the king of Cashel. A murmur of inquiry for the artist rose, and Barry could not refrain from crying aloud, "It is my picture." "Your picture!" answered a spectator, surprised at the rude appearance of the artist, "what do you mean?" "I can paint a better," was the reply. But he was not believed, until an acquaintance came forward to confirm his word. This picture was immediately purchased and presented to the House of Commons. It was destroyed in the fire by which the parliament-house was a few years after consumed.

Barry's fortune was eventually more promoted by a letter of introduction, addressed to Burke, from Dr Sleigh, of Cork. Burke was at the time in the commencement of his splendid career, and was in Dublin as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton, of whom the reader may find some notices in our memoir of Burke. To Burke, Barry's animated and clever conversation and spirited tone of mind were favourable recommendations, and a strong friendship began between them. The first result must be briefly told. After being introduced to the refined and enlightened circle of which Burke was the ornament and conspicuous centre, and receiving eight months of pleasure and improvement in their society, Barry was advised to try his fortune in a fairer field, and set out for London with Richard Burke. There, by the active and zealous exertions of Burke he obtained some employment and much kind notice.

By the advice of Reynolds, it was determined to send him to Italy. Some delay occurred, until Burke, by the improvement of his own income, and by the influence which he could exert, was enabled to

obtain the means of a sure provision for the necessary expense. This at last occurred; and Barry was sent out to spend five years in the improvement of those attainments for which early perseverance and nature had done so much.

In October, 1765, he set out on his way to Paris. There he continued ten months, making a more sure advance, and pursuing his studies more judiciously than at any subsequent interval. He is to be traced with unusual distinctness by his letters to Burke, Reynolds, and others. In these his extraordinary powers of observation, thought, and expression, are displayed with rich abundance, and from the same we are also enabled with certainty and ease to trace the whole progress of his character, and to decide on the unhappy peculiarities which clouded the entire of his after life, and closed his days in misery. For this reason, it is upon this portion of his history that we consider it worth while to expand our narration something more than we have done, or shall continue to do after his return.

In Paris he applied himself with diligence, and, among other studies, he constantly attended to the practice from living models in the Hospital of St Luke. The independent, but in no slight degree wrong-headed, turn of his mind, was perhaps shown in the strong contempt for academies which he expressed at this time in some of his very curious and interesting letters to Burke. His objections are (as indeed mostly happens in such cases) partly founded in truth, but proceed upon narrow and incomplete views. We shall discuss them further on, when the subject will present stronger claims upon our notice. Writing of them at this period, Barry says, "We have two of them here, the academy of St Luke and the royal academy; there are such mobs of blackguards go every night to acquire a trade there, as is enough to shock any one who has the least regard for the art. People send their children to make them painters and statuarys, without learning, genius, or indeed anything else, only because it is less expensive than making them perukiers or shoemakers." We quote this sentence, because we think it indicates in a slight degree tendencies which become more fully developed as we proceed. The strong repugnance to be classed among the crowd—the dislike to beaten paths (merely as such)—and a tendency to opposition arising from a combative cast of temper, were dispositions not at any time wholly dormant in the character of Barry, but soon to gain from circumstances a peculiar and dangerous prominence. It must be the main object of this memoir to bring these facts into a strong and clear light, because whatever may be Barry's independent claim, his name has been rendered extremely prominent in the history of art, by the zeal with which two opposite parties have taken it up as an object of contention. The consequence is, that his life, conduct, opinions and genius, have been deeply involved in such misrepresentations as party conflicts ever produce.

His strictures on the state of art in France are judicious, original, and curious. The brilliant monotony which was the result of an entire want of character, remarkable alike in their paintings and social state, are traced by him to the latter. "Character," he says, "in the different classes of men, is very little attended to by the

French artists, either painters or sculptors (though I think the last very superior to the former), and indeed it is not to be wondered at, since, even in life, it is entirely lost here; politeness, and an artificial carriage, is too general amongst them; and, laying the garb aside, it is only in dialect, or other refinements of expression or thought, they differ; while everything in the gesticulation and all other externals that are characteristic in art are visibly the same." With great justness of thought, and the happiest force of language, he again pursues the same topic, and shows the faults of the French school to be mainly results of too much attention to mere ornament, and remarks the analogous effects in poetry and oratory.

He left Paris in the autumn of 1766, for Italy. On his way he wrote letters to Mr Burke, which yet remain, and manifest extraordinary powers of observing and describing: his description of the scenery of the valleys of Burgundy, of the passage over mount Cenis, and the mountain regions beyond, are worthy of a master of the lyre or pencil. The merit of these letters is strongly attested by the admiration of Reynolds.

Rightly to understand the modifications which his character next underwent, the reader must have before him some distinct ideas of the scene of his studies after reaching Rome. This ancient city possessed a traditionary grandeur: its claim to the pre-eminence in art and the ideas which belong to art was founded in time immemorial: it possessed the remains of the great masters; its walls had been animated by the touch of their genius, and the echo of their feet might yet be conceived to linger among the venerable ruins of a more ancient and noble antiquity. Here the students of art made their pilgrimage from every other land, and it was the universal school of the *conoscenti* and the artists. But from many causes, which we shall not here investigate, the genius of Italian art had itself sustained a long decay. The demand for works of art had ceased, and it had become the taste and privilege of the Italians to teach, to criticise, and to talk: possessing unbounded treasures of great works not to be rivalled, much less surpassed, they seemed to repose on the fame of the past, and to despair of further attainment. This decrepitude of the genius of Rome had mainly arisen from a general languor of all the processes of the social state: debarred from all those public objects which rouse into action the more powerful energies of man, the upper classes were abandoned to trifles, and the contests of *vertu* were invested with an importance which was unknown elsewhere. The public places, the studies, and every resort of art, taste, or learning, echoed loudly with the fluent *charlatenerie* of all sorts of pretenders. To give additional zest and spirit to such scenes, a trade was carried on in spurious pictures; and, as in the great conflicts of political party, principles were adopted and upheld which favoured the traffic of the time.

Such a state of things was adapted to call forth together, the power and the infirmity of Barry.

There were peculiarities in the mind of Barry which were so radically connected with his entire history, and so essential to the just decision of some controverted points, that we are compelled to some-

thing more than our wonted minuteness in the statements concerning this portion of his life. In him an extraordinary acuteness of perception was, as sometimes happens, combined with a morbid temperament, in no small degree disposed to hypochondria. When such is the case, it is very well known that this latter tendency has the effect of additionally quickening, while it, in some respects, misleads the observation. The hypochondriac, when far advanced in this disordered state, while he exercises a singular promptness, penetration, and decision, on indifferent matters, is mostly disposed to entertain false impressions respecting those concerns immediately relating to his more prominent interests or affections, and to be haunted by those diseased suspicions which are observable in the most common cases of mania: a state to which they lead, and perhaps in all cases might be considered to belong. These considerations are, with regard to Barry, of serious importance. From not observing the distinction which they tend to clear, one class of his critics and biographers have fallen into the error of imputing to him moral vices, which were the result of a sad infirmity, the fearful affliction of his life: and this disorder was partly concealed by the justness, sagacity, and profound originality of his writings. Such has been, for instance, the error of Mr Knight, whose notices of this able but unfortunate man are discoloured by a tone of vituperation amounting to malignity. While, on the other hand, his enthusiastic followers and admirers have fallen into a style of panegyric which has imposed on them the necessity of either omitting to allow for, or misrepresenting the failings of his character. Hence we have to steer between hostile delineations of Barry on one side, and, on the other, imputations equally fallacious against his assailants, and to explain the case by keeping in view the leading principle of exposition.

Before Barry was long in Rome, the picture trade, of which it was the great emporium, roused his irritable spleen. It excited his liveliest indignation to see the frauds which degraded the art he loved. His ambition, his love of excellence, and his honesty, were offended by the spurious principles of art, according to which a false and corrupt style was upheld for the purpose of maintaining a fraudulent traffic. He saw nature and the laws of effect excluded, to secure currency for the imitation of pictures which Time had more than half obliterated. And being by nature of a controversial temper, ardently alive to the honour as well as the theory of his art, and not much experienced in the ways of life, he proclaimed his opinions without reserve. So far he was only to be censured on the ground of prudence. His deportment and language, honourable to his taste and integrity, were eminently indiscreet. A little knowledge of the world would have shown him that the corruptions of human nature are not to be corrected by exposure or railing; that parties intrench their wrongful motives in contempt and recrimination—a contest of which the victory is ever to the strongest. Barry's notions were treated as novel heresies, and those who would have failed to answer him, securely launched the unanswerable sneer from the ambush of old prejudices. Exposed to this method of opposition, it will be easily apprehended how the morbid excitement to which he was liable would be ere long called into action. Often foiled by a sophism, often repelled

by the smile of affected superiority, or silenced by the frigid countenance of assumed indifference, he retired brooding over the repulse; and, in his solitary moments, reacted the contest and accumulated new bitterness and a sense of wrong. When such a captious mood became habitual, he soon became jealous of words and looks; and not unnaturally began to imagine that his opponents, deeply interested as they must be, were enemies. Not obtaining the facile acquiescence of flattery from those to whom his sincerity was sometimes offensive, he conceived himself to have become the marked object of hatred, and thus presently became retiring, gloomy, and resentful. Such a change, and the manners which it is apt to produce, were of course likely to cause appearances which would seem to confirm this delusion. Having become morose and repulsive, he was avoided; and the general reserve of others appeared to verify the suspicion that he was the object of a conspiracy. This was the result to which both his own temper, and the conduct he had pursued, inevitably tended; and while under its influence, he bore himself with increasing rudeness to his imagined enemies, and resented that diminution of courtesy on their part which was its excusable consequence. This, we may observe, is the most important fact of Barry's life, which we are desirous to impress fully, as offering the best illustration of much that seems to have been misrepresented in the subsequent intervals of his life. Much, we are thoroughly satisfied, has been unjustly construed to the prejudice of others, which was the result of Barry's own infirmities, themselves the effect of a partial derangement, which at this period began first to be developed. Before we here part with the subject, we may confirm our statement by the prediction of Mr Burke, contained in one of his letters to Barry, and afterwards accurately fulfilled:—"Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the same emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here that you have experienced in Italy. And if it have the same effects on your temper, it will have the same effects on your interest; and, be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same in London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts," &c. We pass much of unequalled good sense, shown in the most sound counsel, to extract the part of the same admirable letter which is to our purpose:—"You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak your disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees, you will produce some of your own works; they will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren; they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels. You will be obliged for your maintenance to do anything for anybody; your very talents will depart, for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined." Were such our object, these very striking sentences

might be brought forward as an instance of the extent to which sagacious observation and sound reasoning may go in anticipating a class of consequences, which are supposed not untruly to be the most difficult to human reason. They were indeed fulfilled with the minutest precision. But our present object is the confirmation they offer to the views by which we must explain the subsequent history of Barry; and as this precision goes far to establish the correctness of assumptions and inferences which can be so verified, we shall further on arrive at the application.

We must now proceed to the studies of Barry, they were no less characteristic.

As might be anticipated, Barry was far more studious of the theory than the practice of his art. His active understanding and rapid conception were more ready than the slow and toilsome labour of the hand. To men constituted with high intellectual power, it is perhaps in all cases easier to think than work; to entertain questions than to follow out the cautious and minute steps of other hands or minds. The aspiring ambition of Barry, and his impatience of the pretension of inferior minds, gave him a repugnance to the tedious mechanism, which, though it be the first essential step to perfection, must level for a while the gifted and the vulgar. He had already acquired a considerable facility of hand, and he probably fell into a very natural, and we believe not uncommon error—that of confounding the conception of the fancy with the execution of the pencil. While he stood abstracted and absorbed among the great master-pieces of Italian genius, and dreamed ideal grace of form, or analyzed composition and colouring, he forbore to disturb his own anticipations of rival excellence by subsiding into the anxious walk of manual effort.

Such were not precisely the best studies for the formation of a finished artist; but, at the same time, they were admirably adapted for the accomplishment of the great artistic critic and teacher. If they did not conduce to his fortune, or eventually to his happiness, art is indebted to them for much that is admirable in its theory. We are at present concerned with the former.

His irritable impatience, and his strong propensity to frame opinions and rush upon conclusions, were probably combined with his impatience of slow drudgery—which he conceived could lead to no profitable result—to influence the course of study which he followed. Instead of toiling to acquire a practical acquaintance with the resources of colouring and the refinements of expression, he set out with the study of effects and proportions by mere observation. In point of fact he looked rather in the spirit of the poet and philosophical critic, than the artist. Considering his hand sufficiently trained, and ignorant of the unlimited nature of that progress which is the result of habit, he was led into the error of imagining that whatever he could seize with his understanding, he could, when he might please, execute with his pencil. With this conviction he abandoned himself to the delights of contemplation and criticism. The great works of the Vatican and the Capuella Sestina were to him as books; and, if he was led to make any occasional effort of a kind more strictly professional, it was merely to obtain delineations by means of a machine, which,

without any exertion of skill, gave outlines and proportions. With his actual skill, it must be admitted that this method might be sufficient, so far as these elements of skill were concerned. But it must necessarily have left much unlearned, that nothing but the utmost labour and practice could impart. Having also adopted a prepossession for that enlarged style of art which had, owing to some obvious causes, become unsuited to the wants of the age, he neglected the style in which all the prospects of art then lay involved.* It may, at the same time, be easily seen how favourable was the course thus pursued, not only for the critic, but also for the exercise of the inventive powers. He thus acquired an extensive command of outline, grouping, and composition, and a facility in the conception of effects, such as no power of mere manual skill could ever reach. Sketching was also frequently resorted to—a useful practice, yet, for reasons which we cannot here state with intelligible fulness, to be used with the utmost caution.

On the course of his studies we meet much admirable and instructive commentary in the letters which he received from Mr Burke. The strong and urgent remonstrances of this good and wise friend had also the effect of dispelling, for a season, the black humours which had begun prematurely to settle upon his temper and embitter his life. For a while he forcibly repressed the ebullitions of spleen and dogmatism, and entered into a more frank and kindly intercourse with his brethren of the *studio*. The effect was a corresponding change in their manners towards him, and he admitted his error and acknowledged that he found courtesy, candour, and even kindness from those whom savage manners and the unrepressed license of opposition had alienated.

Among the most valuable remains of Barry, are the notices of art which at this time form the main substance of his letters. These we are compelled reluctantly to omit. In many of them the criticism of art seems to us to be carried to a very high point of excellence.

In April, 1770, he left Rome. His progress homeward was retarded for a considerable time in Boulogne by an accident which delayed his remittances, and was productive of much distress and mortification. When this untoward affair was set right, he was further delayed by obtaining his election as an honorary member of the Clementine academy—as the usual custom, on such occasions, required the presentation of a painting, he of course remained to discharge this obligation. He chose the subject of Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos, following the Greek epigram on an ancient picture upon the same subject, with the help of the drama of Sophocles.

The morning of British art was already far advanced, when Barry arrived a second time in London, to accomplish, as he might, the favourable expectations of his friends. He had been ushered into notice with a perilous splendour, under the star of Burke. He was

* Much of the explanation here offered is more largely, and therefore more clearly stated, in a memoir of Barry, in the Dublin University Magazine, Nos. 117 and 118, in 1842, from which this memoir has been drawn up and several passages taken. No marks of acknowledgment have been thought necessary, as both memoirs have been written by the same author.

aware that the hour of preparation was past, and that he must at length redeem the promise of admitted genius and costly outlay, by some proportional result.

He painted two pictures: one was Venus rising from the waves; the other Jupiter and Juno. According to the accounts of these, the first obtained general praise, and was considered equal to the pretensions of the artist. The second was more coldly received. Of the opinions which we have met in the writers on Barry, we are inclined to think the praise too indiscriminate and full of zeal to have much weight, while, on the other hand, the censure is impaired by too evident a tinge of malignity. Forming an estimate from both, we are inclined to judge favourably of these compositions as to conception, composition, correct design, and poetical effect, and unfavourably as to the colouring. The painting of Venus rising from the sea was probably the more successful, inasmuch as it did not very much put to the test his skill as a colourist, and we may add that such an estimate is conformable with the style of study which we have described.

The success of one so largely and variously endowed as Barry cannot be supposed to have for a moment rested upon the fortune of any single effort or season; nor can it reasonably be doubted that his talent, enthusiasm, and industry, if rightly directed, were sufficient to place him high among the great masters of every age and nation; even though it may be allowed that it is a nice and delicate question to settle what, under actual circumstances, he did attain. He had in his favour the prepossession of the highest minds of the time. It was also in some degree favourable to his success, that Reynolds advocated the theory of which Barry was the devotee; if, indeed, it may not be more just to say, that it was an unfortunate circumstance which gave so high a sanction to the error of which he was eventually the martyr. His powers of conversation, and, above all, in the expositions of artistic theory, must have added much to his reputation; and the more, as these gifts were set in the fairest light by the circle of his friends and patrons. It was also fortunate for Barry that the state of art was yet in the commencement of a period—there was the charm of novelty and of a fresh and vigorous impulse, while there was not the exacting fastidiousness of a long-disciplined taste.

But, on the other hand, there were many, and these not slight obstacles, some from circumstances, and some in himself. Though Reynolds concurred with him in the advocacy of a style, his practice was precisely opposed to his doctrines. This opposition has been considered insincere; but this is a point which we would hesitate to maintain. The sagacity of Reynolds at once put him in full possession of the truth, that the grand style which he praised, was not that which could lead to wealth. It was no part of his ambition to paint for Fame, who but too often presides with empty purse over the loftier aspirations of genius. He knew that there was no place or scope for pictures twenty feet by twelve; and that there did not yet exist the taste which might afford to reimburse the expenses of their production; it was no part of his ambition to sustain his dogmas by presentations to public societies of the best results of his life and industry. In addition to the adoption of an unprofitable line of art, Barry had,

in common with the artists of his day, to contend with a false taste, which had long been contracted in the actual commerce of art. Of this we shall say a little, farther on. But, as will be seen in the whole course of this memoir, the great obstacles to his success arose out of the unhappy tendencies of his own mind.

Before we further proceed to trace the events of his history, it will be necessary to give some account of the institutions with which they are essentially combined.

The Society of Arts, Commerce, and Manufactures, was the natural result from the rapid prosperity of English trade. It was founded in 1750, and had the merit of first establishing a school of drawing in the kingdom. Its patronage was gradually extended, and it began to offer premiums for sculpture and paintings. Such facts are mostly themselves the result of some tendency in the time; and, consequently, may be regarded as the indications, as well as causes, of something to follow. The impulse thus given may be supposed to have had its effect; but the artists soon began to feel its insufficiency. They began to hold meetings for the establishment of an academy. Several years elapsed while they exerted themselves with most commendable zeal and perseverance to promote instruction in the several departments of art. Besides the resources of private instruction, they made a gratuitous offer to decorate the walls of the Foundling Hospital. By such efforts, the public attention, already prepared for the impulse, was fully excited. The artists perceived their time: they petitioned the Society of Arts for the use of its chambers, for the purpose of an exhibition. The society acceded, and with a liberality which attests their disinterested zeal, the artists admitted the public to a gratuitous exhibition in 1760. Some dispute arose between the society and the artists, of whom the principal in the next year opened their exhibition in Spring Gardens. The second exhibition was, like the first, gratuitous. But as this could not long be sustained, the moderate price of one shilling was in the following year adopted. Besides the artists, the leading literary men of the day took an efficient part, by the strong advocacy of the press. A charter was the next step; the king was petitioned, and they were incorporated in 1765. There were, however, in this first incorporation, defects which were fatal to a prolonged existence; and the result was a secession, a new charter, and finally, the institution of the Royal Academy, which held its first meeting in December, 1768, when Reynolds, whom they elected as their president, delivered his inaugural address.

With this great institution, an era in the history of art, is connected the most important portion of poor Barry's history. It is at once apparent how, with his vast abilities and his able and powerful friends, it ought to have been the means of advancing both his fortune and fame.

But it was replete with low and inflammable elements, which are inseparable from every public body of a popular structure; and from which, perhaps, the most rigid principles of election are not too much to guard the most refined corporate institutions to the full extent that might be desirable; and when contention, intrigue, or malversation, of whatever nature, could find a place, the keen discrimination,

the prompt suspicion, and the fierce spleen of Barry, were sure to entangle him in the fierce animosities which they must generate. Such is actually the main principle with which we must be forced to deal. On this subject fierce controversy has been raised by critics and biographers, which it must be our duty to enter fully.

At the time of Barry's return, the Academy had been three years in existence;—and his first two pictures appeared with much effect on its walls. Of the Venus we have spoken: the other was also admirable in conception. In this he followed the poetry of Homer, and the tradition of a picture on the same subject by Phidias,—the greatest poet and the greatest sculptor of antiquity. The subject acquired an additional interest from the tradition that the sculptor's work had been an attempt to embody the idea of the bard.

Ἠ και κύνεισιν ἐπ' οὐροῖσι νύσσι Κρονίων
 Ἀμβροσία δ' ἄρα χαίται ἐπιρροσσαντῶ ἀνακτος
 Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο

The conception was at least worthy of a great and adventurous genius, but was assuredly such as to task to the uttermost powers of the highest order. His next attempt, in the succeeding year, was less fortunate.

A few years passed, of which it will not be necessary to relate the incidents, further than they may in some instances have been obtruded on public attention by the acrimony of party. Among these, the most important is the charge of ingratitude towards Mr Burke. This charge has been urged with exceeding severity; but its real importance is derived from its being made use of as an instance to give force to other similar charges, and to put a foul and malignant construction upon his entire history. The facts are as follow:—Doctor Brocklesby wished to obtain a portrait of Mr Burke, and desired to have it from the hand of Barry. Mr Burke's pressing avocations caused an irregularity in his attendance. Barry, whose mind had become extremely sore on the point of his own respectability, and who was specially hurt at supposed slights from Mr Burke, evidently set the irregularity down to contempt. He was, under this false impression, not unnaturally impelled to assert his wounded self-importance, as well as the honour of his profession, by disappointing Mr Burke whenever he found time to call, and putting him off under different pretences. This continued for nearly two years, after which Mr Burke began to feel his feelings of friendship wounded by treatment which must have seemed unkind, and also became sensible that his repeated and abortive calls for such a purpose might be interpreted into motives of vanity. Under such impressions, he wrote a letter to Barry, of an explanatory and apologetic nature. But Barry could only look on the matter through the medium of his own impression, and considered this letter as a severe and cutting irony. He replied by complaining of it as an attack upon his peace of mind, and by vindicating the rights of his profession. Mr Burke explained; the quarrel was ended; the portrait finished; and the friendship continued unbroken. This statement may be allowed to be unfavourable to Barry, inasmuch as it displays the workings of false pride and of a diseased irritability. But from these imputations we do not mean, and it would be vain, to

defend him. The far deeper charge of an entire disregard to the claims of gratitude and friendship—a charge which amounts to utter baseness—has been urged; now, the first-mentioned charges (if they deserve the name) contain the full and sufficient answer to the second, and are therefore rather in Barry's favour than against him. Though it would be impossible to vindicate a thorough insensibility to the claims of friendship and gratitude, it is too well understood to need explanation, that these sentiments, when really entertained, are such as to make any slight be more keenly felt; and that where there is, as in the instance of Barry, a deep taint of morbid sensitiveness, such slights are very usually imagined. It matters nothing to the question that such impressions are mere illusion—they are the illusion of disease—the object of pity, not of blame. Now, while it appears abundantly that such was Barry's disease, there is special ground for assuming its operation in the case before us. With the deepest veneration and strongest affection for Mr Burke, and the most anxious jealousy concerning his regard, Barry had already suffered his mind to become warped into the very course of rivalry and party animosity already explained and predicted by Mr Burke himself. He had begun to feel and to resent the real and the fancied errors and abuses of art, and the false directions of public taste. With these unfortunate dispositions, he saw with pain, that the entire leaning of Mr Burke's mind was with those whom he set down as his enemies, because they were not his adherents; all that was to be anticipated from the tendencies of his mind was already taking place, and to be felt in his manner and conversation long before it decided his conduct. He was, at the same time, more advanced in his claims to consideration, and less within the constraint of advice and influence. He very naturally rated his own genius, skill, and theory of art, on the highest level; and deeply resented the preference which he considered as grounded in the rejection of those claims and those opinions. For these he was zealous even to martyrdom, and we therefore think that his resentment is to be held quite exempt from every imputation but those of an excusable jealousy and an unhappy disease. To those who may think that too much stress is here laid on the incident, we must observe that it has a special claim to our consideration; as it has, even by Barry's admirers, been unthinkingly given up as a case of discreditable ingratitude. If Barry's offence deserves so revolting an appellation, we think it, at least, something to prove that it did not originate in the ordinary source, or involve the base heartlessness which makes ingratitude a hateful vice. The mind that, like Barry's, becomes isolated by so many causes—disease, error, pride, the enthusiasm of theory—must be viewed as an exception from the common rules of social opinion. Those who can conceive the true position of one who exists in the elevation of his own conceptions, and who must measure himself and others by a peculiar scale, will feel at once the force with which he was likely to resent the decided preference of Mr Burke for Reynolds.

Barry's life was a dream of the full restoration of the splendours of ancient art: his spirit communed from afar with Raphael and Michael Angelo—and in the actual impulse of his day, he saw a dawn

of glory in the approaching restoration of the great style. In principle (at least) he was not alone; but he differed from his brethren in disinterestedness. He admitted no prudential reserves, or saw no impossibilities. For a moment, too, there appeared a promise of success sufficient to impose on the credulity of hope. There still lingered, among the *cognoscenti*, some remains of the old impression, that one of the main objects of art was the illustration of Scripture and the decoration of churches. In their zeal, the artists proposed to embellish St Paul's Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter consented before they had taken time to deliberate: and the leading artists of the day, with a most laudable alacrity, prepared to enter on the undertaking. Barry had been himself the mover of the project—he was now chosen by the Academy with Reynolds, West, and four other artists of the first eminence, to carry it into execution. Barry's picture was to have been Christ rejected; but it must be looked on as a matter of course, that such a scheme could not exist many days without interruption, as one wholly alien from the spirit of the Church of England. The Bishops of London and Canterbury interfered, and thus defeated a design which may have been favourable to art, but which was certainly not so to Christianity. Barry, whose zeal for art had gained the exclusive possession of his understanding, fiercely resented the supposed wrong.

But the question was thus introduced, and the project became a subject of curious and eager discussion. The Society of Arts seems to have seized on the occasion to find a vent for the liberality of the Academy. But the artists, too, had their second thoughts, their prudence had time to interfere, and when the society offered them permission to decorate its ample walls, at their own cost, they declined an offer of such equivocal liberality. Barry was again incensed,—his indignation drove him to his pen, and he wrote an essay inquiring into "The Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England." Of this able essay it is fit to give a more full account, as the topic is one of much interest, and its discussion of the proposed subject creditable to the ability of its gifted author.

The argument of this able work had been, it is probable, long ripening in his mind; and was first suggested at Rome by the taunts of foreigners, who had adopted the theories of Montesquieu, Winkelman, and Du Bos, all of whom had affirmed the inaptitude for art of the British genius. The manner and the matter of Barry's reply are alike valuable. To refute this absurd and presumptuous assertion, he went largely into the history of ancient art, by which he was enabled to expose the argument on which these writers mainly depended. From the various characteristics of the several schools of art, they plausibly inferred the existence in each of some modifying cause peculiar to the climate or the people, which determined, in each, the prevailing characteristic. It is easy to see how such a principle could be applied against a nation where the progress of art had been inert and dull,—and it is not hard to perceive that such a theory offered no slight difficulties to an opponent: for the real originating causes of style (whatever they may be), are so far complex, incidental, and transient in their nature, as to have no distinct indications by which they can be traced with facility. Thus when they had alleged

the fine colouring and faulty design of the Venetian; the faulty colouring and rigid delineation of the Florentine; the grace and elevation of the Romans; the clumsiness of the Flemish; the poverty and vulgarity of the Dutch; it was by no means easy to escape the conclusion of the theorists. The differences are not only distinct and well marked, but, in fact, have in some of the cases a considerable adaptation of the very kind contended for. But Barry's acuteness and industry were not baffled by such a difficulty; by a close inquiry, he ascertained so much of the original causes of these differences, as to make it quite plain that they were in their nature mainly incidental—as he succeeded in distinctly tracing them, in numerous cases, to the imitation of individuals who had been the masters or disciples of other schools and the natives of other countries. For example, he traces the Venetian Giorgione to the following of Leonardo the Florentine. It is indeed, when once suggested, evident enough how the peculiarities of one gifted individual will become transfused as the characteristics of a school: so that any theory exclusive of this plain fact, must fall to the ground. We cannot avoid, however, adding that the refutation of the argument does not necessarily decide upon the question. We must also confess, that had not the actual progress of art decided the fact, we should feel much difficulty to remain. We cannot but feel that comparing the Dutch, the Italian, and the French schools of art, there are in them differences plainly and undeniably characteristic of the nation, and strictly conformable to its moral and intellectual tendencies as otherwise shewn. But the fault of Winkleman and his colleagues is, that they have first proved their position from fallacious instances, and then made too much of it even if it were granted. It is not very difficult, were we engaged in a full inquiry, to distinguish between the peculiarities derived from the individual and those derived from the race or climate. It is easy to see that certain modifications of temper and mind are prevalent in certain families, races, and countries; that also they have severally their local habitudes of mind arising from the scenery, history, and religion of a place. But when all may be exhausted that learning or ingenuity can suggest, there are strong facts which should entirely have arrested the sweeping restrictions of the theory. We might grant that a nation may exist of which the constitution is unfavourable to art: we can admit the fancy of Beotian dulness. But there was no time when the *principle* could have fairly applied to England. England might be without a school of art. But the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, Milton, and their fellows—an unparalleled display of all the higher faculties of the mind, could not, without an absurdity not easily exceeded, be supposed by any defect of any kind, unless the actual want of hands and eyes, unfavourable to art. The direct contrary could indeed have been more easily inferred. The same causes which have multiplied poets and schools of poetry so marked and diversified, must have similarly operated with regard to painting: and such has been the actual effect. The same free institutions which have allowed the human tendencies and faculties to expand unconstrained in every direction, were actually the means of breaking down the prejudice and mannerism which had so long arrested the progress of art. England may have wanted Italian skies

and Alpine heights, or the antique splendours and graces of temple and palestra: but the towering, pervading, and apprehensive imagination; the ready and grasping intelligence; the untrammelled appropriation and application that spurns aside prejudices and advances with a free and decided footstep to real results, belong to England only. The reasonings which had then imposed on the age, were not indeed very difficult to deal with—but to the crowd, any notion which seems to explain an existing state of things, always bears conviction. The sagacity of Barry penetrated the dull theory which time has since scattered into oblivion.

Among the important topics which Barry was led to discuss, there was none more important than the corruption of taste, which had been the result of the long continued frauds of the picture dealers and the large importations of the rubbish of foreign imitation. As time had impaired the colouring, while it increased the price of these precious and venerable remains, a taste was formed which had their defects for its groundwork; and vicious or defective habits of the eye were necessarily to be satisfied by the painter. The artist followed the imitations of taste, and in successive generations departed more and more from nature. Thus art had been for some time under a course of gradual decline from its proper type, and had acquired a character essentially at variance with its primary intent; a well browned and blackened piece of wood, framed in tarnished gold, could, by the force of association, possess a charm beyond the most costly furniture. The new and brilliant style, then in its birth, though vitiated by this crazed corruption of taste, was, nevertheless, little in accordance with it; it was a new heresy springing in the hotbed of an old superstition, and was the more likely to be ill received, because it tended to depreciate many a costly collection. A false system of art helped to maintain the price of many a spurious gem, as well as of many a decayed masterpiece, which age had reduced to the shadow of a shade. Considering this, there was much boldness in the denunciation which invaded the repose of collections of ancient art, and stripped them of many of their boasted ornaments. Barry's essay was received with interest in the literary circle; and would have been of less qualified advantage to his professional prospects but for the fanaticism which animated him against all whom he looked upon as opponents, and led him to intersperse the latter part of his book with sarcastic hits, which, as he explained in his letter to Mr Burke, "alluded to certain matters agitated among artists, and were satires upon some of them." On this Mr Burke commented with the frankness and dignity inseparable from his character. "With regard to the justice or injustice of these strictures (of which there are several in the latter part of the book) Mr Burke can form no opinion. As he has little or no knowledge of the art, he can be no judge of the emulations and disputes among its professors; these parts may, therefore, for aught he knows, be very grateful and possibly useful to the several parties which subsist (if any subsist) among themselves, but he apprehends they will not be equally pleasing to the world at large, which rather desires to be pleased with their works, than troubled with their intentions. Whatever merit there may be in these reflections, the style of that

part which most abounds with them is by no means so lively, elegant, clear, or liberal as the rest." We should balance this stricture with the compliment contained in the same letter—it is, we have no doubt, equally merited and as sincere. He thanks Barry for the early communication of his "most ingenious performance on painting, from several parts of which he has received no small pleasure and instruction. There are throughout the whole many fine thoughts and observations very well conceived, and very powerfully and elegantly expressed."

It may be admitted that there is in the tone of this letter something more of cold formality than may appear consistent with the terms of a long-standing friendship, and this, we have no doubt, has had a share in suggesting the assumption that the recent quarrel had not been made up—other incidents, however, which we cannot now afford to mention, offer much stronger grounds for the opposite inference. But it is much to the purpose of illustration which we have in view to observe, that there were, on Mr Burke's part, some very apparent reasons for a change of tone, and for the preservation of a certain degree of reserve, without supposing any diminution of kindness. Mr Cunningham has, we think, settled this point well, and we have only to transcribe his remarks; premising that Barry had become the fierce and bitter opponent of Reynolds and others with whom Mr Burke was on terms of the strictest intimacy. Mr Cunningham observes, "To continue on intimate terms with one so fierce of nature, it was necessary to become his partizan; he expected those who loved him should share his grief, and resent whatever he thought worthy of resentment." Such contests as those implied by Mr Cunningham, had not only imbittered the temper of Barry, but created much animosity against him. He was now fairly fulfilling the predictions of Mr Burke, and had thoroughly, and with a sad increase, fallen back into the very disease from which the remonstrances of that kind and discerning friend had roused him in his Italian sojourn. The malady of his temper and constitution had arisen to its height, and he was no longer accessible to the influence or exhortations of others. Self-reliance, and a strict and combative pertinacity, the faults of his nature, were confirmed by habit. He had outlived all submission and deference to precedent or authority. Having embraced a system, he considered the superior power of reasoning, and the just views of art with which he could enforce it, as establishing the theory itself so unquestionably, that those who disagreed must be his enemies. Like all men of the same cast of intellect, he had no respect for time, place, or circumstances; and could admit no motive but the pure and simple devotion of a creed. Without presuming to decide upon the actual merits of that creed, we may assert that Barry was a fanatic to its power. He grew reserved, solitary, and morose, and was entirely wrapt in his dreams of triumphs and enmities. That the latter were sadly realized, cannot be doubted. Such men must have enemies. A man cannot long choose to live on terms of enmity with the world without creating the enmity he imagines. And he who keeps apart and ceases to cultivate the intimacies and friendships, or to regard the moral feeling of society, will, sooner than he thinks, be thrown aside from the current of existence, and be forgotten and neglected by his acquaintances and friends. Enmity has more lasting recollections, for pride and self-

regard are in the common crowd more vital than pure benevolence. The retreat of Barry, while it sequestered him from the charities of life, was not the abode of serenity or content. While he fed a vindictive spirit with visions of fancied persecution, he was no less alert in contriving real mortifications and injuries for supposed adversaries, and in making formidable enemies for himself. Of this we shall have to offer melancholy illustrations.

But above all, the magnificent scheme of vindicating his professional creed by some vast work of unprecedented and surpassing splendour and sublimity, filled and fired the painter's breast, and burned more intensely in the desolation he had made for himself: and at last, after sustaining repeated disappointments, he adopted a course which amply illustrates the intense devotedness of his zeal, and the stern concentration of his purposes.

In the year 1777, he offered to decorate the rooms of the "Society for the Improvement of Arts, &c.," gratuitously with paintings. The offer was accepted. When this offer was made he possessed no income, and his entire means are said to have consisted of the sum of sixteen shillings. On this task, the next following seven years of his life were employed, with an industry impatient only of rest. As his labour supplied no means of subsistence, he was compelled to supply his wants by the severest extra labour; the greater part of the night was spent in drawing for the printshops. But Barry was characteristically insensible to privations; he was by nature ascetic, and while his spirit nourished itself with lofty imaginings, he was, perhaps, quite content with the bread and apples, which are said to have been his principal fare during most of this interval. It was the happiest portion of his life—he had at last obtained that fair field, which is the craving desire of genius, and was too enthusiastic to doubt of success.

We may pass this quiet interval, and come at once to the result. His undertaking was accomplished in 1783. The pictures were in number six, each eleven feet ten inches in height: two were forty-two feet in breadth, and the other four fifteen feet two inches. It was their object to illustrate the development of the industrial resources of society in a series of allegorical representations. He begins with the story of Orpheus; in his second picture he represents a harvest scene, with a festival of Ceres and Bacchus; navigation occupies its order in the third, which depicts the "Triumph of the Thames;" a compliment to the society was paid in the representation of their distribution of prizes in the fourth. In the fifth, with a singular want of moral keeping, he brings the spectator back to the Elysian fields. The society repaid his art by a vote of 250 guineas, which may then have been thought not illiberal, but which would now be no adequate compensation for a picture of four feet by three, if worth anything. Their gold medal was, however, added, and an honorary seat.

It would be affectation to pretend to a rigid estimate of these paintings, which we have not seen. As, however, the estimate involves the character of Barry as an artist, we shall sum the opinions of his chief critics, and state the balance to the best of our judgment. They who have praised them the most warmly, rest their praise mainly

on the qualities of design and composition, the power of conception, the wide grasp of knowledge, and the profuse variety of groupings and attitudes: the force of the style has also been praised, as well as the occasional felicity of expression. The "Victors at Olympia" has been allowed merits of the highest order; and some of the figures in the "Final Retribution" have been spoken of in terms adequate to any praise that art will ever deserve. In all this there is little inconsistent with our opinion of the native powers of Barry—in fact, these praises imply more of natural genius than of attainment. But it cannot be denied that such praises are, after all, but splendid generalities, which lose much of their value when we consider them as opposed to censures which question or deny the merits of artistic skill. On the score of colouring, his admirers are silent, or admit his remarkable deficiencies. They who, on the other side, are unfavourable in their accounts of Barry—and it must be allowed they are critics (some of them artists), of no mean authority—affirm that, with some exceptions, his pictures are as badly drawn as they are allowed to be unskillfully coloured. If something is to be deducted for the animosity of tone—which indicates the critic to have been biassed by personal recollections—similar allowance is to be made for the enthusiasm and party-feeling which amplifies his praises. It is to be added, that the censures are not directly combated, and are apparently maintained with far more skill and knowledge. We are, on the whole, inclined to judge that, if the merits of Barry are fairly weighed together, they will appear to justify alike the praise and censure, though not the tone of spleen on one side, or exaggeration on the other. The impressions they have made seem to have depended on the character of the observer. Men like Burke and Johnson are easily warmed into admiration by an art not their own, as they are more ready to seize on the happy conception than to apprehend the presence of a mere artistic imperfection; and it ought also to be allowed, that their praises must at least be some test of the species of merit of which they were the best judges. But the same allowance has its weight in either scale: the keen dispraise of Mr Knight cannot be rated at less than an indication of those defects, of which he was so eminently a judge. The alert and active understanding will seize on very slight hints, and find mighty meanings where the author or artist has but poor and trifling intents; and a vivacious but shallow astuteness will pass over the broad and deep, to seize minute absurdities. All this is the common incident of criticism. But with respect to Barry, it must not be forgotten that the drawing and colouring are the main elements of his art: if he has really presented the noblest thoughts in the worst executed painting, he may be praised as a poet or a philosopher, but he cannot be exemplified as the model of an artist. All this, while we apprehend it must go to condemn those pictures which are so strangely praised and censured, cannot touch the true genius of Barry. Imperfectly trained in the mechanism of his profession, and therefore defective in its manual departments, he had all the powers and all the genius essential to its highest walk. He had that which no teaching can impart—the most elevated and just conceptions of the

real power and capabilities of his art. But the most profound mastery of theory is yet far from artistic skill in practice; and he is more to be considered as a philosopher than an artist.

The success of these pictures was, nevertheless, very considerable: there was a novelty and a boldness in the attempt; the British public, less conversant with paintings than it has since, perhaps, become, was not nice in the perception of critical demerits, and was captivated by the rich variety, the symbolical meaning, the numerous likenesses of living persons, and the impression of power and skill stamped roughly on the whole. The known reputation of Barry did its part, and far inferior drawings would have been admired by a public prepared to admire. A letter was written by some anonymous hand, containing much able criticism; it has been very generally assigned to Mr Burke. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is of the opposite opinion, on grounds in which we partly agree. The opinions expressed in that letter, do not seem to be those of Mr Burke. The Scottish critic objects also on the ground of style. This, as we agree with his conclusion, is not worth disputing; but we think that the style of the letter, though unlike that of Mr Burke's political writings, is very much the same as that of his ascertained private letters.

We must next pass on to his connexion and disputes with the Royal Academy. The relation must lead us to the most dark and melancholy evidences of the truth of the view which we have taken in this memoir. In 1782, he had been elected Professor of Painting to the Academy. He was at the time deeply engrossed by his paintings, and could not easily command time for the lectures, which it was his duty to deliver before the students. He was in consequence reprimanded by the president, whom he answered with a degree of asperity which plainly shows the progress that had at this time been made by the fatal disorder which was the real source of all the sufferings and misfortunes which clouded his latter years. It becomes, indeed, painfully apparent, that the hypochondriac temperament, which had shown itself so detrimentally in his early life, had now assumed the entire control of his mind, and gave its character to his whole conduct. The lectures which he subsequently delivered, afforded the first occasion for its effective display; they became the vehicle of his angry feelings, and thus gave offence to most of his brethren.

But in addition to this moral source of enmity, his zeal for the theory of art which he maintained, was that of a gloomy fanatic, jealous "even to slaying." His enthusiasm had no allowance for those considerations which regulate the intercourse of the world; and he was not more earnest than vindictive in his inculcation of the superior claims of the "great style" of art. He thus omitted nothing either in his lectures or conversation, that could have the effect of causing him to be looked on with not unjustifiable enmity. Against the trade part of the profession, he railed and sneered without constraint, and did not spare even Reynolds. He was treated by his brother artists with great forbearance; but it is impossible to avoid the admission, that a feeling must have been generated, which must sooner or later operate to his prejudice.

The occasion was not slow to offer. He had proposed in the Aca-

demy, that their funds should be appropriated to the purchase of Italian paintings, for models to illustrate his lectures. The measure was highly inexpedient—as his own statement shows—and the Academy refused compliance. The resentment of Barry vented itself with unscrupulous violence and publicity, in charges of a kind which, if not hurtful, were certainly offensive and derogatory. This could not be endured, or even in prudence suffered to pass. It cannot be allowed that any member of a corporate body should be permitted to infringe those laws by which every such body exists. In March, 1799, charges were brought against the professor of painting, and he was deprived of his professorship, and expelled. Of this decision, opposite views have been maintained. We partly disagree with each. We think he was justly expelled; but we do not think his trial was fairly conducted. We have not space to discuss the point, but have fully stated our view elsewhere.*

On the remainder of his life it is needless to dwell. It offers no question; and though full of gloomy interest, this could only be brought out to advantage by means of details for which we have no space.

The profits of his two exhibitions amounted to £500, which, with the vote of the society, gave altogether £750; and this was probably the entire sum realized by his professional labours. Soon after his expulsion from the Academy, a subscription was raised for his support, by the influence and personal exertion of the earl of Buchan. Of this, the result was £1000, with which an annuity for his life was purchased. He did not enjoy it long. In February, 1806, he was seized with a pleuritic attack in the street. It was so severe as to suspend all power of motion and speech. He was conveyed to his own house; but owing to some disrepair of the lock of his door, his friends were unable to gain admittance; and after much severe exposure, which may have increased the effect of his disease, he was taken to the house of a kind friend. After due attention was paid to his immediate wants, a bed was procured for him in a neighbouring house. Here he neglected to look for medical aid; but with the peculiar wilfulness of his temper, locked himself up for two days, during which he suffered severe pain, and underwent mortal changes, which timely bleeding might have averted. He became himself alarmed, and communicated with a friend. Remedies were actively resorted to; but it was too late. He lingered for about a fortnight, when he expired, 22d February, 1806. His remains, after lying in state in the society's rooms at the Adelphi, were interred in St. Paul's cathedral.

His real merits are to be estimated by his writings. He possessed the highest powers of the poet and the philosopher; and was perhaps second to none in the natural gifts of the painter. But while he was in a measure deficient in the intellectual culture essential to the former, he was as loosely disciplined in the mechanical training on which the second must depend. But his native promptness, clearness of apprehension and observation, his habit of reflection, his enthu-

* D. U. Magazine.

siasm for his art, his industry and perseverance, operated together, so far as concerned the mind, in the place of education, and made him a great master of the *theory* of his art. His paintings—which we are compelled to estimate from the description of friends and enemies—are perhaps the splendid indications of the insufficiency of the highest powers, without the severe discipline to which the artist is mostly compelled to submit in order to attain the command of the mechanism of that language which constitutes his mode of expression; but his letters and lectures still remain the monuments of power, taste, and judgment, of which there can be no doubt, and which still constitute a most valuable part of the artist's library.

The first part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 world from the beginning of
 the world to the present time.
 The second part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 world from the present time to
 the future. The third part of the
 history of the world is the history of
 the world from the future to the
 end of the world.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

TO SIXTH PERIOD,

EXTENDING

FROM THE DEATH OF GEORGE III. TO THE PRESENT TIME:

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

Distinguished Irishmen

WHO FLOURISHED DURING THAT PERIOD.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

TO THE TENDER

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

EPIDEMIOLOGICAL NOTICES

BY

JOHN SNOW, M.D.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

TO

SIXTH PERIOD.

WE have hitherto endeavoured to preface the main divisions of this history each with a rapid, but not inaccurate sketch, of the more general characteristics and tendencies which appeared to be discoverable in the history of the times to which they had relation. We do not consider this part of our labour to be now either as desirable, or as easy to perform.

During the lapse of many centuries, it was not a matter of extreme difficulty to trace, amid numerous changes, a still slow onward tendency, which though much extended and variously interrupted, was still potentially in existence, and perceptibly advancing the growth of civilization. It was by the close observation of this tendency, that we endeavoured to understand the progress of the world, and to find a light where the authorities which we had to trust to, afford none. Of this we shall have to speak largely at a future period. We have now but to observe, that we do not think the remainder of the task before us demands any such preliminary expositions. Most of what we should have to state under the head of introduction, has been anticipated in the immediately previous period. But, in reality, the few memoirs of any importance, which now remain, are not such as to lead to these considerations, further than may well be provided for when occasion may require.

We have hitherto been engaged in the treatment of historical events and changes: our notice of persons has been rather subsidiary to such a purpose, than directly the subject of our statements. But in what remains, the case is reversed. The history of our last period must be written hereafter; for much of it has passed within the time of the existing generation—all that remains to be noticed, is the Present in substance and spirit. The same questions continue to be agitated, though under altered circumstances, and with a vast accession of animosities, mistakes, and perplexities. The long progress of social change, through ages accumulating both matter and motion, has at last arrived at a degree of breadth and acceleration wholly beyond precedent; insomuch, that the social world seems to have approached the last term of a long progression, and to offer a moral and social problem, which increases in complication and difficulty in proportion as it is more attentively and more comprehensively studied. We are

happy to feel absolved for the present, from a discussion, which cannot, as we see it, be effectively prosecuted within any compass which we have at our disposal. If we agreed with the opinions of any one great section of the public, it would be easy to refer to much able and intelligent statement; but large differences of opinion are not to be briefly asserted without the appearance of rashness or eccentricity; and we disagree with all the main great parties with which we have any acquaintance in some very important respects. We do not believe, with one great body for whose principles we entertain the utmost respect, that the social world can either stand still, or return to past states; nor do we agree with its great antagonist section as to the real direction of its progress, or its actual destination. We are strongly persuaded of much, that should not be said, without full, clear, and circumstantial proof, derived from several elementary sources, some of which we must confess to be laden with uncertainty.

It is, however, by no means difficult to say, so far as concerns us, what is the existing apparent character of the social stage at which we have arrived. In this, we may expect the assent of most observers, in whatever spirit they observe. It is evidently a period which bears the characters of vast moral, intellectual, and social transition; and attended with circumstances, some advantageous, and some the contrary, such as might be anticipated in a great period of change. Of these, the most important are too fully developed, and too obvious to demand any distinct statement here. No one doubts the effects of the railroad, or the applications of steam to motion and machinery; no one can doubt the vast accession of strength and intelligence which has been gained by the popular element of civilization—the consequent development of the democratic principle into increased energy—and the change of institutions which have followed, and must follow. However they may be understood, or in whatever spirit witnessed, these are plain facts or inevitable deductions.

It must, indeed, be more for the preservation of the form which we have hitherto found it expedient to observe, than for any special object in our present stage, that we venture a few statements under the heads of division used in the previous course of our labours. They must be brief, and therefore general.

POLITICAL PARTIES.—The great political questions which agitated the public mind in the last period, continue to exercise an increased influence upon the present. The same parties subsist, actuated by the same influences, though with objects that have undergone many and great changes. Of these changes we cannot here speak. They have been accompanied by moral and social effects, of which some may be noticed as more prominent, and as more likely to affect the future courses of events. One of these results has been a gradual communication of intelligence and political information to the lower and middle classes in Ireland; and, in consequence, though largely obstructed, a growing disposition is to be observed among the people, to throw off the delusions and prejudices which hitherto have had a larger share than will readily be admitted in chaining this country to the dust. The peasantry of Ireland continued (we do not here enter into causes) for ages without opinions or knowledge—fast bound in an

iron bond of prejudice, and only seeing through the eyes of their leaders for good and evil. They are now in all the more cultivated districts universally awakening into the condition of voluntary and intelligent agents, and either for good or for evil, beginning to think for themselves. The twilight of opinion is growing over the villages, and wherever there is to be seen an advance in the common comforts of civilized life, there will, on close inquiry, be also found an approximation to just ways of thinking, and to that first great desideratum in Ireland—a rational sense of their own true interests. This more favourable condition is, indeed, sadly modified by influences of opposite kinds. There are those who would contract, and there are those who would loosen the social bond of order: there is prejudice and ignorant speculation, the nightmare of the past, and the fever dream of a visionary future. Against these and other influences far more dark, the only preservative—under providence—likely to be brought into timely operation, is the most strenuous and efficient regard to the improvement of the condition of the peasantry—a sound commercial action on a sufficient scale—the promotion of abundant and well-paid employment. To those who are destitute of the means of life, knowledge is useless, and more likely to be subservient to evil than to good. Some enlightened persons, who, (justly enough,) think that prejudices are to be dissipated by education, have not enough considered the effects it may have in the promotion of revolutionary notions. The highest instruction of any populace can amount but to a trifle. There is a current in the stream of events by which all existing instrumentalities are likely to be governed, and they who do not watch its directions are not fit to guide the least of them.

LITERATURE.—Our literature, though in a commercial sense beginning to take an independent character, is yet in spirit and substance as it should be—identical with that of the British empire. We do not feel bound to discuss it, but may just touch on a few points of present interest. The literature of the day, is, indeed, little likely to be the literature of the age: it is, strictly, in a state of transition, and this in a still more observable degree than the general form of the social state. For this many causes work together. First, the vast influx of new material, and the impulse and expansion which this has communicated to the thinking powers—many spacious fields of real knowledge have been attained, and clouds of speculation vast and illimitable—much as has been discovered, more has been fancied; and as the narrow bonds of prejudice and convention have been widened or weakened, a vague tendency to reject old forms, and look for new, is largely diffused in the mind of the world. So far, regards the department of opinion. The character of polite literature is no less affected. The same causes which have removed the barriers of opinion, have altered the standards of taste. A vast infusion of new material—new names, new objects, new notions, have had to be transfused into language—and the language of the Past has been found inadequate to give them place and form. Hence the ancient methods and normal forms of speech, and the rules of style, have been abandoned and broken through by the writers and forgotten by the critics, unless in the very few instances of a higher order of mind, in which correctness

of method is ever native, because it is the result of clear and comprehensive thought. So far, the state which we have endeavoured to describe briefly, is strictly that of transition, and will slowly settle within the strict limits of truth and good taste, as intellects of a superior order—always few and far between—occur to give precision and symmetry to a new language, to define and stabilitate the true, and dispel the false in fact and opinion. To this we have to add another operative process—the wide increase of intelligence among the lower orders of society has generated a literature wholly new and peculiar to the time. A vast quantity of the very lowest range of intellect finds occupation in producing food for an immature state of mind, and for a widely craving appetite for a crude literature. From this most necessary and most useful scope, an additional corruption arises—the field which bears the simple diet for the reading crowd brings forth the abundant growth of weeds and worthless flowers.

Lastly, there is a strong effect produced by a cause so nearly related to the last mentioned, as to be but imperfectly distinguishable from it. The effect of political excitement, has been to deaden the public mind in some respects to all that has no connexion with popular feeling. This is an affection, more especially to be observed in this country, where the passions of the multitude are roused upon more vital questions, and where the talents of those who give its tone to popular feeling, are themselves from habit more involved in the same passions. It is slightly counteracted by the very superior quality of intellect thus engaged in this country, over the paltry and vulgar tone of mind similarly engaged in London. We should hesitate to compare the springing genius of Ireland with the English democratic press, or with the meagre knowledge and narrow range of its annuals and popular publications, in which, with little exception, the highest qualification is to sell the least and lowest mind to the best advantage at any market. If we are overborne by the excitement of present passions and passing events, we are at least free from the morbid froth and vapour of transcendentalism; and the cold, dull, and heartless journeywork of those factories of cockney literature, which, in their little way, are helping to corrupt the noble literature of England. But still, such is the fact, our newborn literature is menaced by the whirls and shallows of the vortex in which we are kept moving. It is not that we want, in our higher and more cultivated circles, taste and knowledge to fully appreciate all that mind can do; but it is that our more alert and adventurous spirits are absorbed into a false medium, in which the little is magnified and the great diminished.

We have, however, notwithstanding these deductions, high and ample grounds of hopefulness in Ireland. We have already taken occasion to notice the yet silent growth of our literature, and traced the course by which a succession of increasing efforts gave rise at last to the *Dublin University Magazine*. This now eminent periodical, first taking its rise from the rich fountain of the University, has been protected and fostered by the courageous liberality and commercial skill of our friend Mr James M'Glashan, until it stands on the highest level to which such publications can attain. It has been the means of awakening public attention, and exciting a profitable emulation—so

that, from having no literature in Ireland, our metropolis is now fast rising in this respect to a level of production equal to its means; means which, if fully brought into action, are adequate to raise it to an equality with any city in the world. An increasing demand for intellectual nutriment is beginning to be provided for in many quarters: all, at least characterized by eminent talent, though we witness their efforts not without some anxiety, lest their opinions and their sense of the real interests of the Irish people may not turn out to be as sound as we believe their intentions to be pure, and their motives patriotic. Yet even so much must we look on as some advance. Considerable talent and learning has also been very efficiently brought into action in a very able and well-conducted quarterly, which, though ranged against our own opinions, and, (as we understand,) especially hostile to the principles and statements of these volumes, we must say, is generally free from unfairness, and likely to become creditable and useful to the country.

We have already stated the claims of Trinity College to the gratitude of Ireland. In a dull twilight of obscurity, it was a solitary ray, slowly, but effectively diffusing knowledge, and the taste for knowledge, and sending out men of learning and cultivated talent and sentiment into every part of the island. In our own times, it has kept its place, and from being a source of useful instruction, it has become a proud ornament to Ireland: known in every country where the light of science shines, for its eminent professors, and able works in every branch of solid attainment, its theology, its physics, and its pure mathematics. Nor does it less deserve to be commended for its abundant fertility in literature, than for its very singular liberality in promoting the ends of knowledge. Cultivating the higher and less practical branches of science through the press, and through the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, it provides for the diffusion of the most popular and practical branches by its school of engineering, which bids fair to be the most extensively useful institution of the kind yet known. Nor is it less remarkable for its public spirited conduct in the recent outlay of its income in the very striking improvements which have been made in the neighbouring streets of the metropolis.

In estimating the literary prospects of our country, it is by no means superfluous to take into account the fact that many able works, apparently the produce of English talent, are really to be traced to the source from which, under a more fortunate order of circumstances, the literature of Dublin should be supplied. Nobody doubts from whence the best and most successful translation of the greatest continental poet has come: or that Dr Anster is an Irishman. If, indeed, we were here to enter on a subject of such detail as the works of living individuals, we cannot but at once perceive how long and how important would be the enumeration of works written *here*, though issuing from the London press. Nor, happily, is the recent accession of useful and able publications from our own city, whether we look to Curry's, Hodges and Smith's, or the university press, less intrinsically valuable. We cannot enter on the subject, but may exemplify our remarks by adverting to the numerous able works in elementary

science, and the valuable editions of the Greek and Roman classics, which have been within the few last years published chiefly by the above-named booksellers. Writing, however, cursorily on this point, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass the recent volume on the round towers of Ireland, published by Hodges and Smith: a work not hitherto to be equalled in its own department by the antiquarian labour, research, and talent of any country; and never likely to be surpassed, until the same class of difficulties have again to be encountered by similar moral and intellectual qualifications.*

Generally speaking, as to the development of intellect in the popular mind, its advance may, with some near approach to the truth, be estimated by the degree of advance in the ordinary attainments of that popular branch of literature included in the term "the press." For this there is a reason which has an immediate and very general application. With the few exceptions which do not require explanation, the minds of those writers professionally connected with the press, are almost exclusively habituated to apply one main standard of value to the results of thought,—a standard drawn from their immediate currency and probable effect on the popular mind; with which a habitual sympathy is thus soon acquired, and a tendency to see and think through the medium of popular feeling. This curious fact cannot be mistaken by those who are extensively conversant with the journals of the present time, and supplies a ready and by no means inaccurate way of ascertaining the popular progress and tendencies. The same principle has another far more curious and interesting application, connected with the progress of culture in the more educated ranks; and of which we have ourselves had peculiar facilities of observation. Some years ago, a very considerable movement, with respect to education, commenced in the more cultivated circles; the education of children, always a duty, became a fashion; books for children were multiplied, and Jack the Giant-killer, with the fairy-tales, gave way to whole piles of histories and elementary treatises on every imaginable subject. Every gentlewoman became a school-mistress, or, at the least, a writer of tracts for infancy. Now one result of this became soon evident:—persons of the finest taste, the most cultivated reason, if they happened to be infected with this most useful mania, began presently to think of every book with reference to the infant understanding; and thus by the operation of the same natural process above-mentioned, a tendency to self-identification might have been observed to gradually carry back the intellect to habitudes of conception useful for instruction, but not so for any ulterior end. But from this, another consequence gradually began to appear—the children which were the objects of this application of human reason, went on in the natural course of progress, and soon began to manifest those tastes and tendencies of thought which might be looked for as the direct result of early instruction on so augmented a basis. A re-

* The Royal Irish Academy has to add this great work to the long list of its other eminent deservings, well known through Europe, but far too little at home. The nucleus of Mr Petrie's inquiry consisted of his prize essay in the academy, and appears as a volume of its transactions.

markable contrast was the consequence between the tastes, the studies, and manifestations of intelligence of the rising generation, and that by which it was thus propelled. The tracts of twenty years ago are fast giving place to volumes of a more ambitious kind; and the steep of science appear likely to be invaded by the children of those whose laudable ambition it was to think for the nursery alone. A vast expansion of mind in this country has been the result of this and the concurrent progress of improved methods of school and college education. But for the reasons already observed, it has rather been an advance of knowledge and of pure intellect, than of cultivated taste. The *literæ humaniores* have, within the same period, lost ground under the combined influences of a double revolution; the changes of the social state which have been concurrent with those of human knowledge.

The same causes which have contributed to this last mentioned effect, are likely, in the course of time, to bring round the remedy. Of this it forms no part of our present task to speak. But there is one topic to be adverted to, which may even suggest the course by which the empire of taste is not unlikely to be again, at some future period, restored. We mean the new and fortunate impulse which has been received by the fine arts in Ireland. Of this we must say a few words.

ARTS, &c.—The state of society, such as has been described in these pages, cannot be supposed to have been favourable to the arts. The clamour of a pervading and incessant political contention, would, of itself, be sufficient to account for the absence of the humanizing spirit of the fine arts. It was not that there was wanting wealth for their encouragement; but there was a state of society unfavourable to their suitable appreciation, and occupied also by numerous predispositions equally so to their development. The demand was wanting, and the soil was overrun with weeds. There is in every low state of social refinement, a debased and vulgar form of utilitarianism—the philosopher is a utilitarian, because he looks with prospective wisdom to the remote applicability of whatever is true and real; but we speak of the well-known temper which can admit no truth but by sight or prejudice, and no measure of value but use. Its universal comment is contained in the words of the great grandmotherly old ballad, “Will the flame that you’re so rich in, make a fire in the kitchen!” It is not, however, that there was actually no taste to appreciate the finished results of art; there never perhaps was a time when a Claude, a Murillo, or a Raphael would not have elicited admiration and wonder; nor was the cant of criticism ever wanting among the better classes. The most important point of consideration is distinct from this: while the peasant is often capable of feeling the result, it is in the pursuit and apprehension of the means that a productive condition of society consists. It is not until men can look to the prospective results of extended applications of principle that the soil is to be considered as dressed and prepared for the higher expansion of its fertility. The dullest can at once see in part the importance of a steam-engine; but there was a time, and that not long ago, when the trials and experiments, of which it is the result, would have seemed visionary to the multitude. There is now, on the other hand, a high feeling of

popular respect for the remotest excursions of speculation; and the mind of the world, increased in quantity and improved in quality, is putting forth tastes and talents, and accommodating itself to the natural method of advance in knowledge and civilization. Where the physical wants alone were once the real and only springs of productive industry, and gambling, politics, or debauchery, of the passions—the operation of moral sentiment, the power of imagination, the charm of fancy, the deep fascination of their varied combinations in the desires of cultivated taste, are now loudly asserting their claims, the higher and nobler claims of our mere humanity.

This has been, doubtless, first a result of the wide improvement of the intellectual tendencies; it is also pretty obvious that the cultivation of the useful arts has a natural connection with the ornamental: and the mind, when it has once received its impulse in whatever direction, will go on to the most refined and extreme results, when not arrested by peremptory circumstances.

In the city of Dublin, the impulse has indeed been great. The zeal and talent of a few individuals has, in this important respect, done the work of years. The Art Union has sprung up among us to call forth or to reform the taste, and to elicit those resources by the active application of which alone professional art can be expected to thrive. An increased market for paintings, having been by whatever means produced, the wide diffusion of pictures will contribute to draw forth or to rectify the taste of every class. The artificial market will give place to a natural demand, and a result from this will be that the productions now collected from remote quarters will come to be produced at home. Towards this desirable end, the Royal Hibernian Academy have been making zealous and efficient efforts to contribute. The last few years have seen our collections advancing in general as well as individual excellence. And even while these lines are penned, this body has meritoriously signalized itself by a step from which the best and most decided effects may be looked for, having advertised the admission of the poorer classes for the last three days, at a price which may be called gratuitous, being in fact the nearest approach that could be made to this result with safety to the paintings.

That this is the effective preliminary to further advances in the same humanizing direction, there can be no reasonable doubt. Any great impulse communicated to the public mind, may be expected to propagate motion in every similar direction of tendency. And this is a principle not merely confined to the range of art, in all its walks; but, if regard be had to the influences of that branch from which the actual impulse is in the present instance derived, it may be observed that it involves the whole dominion of the mind. Whoever has attentively observed the effects of the study of art upon artists, will easily conclude upon the effects which must go hand in hand with the cultivation of painting. They comprise all that belongs to the department of refined sentiment—the charm of grace and the delicacy of perception—the fancy is awakened, and the imagination taught to spread its wings,—and all the ornamental tendencies of civilized life are rendered active, to blend with and refine its moralities. It is the

more popularly effective form in which poetry itself can address and influence the crowd, *oculis subjecta fidelibus*.

With these few remarks we must be here content; any topics of the same general nature which remain, must, so far as occasion requires, find their place in the following memoirs.

I. POLITICAL SERIES.

Sir William Cusack Smith, Bart.

BORN 1766—DIED 1836.

SIR WILLIAM CUSACK SMITH was the son of Sir Michael Smith, a distinguished lawyer and estimable man, who having passed with distinction through the university of Dublin, of which he was a scholar, afterwards rose to equal eminence at the bar. He was raised to the bench in 1794, as one of the Barons of the Exchequer. In 1799, he was created a baronet; and in 1801, appointed Master of the Rolls, in which he was the immediate predecessor of Mr Curran.

Sir William was born in 1766; he graduated in Oxford. During his early years, he became acquainted with Burke, who formed a very high opinion of his character and abilities. That these latter were of a very high order, there can be entertained no reasonable doubt, as many of his literary compositions remain. They uniformly manifest the perfect command of an easy and perspicuous style, very considerable ingenuity, and a shrewdness rather in the nature of metaphysical refinement, than the species of sagacity usually connected with the exercise of a sober and solid judgment. Not indeed that in his earlier writings there is any deficiency in this respect. Neither in these, and still less in his public conduct, was there any deficiency in that practical common sense, without which every intellectual power is worthless; and indeed, whenever his love of refining did not carry his judgment too far into the wide field of theory, there is a striking and even exemplary precision in his statements and reasonings.

He was called to the bar in 1788. We find many curious and interesting notices of him in the bar history and correspondence of that period. He was very highly esteemed among his contemporaries; but the same subtilizing temper, which we cannot avoid regarding as a defect of his understanding, and which perhaps was in some measure the result of a very refined nervous organization, seems to have also entered into the moral conformation of his mind. He was easily offended, subject to depression and to fits of suspicion. In consequence of this constitution of mind, his intimacies, which were congenial to his high talent and tone of sentiment, were liable to be sometimes crossed by misunderstandings, which not being founded on any substantial ground, were not the easiest to remove by ordinary means; but the fearless honesty and the lofty principle of Mr Smith, often

terminated such breaches of regard in a manner as honourable as they were peculiar. We shall relate one instance. Smith, we should first mention, was remarkably endowed with that high moral sense, that a passing thought unfavourable to the moral character of an acquaintance, had the effect of lowering him in his regard to a degree approaching detestation; and so great was his nicety, that it was not at that time easy to avoid offending it. With this chivalric infirmity—the infirmity, it may well be said, of noble minds—it may easily be conceived how easy it was to fall under his disfavour. Such once chanced to be the misfortune of one of the most illustrious of his bar friends, though from what cause has not been stated; but so it was. Bushe, then his junior at the bar, was surprised by a sudden coldness and estrangement of manner, which nothing had occurred to account for. Smith, however, continuing to display toward him a gloomy, cold, and somewhat petulant manner, two talented and high-spirited young men ceased to have any communication. During the interval, the manner of Smith became more and more gloomy and depressed, when one day they happened on circuit to dine in the same company in Philipstown. Smith left the room immediately after dinner. After sitting for a couple of hours longer, Bushe proceeded to seek his lodging. It was a cold, damp, blowing night, and quite dark. He had not proceeded many paces from the door, when he felt himself lightly touched on the shoulder, and accosted by a voice which he immediately recognised as that of Smith, saying in a tone peculiarly his own,—“I want to speak to you;” his friend went aside with him, when Mr Smith addressed him,—“This town smites me with the recollection of your kindness to me, and of my unkindness to you; I have to request that you will, without any explanation, suffer me to call you again my friend,—you will be sorry to hear, what I deserve very well, that my conduct to you has injured my health.” Now, the same authentic source from which we have this anecdote, also enables us to say, that the whole of this wrong, which so deeply affected the trembling sense of justice in Mr Smith’s mind, amounted to nothing more than the very common wrong, of having for a time entertained some notion injurious to his own high estimate of his friend; and which, by closer observation, or maturer reflection, he saw reason to give up. Such was the delicacy of Mr Smith’s honour and conscience, that he felt it to be a crime to wrong a friend even in thought.

Mr Smith’s rise at the bar was proportioned to his high qualifications. So early as 1795, he became king’s counsel. He represented the county of Donegal in the last Irish parliament. When the question of the Union was agitated, he at first took the adverse part with Bushe, &c., and was among the majority by which this measure was rejected on its first proposal in parliament in the session of 1799. In the interval between this and the introduction of the same measure in the next year, he had been led to a more full review of the question; and having, according to his natural tendency, taken it up on more general and speculative grounds, he came to the opposite conclusion. As there continued for a long time much reproach against those who voted for the Union, and especially against those who in any way ob-

tained any personal advantage in consequence, or apparently in consequence, of their conduct on that occasion, a few remarks are necessary in justice to baron Smith. He was one of those few men who could have pursued the exact course which he adopted at that time, without affording fair ground for any malignant construction, because the extreme length to which he carried his independence of character—the zeal for principles—the spirit of defiance with which he asserted his views of right, both accounted for his opinions, and for the course by which he acted upon them. Both were the natural result of his intellect and temper; so much so that, among all who were personally acquainted with him, there was not the smallest doubt as to the rigid uprightness, and the perfect sincerity of his motives. His conduct was in this, the same as in the numerous lesser instances with which the experience of his bar friends was familiar; and every one knew the spirit with which he rejected all considerations but his own view of a question, so that, indeed, it was felt that he never could be depended on as a party man. It was known that at any moment he would pause and hesitate on the lightest doubt, and conscientiously turn, if his opinion were to undergo a change. He did not feel, or at least acknowledge, those lesser ties of *mere* opinion, by which ordinary men are bound with an iron force, and which mainly constitute their stock of political knowledge, if not of public principle. Smith, however, firmly convinced himself on the occasion here spoken of; and continued through life to argue strenuously in support of the principle of the Union. His appointment as solicitor-general, in 1800, was a step to which he was eminently entitled, and would have been obtained, had he adopted the contrary course of politics. But when, in 1802, he was raised to the bench, and succeeded his father as a baron of the exchequer, the appointment necessarily gave offence to the factions, and through them to the multitude. The fact had little chance to be fairly weighed; nor was it easy to separate the man from the circumstances under which he obtained this latter promotion. The promotion must be allowed to have been the result of service on the union question; but there was as certainly no bargain. The baron was the only man of talent who espoused the ministerial party, such happening to be the result of his own view of the question. He was too important an ally not to be valued: the rest, rightly viewed, was matter of course. Every public man thinks it right to avail himself of court or ministerial favour; and to accept of promotion, when offered without any dishonourable understanding: to refuse, in the instance under consideration, would have had no meaning but a tacit acknowledgement that his conscientious vote was wrong. But the numerous cases which occurred, in which the parties were brought over by downright bribery, have thrown a kind of imputation not to be satisfactorily met, because the public judges by general prepossessions, and does not deal in distinctions. Among those who then differed in opinion from Smith, the soundest and ablest have since changed their mind. And though a measure so broad, universal, and delicate in the changes it was calculated to effect, must needs have brought evil as well as good with it: we can have no doubt that we are with the soundest opinions in saying that Smith was right. It must, however, be said that had

he been less speculative, and more practical in his intellectual habits, he might, like other able men, have then seen enough to have led his judgment to a different conclusion. Important as must be the prospective consequences of the union, and important as have been the benefits it has effected, and the far greater evils it has prevented, it must have been easy to see two great disadvantages—that it would deprive us of our aristocracy; and, still more, that there was an existing state of things which could not fail, and has not failed, to neutralize the natural consequences of the Union. We have, however, little doubt that the baron's view was right, and supported by right reasoning. Time is the great restorer of theory, if it be true. The circumstances which have retarded the growth of Irish prosperity, though more durable than the impediments of a similar nature in any other country, cannot last for ever, and even now are rapidly disappearing; and the common processes of national advance are beginning, though as in a stormy spring, to expand to the light.

On obtaining his seat on the bench, baron Smith, still young, and in the most vigorous perfection of his faculties, began to turn his mind to the more profound study of law. For this he justly felt that his mind was eminently qualified. His extraordinary acuteness, the promptness and rapidity of his discernment, and his mastery of speculative methods and principles, appear indeed to have fully warranted the hope of legal eminence. To the study of law his mind was eminently adapted: law, while from the strictly logical concatenation of its inferences and principles, it offers fit matter and a suitable exercise for the discursive faculties; at the same time, from the very distinctness and definiteness of the entire chain, presents that liminary barrier which the speculative temper so very generally requires. And thus it will now and then occur that a mind which might otherwise be led to waste its energies upon an unproductive field of vague and flighty metaphysics, may take a high place as a lawyer, or as the advocate of a policy. Baron Smith signalized himself in both; but most especially as an able and expert writer on legal questions, on some of which his essays are of considerable interest.

As a judge, he cannot be praised above his deserts. He carried to the bench, not only the skill and talent of a lawyer; but the liberal and humane sense and wisdom of a Christian philosopher.

At a late period of his life, the baron took justifiable alarm at the violence of the democratic party in Ireland. The increase of Ribbonism rose for a time to an alarming pitch, and infected the peasantry to an extent unknown within the previous memory of the age. It was then quite obvious that the people interpreted both the concessions of reform, and the representations of their leaders, into meanings of their own; and, for a time, no life was safe under the influence of false impressions and visionary expectations. Murder was uncontrolled; and the law, sufficient in itself, was frustrated by the pusillanimity or party-spirit of provincial juries. It was under these circumstances that the baron was induced, by his strong constitutional feelings, to adopt a course which soon made him the object of much party animosity. On his circuits, he delivered a series of charges, of which it was the purpose to counteract the fatal influence

of political terror, then perniciously operating on the minds and verdicts of juries. In the execution of this imperatively necessary task, which lay strictly within the duty of the judge, baron Smith could not have evaded the unfortunate condition of seeming to identify himself with a party. He has indeed, by a strange oversight, been accused of partiality for having dealt severely with the crimes and errors of one party, and neglected to brand the wrongs committed on the opposite side. Now, admitting for a moment that such wrongs had existence to the amount alleged by popular writers, we have to observe that such a stricture on the baron can only be warranted by the assumption that his charges were intended simply as political addresses to the counties: the very assumption in which the accusation consists. But the baron, as a judge, was simply concerned with the crimes which came within the scope of the criminal law, and with the political influences which then, and since, have been notoriously operative in direct opposition to the law. With the vicious constitution of things which may have led to crime by *intermediate* influences, he was not so immediately concerned. Under ordinary circumstances, it must be admitted that a strict abstinence from all party consideration is the imperative duty of the bench. But this rule, like every earthly rule, has its limit—party considerations may variously interpose within the judge's compass of duty; and this cannot admit of doubt, when they directly intrude upon the essential action and machinery of justice. Considering that such occasions are in the nature of exceptions, that when all the rules and forms of the constitution are in a state of disruption, every man's office becomes for the time merged in his duty as a member of society, we think the baron was rigidly right. When the law was disarmed, deserted by its servants, and defied by its subjects, the wonted solemnity of the bench, affecting indifference to the storm, and calmly issuing its impositions, would be like poor mad Lear in the court of his rebel child, or preaching justice and pity to the winds. Attributing the state of the country to the state and conduct of the party ostensibly at the head of the popular movements, the baron acted with a just regard to his judicial duty in the endeavour to neutralize its effect on the minds of juries. In the execution of a duty which, happily, does not often devolve to a judge, perhaps the baron did not rigidly draw the line which ought to divide the official from the social duty. If this were to be conceded, the urgency of the case must be allowed for; but in such emergencies it forms no part of the duty imposed on any office, to be rigidly right and no more. When the duty of the judge and of the politician, by a rare juncture of circumstances, happened to coincide, it was not too peremptorily to be demanded that the political department of the mind should not assert its ordinary authority, and that the judge, compelled to enter the field, should forget the citizen and the man.

But we must be just; there can be as little doubt that when such, unhappily, becomes the judge's part, he must take the consequences. If we once admit the existence of the leading of a popular party,—if we admit the rights of agitation, which, with due limits we do not deny,—it becomes apparent that, in the strife of party, the judge must be met like any other man when he enters the field of strife.

Thus, then, according to the theory involved in these statements, we consider that circumstances may warrant the judicial assumption of a political function, and the same circumstances equally justify the consequent direction of party assault against such a step. Of course, in either case, the question as to the *particular* grounds, the occasion and the manner, remain untouched. They form a question which does not belong to this volume to discuss; nor would such a discussion be now desirable, when much of the party bitterness which disordered the time has subsided among the lowest dregs of the infidel or revolutionary writers of the provincial press, who still think it not indecent to attack Christianity through the sides of protestantism; and, in their eagerness to strike, forget to conceal the lowness of the quarter from which alone the language they use can emanate.

The baron was, of course, subject to a parliamentary attack, which, under the circumstances, could not fail to be made. But his high reputation as a judge, the strong sense which existed of the vicious state of things which appeared to require, or at least warrant, the course he took, were in his favour. The government was then hostile, but it was an administration without weight, and his friends in the House were earnest and effective, so that the storm rolled harmlessly by; addresses from the grand juries were poured in to the baron, to congratulate and compliment him on the occasion, and he replied to all in short and pithy answers, which attracted great attention by their elegance of style, and by the variety of their language. They were perhaps not less remarkable for the point and freedom with which he reasserted the principle of his charges, and vindicated himself. We abstain from details which would necessarily require the notice of numerous living persons,* whom it is not the part of this book to censure or compliment. We must avoid the angry spirit of modern parties, and preserve, to the utmost possible extent, a freedom from personal crimination, reserving the right to assert our views of principle, whenever the principle is of sufficient importance in our eyes to excuse the necessary deviation.

Baron Smith was a man of strong nervous irritability of temperament, which was increased by habits which it induced. Among these, he is said to have had one to which nervous subjects are mostly inclined, irregularity in the observance of hours; he was much addicted to watch, and pursue his studies to a late hour of the night, and was, in consequence, habitually languid by day, until roused by the sense of duty, or by some powerful sentiment. His nature was, however, as such natures are, of the most excitable order, and all his strong powers were ever ready to start into life and action at the demand of each of the high and refined sentiments of which his heart was full. It has often been affirmed that he was capricious and uncertain; this may, in its fullest extent, be true: but one thing has never been justly allowed for, which might perhaps account for much of the numerous instances current in the talk of story-tellers. What we mean will

* The details of the parliamentary discussion, upon this occasion, may be found in the second part of "Ireland and its Rulers," from which the facts of the above memoir are mainly drawn.

most briefly be communicated by a trivial story, which we know to be perfectly true, as it is highly characteristic. One day, while he was attorney-general, it happened that he sat at dinner between two barristers in a circuit town. These two gentlemen, from time to time, kept up a whispering conversation behind his back, and from some words which met his ear in the general hubbub of the table, it seemed to him that some plan of a very low species of intrigue was the subject. One of these gentlemen was a man of the highest talent and worth, and married to a woman of great attraction and goodness. Smith's sense of the degradation of such a man, and wrong to such a woman, took fire; and, unable to suppress the sentiment, he assumed a haughty and reserved manner towards the supposed delinquent. Happily some occasion led to a communication, and he mentioned the cause of his reserve, adding that he had not respect enough for the other person in question, to be very seriously impressed by his supposed misconduct; yet that a similar course would excite his abhorrence if followed by one of whom he had always entertained the most exalted opinion, and whom he knew to be married to a most estimable woman.

Such was the fine and sensitive moral nerve, which responded to the lightest touch of a principle. We only notice it as offering the most satisfactory illustration of the course of conduct which we have had occasion to reflect upon here, and not for the purpose of insisting upon what by no means follows as matter of course, and what we have not had the means of ascertaining, that baron Smith was himself a pattern of the utmost moral purity in private life. Of his private life we are ignorant; but in viewing his public life it is not unimportant to keep in view his moral tendencies. We think it necessary to make the distinction, because we have a strong distrust of such tendencies in those cases in which the passions of private life become strongly engaged. Whatever may be man's nature, it becomes altered under the strong influences of pride, hatred, fear, and love, though it can resist the impulses of ambition, and can spurn the sordid interests. Of the baron's conduct, as a public man, we can express our perfect approbation, and consider it high, above all question, public-spirited, judicious, independent, and constitutional, even in the only instance of seeming deviation.

Of the personal foibles and infirmities of a mind which it cannot be denied was subject to some eccentricities, it is enough to say that the baron was both respected and esteemed by the high-minded and light-hearted profession, to which he must be admitted to have been an ornament. We have some reason to suspect that his eccentricities became aggravated towards the close of his life, by the natural effects of old age. His last literary production, which consisted of a commentary on lord Brougham's introduction to his work on Paley, may be considered as clearly indicating a decay of those intellectual powers by which his earlier compositions are so highly distinguished. He died in 1836, not very long after this production.

Richard, Marquis Wellesley.

BORN 1759—DIED 1844.

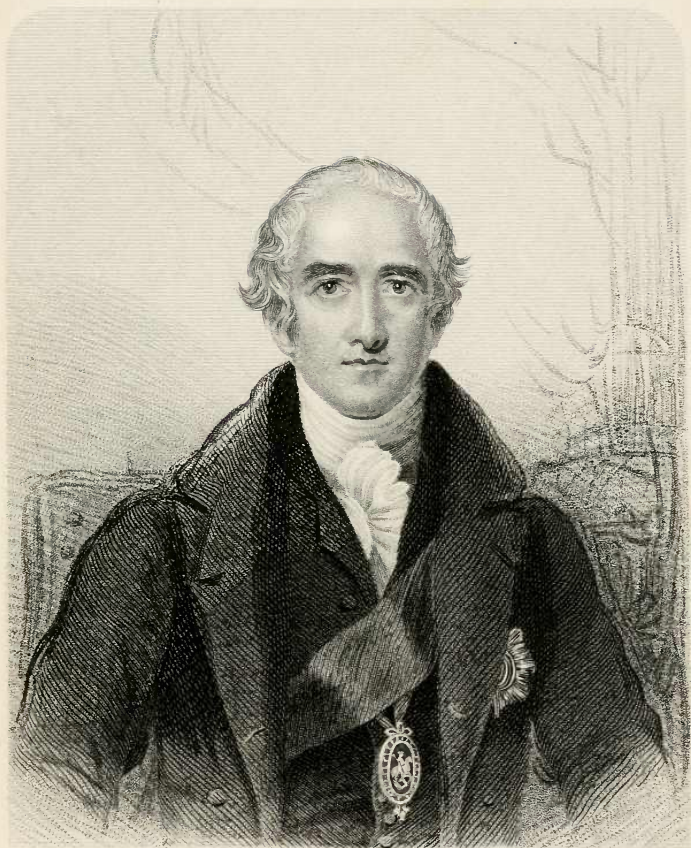
AMONG the illustrious names which ornament the personal history of Ireland, few indeed, in all important respects, are more honourable than Wellesley: if great and efficient services are to afford the test of comparison—none. The original paternal name of the family was Colley.* Walter Colley, or Cowley, was Solicitor-general of Ireland, in 1537. From this gentleman the family is traced, for seven descents, to Richard, who, on succeeding to the estates of the Wellesleys of Dungan castle, an Anglo-Saxon family of very ancient standing, settled in Ireland from 1172, adopted the surname and arms of Wellesley.

Garret Wellesley, first earl of Mornington, was justly celebrated for his high musical genius, having composed several glees which were successful in obtaining the prizes and medals given by the glee club. His church music still continues to be played, and to be very much admired. This nobleman married a daughter of the first lord Dungannon.

The eldest son of this marriage was the late marquis Wellesley. He was first sent to Harrow, from which, with several others, he was expelled in consequence of a rebellion in the school, in which he took part. He was then placed at Eton. Here his reputation stands unquestionably fixed by the severest test of comparison, having been by the master preferred to Porson. Such distinctions are not always clear of the uncertainties of traditionary recollection, or of the possible imputations of partial favour. In this instance, this test of first-rate merit is as authentic as it is honourable. Lord Brougham relates the incident to which we would refer—"When Dr Goodall, his contemporary, and afterwards headmaster, was examined in 1818 before the Education Committee in the House of Commons, respecting the alleged passing over of Porson, in giving promotion to King's College, he at once declared that the celebrated Grecian was not, by any means, at the head of the Etonians of his day; and, on being asked by me (as chairman) to name his superior, he at once said lord Wellesley."

From Eton he entered Christchurch College, Oxford, where he eminently sustained the reputation he had acquired at Eton. A recent publication has put the world in possession of his beautiful, striking, and classic compositions in Latin verse, to which we shall hereafter more particularly revert. Our materials are not such as to warrant our dwelling further on the incidents of this period of his life. He came to the age of manhood at a time when youths distinguished for talent and having the vantage ground of station in society, were invited into a brilliant field of distinction. It was the day of Grattan, and Curran, and Bushe, and Plunkett, in the Irish, and of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, in the British House of Commons. It was also a season of intense political excitement, when great changes were passing

* Burke's Peerage.



Wellesley

*Engraved by J. Lo Conte from a painting by
Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

through their courses, and greater still beginning to open on the eye of the age. The French Revolution was throwing its broad and blood-red glare, and its vast impulse, like the centre of a mighty vortex that stirs the waters into a thousand lesser whirlpools and eddies, throughout Europe. Whatever may have been, or may yet be the event, it was an auspicious era for the school of political acquirement, and for the youthful energy and intellect of a man like Wellesley. His eminently broad and comprehensive spirit received its discipline at the sources of the great order of events of which he was to be *magna pars*, in which his name was to bear a lofty place, and to be graven on perennial monuments.

In the Irish House of Lords, he took his seat as lord Mornington, in 1784. Of the early stages of his political life, our space does not permit any detail. Of the talents which would have raised him to a place of the first eminence as an orator, we can entertain no doubt; but his parliamentary career was early interrupted by still higher and more responsible and arduous duties. We shall therefore hurry on to the statement of those historical events in which he is to take his real position as the ruler of great events in the history of nations.

His first appearance in the British parliament, was when he made a very eloquent speech in defence of Hastings. It was in 1805, that he was appointed to succeed lord Cornwallis, as governor-general of India; a station of such high responsibility—so complicated with difficulties and embarrassments, and involving a state of things so full of emergency to British interests, and severe and delicate responsibility to the governor—that the appointment may well be regarded as displaying the high character which lord Mornington must have then acquired, while his acceptance of it in some degree indicates the courage and firmness of his character. To understand this, the reader has only to call to mind the history of India for the few previous years.

We have already stated, as fully as the purposes of this history require, the origin of the British settlements in Hindostan, and the course of policy by which it had been extended and confirmed. In that policy, there was a singular combination of the most flagrant injustice, with the most unbending and stern necessity, such as to render it a question of the most embarrassing nature to assign the precise equitable result of praise, acquittal, or condemnation, in pronouncing on the policy employed, or on the merits of those who were its authors. There can be no doubt that evil consequences were prevented, and a certain amount of good secured, by evil means; that crimes were punished by crimes, and wrongs redressed by wrongs; but it must also be allowed, that when, by whatever means, the British empire had been firmly established in India, on the ordinary basis—settled possession—the rights and the lives of millions were not to be abandoned on grounds of principle, which, however specious in formal enunciation, had substantially little application. Between the Indian princes and the colonies, there existed a commerce of injury, in which, on the part of the rajahs, the most extreme purposes of the most rancorous hostility were pursued under the most plausible professions of friendship. Always prompt to appeal to the most strict principles of right—craft,

treachery, and falsehood, were their undeviating rules of conduct, whether towards their subjects, their nearest kindred, or their strictest alliances; there is not to be discerned the slightest trace of any principle, or any right affection, to render them the object of respect or trust. If referred to any standard of national justice, the application would have been partial, for they acknowledged none. If we refer to the principles of mere humanity, it may well be doubted on what ground they could have been pleaded for Hyder or his execrable son. When the rights and lives of British subjects had been embarked in a contest, which the artifice and dishonesty alone of these tyrants could have divested of the character of open war, it had become a peremptory obligation to protect them at every sacrifice, against enmities which rejected all restraint, and which were not to be subdued. Even looking back to the more extreme and difficult aspect of this question, as it respects the conduct and policy of Mr Hastings, the same reasoning must, to a considerable extent, be applicable; and however the strict rule of justice may condemn the line of conduct which established the empire of religion, humanity, and civilization, in so large a portion of the globe, this result, *once attained*, must be allowed to be one which the best ends of human existence require to be maintained at all risks, and at every cost. The ultimate end of that evil policy was beneficial, whether considered in relation to England or to India. And while, in its proximate results, much was to be condemned, and still more deplored; still it cannot but be viewed as one of the greatest advances which have been made in the social destinies of the human race. The visible progress of humanity has been largely connected with conquests; and these, it ought to be observed, have been so often repeated in the history of every great nation, that there is a peculiar absurdity in the popular impression, founded on an illusory notion of the perpetuity of certain native immemorial rights. In the history of mankind, no such perpetuity is known. The native Indian had long before been subjugated to the constraining yoke of Mahometan conquest; and was then labouring under the prostration of an iron and relentless tyranny, and by superstitious the most degrading, and the least liable to be removed by the advances of civilization. The British conquests were but a repetition of the common process, enforced by the irresistible control of circumstances.

But however the philosopher or the philanthropist may impose on his own understanding by general views, and the exclusion of essential facts, one thing must be finally admitted, that with the administration of Mr Hastings, the question ends. By his energy, sagacity, and unscrupulous zeal, the British empire in India was placed on the ordinary grounds of right. But much security was yet wanting: the settlements were surrounded by enemies, most treacherous and powerful, whose fatal and deadly purposes were always maturing under the cover of the friendliest professions; who respected neither truth nor right, and regarded treaties but as the secure approaches of concealed hostility. Such an enemy was Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore. His empire had been considerably reduced in extent by the result of a severe struggle, in which lord Cornwallis, after a severe and sanguinary campaign, had besieged him in Seringapatam, the capital of his dominions, and com-

pelled him to make large cessions of provinces which bordered closely on the domains of the British empire, or which were possessions of the allies of the Company. Though the territory of the Carnatic was thus rendered more secure, and the power of Tippoo considerably reduced, he still remained master of the most wealthy and populous territory of the east, and of the most ample means and resources of war; he was also fortified by caution, derived from the experience of two disastrous wars; and his unappeasable hostility was fixed and animated by the fanaticism of his Mahometan creed: he firmly believed that he was destined to drive the European infidels from the east, and with this conviction he bent all his vast resources to repair and re-organize his means of offence. But the British had taught him to look with respectful caution on the dangers to be braved: he had already been twice betrayed to the verge of utter ruin, by an over-sanguine reliance on his numerous cavalry, on his powerful artillery, and on the assurance of the European officers whom he had taken into his pay. He now resolved to await the most favourable opportunity for a blow, and to be prepared: his preparations were to be masked under various pretexts, and his animosity concealed by the fairest professions. He was not, indeed, trusted implicitly, for there was a uniformity of every vice in his character, which left but little scope for dissimulation; yet the pretexts he put forth were well adapted for the purpose of deceit; they were corroborated by their seeming prudence, as his real interests were understood to be best consulted by the course he pretended to adopt, and his well-known abilities were cast into the wrong scale, when it was assumed that he was too wise to risk another war. Six years were thus allowed to pass, during which the conduct of the Sultan was becoming more and more calculated to awaken suspicion: nor had his plans been so guarded as to prevent the secret of his designs from transpiring, so that at last there was no doubt remaining, that he only awaited the favourable moment. This too had been, to all appearance, approaching. Many circumstances had, in this interval, been turning in his favour. He had preserved peace with the surrounding rajahs, and successfully employed all his cunning to gain friends among them. The war between England and France had given him every promise of a most effectual ally, and powerfully strengthened the European part of his forces. The most effective of the British allies in India, the Nizam, had suffered a material diminution of strength and territory. Tippoo, meanwhile, had availed himself of the terrible resources of the most complete and effectual despotism ever known on earth, to repair his treasury, and complete the arms and defences of war. And now that many circumstances appeared to conspire in his favour, he was encouraged by a strong persuasion that the champion of Destiny must now look, in a conjuncture so favourable, for the event decreed.

It was the period when Bonaparte had led his well-known expedition into Egypt, having among his plans the prospective view of attacking England in her Indian dominions; and there is no doubt that such a contingency entered with no small consideration into the speculations of a prince so long-headed, and so congenial in his enmities as Tippoo. He at this time received from the artful Corsican the

following epistle:—"Bonaparte to the most magnificent Tippoo Sultan, our greatest friend. You have learnt my arrival on the shores of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army, wishing to deliver you from the yoke of the English. I take this opportunity to testify my desire for some news relating to your political situation, by the way of Muscath and Morea. I wish you would send to Suez or to Cairo, an intelligent and confidential person, with whom I might confer. The Most High increase your power, and destroy your enemies." Tippoo, on his part, with the strongest professions of honesty and good faith to the British, was no less earnest to cultivate so promising an alliance with their powerful enemy. In the previous year, he had sent his envoys to the French government in the Mauritius, of whose mission it was the object to levy men for the service of their master. The French governor there had no superfluous troops; but the Sultan's alliance was too important to be disregarded: his objects were identical with those of Bonaparte. A small and disorderly force was raised and embarked in a French frigate for Mangalore, where they arrived in April. A further instance of Tippoo's resolution and subtle policy is also to be noticed, as illustrative of the character of the man, and of the difficulties to be encountered by the British governor-general. The Nizam, or ruler of the Deccan, was understood to be in strict alliance with the English. Tippoo, availing himself of the pacific understanding as yet subsisting, entered into a plot with the French in his own service, to augment the European force of the Nizam, by the addition of large bodies of French soldiery secretly disaffected, and commanded by officers under his own pay; and by raising this body above the Nizam's real force, to undermine him in his own dominion. In prosecution of this design, a force of 20,000 Europeans, chiefly French, was thus incorporated with the army of the Nizam. Another principal step of Tippoo, was his embassy to the powerful Shah of Cabul, the ruler of the Affghan tribes, recently so well-known to our Indian armies, and, like himself, a strict Mahometan, and full of animosity against the British. To the Shah he proposed a choice of two plans of co-operation, having a common end in the expulsion of the infidels, and a strong personal inducement in the subsequent spoliation, and, probably, division of the Deccan, and other territories, in which doubtless Tippoo proposed to himself to secure the lion's share.

His negotiations with the French and other hostile powers had been, as we have said, transpiring; and terror had begun to awaken at Madras, and creep along the Carnatic, in 1798, when lord Wellesley was chosen as one qualified to meet and cope with a season of menacing emergency. It was indeed a position not to be courted, nor accepted unless by one whose courage was above the power of all that could dishearten and terrify. It was well known how tardy and insufficient were the resources of the British government in India. How trying the emergencies which were suffered to arise, and how severe and invidious was the spirit of inquiry which would be sure to follow and scrutinize whatever might be done under any circumstances. The responsibility which was to be placed between these dangers, was to be additionally burthened by the reluctance, the fear and incapacity of subordinates. But lord Wellesley was armed with vigour, sagacity, deci-

sion, promptitude, and firmness. His mind seems to have been framed for some great and imperial emergency—to control the dull, captious, and reluctant subordinate, and defeat the art and treachery of enemies. Having on his way out, providentially met the Indian despatches at the Cape, he had the means of making himself entirely master of the state of affairs; and then, even at this early period of his office, he framed the plan of proceeding, which he afterwards effectively pursued; a fact ascertained by his despatches from that place.

This remarkable instance of a rare decision and promptitude of judgment, was as conspicuously qualified by the statesmanlike prudence, which was required by a complication of difficulties. He determined to set out by maintaining the principles of justice and fairness so far as they were substantially applicable, and not to be cajoled by pretences and specious seemings, where they were not. The actual state of things he thoroughly comprehended; and on his arrival, entered on his course with the uncompromising decision which is always the result of clear apprehension. He had to meet the prejudices and the timidity of persons in office; to make those efforts by negotiation and remonstrance, which must necessarily precede demonstrations of resistance to concealed hostility; and to counteract those preliminary expedients which were the preparations for the meditated aggression. These preliminaries were subjected to added difficulty and embarrassment by a fact which he soon discovered, that the financial resources at his disposal were insufficient for an immediate resort to arms. The campaign which would follow in the course which he meant to adopt, should, he thought, be pushed to its conclusion within the season; and the grounds for this are obvious enough, if it be only considered how powerful an amount of hostility was actually in the course of concentration, from the northern extreme of Cabul, to the powerful and inveterate Sultan of Mysore. Already the Shah was on his march towards Delhi. Most of the Indian princes, either from fear, ambition, or the influence of secret corruption, were secretly on the watch to declare for Tippoo, whom they, at the same time, feared and detested. The presidency of Madras was unequal to meet the first shock of the Sultan, who could pour down his thousands on the Carnatic coasts, and nearly decide the war before resistance could well make the least effectual movement.

Under these circumstances, lord Wellesley entered on a course of preparatory measures such as this juncture of circumstances required. To repair the dissolved and disorganized defences and army of Madras, and form “so permanent a system of preparation and defence, as, while it tended to restore to the government of Fort St. George, with all possible dispatch, the power of repelling any act of aggression on the part of Tippoo Suldaun, might ultimately enable him (lord Wellesley) to demand both a just indemnification for the expense which the Suldaun’s violation of treaty had occasioned to the government of the East India Company, and a reasonable security against the consequences of his recent alliance with the enemy.”* With this view, as the same despatch informs us, in June, 1798, he gave orders

* Despatches.

for the army to assemble on the coast of Coromandel. These orders appear to have met every obstacle from the fears of the principal authorities at Madras. But to these the governor opposed the power of his official authority; and put an end to a weak and unwise, but conscientious resistance, by the gentle but peremptory declaration of his will. "If," he wrote in the orders of council, "we thought it proper to enter with you into any discussion of the policy of our late orders, we might refer you to the records of your own government, which furnish more than one example of the fatal consequences of neglecting to keep pace with the forwardness of the enemy's equipments, and of resting the defence of the Carnatic, in such a crisis as the present, on any other security than a state of early and active preparation for war. But being resolved to exclude all such discussions from the correspondence of the two governments, we shall only repeat our confidence in your zealous and speedy execution of those parts of the public service which fall within the direct line of your peculiar duty."

In the mean time, the governor-general applied himself to the removal of the most intrinsically serious obstacle to success, in the insidious and dexterous contrivance, by which Tippoo had actually contrived to obtain a formidable military position in the dominions of the Nizam of the Deccan. An army of 13,000 Europeans, under the pretence of alliance, or of ostensible neutrality, was not to be allowed to remain without some step to obviate it. This step was taken with admirable dexterity. A treaty was concluded with the Nizam, for a large addition to the English force in his pay. Three thousand British were marched to the next British station, close to Hyderabad, the Nizam's capital; and on the conclusion of the treaty, they were marched thither, and joined by a large squadron of the native cavalry. Happily, a mutiny had just broken out among the French; the opportunity was promptly seized; they were surrounded, disarmed, and marched off to Calcutta, and shipped thence to France. The effect of this masterly demonstration was immediate, and widely influential: it was felt and understood through India, and conveyed to all her princes a sensation of terror and respect. It likewise operated to restore the courage and confidence of the irresolute and prejudiced councils and officers of the presidencies. The Nizam was thus strengthened against the otherwise certain destruction which menaced him, and the first and strongest approach was strengthened against the enemy.

It does not belong to this memoir to follow out the particulars of the campaign which so soon ensued, and we shall only state the main results. The governor-general, when he had disposed and arranged his resources to the utmost, and taken all those well-devised and comprehensive precautions which his means afforded, or his considerate understanding could suggest, clearly saw that the time to act with decision was come. The impatience of Tippoo was at its height, and he was likely to take the initiative, which might lead to disastrous consequences. The British armaments were only to be sustained at an expense, for which the resources at the governor-general's disposal were not more than barely adequate, and all circumstances showed that the moment for overt hostility was come. Lord Wellesley, therefore, took the indispensable first step, before he could have recourse to

arms. He wrote to the tyrant of Mysore, and told him that he was aware of his various acts of a hostile character. He then apprized him of the success of the English arms in the Nile—of the alliance with the Nizam, and the termination of the French influence and force in the Deccan—the presence of an English fleet on the Malabar coast—and such other facts of similar weight, which tended to show that there could be no prospect of French aid either from France or Egypt. Trusting to the effect of these communications, he proposed that the Sultan should receive major Doveton, whom he would send instructed duly for an amicable arrangement. To facilitate the proposed intercourse, the governor then proceeded to Madras, and on his arrival received Tippoo's answer—one, it is now needless to say, plainly stamped with the marks of duplicity. On Tippoo's part, the point of moment was the evasion of the proposed mission. This, it must be observed, was a test from which alone no doubt could remain of his intentions. Lord Wellesley instantly wrote a second letter, repeating this proposal, and urging a reply within one day. After three weeks had elapsed, the reply came, that the Sultan was about to go hunting, and would receive major Doveton, if he came "slightly attended." The drift of this evasion was too plain to leave any doubt; but in the interval, lord Wellesley, with a thorough apprehension of the mind and the proceedings of the Sultan, and determined not to let him gain the advantage of delay—his obvious design—had sent on the advanced guard of the British, with directions to proceed into the territory of Mysore, and at the same time took the steps necessary to put in motion, or to place on their guard, the other divisions of the British and his allies.

It was immediately discovered, as lord Wellesley had foreseen, that Tippoo's forces were already assembled, and in preparation for the reception of an enemy. It was plain that, if not invaded, he had been on the start to invade; and it may be inferred that his march was only checked by the approach of the Malabar army under general Stewart. From a hill they were seen forming their encampment between Seedaseer and Seringapatam. Having the advantage of concealed positions, in a very difficult region of hills and forests, they were enabled to gain the advantage of coming unexpectedly on a division of the British, and attacking them simultaneously both in front and rear, before more than the three corps they thus engaged could come up—the remaining corps being intercepted by another body of the Sultan's troops. In this formidable emergency, the troops of the presidency remained till next day; and, completely surrounded, they only defended themselves by the most desperate valour. Their intrinsic superiority sustained them against overwhelming numbers, until general Stewart came to their relief with the flank companies of the 75th and 77th regiments. The engagement was fiercely renewed; and after half an hour, Tippoo's men gave way and fled through the jungle, leaving the British conquerors, but completely exhausted from the fatigue of this severe struggle.

Immediately after this affair, a junction was formed between this division and the main army, notwithstanding the efforts of Tippoo, who endeavoured to prevent it by laying waste the villages and country on

their line of march. He did not, however, extend this destructive operation sufficiently for the purpose; and, by a slight deviation, the British general (Harris) reached the end of his march without interruption. Tippoo was too shrewd not to be aware, that his chance in the field was thus reduced to nothing, and that his trust lay in the strength of his capital, which he knew they would attack, and thought might defy their force. He therefore directed his flight thither, with the remains of his beaten army.

In about a week from the engagement mentioned above, the British were encamped before Seringapatam. This was on the 16th of April. On the 30th their batteries were opened: in a few days there was effected a considerable breach. The assault was made in the heat of the day, at the time when least resistance was to be expected. The attack was completely successful; and the town was soon in the possession of the British. Tippoo was found after a long search, lying under heaps of dead, and wounded in five places.

In the meantime, the menaced invasion from the northern Affghanistan power was prevented; and a most imminent danger warded from British India, by the well-directed force which the governor-general had previously sent into the principality of Oude, with the double view to intercept the Shah, who, according to the suggestion of Tippoo, had marched to Delhi, and of checking the movements of Scindia, whose hostility was well known.

The fall of Tippoo gave occasion for effecting more completely the system of arrangement, by which alone the security of the eastern empire, and the peace of India, could be placed on a footing of tolerable security. The Indian princes, while they exercised the most grinding despotism over their subjects, were utterly devoid of all sense of honour, faith, and truth; and this, not so much from any peculiar depravity of nature, as from the character of their religion, education, and habits. They did not really recognize the feelings nor the principles by which European transactions are formally governed, and which are the recognized basis of all public proceedings and compacts: they had but *learned the language*. In their dealings with Europeans, they had recourse to this language, but acted on principles of far more latitude; by means of which, while they never failed to appeal to the elementary maxims of right and justice, they had no scruple in setting them aside, when the opportunity offered. The conduct of the strictest public bodies, and the most upright governments, and of all men, but a few individuals of the highest order of mind, is little to be trusted when great advantages can be gained by deviation from the strictness of justice. This, at least, we freely concede. But these splendid barbaric despots, under whom the East lay prostrate, knew no control of principle, save the deadly and uncivilizing superstitions which maintained their own rule by the degradation of mankind. There was, indeed, no room for the recognition of any other. Under their sway, there existed no rights or no interests worth question; the people were but as the fruit of the soil, an ignoble and unrespected possession, mere tillers, who were barely allowed a poor subsistence from the ground they cultivated for their sovereign. With regard to each other, there was one, and but one, system of reciprocity, clearly understood and uniformly observed

—that of taking every advantage which falsehood, craft, and unscrupulous murders in every form could gain—whether it was to usurp a neighbour's throne, or that of a father or brother, by whatever horrible expedients (such as fill their history,) and make the earlier records of the “gorgeous East,” a romance of blood—a frightful collection of “tales of terror.”

Towards this wretched confederacy of uncivilized tyrants, we must repeat, it was essential to maintain the rules of European policy, only so far as they were applicable. There was no ground in the more general considerations of humanity, why they should be respected or even endured. The fundamental law alone, which secures existing possession, was their equitable protection, and could not be violated without adequate ground in the same elementary code. But this, their own falsehood and treachery amply afforded. There was no genuine ground for the questions which a humane but ignorant and inconsiderate Opposition suggested, on this occasion. By the results of war, and by the still more justifiable results of courses of lawless policy, the dominions of the Eastern potentates had been placed at the discretion of the British empire in India (for thus it should be stated). Under these circumstances, there can be no fair doubt that the British empire, now the main part of India, was in the first place, bound to act on the great primary law of self-protection. It was not to be heard that this great and civilized empire, by which the interests and safety of fifteen millions as well as the progress of civilization, freedom, and true religion in Asia depended, was to be risked and betrayed for the advantage of some half dozen miserable tyrants of the worst description, that they might be allowed to conspire against each other, to crush the wretched Hindoos, and confederate for the destruction of the British. But on this question, as on many others, fallacious notions had been engendered by the previous agitation of another question, which, though essentially distinct in all its bearings, applied to the same subject. The rules of one, and still more the feelings, were applied to the other. It has been the noble distinction of England to lead the way in all the great measures of humanity, and its errors are entitled to respect. But the charges against Warren Hastings and his predecessors involved precisely that violation—for beneficial ends it is true—of rights which, however their force may be settled, had in this later period either changed their character, or entirely ceased to exist. The power exercised by the British government, was become a just, and even a conceded right. The territories appropriated were fairly won in self-defensive war: the princes interfered with were some of them only existing by the protection of the British; and the rest either convicted enemies, or unable to maintain themselves without danger to the empire. And these are all recognised cases of international law in which interposition becomes authorized. These observations are only here offered to those to whom the consideration has not previously occurred. We do not believe that any doubts now remain on this class of questions; and those which were entertained, or pretended by party opposition, were even then silenced by the good sense and just feeling of all parties.

The governor-general took advantage, as we have said, of the fall

of Tippoo, to carry into effect his plan for the radical correction of the false and vicious system, under which there was neither security for the British empire from the incessant recurrence of the same expensive and calamitous wars, nor for the Rajahs, from the consequences of their own turbulence, craft, and weakness. The Mahratta war, which followed the conquest of Mysore, protracted and delayed the more full completion of this new arrangement, by which the Indian princes were thenceforward to place the military department of their establishments under the command and authority of the British government, allotting for the purpose a sufficient portion of their revenues; and retaining only the civil government of their respective provinces.

Of the Mahratta war, it would be impossible to give an account suitable to its importance and interest, within the space which can here be afforded. Five chiefs of provinces had managed, by the usual resources of the East—the weakness of their sovereign, and the facility of rebellion—to raise principalities for themselves in five western provinces of the Deccan, and protected themselves by a mutual league. The vast dominion cemented by this compact amounted to nearly nine hundred miles square. They were among the most warlike and turbulent princes of the East, and the most alert to seize on each occasion of hostility to the British. A population of forty millions, enabled them to maintain armies amounting to four hundred thousand and upwards. As may well be conjectured by the reader, the harmony of such a union of turbulence and intrigue, was by no means undisturbed; among these potentates there went on an incessant strife for the supremacy. Their principal object was severally to obtain possession of the authority of the Peishwa, or prince of Poonah, who was the least in point of strength, but who had the advantage of deriving his title by descent from the first founder of their union, whose paramount sovereignty they all pretended to recognise. As the usurpation, thus intrigued for, would, by the concentration of so large an empire, be dangerous to the British dominion, it was the policy of the government to prevent such a result, by maintaining the balance among them; and for this purpose, the course pursued was to add strength to the Peishwa, and to maintain with him a strict alliance. With such views, on the fall of Tippoo, a considerable addition was made to his territory; and he was recognised in every treaty as the sovereign of the Mahratta confederacy. These wise precautions were, however, entirely defeated by the successful efforts of Scindia (one of the five), who kept the Peishwa in such complete subjection that he not only could not fulfil his engagements to the British, but was even compelled to refuse their favours.

Such was the position of affairs among the Mahrattas, when disturbances arose among them, which it would be foreign from our immediate purpose to relate. A war sprang up between Holkar and Scindia, the former of whom marched against the Peishwa, who applied for protection to the governor-general. As the result of his fall must, in all probability, have been soon followed by the ascendancy of Holkar, it was evidently an occasion of the most pressing emergency; and therefore immediate steps were taken, which led to the commence-

ment of that war, which is rendered so well known in military history by the subsequent renown of one of the able and successful commanders, under whom it was brought to a favourable conclusion, after a glorious and hard-fought campaign. As this most brilliant succession of distinguished victories and of most able arrangements, could not be even summarily described in less than twenty added pages, we must be content to say that it was in the month of February, 1804, that peace was proclaimed with the Mahratta chiefs, on terms accommodated to the general system of pacification arranged by lord Wellesley.

The inhabitants of Calcutta, necessarily impressed with a sense of the importance of the success of this comprehensive and masterly measure, voted a subscription for a marble statue of the governor-general, whose promptness, wisdom, and firmness, had thus finally crowned the series of distinguished achievements which had raised our Indian empire, by settling it on a broad foundation of power and beneficence. At home, he received the honourable distinction of the order of the Bath, and the thanks of parliament.

These splendid results were scarcely less deserving of praise than the mild and steady progress of improvement in the civil and constitutional state of the entire country thus secured from the dangers of incessant invasion. The administration of justice, of the internal police, the morals of the people, the interests of knowledge, and still more of education, obtained lord Wellesley's attention and unremitting care. Ever singularly regardless of selfish considerations, his whole heart and entire resources were freely devoted to the great purpose of consolidating the empire, and adding to the happiness and welfare of the people. Into details we cannot enter. While his sagacity was confirmed by results of the most comprehensive and permanent kind, his disinterestedness was also attested by acts of munificence, which are subject to no mistake. He proved his superiority to the low temptation of wealth, by relinquishing £100,000, his share of the spoils of Tippoo, to the army; and came home not advanced in anything but honour, and the satisfaction of having done good on an imperial scale.

Though his services did not secure unqualified approbation, they were rated justly by wise and honest men. On coming home, an attempt to impeach him had but the effect of drawing forth universal testimony to his high deserts. In the commencement of 1806 he returned, when the death of Mr Pitt had the effect of reducing the Tory party to a state of disorganization; and a protracted series of intrigues and abortive negotiations to construct an administration out of the leaders and the *debris* of both, continued for several months. The members of Mr Pitt's government applied, with the king's consent, to the marquis Wellesley, who declined to make an attempt of which he saw all the difficulties. In the following session, Sir Philip Francis moved for his impeachment. Sir Philip was desirous to make a grand display on Indian administration, as he was still excited by a hope that he might himself be sent out as governor-general. But there was too strong a feeling in favour of the marquis; and the more respectable members of either party, with the exception, we believe, of Mr Fox, discountenanced a party prosecution so gratui-

tously vexatious. The marquis held himself aloof in the scramble for place, to which his large intellect and refined tastes were repugnant, until 1809. In this year, when the country had been led to increased efforts in the great struggle in which it was then embarked, it was proposed by Mr Canning to bring the marquis into the cabinet as secretary at war, instead of lord Castlereagh, out of which arose a misunderstanding and a duel between those two statesmen.

In the same year, the marquis was by much entreaty induced to go as envoy extraordinary to Spain, where the greatest detriment to the service had occurred from the utter incapacity of Mr Frere. Towards the close of the year he returned, and was appointed foreign secretary in place of Mr Canning, when lord Liverpool succeeded lord Castlereagh in the war and colonial office. We find him at this time, with great and striking oratorical excellence vindicating his brother and the conduct of the war, against the powerful faction among the whigs, which then were violent in the opposition; and though Canning and Croker were among the distinguished defenders of the war, there does not appear to have been any speech produced by the occasion deserving of comparison with that of lord Wellesley. Among the whigs, the war had been unpopular from the well-known principles of their party; but it is specially to be observed that their opposition was at this time exasperated by impatience of a contest which, while it was attended with a heavy expenditure of public money, seemed to promise no decided result. In a word, they did not understand the actual position of affairs in the peninsula, and seemed warranted by the precedents of a quarter of a century, in drawing unfavourable inferences from the tedious movements of a protracted campaign. They did not know the real difficulties which it required time and steady patience as well as first-rate ability to surmount, nor had they any adequate notion of the abilities which were engaged in the task. They did not know, what they might have known—the inadequacy of the means applied, at a time when the utmost liberality should have been exerted to further the crisis of this great struggle. The great commander to whom Europe is indebted for delivery from the progress of a disorganization of which it is hard to say the end, had to strive against all imaginable odds—a parsimonious and niggardly supply of the necessaries of war—the stubborn and wrong-headed interferences, speculation, and remissness of the rabble of official persons, civil or military, with whom he was compelled to act; so that his friends were actually more formidable than the numerous, brave, and well-commanded army against whom he was to direct his little force. All this was not rightly understood, until the success of our troops made the knowledge late. Such indeed is always in some degree the ignorance which exists in the opposition party, and sometimes in both, when the scene of action or the country which is the object of legislative measures is remote, or even beyond the ordinary compass of immediate personal observation.

In 1812, when the restrictions on the Regency were on the point of expiring, and there arose an interval of distraction, uncertainty, and apprehension, among the holders and the expectants of office, the marquis tendered his resignation. The regent requested of him to

retain his place provisionally, until he should himself be placed at liberty. Into the causes of the marquis's wish to resign, and the intrigues of those who were his personal enemies, it is not necessary to enter. It will be enough to say, that it appears that the result of these circumstances was—contrary to what might have been expected and desired—to establish Mr Percival in place, and confirm the marquis in his determination to resign. On tendering his resignation the second time, he was requested by the prince to state his opinion as to the changes advisable in the plans of administration. The marquis recommended a satisfactory settlement of the claims of the Romanists in Ireland, and a more efficient prosecution of the war. His resignation was then accepted.

In 1822, he succeeded earl Talbot in Ireland, and produced beneficial effects on the agitated temper of the country, by the adoption of a line of conduct in which a liberal and impartial spirit was carried to the utmost extent consistent with fairness or sound policy. The marquis undoubtedly discerned the great changes, in point of number, wealth, and civilization, which seemed to call for and admit a relaxation of the political restraints which the necessity of earlier times had compelled; but he did not see the counteracting impulses which still survived in the mind of a nation retentive of traditionary wrong, prone to excitement, susceptible of perverted prejudices and vindictive passions, and exposed to brawling misrepresentation. He did not observe those courses of public feeling which showed a temper of unbounded and insatiable requisition, and a spirit which could be satisfied with nothing less than a vindictive superiority. These indications were not then indeed fully understood by the leaders of the popular party in this country. Nor even yet would they be as fully apparent as they have become, were it not for the profound revelations of journalists and parliamentary orators. But we are treading on dangerous ground. The marquis was recalled in 1828, on the accession of the Tories. In 1830, he accepted the appointment of lord steward in the household. In 1833, he came back to the viceroyalty of Ireland, which he resigned in the following year.

On the subsequent political career of marquis Wellesley, it is not within the plan of this work to enter at length. He was twice lord lieutenant of Ireland: the history of these two administrations could only be intelligibly discussed at very considerable length. That the reader may be satisfied that such is the case, we have only to observe, that our ordinary plan of simply adhering to such outlines of leading events as may be deemed matter for history, (in the strict sense,) would, in the case of very recent events, satisfy no one who could be supposed to look into works of this nature. The detailed history of parties in Dublin would be the proper material of our memoir, thus composed. Nor are we quite sure that our own personal politics could wholly be prevented from colouring the narrative; at least we know of no narrative which escapes the force of such an objection. In Ireland, the marquis maintained his character for high impartiality, and vigorous efficiency; he was by far the ablest of those whom we have seen in the same station. We cannot, however, pay him a com-

pliment, which we think due to none, that of a full and adequate comprehension of the state or of the interests of Ireland.

While he was here the second time, he married his second wife, an American lady, and widow of Mr Paterson.

He might, had he so desired, have continued to hold his high station; but was actuated by a principle of consistency. He returned, and took a leading and effectual part in turning out the Tories. The base and unprincipled party which he served, were assuredly unworthy, as they showed themselves unconscious of his services. Lord Brougham relates, "On their accession to power, I have heard him say, he received the first intimation that he was not to return to Ireland from one of the doorkeepers of the House of Lords, whom he overheard, as he passed, telling another of my friends lord Mulgrave's appointment."

After his return, we hear little of him as a public man. The same high and comprehensive character of mind which fitted him for his Indian administration, and perhaps unfitted him for the very peculiar civil atmosphere of Ireland, also predisposed him unfavourably for the narrow scope and party tactics of parliamentary warfare in England. He remained aloof, preserving a social intercourse with the best and most enlightened persons of every side, and indulging in those studies for which his talents were of the highest order.

The lofty firmness of the marquis's moral temper, and his high and statesmanlike disregard of popular opinion, and of low calumny, is fully exemplified, by a well authenticated statement made by lord Brougham, which shows him to have continued eight years silent under the reproaches and bitter invectives of those whom he was unremittingly toiling to serve, and that in opposition to his nearest and dearest personal friends. On this we must be silent, as it would involve us in the necessity of a protracted discussion, or, what were worse, the brief and hurried outline of an argument imperfectly stated; but may refer to lord Brougham's admirable sketch.*

Of lord Wellesley, as an orator and a writer, we are far from possessing information sufficient to speak otherwise than very generally. We may, however, refer the reader to two very accessible sources of information, of both of which we shall here avail ourselves a little—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches, and an article in the Quarterly Review, for March, 1840.

On the first point, the following extract will interest the reader. "The excellence of lord Wellesley's speeches has been mentioned; the taste which he had formed from study of the great Greek exemplar, kept him above all tinsel and vulgar ornaments, and made him zealously hold fast by the purity of our language; but it had not taught him the virtue of conciseness: and he who knew the *περί του σπαραγμου* by heart, and always admitted its unmeasurable superiority to the second Philippic, and the Pro Milone, yet formed his own style altogether upon the Roman model. That style, indeed, was considerably diffuse; and the same want of compression, the same redundancy

* Historical Sketches, vol. iii.

of words, accompanied, however, by substantial though not always needful sense, was observable, though much less observable, in his poetical pieces, which generally possessed very high excellence. It is singular to mark the extraordinary contrast which his thoughts and his expressions presented in this respect. There was nothing superfluous or roundabout in his reasoning, nothing dilatory or feeble in the conceptions which produced his plans. He saw his object at once, and, with intuitive sagacity, he saw it in its true colours and real dimensions; he at one glance espied the path, and the shortest path that led to it; he in an instant took that path, and reached his end. The only prolixity that he ever fell into was in explaining or defending the proceedings thus concisely and rapidly taken. To this some addition was not unnaturally made by the dignity which the habits of vice-regal state made natural to him, and the complimentary style which, if a very little tinctured with oriental taste, was very much more the result of a kindly and generous nature."

From this period the life of marquis Wellesley is not to be traced in the sphere of political party; but was, as we understand, mainly devoted to the retired and tranquil pursuits which he loved, and for which he was eminently qualified. Among his friends, men of congenial tastes and accomplishments, and his books, he enjoyed those studies and that intercourse of mind, which, next to the contemplation of past good deeds, can give such ease and such dignity as old age may derive from temporal circumstances. *Si vero habet aliquod tamquam pabulum studii, atque doctrinæ, nihil est otiosa senectute jucundius.* The source of enjoyment thus asserted by the wisest of the Romans, eminently belonged to the marquis. And, like Cato, into whose mouth the sentiment has been put by Cicero, the marquis seems, from lord Brougham's account, to have, in the last years of his life, amused himself with the study of Greek in the orations of Demosthenes, which, though seemingly congenial to the character of his own genius, he had in some degree neglected in his earlier studies.

The pursuits of the last retirement of the marquis are, like the achievements of his public life, fortunately not without their monument. A small volume of Latin poems, dedicated to lord Brougham, and published in the author's eightieth year, sufficiently prove that he would have been as distinguished in the cultivation of letters as he was in the government of states. Of the verses we cannot here speak so fully as they deserve: but we shall endeavour to make amends by an extract which shall close this account. It was in the year 1839 his lordship took the villa of Fernside, near Windsor. As this naturally led to excursions among the haunts of his early years, when a scholar in Eton, his notice was on some such occasion attracted by a weeping willow which hung over the bank of the Thames. Recollecting its known origin, that it had been brought in the last century from the banks of the Euphrates, near Babylon—the "waters of Babylon"—he composed the following exquisite piece.

"Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago
 Quæ flenti similis, pendet in amne Salix,
 Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylone sub altâ
 Dicitur Hebreas sustinuisse lyras;

Cùm, terrâ ignotâ, Proles Solymea refugit
 Divinum Patriæ jussa movere melos ;
 Suspensisque lyris, & luctu muta, sedebat,
 In lacrymis memorans Te, reverende Sion !
 Te dilecta Sion ! frustrâ sacrata Jehovæ
 Te præsentî Ædes irradiata Deo !
 Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
 Nunc orbata Tuis, et taciturna Domus !
 At tu, pulchra Salix, Thamesini littoris hospes,
 Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras ;
 Quâ cecidit Indica, mones, captiva sub irâ,
 Victricem stravît Quæ Babylona manus ;
 Inde, doces, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
 Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.
 Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
 Umbra Tua, et viridi ripa beata toro
 Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
 Sit revocare tuos dulcis Etona ! dies.
 Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
 Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar
 Edidici puer, et, jam primo in limine vitæ,
 Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
 O juncta Aonidum lauro, præcepta Salutis
 Æternæ ! et Musis consociata Fides !
 Felix Doctrina ! et divinâ insita luce !
 Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo :
 Incorrupta, precor maneat, atque integra, heu te
 Aura regat populi, heu novitatis amor.
 Stet quoque prisca Domus ; (neque enim manus impia tangat) ;
 Floreat in mediis intemerata minis ;
 Det patribus patres, Populoque det inclyta cives
 Eloquentiumque Foro, Judiciisque decus,
 Conciliisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
 Immortalem altâ cum pietate Fidem.
 Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
 Cura diû Patriæ, cura paterna Dei.

It would be difficult to give this exquisite poem higher praise than it deserves; nor is it needful to point out to the classical or poetical reader all the beautiful propriety of its allusions, or (what is far more remarkable) the deep vein of uncorrupted fancy and feeling, preserved from the brightest and purest fountain of the youthful affections, which glows through every line of a composition at the advanced age of eighty. Nor can it be required to dwell upon the evidences it bears of the Christian studies and habits of feeling, which indicate that this noble and high heart was cheered in its latter days by still happier consolations, and led by purer lights and more immortal hopes than the muse of Greece or the literature of Rome.

The marquis died not long after the publication of the little book from which the foregoing poem is taken, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Charles Kendal Bushe, Chief Justice, Q.B.

BORN 1767—DIED 1843.

THE end of the last century, though far behind the present time in public intelligence and in the advancement of real knowledge, was yet as far beyond it in that loftier cultivation of the heart and reason among the higher classes, which constituted the finished gentleman, the accomplished man of letters, or the powerful orator. Not, indeed, that this pre-eminence was generally diffused among the wealthier classes, but while there existed among the lowest ranks a perfect barbarism, and among the rural gentry a rude and uncultivated condition as to habits of life and general attainment, there was among the higher aristocracy, the university, the bar, and the parliamentary leading men, a sedulous cultivation of elegant literature, of the refinements and graces of language, of the popular methods of address, as well as of the exercise of the whole art of forensic eloquence, such as has not since been remotely approached; nor, considering the changes which have since taken place in knowledge and manners, is likely to be again attained. In England, our illustrious countryman, Burke, had, with all his unrivalled power, raised his testimony against Indian oppression or domestic improvidence, and warned his country and mankind against the rising storms of French revolution—"Shook the arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece"—followed by the brilliant and celebrated men of either party, whose names are still so familiar. In Ireland, Grattan and his powerful contemporaries were only less famous, because they had a narrower stage, and less elevated parts to play. Emanating from this splendid competition of men of the highest gifts, there were in different circles of society bright expansions of intellectual light, of greater or less compass and spirit according to the local combination and social influence of some one or more central minds; but there was no spot within the country or the kingdom more conspicuous for its high and elegant cultivation than the county of Kilkenny. The county of Flood and of Langrishe, had long been eminent for the distinguished refinement of its social habits, and for the cultivation of every elegant and graceful art; under the influence of a few accomplished families, it had become the Attica of Ireland, and this pre-eminence was long maintained by a succession of distinguished men. To this effect the residence of several wealthy proprietors contributed; and family connections added to this illustrious circle the choicest mind of other places: by the intermarriage of his sister with Mr Bushe, of Kilfane, as well as by his early acquaintance with Mr Flood, Mr Grattan became a frequent and intimate associate in a circle thus distinguished by the union of those qualities which give a charm and grace to society, and are so favourable to the development of the mind. Such were the auspices, and such the time and place from which we are to date the illustrious career of the late Charles Kendal Bushe, a name too honourable to derive illustration from any title, or from any distinction in the gift of kings.

The ancestry of the Bushe family may be traced far into the heraldry of England, and is variously connected with that of the most respectable families in their part of Ireland. Of the Irish family, the founder came over as secretary in the time of William III., under the vice-regency of lord Carteret. They acquired, by grant or purchase, large possessions in the county of Kilkenny, and resided in the family mansion of Kilfane; in the present, or rather the now passing generation, this seat was transferred by sale to the late Sir John Power, baronet, who married Harriet, daughter to Gervase Parker Bushe, of Kilfane. A few steps of this lineage will be acceptable to many readers of the present memoir.

In the end of the 17th century, the then Mr Bushe, of Kilfane, married Eleanor, sister to Sir Christopher Wandesford, who was created viscount Wandesford in 1707. By this lady he had (among other children) two sons, Amyas and Arthur; of these, the elder inherited Kilfane, and was the immediate ancestor of the Kilfane branch. To Arthur, his father gave Kilmurry, being a small estate separated from the family demesne.

The Reverend Thomas Bushe, eldest son to Arthur Bushe, of Kilmurry, married Katharine Doyle, sister to the late general Sir John Doyle, long governor of Guernsey, and well known as the gallant colonel of the brave 87th. Sir John was also very universally known for his rare command of wit and humour, for the eloquence of his speeches and addresses in the Irish parliament, and afterwards in the India House; and was very much distinguished by the favour of George IV., who was so eminent a judge of character and social talent. Of his peculiar style of humour we can only afford an instance. Once when he had the honour of dining at Carlton house, a gentleman was entertaining the prince and his company with a lively account of some adventures which he had met on his travels; among other wonders, he gave a lively description of some monstrous bug, on the marvellous properties and exploits of which he dwelt with all the eloquence of Munchausen. "Pray, Sir John," said the prince, addressing the baronet, "have you any such bugs in Ireland?" Sir John replied, "They are quite common, I can assure your highness, we call them humbugs in Ireland." The sister of this worthy baronet, though less widely known, was not less remarkable for her superior understanding, her refined and polished wit and taste, and her knowledge of that literature which was then cultivated by the highest minds. She lived to a very old age, and had the gratification of seeing her gifted son Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. She was still, at that extreme period of her life, very remarkable for her graceful manner, the elegance of her easy play of allusion, and the youthful brilliancy of her fine eyes. She was equally observable for the fine tone of high and generous feeling, which often reminded us of some dignified matron of the Cornelian race: there was about her person, manner, and style of conversation, much to verify and illustrate the frequent remark, how often the most illustrious men have been indebted to the virtues and talents of their mothers.

Not long, we believe, after his marriage with this lady, Mr Bushe accepted of the chaplaincy of Mitchelstown; and having fallen into

considerable pecuniary embarrassments, was compelled to alienate Kilmurry for the liquidation of debts which had been chiefly the result of an unfortunate passion for building. Previous to this occurrence, two children, Elizabeth, and afterwards Charles Kendal, the subject of our narrative, were born,—the latter in 1767. He received the name of Kendal in honour of a Mr Kendal, who had bequeathed to his father the neighbouring demesne of Mount Juliet, which his father had a little before let to lord Carrick. After removing to Mitchelstown, Mr Bushe had five other children.

Of the early education of Charles Kendal Bushe, we have no very precise details to offer, and shall not load our pages with those which can amount to no more than generalities. In his fourth year, he was sent to Mr Shackleton's academy at Ballitore, then eminent for its superior system of education, and afterwards illustrious for the men it produced. We have already had to notice it in these pages. From this, he was removed to another very distinguished school, that of Mr Craig in Dublin, the same in which we have already had to trace the early days of Tone. Here, too, many persons conspicuous in after life, many of whom are yet upon the stage of the world, became united together in that interesting tie of memory, which, from so slight a beginning, has so deep and permanent a hold. From these traditionary recollections, we must pass on to the time of his entrance in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1782, when he was in his fifteenth year. Here he was eminently distinguished, and notwithstanding his extreme youth, was successful in winning premiums both in classics and science. His classical attainments were placed beyond doubt, and nearly beyond the reach of comparison, by the unusual circumstance of a scholarship in 1785, with eight first best marks. A distinction strongly verified by that perfect mastery which he retained to the very last, of the whole of that range of Greek and Roman literature which was then included in that arduous trial. His contemporaries were among the most remarkable persons of his generation. Plunket, Miller, Graves, Magee, were among the scholars at the time. Tone, also, then as much distinguished by almost unrivalled wit, and admirable address, had obtained his scholarship in the previous year. To maintain a leading position in a circle, which has not been equalled since, and is not likely to be soon equalled again, the great reputation which Bushe had then acquired, and well maintained, is of itself a test of high distinguishing qualities. The Historical Society brought these brilliant and active spirits together into a competition more free and congenial than the pursuit of academic honours; and here Bushe rose as nearly to his comparative place, relative to these eminent men, as was consistent with the imperfect nature of the test, and the inexperience of those who were to pronounce the awards of fame. We think it of some importance to mark this distinction, because we are convinced, first, that the reputation which is acquired by such academic displays of popular talent in early life, long continues to fix a man's place in the comparative estimation of his contemporaries: to point out the reasons would lead us too far, but such is the fact. And second, that there are some limits to the applicability of such a criterion as is thus held out, which are not likely to be quite

understood at the period when this species of fame is won. Young men, at least in the academic stage of their lives, are often very excellent judges of style, of the rhetorical and logical expertness of a writer or speaker; but not equally so of those more severe, and solid qualities, which must be the chief foundation of excellence, in the maturer and more important efforts of actual life. They are sure to be won by ready and unfailing ingenuity, which can make the worse appear the better cause, and is never at a loss for the retort and reply. Errors of judgment, perversions of principle, they do not always detect, and when they do, an over-allowance is sure to be made for the fictitious understanding under which a fallacy is to be maintained; they readily assume that all that ready resource in the support of error, must be still more triumphant in the contest for truth; but it cannot often occur (to the many,) that in point of reality the higher powers of the understanding are rarely tested in such efforts of advocacy; and if they were, their use is not very strongly apparent on the surface. The great and commanding faculty of judgment has little scope in such boy-contests; and even, if the contrary be admitted, this master faculty of the reason, being rather employed to guide the other faculties (as from within) than to show its own peculiar working, and being mostly only to be recognized by justly measuring its effects—requires a nearly equal endowment of the same gift in the listener, before he can be qualified to appreciate this latent source of power. This fact will be found to have a very peculiar bearing on every just estimate of that mind, of which it is the main purpose of this memoir to give a faithful picture; and with the same view, it is not less important to observe that the profound and comprehensive grasp of truth and of the principles of truth which give value to the nobler exertions of the mind, will, on such occasions, place the inexperienced speaker at a disadvantage, for there cannot be a stronger obstacle to promptness in sophistry than the clear apprehension, and keen sense of truth and right, with which a high degree of such qualities must inspire their possessor. These distinctions are easily applied; it is not within our province to compare the early academic successes of Bushe, with those of any one who may have stood higher in the opinion of boys. We shall presently come to the notice of his more popular gifts; but it is on the force of the principle thus stated, that we must ground our own peculiar view of a mind which we will not admit to be second to any one of the eminent persons with whom he may have been brought into comparison. In the play of rhetoric, his match was to be found; in sophistical ingenuity, and the arts of dexterous advocacy, his superior might, perhaps, be named; but in the secret ruling intellectual power that guides to sound views, and imparts truth to the reason, and even refinement and grace to wit, he had no equal among his countrymen, and few anywhere.

If, however, Bushe had, in the estimation of his college cotemporaries, a place in any degree lower in comparison than we must claim for him, it cannot strictly be said that he was underrated; if he was not *first*, he was nearest to it. He possessed by nature the flowing torrent of burning words which all can feel: he was also master of a rare and matchless style of wit, which art never gave; it was that

command of the most rapid, varied, and lively combinations of fancy, and of playful allusion, which he had inherited with his mother's blood, and which seemed to sport involuntarily and without consciousness upon his lips. He never was to be caught in premeditated witticisms, or guilty of resurrectionary Joe Millar's in his lightest discourse; he was witty because he could not help it; and as his whole conversation flowed from the kindest feelings of human nature, his wit was as much directed to give pleasure, as that of most wits to give pain. Quite free from the vanity of competition, and admired by all, he never interfered with the pretensions, real or imaginary, of others, or entered into frivolous disputes for the sake of victory.

After leaving college, some years were spent in studies of which the law, which he had selected for his profession, formed but a small part. This is an inference warranted by the known extent and variety of his early and intimate acquaintance with every branch of polite literature, and the skill and information in the reasonings of metaphysical writers, of which there remain among his papers proofs, on which we shall hereafter offer more full information. A thorough acquaintance with the best writers in defence of revealed religion, and a very able reply to Hume's attack upon it, were the fruits of this interval.

He was called to the bar in 1790. We cannot distinctly say to what cause it is to be ascribed that his success was not so rapid as might be expected from the high reputation he had already acquired, and the popular nature of some talents he so strikingly possessed. The case is (seemingly at least), not of infrequent occurrence. Men of first-rate legal attainments, as in the instance of Lord Eldon, have been long unnoticed. But deep legal erudition, and the powers *essential* to the lawyer, are not of a nature to force themselves into notice; nor are those gentlemen who are the dispensers of bar employment, the best qualified to discern the powers and attainments they are in duty bound to look for. It was then, at all events, thus. It is true that in the instance of Bushe these reasons are insufficient; his faculties were too bright to escape the dullest vision. But it was a moment of vast ebullition of all the lower and baser elements of the social state: there was a collision between democratic rage and folly, and administrative misrule. Disaffection on one side; and on the other, low intrigue, and base subornation; while unprincipled or misprincipled acquiescence in popular folly, filled the space between. Bushe could easily have sold himself to the Castle, or bartered his lofty sense of principle for the praise of democratic clubs, and the foul applause of rabbles. He could early have had the office of a crown prosecutor of those whom he condemned, but loved and pitied; or he could have been the popular advocate of crimes which menaced the dissolution of civil society. There was in his nature a dignity, and an instinct of truth which repelled both. He stood apart, not so much intentionally as from the instinct of a nature at once generous and delicately alive to principle.

In the same year, he was called on to assist in the last meeting of the Historical Society, and made on that occasion a speech long remembered by those who heard it. This society was in itself an institution subject to the college, composed of its students, and within its walls, though not comprised in its corporate constitution. It will best

be described as a school of oratory, poetry, and history, of which the first nearly absorbed the whole practice. It always met, during the college terms, on every Wednesday night, and when the secretary had read a minute of the transactions of the last previous night, some question selected on a former meeting was formally proposed for debate. These questions were mostly of an historical character, and involved some important moral or political principle. We are not aware that the general order and practice of the society at this period, was materially different from the later society revived in the same place not many years after, in which we can recollect to have heard the early eloquence of many now known to fame—

Et nos

Cosilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret.

In the earlier period, it must be allowed, there was a day of genius not afterwards equalled. But there was in both periods, an error in its constitution, inconsistent with permanence. It admitted of the clash of party opposition, and thus necessarily called into existence among rash and heady youths, the same tendencies which carry grown up men into such folly, crime, and violence. In the later society, it is well known to what an extent a spirit of intrigue, turbulence, and insubordination were beginning to appear, though under greater constraints and with less provocation from without. But in the day of Bushe, their debates were far more free; and they were touched with no slight spark of that fire which burned so fiercely in the breast of the Emmets, of Tone, and others, who were then among their distinguished orators, and were soon after too well known to their country. It was in 1790, that the heads of the University, actuated (we believe) by reasons not materially different from those which they again acted upon in 1815, thought it necessary to place the Historical Society under more stringent rules. The effect was in each instance the same: the society met and voted itself out of existence.* To grace, and give force to this act of self-dissolution, Bushe was invited. It was the custom, at the beginning and end of their sessions, to open and close the meeting by a speech from the chair; the orator on such occasions was always chosen for his ascertained powers, and the public was admitted. It was therefore a distinguished test of character to be thus called to speak to the world the last of these solemn addresses—the last words of the old Historical Society. Many passages of the speech which he then delivered, have been printed in different works, and are therefore generally known to those who exercise a taste for oratory. We here give no extract, because it is our design to offer other specimens of far maturer power.

On attaining the age of majority, Mr Bushe's first step was one which, while it indicates the same high and generous nature which will appear in every part of his life, had the unhappy effect of plunging him into difficulties which operated to retard his advancement, and heavily cloud both the peace and the prospects of his earlier years.

* This institution is once more revived, but under a far more well-conceived and durable form, in which all its proper ends are secured, and its irregular tendencies excluded.

Unable to resist the pain of witnessing the embarrassments of his father, he made himself liable for the full amount of his debts. Of the actual amount of these, neither father nor son had any distinct knowledge; and Mr Bushe, having assented to the proposal, immediately found himself involved to the amount of thirty thousand pounds. This heavy incumbrance was unaccompanied by any proportionate means of liquidation; and he soon became so severely pressed by his creditors, that he was compelled to absent himself from Ireland for an interval of two years after his call to the bar. It must be quite unnecessary to say how darkly such a state of circumstances must have clouded his youthful ambition; how like the aspect of ruin it must have appeared. The way was nevertheless opening which was to extricate him, so far at least as to enable him to enter upon the scene of his professional labours and future successes.

Some time before, he had been introduced to Mr Crampton, then residing in Merrion Square in Dublin. This gentleman was in his family and among his acquaintance considered remarkable for his sound and penetrating judgment in the observation of human character; and it is now a satisfactory test of the justice of this character, that he immediately formed a very high opinion of the merit and qualifications of his new acquaintance, and expressed a confident anticipation of his future distinguishing success at the bar. Mr Bushe seems, from what we are enabled to infer, very soon after this introduction to have conceived a strong attachment to Mr Crampton's third daughter. This circumstance must have first been productive of a painful aggravation of his distressing situation, when he found himself compelled to quit, together with his professional prospects, the scene of those hopes and wishes which he is likely to have felt with such peculiar strength.

After an interval, during which he pursued his studies in his Welch retreat, he returned to Dublin, probably with some definite prospect of an arrangement with his father's creditors, such as might allow the prosecution of his professional interests. His was not the temper of mind to stand contentedly aside and let the world go by: and we cannot now even conjecture to what extent the clouds which thus had thrown a momentary shade upon the outset of his brilliant career, may have begun to sever and let in a more cheering light. We can only now say, that after a couple of years, he returned and entered on his profession. As his marriage had been understood to await this important preliminary, it soon followed, with the full consent and approbation of every side. He had previously made such arrangements as his circumstances admitted, for the settlement of the liabilities to which his high and generous spirit had exposed him. The fortune which he received with his wife, increased by a considerable loan from an attached friend, enabled him to extricate himself from the immediate pressure of embarrassments, by paying off the most urgent of his father's creditors. He then came to reside for a time in Merrion Square, with his wife's mother.

Such a union might well be regarded as an event too important in the history of his life, not to demand some especial notice. It was indeed the happiest compensation for many evils in his position—for

the weary struggle that was yet before him. But we have not on any previous occasion so strongly felt the difficulty of dealing with a subject, which at the same time demands and forbids so much of comment. The venerable and highly respected lady, to whom the subject of our memoir was so deeply indebted for the best portion of his comfort in this world, is, happily for her friends, still living, the loved and cherished centre of the numerous circles of his descendants and her own; and being fully aware of her extreme dislike to all allusion to those qualifications which are too much known and valued to be quite private, we feel that there would be something of a violation of the sanctuary of a Christian's profound humility, to say much that our feeling prompts and our subject requires. It may be desirable to notice the circle of connexion into which Mr. Bushe was thus introduced. Mr. Crampton's eldest daughter had been previously married to the Reverend Gilbert Austin, the worthy and amiable rector of Maynooth. Another was afterwards married to Mr. Smyly, a barrister of very considerable eminence. Of Sir Philip Crampton, it must be wholly unnecessary to speak. Mr. John Crampton, the eldest brother, has also been well known in the best society of both countries, and died a few years ago, as eminent for his enlarged and zealous piety, and earnest promotion of the best and highest of causes as a true and faithful servant of Christ, as he had in early life been for his gaiety, and singularly active and powerful frame. Of the Rev. Josiah Crampton, rector of Castle Connel, we have not so directly the means of speaking on our own personal knowledge; but we may here insert a sentence written in after life by the illustrious subject of this memoir himself. "I return you Joss's inestimable letter, full of all the good realities of a fine downright unsophisticated character, a *droiture* and justness both in thinking and feeling, which affectation could not assume, and fiction could not invent." Such, indeed, was the character of this estimable Christian minister, who never for a moment bent his knee to Mammon, or lost sight of the proper character of his calling, the highest, if rightly understood. He had, in common with most of the members of his family, considerable talents. These few we select from many who formed Mr. Bushe's first and inmost circle on his introduction into professional life. It would be vain to enumerate the many who at that period must have claimed familiarity with one so eminently known for social attractions. These were the most gifted persons of their time and country.

A considerable interval now followed, which does not admit of distinct commemoration, unless by such notices as cannot be said in any way to be connected with the progress of our narrative. We have already taken occasion to state that, during this period, he made little professional advance. He continued to walk the courts, if not without a brief, at least without any opportunity of distinction, and to go circuit, with but occasionally small employment for several years. We can, however, most satisfactorily ascertain one fact: that among his cotemporary lawyers, he held his proper estimation. And we can have no doubt, that the general and evident sense of those best qualified to judge, must have helped to sustain his courage during those trying years, in which he continued to buffet with and withstand the

waves of adversity. His trials were, indeed, rough, and sufficient to overwhelm a spirit of less energy, and less consciousness of power. While he was pressed by the clamour of creditors from without, he was haunted by the menace of straitened means within the home of his tenderest affections—of the wife he loved, and of his increasing family.

His talents were, it is true, known to government, and, as we shall presently exemplify, brought offers which, under his circumstances, few, indeed, could have rejected. The leaders of the Irish opposition were, in fact, all those who were capable of making any impression by their eloquence on the public. The accession of Mr Bushe would have been cheaply bought by the administration, at any price. Such offers came: they brought with them the feeling of honourable indignation, and the painful sense of the claims of wife and children. But happily for Bushe, his pure and lofty principles were shared in by her whose peace alone could have induced an instant's hesitation, and he invariably repelled every temptation to swerve from the strict line in which his duty appeared to consist.

In the year 1797, he was elected member for the borough of Callan: and it was not long before he found occasion enough to display an eloquence which, though far, indeed, from being appreciated according to its real excellence, yet could not fail at once to place him high in the foremost rank of orators. His speeches then, as ever after, manifested little if anything of those popular ornaments, which were then valued so much beyond their real merits by the people, because they were accommodated to their taste, and cultivated by men of superior understanding on account of their popular effect. There was in Ireland a degree of barbaric taste for effect, which harmonized powerfully with the strong popular passions which then prevailed. And, accordingly, the adornment of trope and figure—the flight of poetic diction—the pointed epigram—the keen retort—and the laboured display of invective—were the study of the orator, and the admiration of his hearers. More solid and higher qualities had indeed their praise; but, unless in their highest degree of excellence, they were scarcely second to the more ostentatious flights of ornamental language, or displays of specious, though rather obvious and shallow dexterity, for which too much deduction is to be made in now estimating even the greatest orators of that period. Among the very foremost in celebrity of those, it is now curious to see how much of that superiority consisted simply in manner, and how much of this was rather the result of much elaboration on very vicious models than the genuine production of real intellectual power; and even when this power must be acknowledged to have existed in a very high degree, it may be no great hazard to say, that more fame was won by the tawdry embellishment which delighted the vulgar ear, than by the more pure and lofty display of intellectual power, or of detached and comprehensive knowledge. This will be easily observed in the orations of that truly great man Mr Grattan, in his earlier period. Nothing can be less entitled to the praise of eloquence than the *real* arguments and material statements of his best speeches. These are, nevertheless, the real indications of his powerful and comprehensive

intellect; but his fame was won by those less durable, though more brilliant efforts, which, admirable in their way, would hardly have been remembered, but from the dry and stern elevations of Titanic intellect which they accompany, but do not blend with.

Contrasted with such a style or styles, was the less ostentatious, but far more masterly one, of which Mr Bushe may be regarded as the *facile princeps*. A style difficult to convey any clear idea of by mere description: impossible to conceive or to execute, without rare gifts, in rarer combination. And this is not merely true, but even a characteristic truth. It is easy to pursue a chain of reasoning, with (of course) the aid of adequate, though still not uncommon power of reason: it is easier still to soar into the well-frequented region of metaphorical cloudwork: the union of wit and gall, which the epigrammatic point combines, though somewhat rarer, is neither quite uncommon, nor remarkably elevated in its claim, though a claimant, perhaps, too formidable to be put off without due allowance. But Bushe united all—the reason, the clear and lucid statement, the wit of purest water, the dazzling play of fancy, the keen and terrible edge of satire, in his most simple, pure, and classic flow of apt and yet unstudied language. In his narrative, in his argument, in his reply, the clear and unembarrassed method displayed a mind attentive only to what was material; while every sentence was rendered more effective than the most laboured glitter of ordinary rhetoric, by a pure, rich, intrinsic beauty of diction—a light from the unseen source of mind within. This quality, while it told on the simplest mind, was itself a result of the most refined reach of perception and taste. An exquisite adaptation of every word to his purpose—a perfect arrangement of every word in every sentence—of every sentence in every period—produced the fullest effect on the mind and ear that language as an instrument could produce. Nor was this the result of study, or of any elaborate effort for effect—it was the gift of nature: the result of that prompt standard feeling or tact, which cannot go wrong without violence to itself. It was also, in a great measure, produced by a sound and comprehensive conception of the real relations of things—in its ordinary indications called common sense; but which Mr Bushe possessed in no ordinary degree: a quality which gives their direction and value to every exertion of every mental power. Such were the material elements of which the most striking combinations may be exemplified in Mr Bushe's oratory. At the present period of our narrative, it is likely that his speeches, of which our reports are very imperfect, were by no means equal to those of later times, because it is the property of his style of speaking to improve; the common character of all that comes from reason and observation. Yet, among the first of his speeches which we can discover in the debates of the Irish commons, there is a surprising pre-eminence in all the sounder and more standard qualifications of a great speaker. In the debate on Mr Ponsonby's motion, to bring in a bill to repeal an act for the suppression of disturbances in 1797, the speech of Bushe is very remarkable for its clear superiority over the other speeches of the same night, in the apprehension and application of the real principles of the question of

debate, as well as from the unswerving connectedness with which he followed out the course of his argument, and the entire absence of those declamatory expansions which always, more or less, show a feebleness of grasp, and a narrowness of range. We should also observe a curious fact—the newspaper reports of the speech from which we shall presently extract, are far more full in matter, and finished in style, than any other speeches reported on the same debate. This cannot be accounted for, by assuming the well-known practice of preparing speeches before-hand, and obtaining their insertion; because one of the remarkable characters of this speech is that it is not merely an opposition speech, but that Mr Bushe, on this occasion, with a masterly tact, seizes on the arguments of the two principal speakers on the opposite side, upon the combination of which he frames his answer. It would be foreign from our design to enter upon the merits of the question that night before the house; but it may be proper to observe that Mr Bushe's part in the debate shows very forcibly the peculiar character so strongly to be traced in every part of his life, that clear and tenacious apprehension of principle, which never allowed him to be a political partisan. Though he was not to be bought by government, and though, like all high-spirited young men, his breast was swayed by many popular feelings, he yet could not be deterred from the support of the constitutional authority of the laws, either by a liberal view of popular rights, or by his opposition to the government party. The necessity of measures of control, and that of the most stringent kind, was so obvious at the moment, that we never have been able entirely to understand how men, who were not themselves bent on a sanguinary revolution, could impose upon themselves by the paltry reasons against military law and coercive enactments, which were founded on statements of fact which they must have known to be false, and views of principle which a moment's reflection should have dissipated: yet such was the staple of the addresses of the greatest popular orators of the day. It is hard to say with what degree of sincerity men of understanding minds and honourable feelings could babble of the constitution in behalf of leniency towards as dangerous a conspiracy as ever was formed against it. But these remarks would lead us too far: we have promised extracts for which the reader will be impatient. Having commenced, by some comments on Mr Fletcher's speech, Mr Fletcher rose to explain his language; when he sat down, Mr Bushe proceeded:—"Sir, I did not wilfully misrepresent the honourable gentleman, and if I misconceived him, I am sorry for it. But, Sir, if I had not a strong feeling, and a serious conviction on this night's question, if I was obliged to argue in the mercenary and unfeeling character of an advocate, I could not wish for stronger positions on which to ground my opposition to the repeal of the Insurrection Act, than those which have been laid down by the honourable mover, and the honourable and learned gentleman (Mr Fletcher). The first of these gentlemen has laid down as an undeniable principle, in which I altogether concur with him, that *the duty of statesmen and legislators is to administer public affairs according to the peculiar circumstances of particular times*; and the other honourable gentleman, with that

strength of language which he so eminently possesses, has described the present times to be *new, strange, portentous, and formidable*. After such admissions from such high authority, I should go out of my way if I argued whether the Insurrection Act was strictly agreeable to the spirit of the constitution or not; for conceding for a moment that it was not so, I learn from the first of these positions that the legislature is completely justified in enacting and continuing this measure of coercion, as it has been called, provided the necessity existed for it; and I learn from the other learned gentleman that the necessity does exist for it, and that the present times are strange, portentous, and formidable. But, Sir, I did not expect that the honourable gentleman who drew this striking picture of the novelty and danger of the present times should call with so much triumph, and so much doubt, for the proof of his own proposition. *Individual murders* (as he lightly called them) have been committed, says he; but where is the evidence of that public danger which necessitates coercion? where are the documents? when was the inquiry? I really do not know what evidence the honourable gentleman can require of any fact, beyond the evidence of a man's own senses, and the deductions of his own understanding. To my senses, and to my understanding, the demonstration is complete; and if the honourable gentleman has the same organs and the same intellects as other men, I know nothing left for him to doubt of, but the testimony of his own experience. The past and passing history of the country evinces, beyond controversy, the truth of his assertion, that the times are portentous and formidable, at the same time that they contradict his inference by affirming his position, and refute his conclusion that the danger does not create the necessity. It is upon this high and paramount species of evidence that a high court of legislature grounds its proceedings, and I am sure that the honourable gentleman does not wish to narrow us into a court of *Nisi Prius*, and to produce witnesses on the table by *subpœna ad testificandum* to demonstrate the deductions of every man's reason, and the observations of every man's experience: to go beyond such evidence and call for documents, appears to me the height of scepticism, and seems to revive the ingenious folly of that fanciful philosophy which asserted that all which *is, is not*, and proved the non-existence of matter by the evidence of our senses."

From this extract, it may be seen with what adroitness and force, and yet with what simplicity, and how much admirable method, the speaker has seized upon and shaped his argument from the statements of the adverse speakers. The following brief extract from the same speech will exemplify more than one quality of high value to the orator. After dwelling strongly on the proofs that there existed real dangers in the actual state of the country, he gives, in the following passage, a sensible illustration, which must have strongly impressed his hearers. "I pass by the inferior trials of the Defenders, though pregnant with proof in support of this fact, and I recall his recollection to that evidence which has driven the unfortunate Mr Rowan into exile and disgrace; to that evidence which produced the

tragedy of Mr Jackson; and to that by which, and by the lenity of government, an unhappy gentleman now wastes upon the desert air of an American plantation, the brightest talents that I ever knew a man to be gifted with. Who that is acquainted with the fate and melancholy history of this gentleman, can doubt the deliberate plan which was well laid, and nearly executed, of invading this country by a French army, dis severing it from Great Britain, and establishing a democracy? I am sorry such a fact is so decidedly proved, and I am sorry that it is proved in such a manner, for I never shall speak, or ever think of the unhappy gentleman to whom I allude, with acrimony or severity. I knew him from early infancy as the friend of my youth, and companion of my studies; and while I bear testimony to the greatness of his abilities, I shall also say of him, that he had a heart which nothing but the accursed spirit of perverted politics could mislead or deprave; and I shall ever lament his fate with compassion for his errors, admiration for his talents, and abhorrence for his political opinions."

We cannot here, as on former occasions, enter into the history of a time which has been already noticed in these pages, for the purpose of showing that Mr Bushe was as clearly right as he was eloquent and effective. The justice of his exposition would indeed claim no praise, were it not for the fact that other men of high political reputation, who like him were inclined to popular politics, spoke and acted in defiance of the plain facts of the time, as well as the clear principles of the question.

At this period of his history we are enabled to trace him through the Leinster circuit, by several letters of which our fast contracting limits do not here permit the use. It does not appear that, at the time, his professional employment was increasing to any considerable amount. But we find in his family correspondence the overflow of mental activity, and of those deep and fervent affections which through life continued to be the ornament and delight of the inner circle of his home. We can also, in the same easy and unstudied effusions, discern, in its purest and simplest form, the same rich and graceful flow of fancy and feeling which characterized his conversation in the world, or his public displays of forensic eloquence. In his correspondence, these qualities are set off by a deeper glow of heart, which, restrained in public, or among strangers, by fastidious tact, or not called forth by the occasion, could not be conceived by those who only met him in company. It would, indeed, be an omission of one of the most distinguishing features of his mind, not to observe upon the aspect of character thus shown, and which, therefore, we the more regret being for the present compelled to withhold. His letters possessed a charm, never, in any instance we can recall to mind, exemplified in any approaching degree. In these, an unconscious facility of comparison and contrast, and a flow of just and pregnant observation, are enlivened and ornamented by the graceful gaiety which stamps them with the character of perfect ease, and throws a charm of repose over the periods which, from any ordinary pen, would bear the impression of labour. The impression we desire here, in the absence of exam-

ples, to convey, is, that the style of these compositions is not merely unlaboured, but that it carries in itself the internal evidence of ease.*

Occasionally we find intimations of a retainer, but nothing for some years occurred to enable him to prove his powers as an advocate. The first occasion which really brought him into fair professional notice, was one which frequently occurs in the history of the bar. We have not at this moment in our possession any report of the trial at which it took place, nor is it indeed material; the fact is generally notorious. A cause of some importance, in which he happened to be retained, came on for hearing at a moment when the senior counsel was otherwise engaged. Mr Bushe was next in rotation, and as his duty required, urged the necessity of delay. To this the judge would not consent, and impatiently asked if the junior was prepared to go on. Happily, the answer was affirmative, and he was peremptorily desired to proceed. It was soon felt that his client was no loser by the change; he showed a thorough command of the case, and his exertions were crowned with success. It was at once felt that a new and distinguished claimant to the honours and practice of the bar, had established his place; and from this day, briefs poured in freely. Mr Bushe was soon as involved in an overflow of practice, as he had till then been immersed in anxieties arising from the weight of hereditary debt.

It was some time in 1799, when he had become largely engaged in professional business, and had also attained a very high parliamentary reputation, that Mr Bushe received a visit at his house in Baggot Street, from two gentlemen officially connected with government, both most probably commissioned to treat for his services; one of whom, professing the most anxious friendship, apprized him of the very high consideration in which his character and abilities were held by lord Cornwallis; and told him that there were several situations vacant, that of the Rolls, of Attorney, and of Solicitor-general, to any of which he was considered eligible, and that he had but to choose and express his wishes. Mr Bushe acknowledged that it would be most desirable for him to obtain any of these promotions; but that, looking at the political measures actually contemplated by the administration, he felt that some sacrifice of opinion, and of what he regarded as his public duty, must be looked for in return. That otherwise, if the lord lieutenant actually considered it fit and right on grounds of public service or private regard to promote him, he would do so; but that he himself would not sacrifice his independence by seeking any favour, or take office under the trammel of obligations. We state this incident explicitly here, because it is one of the utmost importance in

* It may, with apparent justice, be objected, that some specimen at least of the epistolary powers which we have described, ought not to have been withheld from the public. We have, however, to plead the limits which we were bound to keep, and which we have been but too apt to transgress. To such compositions as the letters in our possession, all specimens would be an injustice, and they must, when made public, be given in their integrity. For this duty we must be content to remain debtors to the public; but the debt shall (if permitted,) be paid in no long time.

the estimate of the character of Mr Bushe. In the summary sketch which we have given of lord Clare, we gave a brief statement of those arts of bribery and corruption by which the measure of the Union was carried in 1800. The mere purchase of a vote was not inconsiderable; but that of a man like Mr Bushe was the highest; and not only promotion but still prospective elevation to rank and place would have been within the sure prospect of venal talent. But Mr Bushe, who as we have just seen, had the rare manliness to spurn the clamour of mere nationality, and to resist the impositions of popular enthusiasm and prejudice, while he still held the steady line of unswerving patriotism, has equally shown his lofty firmness and incorruptible integrity by trampling on the temptations of ambition and the flatteries of power. The case is not the same as that of some other great men who took the same part: there were few indeed of these who had not so committed themselves with the rebel party, or who were not so wholly abandoned in spirit and principle to the popular party, that it was not in their power to recede, without an infamous abandonment of their very identity as public men; to such persons, the highest elevation could afford no shelter for their pride. That these were the motives of those great men we do not insinuate; we merely mark a difference of position. We mean that such motives, were there not higher, must have restrained them. But Mr Bushe stood wholly unfettered by such ties; he stood not more clear of Castle influence, than unsullied by the slightest subserviency to the exactions of popular caprice; as he disregarded the cant of patriotism, so he repelled the splendid corruption of power. Had he been for the Union, he could, with less reproach than most others, have taken the part of a government which made such an effort to secure him. But in common with many others, he entertained opinions hostile to that measure. With such opinions, the readers of these memoirs are aware that we do not agree. In claiming for Mr Bushe, in common with his eminent compatriots, the high praise of independence and integrity on that memorable occasion, we are far indeed from asserting for them that of skilful and comprehensive policy. They were men of the highest intellectual powers—they were fine scholars, eloquent orators, and able lawyers; but it no more follows that they were or could have been profound statesmen than skilful painters. The cant of party politics, which is not very superior to the “cant of criticism,” has so wholly preoccupied the public mind with its false criterions, that in speaking of the conduct of public men, it is not easy to do justice. To have comprehended the whole, and still more, the remote consequences of a measure like the Union, at that period, demanded a political education in a school different from the arena of lawlessness, antisocial opinion, and administrative corruption, then existing in Ireland. Lawyers, no doubt, may be assumed to have the most just insight into the principles of the legal constitution of the nation; beyond this, and this is little indeed, this very knowledge may be observed to carry with it a remarkable inaptitude for the full comprehension of the much larger questions which depend on the relation of the laws and institutions of the country to its social and economical condition. There is between positive institutions and the great law of social progress, a species of

contrary action which we have already pointed out; and this contrariety will mostly be found marked in the intellects of great lawyers as compared with those of great statesmen; not from any real difference of intellectual stature, but from difference of mental habits. The objections to the Union then put forward by Bushe, Plunket, Saurin, Grattan, and Magee, we admit to have been not merely specious, but just, so far as they could go; and what is more, we think their truth to be more evident than that of the reasons on the opposite side. But in truth the former lay upon the surface; they were obvious first and immediate consequences, which were palpable to the dull eye of popular sense. The same may be said of most of the arguments for the measure; but in fact the question in its remoter and ultimate bearings *could not then have been at all understood*. The then future and far distant effects of the accelerating progress of the social state towards a form of which an intense and irresistible centralization must be a result inevitable as fate, could not have been foreseen, and is yet but partially understood. It could not be foreseen by human foresight, that a state of things must arise in which a parliament in Dublin would be as absurd as one parliament in Westminster, and another at Blackwall. And if a digressive observation may be here allowed, we may add, that the great question then not understood, is yet misapprehended by those who have adopted the same patriotic view of it; as we are satisfied that the full carrying out of their demands would be the abolition of all parliaments, unless on the supposition of certain ulterior elements which have not yet appeared. We have not fully stated our views on this point, but we have said so much, because we think that it is the most satisfactory method of showing the necessity of declining a discussion which should lead into such intricate and difficult inquiries.

But setting such considerations aside, and referring to the discussion on the night of January 21, 1800, we have no hesitation in assigning the highest merit to the admirable speech made on that night by Mr Bushe. It was not, like those of Mr Grattan and some other eminent men—a speech to be represented fairly by extracts. The staple of his eloquence did not consist in wrought up passages; he did not deal much in those elaborate parallels and contrasts which are the popular instruments of speech, but in a more refined and consummate play of mind, which, as it grew out of his line of argument, diffused its even light and grace as well as its effect and impressive power over the whole. The subject of that night did not in a great measure admit of the peculiar graces of his style, but it pre-eminently brought forth some of his graver and profounder qualities. Too earnest and too clear, to indulge in the rhetorician's lighter play, his power was that night shown by his close and unrelaxing grasp of the previous speakers to whom he rose to reply. In consequence of this, his speech exhibits a peculiar play of what might not inappropriately be called logical wit, by which, while he follows out a masterly statement of his own views, he seems to dally and sport with the inconsistencies of his opponents. Looking to most of his rivals (if we may so term them), a dry statement of fact and argument is now and then wound up by a few sentences of great effect. Mr Bushe's statements, as simple in expres-

sion and as true in sense, were never dry, but always adorned with a phraseology of which the point, propriety, and terse arrangement, conceal the idiomatic simplicity; more truly, indeed, answering to the *simplex munditiis* of the Roman poet than most results of art we can recall to mind. These considerations are essential to any specific view of his parliamentary efforts. In his bar speeches we shall need no such qualification. In these, a wider play was afforded to his unrivalled powers of advocacy, his playful fancy, his keen and fine satire, the dexterity of suggestion, and the power of narration, in which it is at least doubtful if he has ever been equalled. But of this hereafter, our business is now with his speech on the Union.

As specimens of eloquence, we might take any passage of this speech, and may therefore first select one with reference to a consideration already explained in this memoir; that is, the vindication of Mr Bushe's consistency against a species of accusation which has often been preferred against him, as well as other eminent men, by quoting their speeches made on this occasion. They who would draw any such unfair inferences from such matter, will do well to read attentively the *whole* of Mr Bushe's speech against the Union, and see to what principles he refers, and on what ground he argues. If they will not practically allow for the great real changes which the state of a question may undergo, they may find, in statements such as the following, reasons for a charge different from inconsistency:—"But this is not all, the government of the country has appealed from the decision of parliament, and to whom have they appealed? Not to the constituent body constitutionally recognised; not to the electors of the kingdom; nor the freeholders; but to the people individually: abusing that most monstrous proposition of reform and innovation—I mean of universal suffrage—and canvassing the rabble of the kingdom, against the constitution of the country. A government wielding the whole influence of the crown at the head of every department—the army the church, and the revenue, exercises all its authority to procure individual signatures as a counterbalance to the opinion of the representatives of the people in parliament assembled." This reproach involves both a feeling and a principle which is wholly at variance with the entire mind of those who have thought proper to quote Mr Bushe for their own support, or who have set him against himself. He in reality never entertained those views which are now those of the popular party in Ireland. As public questions then stood, the distribution of opinion and principle was wholly different, and to those who take the trouble to think strictly, such comparisons are soon found devoid of meaning.

The following passage offers more of the orator, but is also full of historic interest. "I should be glad to know, Sir, if this amendment be unnecessary, of what use have been the campaigns and perambulations of his excellency the lord lieutenant since the last session of parliament? Why has his excellency subjected himself to the fatigue of so many marches and countermarches? Why did he think it necessary to write down the constitution of Ireland in a correspondence, through his military secretary, with the seneschal of every close borough, with whose patron he had previously communicated, and

with every parish priest who was sufficiently complaisant to induce his flock to sign manifestoes against the parliament of this country, if after all the crown is to meet the parliament, blinking and skulking from the premeditated determination of extinguishing it for ever.”*

As we have said, it is one of the highest praises of the speeches of Mr Bushe, that they are not to be adequately represented by extracts, as for the most part they consist in a single and uniform tissue of reasoning and statement, flowing from a deep and vital grasp that seldom relaxed enough for the small ambitious art of compounding sentences. The speech from which the foregoing extracts are given—by no means for any rhetorical peculiarity—is throughout distinguishable for the power of applying constitutional principle, or for the prompt dexterity with which weak points are seized, or by which seeming advantages on the opposite side, are converted into points of attack. But we have still a lengthened task before us, and must retain scope for specimens of maturer art and power, in the bar speeches of this illustrious advocate.

After the Union, Mr Bushe, in common with other eminent men of the day, entertained strong apprehensions for the future respectability and prosperity of his own profession in this country, and had nearly made up his mind to try his fortune at the English bar. Such a change must have placed him under many serious disadvantages; but we can safely say that his qualifications were not of a nature to be lost in the crowd. It so happened that the measure which he had so ably resisted, was favourable in its immediate consequences to himself. He was not, as was the case with many, an opponent to the administration either from party connection, or from any popular feeling; he had never been led to commit himself to any line of party conduct. Having taken for his rule of conduct solely the sense and spirit of a constitutional lawyer, he had met all such questions as had claimed his attention as a member of parliament, simply on their legal and constitutional merits. He had supported the lawful authority of the government against extreme opposition, to which he never had lent his sanction. He had not less strenuously joined in the vindication of such popular rights as met with the assent of his own independent reason. To what extent in this lofty course he may have been misled or the contrary, it is no part of our present duty to say; it was the part of a noble and generous mind, that could never be won or daunted, though it might, with all that is human, err. But to him its result was, that the immediate effect of the Union left no important difference between him and the government. And as his reputation had then attained a high level, the discernment of Mr Pitt, which had early marked him out for promotion, was not slow to seize the earliest occasion which offered; and in 1803, on the dissolution

* The point of this language depends on the manner in which the question was brought before the house. The measure of the Union had been rejected in the former session, and the minister thought it necessary to keep back the discussion till he was prepared with what was not inaptly called a “packed parliament,” all mention of it was therefore omitted in the king’s speech. To resist this design, the question was on this occasion brought forward by the opposition, in their motion of amendment on the address.

of the Grenville administration, he was raised to the rank of Solicitor-general.

In this first step, which may be said to have secured his prospects, some able and eloquent writers, themselves possessed by popular views, have discerned difficulties, and others found matter for censure, with neither of which we agree. Against the assumptions of both, we have already in some measure guarded, in shaping our former statements; but as these statements are express, and have been often repeated, we must here add a little special comment. We have, in the foregoing paragraph, described the independent character of his political conduct; but though he did not in the slightest degree sail in the wake of popular leaders, or still less by the breath of popular opinion, yet as for a long time his own views held him in the same course with the Irish opposition, in some great and leading questions of policy, he had thus actually gained a popularity which he never sought, and obtained also the reputation of holding the same general views as those with whom he had acted. From this arose some very natural, and therefore excusable errors; for a character was imputed to him by the undistinguishing heat of popular opinion, and by this character he was judged. Lesser points of opposition were soon forgotten, and his real views of principle were not yet known but to intimates; and in this country, in which all courses of action were on the popular side extreme, and on the government side assumed to be so; when all was, in the loose parlance of popular oratory, resolved into a vital contest between despotism and patriotic resistance, there existed no sober predicamental line to which to refer the steady mind of constitutional regard for the rights of both. Hence arose mistakes which never have been cleared, because the facts have never been looked at without some bias to either side. It has been thought that, by this promotion, Mr Bushe was placed in somewhat of a false position, in which he was compelled to support a line of policy on the part of the Attorney-general, which was contrary to his own opinions; and, consequently, that he must have been led to trim his notions to meet the requisitions of his personal interest. Somewhat more delicate language has of course been used; but to repel such insinuations, it is necessary to be explicit. We entirely, and in the most unqualified manner, deny that any change in any real principle of action or opinion, is to be detected in the whole of Mr Bushe's conduct, from first to last. Some changes his mind underwent, in common with the best and ablest thinkers—the state of questions changed—the action of laws changed—the entire texture of parties changed—the relations of claims, relative position, and social processes between parties and nations have changed and been changing; and even in the interval of time between the parliamentary and official engagements of Mr Bushe, there occurred incidents of no slight nature, well adapted to impress thinking men with strong doubts of the soundness of their views, who till then had been the organs or the leaders of popular feeling in Ireland. But indeed, even this consideration ought to be unnecessary—as the ardour of youth subsides, and sober experience begins to give its indispensable aid to the right understanding of public questions,

much change of conduct (did such appear) might be looked for in any one who might act sincerely from principle.

There ought surely to be no doubt as to the interpretation which Mr Bushe must have put on the revolutionary principles of the United Irishmen. Emmett's rebellion finds no sanction in any of his speeches or conduct. Whether in these matters he thought rightly or wrongly, we do not contest; there is no doubt as to his actual opinions, and if there were, we could meet that doubt. Now, a moment's consideration must show that these and such facts were the only real grounds of construction as to the intent, and still more, as to the effect of such demonstrations on the part of individuals or bodies, as showed themselves in the same manner, assumed the same tone, and expressed the same sentiments as had on former occasions been the mask and cloak of the first movements of insurrection. That such must *necessarily* be their constant intent, we do not say; but there is in human affairs no infallible criterion which can warrant the lawyer and statesman to fling aside the only known rules of experience and historical precedent. Mr Bushe resisted the Union because he thought that measure fraught with many ills—and his view stands recorded with all his reasons; but the same sense which led him to resist the popular members in 1797, in the debate on the insurrection act, operated to convince him in 1803, and succeeding years, of the duty and the necessity of supporting the laws and government, and the peace of the country, against lawless factions, and wrong-headed mischief-makers, under the specious name of patriots. Those indeed who best knew this great man, and who were most competent to form an opinion of him, are aware that if such a fault can be said to exist, it was his fault to cherish the very shadow of a principle, with a stern and uncompromising tenacity, in all matters in which conduct was involved. They who knew him superficially, could not so well detect this habit, in him peculiar from its amount; as in ordinary conversation it was wholly concealed by his singular freedom from the pedantry of dogmatizing in social intercourse.

With respect to the actual merits of the line of policy which was then administered by the law advisers of the crown, we shall more appropriately notice it (so far as we must), in a future memoir. Though friendly to the objects of his fellow countrymen of the Roman church, Mr Bushe is not to be therefore assumed as favourable to the course then pursued for the attainment of their objects. In connection with his able colleague in office, he considered it quite fit for them to look for a disengagement from every constitutional restraint; but it is not enough considered, that he looked on their proceedings with a lawyer's eye. The means were illegal; they bore also too close an analogy, both in form and in the language used, to the similar proceedings of an unfortunate period, of which he was himself a living witness. Some distinctions there did exist, but these were then scarcely palpable—we may, perhaps, discuss them in a succeeding memoir. We only make these remarks to express our general dissent from some comments, which have dropped from other writers, on the position in which office must have placed him. He loved the people, but cared

little for popular praise or blame; his respect for truth and right left no room for such an infirmity. And we must further remark, that the bland and graceful suavity of his manner has been also a means of leading casual observers into a notion, not only in itself fallacious, but likely to contribute to the false impression here discussed: so considerable, indeed, has been the mistake on this point, that we shall have to enter upon a full explanation of this remarkable and much remarked part of his character; we may therefore pass it by for the present. It will here be enough to say, that we cannot recall to mind any instance of a man more direct and single-minded in the principles of his conduct, or in the feeling and spirit which governed its uniform and unswerving course. Like all persons who love to reciprocate good will, and who shrink from stain, he could feel injurious comments; but it was only when they followed him into his retirement—when the fight was over. In action, he defied comment, and spurned apprehension, and had no hesitations but those from which fools alone are free.

The first remarkable occasion which brought Mr Bushe forward in his official character, rose out of the trials in 1811, of which we must offer a brief account, for the purpose of rendering intelligible some extracts with which we shall follow it. In August, 1811, several persons of respectability were arrested in Dublin, on a charge of attending a parish meeting to elect representatives of the Irish Roman Catholic body, "for the purpose or under the pretence" of preparing petitions to parliament, contrary to the provisions of the Act 33 Geo. III., commonly called the Convention Act. In the following November, they were brought to trial in the King's Bench. The occasion was one of great public interest, and the court was crowded by all parties. It ought to be observed, that it was purely the trial of a question as to the power and interpretation of the law, as the Attorney-general had no intention of carrying the proceedings to a penal result, but simply sought to vindicate the law of the land as it stood. In the course of a long and obstinately contested trial, many points of dispute, as usual, arose, which we shall explain as they may become essential to our present purpose. The main point was, of course, that of the express violation of the law—"the election or appointment of assemblies purporting to represent the people, or any description or number of people of the realm, under pretence of preparing or presenting petitions," &c., &c. On this act, there were two prosecutions in the same year, both occupying the same grounds. For as the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in the first instance, grounded expressly on the insufficiency of the evidence, the offence was repeated, and it became a direct and open question between the law and the convention of delegates. Each time the reply on the part of the crown fell to the Solicitor-general, and we have two speeches of admirable wit and power, to supply us with specimens of his manner. But first we must request that the reader may bear in mind what we have already explained. Our specimens are really what we term them—not elaborate flights of embellished language, or keen flashes such as come few and far between, but specimens of a flowing and spontaneous felicity of style and method, remarkable for the grace, ease, and aptitude of its application to the call and purpose of the moment. We shall here,

for the sake of compendiousness, extract indifferently from both speeches. Mr Burrowes had led for the traversers, with a speech of vast eloquence and skill, in which he had contrived to embarrass the actual question with a variety of inflammatory and irrelevant topics, as well as refined but false verbal distinctions. To meet these, and remove the impressions thus raised, was in both instances the duty of the Solicitor. After a brief, nervous, and graceful preface, in which he expresses his determination to confine himself "to the only two topics which seem to have been forgotten this day"—the law and the fact—he begins by animadverting on the efforts of his opponents to make the discussion one of politics. "Gentlemen, it is not my inclination, or my duty, and I disclaim the right, to address you upon any of those popular topics, which have been so laboriously and passionately urged upon you by the traversers' counsel. I recollect the place in which I stand—I know that I am in a court of justice, and not in a house of parliament. I shall not stop to inquire how far these gentlemen may have abused that latitude of discussion which is permitted to those who defend an accused man. I wish not to abridge the free exercise of such a privilege—although I may be allowed to observe, that it has been indulged in this day without stint, and carried to its utmost limits. Be that as it may, a colder duty devolves on me; I prosecute the man whom they defend, and God forbid that, in doing so, I should appeal to anything but your understandings."

It was elaborately endeavoured by Mr Burrowes to confound the jury into an adjudication on the *legal* merits of the cause. The force and skill of the Solicitor's comment is very striking. "I am sure that it is not necessary to remind you that you are not empanelled to decide upon great political and constitutional questions, which have been so much agitated this day; that you are not legislators, but jurors; and that your *oaths* bind you to a fair verdict between the crown and the traverser. But it is very necessary to observe upon the confusion of jurisdiction which has been contended for this day, and the very unfair attempts which have been made to induce you to usurp the authority of the court. Gentlemen, your exclusive province is to decide upon the *facts* in controversy between the parties; instead of which, you have been clamorously called upon to interpret the laws of the land. The mummery of sending up a dozen copies of an act of parliament has been resorted to, and you have been called upon to decide upon its policy as if you were senators, and to construe its enactments as if you were lawyers. You have been told that its provisions were *difficult of interpretation*—that learned counsel have differed upon them—and that it has been *objected* to the convention law, that it requires professional astuteness to expound it; and yet the *same* advocate calls upon twelve respectable citizens, to resolve, upon their oaths, all those intricate and entangled questions, as if your habits, your education, or your studies, enabled you to decide upon them."

The next extract we shall make, displays the same style of language, so characteristic for its elegance and point, half concealed by its terse propriety. It will also exhibit much of the dexterity of which he is always so consummate a master, in throwing an aspect of absurd contradiction over the elaborate defence of the adverse counsel. An

elaborate and prolix examination of the witnesses, for the purpose of breaking down the *proof* of the facts, was followed by a most powerful speech by Mr Burrowes, which assumes their reality, and defends their legality and justice. After pointing out the plain fact, that if the allegations of the indictment were false, the defendant could contradict them by producing numerous persons who were actually present in court, Mr Bushe goes on—"You are called upon rashly to disbelieve what they will not controvert; to impute, by your verdict, perjury to those witnesses for the crown; and to declare on your oaths that you do not believe that which they will not deny. Gentlemen, I am at a loss, in discharging this duty, to discover what I am to reply to: one counsel asserts his client's innocence, in point of fact—the other glories in his crime in point of law;—nay, the one half of each counsel's speech is an answer to the other: they alternately rail against the witnesses, and declaim in favour of the offence. What has been their conduct as to Mr Huddleston, the remaining witness? What has been left unsaid, or unattempted, in his cross-examination? Two hours of precious and irrecoverable time have been consumed, in attempting to discredit a witness who has only proved the proceedings of the aggregate meeting of the 9th of July, at which lord Fingal presided. No suborned miscreant, who had attempted to swear away an innocent man's life, was ever treated with more asperity. No advocate, retained for a felon at the *Old Bailey*, ever plunged more desperately through a cross-examination, trembling for the wretch whose only defence was the hope of confounding his prosecutor, or supporting his *alibi*. The man's feelings were agonized—he was stretched on a rack and tortured—his private life anatomized—his most secret sentiments scrutinized—he was called on to swear to his religious opinions;—and, even in this court, public disgust was clamorously excited, by exhibiting him as a recreant from the religion of his ancestors—his birth, his connexions, his country, his faith, his morals, his circumstances, all ransacked—all exposed. He was asked, was he not a deist—was he not an atheist—had he not been a catholic—was he not a protestant—had he not been an officer?" &c. After adverting to the avowed purpose that all this questioning was to shake the witness's credit, "Gentlemen, why so shake his credit? It required not the storm of Mr Goold's eloquence to subvert it—a breath from lord Fingal would have dissipated it. That noble personage sat under your box at the moment, and sits there now," &c. We add here another striking and most characteristic description of the cross-examination of another of the witnesses:—"You, gentlemen, must judge for yourselves as to the effects of his cross-examination, and if you are able to form any opinion of it, your heads and mine must be made of very different materials. My learned friend, Mr Burne, must not suppose me to insinuate that his discharge of his duty was unnecessary or prolix; he must permit me, however, to say, that it was somewhat prolonged. No one discharges his professional duty with more ability or effect than he does; but he will remember (I am sure I shall never forget it) that he examined John Shepherd for three hours and a-half, 'by Shrewsbury clock:—there are limits to the human faculties, and I

must confess that, at last, mine were so exhausted by this process, that I was unable to carry away a definite idea, or even a distinct sentence: the victim on the table at last swam before my eyes, and some confused, buzzing sound, like a catch-word, in the examination; notes, drafts, copies, informations, &c., &c., rang discordantly in my dizzy head, and tingled in my ears. Gentlemen, if such were the effects produced upon a mere suffering auditor, what must have been the sensations of the witness himself? and, let me ask you, if the man had fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, who could have been surprised at it? who has sufficient confidence in his own memory or nerves, in his own strength of body or mind, to suppose that he could come out from such an ordeal more than alive: let me put it to the candour of my learned and ingenious friend, Mr Burne—how does he suppose that he would have endured such a *peine forte et dure* himself? let him imagine himself nailed to that chair, and that chair fastened to that table, and another Mr Burne—if another could be procured—sitting down in regular assault before him, and for three hours and a-half battering and beleaguering him like a besieged town—let me ask him how he thinks he would feel about the time that his adversary became tired of the attack! really, gentlemen, nothing is so unfair as to judge rashly of a man's credit who has been exposed to such a trial."

The dexterity of these extracts it is easy to appreciate: nor is it necessary to call the attention of the classical reader to the purity, the select propriety, and point of the diction, or the admirable method which so simply, directly, and intensely communicates the desired impression. It will also be at once felt how much of dignified intellectual composure every sentence suggests, so that his very manner is made to tell. All this, we think, is at once conveyed. But no extracts can convey the fact, that this is not a selection of peculiarly happy passages from the ordinary flow of a more common style; that we have selected our specimens, without regard to style, merely looking for passages capable of being so detached without losing their interest. But when all this is said, a more important criticism remains. The Solicitor's speeches seldom convey an impression of the apparently profound character which so often gives a kind of imposing effect of power to those of many of his great competitors, who seem to be moving in deep waters, often where their opponent appears to glide upon the surface: and this has misled inadvertent criticism. But let it be observed, that the apparently simple and easy common-sense reply never fails to drag up, from their erudite depth, the arguments of his adversary, and to show their entire fallacy. His extraordinary simplicity, and the elementary tact of his perceptions, deceive the reader, who thinks too lightly of the art so well concealed, and too respectfully of the effort involved in a darkness of its own creation. It is, indeed, a curious fact, more discernible, perhaps, to the disengaged perception of an unprofessional reader, than it would be to a mind restricted by legal habits, that if any one will attentively read the entire trial here adverted to, he must be struck with very remarkable peculiarities, both in the whole conduct of the defence, and in the arguments of those who conducted it, which he

will find to have been ably seized on in the Solicitor's replies. In these, the ordinary fallacies and dexterous devices of advocacy are, with great apparent simplicity, encountered by a prompt recourse to the elementary principles of a broader method of reason: insomuch that, in their perusal, we have sometimes felt that if a work on the history of bar-practice were to be written, how admirably they might take a place in a philosophical commentary on the radical vices and fallacies to which the reasoning of lawyers in penal causes is subject. The needless and unfair cross-examination, which *can* have no effect on any jury but a jury of idiots—the dexterity which deceives nobody—are admirably and most truly exposed. It would, perhaps, seem invidious to dwell on these topics; but it is impossible to pass on without observing how very often the cross-examination carries the impression of being simply vindictive: how much it resembles a trial of skill, in which the examiner only thinks of displaying his superiority at any cost. We abstain from the censure which forces itself on our pen, from our very unfeigned respect for the high profession, to some gifted members of which it might seem to apply. We shall endeavour to compensate for these comments, by one or two more extracts from the same speeches. To an artful appeal of Mr Burrowes to the public feeling of the jury, the Solicitor replies, “He has called upon you for a *healing* verdict, and has told you that the last verdict was *most healing*. Gentlemen, I shall never hear, without reprobation, such a call upon a jury: I trust that no such dreadful precedent may be established, as the finding of popular and political verdicts. If the public mind requires to be healed, I trust that the consciences of jurors may never be bruised into a nostrum for the purpose; that jurors may never turn state empirics, and fancy that they are prescribing for the distempered commonwealth; that they are politicians, and not jurors; and that they are at liberty to perjure themselves for the good of their country. No verdict can be righteous which is not founded upon the evidence, and the public weal can never be advanced by frustrating the administration of justice. In the name of God, if you disbelieve the evidence you have heard, nay, if you reasonably doubt it, acquit Mr Kirwan—if you do not, fabricate not doubts for yourselves, which no fair mind or sound head can sanction, merely to achieve what you may think a public good. Take the law from the court, and for fact consult your understandings and your consciences, but compromise not your oaths, and trifle not with your solemn duty.”

We have made these extracts at no slight disadvantage, arising chiefly from the usual manner in which such extracts are made, and the consequent understanding, which much tends to bias the judgment. The method to which we advert, is the ordinary selection of highly-wrought or embellished passages, which, though in themselves very worthy of admiration, are yet in no way fairly characteristic of the speaker. The effect of this common practice is, to have raised a false standard of criticism, the assumption of which would only place an orator like Mr Bushe in the false position of a comparison with that most inferior class of speakers and writers, of which the production of such passages is the sole distinction. A false idea of what is excellent in speeches and writing—but especially in the former—has

been variously propagated; and, to please the vulgar ear, it is necessary to be viciously ingenious or gaudily fine; and in this country too much has been sacrificed to win the vulgar ear. Hence the more chastened and refined art which preserves the standard forms of expression, and the more simple and seemingly easy, but more truly unattainable graces, are not quite so likely to be appreciated at their just value as the sounding extravagancies of the democratic harangue, or the dull and wiredrawn wordiness of the metaphysics of the transcendental school. We repeat that it is our desire to have it understood that our extracts are fair specimens of the ordinary manner and style of this illustrious man; and not more illustrative of his real style of speaking, than of the admirable qualities of that mind, of which it was the spontaneous and genuine product. He, too, like every orator, rose into occasional flights of a more ambitious style; but these we have not quoted; they will be met in many repositories, speeches, journals, biographical sketches, which few can fail to have read.

We have adverted to one criterion of excellence, which, as it depends on the entire perusal of these trials, can be here only referred to. If any one, not professionally acquainted with the law, shall take the trouble of such a task, he will find sufficient difficulty in the arguments of the counsel for the defence, to impress him with some sense of their being more deep and more complex than they really are: when, on the other hand, he comes to read the reply, he is at first seized with a premature notion of less depth and logical power, while he is astonished at the masterly language, and the simple truth and justice of the views. It is not until he has given a second thought, and perhaps looked back, that he apprehends a truth which we suspect has been greatly overlooked, that the difficulty has been fully gauged by this seeming simplicity, and that the depths have been illumined by a light which has dispelled their obscurity. Difficulties framed out of seemingly massive and ponderous materials, brought together at the cost of much erudition, and impenetrably linked and platted by the utmost expertness, are not merely encountered by a far simpler method, but radically and in principle exposed by statements which only seem less profound because they have removed the fallacy.

The distinguished efforts of great advocates, or of profound lawyers, do not in general admit even of the species of extract and criticism to which we have found it necessary to have recourse. To understand the merit of the passage, or of the reasoning, it must, in general, be necessary to have some clear previous ideas of the case argued, and even of the several arguments which are the subject of reply; and to unprofessional readers, it is not in every case that this information can be given within any convenient compass. We shall avoid inconvenient repetition, by postponing another great cause, in which the Solicitor earned high distinction, until the next memoir, in which we shall offer some notice of the "*King v. Waller O'Grady*." We cannot now enter upon the details of the case of lord Trimblestown, in which his statement was one of most consummate skill and power, displaying indeed all the various resources of his mind in a most eminent degree. To give due effect to his statements in that celebrated cause, we should have to detail particulars,

which might by possibility touch the character and affect the feelings of living persons, and which should only appear under the sanction of the essential proceedings of justice. For any other place than a court of justice, the remarks which we should have to extract, would be far too keen and pointed, though, we must add, amply earned by those on whose conduct they fell. On that occasion, the Solicitor's wit, address, judgment, and that profound knowledge of mankind which is the advocate's chart and compass in the solution of the covert and tortuous ways of fraud and secret guilt, are admirably exemplified; and we would recommend the trial, and above all, the speech, to those whose ambition it is to rise in the same department of professional life. Independent of the merits of the pleaders—and this praise is not to be confined to one—the case might be a text-book for the broad and clear insight it affords of the workings of human nature, most likely to come in some shape before a jury; and this, with Bushe and Burton for commentators, is no slight acquisition to the lawyer, the tragedian, the novelist, the poet, or the philosopher. It would, however, be some injustice to omit this opportunity to introduce the remarks of lord Brougham, for which this great cause gave the occasion—"But his merit as a speaker was of the highest description. His power of narration has not, perhaps, been equalled. If any one would see this in the greatest perfection, he has only to read the inimitable speech in the Trimbleston cause: the narrative of Livy himself does not surpass that great effort. Perfect simplicity, but united with elegance—a lucid arrangement, and unbroken connection of all the facts—the constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments—these, the great qualities of narration, accomplish its great end and purpose—they place the story and the scene before the hearer, or the reader, as if he witnessed the reality. It is unnecessary to add, that the temperate and chaste, and even the subdued tone of the whole, is unvaried and unbroken; but such praise belongs to every part of this great speaker's oratory."*

The space to which this memoir must needs be confined, does not permit of a more extended view of the merits of our illustrious subject as an orator, still less to enter at large on the consideration of his pretensions as a lawyer. In this respect, we are persuaded that his just claims were much interfered with by the fame of his wit and eloquence. With whatever degree of truth, popular opinion seems to have imagined an opposition between the dry and laborious learning of the black letter sage, and the brilliant and dazzling accomplishments of the advocate. As an advocate, Bushe has seldom been equalled; and we cannot admit that he has ever, in modern times, been excelled. Farther, we are prepared to contend, that it is fully ascertainable from his bar speeches, that he was in no way wanting in any of the intellectual powers essential to the graver and deeper departments of his profession. If in this respect he was below such men as Saurin, it was simply in learning, the result of study; but as to the profound capacity for acquirement, no one who will attentively peruse his masterly answer to the admirable argument of Mr Burton, in the Court

* Historical Sketches, &c., by Lord Brougham.

of Error, on the O'Grady case, will entertain the slightest doubt of the first-rate rank of his legal capacity. And it is very much to be observed to what an extraordinary extent his profound native sagacity enables him to apprehend results, which seem to have in some measure lain beyond the scope of his own research. His fine perception of the point at which a dexterous or an unwary fallacy lies concealed in an adverse statement, is often to be observed, as well as the singular promptness which appears always ready to seize a hint, or to make the most of an inadvertence. He did not himself pretend to rank in the highest class of legal attainment; his taste and his understanding sought a scope far too broad for the demands of the most laborious and deep, yet not most comprehensive of sciences. His attainments as a mere lawyer, were far above the level of second-rate men; but with this, he was a poet, a wit, an historian, a philosopher, theologian, and first-rate scholar. A man, if the number as well as the excellence of his attainments and gifts be considered, whose equal is not likely soon to be found in the history of the bar of either country.

On the incidents of the remaining portion of his life, which comes more directly under the range of recent and living observation, we must be comparatively brief. In the interval between his appointment to the rank of Solicitor-general and his promotion to the bench, we shall only here dwell upon one very important incident—his acquisition of the seat and demesne of Kilmurry, which his father had been compelled to alienate. When he had attained professional independence, and his bar successes had completely relieved him from the anxieties attendant on the *res angustæ domi*, and the pressure of a large and increasing family, his first care was to secure the comforts of his mother, whose provision was not commensurate with his wishes or her deserts. The next, was the redemption of the place of his birth and earliest recollections. Kilmurry had passed into the hands of Doctor Hoskyns,* and was on the point of suffering some considerable dismemberment of its old and beautiful timber, when it happened that the Solicitor paid a visit to the neighbouring mansion of Kilfane. He had long meditated the purchase of his paternal seat, but would willingly have deferred this purpose for some time. The irreparable loss of the fine old trees, was, however, he strongly felt, to be prevented at any inconvenience, and he at once made his proposals, and became master of the place for which he had long cherished a deep sentiment. Here his vacations were spent for many years of that calm prosperity which, when earned by a life of previous trial and industry, and set off by the enlightened and tasteful enjoyments of the most cultivated minds, is so delightful to the contemplation; and never, in any instance within our memory or reading, was human life more exalted and adorned by such accessories. Kilmurry is situated within about a mile of Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. The house is situated to great advantage with respect to the general disposition of the neighbouring scenery: the hills at its rear, the more gently undulating open country in front, and the varied improvements which lie frequent around. Immediately before the front there extends a very richly

* Brother to Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Baronet of Harewood in Herefordshire.

planted lawn, of which the trees are unusually noticeable for their massive proportions, their picturesque forms, and luxuriant foliage, attributable to the depth and richness of the soil, as appears to be indicated by the similar exuberance of the grass, flowers, and minor vegetation. Through the clear openings among the trees, the gleams of a bright little lake (for "pond" does not convey the effect, though descriptive of the fact) appears. Several gravelled walks run through the trees, so as to disclose from different points of view the happiest combinations of wood and park, or let in glimpses of the hills rising on the rear. A pleasing accompaniment of flower and shrubbery, gives rich effect and filling up along these walks. This lawn and surrounding pleasure grounds, run into the more spacious park adjoining to the north and northwest, and terminated by the woods of Kilfane. In the rear of the house lies the farm, with its various adjuncts, terminated by the first gentle acclivity of the screen of heathery hills to the north-east, which are the boundary of the mountain and lowland regions of the country. The place, thus embellished by nature and art, in its richness, freshness, and calm secluded expression, conveying rather the idea of some bright and fair Tuscan villa of the Medici, than a mansion of the sporting county of Kilkenny, was (it is needless to say) to its owner enriched by many affecting associations. The Solicitor was equally blest in his friendly neighbours, in his tranquil and beautiful retreat, and in his own home circle. Of his neighbours at Kilfane, we have already said a little. One gravelled walk ran the whole way from the door of Kilmurry to that of Kilfane—the two demesnes being separated by a hedge and lofty screen of trees, through which a narrow gate admitted the inmates of either. The intercourse thus favoured, was almost domestic; and as the families were near connexions, so they were attached friends. The late Sir John Power was a man dignified by all the virtues that are known to soften and elevate humanity—hospitable, generous, affectionate, and sincere, he was as much loved for his goodness, as he was respected for the quiet and unassuming good sense, and the steady integrity which deserved and won universal confidence. Of his excellent lady, we cannot here speak, as it is no part of our province to celebrate the living; but we may say, that she combined in herself the lineage of Grattan and Bushe, and did no dishonour to either. Of the inner circle of Kilmurry, which constituted the pride and happiness of its illustrious master, we can only say, in general terms, that more talent and more goodness never came together in one home. We cannot venture on the separate notice of individuals, partly for reasons already given, and still more, because we frankly confess that our own long-cherished feelings of respect and affection, would place it beyond our power to be impartial.

With such a constitution of domestic society, it will naturally be understood how so much taste, talent, and goodness, must have operated to shed their attractions, and to impart refinement and the light of intellect within the circle. There was no affectation of knowledge or wit, where all were instructed and talented; there was no frivolous love of pleasure, where all had happier tastes; no dull and slanderous gossip, where all had better thoughts, and more humane feelings:

nor was there any cold and formal constraint, where love and a happy nature governed the mind. The pure and enlightening influence of true Christianity were not wanting, to harmonize and give that sterling stamp of peace and charity, which is not in the spirit of the world.

With such a happy constitution of his home society, the Solicitor was no less disposed to enjoy and promote its happy influences. His hours were given to a succession of occupations and amusements, well suited to his taste and character. A portion of his mornings was devoted to professional avocations, to which he retired immediately after family prayers—his walk or ride followed—and, if some engagement did not interfere, there was some new work, or some pursuit of literature, as his taste might dictate, to fill up the less active portion of his day. At dinner, his family met, with the frequent addition of some friend or relation; he was not a lover of the splendours and formalities of large entertainments, but few men could be more alive to the enjoyment of that refined interchange of mind which belongs to a small and cultivated circle alone. There was, however, no company so dull that his prompt intelligence and happy wit could not enliven; nor could any topic, however commonplace, be introduced, to which he could not give an interest, for his sound common sense was as ready as his brilliant fancy. One quality was very observable in his entire conversation and demeanour—it was the utter absence of assumption; there was nothing in his manner to remind the dullest of his guests that he was conversing with a mind that towered far above his own—he did not himself recollect this disparity, but freely placed himself on a level with his company. If he was misunderstood, he showed no irritation—if any one fell into an absurdity, he was prompt to shelter him with a friendly play of wit—if contradicted, he listened with docility—he never attempted to put any one down—and never allowed uncharitable comments to pass without rebuke.

Such is a faint and imperfect sketch of the man in his own private circle. In the interval which intervened between the last-mentioned events, and his last promotion to the bench, two of his daughters had been married; the eldest to Sir Josiah Coghill, who, having taken a place at Ballyduff, within about three miles of Kilmurry, thus afforded a happy addition to the family circle; the second, to Charles Michael Fox, son of Judge Fox—a young barrister who, before his deeply deplored death, had already made good his way to the professional distinction which he was not allowed to grasp. Four younger daughters, and four sons, completed the circle.

We must now, without further delay, pass over an interval of life, which affords few events which demand notice in a sketch intended to be brief, and which is already outgoing its due proportion.

In the year 1822, an important change took place.

From this period it will, in this memoir, be needless to pursue into minute detail the history of a course which must be regarded as having reached its level upon the summit of professional attainment. The elevation of the Solicitor-general to the vacant station of chief judge in the King's Bench, may be here regarded as a necessary consequence of the refusal of that high office by the Attorney-general, in

whose memoir we shall state the circumstances. If any act could have atoned for the very unhandsome treatment which, for party purposes, the government then observed towards a truly great man, never, perhaps, excelled for legal learning or ability; it would be the appointment of Bushe to that station, for which, however one might comparatively estimate his legal acquirements, he was most singularly qualified by the admirable adaptation of a mind pre-eminently judicial in all its faculties and tendencies. With a love of justice which almost amounted to a passion—and was in him what party feeling is in others—he possessed an intuitive grasp of all its elements, conditions, and principles, so firm and complete, that, in the same way in which a clear intellect will sometimes seize a meaning when grammatical pedantry is perplexed by an imperfect context, he was sure to light, by the intuition of a legal mind, on an application, a rule, or the interpretation of authority, where it lay seemingly concealed amid a multitude of imperfect cases, vague statements, and the obscurity which time has shed over the origin of rules derivable from usage and the common law. Whatever we must suppose to have been his actual possession of black-letter erudition, whether he could command at a moment the whole broad and profound scope of our legal history, one thing is uniformly to be verified in all his practice—his entire and perfect knowledge of the *science* of his profession; and, in consequence, his uniform promptness in rightly grasping the true intent and application of precedents and authorities, and detecting the fallacies to which the advocate is so often compelled to have recourse for his purpose. Now, of the casts of mind here distinguished, however great legal learning, or the sophistical dexterity which can apply it to either side of a cause, may best suit the character of a pleader at the bar, it would be easy to show (if denied) that the rare qualities ascribed to Bushe, were eminently those most suited to the King's Bench. Before we offer our brief exposition of this, let us guard against a misconstruction of our intent. We cannot justly be assumed to mean an apology for any deficiency in that knowledge which belongs indispensably to bench and bar, and to supply the want of which, the utmost reach of mere intellect would be utterly absurd. All this is presupposed in these remarks. Our meaning is simply this, that, admitting that there were and are lawyers and judges considerably more versed in the learning of their profession than Chief-justice Bushe, he was placed far above the ordinary level of judicial qualifications, by a combination of moral and intellectual lights, such as no bar learning ever gave or could give. And there is one plain reason among the many we could offer. To clear our own meaning from all ambiguity, let us assume all the law knowledge uniformly essential to bar or bench, and without which, indeed, the arguments of counsel could not be intelligently followed; and then let it be recollected what is the actual course of a cause involving more than average difficulty: the whole range of applicable or seemingly applicable precedents, rules, commentaries, judicial dicta, and inferences from modes of proceeding, are at great length, with tedious minuteness and expertness, only to be found among lawyers, threshed, turned on every side, sifted and resifted, explained in every possible way, and tested by every conceivable criterion, until the most igno-

rant listener is possessed of the whole substance, and of all the modes of treating it; while it is yet not unlikely that the most expert lawyer may go astray in the attempt to sift the grain of truth from the mass of intricate entanglement which legal ingenuity may have spun around it. To fix our ideas, suppose the great cause of the king and O'Grady, pursued through all the profound sinuosities of professional skill in two successive hearings, in which the theory of the common law, of usage, and of prescriptive right, are exhausted in eight arguments of first-rate ability; in which the statute of Westminster—the commentary of Coke—the cases of Mitton, Bridgman and Holt, Harcourt and Fox, and many others of more doubtful application, are turned inside out, till nothing that reason or sophistry can say, is left unsaid. And, omitting for the present the lucid and demonstrative exposition with which Mr Saurin terminated the last hearing in error, let us see what qualities were mainly available for the purpose of adjudication in such a cause. Not surely the same range of erudition, which we may presume to have been anticipated; not the dexterity which, however it may weave fallacies, is not the surest instrument of truth; but the power of sound comparison and just distinction; the mastery of principle with the unerring intuition which uniformly refers to it; the instinctive aversion to fallacy, which feels and throws off its slightest taint; these, supposing competent professional practice, and that science on which alone they are to be (in legal questions) employed, are the qualifications of the judge *in contradistinction* of those of the barrister. Now, such were peculiarly the distinguishing attributes of the Chief-justice Bushe. Having sustained a high legal reputation, fully equal to the demands of practice, among such men as Saurin, Plunket, Burrowes, Burton, &c., he came to the judicial office with the addition of qualifications, not in a very high degree required in the advocate's part, but standing highest among those which have ever been the proudest boast of the seat of justice—the moral and intellectual purity and integrity, which are its proverbial attributes, having their outward symbol and cognizance in the stainless ermine. We have dwelt somewhat elaborately on these distinctions, because of a common error which some persons have been led into, from the natural disposition of the human mind to run into extreme notions. As a great advocate, it was not unusual to consider Bushe in contrast with great legal authorities; and hence, among those who really had no correct ideas of either, it was often insinuated that he was by no means to be regarded as a lawyer, but simply as an orator. The fallacy of this we have therefore endeavoured to explain: whatever the actual fact may have been, the estimate was founded upon error. We are not, indeed, under the impression that his law reading was very extensive or profound; and more, we do not believe (considering all circumstances, his tastes, his habits, and general information,) that it could well have been so. Law, like any other complex and difficult science, is the business of a life; but we repel the false inference that he was not competently qualified to meet and grapple with all the practical exigencies of his profession, and this on the sure ground of his distinguished efforts in the most difficult and complicated questions which occurred in his time. In these, the part he took was not

held second to the exertions of the eminent lawyers by whom he was opposed; nor, had it been so, could he have risen to the place of practice he held. It is to be remembered that it was not by appeals to the passions of juries in criminal cases, in which a little poetic prose, and a flow of rhetorical bombast, has often been found the surest weapon, that he rose; it was not indeed by the legal mastery of Saurin or Sugden; and yet it was by the power and intellectual mastery of a first-rate legal understanding; clear, logical, acute, and scrupulous, guided by an innate sense of principle, and governed by the love of right. By this constitution of mind, an extensive *practical* acquaintance with law was further extended, so that to a mind like his, the slightest suggestion often presented all that could be attained by the laborious groping of men of less power, though deeper study.

With whatever law learning he came to the bench, he soon vastly increased it, and his judgments are remarkable for that correctness, clearness, brevity, and elementary truth, which belong to the master only, in any walk of science.

From the period of his elevation to the bench, the life of the Chief-justice ran for several years smoothly in the calm alternations of his official duty, and the relaxation permitted by the summer vacation was passed in the tranquil yet happily social retreat of Kilmurry. Here, his best thoughts dwelt while away, and when he returned, it was easy to see that the cares of public life were left without the gate. With all his wit and sound worldly sense, he possessed, more than any one we can recollect, the buoyant and fresh simplicity of a child. There was in his conversation and manner, among those he loved, a naïve yet sparkling *folâtrie*, which was infinitely engaging, but was not shown among any but his most familiar friends; indeed, his natural temper was very remarkably inclined to a playful and easy gaiety; and the grave formalism, which some strangers have mistaken for art, might not ill be interpreted into something of the same kind with the story (we think) of Henry IV. of France, when he was engaged in some trifling sport, and perceiving the approach of some court coxcomb, he turned to his companions and said, "my friends, we must be wise, a fool is coming." Possessing in himself, and in the bosom of his domestic circle, all that society can give, and more than it ordinarily gives, to exercise the mind and the affections, he did not look with much interest beyond it. Of no party in politics, and strongly convinced that a judge should stand aloof from all party, his reading and conversation were directed to general literature, and he indulged his mind with the most reputed writers of the age. Among these, it is needless to say, Sir Walter Scott held the first place—a place indeed beyond the scope of comparison, until we go back to Shakespeare, in whose page the Chief-justice was a scholar in the highest sense, adding a perfect command to a perfect understanding. He was an admirer of Miss Edgeworth also, who stood high in his list of authors; but indeed he read all with rather a frank estimation of whatever was good in them, than with a fastidious discrimination of faults. This was by no means the turn of his genius. Severe in his notions of excellence, when referred to the canons of strict principle, he was yet indulgent in his judgments,

and judged books or men much more by their merits than by their defects. His satire, the result of wit and nice discernment, never came from the heart, the common source of satire in others; and hence, though it often conveyed a lesson, it never inflicted a wound. He was fond of entering upon those philosophical questions which have always been pressing themselves on reflecting men, and which are occasionally most delightful for the exercise they give to the activity of the speculative faculties, rarely exerted in the common affairs of life, or by those who are engaged in them. His conversation had indeed the happiest adaptation to his company; and though there was no topic so humble that he could not enter upon it with unaffected simplicity, and adorn it with good sense and felicitous comment, grave or gay, yet he never appeared to higher advantage than when he was led into some discussion of a favourite author with some qualified companion; for in mixed circles, he rather discountenanced such discussions, as not having the same uniform interest for all.

Among the amusements of his hours of relaxation, he occasionally indulged in composition, in which his facility was very considerable. His topics were, however, ordinarily selected among the passing occurrences of the day, and mostly directed to his own circle. With a high capacity for literature, it has indeed been often made matter of question, why he never in his later years wrote for publication. To understand the reason, it was necessary to know him well. A very generally remarked disposition to please, the result of a rare kindness of temper, was very commonly referred by strangers to something ambitious in his character. It is, however, a curious fact, ascertained by very close and long observation, that, in the ordinary form of this disposition, he was very unusually free from ambition. He was not proud—he had no grasping desire for station—popularity he spurned—and no praise could satisfy him, of which he did not thoroughly feel the perfect justice; but he loved the reciprocity of kindly affections, he enjoyed the happiness of others, and took pleasure in touching the chords of the breast, and awakening the powers of the intellect. This disposition, like every active impulse connected with the social affections, naturally communicated itself to his countenance and manner, and entering into combination with other characteristic habits, gave a winning and persuasive grace to his look and action, which, while it was quite unconscious, was thought by strangers, and by those who could not feel its genuine character, to be art, and the immediate result of design—a mistake indeed so absurd, that we should not have noticed it here, had it not been in some measure perpetuated in the works of a very clever and even friendly writer. If we must admit the fact that the Chief-justice had been, in his bar practice, what Mr Kemble with much justice observed, “the most consummate actor off the stage,” yet the rash and hasty assertion of some of his admirers will not follow. A man’s nature, it may be admitted, to a great extent will regulate and afford the foundation of his art—the taste and feeling which may impart a graceful manner to a graceful person or expressive countenance, in the most unconscious movements of private society, cannot fail to be of much avail on those occasions when all the resources of art are absolutely sought for an understood

purpose; and again, by the natural reaction of habit, the study of the advocate must needs throw some characteristic influence over the general deportment. But it seems unfair, on such slight grounds, for a stranger to generalize such obvious and natural incidents into the imputation of a habit, which is indeed so wholly repugnant to the real character and temper of this eminent judge's mind as *affectation*, for, however qualified, such is the sense of the remark. We do not here bring forward the writer whose language we have excepted against, because we are inclined to believe that he would not have carried his charge so far as the imputation we have endeavoured to repel, but such is the actual impression which he does convey, and it is a false impression, as applied to one of the gravest, sincerest, and most single dispositions ever known in combination with such an intellect.

We have been led into this (not needless) digression by the remarks we had purposed making on the literary amusements of Chief-justice Bushe, because it is impossible to recal them to mind without also recollecting the remarkable modesty and humility of this illustrious man. In the many years during which we had the honour of much intimate and domestic intercourse with him, and of every opportunity for close observation in a circle in which his talents were fully appreciated by all, we cannot recollect an instance of vain display, or even a momentary indication of having set an undue value on any of his compositions. He was certainly very much alive to the approbation and esteem of those he loved and respected; but he was as obviously indifferent to the praises which are generally so acceptable to greatness. He rather undervalued his own productions, and was easily offended by what he considered as flattery; insomuch, that this species of homage often met an ungracious reception. But in point of fact, these productions were always the unstudied result of the call of the hour, or of the impulse it awakened, and would be thought of no more, if not revived by the natural zeal and affection of those who surrounded him. Perhaps of many of them it may justly be said, that they were too careless and unstudied to satisfy his own taste, or the revision of the critical judgment. This, however, is immaterial, as they always evinced those talents and that cultivation which, had he so desired, would easily have secured him a high station in the republic of letters; and of this, it is to be presumed, he could himself have no doubt—certainly no one else had. Now, if the reader will consider, how public men, statesmen, judges, lawyers, and members of all professions, with less than half his known powers, have struggled to obtain notoriety for the productions of their leisure, it will be easier to comprehend the indifference of a man with the talents and the readiness of Bushe, throwing off compositions of every kind for his own relaxation, and casting them aside without a thought. One of the most certain, and most amiable signs of true modesty, is the aptness to approve and take delight in others; and this was among the most signal qualities of the Chief-justice. His mind, never engrossed in self-contemplation, was quick to feel the pleasures and the successes of his friends; and we have frequently been surprised at his keen discernment of what was good in the productions of others, where we should have seen little indeed to praise.

Among the poetic pieces which have been preserved by the care of friends, the best are those of which the character is playful. He was not possessed of much imagination, (we adopt the common phrase in its common acceptation,) but in amends, he was master of a boundless fancy. In the direct expression of the more grave emotions, he was true and fervent, but too direct and literal to look for poetic effects—his temper was too earnest to sport and dally with passion; but in the genial moods of social excitement, and in the light, evanescent, and brilliant gleams of satire, sentiment, and characteristic circumstance, which in the most polished society may be said to play along the current of the hour, in these, his wit and fancy could revel in peerless abundance. That keen and luminous flash which seldom was wanting in his conversation, was also as free and bright, though not quite so undesigned, in his fugitive verses.

Of a more important and graver character, were some of his compositions in prose. In these, too, it is to be observed, that the same general impulses—that is to say, the whim of the hour, or the want of relaxation which sometimes gains possession of the studious—mostly gave the occasion and produced similar results; compositions in which a playful vein of satire was used to create amusement in the home circle, and be thrown aside. But it has also occurred, that his mind has been roused into more serious and strenuous exertion by more important occasions. Among the more serious performances of this character, it will be enough here to particularize one which, owing to circumstances, is now in the hands of the public. There was no topic which seems to have been regarded by him with so much interest as the main doctrines and the evidences of revealed religion. It was the peculiar cast of his mind to be very deeply impressed by the results of his reason in all concerns, but most in those of which he recognised the practical importance. Having once concluded on the truth of the gospel, he implicitly followed it out into its consequences; and, contrary to the ordinary bent of the world, the strong sense of its importance, and urgent claim as a reality, took possession of his uncompromising and unsophisticated understanding. The shallow and sophistical dexterity, which so frequently appears in resistance to so plain and clear a light, moved his indignation at all times; but when it showed itself among those whom he cared for, it grieved him deeply. He felt it as an affliction far more serious than any temporal calamity or social shame. This being considered, it will be felt that when a direct application for information on the subject happened to come from a person in whose welfare he took interest, the call was responded to with alacrity. It was on such an occasion he took his pen to answer a question as to the best course of reading for the purpose of a fair investigation of the full evidence of Christianity. To draw up a full notice of the best authors, and of their several arguments, was to him no task. He executed it with ease, precision, fulness, yet with a lucid brevity; connecting the able writers, so as to compose together one great argument, followed out through all its parts, like the summary of a judicial address, which brings together the arguments of the counsel on some great question. Such is the general intent and character of this masterly essay, of which, as it has been given to the public by the editor of this work, and

writer of these pages, we cannot properly say more in this place. It should, however, be added, that it was not composed with the remotest view to publication, this having been wholly the act of the editor. Of the circumstances, and of his own motives, he has given a sufficient account in his introduction to that publication.

It is worthy of curious observation, that the peculiar character of intellect exemplified in that essay, is in a very remarkable manner indicated in his judgments. In these,* so far as we have been enabled to form an opinion, there is great force and clearness of statement, derived from a very admirable quality which was in a remarkable degree characteristic of the Chief-justice—we mean the faculty of orderly arrangement,—than which there is perhaps no intellectual gift so indicative of that high constitution of mind to which the term wisdom can so properly be applied, for it immediately depends on a lively apprehension of the real relations of things, and their true points of connection, and comparative place and value. This indeed is nearly a necessary consequence: these perceptions are themselves the very first conditions of orderly arrangement; they are also, it will be allowed, those of just judgment. Hence the admirable statements which will be found in most of his judgments, by which, after a long hearing of counsel, the principle is made apparent often in a lucid sentence, in which the argument, stripped of its complication, and of the dexterous misstatement or heavy circuitry of the advocates, seems to fall into some brief form, clear, precise, and logical. It will indeed be found not a little illustrative of these remarks, to observe how often his arguments assume those *ultimate* forms in which the science of logic absolutely consists—forms which, in general, the soundest judgment alone can venture expressly to approach, from their simplicity and elementary nature; and as we have taken some pains to trace this characteristic of Chief-justice Bushe, we may also avail ourselves of it to explain its effect in his general style, and in some points of his character. The same clear order which is so conspicuous in his statements, is equally to be traced in the entire texture of his language,—thus indeed indicating its origin to be rather in his nature, than a result of mere skill; for nature only is consistent in parts as in the whole. In his statements, the parts of the argument, the sentences, and the very words of which they are framed, manifest a pervading and prevalent adaptation and arrangement, which no study could attain. The result indeed of *mere* skill would be rather different; for no skill can supply this intellectual acumen; and an elaborate grammatic pedantry, most remote indeed from his style, would be the result. Concurrently with the orderly harmony of style and method we describe, there was easily perceptible an unostentatious indifference about terms, which would be manifestly inconsistent with extreme studiousness of language. His method was an order of adaptation on a large and free scale, regardless of unessential minutiae, and resulting from clear and comprehensive conceptions and apprehensions.

These reflections very appropriately lead to some notice of one of the few incidents which occurred to vary the even course of the life

* Fox and Smith's Reports, and Batty's Reports.

of a chief judge, and which will afford some more authoritative illustration of these views. In 1839, he was summoned to give evidence before a committee of parliament. He thus came under the sagacious observation of lord Brougham, from whom we shall here extract several observations, in the sense and feeling of which we fully concur. Speaking of the occasion, this eminent critic observes:—"No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief-justice Bushe, could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. Many of the questions to which he necessarily addressed himself were involved in party controversy, exciting on one side and the other great heats. Throughout, never was a more calm or fair tone than that which he took and preserved. Some of the points were of great nicety; but the discrimination with which he handled them was such as seemed to remove all difficulty, and dispel whatever obscurity clouded the subject. The choice of his words was most felicitous. It always seemed as if the form of expression was selected, which was the most peculiarly adapted to convey the meaning with perfect simplicity, and without the least matter of exaggeration or softening. The manner of giving each sentence, too, betokened an anxiety to give the very truth; and the slowness oftentimes showed that each word was cautiously weighed. There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery singular for its combined suavity and dignity. All that one had heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner, both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence."

With this expressive portraiture, which, we submit, confirms our more analytic view of the Chief-justice's character as a judicial speaker, we might conclude this part of our task. But it is yet incomplete without a few remarks which truth cannot omit, and which have indeed a more general and instructive relation to the subject. To some of our readers it may be familiarly known how the ancient rhetoricians, in enumerating the elements of eloquence, generally reckoned goodness among the number. According to Quintilian, the orator must be a person *qui esse nisi vir bonus non potest; ideoque non dicendi modo eximiam in eo facultatem, sed omnes animi virtutes exigimus*. But we doubt that the ancient writers apprehended in its fullest extent the value and the entire application of this principle; and it is mostly so stated in their writings, as to convey little evidence, sometimes even little meaning, to the student. The rule is additionally concealed by the tortuous uses of party, of advocacy, and of controversy; for in fact oratory has many uses besides that which generally seems to be assumed by rhetorical theory—the maintenance of truth and right; though this is its ostensible purpose and its noblest. Though, therefore, we cannot subscribe to the dicta of the Greek and Latin schools, we may here fairly consider what the orator *may* derive from these qualities.

For this purpose it may be observed, that even deception is an imitation of truth and virtue; and that the most dishonest reasoning can be only effective by some semblance of just inference from true fact or principle. If any one will take the trouble fully to comprehend this—for we cannot afford lengthened proofs—he will perceive the

consequence, that in proportion as the sense of right and wrong becomes confused, the power even of successful sophistry must diminish, until the mind, habituated only to crooked thinking, begins to think awry without being aware of it—one of the ways in which knaves often betray themselves. This is the extreme case; the same is true in all degrees. Perverted principles necessarily generate not only fallacies, but fallacious methods of seeing and thinking, by which alone fallacy can be entertained. Hence, on the other hand, but resulting from similar reasoning, just thinking is to the same extent grounded on goodness and sincerity, so as to rise from them as a spontaneous produce; and the habit of truth pervades alike the whole exercise of the whole mind. Hence the ease, simplicity, and force, as well as readiness, of the true wisdom founded on virtue. It is in this sense that the beautiful language of the poet is strictly true.

Virtue can see to do what virtue would
 Py her own lovely light, though sun and stars
 Were in the flat sea sunk—

For it is evil which perverts the whole mind, and with wrong motives, and the maintenance of false interests, corrupts the intellectual eye: "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

Now, these reflections offer the true solution of much of the wisdom and much of the eloquence of Chief-justice Bushe. To those who knew him intimately, it is well known with what an earnest love he adhered to the principles of truth and justice. Respected in different degrees by all who have any respect for themselves, these principles had in his mind the force of a religion, and not only gave to his character its real power and dignity, but even its very infirmities. Without the fullest allowance for it, he could not but be mistaken in everything; and thus, by the way, it was, that no man was so often mistaken by superficial observers. We cannot, without becoming prolix, follow this exposition into numerous applications, but for the present must be content to point out some of them, in which he has been unjustly dealt with by strangers. From the exceeding refinement of his sense of the principles here referred to, arose a strong sentiment of scrupulous regard to the claims of others, not only in the ordinary concerns in which law and worldly opinion have fixed them, but in those less defined matters of form, manner, and mutual deportment, in which so little can be explicitly adjusted by any rules but those prescribed by right feeling, and the comprehensive rule of charity. In the mind of Chief-justice Bushe, there was, by his very nature, a fine sense of this principle. Many are, we grant, largely endowed with the same; but in him it received an exquisite vitality, from the equally delicate tact with which it was accompanied. He entered with a rapid apprehension into the consciousness and the existing position of whoever he conversed with; and thus was always under a ready and governing apprehension of the full force of the great law of just reciprocity, "Do unto others, as ye would that others should do unto you," even on occasions which scarcely meet the apprehension of coarser minds. Hence a peculiar graciousness of manner to persons of inferior rank—a condescension of deportment, and a ready wish to set them at ease

—an obliging desire to communicate satisfaction—all of which have often been mistaken, and made the subject of coarse and ignorant comment, by persons who only judged rightly if they felt that they were not fitting objects of so much consideration. But the same temper was otherwise influential in modifications which, from the specimen just explained, the reader will judge that we cannot afford to do more than mention. Hence the stern indignation easily drawn forth by petty oversights of principle; hence the nice balance in which scruples of honour and integrity were weighed. By those who were among his domestic friends, or by the members of his profession, all this was more or less understood; his character could not be mistaken by the superior order of actual observers. It was impossible even for the most intimate to keep in view the strict, stern, and exceedingly simple philosophy of his mind; it was so profusely adorned on the surface by the illumination of taste and fancy, and so embellished with a play of allusion which came unsought, that it was not easy to reconcile so much subtlety in wit with so much simplicity in judgment.

Notwithstanding his pre-eminence as an advocate, we are inclined to think that the Chief-justice appeared to the highest advantage in the undress of the most familiar conversation, when unconstrainedly following the topic most agreeable to his own taste. On these happy occasions, a gentle enthusiasm, which was liable to be repressed by the mere presence of those who could not participate in the feeling of the moment, seldom failed to show itself, and his heart seemed to awaken and take its part in the play of mind and memory. We can well recollect the animated spirit with which he entered one evening on the discussion of selected passages in Milton and Shakespeare—touching with a depth of feeling on the master strokes of their high art, or the elevation of the noble image or profound conception, until at last an irrepressible sense of pleasure seemed to force from him an exclamation, of which we cannot recollect the precise language, on the charm of such free communication of mind. It was an impulse such as Milton intends to convey in the passage in *Comus*, where one of the brothers breaks into a similar interruption:—

How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Such impulses were with him frequent; for there was a deep glow of what we may be allowed to call a classical enthusiasm in his mind, ever on the spring when all constraint was removed. He was indeed easily restrained, not from the selfish anxiety which so often can tongue-tie men of wit, but from a very intense sympathy with the minds of his company. He was also eminently endowed with a fine tact for the ridiculous: in this he was not wont to indulge; but he could not quite divest his mind of a sense of the absurdity of any expression of sentiment where it could not be at once understood: he would not talk poetry to an economist, or philosophy to a statistical tourist. It may be received as illustrative of some statements already

made, when we mention, what we have uniformly observed, that it was very much his habit to converse with persons who possessed any peculiar information, rather on the topics best known to them, than on those with which he was himself familiar; his motive being always politeness—a sense of fairness; and one of the consequences was, that he was sometimes much underrated by persons of the meanest intellectual calibre. He possessed a large fund of anecdote—though he was seldom heard to relate any of that class improperly known by the name of bar stories. But he possessed a power of narrative, so graceful, easy, and graphic, that it did not require anything of the ludicrous or the satirical to give it zest; and the less, as it always came with a force of application that was happy for its pertinence to the occasion.

Among the most remarkable traits of his character, in the familiar intercourse of private life, was the entire absence of pretension. So far as deportment, manner, and all that depends on the will, he always placed himself on a level with his company; divesting himself, so far as he could, of his own superiority; rebuking no innocent error, laughing at no absurdity; prompt to cover the retreat, or protect from the sarcastic comment; and always, when it might be done, to put the kindest construction. To those who affected superior wit or wisdom, he listened in silence; and it was only when their rashness touched too nearly the outworks of religion, or any important principle, that he remonstrated or rebuked, as the case might require. To those whose understanding he respected, he was ever ready to give the most candid and intelligent attention; and when any opinion of his own happened to be questioned, he gave the most earnest attention, and the most frank assent if convinced. There was indeed about his manner, on such occasions, a simple and childlike docility, especially when the subject involved any serious concern. This was on no occasion so apparent as in the discussion of questions concerning the doctrines or evidences of revealed religion. Deeply impressed with the reality and the momentous importance of Christianity, it never occurred to him that the awful interests of eternity presented a fit theme for the display of ingenuity, learning, or comparative superiority of one man's intellect above that of another. He felt the whole truth of human ignorance and insignificance, compared with the counsels and the supreme dominion of God, and the slightest approach to such subjects filled him with humility. We might, without transgressing the limits of strict observation, add much to these statements; but we are sensible that we have already encroached on the limits of mere portraiture. On the subject of one who has been so much before the public, and so often imperfectly represented, we have thought it necessary to rectify some long current mistakes.

The life of a judge in this country, cannot offer much to diversify a memoir. The incidents which claim special notice must needs be few. The chief of them are not such as we should much desire to dwell upon. Though the current of his latter years were in the main as prosperous and as little troubled as falls to the lot of man, yet it can rarely happen, at an advanced period of life, that twenty years can pass without days of the severest trial. In the interval thus taken,

the family of Kilmurry was visited with two heavy afflictions, in the death of two individuals whom we should not feel called upon to allude to here—not even on account of the personal claims of private regard and affection—had these losses been only such as can be numbered among the casualties to which every family is subject, and which, in reality, are no more than the disturbance of each petty circle by the ceaseless drift of life's general ebb. But the death of the Chief-justice's son-in-law, Charles Michael Fox, was not an everyday occurrence. Among his cotemporaries at the bar, there exists no doubt that, in a few years, his high talents, combined with his professional industry, must have raised him to the highest eminence. He was, in private society, of a temper somewhat retiring, but capable of a quiet excitement, in which a very singular clearness of head, a prompt astuteness, a caustic wit, and a very remarkable command of brief and terse language, used to become apparent. He had begun to obtain distinction at the bar, had proved his power in law argument, and also obtained very high praise for his share in a very able publication of law reports, in connection with Mr Smith, since Attorney-general, when he was taken from his afflicted family and from his country by the visitation of divine providence. We may add, that he was no less qualified to die than to live, as he was not merely a professing Christian, but a most firm and convinced believer of the word of life, which it was, at the time when we had the happiness to be among his friends, his earnest study to enforce and teach. Another afflicting topic demands a few words. The Chief-justice's fourth daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bushe, was called away from her most attached circle in her twentieth year, leaving no trace, but in the memory of those who loved her, of as noble a spirit and powerful an intellect as ever adorned humanity. To her with rare truth might be applied the beautiful reflection which Mr Moore, with somewhat perhaps of the poet's license, applied to another.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 With modest murmur glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that sh nes
 Beneath their gentle tide :
 So, veiled beneath a simple guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone ;
 And that which charmed all other eyes,
 Seemed worthless in thine own !

No prosaic truth could be more soberly true than the application of these lines to the loved and valued object of this brief commemoration. With a head clear as the clearest and deepest fountain, and a breast pure as the purest, full of the warmest affections, most thoroughly unconscious of her own value, and endowed with a fine perception of everything good in others, Miss E. Bushe did not live to be thoroughly comprehended even among her friends. All felt her worth, her simplicity, her frankness, and saw her Christian walk; but it was only known to a few that she was gifted with an intellect of which we shall now but say that it would be disparaged by most comparisons which the scope of female biography affords.

During the latter years of the Chief-justice, he was known to en

tain a strong anxiety to retire from his laborious and responsible station. A constitutional tendency to a violent defluxion on the chest, began to harass him with its consequences. His physical strength suffered a diminution, which seemed to menace the powers of life, and which rendered his public duties exceedingly severe. The skill of Sir P. Crampton freed him from this distressing enemy; but he was at the same time made aware, or at least impressed with a conviction, that it was only for a limited interval. Five years appear to have been assigned as a period likely to be free from the ailment which had to a remarkable extent reduced his frame. His strength and spirits were, however, as remarkably renovated by a severe remedial course, and he was enabled to resume his judicial functions with renewed vigour and alacrity. He still, however, felt that it would be desirable to retreat while he might do so with unimpaired powers, and thus anticipate the changes which he could not fail to expect. In this desire he met with a degree of resistance from several influential quarters. His brethren of the Queen's Bench were very anxious that he should not retire, for reasons which were very fully understood by the public, but which we shall not here mention, as we are not willing to discuss them. It was also, we may add, the general impression of the public, an impression received in the most intelligent circles, that his retirement was strongly deprecated by the government. It is certain that it must have then had the effect of placing ministers in a position of embarrassment—a consequence which he would have regretted.

Thus impeded in a favourite wish, the Chief-justice resigned himself to his laborious avocations, and armed his mind with patience to await the conjuncture favourable to his retirement. In the meantime, he was in some degree engaged in the improvement of Kilmurry. This step had been forced upon him at first by the discovery that the roof and much of the house was in the last stage of decay. It became essential to safety to begin the most immediate and extensive repairs. In this undertaking, he was necessarily led to reflect on the insufficiency of his house, in its then existing form, for his very numerous family, which it was the comfort of his old age to see collected about his fireside, as often as their own several avocations and separate homes made it possible. His own masterly taste for improvement asserted its claim, and he was thus for some years engaged in a train of rural occupations, which were productive of much pleasure, and contributed much to sustain his health.

He was yet in the highest condition of mental vigour, and in a rather improved condition of bodily health, when he came ultimately to the determination to resign. In this he was partly governed by the apprehension that every object which could be attained by delay, was already past or secure. But he felt that the Terms had been latterly making formidable inroads upon his remaining strength. From these he had begun to return much worn and depressed in strength; and it was easy to calculate how very short a time such a struggle might continue. It was his hope yet to enjoy some years of retreat, cheered by his friends, his books, and the ever-restoring air of his beloved Kilmurry.

And in this there was every reasonable hope of fulfilment. For though his strength was easily shaken, it never failed to return after a few quiet days at home, and his own peaceful and affectionate circle found him the same animated and informed companion as ever.

A remarkable change was destined to be brought about by means from which such results could hardly have been expected—means, on the notice of which we enter with some reluctance. We are unwilling to make our pages the vehicle of censure and imputation, on whomsoever they may fall: and though fully informed of the main facts, we feel that we have not before us the precise details by which all such statements ought to be guarded. We shall, however, keep within the mere assertion of what we authoritatively know, and what no one will controvert.

It had not been at any time the ambition of the Chief-justice to obtain a peerage: he had been indifferent on the subject; and this for very wise and sufficient reasons of his own. It was not the desire of his family, or of his friends. *They* at least felt that no title could add splendour to a high and ennobled name. They felt, and doubtless feel, that the throne can give no title more honourable than the name he has left. His fortune was not equal to the rank, and his native and manly pride was indeed above it. But it was *his right*—and, what is more, it was the right of the Irish bar—the usage of the bar in both countries established it; it was no question whether he was to be particularly honoured with such an appendage or not. But it remained with the Queen's government to consider it as a new question, whether a most insulting innovation, directed against the Irish bar and bench, was to begin with one of the greatest men they had ever produced. That illustrious man, little as he aspired to a peerage, could not but feel the slight undeserved, which fixed a seal of apparent humiliation and contempt upon his life of meritorious exertion, and on his high reputation: and which so far (happily not very far,) as the act of an administration could so operate, would, at least for a few days, have the effect of throwing a noble name into the ignoble list of candidates for an elevation to which their pretensions are found wanting. It was not in this instance a favour sought for, or even an honour desired: it was a matter of course, not cared for, till it was wrongfully and injuriously withheld. To make this painful and offensive, it was enough that the public, the bar of both countries, and the wide circle of acquaintance and friends, had been looking forward to this result, with a degree and kind of expectation, by the disappointment of which it was not in human nature not to be deeply wounded. The bans had been published, and the guests beginning to assemble, when the marriage was broken off; and though the parties had never been lovers, yet when they became hurt by the humiliating surmises, and the insulting reasons, much resentment and mortification might still be felt, and much damage of character might be sustained, or at least apprehended. Such was truly the nature of a slight, deeply disgraceful to the understanding, the taste, and feelings, of the person or persons from whom it came—a stain which cannot be effaced from the memory of the administration of 1841. For this reason it is proper to state, that the insult was

repudiated with the disdain it merited, by many of those whose names will live in the brightest pages of history. In withholding names and circumstances, we should mention that it is not from any want of specific and authoritative information. We have in this work adopted a rule to avoid all unnecessary allusion to living characters. We are also not quite sure that we are yet at liberty to use our entire materials. This unjustifiable insult was painfully aggravated by circumstances of another kind; his name, like every noble name, had been recently assailed by the low animosity of Irish faction: the liberal press, which, in this unfortunate country, has been sustained by all the worst passions and lowest elements of vulgar prejudice and popular error, thought proper to assail the Chief-justice on grounds with which, of all others, they were least competent to deal. With the most profound ignorance, or a still more flagitious dishonesty, they attacked some one of his decisions as a judge, referring it to those party motives from which it was the deepest affection of his moral nature to shrink: throwing thus on the most sensitive spot, (his tender sense of the purity of the judicial character,) a torrent of that obloquy and uncandid imputation, which every lawyer and every gentleman listened to with scorn, but which it was the infirmity of his nature to recoil from as a shame. His sense of justice was like the honour of a virgin, that feels tarnished by the very sound of a calumnious whisper. But these wrongs are yet too recent to be touched upon with historical indifference; and we must refrain for the present. We shall hereafter (God willing) have an opportunity for much interesting detail, quite unfit for such a memoir as is here designed; we are here only concerned to state, that these circumstances conspired to cast a heavy shade over a spirit that had been framed for the light of honour and the reciprocation of good-will, and that had been nursed upon them through life. The Chief-justice could not, in a moment, accommodate himself to a position as unfitting and unmerited, as it was difficult to comprehend. And it is to be observed, that his moral sensitiveness of nature had, at this period of his life, undergone the changes usually produced by age, ill health, hard labour, and a nervous temperament. As if this was not enough, there was another trying taunt, widely circulated, and reproduced in every form, by the intrigues of the party which was anxious to harass him into resignation. It was, with most unwarrantable audacity and most infamous untruth, circulated, that his intellect had become weakened by age to an extent incompatible with his judicial duties. It was perfectly true that his physical strength had in some measure become unequal to labours which were still performed with the utmost ability, to his own great hurt, but not to the prejudice of his court. It has indeed so happened on circuit that he had (in this very period) the business of both courts to discharge. And it was in the very last twenty days of his judicial life, that the whole business of the Irish government was thrown upon his shoulders as Lord Justice; no other individual of the persons appointed being enabled to attend. Let us be allowed, at the expense of saying too much on this most unworthy topic, to advert to some personal recollections. We were at the period (1842) frequently thrown into the company of the Chief-justice, under circumstances which, at the

same time, give the fairest and the most trying scope to the understanding. The excitement of a youthful and varied circle of the most alert and cultivated minds, may be fairly said to possess a power to awaken and restore the faculties that once were brightest—the “Cervantic spirit that used to set the table in a roar”—and for this reason we shall not speak of the prompt common sense, and the clear and witty comment, which was not unheard to the last in the social hall of Kilmurry. But we can recollect more retired and serious hours of cool and yet earnest discussion, upon some of the most difficult questions upon which human learning and reason have been exerted in modern times; and remember to have sat wondering at the well digested and seemingly elaborate statements, from recent reading, of arguments as difficult and complicated as any that could be often heard in courts of justice, and which demanded a far more independent use of all the faculties, and gave less of those aids which are derived from professional habits and technicalities. We state this as the result of our own personal observation, with the best opportunities; and it is advanced in opposition to the assertions of a low faction, which not only raised calumnious doubts and questions on the subject of his intellectual competency, but even went so far as to raise its cavils upon facts, which would, when fairly viewed, lead to very different conclusions.

Although the mind of the Chief-justice was at this time as clear and bright as ever, his nervous system, never of the most resisting structure, was much and frequently acted upon by those causes of irritation, and mental anxiety, which began thus to be poured thickly upon him, at the season of life when rest is looked for, and is essential to life. The abuse of the press, which he held in contempt, came at an unfortunate moment, because it chimed too accordantly with more serious incidents; and helped to give a force and a significance they otherwise could not have possessed, to the deep insult he received from the head of her Majesty's government; and the reasons given were as insulting as the act, and as discreditable to their author. Never, indeed, was the old reproach that “it was enough to be a man of genius and an Irishman, to be treated with neglect,” so accurately verified, by a gentleman, a part of the policy of whose administration has been to adopt the stigma as a maxim. Had it been simply the mere claim of merit, it was, indeed, to have been expected from the hand that pushed down that ladder by which its power had been reached: but a right founded on established custom, and acknowledged in the least imperative cases, was now denied and abrogated in the instance which, had it not existed, should have created it. On such an occasion it needs no special authority to say, that an old servant of the crown—a man nursed upon a nation's admiration—a man to whom honour was as “the breath of his nostrils,” and the light of his life—a man, too, who had been calumniated—a nervous, quick-spirited and anxious subject;—was, because he must have been, shaken irrecoverably by the blow, laden as it was, with ingratitude and contempt. Regardless of titles, he felt the denial, and, as is the law of man's nature, the matter soon acquired an importance not its own.

He visited London to tender his resignation; and on this occasion was warmly received by a large circle of noble and distinguished friends. Among these, it was soon felt that his retirement was not the result of any failure of professional or mental competency: and among the eminent persons to whom he was then introduced, there was but one sentiment of admiration for the singular charm of his manner and conversation. A deep sense also was shown of the injustice he was about to sustain; and had such been his wish it would have met with the merited castigation.

A memorable scene occurred in the library of the Irish courts on the 4th of November, 1842; the day on which the gentlemen of the Irish bar took formal leave, in addresses of which every sentence expressed truths and feelings worthy of the occasion, and of the high and honourable assembly whose mind they expressed. Such forms must often occur, and must, in most cases, be in part ascribed to courtesy, and the kindly consent of many to the language dictated by the affection of one. But on occasions when a really great man retires, whose fame is a living reality undisputed among the educated community, a sentiment becomes awakened so strongly, that it spreads even to those who were hostile. That day was the honourable close of the public life of the last of an illustrious constellation of minds, such as Ireland never produced before, nor (considering the tendencies of the age) ever can again. Among that brilliant circle, he could not be reckoned second to any, for, however excelled in particular qualifications by one or two pre-eminent men, when taken "for all in all," his match never existed. His goodness, that diffused a glow of kindness even over the court—his fancy, that charmed the cultivated taste—his classical information—his fine and delicate tact—his noble integrity and delicate sense of honour—his expansive benevolence, animated by the liveliest perceptions—the graciousness of manner in which so many kind and so many elegant tendencies combined: and withal, the masterly reason, more clear and sound than shrewd, by which, in his judgments, he threw a light of demonstrative certainty and easy natural connexion upon the skilful Gordian knots of legal advocacy. To such a man, at such a moment, there could be no flattery, and the affectionate address of the bar was true as a record of the court, as it was far more solemn and worthy of permanence.

It was in the last year before his death, that his mind began to indicate in some degree the effect of these trials. While his strong and clear reason retained its whole mastery, the lapse of memory became frequent and progressive. Of this he was himself painfully sensible, and often adverted to it. It did not indeed amount to any material impediment to his power of enjoying the society of his friends, or even of strangers, as the slightest impulse of spirits was enough at any time to dispel the gathering cloud: and when he entered into conversation, his wit was as easy, and his judgment as clear as could be desired. But it was easy to see, and fear the result of, a fast increasing tendency to failure of recollection. To this it was not permitted to come: a slight affection, merely local, and to which no importance was attached, required surgical operation: it was performed skilfully, and with little pain. The immediate consequence

was an attack of erysipelas, which brought on inflammatory action in the head.

He left home for the above-mentioned purpose in seemingly good health and spirits; and his friends and relations were under no apprehension for him: but in a very few days after, 10th July, 1843, he departed this life, at the house of his son, Mr Thomas Bushe, near Dublin. His mortal remains were interred in the new cemetery at Harold's cross,—an arrangement which occasioned very great excitement in the county of Kilkenny, where he was loved and honoured by every person and class, who eagerly desired to do him honour, and to claim him as the boast and ornament of his country.

Right Honourable William Saurin.

BORN 1758—DIED 1839.

In the year 1598, an edict was promulgated at Nantes by Henry IV., granting protection and the security of their civil rights to the French protestants, who, as that politic prince saw, were not to be suppressed by persecution. Under the protection of that law, they increased in wealth, numbers, and influence, and with various fortune, extended their ground for a century, during which they attained an integral form, and a degree of civil power and importance which was ultimately fatal to their existence. The jealousy of the government was awakened, and the treacherous policy of Richelieu obtained advantages and removed defences, until, towards the end of the following century, Louis XIV. was induced by the then all pervading machinations of the Jesuits, and by the ascendancy of a fierce faction, to revoke the protecting law. This revocation was not more incompatible with justice and humanity, than with sound policy, depriving the nation, at a blow, of the most civilized, enlightened, and efficient portion of its mind. A general and almost tumultuous emigration of the protestants rapidly drained France of that spirit and energy which, in protestant countries, has universally been the origin and promoting cause of civil liberty and national prosperity. Nor would this inference be weakened by a survey of the personal history of the numerous families thus transplanted into other lands.

Among those who, on that occasion, shook from their feet the dust of a thankless soil, was a gentleman of the name of Saurin, who exercised the profession of an advocate, with distinguished reputation, in the city of Nismes in Languedoc, and who now retired from persecution to Geneva with his family. This gentleman left three sons, James, Lewis, and Mark Antony. Of these, the first mentioned is well known in ecclesiastical history as an eminent theologian, and a preacher unrivalled in his day. His works are still read and admired for their union of eloquence with a profound and simple morality. A small volume of selections from his writings was published many years ago by Hurst, and affords a very high estimate of his powers.

Lewis, the second brother of this celebrated man, came over to Ireland, about the year 1727, as we find by a letter of primate Boulter,

dated March, 1727, which is addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury, and which says, "on Monday last, Mr Saurin came to me with your grace's letter." The letter here referred to also seems to indicate the favour and high opinion of that eminent prelate. Another letter from Boulter to the bishop of London, similarly refers to a "good character," obtained from that prelate. Mr Saurin was recommended by primate Boulter to the bishop of Kildare, who gave him a chantorship in St Patrick's cathedral. From this inferior preferment, he was soon after promoted to the deanery of Ardagh. Previously to his leaving France, he had married a daughter of Le Baron Cornet de Labretoniere, a noble family of Normandy, and had one son and four daughters. The son, James Saurin, was afterwards rector of St Anne's in the city of Belfast. This gentleman married a Miss Johnson, and dying early, left four sons; of whom the eldest and youngest (Mark Antony), adopted the military profession. The third son, James, was the late bishop of Dromore. The second was William, the illustrious subject of our present notice.

William was born in 1758; he was sent to school to the Rev. John Dubordieu, the descendant of another French refugee, who then kept a very eminent school at Lisburn. He entered the university of Dublin as a fellow commoner in 1775; and, as might be presumed from his natural tendency to severe application, and his singular clearness of head, he obtained the highest academic distinctions. Much of the early part of a lawyer's career passes unrecorded in the quiet obscurity of the massive and ponderous learning he pursues, and this is more particularly true of a man like Mr Saurin, whose calm and steady tone of mind was not liable to be caught into the whirl of popular excitement, or disturbed from its course by the passions of the day; while several of more brilliant but lighter, and far less powerful talents, were attracting notice and obtaining newspaper celebrity, he was drinking deep at the fountain head of the Constitution.

Having completed his university course, Mr Saurin entered as a student at Lincoln's inn. It is remembered that, while in London, he lived together with the late Sir Robert Langrishe and the late Mr Lyndon Evelyn. It is also stated, in the manuscript from which we learn this fact, that these three gentlemen afterwards "lived to be more than eighty years, during the entire of which time the friendship and intimacy they had formed in early life subsisted without a moment's interruption." We can also state, upon the same authority,* that during this interval, Mr Saurin was devoted to his studies, and diligent in attendance at the law courts during the terms. Such a course was productive of not many romantic adventures; and it will be presumed that the same sober and steady governing qualities, so pre-eminently exemplified in all we know of him, must have contributed to preserve the smooth uniformity of a studious and prudent progress to his profession.

He was called to the bar in 1780. But for several years, he underwent the fortune of many eminent men whose pretensions were of

* A brief memoir of Mr S., written by a person who had been (it may be said) brought up in his family.

the same nature as his own, and whose moral and intellectual tendencies being strictly professional, withheld them from all irregular and indirect short-cuts to notice. Mr Saurin was not destined to derive any help from the influences of popular faction; nature had not framed his intellect and temperament to be the luminary of clubs; he was neither a master of rakish wit, nor endowed with the flashy elocution and manner which imposes on the vulgar. His style of speech and method of thinking were far indeed from the glittering, but inane phraseology which, some years ago, the English reviewers insisted upon calling Irish eloquence, though there was not a taint of it in any one of those whose names have obtained a permanent reputation amongst us. In the texture of Mr Saurin's feelings, talents, or knowledge, there was nothing to attract the populace, or those who thought with and for the populace. His condition was in this respect, (and this only,) similar to that of lord Eldon, whose acquirements and intellectual mastery were of the same order, though in many equally important respects the differences were great indeed. The strong mind of lord Eldon was as coarse as it was strong, Mr Saurin's was pre-eminently refined. Lord Eldon's profound arguments were perplexed in method, and when they were not so, were still never remarkable for the important qualities of a perspicuous and appropriate diction. Mr Saurin excelled his cotemporaries in accuracy of method and in precision of language: to this consideration we shall have to return more demonstratively by and by. He did not possess that forward activity of temper, which so often involved the great man with whom we have compared him, in pleasant and sometimes in embarrassing adventures, and which must have had the effect of placing him also in a noticeable aspect among his cotemporaries. Mr Saurin was, however, from the beginning, placed in a high and respectable circle. But there was a simplicity in his reason and feelings, and a delicacy in his taste and temper, which must have contributed to keep him back, at a time when men were brought forward in Ireland by courses of living in the world, and of acting in public life, very unlike any thing we can conceive of Mr Saurin. Qualities of the highest order can seldom be popular—a preponderance is acquired by their very absence. A freedom from the constraint of principle—a reckless ambition—an audacious temper—a sympathy with the public impulses—a restless vivacity—and the command of the tawdry rhetoric of popular passion—are the low vices, and the vulgar talents, which in evil times promote inferior men. From the temper and the sympathies which such periods exercise, Mr Saurin was characteristically exempt. The pre-eminent powers of his mind were reason and judgment; in him they were developed to a degree which overawed and restrained the play of the minor and less essential talents. His moral temper was equally powerful and exclusive; a conscientious sense of duty rejected every deviation from the one track upon which the spirit of truth and justice could alone be followed. There was indeed but one way to wealth and fame for such a man; and that was, in its nature, long, arduous, and not within the cognizance of the vulgar eye. We have been somewhat unintentionally led into these reflections by a consideration of the lengthened interval during which Mr Saurin, like some

other great men, was allowed to remain unemployed; and we ought to add, that there are other reasons, arising from circumstances common to the legal profession, which we do not think it necessary to observe upon. There, however, must have been a reputation, such as first-rate men acquire among their equals, from the beginning, at work for Mr Saurin; and during the period of hope deferred, to which professional aspirants must, in general, be subject, he was doubtless increasing his stores of legal learning, and maturing his profound intimacy with constitutional reason, in which he was so great a master.

It was during the interval which we have described, and, indeed, considerably before he had attained to any noticeable degree of practice, that he married Mary, the relict of Sir Richard Cox, Baronet, the niece of the late, and sister of the present marquis of Thomond, by whom he had a large family. This event took place in 1786.

The first occasion which really afforded a just notion of what he could do as a lawyer, was upon the election contest in the county of Down, in 1790, when lord Castlereagh was one of the candidates, and when he made his *debut* for Mr Ward, another candidate, in a manner to obtain a degree of character, which was probably the foundation of the subsequent employment which quickly followed, and never afterwards deserted him until he rose to the highest professional distinction. When once fairly brought before the critical cognizance of the bar, the rest was a matter of course; however slow the public mind must be in the estimate of merits, so far removed from popular information, the presence of a great legal understanding is not to be mistaken in the eminently critical atmosphere of the four courts. Stern and uncompromising virtue, simple worth, and consummate skill, make prompt and deep impressions on those who witness them, and bear indications as sure, though not so tangible, as the records of the law. When a man with so little of the specious or the popular in his mind and deportment as Mr Saurin, was chosen, in 1796, by the lawyers, as captain commandant of their corps; and when the high spirit and shrewd observation of that body is regarded, it speaks with more than the common evidence of outward acts, the sterling worth, as well as ability of the man. A slight consideration of such incidents, may enable us to bring home to our thoughts some adequate conception of the species of firm ascendancy which calm uncompromising principle, and the deeper and profounder powers of intellect, are sure to gain: that such an estimate cannot, in the present instance, be mistaken, is also shown by the early efforts made by the Irish government to obtain the services of Mr Saurin. The sagacity of the statesman at the head of affairs, during that period of emergency, was not slow to discover a command of the real elements of political wisdom, in the broad scope of Mr Saurin's acquaintance with the profound and ample range of our constitutional history, and in the firm temper, and unbending principle, which were so needful in those unsettled and dangerous times—when the struggle between revolutionary impulses and the laws of the land, was direct and violent; and when it was hard to find a man of ability untouched by the pledges of faction, and ready, as well as able, to supply the great want of uncompromising and steady support to the

unpopular cause of order and law. In 1798, the office of Solicitor-general was pressed upon him, with a degree of earnestness to which, in the very considerable experience we have had of such proceedings, we cannot find an approach in any similar instance. His refusal was followed, not only by letters of pressing solicitation and remonstrance, but by the request that he would not decide until the writers (the principal ministers of the Irish government) should have the opportunity of urging the matter in a personal interview. To this effect we have ourselves perused the letters from the earl of Camden, Mr Pelham, and lord Castlereagh. Mr Saurin refused, as it was his determination to oppose the measure of the Union, then in its progress. We shall not here repeat the remarks which we have explicitly made on this topic, in the immediately previous memoir. If any man could then have clearly foreseen the remote effects of that measure, it would be such a man as Mr Saurin: but this was, perhaps, beyond the scope of mortal mind. Mr Saurin, with Bushe, and other able men, saw the immediate consequences—the first shock of a vast change. But it is not indeed easy to imagine the constitutional understanding of Mr Saurin perverted so far as to comprehend the idea of a wise or just policy, in connection with the vicious instrumentality then exerted in prosecution of that measure. He probably could not so divest himself of the simple and pure identity of his very nature, as to connect himself with all that was mean and corrupt in political intrigue; and so revolted was he by these proceedings, that their memory haunted his mind, and kept him afterwards aloof from that government, when his opinions and principles would have been favourable to them. He took his place among those who strenuously resisted the Union, and his opposition remains a matter of history in the reports of the debates which preceded it.

Afterwards, in 1803, he was, as before, urgently solicited to take office as Solicitor-general, and again peremptorily refused. Of this negotiation, there remain the letters of lord Redesdale, at that time lord chancellor of Ireland, and the very person who best had the means of appreciating the singular powers then chiefly displayed in his court. For though the public is best acquainted with Mr Saurin as a crown lawyer, and though our chief means of illustrating his merits have been afforded by his practice in the criminal side of the law courts, yet it was in the less familiar and popular practice in equity, that he is more fitly rated by legal criticism. Great as a crown lawyer, it is scarcely to be doubted that, had his course terminated where it ought to have done, he would have left a name of the highest authority on our list of lord chancellors.

In 1807, he was once more applied to by the government. On this occasion his attached friend Mr Downes, then Chief-justice of the King's Bench, (afterwards lord Downes,) used his influence with him; and Mr Saurin, thus urged, though distinctly given to understand by the lord-lieutenant that the existing government was not likely to continue many weeks, yielded to his friend, and accepted the office of Attorney-general, which he held for fourteen years.

Notwithstanding the high reputation and foremost place of Mr Saurin as a lawyer, yet from the circumstance of his having been thus

placed in the position of crown adviser for fourteen years, during a period which offered very great and peculiar difficulties to the government, it is a necessary consequence that his character, in the estimation of the world, in a great measure stands on the ground of political considerations. This, under any circumstances, must have the consequence of affecting a memorable name with all the imputations which are inseparable from the ignorance, presumption, violence, and opinionative contradictions of party feeling; but in this country, torn as it has been, even from the very dawn of history, and still is, by the animosity of its factions, this consequence is far more to be felt by the biographer of a man like Mr Saurin, who was so long charged with the thankless office of keeping order in the midst of all the fiery tendencies of an uncivilized and excitable people, and maintaining the law which it was alike the policy and the passion of the larger section of the community to set aside. With the utmost benevolence of nature, and the gentlest and most unoffending temper, Mr Saurin possessed the sternest constancy of will, and the most devoted sense of duty, so often found in connexion with the purer and gentler affections of our nature. For the law of the land, and for the civil constitution from which it is derived, and to which it gives support, he entertained the devotion of a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of both; he identified himself with the law, and was identified with it. It was truly a marriage for better for worse. With its honours, he won something of its unpopularity. Honoured by every member of his noble profession—loved by all who moved in his immediate circle—respected by all who could rightly apprehend his qualifications, principles, and moral temper—he stood in that station against which popular delusion and fury were from time to time directed. We do not here in the least question the motives, or even the policy of his fierce opponents; they perhaps thought it right to force their way to what they claimed as civil rights, by the only means they considered likely to succeed. The law, as it stood, was not their friend, and its guardians they regarded as enemies. They fell into a confusion, which—so far as it was inadvertent—was very natural, and may therefore be excused. But it is our business to state the matter truly. For this purpose, we shall here again bring forward a case to which we have already found it useful to advert—the case of the crown against Sheridan, &c. We take this, because it gives occasion to state Mr Saurin's views on his own unimpeachable authority. It will be plain that his sole and simple rule of conduct, and motive of action, was in its character legal and constitutional, and in no degree affected by those sectarian views to which any opposition to the popular party in Ireland has always been artfully or ignorantly ascribed; and let us, in passing, again say, that we do not now recall these considerations in any spirit of censure; the leaders and partisans of every faction, have always, and ever will use those missiles of faction, without which no great popular excitement can be raised. The nice distinctions of truth, in complex questions, cannot well be rendered popular. Other expedients must be found to bring the ignorant into the field of discussion. These expedients it is not our province to discuss.

The question involved in the case of Sheridan, was one which—in every way in which it can be historically viewed—was of a nature

which prescribed to the Attorney-general most peremptorily one course of conduct, without any alternative but a dereliction of his bounden duty. He could not fitly stand by and look on the violation of an enactment most especially under his official charge. The convention act was passed in 1793, to prevent the organization of assemblies assuming to represent the people. Unconstitutional in origin and form, and armed with a dangerous character, such assemblies were, from their near connexion with the masses, and with the prevailing impulse of the hour, armed with a formidable force, and impelled by dangerous influences. This fact was evident from their very constitution; it was still more clearly ascertained by the precedent of times then recent. There was, in the meeting in Liffey Street chapel, and in the arrangements made for its permanency, and for the discharge of its functions, a flagrant and public violation of this law—a violation so broad and notorious, as to amount to a defiance of all authority. We cannot here suppose that the very flimsy quibbles which composed the defence on that occasion, could for a moment have had the slightest weight with the able lawyers who used them for want of better. Secondly, that breach of law was in its probable results and amount such as to warrant and call for the resistance it met. It is no answer to say that the real design of the parties was innocuous, or their ultimate view legal: the law does not concern itself with results of which it can in no way be cognizant. Nor was it to be asserted that a liberal connivance was rendered justifiable by the virtual improbability of any serious return of the same combination of circumstances, which had formerly been the result of similar movements, and been provided against by such a law. If such were really the fact, it was a fact wholly beyond the reach of human foresight. That law was a provision against precisely similar public movements, which had been the immediate preliminaries to a wide spread conspiracy, of which no one pretends to have any doubt, ending in a bloody and disastrous civil war. If the prosecuted parties had even—with such obvious considerations in view—cautiously endeavoured to draw the broadest marks of distinction between themselves and their prototypal conventions of United Irishmen, something might have been urged to excuse forbearance on the part of government. Instead of this, they took the same course of daring open defiance, and fierce animosity against the existing state of government, as the former conventions, with which they endeavoured, in the fullest manner, to identify themselves in purpose, character, and constitution. There was, in reality, no reason, then apparent, why the officers of the crown should not look for the same effects from the same causes; and had any such consequence actually arisen, any neglect on their part might have been cited as a proof that it was the design of government to foment a rebellion, which every rational politician knows is the true instrument for depressing the people of a country. Mr Saurin saw the violation of the law, and read the possible consequences by a clear and confirmed analogy; and his judgment is confirmed by the defence that was made for the traversers by the ablest men of their day.

But Mr Saurin did not in this, or any other case, oppose the members of the Papal communion on the ground of their religion, or upon

any grounds but those which were absolutely and essentially principles of the British constitution, as it then stood. On this point we shall allow him to speak for himself. In adverting to the resolutions proposed at the meeting, after reading out the first, which asserted the right of conscience, and declared that no government can inflict penalties for obeying any form of Christian faith, the Attorney-general distinctly admits the principle, and denies the application, in one short sentence. "Gentlemen, this is the first resolution; the object of which, you will plainly perceive, is to impress on the minds of the Roman Catholics of this country, that they are this day subject to pains and penalties for exercising their religion—a resolution *not founded in truth*, and calculated to mislead the loyal Catholics of Ireland." Of the religion of the people he took no cognizance, nor did he for a moment doubt the loyalty of the nobility and gentry of that persuasion. But a flagrant and palpable infringement of the law was not on such grounds to be allowed; and in the strong denial here quoted, is to be clearly ascertained his actual view of those disabilities—not pains and penalties—under which they then laboured. It seems to come within the range of axioms, that a class of the community which refused assent to the express and essential conditions of the British constitution, could not legally be admitted to any power inconsistent with its safety; and assuredly, the refusal to be subject to the laws would be inconsistent with the power of legislation. We do not here affirm that such was the fact; but it may be taken as an illustration of the principle of exclusion. Such was then certainly the strongly grounded opinion of the wisest statesmen, warranted by the retrospect of several centuries: nor could it have been at that time wholly removed by the admission of the most devoted loyalty, because there actually existed, independent of any such consideration, a still more potential foreign claim, the full assertion of which, by means of powerful secret machinery, would at any time largely change the state and direction of popular feeling. Such was the state of fact; and looking at it according to the most abstract rules of social existence—not to talk of express law—it justified, and seemed to call for, civil disabilities, in times when a very low state of civilization placed the Irish people more at the mercy of such influences, than perhaps they now are. At all events, this is the sole ground on which the question ever could have been fairly discussed.

Mr Saurin felt both liberally and affectionately towards the Romanists, among whom he had many sincere friends; but this could neither change his principles, nor dispose him to violate them. He foresaw to some considerable extent those consequences which have since that time actually occurred;—consequences of which no wise man will pretend to see the end, or to assert that they are not largely qualified with evil. But yet it was not Mr Saurin's opinion or desire in any way to impede the right of petition, or any safe and lawful effort for the removal of these disabilities. This he emphatically affirms; and appeals to the good sense and reason of the Roman Catholics themselves:—"I will beg to leave it, not to you, (the jury,) but to every unprejudiced man, every Roman Catholic who hears me, whether the convening such an assembly in the metropolis of this kingdom can be reconcilable—not with the statute law of the land,

but with the principles of any law whatever—whether it is to be endured in any state in which there is the form of a government, that an assembly so constituted should be tolerated or allowed.” This he explained more at large, by the exposure of the vicious application of the representative principle in the form of the Convention. Indeed, this is somewhat too obvious to go into further statement of it; for we must repeat it, the meetings which the Attorney-general then resisted, were in form and ostensible mode of proceeding, as well as by express declarations, identified with the convention of 1783, and plainly designed to attain by a demonstration of force, that object which they had failed to obtain by legal petition. Whether it may be asserted or not that such was a justifiable alternative, it is quite plain that resistance must be the duty of the officer who is appointed to maintain the law inviolate.

Mr Saurin simply asserted and maintained the law; and by a vigilant, courageous, and able discharge of the trust of his high office, long averted the evils which were to follow, and which, since, have fallen alike on everything respectable in either church. Evils, it is true, largely qualified with good, which has been erroneously attributed to the same and similar causes; but with these considerations we are not concerned. Since Mr Saurin's time, the structure of the constitution has widely changed; the frame of society is no longer the same; and these changes are due to many causes. The following clear answer to the only objection in any degree specious, may also serve as a specimen of a singularly terse and lucid style, by which all Mr Saurin's speeches were alike and uniformly distinguished. “But it is contended, that an assembly as respectable as this, could not be guilty of any misconduct, or act in any way contrary to law. Gentlemen, it is not that an assembly of this magnitude has in it many respectable and loyal persons, that it is, therefore, to be countenanced or endured; or that the public peace can be guaranteed by the integrity of such persons. In such assemblies, it is notorious, that the moderate and well-meaning are overborne by the turbulent, the factious, and the desperate.* Let me call your attention to that very committee, out of whose resolutions the present intended assembly was to take its rise. We all recollect that committee and its proceedings, during a great part of the last year, and beginning of the present. I appeal, not to you, but to every loyal and dispassionate Roman Catholic who hears me, whether that committee, though containing many most respectable and loyal men, did not proceed to such excesses, to such an abuse of the privilege under which they claimed to meet—of all decency and decorum—that every good and loyal Roman Catholic was ashamed of them. Were there not found members of that committee, also, to deliver speeches so gross that the seditious press of Ireland became afraid to publish what they were not ashamed to speak. Every man who regarded the public peace cried out against them; and I am sure, that if blame be imputable to the government, with respect to that committee, it must be that it did not interpose sooner, not for having interfered with it when it did. When it was

* If this were not an obvious result of human nature, it is the lesson of nearly all authentic history.

expected—at least when every one hoped that it was about to terminate its sittings—it issued a circular letter, calling for a perpetuation of itself, by the addition to its numbers of ten representatives from the counties, and five from every parish in Dublin. It was then, and not till then, that government interfered: it interposed, not by the exertion of a power beyond the law, but by notifying to the magistrates that the intended elections of persons, to be incorporated with the committee, would be against the statute law of the land, and that recourse would be had to the law, to prevent such a mischief. That interposition had the desired effect; treason and sedition were checked in their progress, and the project was for a time abandoned,” &c. This most unvarnished and authentic statement puts the whole proceeding of the Attorney-general in its right aspect, and leaves no need for justificatory comment, or room for fair animadversion. It may be added, that his sole aim being in this case the assertion of the law, and the preservation, by its power, of the public peace, he had determined to carry his proceedings no further than merely what was required for this purpose. This is made apparent by after circumstances.

The jury brought in a verdict, which seems unaccountable on any actual ground—“not guilty,” for want of sufficient evidence. On this, no comment is here required. The consequence was a continuance of the same illegal proceedings, with all the mischievous parade of triumph over authority.

As the verdict of acquittal was expressly, though somewhat absurdly, given on the ground of insufficient evidence, and as there could be no doubt either of the law, the facts, or the character of the offence, it was the duty of Mr Saurin not to allow the law of the land to be set at nought. He brought another action, for the same offence, against Mr Kirwan. The opening of his address to the court and jury on this occasion, has strong claims on our attention; not merely because it expresses his motive with his usual perspicuous power, but because, in the manner of this expression, it also strongly conveys the character of the speaker—the reality of his deep reverence for the laws and constitution, which he understood so much better than most men—and that fervent singleness and simplicity which appears so remarkably in all his addresses. “I did feel a hope, and I say sincerely, an ardent wish, that it should not have been rendered necessary for me to proceed further upon the indictments, which had been found in the last term. I had entertained hopes, although the authority of the king’s government should not have been sufficient for the purpose, that, at least, when the supreme court of criminal jurisdiction in the country had solemnly pronounced the Roman Catholic committee to be an unlawful assembly, the persons composing it would have bowed to the law, and desisted from the project of establishing such an assembly. But, gentlemen, I entertained that hope in vain. Finding a determined and persevering resolution, in those who compose that body, to act in defiance of the king’s government in this country, and to trample upon the laws of the land, it becomes the duty of every good subject; it becomes the duty of every man who wishes well to the peace of the country, and the preservation of that happy constitution under which we live, and

in defence of which I trust all of us are ready to die; but, more particularly, it is the duty of the government, who are the peculiar guardians of that constitution, to enforce the law," &c. The case offers in itself no topic of interest, nor were the arguments to which it led particularly important. As the reader is probably aware, from the previous memoir, there was a great display of very extraordinary eloquence by the Solicitor-general: on the part of the traverser, there was also remarkable ability wasted in that strange class of ingenious, but too manifest subtleties, which impose on no attentive intellect, and which, from their very nature, could only be produced in the course of a proceeding where highly trained logicians are under the necessity of saying something for their fee. The facts and law of the case were such as to admit neither of difficulty nor doubt, but involved to the utmost extent in both, by exceeding shrewdness and ingenuity. A verdict of guilty was nevertheless brought in by the jury; and the Attorney-general, content with the success of his firm assertion of the law, followed it up by a wise and temperate course, so as to afford an impressive illustration of the mild and equitable spirit in which it would operate, if so permitted by the class of offenders thus exposed to its penalties. "It is not my wish," he said, when moving for a day for pronouncing judgment, "that any punishment whatever should be inflicted on Mr Kirwan, further than that the court should make such observations on the nature and consequence of the offence, as its wisdom and justice may suggest. I am happy to say, that his majesty's government has taken the subject into its most serious consideration, and having been fully satisfied that enough has been done to satisfy the public at large, not only as to what the law is on the subject, but also that the law, as it now stands, can and must be enforced; and that every man in the community, not only ought, but *must*, obey the laws." Our space only admits these few sentences, expressive of the mild but uncompromising policy on which his entire official conduct was framed. And we may add, that if, in such a course, he obtained the evil report of a powerful, and, as it has turned out, indomitable faction, it is because the fiercer pertinacity with which that faction has prosecuted its purposes, and the unmeasured and unqualified vituperation with which it has throughout repaid all opposition of every kind, has not failed to obtain the success which belongs to thorough consistency, though it should be in evil; and by the most unwearying uniformity in perversion and misrepresentation, addressed to the populace, to render everything good, pure, or exalted, the object of a low democratic faction, sensible to resentments, and impregnable to reason. The principle of Mr Saurin's policy was, indeed, simple and just. It was not less framed for the exigency of a dangerous crisis, than it was accordant with the spirit of the British constitution; as it was directly aimed against an abuse, then not in its beginning, but since matured into a part of the constitution, (its element of ruin,) the admission that *illegal combinations of classes* may be allowed to overawe all constituted authority. Such, in fact, has been the publicly admitted, and nearly sole rule, of later administrations, in effecting the most vital changes: hence parliamentary reform; hence the atrocious municipal reform, than which, so far as regards its main provisions,

there never has been, in ancient or modern times, a more senseless and fatal measure.*

It was not against measures, or in opposition to the professed objects of any class of his majesty's subjects, that the Attorney-general sought to guard, but against the *means* by which these objects were sought. These were, we repeat, the defiance of law, and of the very principle of law; they were discernibly the essential first steps of revolution, against which, in its more violent and accelerated forms, it is the business of every wise and good man to guard. In opposition to these views, we know, there are opinions and prejudices, which have gradually, by long sufferance, taken the character of arguments. That party whose habit it has been to resort to such arguments, has begun by vindicating the lawlessness of its proceedings, by the (real or imagined) justice of its claims. But if the justice of these claims is to be admitted, yet the admission will not authorize the pulling down of the constitution to obtain justice, still less go to prove that there should be no resistance to unlawful proceedings. The argument proves too much—it puts an end to all rights. But, it has been generally assumed, that the rightful claims thus asserted, could not have been obtained in any other way. If we admit the right, such an assumption may go some way to extenuate the means actually used; but it still does not touch the duty of legal resistance, and we are absolved from discussing this delicate point. We must, however, in candour, say, that we do not grant such an assumption. The progress of the social state, under the circumstances in which Ireland *must* have been but for these very contests and disorders, together with the necessary consequences of that progress, have been wholly dropped out of the question. There is in actual progress, a force, the result of growing national wealth, commercial advance, and the increase of the educated orders, which, if permitted, would soon sweep away all minor inequalities, and special disabilities, in its onward course. *This is what has been kept back in Ireland*; the means employed were most fatal to the end proposed; no growth could prosper in the per-

* There is not in all history so strange a specimen of ignorance and oversight as the measure which at once delivered over the entire administration of civic affairs, with all the wealth, privilege, and influence appurtenant to them, to the very faction in Ireland against which the whole power of law was found barely sufficient to contend. Nor was this all: these powers were transferred from the respectable, informed, and wealthy class, who had previously held them, to a low, ignorant class, with which the more respectable individuals found it impossible to coalesce. The corporations of the present hour have the felicitous distinction of combining evils which were hitherto imagined to be contrary to each other: the sanctioned robbery and speculation of jobbing, with the fierce political concentration of democratic clubbism. Mr O'Connell, in one of his early speeches in the House of Commons, told a great truth, though we cannot quite answer for his meaning: he exclaimed against the inutility of corporations, and asked for their total abolition. We cannot help thinking that they have survived their original uses—the protection of that commerce and of those privileges which they now tend to oppress. The main functions which the constitution of cities now employs, might well be committed to the ordinary operation of the commercial principle—of all principles the most prudent and operative. It is only in that class of interests to which this principle does not apply, and in which the tendencies of human nature have a contrary direction, that a corporate organization can be useful.

petual fever of parties; to make the tree grow, they kept pulling it up—it would have grown of itself had they but let it alone. But we must arrest the course of these reflections, of which the end is distant, and which will win little favour with many of our readers. The intellect of Mr Saurin was not one to be baffled by the confusion of principles, or by the fallacious equity, in which it must be admitted that there is to be detected a little of that confusion of thought, which has been ascribed to the shrewdest people in the world. His most peculiar and marked property, was a clear and broad comprehension of law and legal history. He had before his mind the infancy and early growth of British laws and enactments. He saw their intent in the state, constitution, and incidents of the times in which they began; and could unwind the complicated and far descending threads of legislation and precedent, with that ease and simplicity which could only belong to a great master, and which placed him first in the first rank of his profession. Among the incidents of one of the trials we have been noticing, there was an argument on the qualification of jurors, to which we might refer as one of the numerous illustrations of this remark. It seems quite amazing, considering the necessarily casual nature of the occasion, to find a disquisition of so much research as to its materials, so admirably arranged and connected, and so very perspicuous and cogent both as to style and inference; and we must add, we trust without invidiousness, that this admiration increases when we follow out the subject through the able answers which followed. Without being at all deficient in skill or learning, there is between these able arguments and that of Mr Saurin, a very curiously remarkable difference, rather easier to feel than to describe. If the reader will try to conceive a writer or speaker engaged to argue on a learned and deep doctrine, upon which his knowledge is merely general, and executing his task by heaping on his table a whole pile of voluminous authorities, collecting his matter by a laborious search, digging here and there, and hunting through indexes, and following out references, until he stands up to speak laden with the cumbrous lore connected *perforce*, and by the light of an *ex parte* case: he may have thus a view of the effect so often impressed after such artificial and forced preparation in the statements of some of the ablest advocates. How contrasted with his opponents, in this respect, was the impression made by the entire argument and style of Mr Saurin. It was that of a man speaking his ordinary thoughts, from the free, natural, and habitual play of his mind. On the most profound subject, and in the most refined and subtle argument, he only seems to be affirming the obvious dictate of common sense; and it is not until we meet the question in some other hand, that we perceive that it is difficult and perplexed. His law appears to have been digested, assimilated, and incorporated with his mind.

Our space does not permit of any considerable selection of the distinguished causes in which Mr Saurin bore a leading part. As an equity lawyer, he stood conspicuous in the first rank; but we have not materials adequate, did our space allow, to form a satisfactory estimate of him in this respect; and, indeed, the importance of the official station which he filled, in a season of extraordinary difficulty, must be looked on as the proper object of historical commemoration.

The case of the *King v. Waller O'Grady*, offers a very striking exemplification of the character of mind which we have endeavoured to describe, and which we consider sufficiently remarkable and peculiar to deserve the fullest prominence. The reports of law cases are generally too much restricted to the mere matter of the pleadings, or to the law or precedents, to admit of any critical distinction between the counsel engaged in them. It is only in a few causes of great public or professional interest, that any effort appears to be made to give an extended and full report, such as to offer some adequate idea of the real measure and quality of the eloquence and intellectual resource so eminently exercised at the Irish bar. The case here adverted to, is for these reasons, as well as for its great intrinsic interest, especially to be recommended as affording a point of view most favourable for those who wish to have brought fairly before them the true intellectual shape and character of the profession in this country, of which, we have no hesitation in asserting, that it is not in point of ability to be surpassed elsewhere. This case, in its two successive hearings, has been reported with first-rate ability by a lawyer whose habitual accuracy and profound knowledge of the subject, enabled him to do the fullest justice to an argument which has left no resource of art or legal discrimination unexemplified.* We consider it but fair to the able bar opposed to the crown, to state, that they appear in some parts of the long and elaborate argument on their side, to disadvantage, from the entire want of case. The sophistry which was, we doubt not, an inevitable expedient, and which may have been not ill adapted for its immediate purpose, does not so well bear the test of a deliberate perusal. The arguments which are attempted to be drawn from assuming the appointment of Mr Waller O'Grady to be an adjudication of the Court of Exchequer, cannot impose on any understanding. The argument on the title, which follows, though far more specious, is felt to be unsatisfactory, and only escapes the same censure because, to an unprofessional reader, it is not quite so clear. It is, however, exceedingly clever, and proposes a very difficult object. It is essentially an effort to separate the common law from the circumstances of immemorial usage, which must, from the nature of the thing, be its only sure test, by arguing from precedents which are neither uniform nor unequivocal, and by reasoning from principles of fitness evidently fallacious, and not applicable had they been just.†

* We refer to the two reports of Mr Richard Greene, now the Attorney-general for Ireland.

† We may, in one respect, be ourselves deceived from the want of strict professional experience in the language of old statutes; but we felt some surprise at the degree of admission which seemed on all sides conceded to the construction of the statute of Westminster, used to support the argument on the common law, of which it was alleged to be declaratory; for certainly, in any form of statement not belonging to the legal instruments, the language cited by Mr Plunket, and repeated by his colleagues, does not go so far as the point required. According to the ordinary use of language, the clause cited seems to state simply that the judges were to have clerks for certain purposes—as they always had—wholly omitting all consideration of appointment, and thus leaving the question where it was. Now, there is certainly a high probability, from the nature of the case, and from a consideration of the likely manner in which customs first rise, that the judges did appoint their own clerks; but all this would not prove the common law. Nor would it follow that a right, growing first out of the real insignificance of the consideration, while the

Our narrow limits, which are fast converging to an end, do not admit of any adequate view of a character of intellect, or of a reputation which can only be fairly estimated by the history of the most eminent causes which occurred during many years. The generality of legal reports, though fully adequate for the main practical use of the courts, can afford but meagre notions of the skill and learning which they so frequently exercise. A few more full reports like those we have noticed, fortunately remain as records of the standard knowledge, and ability of the British or Irish bar. With the two most able reports of the great cause just adverted to in this memoir, it needs no elaborate effort of critical justice to inform the reading and thinking part of the world of the masterly professional skill and learning of Mr Saurin. It would be a hard task to discover, among the remains of intellectual achievement, clearer or more consummate proofs of judgment, knowledge, command of that knowledge,

clerk was really but a private servant, would amount to common law, if interfered with before it became fixed by immemorial usage as a settled right. Customs change their very nature, and have been variously interrupted by enactment and authority; and the proof of a broken usage, or of even a law for centuries laid aside, can surely find no strength from the very rule of prescription which may, more clearly, be pleaded against it. The argument resolved itself too much into a mere question of probability, and the probability lay the other way. We would state it as follows:—A public officer, engaged in weighty and complex affairs, soon discovers the necessity of a clerk, and engages one—this is a common case—the clerk is, so far, a private servant to his employer, nor is it necessary to suppose any official cognizance of his existence. Business increases, forms multiply, and with the increase of these, all the parts of the business must tend to assume separate characters and responsibilities; and thus, from being private, assume more and more an official and public nature. Now, when such a state of facts becomes apparent, it is quite evident that it must be also a very obvious consideration to the legislative authority; or, in arbitrary times, to the executive authority. It may then rapidly undergo these obvious and usual changes. An enactment like the statute of Westminster may render it obligatory on the justices to have clerks of the same nature as before, still leaving untouched all considerations of their appointments. Such a statute may be, so far as the argument goes, considered the *first* law on the subject; and does not bar the investment of the right of appointment in the crown. This process goes on—the clerk becomes a public officer, invested with a freehold in his office. Now, such an event, whenever it occurs, must have wholly altered all the real conditions of the assumed case. Then arises a direct reason why the legislature ought to interpose, and where the crown would be most likely to interfere; and interferences of that last description constitute no small portion of the customary part of our polity. Now this we would submit as containing the real reasons and the true elementary principles of the question, in opposition to all the reasoning from probability, so largely mixed up with its discussion. On the precedents applied, and on the arguments derived from the forms of practice, we shall not presume to offer a word; but we cannot help observing that, considering the conclusive replies on the part of the crown, we have felt surprised at the case having been re-argued. To this circumstance we are, however, indebted for the most able and consummate piece of legal reasoning, on a subject of so much extent and compass, and involving so much of legal theory.

After perusing, with some labour, the successive statements and discussions of as able, ingenious, and learned a bar, as are likely ever to meet, or to have met; and after groping, with more or less difficulty, through the clouds of intellectual sorcery which they have conjured out of legal antiquity, it comes like some wonderful transition into the clearness of natural daylight, when Mr Saurin's statement proceeds to dissipate even the semblance of difficulty, and to throw the simplest character of common sense and indisputable inference on every point; and to unravel, with consummate ease, the knots which were so skilfully tied.

precision in its employment, admirable perspicuity in its exposition, and all the subordinate qualifications necessary to give these their highest standard value. In an attentive perusal of that great trial, in both its parts, (our present purpose requires no distinction,) in which the first men of their day were the counsel on either side—the whole theory of the law,—the subject—and all the resources of reason, employed—it will be impossible for the most partial not to perceive the clear pre-eminence of Mr Saurin in the more solid and sterling qualities of the lawyer. Something, in fairness, must be allowed for the difficulties of the adverse counsel, who had, in reality, no case, and whose business it was to make as much legal obscurity as they could. But comparison is unnecessary; Mr Saurin's speech in reply in the appeal, may safely be compared with the first specimens of legal eloquence that can be found or recollected. When some one remarked that Mr Saurin was not eloquent, he was well replied to by Mr Burrowes, "he despises eloquence;" and if eloquence is to be estimated by trope and figure, by the trite flowers of prose poetry, or by ranting appeals and apostrophes to passion, he did well to despise it. We cannot say what figure Mr Saurin might have cut in some of those popular appeals to juries, which owed much of their fame to the rudeness and unlettered taste of their hearers, and which maintain so little of their reputation in print. But if Demosthenes had been heard in the *King v. Waller O'Grady*, the same hearer might have found the same defect. Cicero has remarked that there is a harmony and method (*modum et numerum*) derived from propriety of expression, "*Ipsa enim natura circumscriptione quadam verborum comprehendit concluditque sententiam; quæ cum aptis constricta verbis est, cadit etiam plerumque numero.*" Now, aptness of language was the quality which naturally resulted from the accurate understanding and fully digested knowledge of Mr Saurin; and hence, if the reader will turn to any report of a cause in which he was employed, he will easily discover the very remarkable exemplifications of the principle here stated. In some of the other speakers, he will find very ingenious combinations, very elegant terms, strong and effective rhetorical figures, and now and then a magnificent conception introduced in a masterly style. But he will also discover a very general disregard in the mere use of words, and a frequent resort to commonplaces, which are only correct by the courtesy of colloquial use. Now, all this we do not censure: to avoid it, the eminent persons of whom we speak, should have recourse to a very absurd and (we think) unsuccessful attention to phraseology. We only advert to the consideration as illustrative of a distinction. Mr Saurin's precise and clear conceptions, without effort, by a natural process of the mind, generated apt and simple language, and produced a style of almost unparalleled ease, simplicity, and terseness, which might easily escape the notice of an Irish jury, though it would not fail to produce its due effect on their understanding; but which cannot fail to be appreciated by those who have critically investigated the real science of reason and its rhetoric.

In calling the attention of our readers to this cause, we had commenced with a view to bring it forward much more fully, an intention which may account for the diffuseness of the preceding observations.

But we find it impossible to proceed into the lengthened array of extracts by which alone our design could be effected. To any but a lawyer, every extract would require explanations, often of some length; and no lawyer requires to be informed on the legal eloquence of Mr. Saurin. One other cause must be briefly noticed; it was the occasion of a very violent attack upon him, and drew forth a response of which the effect was nearly singular. Our respect for the feelings of the living will render our description less explicit than may be wished—we mean the case of the crown against the editor of the *Evening Post*. The question will not be material to our present limited statement. It was, like those of Sheridan and Kirwan, a trial of party, and brought into play all the passions which such cases never fail to elicit. Mr. Saurin's statement for the crown was marked, like all his addresses of the same kind, by his characteristic humanity and moderation, and was but a clear and simple statement of the facts and of the law. He was answered by Mr. O'Connell, in an amazing torrent of that vituperative eloquence, in which that learned gentleman, able as he is in all parts of his profession, excels all men living. On this occasion, Mr. O'Connell dealt out his unsparing fury on every side; the jury was not spared; and the Chief-justice on the bench quailed beneath the tempest of a fury that was not in that case merely rhetorical. There was a verdict for the crown and on the 27th November, 1813, Mr. Magee was brought up for judgment, and an affidavit having been made on the part of the crown in aggravation, on account of the line of defence, Mr. Saurin had to address the court on this point. In the perusal of his most feeling, but most calm and dignified address, the reader is surprised at the clear illustration of a truth, often spoken, but not so often exemplified how much calm and regulated skill exceeds the exertion of mere violence, even though accompanied by power; and how much single-minded truth and integrity are an overmatch for the resources of popular sophistry. But what will most strike the reader who is curious in the study of moral phenomena is the impression made by this most eloquent reply (for such it virtually was) on the eminent person against whom it mainly told. For the moment it completely effaced from his recollection that he had himself transgressed every rule of moderation or humanity, and even of rhetoric, to pour his wrath upon the very man to whom he now listened with all the surprise and consternation of the most helpless injured innocence; and that such was his feeling at the moment, manifestly appears, for it is equally marked in the substance and manner of the beginning of his reply. On this occasion he seemed quite unlike himself—totally unconscious of all the fierceness—seemingly forgetful of the recent effusion of his own wrath, while in a few incoherent sentences he expressed his astonishment at severity so unearned. Was he not as respectable in point of standing as his opponent—was he not a gentleman, his equal as to fortune—and such other questions, were the first remonstrances from lips that never spared any rank or respectability when they met his resentment. When we first read the few disordered sentences, which we do not quote, because the paper (the *Patriot*) in which they are repeated has for the moment disappeared in the mass of our other papers, we were struck with the same amazement which the be-

must have at the moment felt, at the tone of deprecation into which the bold and fiery animosity of the great champion could be rebuked by the gentle, and pure, and sensitive spirit of Saurin. But that gentle and tender spirit had no weakness, and was ever maintained in its own lofty course by courage, integrity, and truth.

We have only to add to the above remarks that, as we never have had the opportunity of hearing Mr Saurin, we cannot pretend to say to what extent an admirable style of language and reasoning may have been in any way affected by action and manner, which are so much to an auditory. We can, however, hardly be mistaken in the strong impression which the whole of Mr Saurin's deportment, in the course of the half-dozen trials we have carefully read, together with the moral tone of his speaking, have made upon our mind: that of a commanding dignity of character, purpose, and moral tone, which obtains respect without the help of the stagetrick of oratory. The model of the poet, "*Justum et tenacem propositi*," stands clear in the single and simple unity of all his words and deeds. There never was a public officer more firm, yet less arrogant—more defying of influence, yet affectionate in his nature.

We regret that our materials are not such as to enable us to enter with any proportionate detail into the private life of this truly great and worthy man; and we must avoid any unnecessary expenditure of space, by passing briefly through the remaining events of his life. When he accepted the office of Attorney-general, he had on some occasion been led to express to his able friend and colleague, the Solicitor-general (Bushe), his determination or intention not to stand in the way of his preferment—of course it will be understood that the expression of this purpose was, in some degree, the result of some views of the peculiar line of conduct with regard to office, which he had proposed for his own adoption. But, as was very natural, his highly fastidious and honourable mind always after recurred to it as a pledge. This impression was one of the main motives which governed his conduct several years after, when a change took place in consequence of the retirement of lord Downes from the bench. On this occasion, the government (for reasons of which we desire to avoid all notice,) projected an arrangement, by which another eminent gentleman was to fill the station then held by Mr Saurin: this was to be effected by raising Mr Saurin to the vacant place on the bench. Mr Saurin refused the promotion. A peerage was added to the offer, and still refused. To his family and private friends, we are inclined to believe he pleaded his pledge to the Solicitor-general; and that gentleman, with the high sense of honourable feeling which actuated all his conduct, strongly joined in the remonstrances of his friends, and explicitly absolved him of the supposed pledge. But Mr Saurin was invincible in his resolve, and, rejecting all compromises, fell back on his professional practice.

At this point, we can only take up the language of a brief but authoritative sketch, which has furnished also most of the early portion of our narrative. He "continued in great chancery practice, until, at length, having become father of the bar, and feeling the weight of years, he took leave of the profession in the year 1831." The

address of the bar we subjoin in a note,* as we feel it, in his case, to have a documentary value, describing, as it does, those professional qualifications of which his legal brethren must be esteemed the best judges.

We again take up the manuscript, from which the main facts of this imperfect sketch are drawn. "Eminent as Mr Saurin was in public, still it was in private life he shone conspicuous. His temper was angelic, cheerful, and never ruffled. He was easy of access, and in manner most engaging. His spirits were playful, his conversation pleasing and instructive. Pure and perfect in all the relations of

* ADDRESS OF THE BAR TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM SAURIN.—"On behalf of ourselves and those members of the bar with whom its present dispersed state has enabled us to communicate, we are anxious to express the sentiments of deep and sincere regret with which we heard your determination to retire from amongst us, and, at the same time, (whilst we disdain any allusion to political subjects,) to record, for the benefit of the profession, those distinguished traits of private and professional merit which have contributed to form a standard of character so worthy of being held up to imitation. It is now more than half a century since you commenced your professional career, founded upon a deep and well-grounded knowledge of the law in all its branches, a preparation which in due time placed you in the first ranks of business and reputation, from which no change of circumstances ever displaced you for an instant. The professional honours which you attained, were the consequence and just reward of the talents, learning, and integrity, which added a greater lustre to office than they derived from it. In the exercise of your profession, we have ever witnessed the firm and uncompromising advocate of your client's interests, without infringing on the respect due to the bench, or wounding the feelings of your opponents; we have been delighted and instructed in witnessing the daily exercise of that rare combination of talent, accurate discrimination, and sound judgment, with which you always placed your client's case in the most favourable point of view, without deviating from that strict integrity and truth which ought not to be sacrificed under any circumstance, or for any consideration; we have had ample experience of the unvarying kindness and good feeling which you have ever shown to the juniors of the bar, and of that unaffected pleasure with which you have always regarded the advancement of merit in our profession; and whether enjoying the dignity of office, or the still higher dignity of pre-eminence without it, we have ever observed in you the same equanimity of temper—the same urbanity and courtesy of deportment, both to the bench and to the bar. Need we then say that the retirement of such an individual from the situation of the father of the bar, is a subject of deep regret to each of us, whether we look to ourselves individually, or to the true interests and character of our profession; but to yourself we are persuaded the change must be one of unmingled satisfaction; and we fervently hope that the evening of your days may be as mild as the morning has been brilliant; and that in the bosom of your family and the serious and undisturbed contemplation of that home to which we are all approaching, you will enjoy a peace of mind to which the bustle of professional life is so opposed. We trust you will believe us sincere when, with feelings of filial affection and respect, we express from our hearts our best wishes for your happiness here and for ever."

ANSWER.—"Gentlemen and friends,—I should justly accuse myself of presumption, if I did not ascribe to the friendship of some, and the good will of all whose respectable signatures were affixed to your address, the highly-coloured estimate contained in it of my professional qualifications and acquirements; such, however, as they may have been, it will now be to me a subject of pride and exultation, at the close of so long and prosperous a career in profession as mine has been, that my conduct should have met with the approbation, and that I should have deserved the esteem and affection of so numerous and distinguished a portion of my brethren in profession, as have honoured me with their address."

life, he was beloved by all who knew him; and at his death, wept for and regretted by every member of his household."

This last-mentioned event occurred on the 11th of January, 1839. We have only to add to this imperfect account of a great and worthy man, that he was a firm believer in the truth of revealed religion. The fact we can state on the authority of those who knew him best; but we cannot be mistaken in the assurance which the character of Mr Saurin affords of a tone of intellect which never fails to receive truth so well attested, and of a temper of heart which such teaching alone can impart.

John Sidney Taylor.

BORN 1795—DIED 1841.

AMONG those whom our university has sent forth in the present century, many of whom have risen to station and some to fame, not one possessed nobler claims to a high expectation of both than John Sidney Taylor. But he was destitute, in the early part of his life, of most of those adventitious aids by which many are early enabled to enter on their course with the best advantages, and to offer themselves in a conspicuous light. He was, partly by necessity and partly from choice, committed to the obscure and laborious chances, the patient waiting, and the tedious drudgery, of the English bar. In Ireland, perhaps, his college character, and the possession of that oratorical talent so prized by Irish taste, with the far less formidable competition, might have opened earlier prospects of success, where many contemporaries and juniors, with whom it would be derogatory to compare him, have since risen to office and practice. It is true, that his actual success was such as to warrant the highest expectations: but having chosen a slow and secluded path, his full promise was only yet known to the small but eminent circle, whose judgments of men are independent of, and precede the sentence of fame. Had his life been spared, a few years more would have brought his high talents, and the noble and strenuous moral energies of his nature, into their appropriate position. We premise these remarks, because to numerous readers of this work, it may not appear by what title a name, which has not been heard much beyond the college and the inns of court, appears among the very small number of modern names here selected for our commemoration.

The name of Taylor's family was originally M'Kinley; he was descended from that captain M'Kinley who was leader to the party of King William's troops which first crossed the Boyne under the heavy fire of James's army. His mother was a descendant of General Sarsfield. His father took the name of Taylor with a small inheritance, which he soon dissipated by improvident hospitality, and the indiscretion of unreserved friendship. But having thus received a lesson of experience, he made, in some measure, amends for want of prudence, by industry and talent; and contrived to maintain a large family by his skill as an engraver, until a worthy and devoted son took his place, and long continued to support his aged father, and educate his family. To the care and

considerate affection of this gentleman, the subject of the present notice owed the earlier part of his education.

John S. Taylor was born in 1795. We pass the earlier years of his life, only mentioning that he shewed early signs of those virtues, and that thirst for knowledge, which were afterwards prominent in his life:—intrepidity, energy, firm tenacity of purpose, and the scorn of untruth and meanness. In the *Dublin University Magazine*, for February, 1843, some anecdotes may be found confirmatory and illustrative of these general statements. He was sent to school to the well-known academy of Mr. Samuel White, from which he entered as a pensioner in Trinity college, under the tuition of Dr. Wall, who was then well known for his acute and clear style as a lecturer, and is now known as author of one of the few works of modern times remarkable for comprehensive learning and unequalled logical discrimination and force of inference. The expressive simplicity and precision of this gentleman's lectures, though used for a different purpose, was no bad model for the early training of a mind of not inferior but widely different powers; and it is not, on mature consideration, to be doubted, that daily lessons (for such they virtually were), in the more solid and practical style of reasoning, had no small influence on a mind of more fancy, and more cast in the mould of rhetorical address. We offer these remarks, not from any notions of theory, as might be suspected: they are the result of curious and attentive observation of the facts under the most favourable circumstances: having had the happiness to have the same tutor, having been in the same class, and in the habits of the most intimate and affectionate friendship with Taylor, the progressive effects of which we speak are now before our recollection, diffused in many a well-remembered hour of confidential intercourse, such as early life alone supplies. And we should add, that this first influence of academic discipline was rendered the more conspicuous from a very peculiar imitative power in Taylor's mind. Of this we shall presently speak. With a native love of rhetorical effect, a turn for wit, and a boundless fancy, he was for the first two years of his course, before more laborious avocations, and more serious habits grew upon him, in the daily habit of pursuing some light and playful controversy, through all the mazes of dialectic sophistry, with the writer of this memoir;—the proposition being mostly the whim of the moment, and the purpose merely playful.

The intellect, thus rapidly developed and expanded, was not deficient in any of the higher powers: we would not say that the inventive or speculative, or even the faculty of pure reason, held the more prominent place. Sagacious discrimination, an extensive and happy power of combination, used at that time in subservience to taste and rhetorical effect, more than to any practical end, and equally shewn in the play of language and of allusion to fact, were the most marked habits of his conversation and compositions. His power of critical discrimination was of the first order, and essentially connected with the extraordinary talent for imitating styles, so well known to all his intimates in college: this was founded on his fine feeling of excellencies, and exquisite tact in seizing on every peculiarity. It was rendered remarkable in a higher degree, by his rare command of language.

We can recollect, at the long interval of thirty years, a walk with him from town towards the Park, together with a young gentleman with whom he was not very much in the habit of associating, and who had rather forced himself upon our walk. This person was endowed with much intellectual ambition, but, as often curiously happens, gifted with no talent: his conversation was, as might be expected, full of trite references and shallow opinions—it was very teasing. He was listened to with ready complaisance by Taylor, who seemed amused, rather than impatient, of quotations, which were the more impertinent, because they were expressly made in compliment to his genius. Taylor was however meditating mischief. After listening a little in complacent silence, he affected an air of enthusiastic satisfaction, and began, in his turn, to pour out brilliant and effective passages in prose and verse, which he alleged to be among the happiest specimens of the various well known authors referred to by our companion. Cowper, Thomson, Pope, Ossian, Milton, Shakespere, Young's Night Thoughts, the Rambler, Junius, Addison, the inspired writings, each in turn afforded highly impressive and graceful passages, never before heard, but with all of which our companion affected the most perfect familiarity. We must confess that we were for some time imposed upon, and so completely was the style, manner, and cast of ideas caught, that it would have required great intimacy with the authors to have escaped the snare. We however knew the man, and soon guessed the reality. Taylor was too charitable to undeceive our man of taste, who went off equally satisfied with his own judgment and Taylor's prodigious memory, which he continued to praise, in somewhat of an invidious tone, until many years after, in one of our splenetic fits, we electrified his vanity with the mortifying truth.

Taylor's success in obtaining the prizes for English verse was constant and unfailling: his compositions, as regards language and versification, were of a very superior order. We did not, with some of his other friends, consider his genius to be that of a poet. It was not the habit of his mind to strike out new trains of thought, or to generate conceptions: he rather seized on some argument or view of a subject, and catching from history or circumstance the best and most judicious line of topics, connected them into a well-ordered statement. This he would, as he proceeded, adorn with the most effective allusions, the most striking associations, far found and happily combined; often clothing an argument in a simile, and concealing a dexterous sophism in a sparkling play of words.

In the historical society, his prepared speeches were in general worthy of his powers, and were received as they deserved. In the extempore debate which followed, he did not appear to the same advantage. He did not, indeed, take any interest in the small matters which were then discussed; but, as he confessed to the writer of these pages, was impressed with a notion, that it would be useful to him to acquire that hardihood which might, he thought, be gained by standing up to address a large assembly at very great disadvantage. The common anxiety about opinion was wholly a stranger to his mind: he never cared to have his inferiors appear to comparative advantage, but with most unusual steadiness and intensity, looking far into the ends of

professional pursuit, he spurned the frivolous impulses by which young men are so often led from step to step, and fixed an eagle glance upon the distance, which, alas! it was not allowed him to reach.

There was a charm about Taylor which we fear we must fail to communicate. It was not entirely that he had a manner of thinking and expression peculiarly his own, and that the tritest thing fell from his lips with a dress and an effect strikingly new. There was a fashion in his heart, and cast of feeling, which carried the same impression with far more depth and power. We do not mean to impute to him the ethics of profane antiquity, when we say that there was in his spirit a proud and stern reflection of what orators and poets have conceived of Roman virtue. He resembled one who had lived with Brutus, and been in habits of intimacy with Cato. We only aim to convey a thought, for Taylor was a Christian in an eminent sense. But he towered in spirit, with a high and bold severity, above the gentle weaknesses of common humanity. He could not feel affection where he felt no respect, and his disapprobation was frankly expressed.

He obtained a scholarship with the highest honour—that is to say, eight best marks, and we believe a high place; the immediate result of which was a high exhibition in addition to the common emoluments of a scholar. The first names on this occasion among his class-fellows were Gallogher, Wolfe, Downes, and himself. From this event, he must be regarded as having secured his way to independence. We have so far entered diffusely upon the main distinctive features of his intellect and moral character: in these chiefly must rest the memory of one who, if he had lived, would have left his name to history and to the higher records of his profession. But in relating the actual incidents of his brief career, we must rather consult the narrow economy of space which has pressed upon us throughout this work, but is now restricted to limits perceptibly insufficient for the duty which we have undertaken. We must, therefore, be as nearly summary as we can; and, for all omissions, content ourselves with the statement, that there is a full memoir in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for February, 1843, to the statements of which we can bear our own personal testimony to a great extent. It was written also by an intimate friend.

Having adopted the legal profession, Taylor went, in 1816, to London, for the purpose of completing his terms; and soon came to the determination of trying his fortune at the English bar. It may well be presumed that he entered with his wonted zeal and spirit into the necessary studies; but the writer of these pages, then himself living in London, can only now recollect the long and pleasant rambles, in which he had the happiness to be his constant associate, in the roads and suburban outlets. It is now well ascertained that at this period he, in some measure, supported himself by literary employment for journals and periodicals—a common resource of Irish students in London.

His connexion with the *Morning Chronicle*, then the property of Mr. Perry, was the first of his engagements which led to any decided results. Among these, not the least important was the acquaintance,

then formed with the lady whom he married about ten years after.* This lady was a Miss Hull, Mr. Perry's niece.

Sometime during this interval, he entered into the publication of the *Talisman*, a weekly paper, with some other literary Irishmen. But the capital was wanting, and it did not succeed in any proportion with the talent engaged upon it. He next accepted an engagement with the proprietors of the *Morning Herald*, which was far more permanently influential in making him known, and giving public effect to his real powers. In that leading journal, he continued for a long time the principal writer and adviser, leading the public opinion on the most important questions then under discussion. Among these, he took an important part in the great reform of the criminal code, then under revision, and contended for or urged by several of the most eminent public men, of whom Romilly was the leader. Taylor, whose humanity was no less prominent than the high public spirit which was perhaps his characteristic quality, lifted his powerful testimony in the columns of the *Herald*, against the severity of our sanguinary list of capital offences, with so much effect as to draw the universal attention of all parties then engaged in political life. And it has been since often admitted, that his efforts mainly tended to prepare the ameliorations which have since been happily effected in our criminal jurisprudence; in which, at that time, there was so little proportion between crime and punishment, that the real consequence was impunity, arising from the palpable injustice of the law. For his powerful leading articles on this great evil, during many years, Taylor obtained the universal respect of good and wise men, and earned a just claim to the public monument, which, since then, has been raised to his memory by subscription.

Taylor, soon after he was called to the bar, was employed in a cause which brought out all his best powers, and placed beyond question his prospect of attaining still higher distinction as a lawyer than he had already won as a writer. We cannot here enter on the well-known details of the Roscommon peerage case. After much exertion, during the continuance of this arduous and perplexing case, in which he had to reply to the leading counsel on the opposite side, the cause was won by his efforts; and it will be enough to add here, that the Lord Chancellor, in delivering the judgment of the House of Lords, assured him that he had only to go on as he had begun, to obtain the highest professional distinction.†

His strenuous and bold, as well as talented exertions and remonstrances, were signally conspicuous and successful in saving one of the most beautiful remains of antiquity in the metropolis from the ignorant and barbarous hands of the civil authorities, who had resolved on pulling down the Lady chapel of St. Saviour's, for some purpose of trade accommodation. The ill taste, and the abandonment of all true British feeling, in razing a monument of one of the most affecting and awful passages of our national history, for some vile use, we forget what, a pump, a bazaar, or a rag-fair, roused the historic feeling and the poetry, and called forth the eloquence and the indignant energy of resistance,

* Dublin University Magazine, February, 1842.

† Dublin University Magazine, *ut sup.*

from one who towered above the mindless temper of that low utilitarianism which measures all things in the sordid scale of gain. So effective and strong was his appeal, when he appeared professionally in behalf of the committee for the preservation of the building, that they, as a testimony, ordered the armorial bearings of his family to be painted on one of the windows of the Lady chapel. Similar distinguishing and honourable exertions, on his part, mainly contributed to save the screen in the York minster cathedral, which was similarly doomed to destruction by the narrow and unenlightened spirit which will, we fear, not want occasions to manifest itself, while the corporate institutions by which the concerns of cities are conducted shall be suffered to remain.

We have no excuse for further protracting this outline. Its manifest disproportion to the real merits of our lamented friend would scarcely be amended by the meagre details of ordinary interest. His circuit business was rapidly increasing during the last few years of his life; and the prospect of a parliamentary career, for which few were more eminently fitted, was already in view, when his health began to shew fatal signs of the effect of the severe and unremitting labours of his profession upon a delicate frame. The last exertion in which his great powers, and equally conspicuous moral energies, were nobly displayed, was in the case of the youth Oxford, in which his single efforts were successfully opposed to the earnest exertions of the entire force of the crown.

But the rush of a vast torrent of law business, which, after the last mentioned success, began to pour freely from all quarters, was too much; his frame had been for some time insensibly yielding to the unrelaxed industry which his business required, and which it was his nature to give. He was not patient of trifling, and to his intense spirit, all was trifling but his duties: he could not rest unless by the compulsion of exhausted nature. A most agonizing disease, to which the sedentary student is most liable, manifested itself, and after several painful surgical operations, which he endured with all the firmness of his character, the powers of life gave way, and he breathed his last on December 10, 1841.

His career had but begun; but it was a beginning worthy of the noble talents and still nobler moral temper, which, had it been so willed, would, in a few years more, have earned no secondary fame, and stopped at no rank but the highest. In the estimation of all who knew him, he held the first place: and though but in his beginning, he had already made his powers felt, and his talents known to the profession which he was beginning to adorn, and to the public. His lofty spirit of freedom, and of liberal and enlarged humanity, was so tempered by a sound and solid understanding, that there never appeared, in his most enthusiastic moments, a single taint of the demagogue. Nor were these eminent moral qualities in him left exposed to the temptations of civil life, and the infirmities which are native to the human heart, without that safeguard which alone deserves to be trusted, and alone is to be considered a security in the season of genuine trial. His goodness did not rest in stubborn pride of heart, or in clear perceptions of self-interest, or in the sympathies

of a feeble mind, or in any other of the frail bonds of commercial and social life; he was a Christian, whose faith had been severely tested for many years; for the circle into which he was thrown, during the earlier struggles of his professional life, was that of the scoffer and the scorner. His understanding was, it is true, too clear and broad to be perverted by the quibbles of the smart, but shallow and prejudiced infidel; but every one knows the effect which example and social influence throw upon the mind. In despite of such influences, Taylor stood firm in the faith, which, in the midst of trials of every kind, preserved the integrity of as noble a nature as the state of man permits in this fallen world. That which was pure, that which was true, that which was sanctified by right principle and the law of the land, which he never, through life, was tempted to deny, were his real principles of action. And if, among his many virtues, his most intimate observers could espy a fault, it was the stern and rigid tenacity of right, which sometimes caused him to condemn severely those deviations which his own nature refused to comprehend.

After his death, a public meeting was called, and was attended by the most eminent men of every party. It originated a subscription for some monument to record the general sentiment. A monument, inscribed as follows, was the result:—

TO

JOHN SIDNEY TAYLOR, A.M.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,

AND BARRISTER-AT-LAW OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE;

WHO DIED DECEMBER 10, 1841,

AGED 45.

THIS TOMB WAS RAISED BY THE UNANIMOUS VOTE OF A
PUBLIC MEETING HELD IN LONDON,

FEBRUARY 19, 1842;

TO MARK HIS MAINTENANCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY,
CHRISTIAN MORALITY, AND HIS SUCCESSFUL EXERTION IN ADVOCATING
THE ABOLITION OF THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

ECCLESIASTICAL SERIES.

William Magee, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

BORN 1764—DIED 1831.

It had been our design to give the memoir of this illustrious prelate—a memoir so largely connected with the history of the Irish church—with a detail proportioned to its real importance. For this, however, the limits within which we are pledged to keep, will not admit of: so that we must restrict our plan for the present, and, in a great degree, confine this memoir to the personal history of the late archbishop Magee. This we should much lament, did we not entertain a strong hope, as we are possessed by an earnest desire, to make full amends, at no distant period, by presenting the public with an independent memoir on a scale proportioned to our materials.

The ancestor of archbishop Magee was among those Scottish loyalists who came over to Ireland in the great rebellion of 1640. He settled in Fermanagh, where he transmitted a good property to his descendant, Mr. William Magee, whose second son, John, was father to the immediate subject of this memoir.

John Magee married a lady of the Presbyterian church, who was endowed with very considerable talents, piety, virtue, and prudence, which probably laid the foundation of the character and success of her son. In leaping a wide ditch, Mr. Magee received a hurt, the consequence of which was the amputation of his leg. This severe casualty forced him to retire from agricultural pursuits, and sell his farm. His generous and unsuspecting nature was taken advantage of by an acquaintance, who induced him to put his name to some security, and then dishonestly left him to bear the responsibility. The security turned out fraudulent, and the responsible parties absconded. Mr. Magee was left to meet the liability; but his well-known high character warded off all imputation. The creditors showed their sense of his integrity, by allowing him £100 per annum out of the wreck of his property. After this event, he removed with his family into Enniskillen.

His third child, William, was born in 1764. He was the only surviving son of his father. In his fifth year, he was sent to a day-school, from which, in two years after, he was removed, at his own earnest wish, to the endowed school then conducted by Dr. Noble.

His mother's half-brother, the Rev. Dr. Viridet, a highly distinguished scholar,* soon observed his early development of intellect, and took him from school, with a view to ensure full justice to his talents, by his own devoted care and cultivation, a purpose which he nobly fulfilled.

He entered college as a pensioner, 30th June, 1781, under Dr. Richard Stack. His undergraduate course was marked by the highest honours the college could award. In addition to the January premiums, which, according to the old system, implied beating every competitor; in the succeeding examinations, he obtained, each year, every certificate, which proved the uniform maintenance of the same superiority. In 1784, he obtained his scholarship. He took his degree of A.B. in 1785, with signal marks of honour: among these was the gold medal for uniform good judgments.

The fellowship was of course his next object, and to him, the severe course of study, which was the essential preliminary, was a labour of love; for his talent was not more distinguished than the deep and earnest thirst for knowledge, which is always the best earthly security for success. The extent and difficulty of the fellowship course, in the Dublin University, is generally known—comprehending the whole extent of every branch of human knowledge, and combining the several ranges of the other universities; while this trial is rendered far more arduous by the principle of competition. The fellowshipsman

* This gentleman obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, in 1769. In 1778, he was instituted into several preferments in the diocese of Tuam, which he resigned in 1804.

has not only to master an extensive course, but to gain the object of his severe studies, he must beat several other able candidates, all well versed in the same course. Of this course, we can only now delay to remark, that though it has since been greatly improved and extended, yet in point of difficulty and severe exaction of intellectual effort, there is by no means a proportionate increase. To an intellect like that of Mr. Magee, the depths of science, and the intricacies of theory, were little more than the amusement of a studious temper, that served to exhaust the waste powers of a mind of perhaps excessive activity. With a temper eminently mercurial, he was as industrious as the dullest drudge: and with an overflow of animal spirits, which would have turned weaker brains, and a less prudent spirit, into the proclivities of vice, folly, and dissipation, he held his steady and exemplary course, equally remarkable for his regular, and unrelaxing industry, and for the innocent hilarity and pure cheerfulness which made him the ornament and delight of society. In him the flame of life seems to have burned brightly—he appears to have been only impatient of rest. His day of hard study was relieved by the gaieties of the drawing-room, the laugh, the music, the dance, or the pleasant and lively conversation; and wherever he came, his appearance was as fuel to the fire, and gave the impulse to renewed animation. From the scene of gaiety, it was his wont to retire late to his academic cell, where he renewed his labours through a considerable portion of the night. To these general statements we shall only add, that he uniformly avoided all intercourse with the idle and dissolute, and formed his intimacies and attachments among those who, like himself, did honour to the university. Among these was Mr. Plunket, (now lord Plunket,) who was his companion from infancy. For it is a curious fact, that the parents of these two distinguished men lived in Enniskillen, in houses under one roof, and separated only by a party wall: as afterwards, in the period of their elevation, each to the head of his respective profession, they themselves lived in houses similarly situated in Stephen's Green.

Mr. Magee's success on the fellowship bench may be regarded as too much a matter of course to retard our progress with details. On the attainment of his fellowship, in 1788, it was his earnest desire to enter upon holy orders. He found a temporary obstacle in the wishes of his affectionate uncle, who was anxious to have him called to the bar, then the great object of ambition in this country. But a nobler impulse than human ambition can give, had obtained possession of his breast; and with all his reputation, the high expectation of his numerous admirers, and his own lively social temperament, he formed a strong desire to take holy orders. Such a wish was little reconcilable, indeed, with any of the influences with which we must assume him to have been surrounded at that time. But it is not hard to understand the strong constraining impulse which is ever felt by minds obedient to the sense of duty and ruled by principle. Mr. Magee had already been impressed with a deep sentiment of spiritual self-devotion; and notwithstanding the bright prospects of temporal ambition which opened so fairly before him, he privately set his heart on the then thorny and unpromising walk of the ministry. Had he been a man of lower reputation and duller mind, this might be less

favourably interpreted; for, at the time, the church was little more than the retreat for those who were least fitted for more active callings; it offered an humble competency to many who could hope for nothing higher, and a handsome provision for a few whose family interest was sufficient to secure its wealthier endowments. But Magee belonged to neither of these. His talent was enough to secure the first success in any profession; his family commanded no interest adequate to such expectations. A college-living must then have appeared as the ultimate prospect before him, after the years of severe drudgery to which the junior fellows were then condemned. But there is indeed a serious reflection belonging to any just view of the man, the time, and the eventual result, which we cannot without a lapse of duty omit. It is a common mistake of historians to overlook the main consideration essentially following from the admission of Scripture truth—that there is an overruling mind at work in all things, but more especially in ordering the succession of events which must affect the state of the church. This is a truth which can only be denied by the infidel, and may be safely assumed. When, therefore, we consider the effectual and comprehensive consequences of Magee's writings and administration, in reforming a vicious state of the church, and arresting the progress of a dangerous infidelity, which advanced under the insidious character of a Christian sect, we cannot, for our part, avoid the inference of a special calling for a special end. This will, we trust, be placed in a broader light, when we shall presently have offered a faithful description of the state of the church at that period. But first, we must state the incidents connected with Mr. Magee's choice of the ministerial office. It was the earnest desire of his uncle that he should be called to the bar, and such was the zeal of this excellent parent, and such the grateful affection of his nephew, and his deep sense of many obligations, that he did not feel himself at liberty to refuse. Hence, there was an interval of great perplexity, during a part of which Mr. Magee felt compelled to give way, and arrangements were in progress for his terms at the Middle Temple. These were intrusted to the care of Theobald Wolfe Tone, then saving terms for himself in London, and Mr. Magee was to have been represented in the needful qualifying law dinners by Tone's brother. Among other documents relative to this period, for which we have not space in this memoir, we have before us an amusing letter from Wolfe Tone himself, in which he urges the immediate remittance of a sum of money for the purpose of lulling the vigilance, and purchasing the integrity of the cook, chief butler, and their subordinates. Happily, a decisive obstacle frustrated the meditated course; the provost refused his dispensation, and Mr. Magee was not unwilling to give way. At this disappointment of a favourite wish, his uncle was at first very indignant, but anger soon passed away from a most benevolent and affectionate nature, and he only remained sensible of the great sacrifice of inclination by which his nephew had shown his readiness to make for his pleasure.

He was ordained deacon on 25th May, 1790, in St. Kevin's church, Dublin, by the celebrated Bishop Percy. While yet in deacon's orders, he preached his first sermon in the college chapel, on the mar-

tyrdom of King Charles. At the time, as most of our readers are likely to be aware, revolutionary opinions pervaded the world; they were exacerbated and rendered trebly pernicious by an infidel philosophy. The writings of the notorious Paine, which gave to both a currency in every dangerous channel of vulgarity, ignorance, and popular disaffection, had been but too well received among the students, among whom there must have been many raw and giddy spirits, alive to all popular impressions. These impressions were rendered powerful and seductive by the excitement of the powerful eloquence of that day, which has not been since equalled, and which was too much qualified by the breathings of a similar spirit. Many, indeed, of those very men who, in some years after were to obtain a historic notoriety by the crimes and follies in which much talent and many virtues were lost, were then in the walls of the university, imbibing and communicating a temper, and tendencies of intellect, foreign, indeed, from the genius of the place, but too congenial to the feverish enthusiasm of giddy youth. A painful sense of this hapless condition of the time, had probably no small share in determining Mr. Magee's course: there is no doubt that he strongly felt the call to resist it. He was grieved to meet impiety and error in the seat of religion and learning, and eagerly braced on his keen and shining armour for the combat. So far, indeed, we have his own statement before us, and only refrain from direct quotation, because our authority is a private memorandum with which his sermon is endorsed, and which mentions more than he would willingly have communicated to the public. This sermon was his first: it went boldly and with unshrinking force and directness into the discussion of the errors and perversions of the day. We have full means of knowing that the effects were very decided, and that to this very sermon the public may be still said to be indebted for some of its most valuable men. Mr. Magee was applied to by the senior board, to publish a discourse which had made so strong and salutary an impression. This, however, he declined. We should add here, and it is on the best authority, that in the dreadful crisis, when those evil impressions which soon after menaced the civil existence of the kingdom, had found their way into the very citadel of true knowledge and virtue, Mr. Magee was eminently active and successful in resistance, and that his exertions were unremitting, in private, to disabuse the simple, and to convince perverted talent; and considering the real power of the man, it is not too much to presume that he must have saved many (of some we are aware) worthy persons from the frightful contagion of that troubled time.

We must pass far more rapidly than we would wish over this period of our memoir. It is yet well remembered, and has often been variously commemorated, how deservedly his uniform conduct and ability were respected by his cotemporaries, for the remarkable union of efficiency in the promotion of the studies, and the maintenance of the discipline of the university, with a kindness and prompt benevolence that won every heart. We have before us ample records of the spirit and firmness with which he stood ever foremost in resisting the encroachments and usurpations of power; and numerous witnesses yet remain to testify to his ready support of every indication of youthful

talent. All who cultivated polite letters, earnestly looked to him, and never looked in vain. His ready word of encouragement and assistance was no less at the call of the laborious students for the fellowship. His purse was open to all who required and merited pecuniary aid. The readiness of his acquaintance to draw upon his slender means (often curiously attested), is indeed itself such as to indicate the kindness of his affections. We cannot, with propriety, offer instances, which might not, perhaps, be pleasing to many; but we may mention, that it was to Mr. Magee that the unfortunate Tone chose to apply for aid, when pressed by difficulties in London. It should be mentioned, that all among his cotemporaries, who have since risen to eminence in life, were then his friends and correspondents; and that in all their concerns and exertions for advancement, there remain proofs that he took part and was consulted. His apartments in college were the centre of resort to the ablest youths, afterwards the most eminent men, in every profession. It would be great injustice to illustrate these statements by a meagre selection from a large correspondence in our possession. Time has not yet rendered such an illustration convenient or necessary, and we cannot here afford it. But we may be allowed to say, that this part of his character has come to us through the medium of the fullest light which private records and confidential communications can afford.

While holding the office of junior dean, he was, by the combined exertion of courage and influence, enabled to introduce a measure of academical reform, which had till then been attempted in vain. The students were far different from what they have since become under the influence of an improved state of society, and an improved constitution of the college itself. A low state of civilization then pervaded every rank but the very highest; and the youth of the middle classes came to the university with the taint of those dissipated habits and debasing amusements which were characteristic of the period. Too old for schoolboys, and too immature in experience and discretion for men, they, to a great degree, combined the levity and folly of the boy, with the passions of the adult; and the ordinary bonds of academic discipline only served to band them together for mischief. On some of these occasions, the energy and courage of Mr. Magee were signalized. It was, it will be remembered, the day of the hard drinking and gambling old school of country gentlemen, the bullying and swearing generation whose open hospitality allowed all to enter, and none to depart sober—whose glory and pleasure was the overflowing bowl so often mixed with blood.* The consequence was necessarily manifested in their children. The most influential part of early culture was that infusion of the vices taught by parental example with the help and admonition of the stable and kitchen. If the son was less depraved than the father, his vices were professed with more zeal and less discretion. From the insufficient yet disagreeable constraints which accompanied the presence of their parents, or the more stringent

* We think it right to mention that we have transcribed a few sentences from the *Dublin University Magazine*, without the usual marks of quotation, as both memoirs are from the same hand.

control of the public school, it was a welcome emancipation to emerge into the comparative independence of a university. In the university, it will at once be seen, how small an infusion of such an element must have been enough to taint the mass, and it cannot fail to be understood how difficult must have been the duty of the junior dean, and how numerous must have been the inducements to slackness in its performance. "What a situation this must be," writes Mr. Magee at this time, "surrounded by eight hundred restless, and many of them mischievous blades, continually mixing in one mass, you may form a conjecture, but that conjecture will be far short of the reality. I was not two days in office when I was obliged to sally out at eleven at night, from a warm room, and under a heavy cold; to put a stop to a battle between a party of our sanctified youths, and a body of the police. After plunging through the dirty streets on a very wet night for more than an hour, I raked them all into the college, some out of the watchhouse, and some out of the kennel."* The students were, in fact, the cream and flower of the dissolute generation which we have faintly attempted to describe. Fully versed in the mysteries of Bacchus and Venus, and little encumbered with any rudiments of sager discipline; and the very restraints employed to counteract this vicious condition of the time, in some respects served more to aggravate it, by compressing together and giving aggregation to the passions of youths too inexperienced for men, yet too mature for schoolboys.

The junior fellowship has always been a post of the severest duties which can be supposed to attach to the occupation of a seat of learning. After having mastered the entire circle of human knowledge, the fellow is compelled to pass back into the treadmill of rudiments, and to run an annual period of grinding the dulness of each successive race of freshmen, into a moderate intelligence; and thus during those active and efficient years in which talent could not fail in some degree to produce its fruits, the best men were doomed to labour on in the beaten round, and grow unprofitably gray. Such a condition was but ill-suited to the strenuous temper and vivid intelligence, always prompt to grasp a wide scope of views, and by nature fertile of projects. Though nearly from the first, Mr. Magee began to meditate the extensive course of sacred literature which he afterwards accomplished; yet for some years his strenuous disposition was chiefly distinguished by the alertness and diligence which made him the leader and main agent in the concerns of the University. The Provost was then an alien, forced on the University by a stretch of authority exerted for the cultivation of party interests, and in entire disregard of all other considerations. Mr. Hutchinson, on his part, looked on the college with no parental regard; it was simply a field for the exercise of an arbitrary and encroaching temper. To the fellows, he would, if he could, have been a master; and by them, he was in turn regarded with no kindly disposition, and little respect. He was, however, a man of talent, in favour with government, and little likely to be wanting to himself. Between this gentleman and the junior fel-

* MS. letter.

lows, there was a frequent succession of contests. Of these, one which occupied much of Mr. Magee's time and industry, the most memorable was a dispute concerning the disposal of the pupils of the outgoing fellows. On this subject, a right which till then had been allowed to drop into deserved neglect by that gentlemanly courtesy which has always tempered the administrative authorities of this enlightened corporation, was revived by the despotic self-assertion of a Provost, who, having no feeling in common with the fellows, was always prompt to prove his power by harsh acts. A strong sentiment of opposition was naturally awakened among the junior fellows, who lay most within the scope of this oppressive temper; but as ever is the case, there was among them a reluctance to encounter the embarrassments and risks of a contest against the odds of influence and power, a dislike to the labour, and a fear of the annoyances which active resistance might bring with it; it is indeed an unfortunate disposition of man's nature, that the sentiment called public spirit is rarely to be found among the orderly and well affected, though ever alert in favour of the evil cause; and to the reasons for this, which have been observed, it may be added, that it is an obvious disposition of humanity that the most vicious impulses are the most active. When good is to be done, every one is more or less apt to feel that it is not his concern; but when the crowd rushes to evil, there is a sympathy of the passions; and it is for this reason chiefly, that while the lowest and vilest classes are easily combined under any pretext, the high, enlightened, and just, are but too ready to let the wrong-doer advance upon them in a silent progress of usurpation, and sooner bear all that can be borne than risk the penalties of contest. It is only the pervading observation and strenuous temper of a master spirit that will scorn an unprincipled submission to the yoke which it is virtue to resist, and shame to bear, and in defiance of consequences, spurn aside an ignoble rest. Such a spirit was that which it is a main object of this memoir to commemorate; and we offer these reflections, because we would not be so far mistaken as to have the narration of incidents so long past, and of so little present interest, ascribed to any motive but that of illustrating in its earliest indications the growth of the same firm and uncompromising temper which we regard as raised up for its purposes and time by the overruling spirit of the church, by an interposition as genuine though not so visible as the manifestation which arrested the hostile enmity of St. Paul.

When any of the junior fellows died, or went out on a college living, it had been long customary to distribute his pupils among the remainder, according to the option of the pupils or their parents, and this option was naturally guided by the counsel of the tutor himself, when such could be supposed to obtain: when no such option existed, it became the duty of the provost to assign tutors. Mr. Hutchinson claimed the absolute right to dispose, in all cases, of the pupils: whether such was the law, or not, is not now worth discussion—a custom had grown up, and there can be no doubt that his motive was not to vindicate an absolute law. Some instances of the exercise of this harsh claim had been suffered to pass in silence—remonstrances arose, and were roughly responded to by the trampling temper of the provost,

when the resignation of Dr. Richard Stack, in 1791, who retired to the living of Killileagh, left a large chamber of pupils to be disposed of. Mr. Magee had been the favourite pupil of Dr. S., who regarded him with a parental affection, which never ceased through life; and to him, therefore, the larger portion of his pupils was expressly committed by the influence of the doctor. The provost peremptorily interposed, and made a different distribution in which nearly the entire were given to Messrs. Phibbs, Stopford, and Usher. Mr. Magee at once determined upon trying the right; and, when upheld by his strenuous and unyielding energy, others of the juniors agreed to resist. But Magee was doomed to meet in succession all the penalties prepared for those who are wiser for the public than the public for itself: to resolve on resistance was a little thing, and all would have rejoiced to throw off an unrighteous yoke; but to resist, to "bell the cat," was a different affair: there was heavy toil to be endured, and a dangerous enmity to be outfaced; the superior aptitude of Magee for business, and the inward might which could, without quailing, endure the tyrant's eye, caused the main burthen of the proceedings to be thrown on him. It was also at an unseasonable period, while he filled the troublesome office of junior dean. With all the vexatious cares of this post, and the heavy labours of a tutor, he had to sustain the entire toil of searching for the authorities and precedents upon the question, for the preparation of cases for counsel. After an interval of labour, which few could have endured, and fewer still accomplished within the time, the question was brought on before the visitors in 1791. We shall not here enter on the question, nor have we even clearly formed an opinion; but of this we are satisfied, that it was not fairly decided on its merits. The inquiry was brief and scornful, and the decision hasty, peremptory, and contumelious; it was too evidently the maintenance which one authority is ready to offer to another in support of a stretch of power. The provost's claim was affirmed, and the resistance rebuked as insubordination. The fervent temper of Magee was deeply mortified by the sense of injury aggravated by insult. In this statement we have forbore, for reasons already mentioned, from details; but we should say that our assertion of the severe and able exertions made on the occasion by Mr. Magee, is not the result of either mere inference, or mere authority; we have before us the ample proofs of both, in a mass of papers compiled by his hand, from a multitude of complicated searches and inquiries. Had not this been the case, we should have passed the incident without notice. We have also evidence of the stress of spirit which he laboured under during this heavy trial, in the correspondence which remains. The lady to whom he was then affianced, was, happily, endowed with a noble spirit like his own, and with a degree of cultivated talent which made her the fit confidant of his cares and anxieties: to her it was his resource to unburden the overflow of his feelings, and to look for the balm of sympathy. From the letters thus written, many of which are still extant, the pure and lofty sincerity of all his conduct is beautifully revealed in the least suspicious form; and while the course of duty involves him in the exercise of the sterner parts of his nature, a soft and bright manifestation of the tenderest and kindest affections is

shown with rare fulness and depth—an observation which, let us add, applies to every period of his life, to the very close.

We must, for the present, pass some instances of the spirited and successful efforts made by Mr. Magee to improve the discipline of the university.* A display of more attractive qualities contributed to make him the object of regard and affection, as the stronger quality of respect; his social talents, wit, the flow of thought in the most striking language, the most kindly address, and the prompt sympathy with the pain or pleasure of all whom he could esteem, rendered him dear to his friends, and loved by those whom he controlled. He was not one of those silent repositories of dates and titles, whose ponderous erudition can only, like heavy artillery, be brought out in the pitched battle, that requires the silence of the closet, and the shelf of the library, to make it available. Still less was he the barren retailer of opinions, cut and dry into shallow conundrums and deducibles. His extensive reading had been digested and assimilated; and his knowledge was his mind. It gushed spontaneously in his familiar conversation, without constraint, yet free from pedantry. From this disease of learned men, his ready tact, and the kindly promptitude of his social temper, preserved him. The following just and discriminating sketch is from a letter written in 1791, by one who knew him well:—"His playful liveliness and wit," writes a correspondent, "made him the life of the company, wherever he was; and to use the words of one who knew and loved him, such were his moral feelings and pure tastes, that he never uttered a jest that was not conformable to the feelings of delicacy and religion. For this he was remarkable in youth; and in later years, the writer has often admired the innocence and simplicity of his extraordinary and agreeable wit. Disposed to the utmost cheerfulness, he made others happy in his society. He had," continues our correspondent, "a peculiar talent for making others pleased with themselves." In common with every man of sense and honour, he was alive not only to the interest and character of the community of which he was a member, but he entered with warmth and zeal into the interests of every fellow-student who came within the range of his circle of intercourse. Among his intimate friends were to be chiefly reckoned those whose names were afterwards best known for any high virtues or brilliant talents. Plunket, Bushe, Burrowes, &c., were among the most intimate. The following accidental sketch, taken from one of his letters to the lady who afterwards became his wife, may give some idea of his very considerable popularity at that early period. "Just after I received your letter, I was unlucky enough to get my leg scalded by a kettle of boiling water. The pain of this was for some time excessive. However, when this abated, and nothing seemed to remain but confinement for a few weeks, I looked upon the accident as fortunate, since it gave me an opportunity, as I thought, of employing my time as I wished, without the interruption of business. But as soon as my misfortune became known, my friends, both from college and town, flocked in upon me,

* A striking instance may be found in the *Dublin University Magazine*, already cited, p. 487.

from a compassionate wish to alleviate my sufferings; and as, like poor Macheath, 'the captain was always at home,' I was never left for one moment to myself. My doors were obliged to be continually open; and I went to bed every night (and not even then did my friends leave me till a late hour), more fatigued than ever I had been by the most laborious exercise." Between such men as Magee and his intimates, it is interesting to think what spacious fields of thought may have been traversed and explored in many of these sittings; though it must also occur, how painful must have been the infliction which he must occasionally have been forced to endure, when thus chained down by the cruel charity of good-natured dulness!

In 1790, he had formed an acquaintance with Miss Moulson, niece to Dr. Percival of Manchester; and their further intimacy quickly matured into a strong and enduring attachment. The sentiment was peculiarly congenial to the fervid and social temper of Magee's mind. With all his intellectual ardour, he was not one to live alone. There was no man more fully alive to those bright and vivid influences, which make the gay and mixed assembly so attractive in youth to every "heart of human mould;" and amidst all the hurry of engagements and lectures, he had been subject to a divided rule. The love of studious pursuits was disturbed by the yearnings of the affections; and the lights of old authority were thrown somewhat into the shade by those more youthful and attractive lights, to which Mr. Moore attributes properties of a very opposite nature. But the many lesser lights were at last condensed in the one pure star which was to rule his destiny—

"To light his home, and cheer his way."

The peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, were not such as to admit of an immediate union with the lady of his choice. Some time was to elapse, before the income to arise from his fellowship could offer an adequate provision for the married state. A house, or, at least, expensive lodgings, and a distinct establishment, must have been indispensably requisite. At first, indeed, it was evidently (as we can collect from his letters) his impression that the attainment of his wishes could only be effected by the acceptance of a living; and for some time, it is certain, he felt himself reduced to await the falling in of a college living. In this object he was, however, impeded by his strong sense of what was due to the object of his affections. He could not bear the thought of bringing her from a most respectable and happy home, in a civilized country, into some quarter remote from her friends, and the scene of her previous life, to the poor establishment of a country parson in Ireland; and with all the impatience of a lover, he commanded his ardour, and resolved to wait for an adequate living.

During the interval of "hope deferred," thus to be understood, a correspondence took place, of which there yet exists considerable remains, and which has given us much interesting information respecting the time, and still more of the persons engaged in it. From his letters to the beloved object of his tenderest affections, we have the most genuine and authentic proof of the real character of one whose

severe and arduous duties, followed with unswerving perseverance, and a firmness unequalled in modern times, have exposed to the misconstructions of his inveterate adversaries, and displayed to the world only in the stern aspect of an uncompromising champion of the truth, and a firm and strict enforcer of the discipline of the church. From these affecting records, we learn to feel that there was no taint of the colder, sterner, or harsher characters of humanity in the private nature of the man, and are strongly impressed with the unequivocal manifestations of a spirit overflowing with charity and active kindness; and are enabled, without room for doubt, to refer the unbending decision, so often manifested in his public conduct, to his sense of duty, his strict principle, and unflinching courage. Had he not been a Christian and a prelate, charged with awful responsibilities, and constrained by the deep convictions of his spiritual vocation, there lay involved in his nature the materials of a very different man,—a fine taste, a romantic ardour of sentiment and affection, and all the buoyant enthusiasm which makes the poet. These dispositions now demand much attention from those who would form any just opinion of his character, because, in his own time, he was placed in a wrong light. At that time, and in this country, his adversaries would in the same spirit, and for the same reasons, have maligned an angel of light; and in the general spiritual deadness of the church, all strictness, and every demonstration of spiritual zeal, was unfavourably viewed. But in this earlier stage of his life, before his mind was placed under the strong control of severe and difficult duty, there was an impression made in the university, which, long after his departure, rendered him the object of affectionate and enthusiastic remembrance and regret,—the spirited and intellectual companion, the champion of the common rights, the patron and promoter of every branch of literature, and the resource of unsuccessful or indigent merit. In this last mentioned character, his purse was open, and his earnest and alert co-operation and counsel were prompt and free. If, at an earlier period, we find the unfortunate Tone drawing on his generosity, we trace him afterwards, with steady friendship, liberally supplying the wants, and smoothening his course of that able divine and worthy servant of God, the Rev. William Phelan.* But it is in his correspondence with the lady of his choice, that his whole mind is ever poured out on all occasions without reserve. The long wished for union at length took place, in 1793. Every one more or less feels, what otherwise it would not be easy to explain, the common process by which strong inclinations gradually modify, and at length set aside, the scruples and delays of cold and calculating prudence. In the interval, such livings as had fallen, were not allowed to come as far as Magee, or were inadequate in point of income. The living of Cappagh was, in fact, the only one since 1791, when Dr. Stack had gone out on the livings of Omagh and Killyleagh, one or both of which he exchanged for Cappagh. But it seems probable that Magee came to the conviction that the retention of the fellowship, while it would be little inferior in point

* On this point, we have our information from Mr. Phelan's own correspondence with Mr. Magee, between 1815 and 1830, in which frequent references are made to the acts of 23 years.

income, offered many advantages of not less importance. To Magee, as well as to his affianced bride—a woman of considerable talents and attainments—the refined and civilized circle of the university and the metropolis, was more than wealth could otherwise compensate. There was also evidently a fairer scope for the hopes of future distinction, which could not be wanting to a man like Magee. The college statutes alone presented an obstacle to the marriage of its fellows; but a rule so little conformable with human nature, or the principles of Christianity, had long become inoperative. All circumstances tended to recommend and favour this union, so long desired, and so essential to the happiness of one so alive to the power and influence of the social affections. Rarely, indeed, can there be found authentic memorials in the records of biography of a union of minds so harmonious and well assorted, and never of one more productive of the purest felicity to be expected in any condition of humanity. Mrs. Magee was a woman of the strongest and soundest understanding, and the most spiritual piety, fully capable of entering into the numerous and pressing cares which so often agitated and harassed the mind of her husband; she was a sympathizing companion, on whose tenderness he could rest, when harassed and disturbed, and with whom he could take counsel in many trials. In those concerns of ministerial duty, which can be so effectually promoted by Christian zeal, and which require but the application of knowledge and practical intelligence, Mrs. Magee displayed a pre-eminent example, and was to her husband a most efficient helpmate. Entering with an earnest devotion into the welfare of the Irish church, her mind went wholly with his; and some writings of no small ability remain in print and manuscript to attest her merit in this respect.

Among the various transactions in which our documentary materials afford recollections of the college life of Magee, the university elections hold a prominent place. On these occasions he always took a very prominent part; and, so far as we can judge, he appears to have been remarkably efficient. His politics, at that period, were, in the main, those of a constitutional whig; but in some degree affected by certain opinions, over which the events of after years have, at least, thrown much doubt. These were, however, the opinions of the ablest men of that day—well warranted by the condition, aspect, and lights of the time—on points involved in workings on which time only could throw clearer light. In our memoirs of Bushe and Saurin, we have already dwelt on this consideration, still, perhaps, imperfectly understood. With these, and other illustrious men, Magee saw the immediate ill-consequences of the Union, together with the corruption exercised to effect that measure: in common with them, he saw no farther. Time, which has withdrawn the curtain from nearly half-a-century of years, has not yet disclosed the event. Where statesmen were thus perplexed—divines and scholars had no claim to be infallible. An unsettled science, of which the very difficulties are concealed from ordinary sight, is not, indeed, sufficiently recognised by those who are quick to judge of the opinions and changes of opinion in public men. Mr. Magee then thought, felt, and acted with some of the best and ablest leading men of the day. Whatever may have been the political

acumen and feeling of Magee, he was governed by a knowledge, and by feelings higher still—he was the servant of God, and knew that his duties admitted of no compromise with earthly interests. He soon perceived the infidel tone of opinion and temper, which was then taking a permanent hold of the spirit of the whigs; and became sensible that, in the broad scope of their rapidly expanding liberalism, there was included a growing contempt for the restraints and impositions of Christian truth. He could not continue to walk with the enemies of God, though they clothed themselves with the splendid pretensions of patriotism and liberty, and talked with lofty scorn of prejudice and bigotry. But, feeling like the inspired poet, “I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness,” he soon took his part, as many others have done, and ruled his course by the adoption of the principle, that no consideration of policy, and no regard to the claims of parties, or of individuals, can be for an instant weighed against the very least claim of the paramount and supreme declarations of divine revelation. His conduct has been in this fully justified by events—an attack on the church of Christ was even then developing and maturing, and has since been (for wise ends) allowed to shake it to its foundations. In the same proportion as his views of divine truth became more fixed and clear, they became more and more his regulating principle and actuating motive; and without any formal breach of unity, or any essential diminution of kindliness, he began insensibly to walk apart from his earlier associates, with whom he began to feel that he had little in common. And as literary attainment, and the endowments which confer intellectual distinction, had, in earlier years, marked the circle of his intercourse, so now he began to find his proper level to be among the sober-minded, the faithful, and the loyally affected to God and his church. And we cannot here too emphatically impress the fact, that we do not describe the solitary course of an individual. It was in the beginning of that general movement of the same nature, which we have endeavoured to explain in a former volume, and which was the operation by which the tory party obtained, soon after, that great preponderance of power, with the loss of which it is now menaced from the reversed action of the very same principle. We should, indeed, be neglectful of the important lessons which it is the part of the historian to impress, if we should fail to notice, that the sounder portion of a Christian community will not follow their leaders in a direct assault upon the outworks of the church, even though they should be brought to concur in the wisdom of the secular policy, which would abandon all they know to be sacred, for advantages to the state, were these even less doubtful than the results of such policy ever must be. And hence it is that, in the present day, a great church party, independent both of whig and tory, may be looked for. When such shall be formed, it will combine the best mind of both. At that period, there was a very rapid and energetic succession of public indications of those great party evolutions and developments, which have since been so productive of change. Then, as since, there were fair professions and legitimate aims pleaded for every demonstration; but these could only impose on the crowd. To men like Magee, it soon became apparent that courses

were adopted which, looking to all historic precedent, must lead to results beyond the professed aim of the parties: that the cry for liberty must swell into the clamour of license—that the petition for equality, (on unequal terms,) must rise into the fierce requisition for ascendancy—that the concession to all religions would become, in time, the implication of no religion. Magee saw all this, and has been justified by the event. He ceased to be a whig, that he might become the most able, firm, and efficient champion of the church.

He soon obtained great distinction as a preacher; and as he was frequently engaged for charity sermons, considerably before he was known as a theologian, his eloquence became the object of general attraction. On these occasions, the collection was fully answerable to the powers of the preacher; and though he did not avail himself of the theatrical resources, then so fashionable and so effective in the pulpit, or come forward attired in the feathers of Massillon and Bourdaloue, yet he did not fall short of the highest success then attainable. The plain and simple energy of his delivery was well adapted to a style at the same time vigorous and refined; and it is no small test of power, that he made his debut at a time when the public had acquired a strong taste for the sounding periods, the soaring flights, the epigrammatic point, and all the elaborate rhetorical artifice of the schools of Grattan and Kirwan. With far more rhetorical skill than either, Magee did not then avail himself of it, but enforced the practice and doctrine of the gospel with a strong and feeling simplicity, far more adapted to its purport, and the serious and awful realities which it involves. We have already, in these volumes, spoken of the great pulpit orator of that time; some remarks on the same topic will offer an advantageous view of Magee. The style of Kirwan was like the popular oratory of the Irish parliament, in a high degree ornamental and dramatic. That of Magee had a power resulting from an opposite cause; it was the language and manner of a mind framed for the investigation of truth and the communication of knowledge. Hence, however rich might be the turn of his phraseology, it carried no semblance of working up for effect; it was pre-eminently the style of what Johnson calls "a full man,"—a style too rapid, with a flow of matter too solid and copious to stop for the dallyings of mere art. He possessed that gift, which is the least common, and most effective in public speaking—the power of conveying the sense or sentiment to be impressed upon the hearer, without diverting the attention to the manner or to the speaker. He carried with him the faculties, and conducted them to the desired result. These observations are in part the result of the perusal of numerous manuscript remains,—in part of our recollection of the man in latter periods. But we have before us many authentic records of the actual fruit of several of his numerous sermons for public charities, and the strong public testimony of gratitude they obtained. His sermon, in 1802, for the Female Orphan House, brought £702 to the charity, and others not less; and we possess a large mass of written proofs that his aid was very much looked for on all such occasions.

Of the preaching of the time, we shall speak when we come to view the general state of the church in the beginning of his career. But we are now to relate the main occurrences of his history as a

theologian. He soon began to gain a higher and more durable reputation than popular eloquence, even in the pulpit, can earn. Some time in 1795, he was appointed Donellan lecturer for the year. His attention became in consequence attracted by a subject which has frequently won the attention of the ablest divines and historical antiquaries. Having arrived, in the course of his studies, at some peculiar views upon Daniel's prophecy of the Messial's coming, he was thereby led to a revision of the entire course of the prophecies of the same event, from the earliest intimation to the first parents of mankind, to the last of the prophets. On this most important and interesting subject, he preached, in different years, twenty-two discourses, of which the fame was soon spread abroad in both countries, and the publication was anxiously looked for. But while engaged in preparing them for the press, his attention was called aside by the impulse which the Socinian heresy had then recently received in England. This impulse was mainly due to the revolutionary opinions propagated by the same writers. Rash and daring speculations in religion, came aptly from the same fierce temper of insubordination and lawlessness, which had generated an infidel philosophy, and a bloody spirit of clubbism in Paris, and which did not fail to find its place and fit level in the British isles. Socinianism received currency from a combination eminently characteristic of the common rejection of rule, authority, and principle. The extraordinary zeal and industry with which these notions were propagated, and the talent engaged in their pernicious dissemination, called for unusual promptitude and more than ordinary power to resist. It has ever been the order of Providence that such should not be wanting: and it is worthy of the most honourable record, that it was the University of Dublin which thus gave to the cause of truth, a champion, of whom it is not too much to say, that he stands unequalled in modern times. The Donellan lectures were laid aside, and two sermons on the doctrine of the atonement preached in the College Chapel. They were published in 1801. While they passed through the press, Dr. Magee began to feel that the mere affirmation and proof of truth was not of itself sufficient to meet the effective demand of the time. All the arts of misrepresentation and fallacy had been exhausted, and the poison had been presented in every insidious disguise. He saw that a far more extensive treatment was required, and that the enemy should be met on his own ground. With this view, he postponed the publication, until he rapidly poured forth that copious mass of profound learning, criticism, and refutation, now in the hands of every theologian, and of most educated readers. A work, which is scarcely more eminent for its triumphant success in the great argument against the Unitarians of every sect, than for the standard of method and style it may afford to the studious, and the illustration it gives of the real resources of language as an instrument of reason. It may perhaps surprise many, who have reflected with wonder and admiration upon the industry and copiousness of this work, to learn, that nearly as much more remains unpublished, but written out in a clear hand for the press. Of the Donellan lectures, which he never was permitted to give to the world, we shall, if space permit, offer some account at the close of this memoir.

In 1797, he was compelled to leave Dublin, by the attack of a tendency of blood to the head. This tendency was perhaps constitutional, but aggravated by his habits of severe application. The advice of his friend, Dr. Plunket, caused him to take a house and small farm within five miles of Dublin. From this, he came daily to his academic duties at an early hour, and returned late at night; and as the routine of his avocations as a junior fellow left no pause for study, he sought to repair this want by giving up a considerable portion of the night to his favourite studies. It was mostly between two and three hours after midnight, when he had "outwatched the Bear," that he retired, worn out, to his bed, from which he was to rise before five in the morning, to his daily round of labour. Such a course would have been too much for stronger men; but there is a more permanent and elastic vigour in an active spirit, which, in him, seems long to have resisted the wear of so much strenuous and continued exertion. We have the best authority for saying that during the period of restless exertion thus described, no marks were to be detected, either in the intercourse of society or of business, of this wearing course of labour: in the family circle, his conversation was animated and overflowing with innocent pleasantry, which relieved and lightened serious but not severe instruction. Full of curious information, and prompt to communicate, he had singularly the gift of winning and eliciting the fire of youthful minds. It was, at this period of our history, his custom to take a strong cup of tea; and then, after family prayer—the appropriate close of a Christian's family evening—he retired to his studious vigil.

In this retreat, during some years, his father lived just near him, and gave useful aid and advice in his farming concerns. In 1799, he was deprived of this valuable and worthy parent by death. He had the consolation of recollecting that he had done all that the most untiring affection and duty could effect to shed comfort upon his declining years; and it was the well-known expression of this parent, that the attention and tenderness of his son appeared to him "almost supernatural."

In the mean time, the ordinary events of time brought him nearer to the head of the junior list of fellows, and during the later years of the century, the rotation became more than usually rapid. In 1800, he became a senior fellow, and was appointed to the professorship of mathematics. We have not had the good fortune to obtain his mathematical remains; but from numerous passages in his correspondence with Dr. Hales, and other eminent college men, as well as from the recollection which we yet retain of his own character as a professor, we have no doubt in saying that in this department of his duties he was distinguished by superior efficiency. It must be remembered that his mind was otherwise tasked to an extent beyond the powers of most men; that the routine of academic duties, up to the time of his appointment, left no room for the comprehensive range of study requisite for so many and such severe pursuits; and that the state of mathematical science was then but low in the universities of both parts of the kingdom. Still, from various sources, we learn that Magee had already entered upon the field of research, and begun to discover new methods, and point the way to that new and brilliant course of improvement, after-

wards effected by succeeding professors. Mathematical science, then, as since, has ever held the chief place in the election of the Fellows; and was always cultivated in the university with industry, and with such success as, under the circumstances, was possible. If the form in which the science was then studied, was far less adapted for investigation, we are inclined, notwithstanding the violent reclamations of Dr. Lardner, to insist that it was more fitted for the discipline and trial of the higher intellectual powers, than the more comprehensive but more technical methods of modern analytical science.* The preparation for fellowship examinations, now began to occupy a considerable portion of his valuable time, and materially interfered to interrupt and postpone the labour required for the preparation of the subsequent editions of the "Atonement" and the Donellan lectures. His amazing activity of mind, nevertheless, continued still to accumulate for both; and he, doubtless, looked forward to a period of leisure which never came. The most elaborate, and not the least important of his writings are yet in manuscript, and this to an amount far exceeding that of his published works. The discourse on the seventy weeks, had, as we have said, begun to raise much expectation, and had been read in MS. by several eminent divines. We give one letter, written about this time, by the bishop of Connor, as it conveys the impression of a respectable biblical scholar:—

DEAR MAGEE,—I am to return you many thanks for the pleasure and information which I have derived from your very excellent sermon on the seventy weeks. It has given me that satisfaction which no interpretation that I had ever before seen has afforded me—not even that ingenious one to which you have so handsomely alluded, and which I have read over with yours. The original will certainly bear out your translation (*punctis deletis*); and one wonders that it did not occur to some of those who reject the points, or to some of those great men who went before you; but this confirms me in the opinion which I have long entertained, that the S.S. would, to the end of time, afford matter for investigation, and that they were not intended by Providence to be fully comprehended in any one age, though holding

* We know not whether any one may still be inclined to quarrel with this statement. It was not long since the question was discussed with more heat than accuracy. A prolix demonstration may be deficient in that generality of application which constitutes the main distinction of modern science, yet be more adapted to call forth superior powers of attention, comparison, and combination; but, what is more important to observe, it is more sure to be thoroughly understood; for this thorough understanding is, in such demonstrations, an essential part of the progress of the learner—a condition by no means equally required in those methods which have abridged and simplified demonstration into processes so uniform and comprehensive, as to bear to the former methods nearly the same relation as the introduction of steam machinery to manual skill. In such abridgments of reasoning, it is easy to understand to what an extent a superficial understanding can go in remembering formulæ, and executing easy operations, without any adequate possession of their elementary foundation; and such, accordingly, is the fact to a great extent. These remarks can only apply to inferior men, but they are mankind. Such men as Lloyd, M'Cullagh, and Hamilton, would be at the head in either method. Any one who wishes to follow out this consideration, may amuse himself by comparing the easy use and difficult *discussion* of imaginary quantities, of the negative sign, or of the elementary metaphysics of the calculus.

forth to every age sufficient light and information. Give your interpretation to the public as soon as you can, and I will venture to predict that it will meet with universal approbation.

“I return the sermon.—Yours, &c.,

“J. CONNOR.”

It was in 1802 that he preached his well-known sermon on the death of lord Clare. It was immediately published, and attracted very great notice. In one of the notes there occurred a comparison between that great man and his no less eminent cotemporary, Mr. Grattan, in their competition for collegiate honours, during the undergraduate course, when they were class-fellows in the university. The note drew forth a most unjust, illiberal, and absurd attack, which was productive of that annoyance to his feelings, which such attacks, notwithstanding the baseness of their source, and the little effect they mostly produce, have power to communicate to those who least deserve them. It is, indeed, a curious matter of reflection, how the mere circumstance of being anonymous, seems to give some mysterious authority to the dicta of the most shallow and insignificant fool—how absurdities, which no one would heed if vented with the name of their author, grow oracular to the public ear, when they come from the authoritative secrecy of the press. A feeling and able letter to his friend, Mr. Plunket, expressed the high feelings of Magee, and did full justice to the illustrious person whom he was accused of treating with slight.

The contracted space of this memoir must prevent our dwelling upon the lesser events of this interval of his life. It may be mentioned generally, that, independently of his severe labours as a professor, and still more arduous researches as a diligent student of the comprehensive and perplexed subject of which he was engaged in the pursuit, he was also engaged in a very extensive correspondence, which included every eminent scholar in the kingdom, and nearly every one who was distinguished for piety or talent. With his old tutor, Dr. Richard Stack, a man of great learning and ability, he maintained a commerce of affection and kindness, of which it is gratifying and affecting to read the remains. The letters of this worthy old man testify the exceeding activity of Magee in serving the interests of his friends, and the reliance which was placed on his goodness and efficiency by those who knew him best. With Dr. Hales of Killeshandra, his correspondence is also full of lively interest, from the nature of the topics discussed, and the manner of discussion on both sides. In brief, Magee's opinion was freely sought, and freely given, on every point of importance or difficulty which arose among those who, in either country, were engaged in any investigation connected with theological literature. The free and masterly outpouring, and facile digestion and combination of his vast treasures, of every branch of literature, is one of the most striking and characteristic qualities manifested in his letters, his conversation, and in the numberless notes and memoranda which lie heaped among his papers, as well as in his published writings. On this point a mistake has been made, which we should not think it necessary to notice, but for the respect we bear for the ability and general fairness of the writer. Mr. Dalton, in the brief sketch which he has given of the archbishop, observes of his work on the atone-

ment, that it shows "more erudition than genius." We shall not stay to consider how far the term "genius" is precisely applicable to works involving no invention; but few men ought to be better aware than Mr. Dalton of the compass of conception, the strenuous reason, the keen perceptions, the clear recollections, and the sound and spacious range of comparison, which are required to work together, into a clear and orderly statement, the materials drawn from such a scattered and recondite mass of authorities, as the archbishop's work has involved. This is true, if there were nothing further to be said: it applies to those studies in which Mr. Dalton is himself no inferior authority. But the work upon the atonement is not a digest of learned authorities; nor is it even merely an investigation of a question to be decided by the preponderance of those authorities. It is the profound discussion of a controverted point, in which he not only investigates the theory of the atonement and its authorities, but hunts the adversaries of this fundamental truth of the scheme of redemption through a thousand disguises and evasions; in the course of which, every form of subtlety which ever has been used in support of error, whether of metaphysical refining, grammatical misconstruction, equivocation of language, or confusion of authorities, are followed out with a degree of dexterity, ease, and perspicuity, which at every step amaze the reader. The archbishop's fancy, argument, and graceful eloquence, move on under this load of matter, and this exertion of the utmost powers of reason, as freely as if it were the flow of voluntary thought, the suggestion of the moment; and convey the notion of high intellectual power sporting with gigantic ease under the cumbrous load of libraries. We are not, indeed, quite sure of the validity of the metaphysical distinction which would separate such results of mental power from those lofty walks of invention to which it has been usual to apply the name of genius. The results are unquestionably different; but looking simply to the operation, or rather the mode of operation, it may perhaps appear, on attentive consideration, that the only real difference is to be found in the subject matter and result. Whether the poet, whose range is nature, "bodies out the form of living things;" or the speculative philosopher shapes systems; or the practical inquirer into the truth and value of opinions and authorities—is to be thus tested: so long as the range of the mind is confined to real existence, or to notions which have any local habitation or name in books, or in any sphere of known or supposed existence—the operation of thought which searches, compares, and combines, is intrinsically the same. The taste may be various; the temper and tone of sentiment may vary; nor can we call the glance that ranges from the frozen pole to the Hesperides, and that which comprehends Newton with Aristotle, commensurable in effect; but reason is the same, however confused and hidden under the colour and form of results. We did not apprehend that we should be led away so far, and must extricate our pen from metaphysics by cutting short the argument. But we have, perhaps, not insufficiently explained why we think that the real genius of those whose powers have rather been devoted to the interest of truth than to the fabrication of inventions, or the mere display of intellectual resource is somewhat underrated. If the wit, the logical

expertness and tact, the admirable mastery over both the powers and the rhythm of language, did not satisfy us of the easy freedom with which the writer of the work on the atonement uses its deep treasures of learning, we should feel convinced by the not less voluminous mass of comments and references, thrown with vast and careless profusion through a multifarious mass of papers, never designed for any purpose, but to record the passing reflection. And further, as we have followed this topic so far, we may add that, to any one looking over the entire of these papers, and reflecting on the several unpublished works prepared, or nearly prepared for the press, together with the unceasing round of duties which filled every portion of the author's life, it becomes a matter of difficulty to understand, at what intervals of a busy life, so much can have been acquired, and so much embodied into form.

Meanwhile, the great work to which he owed so much of his reputation, had been circulated far and wide, and attracted universal notice. In the church it had been received with one feeling of approval and admiration, and repeated editions were called for. A consideration of a personal nature, having regard to the dedication, and to which we do not wish further to advert, retarded, and ultimately prevented the appearance of a sixth edition, so that this valuable work had become scarce, when a people's edition was published in 1841. One honourable public testimony to the efficient value of this great work was given in 1813, by the application which he received from the Glasgow Religious Tract Society, for permission to print some portion of this work in a separate form, for the counteraction of the Socinian heresy, which had been for a time much on the increase in that quarter. The permission was of course given freely, and he afterwards received strong testimonies of the effectual working of this publication.

Among the many demands upon his time and active energies, the college elections engrossed no small part. He had, in all his engagements, uniformly maintained a strict understanding with whatever candidate he supported, that he should be regarded as free to support Mr. Plunket, should he become a candidate. Mr. Plunket does not appear, by the college calendar, or by the published reports of the elections, to have stood for the college before 1807, though in some MS. memoranda we find it so set down; but there is no doubt that in 1803 Dr. Magee was, with Mr. Plunket, on a tour of investigation for precedents in the English universities on the subject of elections, with a view to contest the election of Mr. Knox. This gentleman had represented the University before the Union, and was, at the occurrence of this event, appointed by a provision of the act. He was re-elected in 1803, and succeeded, in 1807, by Mr. Leslie Foster, who was, in 1812, succeeded by Mr. Plunket. The most immediately important incident in this tour, was the honourable reception of Dr. Magee at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as from the most eminent among the English divines and scholars. We also find, in a minute, but somewhat hasty collection of memoranda, curious evidence of the rapid and accurate observation of the writer, which seems to have comprehended every object worthy of notice, whether for utility

or ornament, with a rapid intelligence, and fine eye for picturesque effect. In looking over the memorials of this and other such excursions, we are often led to regret, that we cannot afford to offer many affecting proofs of the steady supremacy in his breast of an affection, which might, but for its permanence, be called enthusiasm. The following was written on the seventh anniversary of his marriage:—

“On this day, which more particularly reminds me of that which constitutes the greatest blessing of my life, accept these few hurried lines, and the trifle which accompanies them, as a memorandum for some future day, that the seventh birth-day which my beloved wife has seen since her fate and mine have been united, has found her the object of the undiminished affection of a fond and admiring husband; that it has returned to witness on her part, an unabated tenderness, with an unwearied indulgence to his many failings; and on his, the most grateful sensibility to her goodness, the most sincere respect for her many estimable virtues, and the most ardent desire to promote her happiness as the only foundation of his own,” &c.

Such is the tone of all his private letters, the frank overflow of a fervent nature; we do not remark it for style or sentiment; but a life given to high and stern duties, requires the justice of some illustration of the softer qualities which adorned his private life; and which most affectingly appears though all that remains of the occasional correspondence which occurs through the entire life of his truly admirable wife. A deep and pervading tenderness, so consistent and uniform as to leave no room for the assumption of variability, or the formalism of good-natured courtesy, or any of those ready constructions which the world, not without grounds, is apt to put upon the professions of sentiment. The bond of matrimony may, and often is, we cannot doubt, softened by a cheap substitution of courtesy; but to the demonstrations of this, there are also obvious limits, beyond which deception would be vain, and too cumbersome for endurance. The ardent and solicitous affection which adorned every part of the lives of those among whom Dr. and Mrs. Magee were pre-eminent examples, admits of no qualification for the weakness or selfishness of our nature. In love, unlike many other valuable things, the quality must increase with the quantity. It derives new splendour and purity from the goodness and genius of the minds in which it dwells; and, let us add, that where it is to be so ascertained, in minds of such power and attainment as those with whom we are here concerned, it is the surest indication of all the more exalted virtues. This is a moral law of nature; but it is revealed as the eternal law of the soul's immortality,—the gift which “never faileth.”

In 1812, the death of Dr. Richard Stack occurred. It cannot be doubted that Dr. Magee must have been for some time anxiously looking out for a retreat from the varied occupations attendant on a college life; and the occasion which this offered, could not be well allowed to pass. His family had increased, so as to render the step desirable; there was a hope that he might thus be enabled to forward the important works to which he stood so strongly pledged; but, above all, he felt that there was an important call for his service in the active ministrations of the church. Indeed, of such a man, we may, without

hesitation say, it was so ordered. He took the vacant livings of Killyleagh and Cappagh, and entered on arrangements to remove to the latter place.

Dr. Magee entered on his pastoral duties with a degree of energy and zeal, which demands to be fully apprehended both with regard to the time and the man; and we shall take this place to offer a brief sketch of the state of the parochial clergy at that period, not only because it more fully illustrates the conduct of Dr. Magee, but is the meet preliminary towards the right understanding of his episcopal administration.

If the word meritorious could ever be applied to any body of men, we believe it will now be admitted, by foe as well as friend, that it is to the clergy of the established church in Ireland. For patience in adversity, and in the endurance of many trials—for the absence of all animosity towards their low calumniators, or their powerful enemies in high places—for soberness and firmness amid the pressure of subtle heresies without, and indiscreet zeal within—for a perseverance in charity which has at last subdued ill-will—for Christian humility—for thorough faithfulness and unremitting zeal in the following and the work as labourers in the vineyard of their only Master and Head,—in no place, and at no time, have they been excelled, if ever from the first they have been equalled. Looking to such men and to their deeds, which however little in the scale of perfect holiness, are great in human comparison, it may not appear now high praise to depict the conduct of a devoted and faithful pastor in a different period. But we have to show the reverse of the medal. It has, as all must know, pleased the sovereign will, that at various times the church should pass through seasons of darkness; and such, assuredly, was the interval of time now to be reviewed.

A light breeze had recently sprung up amidst the general stagnation of the church in Ireland. Peter Roe, and J. B. Matthias, names of small significance in the records of the world, but more enduring than those of kings, conquerors, and statesmen, in the memorials of heaven; these truly good and great children of God, and faithful servants of the Lord, had each called forth a circle of spiritual life round their places of ministration; but all the rest was yet concealed in the depths of darkest secularity. A low state of morals, arising from a low state of religion, by the natural reaction of effects, created a shelter for ministerial unfaithfulness. In the eye of the world, there was no reproof for any vice; and it appeared more honourable for a Christian teacher to neglect than to perform his duty. The stream was poisoned at the fountain-head. The teaching of the Scripture was either wholly set aside, or simply adverted to as the foundation of a prudential system of ethics; or of the philosophical casuistry, cold, impractical, and erroneous, which filled the ears of the church-going crowd with unprofitable sound. It was usual for the rhetorician to appeal to the passions and the moral sentiments; the subtle reverted to theories of fitness, or deduced from afar the results of good and evil; the practical common sense of the many, inculcated the homelier, but far truer, maxims of the vulgar, and instilled the prudence and practical advantage or detriment of vice or virtue. The only

real foundation in the revealed word, was shuffled off at the end of the discourse in a single sentence of formal recognition. Such teaching was an essential result of a period of the most dissolute morals, when every vice was so broadly matted and engrained in the entire texture of the public mind, that the very name of sin, or any, the most remote allusion, to a purer ground of action, carried a ludicrous impression to the ear—"cant," or "swaddling," or "fanaticism," or of extravagance too remote from humanity to be worthy of a serious thought. It was easy to feel that the utmost enforcement of abstract ethics, or prudential morality, imposed no chain, and conveyed no real reproof; and, as well might be anticipated in such a state of things, the preacher but too commonly took a perverted pride in showing that he was no strait-laced slave to the dull formalities of an office held in no very high respect by his associates. Like the prior of Jorvaulx, he could wind the horn, and drain the bowl; the parson's tale and song were not among the dullest in the merry ring; and he could not, for very shame, censure too effectually in the pulpit, what he practised in the ways of life—ways, far, indeed, from the "narrow way" described by the Master whom he little served.

To the reproach involved in these strictures, there were honourable exceptions, but they were much confined; being the result either of individual character, or of local influences mostly arising from the control of individuals. And more strongly to indicate the actual nature, and illustrate the reality of this unhappy condition of things, we may call the attention of many of our readers to a nearly similar state of religion, which, not many years ago, not very honourably distinguished the church in England from that in this country. In a country so highly civilized, it would be expected, as a matter of course, that the rules of Christian morality, and the outward forms of the church, would be treated with more respect, and so, no doubt it was; but in all that related to the teaching of divine truth, in its proper and immediate intent as the way of salvation, it was widely different. Many years had already elapsed from the spiritual reformation of the Irish church, when the ethical theories of the Stoics and Epicureans still sounded in the English pulpit, with a formal recognition of the gospel lamely hobbling in at the conclusion; while in Ireland it would have been hard, indeed, to walk at hazard into a church in town or rural parish, without hearing the word of life eternal, in its whole extent, unreservedly and earnestly put forward. And, hence, if we may so far digress, has arisen the leprosy of superstitious formalism, which a great and venerable university is now, we trust, casting from its bosom.* Such was

* It would be a betrayal of our duty to let this occasion pass, without remarking on the momentous universal principle of the tractarian departure. It is but a strong case of that working of sin, which has never ceased from the dawn of time; the origin of paganism, and of all forms of idolatry. The universal sense of the want of some religion, and the greater or less belief in some portion of elementary truth, together with the inborn repugnance to a spiritual renunciation of sin in its varied forms, naturally gives birth to a spirit of compromise. Some would shelter themselves under the mild rule of "king log"—some would mystify the cold and severe-seeming truth with Platonism—some would shelter a worldly temper in the mock-spirituality of formalism. The pride of learning—the desires of the flesh—the dexterous union of God and mammon, will ever be sought by some outlet from the pure, chaste, humble, and sober-minded sway of Christ.

the general condition of our church at the time when Dr. Magee began first anxiously to contemplate the undertaking of entering upon the scene where labourers were so much wanting. His mind had been itself for some time growing into a purer feeling of his responsibility as an ordained teacher of the word. So far as the college was concerned, there were others he knew adequate to the work of spiritual education, but the church was in want of faithful servants. This view is supported by the fact that, in 1811, he had been for some time on the look out for a living, where he might commence the energetic course which we know him to have soon after, on the first opportunity, to have had recourse to. Reluctant to await the fall of a college living, he had applied to government, but was discountenanced on the professed score of his support of Mr. Plunket in the college: this, at least, was the reason intimated to his friends by Mr. Foster. Another reason is likely to have been the uncompromising temper he had shown, on several occasions, in censuring and denouncing the court profligacy of the day. We shall exemplify this farther on. But, as we have stated, the incumbencies of Cappagh and Killyleagh fell vacant in 1812, and he availed himself of the opportunity. The faculty for these livings bears date September 23, 1812.

He went, with his family, to reside at Cappagh, in the diocese of Derry; and here we first find him, from the very outset, entering on the fullest discharge of his ministerial offices and duties, with a zeal and wholeness of mind, a preparation and efficiency, such as manifestly to confirm our foregoing statement, that it had long been the subject of his earnest thoughts. The pride of scholarship—its ardent curiosity in research—the habits it so often creates—the communications of mind it looks for, and mostly finds, all combine to present a widely different range from that offered to a minister of the gospel. He has, at all times, to bring down his mind to the level of the lowliest tempers and intellects. He had *then* to enter into collision with the most unspiritual dispositions; to outface the insolence of carnal pride and reckless folly; and, in the accomplishment of such an office, Dr. Magee presented a most illustrious model of the conduct which he was soon after called to enforce in the church.

At Cappagh, he entered, as we have said, on a diligent and laborious round of ministerial service. The parochial schools obtained his daily supervision, and in their care, he also engaged the interest and assistance of his own family. Above all, he was strict in enforcing a due and uncompromising observance of the main principle upon which the entire value of education depends—the vital and essential instruction in the Scriptures. He did not allow of the erroneous notion, which, since his time, has been so largely received—that education, under any condition, would tend to ameliorate the condition of the poor. He did not fall into the absurdity of imagining that a smattering of vulgar books, and popular publications, must needs do for the labouring poor what they have never done for the political agitators and theorists—conduct them to saving truth, or even secular wisdom. He knew that the few years which the labourer can give to learning, ought to have no serious object but that of inculcating, at an early period, the principle which should govern his life aright, and keep him in the way of salvation; and that

if this is not obtained, all he acquires is a more ready introduction to the pernicious rubbish of lewdness and disloyalty, and to the antisocial theories, so industriously dressed for all tastes, and circulated with such activity. Dr. Magee knew that the "thousand ways of error," are too thickly spread on every side, for education—without the guidance of Divine truth—to lead any way but into aggravated error; and, as we have been led so far into reflection on the subject, we may observe the error of many in the present day, who, while they fully admit the true end of popular education, are yet under the delusive impression, that an unscriptural education ought still to be supported, as better than none. A slight further development of the foregoing remarks, would easily dissipate such a notion; and as the subject is now grown paramourly important, we beg to add one remark on the merely political view of it. The introduction of education into any locality, ought to be *preceded* by other improvements, to make it of any advantage beyond those which are spiritual. The first steps of civilization do not proceed from books and tracts, but from those elementary processes which increase the comforts, and give regularity and security to the industry and earnings of the people—a taste for the decencies of life—a desire for a settled state of things—and a competent possession of the first necessities of food, clothing, with the full protection and security in the pursuit of their lawful calling; these are preliminaries independent of education, and essential to it. However he may have been taught in rudiments, a pauper has, from the moment he leaves school, no more to do with learning; and if he has not brought with him the one only light which can enlighten humanity, he has nothing but a little more aptness to receive the wicked fallacies which form the entire staple of party agitation, at all times, and in all places. It is plain, that we cannot say all that such a topic demands, without much digression. The reason we have thought fit to throw the argument into this general form, is, that though much agitated, the subject has met less fairness than any other; and, being very wrongly understood, the charge of bigotry is apt to be applied, most unfairly, to those who have taken a peremptory part in opposition to the latitudinarian admissions* of those who should have thought more strictly. A strict, uncompromising precision, was, in this respect, the rule of Dr. Magee; and it is to the credit of the good sense of the Irish peasantry, that this did not prevent multitudes of the papal communion from flocking to his school. All were taught on the same scriptural model, and no distinction made. On Sundays, the church catechism, which contained more peculiarly the doctrinal statements of the church, was taught to the Protestant children alone. From these latter, a selection was made for the formation of a choir, and this, with the addition of the ladies of his own family, gave an important addition to the services of his church. A still more important change was soon effected in his congregation. We have described the

* We say admissions, because our strictures are only directed to those who, in other respects, we do not regard as adversaries. To those who may consider spiritual truth of minor moment, or of none—or to those who may contend for the dissolution of all the received rules of social polity hitherto in use—such reflections can have no application until other questions, far more extensive, shall have been discussed with them.

laxity of the time, and Cappagh church was no exception. The church was then viewed as a Sunday lounge for well-dressed idlers, where all came to sport their dress, and none to pray. Dr. Magee soon realized the beautiful description of our countryman, with his simple, powerful, and earnest statements, and impressive exhortations and remonstrances, as well as by the force of a deportment and conduct illustrative of his calling—

“ Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And those who came to scoff, remained to pray.”

The conscience of many was awakened, and zeal spread with conviction; the report went round, and the church filled. The lounge was no more to be seen leaning against the pillar, but all adopted the example which they saw in the doctor's pew—kneeling to pray, and joining in the responses aloud. The glebe-house being three miles from the church, this distance was walked on Sundays by himself and the youthful part of his family.

He gave the same careful heed to the temporal wants of his parishioners; and a considerable portion of his means was laid out in food, clothing, and fuel, for the poor.

He had been but a year in Cappagh, when he was appointed to the deanery of Cork. On this appointment, he resigned Killyleagh, and retained Cappagh. He was, however, under the necessity of transferring his residence, on account of the extensive duties of the deanery. There, his efforts were similar to those we have already described; and, in the main, attended with great success. We shall not, in this place, detail the incidents of this brief period. He did not find the duties of Cork quite so unmixed with circumstances of an displeasing kind; nor could he as satisfactorily introduce his system of schools. A more energetic attention to their own children, was paid by the papal church, and a more determined resistance shown to any effort to give scriptural instruction. The dean resolved not to be a party to any education without this; but still anxious to promote the welfare of the poorer sort, he and Mrs. Magee set up a spinning school. Prayer, and one chapter in the Bible, was still insisted on, and complied with, though not without as much opposition as could, on such grounds, be ventured upon.

He was enabled to give more unqualified attention to the charitable institutions which fell within his jurisdiction. The Widow's House became more especially the object of his careful superintendence, and was weekly visited, with most vigilant attention to the comforts of the inmates.

Many circumstances tended to make his residence at Cork unsatisfactory. The necessary attention to his northern parish of Cappagh, which the distance rendered laborious; his duties as a chaplain to the lord-licutenant; with the various calls to Dublin on account of his sons, then passing through college, under Dr. Wall. The climate of Cork also disagreed very sensibly with his health. Other circumstances of a distressing or disagreeable nature arose. The church of Rome was more prevalent at and about Cork, than elsewhere; and at that period, there pervaded the laity of that church a temper of angry spiritual zeal, which has since, in a great measure, subsided, under the influence

of various causes, which we shall presently explain. The dean was placed occasionally in positions which were far from pleasing. It may sometimes happen, that an imperative sense of duty will point out a special strong line of conduct, while the magnitude of the occasion is not such as to carry to the vulgar mind any sense of the real exigency, nor of the actual consequences, equal to the feelings of angry excitement which a small thing may call forth. Such was the occasion of the funeral which was interrupted in the city of Cork, in consequence of a standing order to the sexton of the church. We do not mean to enter on the question, and shall not lose space with further statement than our comment requires; and, as similar incidents occurred afterward in Dublin, we must dismiss both with the same remarks. First, we do not, in the slightest degree, mean to impute blame to the priests or people of the papal communion, on either of those distressing occasions; we only repel all blame from the church. The law was explicit against the service of the mass being performed in a Protestant church-yard. There was nothing in this law either tyrannical or oppressive, and the reasons were quite obvious to every clear mind. The Romanist has only to recollect how the doctrine of the mass must needs be contemplated, according to the fundamental tenet of the Protestant, to be at once aware of the inconsistency of its being celebrated in Protestant precincts. Such a consequence, we freely grant, may be a strong ground of dislike to our articles and authorities, but not of complaint, that they were enforced by our church. The people were made to look upon the interruption as an *insult*; and party animosity took occasion to place it on those grounds equally fatal to all churches, because they contain the implication that all religions are but forms and superstitions. With these remarks, we shall dismiss the subject.

In the year 1817, his family, while in Dublin, on their return from Cappagh, was visited by a severe typhus fever; and, as his duties retained him in Cork, the extent of his suffering can only be conceived by those whose depth of family affections resemble what his were. At that time, the dean was exercising his fortitude and humanity in attendance on the dying bed of Mr. Trotter, the well known secretary of Mr. Fox. This gentleman was now destitute of friends, and of the common necessities of life. The dean supplied his last wants, and nursed his last moments with the humanity of a man, and the charity of a Christian minister. He found him without a servant or nurse, and, to some extent, supplied the place of both, until he had succeeded in procuring proper persons about him, and had the melancholy task of closing his eyes at the last moment.

In the same year, the dean was attacked by a liver complaint, which had long, perhaps, been latent in his system, and, as is so likely to happen with men of his intense character of mind, had been allowed, imperceptibly, to gain strength in the unremitting pressure of occupation. Mrs. Magee, whose strong intelligence had been improved by that tact and experience which careful and affectionate parents have so much the means of acquiring in disease, by her well-directed care, now enabled her husband to rally under this insidious attack, but twelve years elapsed before it was ultimately conquered. The locality did not agree with the health of this valuable and worthy wife, more than with

that of the dean, and he began to feel that any change must be for the better, from a place where his health, and that of his beloved wife, were evidently sinking, and where his utility was painfully circumscribed.

The desired change did not fail to come. In 1819, he was promoted to the see of Raphoe. The circumstances immediately leading to this event are not important enough to detain us in this summary narrative. We shall only dwell on the more important or illustrative incidents. His character was at this time so universally known, that his promotion had long been looked for in both countries; and from the prevalence of habits of extreme laxity among the rural clergy, considerable apprehensions of the enforcement of discipline, which would, it was anticipated, be a consequence, did not fail to be manifested on the report of his appointment. We cite an authority not likely to be mistaken. "The moment his appointment was ascertained, every hound was dismissed, and card-table banished. His well-known vigilance had travelled before him . . . his just sense of the importance of discipline, order, and method, added to his experience as a parish minister, combined to fit him for the immediate exercise of the episcopal functions with efficacy. He entered on his new station like one long accustomed to authority. He had himself learned, in subjection, to use the powers intrusted to him with firmness and gentleness." The combination of firmness with gentleness, was indeed a happy constituent of his temper. They who knew him best, were well-prepared to expect that he would at once enter on a course of conduct so firm, and so adapted to encounter the sad wants of the time with a steady and uncompromising hand; they knew his unflinching spirit, and his conscientious sense of duty. They who knew him less intimately, may have naturally anticipated, that, like most popular men, he would bend to cultivate popular admiration. It is a position in which public men are often placed, and our experience in their history warrants the assertion, that the nobler part is seldom adopted, even when the temptation is much less than then was offered to this truly noble spirit. He chose the purer and loftier way; and while he acted towards individual weakness and error with perfect charity, he stood forth against the prevalent vices and abuses with a degree of resolution and efficiency, that in the course of a little time, drew upon him no slight measure of contumely.

In other important respects, the state of the diocese was one of the utmost disorganization; and as this was probably applicable to every part of the Irish church at the same period, it may be interesting to many to have a more detailed account. This we can give on the authority of the bishop, whose statement we extract from a private letter to the primate, dated 1820:—"The plain truth, my lord, is, that discipline has been unknown in this diocese for full forty years. Of this I have found abundant proofs; and were not its clergy, in themselves, a well-disposed and respectable body of men, the confusion would be extreme. Respecting the records of the diocese, your grace will be surprised when I state, that there is not a single existing incumbent who has his title registered, and some have not possession of them and cannot find them. Some, I have reason to believe, have never read their assent and consent, or known that any such step was requi-

site. For seventeen years, but four entries have been made in the registry book, &c. . . . Your grace will scarce believe me when I tell you, that on my first coming here, the register () declared he never saw a registry book, and that he did not believe there ever had been one for the diocese," &c. After a further statement, from which it appears, that a deputy-registrar had purloined the books, charged all fees, and made no entries, the bishop goes on:—"From this fellow I with great difficulty recovered the present registry book, and a preceding volume, the existence of which he steadily denied, until I brought such proof to bear, as took him by surprise, and compelled him to surrender them." This vicious condition of things, the bishop set himself to remedy, that he might protect his clergy from any consequence of deficient titles. He had also found similar disorder in the accounts of the charities, and exerted his well-known talents for business, to bring all into order. Among the disorders which he also found it necessary to exert much firmness and vigilance upon, was a deficiency of curates. On this point, his efforts were incessant; and we find the remains of an active correspondence with the incumbents of the diocese, such as to make it plain, how close and comprehensive was the intelligence and the care he bestowed on all. The same documents no less illustrate the considerate regard for individual rights and feelings, which seems to have tempered all his actions. Among them, we have before us letters which minutely refer to the circumstances of his contest with one refractory and ill-advised clergyman. As this gentleman may be still living, and probably much altered in character, we cannot fitly refer to particulars; but we advert to them thus, to say that they, in the liveliest manner, display on the bishop's part, a most rare union of charity that "beareth all things," with uncompromising and steady assertion of the right, and a spirit not to be conciliated by formal submissions—the very common error of feeble minds.

In the more strictly spiritual concerns of the diocese, his care was not less alert, and far more effectual. It was the beginning of a great spiritual revolution, which had been for several years in slow preparation. The minds of numbers had been touched with the illumination of evangelic light; but it had, under the divine blessing, rather originated from the teaching of individual ministers, than from the uniform ministry of the church. There was a wide but unrequited diffusion of spiritual zeal, that seemed to find no fitting place, and threatened to overflow. The congregations appeared in advance of their teachers; and those of the teachers who pressed forward, appeared to be taking the lead of those who should have been their leaders. There was a delicate and difficult part to be taken. The slack and secularizing temper of a large portion of the ministry was to be corrected, controlled, and enlightened, without administering to a popular *movement* (for such it was) which was rapidly assuming characters of a vicious divergency from the soberness, humility, and charity of the Gospel; and that undisciplined zeal was to be reduced in the regular channels, without quenching its purer spirit, by simply clearing and enlarging those channels. The bishop saw that the time demanded a peculiarly sober and self-restraining vigilance. Beginning with the dis

ipline of the rural clergy, he saw that nothing short of a zealous and spiritual ministry could be expected to diffuse regulated, even, and general influences in the church; and in no other way, strictly administrative, was it open to a bishop to work effectually. Were he, for example, to place himself at the head of the evangelicals, he could only have had the influence of an individual, much abated by the general action of a somewhat unordered zeal; the bishops would have been his opponents, and a secular ministry would have raised a full cry against him. For still plainer reasons, he could not take the opposite part, without pulling the corn along with the tares. With great and strenuous labour he girded himself to a mighty task, for which the time was come.

His first care was to establish an intimate individual communication with every part of his diocese. With such a view, he made a tour of confirmations, in which he visited the clergy and the churches, and made himself acquainted with the neglect which long immunity had confirmed into custom. Irregularities in the mode of administering divine service were frequent, and were rectified by mild interposition. The bishop was sensible, that the circumstances which would *appear* to justify such deviations, are, in their nature, more obvious to common understandings, than the general principle, which renders all such departures from the established rule so very dangerous. He corrected the error, and explained how essentially principles are endangered in the breach of rules. On this point, his sentiments will be found in his primary charge; and as an idea of conciliation lay very much at the root of the error, he exposes, in the same discourse, the practical absurdity of this most visionary of all delusions. Among the great leading rules, which he applied himself with the most persevering zeal to enforce, was that of professional consistency in the maintenance of the character of ministers of the gospel message of salvation; he strongly reprov'd the conformity to the world, then so lamentably observable in those who but too much followed the multitude to evil, whom they were appointed to lead to the foot of the cross. On this subject, his first address in his primary visitation was most powerful, and we have reason to know, produced great and lasting impressions, for which he had well prepared the way by those colloquial admonitions, in which he excelled all men. No description can, indeed, convey any adequate notion of the power which the simple and fervid eloquence of his style, in private conversation, possessed over the hearer; and as it was, under Providence, a very main, though not so noticed an instrument of his ministration, it may be desirable to possess some testimony of its character and power. We fortunately possess one very strong and illustrative testimonial, in a letter written to Mrs. Hunter, by a friend and intimate of the archbishop—himself an eminent scholar and critical judge of rhetorical excellence in every form:—"He was, in truth, singularly gifted by Providence: the mind of ——— was not to be compared to his. The reach of his intellect was vast and *universal*; and, to the soundest judgment, he united a most extraordinary brilliancy of genius. ——— was remarkably eminent, of logical acuteness, and a striking, concise style of eloquence. The archbishop, in addition to his other *superior* endowments,

possessed powers of eloquence much above those of ———; the exercise of which, had there been similar opportunities and occasion, would have displayed this pre-eminence clearly. Even in ordinary conversation, the superior power of the archbishop showed itself. The bishop of Durham—I mean the excellent bishop Barrington—told me that, while the dean of Cork (as the archbishop then was) was talking with him, he felt that if he were to shut his eyes, he should fancy that his great friend, Mr. Pitt, was speaking. ‘No man,’ said he, ‘did I ever hear conversing like either of them, except the other. I had thought Mr. Pitt not to be approached in the delightful eloquence of his conversation, until I heard my friend, the dean of Cork, who so closely resembles him in this.’” In extracting this high testimony, we have suppressed a name, which carries with it a compliment no less exalted. But the reader will not fail to observe the strong testimony which is here given to the conversational power of the archbishop. In its first perusal, it led us to revert to the times when we were often forcibly impressed with the various incidental displays of the same power in our college days. We found no difficulty in recalling deep impressions, made by the clear, easy, and uninterrupted flow of language, at the same time copious, forcible, and select; the mild energy, the easy and graceful entrance on the topic, and the striking combination of familiarity, with impressive earnestness of purpose. The occasions were, indeed, slight—an official communication or reproof, or one of those digressions from the book matter of a lecture, which an overflow of information, and a communicative temper, lead to. Such were the powers now, at the period of our narrative, brought into efficient action, among the rural parishes of Raphoe: exhorting, encouraging, reproving, and persuading, with a zeal and diligent intelligence which pervaded every spot. Of its effects, no reader who has considerably read the foregoing pages, can entertain a doubt, or form a low estimate. One anecdote, illustrative of his strenuous activity, and of the gentle temper in which he exerted an effective control, must conclude this portion of his history. It was his habit to visit every part of the diocese, and, from the nature of the country, he was often compelled to ride through wild and solitary districts. But his Sunday visits were most commonly to those churches which lay within a ride of his dwelling, on which occasions he was generally an unexpected visitor. On one of those occasions, he found a closed church, and no appearance of Sunday preparation. He sent for the sexton, who came presently, “Why does not the bell toll?” was the bishop’s question. “The clergyman’s away, sir,” was the reply. “Will you do your duty?” “No use, sir; no person to do the duty.” “Do as I desire you.” The sexton shrugged his shoulders, looked askance at the peremptory stranger, and went reluctantly to his task. The bell soon brought a goodly congregation, and the strange gentleman performed the duty of the day, called for the preacher’s book, entered his signature, and quietly rode off. When the parson returned, he soon heard of the incident, and, doubtless, with no idle curiosity, called for the preacher’s book, in which he found the entry “W. Raphoe.” Seriously alarmed, he repaired to the bishop, meditating, perhaps, some lame exculpation by the way, and anticipating a severe rebuke. He was kindly received, not a word on the un-

pleasant subject spoken, and he was invited to dine. The bishop knew that he had done enough, and did not even mention the subject to his family. It was spread by the clergyman himself; and the first intimation the family received of the incident, was on learning that the bishop was called "Mr. H——'s curate," among the clergy. We may add, that, while in Raphoe, he practised the most liberal hospitality towards his clergy, and had apartments in his palace always ready. Once a-week, he kept open table for them.

We must here omit much interesting matter,* to devote some fair proportion of our pages to his Dublin administration. We shall, therefore, summarily observe, that, during the two years and a-half of his occupation of Raphoe, he effected great and salutary changes; and that it was his undeviating study and labour to fulfil his office in the strictest conformity with the spirit of the gospel, and according to the inspired instructions of the apostle. A spirit like his must have been called for a larger sphere of action, and such was the event. It was an event unlooked for, and undesired. In Raphoe, he had the gratification to feel the rapid success of his ministration—to see piety increased and diffused—and the efficacy of a bounteous attention to the happiness and improvement of every class and sect, show itself in the advancement of the town and its vicinity in comfort and order. Here, too, his health had become restored, and he found enjoyment in the society of many talented and estimable friends, the well-known companions of his academic life. Stopford, Maturin, and the Ushers, who had been in his own time fellows, renewed their old habits with him; and "it was really cheering," writes Mrs. Hunter, "to see the glow of enjoyment on his intelligent countenance, as he conversed upon former times, or engaged in the deep and important topics of eternal interest." The bishop also, here, as afterwards in Dublin, collected about him a circle of the pious young men, who may be regarded as the beginning of the rising race of clergymen who were to constitute a new and improved state of the church. And though, in the beginning, he found some cause for vexation among the clergy, this, too, began to pass away, and he was generally looked on amongst them with the sentiment of veneration, which every good mind must feel for him. Upon the whole, his intercourse among them approached more nearly a parental and filial character than is, or can be, often realized, until bishops shall be more uniformly chosen for the same clear superiority of every qualification.

In 1821, George IV., it will be remembered, paid his visit to Dublin. Among the earliest wishes his majesty expressed, was his desire to hear the author of the discourses on the atonement. The reader is aware of the high reputation of that monarch for talent and discrimination in all that belonged to intellectual character. It is also known, and may well be conceived, that his court was a centre of opinion and taste, and that all that was most approved by the most discerning spirits of the kingdom, must have found some echo there. It will therefore be felt to imply much more than a courtly form, that he should

* Our materials afford interesting information on his able and successful management of the schools, and the very striking and instructive results in the instances which came under the immediate management of himself, and of his own family.

express his desire to hear one who was then admitted to stand at the head of theological literature, in both countries, and not less high as a preacher. The bishop received but one day's notice,* and accordingly prepared at some disadvantage. He took for his text, "What must I do to be saved?" and treated the question, equally momentous to kings and subjects, without forgetting that he stood as the messenger of Christ, and under the roof and presence of the King of kings. The king was struck with the power of the preacher, and not less, perhaps, with a bold departure from a bad custom. Such occasions had been most preposterously considered fit for an unseasonable display of loyalty; and a bold and simple declaration of the gospel, seemed contrasted strongly with strains of that idolatrous adulation to earthly ears, which his majesty's good taste must have despised, as unmeaning and out of place. As the bishop proceeded, the king rose, and coming forward to the front of his pew, appeared to be under a deep impression. When all was over, he eagerly expressed his feelings, and emphatically desired that the sermon should be printed. When this request was conveyed to the bishop, he replied that, having been suddenly called on, he had collected the matter of his discourse from a series of discourses on the subject which he was preparing for publication—a design which would be interfered with by printing the discourse which he had preached. In his anxiety to do honour to the bishop, the king proposed to make him dean of the castle chapel. The bishop pleaded the distance of his see, to which the king replied, "We can bring you nearer,"—a saying then supposed to refer to the see of Meath, to which it had been long understood that the bishop was to be the next appointed.

In the spring of 1822, while the bishop was in town, as dean of the castle chapel, the archbishop of Cashel died. He was immediately offered the appointment, which he unhesitatingly declined. He was content with Raphoe, and would not change for mere advancement. While, however, he was engaged in conversation with the marquis Wellesley, an express came in from London. The bishop was about to withdraw, but the marquis said, "Stay, my lord, there may be something you may like to hear." The dispatches were opened; they announced the death of primate Steuart, and contained these words—"The king wished to appoint Dr. Magee, bishop of Raphoe, to the primacy; but I think your excellency will agree with me, that it is better to do what is useful than brilliant; and that lord J. G. Beresford, archbishop of Dublin, shall be appointed to the primacy, and Dr. Magee be appointed to succeed his grace." The bishop assented, and on this understanding the conversation terminated, and the bishop was requested to announce the intended changes to the personages concerned. Another change of counsels had, in the meantime, occurred. At a late hour of night, an express had reached the castle, and the bishop was requested to attend. He complied, and found the marquis in his night-gown and slippers. Lord Liverpool suggested a fear that it might be unsafe to place Dr. Magee in Dublin, on account of his connexion with the university, and the known influence he possessed with

* The correspondence is in our possession.

that body; that, therefore, it might be wiser to carry out the king's original suggestion, and make him primate. To this proposal, the bishop, regardless of the advanced dignity and emolument, but wounded by the implication of distrust, answered, "My lord, if I am not considered worthy of confidence, allow me to remain where I am, I desire not to change." "Well, well, my lord," replied the marquis, "forget what has passed, and let the former arrangement be pursued."

The change was one to which, had he merely consulted his taste and inclination, Dr. Magee would not have acceded. The entire circumstances connected with Raphoe had been satisfactory to all his wishes; with a few exceptions the clergy had shown themselves amenable to his discipline, and ready to second his efforts for the spiritual renovation of the church. Here, too, he was surrounded by a circle of friends, and had some prospects of attaining that studious leisure necessary for the completion of the extensive works to which he felt pledged. To all his family, the change was still more the subject of regret. But there was one motive which, to the mind of the bishop, was enough to outweigh all earthly considerations. He now, more fully than at first, was aware of the necessity of a decisive course of reform, and Dublin, while it would give him increased authority to effect this great object, was also the place where a governing and controlling hand was most required.

The diocese of Dublin had fallen into much disorder; a lax discipline, together with other influences already described, had co-operated with the corruptions of a gay metropolis to secularize the clergy; while a strong reaction, which had set in among different circles of the laity, threatened to ramify into all sorts of irregular forms of spiritual dogmatism. Deprived of their regular teachers, the congregations began to be agitated by opinion: the most profound and difficult questions were introduced as subjects of tea-table discussion, and not considered too difficult for young ladies to decide. As is usual when unauthorized teachers come into the church, the most fluent talkers and the least scrupulous thinkers took the lead; and enthusiasm, which loves the mystical, threw aside the plain and simple elements of the gospel to find food for zeal not according to knowledge in every point in which a question, or a difficulty, could be found. The more right-minded and faithful of the pastors found themselves led and driven by the flocks committed to their care; while the carnal and self-seeking minister treated them with a mistaken scorn. The rural clergy of the diocese had in several instances allowed their benefices to grow into perfect sinecures, and divested themselves of every concern but their farms. The fact was, that for twenty years there had, properly speaking, been no bishop, as Archbishop Cleaver had been afflicted by a disqualifying disease; and his immediate successor, our present primate, had hardly taken possession when he was removed to Armagh.

It was a season of vast movement in and about the church. The religious excitement described above was evidently a rich vegetation of Christianity which demanded the care and guidance of a kindly yet firm and delicate hand. The bishops, many of them, not chosen for their spiritual qualifications, and prejudiced against all that wore the aspect of change, turned away from the emergency, and did not at once

perceive the true line of conduct which the time required. They looked too exclusively to the evil of irregularities, and suffered others to take the lead in drawing the good results. The position was, it is true, difficult; and it is their excuse (and involves no reproach), that they were not equal to it. A man of genius, unbending resolution, sound discrimination, and uncompromising fidelity was wanting, to mediate among conflicting forces; to awaken the slumbering conscience of some, and to moderate and satisfy the excitement of many.

But these were but a part of the critical circumstances which must then have materially affected the position of any person who, with a conscientious mind and a determined sense of duty, might be placed at the helm of our Irish church. The spirit of political faction operated variously to depress the church both by its direct and intermediate influences. The subject is far too complicated to be more than superficially noticed here; but a few observations are essential to our main purpose. Among the causes which had contributed to beget the general slackness and depression of zeal among both Protestant laity and churchmen, was the bitter tone of sectarian animosity against our church, which had long been industriously propagated among the several (but chiefly among the lower) classes of the Roman church. The natural infirmity which seeks to conciliate the multitude, and the still more contemptible vanity that would sacrifice a duty for their praise—the wish to be called liberal, to avoid the charge of bigotry from ignorance, folly, and profligacy,—a most disgraceful, and, at the same time, mistaken sense of self-interest; all had their effect in deadening spiritual zeal in some, and in placing numerous members of our church in the rank of her enemies. And the calumnies of the most unprincipled knaves and most unblushing liars found a wide echo when they should have an uncompromising resistance. This was aggravated and rendered fatally effective by the interposition of that secular temper in which it has latterly been the fault of the British cabinet to deal with the concerns of religion: a disposition which has since led to the betrayal or surrender, step by step, of all that it should be the first duty of a government to maintain. It was then in its beginning—the beginning of a course of national desertion and perfidy, of which the end is yet to come from a higher hand. The Irish church was thus assailed, and the reports of its enemies raked up from their base channels, by a few deistical commoners and peers in the British parliament, to prepare the way for meditated spoliations and invasions of vested right. In the midst of this gathering tempest the spirited servant of God, who was now placed at the head of the metropolitan see, and who at once took the lead in the assertion of a sacred cause, was a conspicuous mark for slander and misrepresentation. Of this we shall offer some illustrations as we proceed.

But in the midst of the same convulsion of elements another remarkable event began—one seemingly less powerful and diffusive but not less effectual,—the commencement of a spiritual change in the Irish branch of the church of Rome:—a change which has been ever since progressive, and of which the end is yet to be seen. On this subject it is necessary to say a few words, while, at the same time, it is to be premised, that they must be written under the constraint imposed

by the rules under which these pages have been throughout written, viz., that of avoiding, to the utmost extent that truth will admit, all offence to a party among which our writings have largely circulated. But, on the other hand, although we would not be understood to advance such a claim, yet we are well aware that, from the fair and informed candour of the better classes of our friends and brethren of the Roman church, much must be allowed to the known and avowed principles of a writer, of whose honesty of intention they can entertain no considerate suspicion. Among their clergy and political leaders it is not regarded as insulting to our church, or in any way involving a breach of charity, to express wishes for our return to the bosom of the papal church: we may well be permitted to reciprocate this charitable wish with the most perfect good will: and happy should we feel to see all strife ended between them and their adversaries but the friendly contest which should have charity and mutual good will for its motive and the truth of God for its object. Had such alone been the actuating spirit of controversy on both sides alike—had not secular encroachments, party feeling, and popular jealousy, interfered to turn the mind of the crowd, and of many who should have known better, from the proper questions involved in such a discussion—controversy would long since have ended in the only way it can end, the prevalence of truth. Every one who has lived during the last thirty years is aware what bitter ingredients have been infused into the controversy: it cannot have escaped the attention of the idlest reader of meetings and debates, with what fierce inconsistency the Protestant church of the realm has been assailed and conciliated with contradictory clamours and reassurances, while the justice and liberality of a Protestant nation (king, parliament, aristocracy and gentry) was successfully appealed to. Yet, from these topics and the strong grounds of recriminative statement with which they are connected, we gladly abstain. We only advert to them thus, to observe that they have been the great obstacles to the right discussion of the question between the churches of England and Rome. The discussion was, nevertheless, at the period now under notice, brought forward in a manner which, had it been allowed to continue, seemed to promise much, and which did not pass without much benefit to the Irish people.

As the persons engaged in this discussion are yet living, we must endeavour to convey our sense with the least possible detail. The controversies commenced with challenges from individuals of either church. They were conducted on both sides with very great ability and considerable skill. They were, however, not directed to any effective issue: the arguments discussed were but evasions of the main point: and had the question even been placed on more decided ground, still the whole conduct and arrangements were little adapted for the decision of any great question. One prominent oversight is chiefly to be noticed—the limitation of the alternate half hours, a condition which reduced them to a mere trial of the skill of the parties engaged. There was a grievous inconsistency in this: no important topic could be effectively pursued in half an hour, no misstatement involving a hundred errors and fallacies could be so flippantly dealt with, while fallacy, which can “perch where wisdom only climbs,” has a vast advantage in com-

pendious and glancing statement. If such a condition were to be proposed in a great cause in the king's bench, it would excite universal derision; and is it to be pretended that the ecclesiastical history, and the controversies of eighteen centuries, were to be settled in the mock tournament of two divines shackled by stage regulations, for the entertainment of an audience rather than the decision of the greatest question of modern times? One controversy, however, led to many. Of these the first effects were less discernible, and many sensible men began to express their surprise. The writer of these pages was differently impressed; and as time has since confirmed the expectation to which he was then led, it may be worth stating. One important point, the withholding the scriptures from the laity, was frequently introduced in the discussions: and we were very much struck with the fact, that instead of vindicating their policy (then very notorious) in this respect, the Roman clergy distinctly and broadly disavowed it. Now the Irish peasantry, with minds rendered shrewd and observant by political discussions, were the eager listeners to these accusations and answers. And it was easy to predict the result. From that very time to the present,—nearly thirty years,—a gradual and latent reformation has been growing almost unsuspected in Ireland. The peasantry immediately began to look for the Scriptures—and no excuse remained for their refusal—their clergy were placed under the necessity of publishing editions of the Douay Testament: and as the Protestant families in most parts of the country were to some extent prompt to avail themselves of the temper thus manifested, a very strong infusion of scriptural Christianity quickly began to mingle with and alter the form of religious opinion in Ireland. We should be led far beyond our proper scope were we to follow out this interesting subject. We have only now to add, that it was a subject which strongly drew the attention and awakened the zeal of the archbishop. In proof of this we might offer much statement, but his sentiments will be sufficiently accredited by two short extracts, from his testimony in the House of Lords, in 1825. The following are the questions and answers to which we allude. “Is your grace of opinion that generally there have been a great number of converts from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant religion of late? There have, I rather think, been a good many: at the same time I cannot pronounce with certainty, but of this I have little doubt, that the principle and spirit that must lead to the conversion of the Roman Catholics to Protestantism are in most active operation. There has lately been an excitement of attention to the subject of religion throughout the people, such as perhaps there has not been before at any period since the reformation. In truth, with respect to Ireland, the reformation may, strictly speaking, be truly said only now to have begun.” In the next answer he says, “This I conceive has been principally caused by the discussions which have drawn the attention of the lower classes of the people to the subject of the Bible, &c.” Of this, indeed, we have no doubt; and it can leave as little as to the course likely to have been followed, within the scope of his authority, by one so zealous as the archbishop. He was at the time frequently applied to by priests of the church of Rome, who were anxious to come over to the church: on these occasions he adopted a humane and pru-

dent course. He considered the impossibility of protecting and maintaining them; and that it was his duty to make them distinctly aware of the risk and inconvenience they must incur. He thought that a priest might have "gone so far as to have discovered the errors of the Roman Catholic faith, and yet be very little acquainted with the various important qualifications required in a Protestant teacher and a parish minister of the established church." We feel constrained to add, that if the clergy of the establishment at the time had been fully sensible of the extent of their advantage, there can be little doubt of the very decisive results that would in the course of a few years have followed the steady continuance of the same course which effected so much in so little time.

The archbishop's conduct in this peculiar conjuncture was the most effectual that could be applied: he encouraged the discussion of which he most probably discerned the remote effects. More he had not within his power without placing himself in opposition to the Bench of Bishops, who generally either looked on the proceeding with a regard to secular expediencies, or with no proportionate sense of the important issues really involved. The real spirit of the Irish people was not apprehended; and a vague fear of causing useless exasperation was the error, and is the justification, of those who ought to have placed themselves in the van. Had all the bishops seen as much as Magee, they would not since have had witnessed the dilapidation of the sacred structure committed to their charge, nor the continued assault still maintained by those who, while they have been pleading for admission into the walls of our essentially Protestant constitution, have been labouring with the fiercest animosity for the overthrow of our church: holding up one hand with protestations of loyalty, good will, and conciliation, and undermining with the other. They then failed to see that the tendency of the popular spirit was (as it is) clearly protestant; and that the whole mind and spirit of the country was entirely protestant.* The exception, in fact, consisting in the small but alert and loud section of which the Catholic Association was composed. While this small section continued to make so loud a noise as to seem to the British government to be all Ireland, and were engaged in organizing through the country a force (Ribbonism), which has at last given them the entire command of the people, the Protestant gentry were blind to the ruin preparing for them, and the church was sleeping secure while the mine was progressing under its walls and the battery before them. They did not discern their strength or weakness: the mass of feeling and opinion in their favour, or the deadly animosity and patient cunning which supplied the place of strength in the adversaries. They did not take into account the spiritual coldness and the evil spirit of unbelief which would dispose a cabinet and a parliament to set aside their professed faith for secular concerns, and that without an effort or a de-

* The *educated* mass is protestant: the *gentry* is protestant: and we add, with confidence, all the more substantial and intelligent of the peasantry are deeply imbued with protestantism under the name of Romanism; the same is applicable to the clergy to a considerable extent. All this can be proved by strong circumstantial and probable reasoning. But as yet there is a chain upon every breast and tongue,—the chain of terror.

liberation. Such was the fatal mistake which has been the beginning of disastrous changes now notorious; and which—were it not that the eye of God is open and his hand not idle—would end in the utter subversion of church and state—Protestant and Romanist, and all but the record of a glorious people, and of the foulest revolution on the book of Time. The archbishop was one among the very few who rightly appreciated the importance of the change then in its commencement. He was not aware of the counteracting agencies which were in the course of a few years to come from quarters whence they were least to be expected, and to repress, though not extinguish, the light which was then kindled; and he was probably more hopeful of the event than he would have been, had it been possible to calculate the hidden processes which even then were beginning to work against the progress of truth and reason. But he looked with more than passive approbation upon the growth of discussion, justly considering that it was the only human instrumentality for the establishment of truth. It has been always (and on very just grounds) the disposition of our prelates to discourage strong movements among the clergy, knowing well the temper of man towards extreme courses. But the archbishop's clear intelligence discerned the exception in this great controversy. He saw, indeed, that it was the duty of the Protestant to protest—of the Christian to convert—of the soldier of the cross to combat error—of the messenger of the gospel to deliver his message to those who were sitting in darkness. He wholly repudiated the false and dastardly tenet, that our church is not to be regarded as a proselyting church—a position irreconcilable with Christianity itself. He was not, therefore, content to afford a mere tacit sanction, but resolved upon an active part: he directed that sermons should be preached for the purpose from all the pulpits in town, and showed the example himself.

In his primary charge, the archbishop seems to have acted on that principle so familiar to bold and decided minds, and to such alone: the explicit and unhesitating adoption of his course of action from the first step. A great outcry was raised by his enemies, nor was he treated with much fairness by those who should have been his supporters, when, on this occasion, he described to the assembled clergy of his diocese the position in which the church then stood, in order that he might explain the course of conduct they were bound to pursue. He delivered a strong sentence, which expressed his opinion, and no more; a sentence of which the prudence might be questioned in the house of lords, or in a work written for the public at large; not so much for the matter as for the pointed manner. But from a prelate to the body of his clergy, it was not more in matter, or different in manner from what the occasion required. He considered, that notwithstanding a few very eminent Christian teachers, there was yet much of that lax secularity which loves to conciliate the multitude by the tone of spurious liberality. He saw the coming contest, and he gave the call of warning to the church; a call which we would gladly hear once more—to awaken our ranks to defend their works. But, on this occasion, the popular character of the archbishop weighed against him; it brought multitudes to listen, and gave something more than their due publicity to his words. It has been a part (we believe) of the policy of those who never cease

from their efforts to undermine, or from abusive language, with a curious inconsistency, to resent and denounce the slightest hint of discourteous import from those they seek to victimize. Our statesmen, who, with a degree of ignorance of human nature not easily conceived, have adopted the untrue and nugatory principle of conciliation,* were also not pleased with language which was carefully seized upon as combustible matter, and made the most of for the purpose of agitation. But the archbishop was regardless, and followed the course which the time called for, and his duty enjoined. We may mention here, to avoid reverting to the subject, that a few years after, when a very great impression had been made by the perseverance of the clergy in the laudable work of propagating the truth, and many converts were gained; the archbishop came forward openly to countenance and sanction this result by a sermon in Christ-church Cathedral, on the occasion of a clergyman of the Papal church with several others appearing to renounce their errors. The cathedral was on this occasion crowded to excess, by members of both churches, and the discourse was in the 1 Cor. iii. 11., "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." In discussing the subject thus taken, he showed a discriminating and charitable sense of the mixed character of his congregation by the line he adopted; strongly vindicating the scriptures, and putting forward those views of doctrine and discipline in which the plainest points of transition might be found from the Romish errors to sound scriptural doctrine. He told his audience that day, that "the scripture alone is to constitute that rule whereby we are to walk—the scripture rightly, and soundly interpreted. This is to form the rule worthy of a rational being, subject to a providential government, inasmuch as it secures to us, at the same time, the guidance of those two great lights which our Heavenly Father has graciously placed in the moral firmament for our direction, the lights of revelation and of reason, of which neither was designed to supersede the other; much less was it ever intended by him who is the Father of these lights, that we should abdicate the benefits of both. We are neither with the Socinian to enslave Revelation to reason; nor yet with the enthusiast to reject reason in judging of Revelation; and least of all, are we with the followers of the Church of Rome, to close our eyes against the light, both of one and the other.

* We beg to be fairly interpreted. We do not mean to object to the use of conciliation so far as it is possible and just; we simply mean to object to the ignorant effort to use it when it is *not possible*. We can easily admit that if all imaginable causes of discontent were removed, discontent might reasonably be expected to cease—not because of conciliation, but for want of matter. We need not discuss the causes of popular discontent, which, if just, ought to be removed: as the mistake we would point out is the absurd confusion of multitudes in their aggregate capacity, with individuals. A person may, in his individual character, be affected by numerous acts and feelings, which, as a member of society, or of a section of it, he does not feel. The sentiments of corporations, parties, or sects, though susceptible (we admit) of violent excitements, are wholly distinct, and act by a distinct law. Acts of beneficence have a permanent effect, when they are directed to individuals, and become by accumulation the real feeling of the aggregate; but concessions to crowds have not this effect; the effect is momentary, it evaporates in the cheer, it dissolves in their separation, and does not awaken real gratitude in a single breast. It will mostly be received as matter of right, or the result of fear.

But we are by the sober use of a cautious and well-informed reason, to authenticate and interpret the word of Revelation. We are, in truth, to govern ourselves by the principle on which our Reformed faith has been erected; we are to build on that foundation, which we are told is the only true foundation which can be laid ——— the foundation of Jesus Christ." He then proceeded, in a clear and effective argument, to prove that this foundation is only to be found in the teaching of the scriptures. In the course of this argument, he strongly exposed the absurdities and inconsistencies of the doctrine of oral tradition; and of the fallacies by which it has been maintained. The main position he took, was the proposition, that the two only purposes for which the Church of Rome allowed authority to scripture, were points it does not contain, but actually excludes; and followed this argument by a searching exposure of the doctrine of Infallibility. We cannot devote space to a more full statement of his line of reasoning; we feel it to be a duty, however, to add a few observations on the aspect of importance which the discussion of the same points has recently attained. If we are not much mistaken, the improved information of our brethren of the Roman Church, has, since that time, very much modified their views of Christian doctrine and church authority; they have nearly abandoned their rejection of scripture. And with scripture in their hands, it is our trust that their primæval superstitions must pass away as night-fogs before the dawn. We are inclined to regard them as coming over to the protestant, a tendency which would quickly be apparent, but for the animosities kept up by political agitation. But we would here observe the importance, in this respect, of the argument as affecting the strange and melancholy retrogradation of human reason, which has been manifested in the Tractarian heresy; — a departure from the clearest truths, and simplest evidence of reason, which would at this time of social progress be unaccountable, did we not regard it as ordered for some wise end, to elicit perhaps from human error a broader manifestation of divine light, and to make the victory of truth more final and decisive in its results. Humanly speaking, it requires a stretch of conception, to see men like the Tractarian divines—men of deep erudition and much logical expertness—falling into contradictions and inconsequences unworthy of junior Freshmen, and groping in the daylight like blind men. Having investigated their opinions with scrupulous care, we are forced to confess the perplexity we have experienced to find such men, so inconclusively raising points for which they can find no proof sufficient for a moment to impose upon a sound common judgment: and for which, if even in theory they could find proofs, it is quite plain, from the authorities to which they would refer (the only authorities), that they cannot substantiate a single application. They fail to prove the authority of tradition in the *required sense*, and if it were to be admitted in that sense, they can find no unquestionable instance of its application. But the difficulty is somewhat diminished by the consideration, how much acquired knowledge—how much flow of language—cunning use of the *forms* of argument, can coexist with a low degree of judgment, a narrow conception, and limited scope of reason; and how liable the intellect is, when its range is confined and its vivacity great,

to be coloured, as it were, by strong habitual influences—the tastes acquired in antiquated halls and in the atmosphere of old books—among which the twilight of the thirteenth century appears to sit, and the shades of ancient schoolmen to flit through the gloom. But we trust that these worthy, and we believe estimable men, will awake from the strange nightmare in which they are bound; and that their errors will be only productive of a wider extension to the dominion of God's truth as revealed in his holy word. The world is deeply their debtor for some able and most conclusive writings on the subject in which they have been led into error; but the misfortune, and it is a great misfortune, that while the Tractarian writers have conveyed their pernicious sophisms and misstatements in the most popular and cheapest forms, their far abler opponents have chosen to publish in the most expensive volumes. We would here refer to the two volumes of Mr. Goode, which leave nothing to be wanted on the subject, and no dark recess of error and sophistry unexplored.*

We cannot enter upon many of the discussions and controversies concerning which the archbishop became much occupied: partly, because their interest having in a great measure passed away, we should be compelled to discuss them at a disproportionate length, to avoid leading to very considerable misapprehension. We should have to question the conduct and opinions of estimable individuals somewhat needlessly, and to assert opinions which the scope of this memoir does not permit us to maintain. As some persons may think that we have frequently transgressed in this respect, we must take leave to say that we do not admit such a transgression; we have selected such topics as we have seen reason for putting forward, in their bearing on the present state of opinion, on the character of the person commemorated, or for their permanent importance to mankind.

Among the incidents which occurred to give the archbishop much trouble in the early part of his administration, there was one, apparently trivial in its origin, which led to much calumnious animadversion; and which may be selected as very well illustrating the unfair spirit in which he was then assailed. A Mr. Taylor, one of the assistants in Mr. Jones's academy, being in holy orders, was engaged by the incumbent of Rathfarnham to officiate for him during his absence. It quickly became apparent to the congregation that Mr. Taylor's discourses were substantially inconsistent with a belief in revealed religion. Representations had been made in consequence to Dr. Magee, while yet bishop of Raphoe, to seek his interposition, by persons (we possess their names), not likely to be mistaken in such a matter. As the cause of complaint was renewed, at the period of his accession to the see, he immediately took steps to ascertain the fact, and was satisfied of the truth of the complaint. Mr. Taylor was instantly superseded and summoned before the archbishop. He attended; and a conversation ensued, which is strangely misrepresented by Mr. Taylor in his pamphlet,

* "The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice," &c., by W. Goode, Rector of St. Antholins, London. *Hatchard. Piccadilly.* 1842. The Bishop of Ossory has produced in his primary charge some effective and valuable observations; and we perceive by an advertisement that Dr. O'Sullivan has turned his effectual hand to the subject.

published immediately after. Professing to give an accurate report of a dialogue, which, according to his statement, could not occupy thirty seconds, he afterwards states that it took up ten minutes. A statement, not only inconsistent with the tone of violent interruption ascribed to the archbishop, but with the actual matter of Taylor's *circumstantial* relation of minute particulars. That the archbishop appeared summary and authoritative on the occasion is very likely,—he probably wished to avoid charging Taylor with Deism, and Taylor misconceived his motive; but this eccentric and wrong-headed young man also, perhaps unconsciously, used disrespectful language, and we know not why such conduct should be complacently taken by one who was in the actual exercise of a judicial function. And we must add, that the language ascribed by Mr. Taylor to the archbishop is wholly inconsistent with his mind and character, while, as quickly became apparent, misrepresentation was an essential of Mr. Taylor's.—What we mean is, that it very remarkably appears from the substance of the same pamphlet, in which he professes to give a precise account of the entire transaction. Taking up the ground of a Christian minister, wrongfully interrupted in the lawful exercise of his calling, he concludes his statement of the circumstances, by a statement, in the broadest and most unequivocal language, of opinions which amounted to the plainest assertion of those tenets known under the name of Deism,—involving a denial of Christianity in any sense not wholly nugatory; thus fully vindicating in every respect the conduct against which his book was professedly published. This did not save the archbishop from the vituperation of the hostile portion of the press. His bigotry and persecuting temper were assailed, for excluding a professed infidel from the pulpit, of which it was his grace's most especial duty and essential obligation to guard the purity. Another point of Mr. Taylor's grievance, for a while fiercely clamoured about, was his exclusion from Nutgrove, in consequence of the previous proceeding.—On this point we have to mention, that the archbishop remonstrated with Mr. Jones, and in a letter expressed his opinion that Mr. T. ought not to be dismissed from the school simply because he thought fit to exclude him from the pulpit on grounds of diocesan regulation. The very humanity of the archbishop's line of conduct was seized on as a topic of abuse: unwilling to brand the unfortunate young man with the infamy of his real offence, he took the more questionable ground of jurisdiction. Had the matter gone no further, it would have left the question in an unfortunate position. Mr. Taylor's pamphlet, which contained the most plain self-exposure, did not circulate to the extent of the misrepresentations, which were put forward with industry. Besides a considerable section of the press, there was a noisy and querulous party then up in arms against the constraints and rebukes of authority. The archbishop was proclaimed as an austere disciplinarian, and this incident was trumpeted as a high act of arbitrary power. Mr. Taylor himself did not leave the matter long to the babble of paragraphs and tea-tables. Confident in the presumption and fallacy of his own self-confident temper and heated intellect, he resolved on a decided course; partly with a view to the assertion of his tenets, and more with a vindictive feeling, he engaged the theatre in Fish-

amble street, and gave lectures to a motley concourse, attracted by curiosity, and perhaps in some degree by a love of fair play. In the disquisitions which he delivered, he took the ordinary well-known ground of those Deists who endeavour to reduce Christianity into a system of moral philosophy, and denied the fact and necessity of Revelation. In the course of his lecture, he proceeded so far in the assertion of the pernicious and absurd dogmas of the several deistical schools, with so little regard to consequences, inconsistencies, and contradictions, that the surprise and indignation of his motley audience was excited, and the tumult grew until the proprietor of the theatre saw the necessity of interfering for the safety of his property. It is to be added, that this scandalous scene occurred upon a Sunday, and the interruption he met is the more indicative of the extreme character of his dogmas—the most exemplary Christians are not likely to have been there. During the whole of his outrageous proceedings, which continued for many months, Mr. Taylor continued writing letters and memorials to the archbishop; among these there is one in which he entirely retracts the statement of facts contained in his pamphlet, which he admits to be rash and unwarrantable, with a curious disregard to the utter want of truth he thus laid bare.—Meanwhile he continued with a perseverance that looks like insanity, to press his admission to the duties of his sacred profession; and what is equally strange, he composed a petition to the House of Commons, in which he at the same time insisted at some length on his infidel tenets, and complained of the grievous injury of being excluded from the functions of a Christian teacher. These facts might well be dismissed as the eccentricities of a madman, were it not that even this mingled tissue of blasphemy and folly did not fail to find its appropriate organs in parliament. An honourable member got up to read and back the prayer of a petition which denounced the Christian religion, spoke of its founder as an impostor, and abused its prelates under the appellation of muftis. The seasonable opportunity was thus afforded to stigmatize the cruelty and bigotry of a prelate who had dared to set up the narrow rules of his profession against those larger laws of universal toleration, which distinguish our illustrious legislature, and that justice to which even the Adversary of God would not have applied in vain.—In the meantime, Mr. Taylor, honourably desirous to justify his parliamentary advocates, and relying on the philosophic temper of London literature, began a course of lectures, in which he delivered large commentaries on the text of Toland and Chubb, and Tom Paine, &c., &c., divesting them of the thin disguises with which these more artful infidels had endeavoured to win souls from God. On three successive Sundays he was listened to by assemblies which were not unfriendly to his design, but were disgusted by the inadvertencies which disgraced the cause of deism, and the indecencies which outraged the conventions of decorum. He was found too indiscreet and daring even for the unchartered libertinism of the mighty Babel, and there was no one to stand up in his behalf when he was suppressed by the civil authorities. We trust this lengthened narration of an incident which may seem trifling, may be excused. It is here so far important as it fairly exemplifies the factious temper of which the archbishop was then the object.

The revenues of the see of Dublin are rated at £7,000 a-year. Of this income the archbishop appropriated £2,000 for charitable and beneficent purposes. He contributed freely to the maintenance of a useful and efficient ministry, allowing one hundred a-year to several curates, and contributing in several instances in which the incumbent of a parish could not well afford the curate's salary. We are, indeed, from the correspondence and various documents in our possession, enabled to state the details of numerous proposals for the most useful designs of benevolence, of all of which the basis was a large subscription from the proposer.

Among the expedients which he adopted for the furtherance of his main design, of raising a faithful and effective ministry in the church, a system of the most careful and searching examination of the candidates for holy orders was foremost. This, indeed, was the most needful preliminary, from the want of which, the main defects and abuses of the previous century had originated. It was the severe and merited reproach of Cowper to the English prelates, that they were not careful enough in this respect, not to lay their hands on heads "that could not teach, and would not learn." The archbishop promptly set himself to repair this evil, and was ably followed by other illustrious prelates; and the university, always prompt to take its place in the foremost advance of every improvement, expanded the theological portion of its system, and instituted courses of reading, which made the requisitions of the bishops far from impracticable. In the latter years of the immediately preceding period, a religious movement in society had brought forth, under Providence, an improved disposition in the candidates for orders, and in consequence, they came with a better preparation than might otherwise have been presumed. But there yet existed a vicious system, and it was always easy for every sort of incapacity to find its way into the church. And whatever might have been the wish of the bishop, there did not exist in several dioceses either the learning or talent for the application of any adequate tests. The archbishop saw and acted upon the necessity of a severe and strict course of trial; he engaged the best and ablest scholars in Trinity college to examine the candidates who came to him for orders. Three days were set apart for this examination; he took his place at a small table in the circle, and took notes of the answering, from which, on the fourth day which he reserved for himself, he sifted the candidates severally, as his previous observation directed. To this care, the church is indebted for the admirably uniform competency now to be found among its ministry, so that it may well be doubted if there is, or ever has hitherto existed, another body of men so largely armed with both the knowledge and the graces of Christian teaching and example. And it was with a deep sense of this, that the archbishop contemplated his work; it imparted always a benign and happy cheerfulness to his countenance and manner, at the end of the four days, when all the candidates for holy orders had pleased him by their intellectual and spiritual preparation. It was the thankful anticipation of success in the highest cause.

The archbishop's conduct was in general fairly appreciated by the clergy of his diocese, and found a very general spirit of co-operation; though a few survivors of an elder school, a few men of secular temper,

and latitudinarian opinions, felt and expressed offence at a course of procedure which was felt to be inconvenient. He was alert in visiting his churches, and he sometimes stumbled unseasonably on a rural church, when the incumbent was unprepared to preach. He was slow to admit the apology of no congregation, as he had but too often found reason to impute this evil to neglect.

Another cause of more considerable embarrassment and anxiety arose from a state of things to which we have already adverted at length,—we mean the strong reaction of spiritual temper, which being in a great measure unregulated in its operation, necessarily assumed a sectarian cast. Among the consequences, was one which might well be anticipated by the experienced observer; the religion of the crowd took a turn of enthusiasm, and with the universal tendency of enthusiasm rushed into the depths of theological metaphysics. The doctrine of election became the favoured doctrine, and being interpreted in disregard to the simpler and more practical doctrines of the New Testament, and reasoned out from the application of assumptions wholly unfounded, and by a method of reasoning wholly fallacious, led to conclusions exclusive of much more grounded doctrines. It was a doctrine which, assuming it to be true in the sense which was contended for, still had been allowed to occupy more than its place, as it manifestly occupies but a small extent in the whole substance of the Apostolic teaching, and as it is not obviously connected with any practical course of opinion or conduct; and most of all, because it is neither fully explained in Scripture, nor thoroughly intelligible to human reason. It is not the condition of justification plainly stated, it is not enjoined as one of the articles of faith, but (still assuming the truth of Calvinistic interpretation) as a brief intimation of the counsels of God, as a mysterious glimpse of the divine and not the human side of the Christian dispensation. A doctrine, which should be accepted humbly, so far as it can be comprehended,—and assumed implicitly to be reconcilable with all the declarations of revealed religion; but not rashly set in opposition to them all on the insufficient authority of so very egregiously incompetent a guide as metaphysics.*

* We have had to touch before on this delicate topic, and to assert what we now must repeat, that we do not object so much to the supralapsarian doctrine, as to the use to which it has been applied, and the methods of reasoning of which it has been the subject. To those methods too, we only object that they are wholly inapplicable, and absolutely without any *data* whatever; being grounded on wholly unwarranted assumptions respecting the divine nature. We at once grant that they seem to flow from the language of a few verses of Scripture, when understood literally, and isolated from all the rest of the Sacred text. And, further, we do not presume to impugn the strongest and most apparently objectionable sense that can be extracted from that language. We admit our incapacity, and simply say, that if all could be known, we have not a doubt but all must be reconciled in the integral unity of a plan incomprehensible to human thought. But when man pretends to go so far up the chain of unseen things, as to infer the counsels of God from elementary principles of God's nature and purposes; we protest, not against a doctrine which may be true, though we cannot comprehend it, but against a lamentable and most pernicious abuse of human reason which we can clearly comprehend and detect. We are not ourselves wholly satisfied with the arguments which have been opposed to the Calvinistic view of election; but we do not find any reason in Scripture, or in any sense of the tenet itself, a reason why a doctrine touched so briefly and *casually* as it is, and so mysterious, should be made *the Christianity* of any faithful follower of Jesus.

The effects of this tendency were worse, and rendered more broadly apparent by the flippancy with which wholly uneducated persons entered on the defence of a favourite tenet with reasonings in which the profoundest writers have failed to be strictly rational. There was, however, a still more detrimental consequence. The same general impulse which gave rise to this undue preponderance of a dogma, had also associated it with all that is vital and essential in the faith. It was the same community which was awakening from the low prudential morality of the previous generation that was betrayed by the native vergency of mankind to extremes, into the depths of the doctrine of election. The consequence was, that a fatal confusion took place between the two. The doctrine of the cross was confounded with the mystical doctrine of Calvinistic election. One party denounced every thing beyond the sermon on the Mount as Calvinism; and the aggregate of the *religious world*, giving, as usual with human reason, the predominance to the deep and difficult, confirmed the assumption. With one section of society, to be a *scriptural* Christian was to be a Calvinist: with the religious, to reject their view of election was to reject the gospel. To this, other minor theories arose on every side:—nice questions, on the nature of Christ, were proposed and commonly discussed by the most ignorant persons with the least conceivable application of reason.

The bishops seeing, as they could not fail to see, these disorderly movements—but not as clearly seeing the spirit which really troubled the stagnant waters of the church—shewed a very natural, but not a very enlightened, inclination to direct their authority and influence for their suppression. It became, in consequence, a matter of some difficulty for a really religious young man to obtain orders; and it became with many of them a rule to refuse to ordain any one professing what was in the cant of the day called Evangelical opinions.

The archbishop thought differently: he saw these demonstrations in their true light. He knew that human nature—presumption, ignorance, and the extremes of spiritual zeal and secularizing worldliness—must have their part in every human change. But he recognised the hand of God, and knew that all the earnest devotion, the large mixture of genuine faith working by love, was not to fall to the ground; and though his own views were not precisely commensurate with those called Evangelical, he not only did not reject, but even (and we think rightly) preferred those young men who held them. He saw that they had in them the true elements of a faithful and effective ministry; and that God, who had given so much, would complete his work in due season. And to no part of his wise agency, in doing the work committed to his charge, is the church of Ireland more indebted than to his discriminating and temperate conduct, being, under providence, the means which have largely contributed to place the Irish church where it stands, a pattern to all others for the sound learning and unswerving faithfulness of its clergy,—their firm resistance to influences, their disinterested sense of duty, their patient and humble yet independent poverty, and their devoted zeal undistorted by spiritual pride or enthusiasm,—presenting in themselves more nearly than ever yet has been seen in any other class or body of mankind, a strong

illustration of what the spirit of the gospel would effect if it were not rejected by the world.

Governed by these views, the archbishop, in his endeavours to correct doctrine and enforce discipline, did not fail to encourage and protect genuine piety, without which the church, with its doctrinal system, would be no more than the "whited sepulchre." And when he could not open the pulpit, his hand and heart were never shut. The pious separatist found a seat at his table, and found his zeal seconded and his charity reflected. Kelly the Christian lyrist was there, and Matthias; and it was to the instructive discussion of points of difference that the return of this able preacher and genuine Christian to the church was due.

But we are taking a far ampler scope than we can by any means afford, and must pass on to give a more condensed view of the remaining years of the archbishop. We shall not here go at length into the question respecting the views which governed the archbishop in common with other prelates and eminent divines towards the Bible society. We shall have to meet the consideration in a future memoir. It may be here enough to state the main principles out of which their difficulty or dissent arose. On one side it was manifestly a great and powerful instrumentality for the propagation of the knowledge of divine truth; it was therefore to be met without opposition lest thus the hand of providence might be resisted; neither was it possible for a faithful servant of God to look with indifference on some of its operations. But there was at the same time that in its constitution, and manifested in some of its working, which rendered it more than doubtful how far a prelate of the church should take a part in it. It was considered that the enemies of the establishment availed themselves of its instrumentality for purposes hostile to its liturgy and articles. That while the members of the Irish church adhered to the adopted rule, to circulate the Bible without note or comment, they took care to circulate such tracts along with it as were adapted to render the whole subservient to objects which no churchman could conscientiously recognise. But much unqualified good was manifestly to be expected; and the Rotunda meetings brought together many of the best and ablest Christians of every Protestant sect. The archbishop was also deeply sensible of a truth, which must always be felt to apply in the mixed workings of all earthly concerns,—that all must finally work for good, and that whatever be the complexion of human designs the purposes of the Supreme must alone be worked out in the end. The Christian is taught "that evil must come," and he learns to submit; he can sometimes discern the very course by which the best results may follow, and he can, in such cases, look upon it without fear; but he also learns that there is in such truths no license for unscrupulous conduct; and that, even for visible good, he must not assent to evil: his duty is his rule of action, the result is to come from a higher hand. We have stated this principle more strongly than the case requires; but this is due to its universal and continual application. As to the Bible society, it was an association of good men for good purposes: but among them there existed large differences as to what was good. The archbishop, while he felt a deep interest in all the proceedings, and rejoiced at much that was good, did not consider it consistent

with his views of his duty to take any direct part. He has left on record the description and the motives of his own conduct, in his evidence in the House of Lords' committee, to which we refer the reader. To one, the Reformation society, he gave his direct countenance, and took the strongest interest in its proceedings. He was wont to say, that its very name was pleasant to him,—that there was in it “no ambiguity, no doubtful or expedient designation under which persons of different religions or political designs could shelter.” He took the chair at its first meeting in the great room of the Rotunda, and his presence was greeted with enthusiasm by upwards of 2,000 persons by whom the room was filled.

During the first six years from his elevation to Dublin his health continued very good. But the multiplicity of demands upon his time allowed no time for the prosecution of his extensive literary projects. His vast collections of materials and accumulated notes, the produce of years of extensive research and active thought, lay neglected. He was meanwhile not only severely pressed by the weight of his episcopal duties, and by the many subjects of anxious interest to which we have adverted in the foregoing pages; he had also to cope with the official authorities with whom his station placed him in connexion. His politics had given disappointment to the whigs, who, having considered him to be of those views which the latitudinarian world is pleased to term liberal, were much mortified to discover that he attached any importance whatever to the interests of the Christian church, and that he gravely insisted on the principles of religion in opposition to their notions of temporal expediency. In consequence, some of his friends were cooled, and others turned against him. It was, they admitted, very laudable to shew his powers by a clever book against the enemies of Christianity, but it was no light matter, they thought, to obtrude such interests upon the weighty concerns of party. Some thought it must be pride, some prejudice; and others could only account for so much gratuitous zeal by the suspicion of incipient madness. It could not be for a moment imagined by the keen-witted traffickers of office, that so alert and able a man of business could be sincere in such indiscreet and unworldly notions. It was impossible for them to see what he could expect to get, or who was to pay him.

It was also observed, by many sensible persons, that having a very large family, three sons and two sons-in-law in the church, all of them more or less distinguished for zeal and efficiency—some eminently so—he neglected the opportunities which his patronage afforded to provide for them. To his sons he gave so little that it was obvious he could not have done less. And he was nine years an archbishop before their labours and their social advantages had secured for them the means of supporting their families. It at last, of course, happened, that others who wished to please the archbishop, and who had set a just value on the conduct of these good men and devoted ministers, took pleasure in advancing their interests.

The archbishop uniformly refused to solicit patronage for any one; and on one occasion, when he was much importuned by a gentleman whom he was unwilling to refuse, he settled upon him an annuity equivalent to the place he was begged to solicit.

Some incidents belonging to this period of his life we must for the present pass, chiefly because they could not well be detailed without more notice of persons still living than we should desire.

In 1825 he was, by the will of providence, visited with an affliction which clouded and eventually shortened the remainder of his days; this was the death of the much loved and in every way estimable partner of his life. From this moment, truly dreadful to the human affections of one whose breast was the seat of the most pure and devoted tenderness, the archbishop never was the same. "Old age seemed to fall upon him" instantaneously; and were it not that his mind was sustained by his firm principles, and by the spirit of a still holier love, he would hardly have ever again gone forth from his house of mourning: but while the awful stroke told with deadly effect upon his body, he did not for a moment forget his high and bounden duty, but with the gentle sternness of a firm and steady Christian under tribulation, he reminded his children of the duties which called them, and recommended the conduct which would, he said, have been the wish and counsel of her who had departed from them.

The proceedings of the legislature became at the same time a source of the most painful anxiety to the earnest spirit of the archbishop. He was deeply alive to the revolutionary tendency of the time; and saw that the Emancipation measure, and the Reform Bill, must, when fully carried into effect, bring with them momentous changes, all of which were not likely to be for good. We have already touched upon these topics, and cannot enter further upon them here. We have never approached them willingly, and feel glad to turn from them. The heart and senses recoil from the lamentable and dizzy gulph in which the prospects of our time appear to founder and dispart: and were we not sensible that the same Spirit which first brooded over the waters of aboriginal confusion, still presides among the confused elements and clashing systems of this latter (perhaps last) age, to bring light out of its obscurity, and order out of its confusion, we should despair for the human race.

The course which the archbishop felt it his duty to adopt at this time, was one not only tending to alienate friends and to elicit hostility in the circle of his former associates, and among the leading political men of the hour,—it also made him, for a time, the object of animosity among the lower ranks, from whom he began to receive occasional insults in the streets. Of these we recollect several instances, in all of which the calm and dignified composure and firmness of the archbishop were remarkably shown; and, on some occasions, the effect which they had in repressing the turbulence of the crowded street was no less worthy of remark.

In 1825 he was summoned to give his evidence before the select committee of the House of Lords on the state of Ireland. The evidence which he gave on the occasion was published: it offers the amplest views of his opinions on all the topics of ecclesiastical policy to which we have had occasion to advert; and as, together with his charges, we have mainly referred to it as the expositor of his motives of action, and of his general system of church administration, we shall not dwell upon it more specially. We may observe that it is full of the best historical

matter, and of the clearest and most authentic details of the state of the church. Of the various controverted questions respecting Ireland, then agitated among the political circles, the reader may also find explanatory notices more satisfactory than he will be likely to find elsewhere.

It was believed that his health suffered from his stay in London. Towns were generally hurtful to his bodily health; and we should imagine that the fret and labour of his attendance on parliament was little suited to his strength. He was one day taken so ill in the House, as to cause a day's interruption. He met with some insolent treatment from a few Radical Peers, who questioned him in a style not more discourteous than ignorant. Such conduct he bore with the most perfect composure, and afterwards observed, "Thank God I never felt even tempted to lose temper." The general impression made by his whole bearing and communications was answerable to the high expectation which had been entertained from his character;—an impression of the more importance, because a rumour was at the time propagated by his enemies that his intellect was beginning to break,—a mischievous calumny, often renewed with as little foundation.

In 1827 he took a summer residence in the county of Wicklow, probably in the hope of obtaining strength from the repose and pure air, and from the scenic influence of that delightful country. But the intense anxieties of a mind wholly possessed by the cares of his high station of duty accompanied him: the headlong tendencies which were beginning to manifest themselves in the legislature,—the pernicious theories which filled the political air,—the slackness of those from whom aid and counsel was to be sought,—and the vexatious clash of sordid and ignorant worldliness with the conscience and duty of so many,—all pressed on the momentary retirements of one who might as easily leave himself behind as his care for the good of souls and the stability of the church.

This year he succeeded with much difficulty in persuading the Irish bishops to join in a petition to the king, that he would not violate his coronation oath by assenting to the Emancipation Act. He was apprized by an eminent physician that a journey to London to present this would seriously endanger his life. He was at the time confined to his chamber, and subject to a debilitating course of medical treatment; but he would not be withheld from what he regarded the service of his Master, by any consideration, and left his room to travel to London. Happily the journey had a reviving effect, such as, doubtless, is generally incidental to persons of much activity of mind when relieved from the suspense of inaction by the beginning of some decided course. In London a delay of four weeks occurred: the members of the government, unfriendly to the object of his journey, interposed such delays as they could invent. The deputation was, however, at last reluctantly admitted to an audience: it was headed by the archbishop, as at the time appointed the primate was otherwise occupied in the same cause. The bishops were graciously received,—the king requested them to sit, and placed the archbishop by his side. The archbishop addressed him with his usual force, clearness, and elegance of style; he was heard with attention and interest; and, when he had concluded, the king replied with great earnestness. Having laid his hand on the archbishop's knee, he "thanked him and the Irish bishops for their effort to strengthen his

hands. They had done their duty," he said; "he knew how his revered father would have acted" [he shed tears in referring to his father]; "but what," he added, "can I do? I cannot command a ministry capable of conducting matters in the difficult position in which we are placed. There is, indeed, my old friend Eldon; and a star has arisen in the Commons (Sadler), but beyond those I know not to whom I should turn. . . . I have not the steadiness of my father, and I am weakened with illness." This was the last public effort of the archbishop, who returned home, dejected and broken in spirit; for he saw the ills to come.

During the following year we still find him residing in the county of Wicklow;—and from the correspondence in our possession ascertain that, although from time to time suffering in health, and much impaired in bodily strength, the strenuous care for the interests of the church and country was still uppermost. The various and often complex and difficult questions which demanded his attention, are discussed earnestly, and with both fulness and elaborate attention to details. Among the marks of his constant and faithful care for the university, we find a rough draft of his answer to a letter from the bishop of Chester, complaining of a very serious abuse, then imagined to be sustained by the English church, from the practice of uneducated young Englishmen coming over to enter and keep terms by means of a merely nominal attendance in Dublin. The archbishop sent his lordship a full statement of the course of study, which would have been necessary in order to the alleged practice. We should both say more, and offer extracts, did we not believe that so great an error could not now be committed, as to imagine the university of Dublin inferior in this respect to any other in Europe; and we trust that we shall have a full assent from the most worthy of the English prelates and clergy, if we say, that the church has not now a richer and purer source of knowledge and piety under heaven, than the Dublin university.

In October 1829, the archbishop had an attack of blood to the head, which severely shook his already sinking constitution, and eventually led to his last illness in the following year. During this long and formidable trial, his temper and powerful intelligence were unshaken in the smallest degree,—though occurrences were in progress which frequently depressed his spirits, and led him regretfully to wish for the energy and spring of spirit which he had irretrievably lost.

In 1830 we find him still with the same mind, but changed, alas, in powers of exertion, taking the same anxious interest in the events which affected the interest of the church, and affording his advice and aid when they were looked for. He this year received a proposal from Oxford, expressing the desire of Dr. Burton to have an edition of the work on Atonement reprinted at the Clarendon press for the use of Oxford; Dr. Burton also strongly recommended the book in his public lectures, and lamented that it was not to be found at the booksellers.

We now return to the narration, with the brevity our space prescribes, of the closing scenes of the archbishop's days. There is, indeed, much reason for the opinion, that he fell a victim to his restless zeal. Immediately after the attack which preceded his last illness, his daughter (Mrs. Hunter) asked Dr. Cheyne to tell her candidly what was the nature of his illness, and whether he considered his mind to be in the

least weakened; the doctor replied as follows, "The archbishop's attack is a determination of blood to his head, and I will pledge my medical character to this, that if he can be induced to go abroad beyond the temptation to engage in business, and for three years remain quiet and free from care, he will, in all human probability, live to a good old age, and enjoy very tolerable health, though he never again can be the man he was; and as to his mind, his intellect is as clear as ever it was. His powers of calculation are impaired, and any severe exertion of his brain or agitation will renew the attack and eventually destroy life. But with care he may enjoy a very agreeable and lengthened life." When this opinion was repeated to the archbishop, he replied, "The Lord who has employed me, has given me my allotted portion of work, and will enable me to perform my duties until he shall no longer require my service; I will not run away from them." His recovery left him with much diminished strength, no longer able to ride or walk without assistance up or down stairs. But he still entered with lively interest into the news of the day. An affecting incident occurred about this period. It was immediately after the election of Mr. Lefroy, and the college lads were chairing their representative. Upon the archbishop being caught sight of, the procession stopped before his window, and all took off their hats and gave a cheer worthy of the breasts from which it rose.

His bodily feebleness continued meanwhile increasing; for the last two years, it had been very apparent that he continually expected his death. He was induced to try the effect of a visit to Wales, and removed to Bangor; but finding no benefit, and it is probable, feeling some impatience for home, and the sphere of duties in which he still felt a lively interest, he returned with his family. During this time it has been ascertained that an infamous underhand proceeding was in agitation to supersede him in his diocese, on the ground of incapacity; but the unworthy means resorted to, only served to bring to light the plainest proofs of his intellectual competency.

He showed much annoyance at the efforts of his family to conceal from him such incidents as, it was apprehended, would communicate pain. It is mentioned, that upon an occasion when one of his family showed much dejection, after reading a very scurrilous article against the archbishop in a popular journal, he calmly read the article, and with a smile asked, "Does this give you pain, dear?" "Indeed, it does, Sir," was replied: to which the archbishop answered, "It might annoy me if it were true."

He was on his death-bed, when his inveterate enemies, whose enmity receives a stamp, and whose slanders are disarmed by their conduct or generally known principles, chose the characteristic opportunity, to disseminate malignant reports, and bring forward accusations founded on dishonest misconstructions.—He had for some time now been compelled to transact the most laborious and public affairs of the diocese by the agency of others; and although (as we can amply prove,) the intervention of his own control, so far as it was necessary, was never wanting; yet as his ostensible presence was thus withdrawn, advantage was immediately taken to scatter whispers for the most part merely such as to indicate the base temper from which they came.

Amongst these, the most prominent were, the reports of dotage, imbecility, and violent derangement. For these, the letters now on our table, and, with slight intervals, filling the last two years of his life, afford the clearest refutation.—Of such attacks he was regardless; it was only when the church was unfairly assailed, through his side, that his heart was deeply wounded, and he felt painfully the visitation that tied him down to his sick-bed. In February 1831, a petition was presented in the House of Lords, containing a charge against this illustrious prelate, for having misrepresented the value of the vicarage of Wicklow to the Privy Council. The petition was itself the offspring of the malignant spirit which was at that time roused by designing persons against the church, which the hand of persecution and spoliation was on the start to strike and plunder. The true temper of the petitioners was shown by their selection of an advocate, in the person of a Socinian peer. But the dastardly slander was met by an able statement from Lord Farnham, who “succeeded in disproving to every member of the House, I believe, (writes the archbishop of Canterbury) who was not unwilling to be convinced, the charge of misrepresenting to the Privy Council the value of the vicarage of Wicklow.”

After his return from Bangor, he was ordered by his physicians to the country, where he spent three months, and then returned to Dublin. From this his strength appears to have been continually on the decline. He drove out every day, but complained that the slightest motion pained his side. Thus he became gradually reduced to a condition of still inactivity, painfully opposed to his busy habits and the energy of his nature. It was painful to one who had always been frugal of minutes, to find himself seated perforce on the banks of the rushing stream, and counting unprofitable days. As his muscular tone relaxed, the power of articulation became enfeebled, but this was more an inconvenience to himself than observable to others. He, nevertheless, was impressed with a sense that others were distressed by his infirmity, and he became reluctant to converse; but through the whole duration of this (to him) severest trial, he not only never manifested the least impatience, but on the contrary, continued to show the most exemplary proofs of humble and holy resignation.

Among the subjects which much engrossed his thoughts at this time, the most anxious was the consideration about his successor. He caused one of his family to write to Dr. Burgess, acquainting him with his dying condition, and begging of him to apply in time. This letter was not forwarded—the physicians still considered that he might recover. He also expressed a desire that his MS. on Daniel should be published, after receiving adequate revision. It was his desire that this office should be undertaken by Dr. Brinkley; and he mentioned that if two dates could be satisfactorily fixed, the discourses would be of important value. We shall return to the subject presently. Mrs. Hunter, to whom his wish was communicated, having proposed to him to allow her to send the MS. at once, he replied, “What, whilst I am alive—O no!” The progress of his decline, which went on without intermission, was accelerated by an attack of the epidemic which prevailed in the summer of 1831. His sufferings were on this occasion sadly aggravated by the illness of his daughter Margaret (Mrs. Hunter), whose unremitting tender-

ness and care of his declining health for a-year and a-half, had left her ill prepared to sustain so trying a complaint. But her life was in danger, and in a state of helpless prostration she was removed to Lucan, where six weeks elapsed before she regained her feet. On her return he had been much shaken, and his nervous system appears to have been wholly shattered. We forbear to follow out the slow and wearing succession of indications which he fully understood, and none could mistake, which for a few weeks marked his course. He was sent to the country; and his daughter had purchased a Bath chair, in which he was pushed about the grounds by one of his sons, while she walked by his side. He refused to suffer a servant to perform the task of a horse, and his children gladly took a pious duty on themselves. It was on one of those excursions that he seemed to receive a fright from some noise, and desired to return home. They had reached the house when they perceived him to have become speechless, and immediately sent for medical aid. He never spoke again. But with the exception of some intervals of delirium for a week, he seemed to possess his faculties to the last.

We have endeavoured to convey our estimate of the man in the foregoing pages; if we have failed in this endeavour, we are not likely to repair the defect by any formal summary; nor shall we attempt it. The narrow space at our disposal has only permitted a slight and inadequate selection of the varied information and profuse abundance of documents placed at our disposal by Mrs. Hunter. And we feel that duty yet remains to be fulfilled on a broader scale, both of composition and material; which with God's permission and help shall be performed.

We shall conclude with a slight notice of those unpublished writings to which allusion has been frequently made. The Donnellan lectures consist of a series of discourses preached in the College chapel. They contain a full and connected discussion of the entire series of intimations and promises concerning the coming of Christ, from the beginning till the very period of their actual accomplishment. On this far reaching chain of research, he follows the statement and enunciations of the Sacred record, with as much precision and sagacity, and as little departure from the strict sobriety of probable inference as we ever recollect in any work of profound investigation. Pursuing the several successions of periods,—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Kings and the Prophets,—he traces most satisfactorily the harmonious unity of design and of characteristic spirit and significance in the whole. He also marks the divine economy preserved throughout these disclosures, both as to the choice of the times in which they were communicated, and as to the adaptation of their substance to those times;—proving, for instance, how they came in seasons of affliction or of national depression when adverse events might seem to shut out the possibility of the accomplishment of the national expectations; and still more, demonstrating the uniform growth of the fulness and distinctness of the prophetic indications of the time and characteristics of the Messiah, in proportion as the period drew near. Such is the general scope of these discourses. They are written with the utmost simplicity of a style quite free from that affectation of eloquence so much in use at the time they were composed; all through

manifesting and communicating the deepest interest in the subject. Nor can we, considering the primary importance of their subject, the impressive manner, and the clear and abundant command of the matter, conceive any writing so likely to have been received as important to the Christian church. They did not, indeed, receive from the archbishop the editorial preparations which would have accompanied their delivery to the press. This his devotion to a special part of the same subject, the prophecy of Daniel, prevented; and the remains of his labour on this latter, indicate what his zeal and industry would have effected, and what his scrupulous judgment would still have considered insufficient. In fact, we have before us these lectures as they were first written for the college pulpit, without a note, and scarcely a correction, but strongly imbued with the pervading mind and power of the author, to which we might without flattery apply Bernouilli's praise of Newton *ex ungue leonem!*

On the subsequent lectures on the Prophecies of Daniel, if we are compelled to speak more doubtfully, it is not from any apprehension that the subject is less ably treated, or that it is deficient in interest. But from the doubts which every one should naturally entertain on any solution of a difficult chronological question which has so long continued to divide and embarrass the wisest and ablest men. We nevertheless must say, that the archbishop's solution appears to us convincing, and fully escapes the great and (as we think), insurmountable objections which occur against Mede, Usher, Marshall, Lloyd, and Newton, and others we have read upon the subject. The archbishop's view is sustained by vast accumulations of the most far-sought materials relative to every point. These materials are also before us, but we have not yet found leisure for the continued and laborious application which would be required to master them. One thing is however clear, that whether the archbishop's solution be true or not, it must, in the present state of the inquiry, have the utmost value to chronology; for, until the point of failure shall have been ascertained, it must at the lowest stand as a valuable piece of research, and, it may be, of approximation; for as all the leading inquirers have hitherto added their respective portions of light, so it is not to be presumed that the long devoted attention and research of the author of 'The Atonement' can have left no results.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe.

BORN 1791—DIED 1822.

It is a task we would, were it allowed us, most willingly decline, to write a memoir of Wolfe. Were the fame of good and gifted men to bear any real proportion to their powers of mind or worth of character, none could justly claim a larger or fairer canvass than this admirable scholar, poet, and exemplary Christian clergyman. But it pleased the Sovereign Disposer, who acts by laws different from the narrow-sighted views of this world, to take him to himself before his bright genius, confined to a narrow, humble, and laborious sphere of duties, had time

to produce those adequate results, according to which the fame of men is measured in this transitory state of things. It is no slight aggravation of the difficulty we apprehend, that our recollections are those of an acquaintance and friend; and that it is impossible for us to pen a sentence unimpeded by a host of bright and affecting recollections, the shadows of those departed thoughts, with which our readers can have no communion, and which yet will scarcely be shut out or allow us to proceed with the tempered statement which it is our rule to preserve. There is yet a greater difficulty than all,—the public has long been in possession of a most deservedly popular memoir, remarkable among such writings for the succinct and yet comprehensive truth with which the author, a college cotemporary and attached friend, has drawn the faithful resemblance of Wolfe. The necessity under which we thus labour, of resorting for the few main facts which we can afford to give to a volume of which nothing can be abridged or altered without injury, cannot but be felt embarrassing. At the same time, for the same reason, we strongly feel, that towards the subject of this notice no debt of memory remains unpaid, and that we may in justice consult the expedient brevity that now more than ever our space requires.

Charles Wolfe was the son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. of Blackhall, county Kildare. He was born in Dublin, 1791. Among the descendants of his family, Archdeacon Russel reckons the hero of Quebec, and the Lord Chief Justice Kilwarden. Wolfe lost his father early, and was removed with his family to England, where he received the early part of his education at several schools, the last of which was Winchester school,—there we are informed by his biographer, he “soon distinguished himself by his great proficiency in classical knowledge, and by his early powers of Latin and Greek versification.”

In 1808 he accompanied his mother to Ireland, and in the following year entered Trinity college under Dr. Davenport. There he rose at once to the highest distinction, obtained all the honours at the disposal of the university, and a still higher distinction by the style in which they were won. In the large circle of his friends, for to be his acquaintance was to love him and to be loved, the moral impression of his character was deep and lively. There was about his entire manner, language, countenance, and minutest act, a spiritual elevation and a buoyant exuberance of all the nobler moral elements of which the effect was never for a moment doubtful. Among his associates some were apparently of stronger intellectual power; and high as was Wolfe's genius, it was not this made him the centre of regard and respect to so many talented and informed men: but these were all more or less clouded by the varied indications of self, which universally lower the tone of human intercourse. Wolfe alone was haloed by a sphere of high and pure enthusiasm, ever turned on all that was good and pure and noble in word or deed, but never reflected upon himself.* And

* In describing the characteristic ardour of Wolfe, Archdeacon Russel gives a just and graphic sketch, to the truth of which we can personally bear witness, and which ought not to be omitted. “Whenever in the company of his friends any thing occurred in his reading, or to his memory, which powerfully affected his imagination, he usually started from his seat, flung aside his chair and paced about the room, giving vent to his admiration in repeated exclamations of delight, and in gestures of the most animated rapture.”

there was then too apparent to be overlooked in the composition of his mind, somewhat which may best be expressed in his own words, a "light unseen before;"—he was not possessed of fluent eloquence, nor was he as prompt in his command of knowledge in conversation as might be supposed; but the deep and pregnant vein of new and beautiful conception ever forced its way, and communicated a charm which clever talk or overflowing erudition never could possess.

During his academic course, Wolfe obtained several prizes for English as well as Latin verse. The verses have been long before the world, and require no critical notice. We shall perhaps find occasion for some incidental remarks.

He obtained a scholarship with the highest honour, being, as well as we can now recollect, second on the list, and thereupon took chambers and went to live in college. The same year he was admitted into the Historical Society, where he immediately rose to very prominent distinction in the prepared debate, for the tone of classic elegance which distinguished the few speeches he delivered, as well as for the pure and refined character of conception and reasoning they displayed. He was selected by the auditor* to open a session by the usual address from the chair. A friend who had himself been in the first instance applied to for the same purpose and refused, exerted himself to prevent Wolfe from accepting of this honour, for the same reasons which had actuated himself. It appeared to him that there was much disadvantage in coming forward to address a public assembly upon a topic which had been discussed from the same chair twice a-year; of which the solid facts and standard principles had become, or ought to have become, trite from over-frequent handling, and on which two classes of hearers, and two opposite stages of taste and information were to be conciliated: where rhetorical ornament must win the youthful, and sober precept satisfy the more disciplined;—and in which, above all, an effort thus made doubly difficult was to be made within a very limited interval. These, with other reasons, made a strong impression on the mind of Wolfe; and before he acceded to the request, the auditor had twice remonstrated with the overmeddling friend who would not perform the office himself, nor allow another. Eventually Wolfe undertook the duty, but with (we believe) added disadvantages. At that period of his life he was subject to dilatory fits which were mostly compensated in him by great powers of energetic effort. We are also under the impression that he continued to feel the effect of the discouraging counsel of his adviser. He had not at the time of delivery fully completed his speech, which had probably been composed after the manner of the sybil upon fragmentary leaves: yet, when the time came, he was not found inferior to the ablest of his predecessors, and the gold medal was voted by the unanimous consent of the society. Of this speech the reader may find some remains in Archdeacon Russel's Memoirs, they clearly manifest some of the peculiar powers and qualities of the author.

It was during his college life that his poems were written. His heart was full to overflowing of the purest spirit of poetry, and they came from its exuberance,—when the fire kindled, he spoke. He never

* W. Brooke, now an eminent barrister and queen's counsel.

thought of verse-making as an occupation, nor was it his habit to sit down to that deliberate manufacture of poetry, which is the reproach and vanity of the rhyming tribe: and all his (far too few) lyrical effusions breathe the deep feeling and truth of nature with a simplicity of expression, and absence of verbal trick, to which no mere expertness can reach. From this simplicity they appear easier to have been written than they are; *ausus idem frustra laboret*; but for the same reason they are not likely ever to receive from the crowd the full appreciation of their claim. The vulgar are won by the glare of ornament, or by the exaggerations of passion. The native style of a poet may, it is true, have striking singularities—for this, indeed, is one of the conditions of high poetic power—but it was Wolfe's *genius* to be true to nature. He had not the elaborate charm of Campbell's melody,—or the refined *morgue* of Byron, or the unequalled sketching of his magic pencil;—but, in comparison with these, he possessed the (perhaps) rarer gift, which distinguished Burns compared with his cotemporaries, the intense reality of expression, wholly past the reach of art, and derived from a deep communion with the natural affections of the human breast. It may, indeed, have been observed by the reader, that this is the weak point of most poets (good and bad alike), and there is a reason for it worthy of notice. It requires but ordinary power to express the ordinary emotions *so far as they commonly find expression*,—so far, indeed, the affections are not properly within the province of poetry, though such are the materials with which tenth-rate dramatists will sometimes “split the ears of groundlings:” these, like the truisms of moral sentimentality, supply the ranting emotions of the rhymester. But there are trains of emotion and states of mind which do not look for language *when felt*; and which, to a great extent, can find no *direct* expression: upon these the poet of nature will ever seize. A present reality will awaken thoughts in the dullest mind, which only the power of *genius* (which is the power of realizing) can reach *without that reality*: the rustic can weep with all the power of love over the grave of his betrothed; but the poet can mourn from a still deeper and purer fountain over the lady of his imagination. He alone will catch and clothe the passing fantasies of which sorrow is profuse, and which, like the oracles that sleep within the cavern of Trophonius, are only to be known by the initiated, and will not speak in the vulgar tongue. As a striking exemplification of these criticisms, we shall here present the reader with one of Wolfe's songs, which is thus introduced by Mr. Russel. “Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air ‘Gramachree.’ He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it, which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want *individuality** of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses:—

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;

* It may be needless to observe, that this is precisely the essential result of the property we have above endeavoured to distinguish.

It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou should'st smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again.
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there—I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee ;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light unseen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

The exquisite play of the last couplet will not have escaped the observation ; it seems to be one of those rare touches in which feeling beats fancy at her own game. Nor can it be necessary to dwell minutely on the strong points of exemplification : few readers can fail at once to call to mind the sentimental conventionalities connected with the subject ; to seize on these, to select and clothe them in refined language, and adorn them with rich and classic fancies, would be the aim of the most successful lyricist, as we could easily prove by many a beautiful example. But, in the poem here cited, it will be observed that there is a total departure from this ordinary range,—that the poet's fancy has passed into the inner sanctuary of truth and reality, and is standing in the awful presence chamber of death, gazing on the countenance “all cold and all serene,” and feeling what so many have felt and will feel, and so few can ever express.

We shall, we trust, be excused for having dwelt so far on this topic ; it is from no wanton indulgence of speech, but as we consider that such was one of the strongest peculiarities of Wolfe. In him, the poet was the man, and poetry never was more honoured in her subject.

Besides the success which he had in the prizes for poetry given by the college, Wolfe also obtained two composition medals in the Historical Society. Of these we shall not speak, they may be found in Mr. Russel's memoir, and with the memoir itself will more than repay the perusal.

Having, after the attainment of his scholarship, turned his attention more directly to the scientific branches of the undergraduate course ; Wolfe now began to show that his mathematical powers were not less

competent than his classical. Till then he had been a careful student, and had kept pace with the standard attainments of the premium men. But there was one mathematician, till then unrivalled in his class, who had been praised by some of the ablest of the Junior Fellows for the facility with which he could master and solve the most difficult questions. He had been uniformly the January premium man, and had preserved his pre-eminence by certificates. In the January next after his scholarship, an anxious interest was felt among Wolfe's associates, as there was a growing conviction among them that there would be a lively contest between Wolfe and * * *. The competition came, and we recollect it well, having been in the next division, and seated within four feet of the contest, which, according to the usage of that time (1813), took place in the last two hours, and, so far as it could be heard, suspended all minor interest. The examination was, at that time, more strictly a competition than in later times, and, though the matter was less advanced than the science of the present examinations, it was far more trying from the form in which questions were put and answered. On the occasion to which we refer, an hour was passed in the arduous effort to put a question which one candidate might miss and the other solve, and the most breathless attention hung upon answers of which, though few of the listeners could understand, they could judge of the success by the answer not being interrupted. Of these perplexing trials of nerve, memory, and clearness, one succeeded another, while the hearers, more anxious than the parties engaged, still expected the critical break down, that was to decide the contest; after a long continuance of this marvellous display of intellectual resource, it came, and, beyond expectation, Wolfe was the victor.

He was after this strongly urged to read for the fellowship, and after some time consented. But there was in the constitution of his mind much that was unfavourable to such an undertaking. Archdeacon Russel has so well explained the curiously profound, yet wayward and desultory temper of his pursuits, that we must refer to the whole passage of his memoir.* "He was not content to know what an author's opinions were, but how far they were right or wrong. The examination of a single metaphysical speculation of Locke, or a moral argument of Butler, usually cost him more time and thought than would any ordinary mind through a whole volume." The archdeacon has also commemorated the extreme facility which made his precious hours so often the prey of visitors, and the importunity of those who love to lean upon the complaisance of others, for the discharge of their own duties. With these disadvantages, it soon became apparent that, however he might master the more philosophical branches of study comprised within the fellowship course, he was unlikely to persevere in the dry and laborious employment of acquiring possession of the copious expanse of that accumulation of opinions, mere speculations, barren dates and records which constitute so much of human learning. He, perhaps, began quickly to be sensible of the tedious as well as weary toil and discouragement of the undertaking, and began to turn his views to that far more general path of attainment and usefulness for which he was so eminently qualified.

* Vol. i. pp. 12, 13. Edition, Dublin. 1825.

In November 1817, he was ordained, not before (it is believed) he had received a severe and trying disappointment of the affections, in his attachment to a young lady with whose family he had for some time been on the terms of a very cordial and endearing intimacy. But as his prospects were not at the time such as, consistently with prudence, to justify the parental sanction of a mutual engagement which might risk the happiness of both parties, it became necessary for a time to cease from an intercourse in which both Wolfe and his friends had found much enjoyment. This incident is mentioned as having for a considerable time weighed heavily upon his breast; and also as having probably influenced to some extent the alteration in his plans of pursuit.

His curacy was situated in the county of Tyrone. For a description we may take an extract from one of his letters: * "I am now sitting by myself opposite my turf fire with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the glebe-house, surrounded by mountains, frost and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am totally unacquainted." His household consisted of an artillery man with his wife and two children, who attended and made a prey of him, as may well be supposed.

In this lone and deserted place, Wolfe found contentment. He did not feel alone, for he walked with God in the full sense in which this privilege is given to man. His path was the laborious round of a curate's avocations, which occupied his whole time and strength. After a short absence, he writes to a friend, "I am again the weather-beaten curate; I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead."

He was soon removed from Ballyclog to Castle Caulfield, where he had to encounter all the most grave responsibilities and trying difficulties which can result from a large protestant parish, composed of mixed sectarian inhabitants, and consequently teeming with that controversial spirit which so often assumes the character, and takes the place of Christian zeal. Here, he had, in a sense, more extensive than the apostle's, to be "all things to all men," and have his temper and zeal put to every trial. In addition, he complained of being compelled to take a cottage and land, and to "encounter all the horrors of house-keeping."

We do not feel that we can, in this summary sketch, fairly venture to draw further on the deeply interesting details judiciously conveyed by archdeacon Russel through the letters written by Wolfe at this period. His church was much attended by the Presbyterians, and fully attended by the Methodists, and all agreed in their respect and good-will to himself. He steered with successful ability through many difficult positions, and among others through the trying straits of a vestry, and his efficiency in all respects became felt on every side.

In May 1819, he received one of those afflicting shocks which never can be fully estimated but by spirits such as his. The sudden death from apoplexy of his dear friend Dr. Meredith, seems to have deeply affected his spirits. Having heard of the danger of this friend, he started on foot for his residence, and having run ten miles, arrived "only in

* In Archdeacon Russel's Memoir.

time to see his dead body." His feelings upon this sad occasion were expressed in a tone so characteristic of the ardent enthusiasm of Wolfe's affections, that we must extract a few lines from the letter preserved by archdeacon Russel. "One of my heart-strings is broken! the only way I have of describing my attachment to that man, is by telling you, that next to you and D —, he was the person in whose society I took the greatest delight. A visit to Ardtrea was often in prospect to sustain me in many of my cheerless labours. My gems are falling away; but I hope and trust, it is because God is 'making up his jewels.'"

In the meantime, his parochial labours were much on the increase, from the effects of his own activity and zeal, and from the generally favourable impression he seems to have made on every class of Christians. We are told by Mr. Russel, that "Amongst his constant hearers, were many Presbyterians, who seemed much attracted by the earnestness of his devotion in reading the liturgy, the energy of his appeals, and the general simplicity of his life; and such was the respect they began to feel towards him, that they frequently sent for him to administer spiritual comfort and support to them in the trying hour of sickness, and at the approach of death." On this subject much information of exceeding interest is contained in the archdeacon's memoir. His thoroughly Christian temper, his patience, meekness, singleness, and moderation, his power as a teacher, his laborious perseverance in every part of his duty, attracted and won all denominations.

But the severe exertion of his unremitting and restless zeal was perhaps too much for a frame which, though strong in apparent conformation, and rendered active by the energy of his spirit, had never been disciplined into muscular endurance by the bracing exercises of the field; and which also may, with much probability, be said to have contained within it the fatal seed of premature decline. A typhus fever which raged through the country in 1820, brought with it a large increase of duty, already as much as his strength could well bear. And as he was not ordinarily careful of himself, the toil and exposure which he was hourly necessitated to endure, must have told with sad effect upon one who neglected precautions, and never gave a thought to his ease. A habitual cough, of which he was hardly conscious, had often alarmed his friends. But in the following year it began to assume a threatening character. He was slow to admit the expediency of relaxing his parochial labour; but at last the changes, which were become perceptible in his appearance, communicated a sense of alarm to some of his parishioners. His friends were written to; and he was influenced by a neighbouring clergyman so far as to pay a hurried visit to Scotland to consult a physician reputed eminent in consumptive cases. On his return he was visited by Mr. Russel, with the intention to urge a temporary suspension of his ministerial avocations. To this visit the reader of the archdeacon's memoir is indebted for a very affecting description of the love of his parishioners for their pastor, and of the effect its manifestations produced on Wolfe, as also of the accurate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of every individual.

The physician whom he had journeyed to consult had peremptorily ordered his retirement; but it was with difficulty he was persuaded to

follow the advice, and remove to Dublin. Once there, he resigned himself to the care of his friends and family. For some time, as frequently happens in consumption, his health seemed to amend, and offer those fair intervals which delude the hopes of sanguine friends. A change of climate was advised; but having embarked for Bourdeaux, the vessel was twice driven back by contrary winds, and he suffered so much that the design was relinquished, and he settled near Exeter. While here he received an offer of the important curacy of Armagh, which he accepted; but without feeling enabled to name the period of his absence. His health seemed still to mend, and he began to look hopefully forward to his return to active duty.

Early in spring he returned to Dublin. But his disease was found to have rather gained upon him, and he was ordered a trip to Bourdeaux and back for the benefit of the voyage. This benefit, though very apparent, was but transient, and the fatal symptoms soon reappeared with increased strength. It was about this period that we had the melancholy pleasure of receiving a visit from him at our lodging. We had not seen him for many years;—he was indeed altered. The buoyancy and cheerfulness of an elastic energy had for ever past from his wan and faded features; and they had become pale and marked legibly by a hand which was not to be mistaken by those who had learned to know its awful touches: we had been among those thus painfully enlightened. We presume that his friends must, at the time, have fully understood that the end was near: and this appears from the archdeacon's language and narrative. About the end of November, Wolfe was ordered, as a last resource, to Cork.

We shall not protract this account by further pursuing the last stage of this most admirable Christian's passage to the gate of life eternal, through that dark and narrow way, so trite, yet so awfully mysterious. Suffice it to say, that his death-bed was cheered by that glorious and beautiful spirit of faith and hope which never fails to visit the last conscious moments of the Christian, and to convey to those who are privileged to witness them an unquestionable proof of that victory which alone can triumph over the grave.

Of Wolfe's poetry it is needless to write;—he has written little, but he has his fame. The history of his few and desultory indulgences in this way is indeed most interesting; but this interest cannot be presented in so brief and cursory a narrative as this. They are happily well recorded by the hand of archdeacon Russel, in whose memoir the poetry is all preserved.

Wolfe had passed from the university into the laborious avocations of a curate, too soon to allow his broad and just understanding to have arrived remotely at that stage of power and discipline which would, at a further period, had such been his Master's will, have worthily developed and brought into action its high natural endowments. In his sermons, and still more in his casual notes, may be discovered amply the materials and elements of the finest order of eloquence and profoundest Christian philosophy.

Rev. William Phelan.

BORN 1789—DIED 1830.

WILLIAM PHELAN was born at Clonmel. His father, Mr. John Phelan, though in depressed circumstances, and living by an humble craft, was the representative of a family which, previous to the twelfth century, had ranked high among the ancient inhabitants of Ireland;—a remembrance which had still been handed down from father to son without material diminution. This remembrance, the source of much evil in the bitterness of spirit which descends with it, is yet, we are convinced, when it is found in a good soil, also productive of a tone of moral elevation rarely to be found among the poorer classes; and of this Mr. Phelan was an example. Possessing the taste and feelings of a gentleman, he carefully cultivated the moral nature of his son.

In his seventh year, William Phelan was sent to a day-school, kept by Mr. Michael Ryan, whom bishop Jebb describes as an expert Latinist,—a pedant, an amiable enthusiast, and a diligent instructor. He was ignorant of Greek, but grounded his pupil so thoroughly in Latin, that he afterwards confessed the great extent of his obligations for his facility and skill in that language.

At fourteen years of age he was removed to the school of the Rev. R. Carey, a gentleman whose accomplished scholarship and most amiable character are so attractively described by bishop Jebb, that we regret we cannot afford to transcribe his account of this worthy man and profound scholar. Between him and his gifted pupil a warm and mutual friendship grew, which naturally, under their wide disparity of age, seems to have assumed a parental and filial form.

This affection had, perhaps, its share in bringing about an important change in Phelan's history.

Mr. Carey was a Protestant clergyman. Phelan was, in common with all the members of his family, in the communion of the church of Rome. One day as he was walking with a young acquaintance, a member of a lay fraternity of that church, to translate for him a portion of the Breviary, Mr. Carey rode by. "What a pity," said his companion, "that that good man cannot be saved."—"I started," said Phelan, who himself was the teller of the story; "the doctrine of exclusive salvation never appeared so prodigious, and I warmly denied its truth and authority. * * * * * Was stubborn in its defence, and we each cited testimonies in behalf of our respective opinions. I withdrew to bed,—occupied by thoughts which this incident awakened,—went over again all the arguments, *pro* and *con*, which my memory could supply,—weighed all the evidence which, in my judgment, might throw light on the subject,—questioned whether any evidence could induce me to acquiesce in a dogma so revolting;—and fell asleep, in no good disposition to the creed which could pronounce Mr. Carey's reprobation. In the morning, when I awoke, it appeared that I had insensibly reasoned myself into the belief of the right of private judg-

ment; and thus I virtually reasoned myself out of the church of Rome."*

It was his father's wish that he should enter Maynooth and study for orders in the Papal church. He was induced to answer at an examination held in Waterford for some vacancies in that seminary, and so pleased his examiners, that he was chosen for one of them, but this he declined to accept of.

In 1806 he had taken his part; he entered college in Dublin as a sizar, and gave his name as a Protestant. Any doubts which may be supposed to have lingered on his mind soon vanished with the able assistance of the tutor under whom it was his good fortune to enter. This worthy and most able man was fully competent to appreciate, at their just value, the goodness and the rich intellectual gifts of his pupil. And during many years, until the attainment of a fellowship placed Phelan at ease in circumstances, he found in his tutor a friend equally ready to aid his studies or administer to his wants. It is indeed creditable to the university to be observed, with what uniformity the ablest and most highly endowed scholars appear to have thus frankly and liberally taken into a relationship of confidence and kindness a poor sizar. From the time he first left his father's roof, to work his way to independence and reputation through a long succession of laborious years, we find Phelan the cherished friend of the wisest and best he could have met in the walks of learning—in which we have no hesitation to affirm the best and wisest are to be found.

But there is a feature of his mind which, with most affecting constancy and power, appears through every part of Phelan's life—the devotedness of filial love. This virtue is, it is to be trusted, not uncommon; but its amount, in the present instance, was peculiar. While he was in the poor and distressing condition, in which he had at the same time to earn his bread by teaching, and to pursue an unremitting and arduous course of study, his most earnest anxiety was to improve the condition and add to the personal comfort of his parents;—and he was content to deny himself every advantage, if his industry could enable him to make a substantial remittance home.

The highest honours which the college had to award, were to Phelan a matter of course. He carried the premiums in every branch of study. At the usual time a scholarship made his condition comparatively one of independence. And, on taking his degree, he had entitled himself to the gold medal, then awarded for the very severe test of uniform judgments at every examination according to rather a nice and not very secure standard. We can well recollect some of the best answerers among our class-fellows to have complained of having the judgments of fourteen examinations nullified (so far as this honour), by the one *bene* more than this slippery test allowed. The award seemed in such instances a hardship, and sometimes unjust, when weighed in the very partial balance of disappointment. But it was to a precision which caused many to fail, that this reward owed its value. A still more satisfactory achievement, was Law's mathematical premium of £50,—the candidates for this were usually the best mathematicians of their class;—the examiners were Magee, Brinkley, and Davenport.

* Jebb's Memoir of Phelan, p. 11: London: 1832.

The Fellowship was the next object of attainment to be looked for. With a constitution already impaired by laborious application—and scanty resources, hardly earned by extra labour in teaching—Phelan entered upon this arduous undertaking. It is mentioned by his reverend biographer, that it was his wont to read and lecture from four in the morning until ten or eleven at night. It is also stated, that in the course of this assiduous application, he met with frequent interruptions from the visits of his fellow-students,—sometimes from the kind desire to compel a brief intermission of his wearying toil, and sometimes to seek his assistance in those difficulties so familiar to most mathematical students. On these latter occasions the good bishop tells us, that “often, with a shade before his weak eyes, his temples bathed in vinegar, and his mind engaged on some difficult problem, has he cheerfully paused from his labours, and, with alacrity, applied himself to remove the scientific difficulties (not of his pupils, that was a distinct duty to be performed at stated intervals), but of some junior friend or acquaintance.” We also take the following statement from the same venerable authority. “Throughout the fellowship course, his kind tutor, Mr. Wall,* regarded him not merely as a friend, but as a brother. Books, experience, literary counsel, were ever ready at a call,—his purse, too, was always generously open; and he often entreated that it might be allowed to supersede the necessity, which the young candidate felt imposed upon him, of taking pupils. This aid, offered, as it was, with most scrupulous delicacy, was sometimes accepted with manly freedom. One restriction, however, he almost invariably imposed upon himself; he never would consent (unless when himself wholly unprovided) to employ the resources, even of his dearest friends, in aiding his beloved and respected parents.”

For three years after his Bachelor's degree was this heavy course of exertion pursued. At the end of this term, it became perceptible that his health required some change; and his medical adviser ordered that he should relax his exertions, and sleep in country air. He took a small lodging near town. Under these circumstances it occurred to him to write an essay for the prize of £50 proposed by the Royal Irish Academy. The very peculiar circumstances accompanying this exertion are fully stated in the memoir from which we take our main accounts. It was written in the hurried intervals of harder work, on scraps of paper and backs of letters, and transcribed by his brother. But it is a curious fact, that, having been long accustomed to Latin composition, “he felt so much difficulty in arranging his thoughts in our language, that he resorted to the expedient of first mentally composing in Latin.” In Latin composition he possessed a skill and excellence rarely indeed attained,—a skill which won the admiration of Dr. Hall, one of the

* It must be unnecessary to apprise many of our readers, that the gentleman mentioned here is Dr. Wall, the author of a work which is universally known to those who have any claim to literary reputation; and which will, hereafter, be recognised as having anticipated the progress of much profound research in arriving at the exposure of the fallacies, and laying bare the prejudices of speculative enthusiasm. And we take this occasion to point the reader's attention to the ample exposure which his learned work contains, of the false and pernicious theories concerning the antiquity of nations.

most finished classical scholars of his time. Of one of Phelan's essays, this gentleman was heard to say, that "whole passages might have been taken from it, and without risk of detection inserted in the works of Cicero."

His essay was successful, though his competitor was a scholar well-known for an admirable style of English prose, and very superior attainments in the dialectics of controversy; John Walker, once a fellow. But Walker, with all his training, was not what Phelan eminently was, and what is an essential to success in the discussion of practical questions, a man of sound common sense. In the following year, 1814, Phelan obtained a second prize for a still superior composition, which has not been published, as the MS. was lost at the Academy House.

In 1813 he sat for fellowship the first time. His answering was generally considered to place him second, and as there were three vacancies, little doubt was entertained of his success. But the result did not answer such expectations: for, from some defect in the Statute, of which Bishop Jebb, who is our authority, does not sufficiently explain the application to his case, Phelan lost by the casting vote of the provost. It is mentioned by the bishop, that, in expectation of success, he had set apart nearly all his cash for remittance to his father. In the moment of disappointment, when likely to feel most the want of such relaxation as money only can procure, his words to his brother are memorable, "Well James, send the money nevertheless to its proper destination; and, my dear fellow, have a good heart, and a hope fixed on high; we shall overcome even this blow."

Another little incident connected with this occasion is not to be omitted. "A few days after this disappointment, he met Dr. Graves, one of his examiners; who, in his kind sympathizing manner, said, 'Phelan, I am sorry for you, but I did my best, you had my vote,' he bowed, smiled, and instantly answered, 'Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'" The bishop mentions that on this occasion very handsome and liberal offers of assistance came from Lord Plunkett, who advised him to study for the bar, and "pressed on him an allowance of £300 a-year," which Phelan thankfully declined.

There was no friend, however, more efficient in cheering, encouraging, and assisting him than Dr. Magee, who, says bishop Jebb, "was in the constant habit of visiting his chambers, inquiring after his progress, and entering into all the misgivings of his sensitive mind."

In the following year he again sat for the fellowship, but a new candidate had now come forward, with mathematical knowledge far above the ordinary standard, and Phelan was once more disappointed. The vacant fellowship was awarded to Dr. Robinson. It must, indeed, be said, that so far as we have been enabled to estimate Phelan's talents, so far as we can take into account the opinion of others, we should say that the fellowship examination was not precisely their proper criterion. His understanding was essentially theoretical and speculative, and, except in a few instances, such minds are not the most fitted for the repositories of detail. The length at which bishop Jebb has, at this point of his memoir, discussed the peculiarities of Phelan's mind, renders it impossible that we can avail ourselves of his (generally) just remarks. But we may say, that we have very commonly observed in such minds

as he there describes, that is to say, having a strong characteristic tendency to ethical and metaphysical speculation, some distaste towards the more practical applications, both of mathematics and every thing else. We are far from presuming to offer this as a general rule, and still farther from applying it here; yet it would not be difficult to prove the general probability of its application.

On this second disappointment, he seems to have abandoned the hope of obtaining a fellowship; and became for a time the guest of the Rev. Mr. Stubbs, who had also been a candidate. In October 1814, on the recommendation of Dr. Magee, then Dean of Cork, he was appointed second master of the endowed school of Derry, and entered into holy orders. For two years he continued to officiate in the chapel-of-ease in that city; during which time he had the happiness to become acquainted with his worthy and venerable biographer Mr. Jebb, then rector of Abingdon. It is stated that at this time also, at the desire of this friend, he published his well-known pamphlet, "The Bible not the Bible Society;" which his biographer observes, "gave a colouring nearly to the whole of Mr. Phelan's future life."

At this period he had been long in a very delicate state of health; insomuch that his physicians recommended a visit to Mallow, but a favourable change appearing, this inconvenient advice was not followed.

In 1817 Dr. Wall strongly urged that he should once more try his fortune on the fellowship bench. Dr. Magee also strongly joined, and after six weeks of close study, he took his seat in the Hall, without much hope of success. This time he was nevertheless the successful candidate, and was enabled during the long vacation to seek the repose which he so much required and had so well earned.

In 1818 he was elected Donnellan Lecturer. Of his lectures we may speak, if space permits, at the close of this life.

But in the interval of time previous to his election to the fellowship, Phelan had formed an attachment to the sister of his friend Mr. Stubbs, and, it will easily be conceived, that content was no more to be looked for in the gown of a fellow, then (as he might happen to feel) the free possessor, or the martyr of single blessedness. To escape from this undesired alternative, Phelan endeavoured to obtain a royal dispensation, but without success. In the meantime, the death of the parent of the young lady, decided his conduct, and on the 18th May, 1823, he was married to Miss Stubbs, by her brother the vicar of Kilmacahill. This step made it necessary to resign his fellowship, which he did with an understanding (the free concession of the provost and fellows) that he should have his option of a living, when such should come down to his standing. The junior fellows also relinquished in his favour all emolument from his chamber of pupils so long as they should remain on the books. The amount thus secured was about £900. This union contributed to his happiness, and, from the language of bishop Jebb, we should form the most exalted estimate of the worth, the intellect, and admirable qualifications in every way of the lady who thus contributed to the welfare and contentment of such a man.

After his marriage, Phelan retired to the curacy of Keady, which had been some time kept open for him by the Primate. The Armagh Professorship of Astronomy having become vacant, he applied for it, but

Professor Robinson had been appointed two days before; an appointment, the propriety of which must have removed all sense of disappointment from a mind so candid and just as Phelan's. And such is the fact stated by bishop Jebb, who tells us that "he was satisfied it did the Primate much honour," and adds, in a note, "The observations of Dr. Robinson have been more numerous, and have excited greater attention, than those made at any other observatory within the same period."

The laborious duties of a curate were not suited to the delicate health and deranged constitution of Phelan: but he was, in a very high degree, effective and popular as a preacher; having, much to his praise, toned down his elaborate and metaphysical style to the measure of the intellects and spiritual wants of a simple country flock.

In the spring of 1824 he was appointed by the primate to the rectory of Killyman in the diocese of Armagh. The circumstances of this benefice were in every respect satisfactory, in none perhaps more so than in its vicinity to Armagh, by which his intercourse with the primate was much facilitated. He became thenceforward one of the examiners at ordinations held by this prelate. In the following year he succeeded to the college living of Ardtrea, in consequence of his former arrangement with the Board.

In 1826 he obtained his doctor's degree, and was appointed examiner for faculties by the primate.

From this, during the brief remainder of his days, he is said to have devoted himself in a considerable degree to study, and to have read much of that circle of philosophers of the higher metaphysical schools, to which it is not difficult to perceive, by the cast of his later style, that he had a considerable tendency. But happily in him, this tendency, otherwise liable to much abuse, was counteracted by his still more thorough devotion to the study of Scripture.

But it had meanwhile become observable to his friends that his health, never firm, was beginning to decline. An intermitting pulse had for some years alarmed him occasionally for himself, but this was generally regarded as a nervous affection. He was directed to abstain from intense study; but he felt that an alarm about his own state, which much increased this diseased affection, was only to be counteracted by study. Between these two opposed conditions he felt much distress: but a very violent pleurisy decided the alternative, and he lay for five weeks on a sick-bed, from which he rose in a state of utter debility. By the primate's advice he removed to Dublin, where his health seemed to amend, and he returned; but no sooner did he reach home than the chest complaint returned with aggravated violence.

In the following year he again visited Dublin, but we are not informed that he received any benefit from the change; and early in 1830, the bishop mentions that his brother, the Rev. James Phelan, observed in his appearance the signs of approaching dissolution.—We cannot here, nor is it necessary, follow the melancholy gradation of changes by which the accuracy of this afflicting anticipation was confirmed; he expired without a struggle in June 1830, and was committed to the grave in Killyman churchyard.

Of Dr. Phelan's writings it is not so easy to offer decisive opinions

as we had anticipated. There is in his earlier productions a superiority of style and composition, arising from the perspicuity of his understanding, and the correctness of his ear: in his later and more important writings it appears that his metaphysical tendency, and perhaps in some degree an excessive elaboration, has deprived his language of that force and simplicity which gave effect to his early writings. It should however be added that these latter are posthumous publications; and it must also be said that they contain speculations of great value, and passages of much eloquence.

They chiefly consist of his Donellan lectures, of which the main purpose is a statement of the arguments which arise from the moral design and operation of the form, structure, and successive dispensations of revealed religion. In surveying the course of his expositions, whatever may be the just critical estimate of his bold speculations on the earlier institutions of religion, (we shall not enter upon them, as they call for prolonged discussion,) there can be little diversity of opinion upon the justness of his views of the adaptation of the latter dispensation to the wants of man, and to the declared purposes of God: and still less on the beauty and truth of his conception of our Lord's character, which he illustrates with much and instructive application.

The whole suggests a view of the peculiar moral structure of the author's mind. We have in him, as in a few other able and good men, been very much struck by the value they have appeared to attach to moral proofs and the inferences from what is called internal evidence; together with a tendency to undervalue that external evidence arising from facts and from those relations of circumstance and event which are more exclusively addressed to the intellect.—We are persuaded that this tendency is accompanied by a general want of sympathy with the processes of ordinary minds; on which, so far as mere *argument* is concerned, the ordinary deductions of reason from circumstance are effectual to the full extent that *argument has any power*: while moral reasoning (*considered simply as argument*) has the least conceivable effect. It requires a moral sensibility, confined to few, to give to moral truths that matter of fact prominence which is essential to the basis of inference. But there is an important distinction as to the real power of moral proof, too often lost sight of by those who have given undue value to the moral argument: moral indications have indeed the most powerful effect on ordinary minds, but it is not in the shape of *argument*, or as directed to the reason—it is from the operative efficacy of moral *influences* on the breast. It is one thing to show that there exists such an influence and that it works in such a way, and another to turn the light and warmth of this influence on the breast,—the one may perplex philosophers, while children will feel the other. The one is as the science which explains the theory of light—but the other is the light itself. Let it however be understood that these strictures are not meant to be applied to the able and eloquent writer of the sermons which have led to them, but to an opinion held by a class, and often strongly put forth; an opinion which, so far as it goes, has a pernicious tendency, as it leads some to speak slightly of the only evidences which either revealed religion, or any thing else, can have. The internal evidence is directed to those who are *within*—who know it because they

feel it; as confirmation it is all in all, but it never has and never will tell upon the sceptic, farther than as a portion of truth by which a great argument is completed, or as supplying the moral theory from which numerous important objections can be met.

With respect to all the portions of Dr. Phelan's lectures which bear directly on the exposition of the character of our Lord, we attach the highest value to them in a more important respect. For of one thing we are perfectly convinced, that the contemplation of the Saviour is the very essence of all that is practical in Christianity. Hence alone the divine example, the love, the union with God in him, the restoration of the divine image; when his true followers, "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory."—And the same may more or less be said of Phelan's entire commentary on the Christian dispensation.

John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick.

BORN 1775—DIED 1833.

THE family of the Jebbs have been distinguished for their literary talent. They are traced to ancestors for many generations inhabiting Mansfield in Nottinghamshire. Richard Jebb, the eldest son of Samuel Jebb of Mansfield, settled in Ireland. His son John became an alderman of Drogheda; he had two sons, the late Mr. Justice Jebb and the subject of this memoir, who was born 1775 in the city of Drogheda. Two years after his birth his father fell into commercial embarrassments, and he was taken under the care of his aunt, Mrs. M'Cormick. Under this most excellent lady the bishop has commemorated his early training to piety. He is himself described by his brother as having at that early age been "a gentle, affectionate child, somewhat hasty in temper but not bold; quiet and fond of reading, lively and loving play." He is also mentioned as in a very remarkable degree manifesting at that early period, a love of order, such that his eye was offended by any irregularity of position in a piece of furniture; a disposition displayed through his life.

When he reached his seventh year he rejoined his father's family at Leixlip; where he continued until he was sent to Celbridge academy in his eleventh. At this school the delicacy of his moral and perhaps physical constitution, for a time exposed him to the rude and rough handling of his more coarsely moulded schoolmates; but from this his natural prudence and firmness of temper gradually set him free. Here also his literary tendency was early shown by the composition of a tale in conjunction with another boy. They supposed themselves travellers somewhat after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, and wrote "the adventures of Thomas Curtis and John Jebb;" the master was pleased to celebrate this juvenile achievement with a holiday.

In 1788, his brother succeeded to the estate of Sir Richard Jebb, and thenceforth took upon him the cost of his education, and removed him to the endowed school of Londonderry. This change he always looked upon as most happy in its consequences, and providential in all respects,

both on account of his studies, and the associations to which it led with those who were the friends of his life; amongst others his friend Alexander Knox. Here he acquired decided literary tastes, and habits of voluntary study. His play-hours were spent apart over such books as he could procure,—while it was observed that his sympathy and humanity were shown by his loving to sit with any boy who was sick.

In 1791 he entered college, and went to reside with his brother, the late Mr. Justice Jebb, who continued to maintain him in college until the death of their father. At this period Mr. Jebb had reached his 21st year. He then received £2,000 from his brother in lieu of a much less amount to which he was entitled.

In college he was successful in obtaining premiums, and this rather by means of his natural turn for application than from any ambitious desire for these honours. He also, in due time, obtained a scholarship in the most honourable manner, with best marks from every examiner. He obtained three premiums for English verse from the college, and two medals from the Historical Society for the same species of composition. With the highest reputation for ability, he was still more respected and regarded for his fine moral qualities, his kindly affections, his freedom from selfishness, emulation, and every ungenerous failing.

For a time he turned his attention to the Fellowship course, but after a spring and summer devoted to mathematics he relinquished the study, though pressed by his tutor, Dr. Magee, to persevere.

We are forced to pass the various lesser incidents of this period to that of his entry into holy orders. Several plans of life had been proposed for him, among others the army, in which he might at the time have entered as a captain, by raising a company: but his inclination, which had always been for the church, set aside this and all other projects. He continued to reside in college until the expiration of his scholarship, in 1799, devoting himself chiefly to theological studies.

He had, two years before, received a promise of interest with the bishops from his early friend, Mr. Alexander Knox. Mr. Knox in the interval became secretary to Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Jebb, from a delicate sense of reserve, did not now remind him of his promise. They met in the streets, and Mr. Knox himself introduced the subject. The consequence was, an introduction to the bishop of Kilmore, who consented to receive him into his diocese. In February, 1799, he received deacon's orders from Dr. Young, bishop of Clonfert, an illustrious prelate already commemorated in these pages.

By the kindness of Dr. Elrington, he was recommended for a curacy to Dr. Cleaver, then bishop of Ferns, with an understanding that he was to be specially "under the eye of the bishop." But he had already formed his engagement with the bishop of Kilmore, and in July 1799 he received, through Mr. Knox, an invitation to accept of the curacy of Swadlinbar in that diocese.

We are compelled to abridge this memoir by passing over his exemplary conduct in this interval, and shall only observe, that here he formed his acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Latouche of Belview, then frequenting that place, which, being famed for its medicinal waters, was much resorted to. In many respects, the accounts of his life in

this place for four years, and the description of the place itself, both very much remind us of the similar circumstances in the life of Wolfe. And there was to some extent a similar result; for though the eminent scholar now under our notice survived to be an ornament to his profession, it is considered that his constitution received a lasting injury from the severity of his labours, and his exposure to weather and fatigue.

In Dec. 1799 he received priest's orders from the bishop of Kilmore.

In 1801 he took his degree of A.M., and preached in the College chapel by the invitation of Dr. Magee. By the same ever kind and affectionate interest he was, in the following year, invited to preach the annual sermon before the Lord Lieutenant and members of the Dublin Association. About this period the bishop of Kilmore was removed to Cashel, and it was agreed that he should take the first opportunity to follow. This change was soon effected; he was in the following December summoned by the archbishop to fill the curacy of Magorban, a parish of the bishop's near Cashel.

In the brief interval between these appointments, we have it on his own authority, that a change had taken place in his views both as a Christian and a minister; and he considered it an advantage that it should have thus occurred previous to the outset of his ministry in the new parish.

So far as his personal advantage was to be regarded this change of place was fortunate; his duties were considerably lightened,—his time for study increased,—while the public library of Cashel gave a new and wide field to his love of literary research. This library was the bequest of archbishop Bolton, and preserved from ruin at the expense of archbishop Broderick.

Mr. Jebb's habits of study are mentioned as peculiar. "Desultory in appearance, his reading was systematized by his turn for arrangement; his mind almost instinctively forming *loci communis*, to which he could refer his scattered information." During this period, the most interesting account is given by Mr. Forster of the bishop's studies, of the several pursuits and avocations by means of which his knowledge was extended and his judgment formed. Amongst these, may be specified his readiness to instruct others and aptness to communicate the results of his reading. His correspondence with Mr. Knox is also mentioned, and to those who are acquainted with that gentleman's correspondence, it may be indeed very obvious to what an extent they influenced the opinions of Mr. Jebb.

In 1805 he was employed by the archbishop to examine the candidates for ordination,—the examination lasted for three mornings. He was to preach the ordination sermon, but on Saturday evening he found himself very ill, and without a page of his sermon yet written. After a few hours' sleep he was called at twelve, and sat up till morning at his task: the sermon thus composed in a few hours attracted general approbation and was afterwards published at the request of the bishop of Kildare.

It was during this period that his attention was accidentally turned by Mr. Knox to the subject of parallelisms in the New Testament; the theological reader is aware of the peculiar interest of the subject

and of the able essay published many years after by Mr. Jebb, presenting the result of his critical labours upon it.*

In 1809 his health seems to have suffered, and he became subject to nervous depression. By Mr. Knox's desire he joined him in an excursion to England. In this tour he became acquainted with Hannah More, Wilberforce, and other persons of the same high spiritual stamp.

In the summer of this year he was appointed to the rectory of Abingdon. The change, although in every respect so important as a step in his profession and as contributing to his means and influence, was yet, for some years, not conducive to his happiness; removed from the circle in which his social feelings and habits had long been taking root, and where so much delightful intercourse was joined with so many occasions for the exertion of his practical talents, he found a dreary solitude, in which his books and pen, from being a solace and a taste, became a refuge. Among other studies which then soothed and adorned his intervals of leisure, for his first care was the study of his sacred calling, the Greek dramas are mentioned. His glebe-house was from time to time cheered by the visits of many loved relations and friends—an enjoyment rendered sweeter by the lonely periods they relieved. It was here he formed an intimacy with the reverend gentleman who afterwards became successively his curate, domestic chaplain, and biographer, the Rev. Charles Forster, from whose most interesting memoir the facts and incidents of this brief outline are drawn. His prospect gradually appeared to brighten, and a situation of life, which appears generally cheerless in description, became softened and enlivened by the habits of a good, well-affectioned Christian temper, and the pursuits of an enlightened intellect. After a little time the heavy debt for his glebe-house was paid away, and his means of increasing his library, of using hospitality and doing good materially augmented. The gloom of single life, seemingly the heaviest which, after the brilliant spring of youth has past, can easily enter the mind of man to conceive, was dispelled by a high communion of soul and spirit; and, happily for Mr. Jebb, he possessed a love for this communion, known comparatively to few. His idleness would have been by most men called severe study: in addition to the necessary labours of his sacred calling, his leisure was amused with laborious translations from the Greek philosophers and fathers, and extensive criticisms and extracts from the graver of our English writers.

In 1812 he sustained a painful dislocation of his left shoulder, occasioned by the overturn of a gig in which he was travelling with his brother-in-law, Mr. M'Cormick. His shoulder was first set by a blacksmith to whose cabin he was removed. From the ignorant and clumsy handling of this village bonesetter, he endured the most protracted anguish with "his characteristic firmness and patience." The operation was but apparently completed, and on being submitted to surgical skill, it was discovered that the joint was yet out of place; the operation thus required was impeded by the inflammation, and it took the strength of two persons, successively applied for more than an

* "Sacred Literature," by Bishop Jebb. 1820.

hour, to reduce it. From the effects of this accident he was long in recovering.

In 1818 Mr. Jebb was chiefly occupied in preparing his sermons for the press, and superintending their publication, for which purpose he repaired to London, where he was received as a guest by Mr. J. H. Butterworth of Fleet-street. His volume was undertaken by Messrs Cadell and Davies, on the recommendation of Dr. Magee.

In 1819 his great original work on Sacred literature, which had for many previous years occupied so much of his time and thoughts, was at length brought to a conclusion. The papers had long lain in his desk neglected, as their composition had failed to satisfy his own accurate taste: an impulse communicated by his chaplain led to their resumption and completion in "somewhat less than five months;" and in 1820 he proceeded to London to superintend the publication. It would appear from an incident mentioned by Mr. Forster, that this severe exertion was productive of some detrimental effect on Mr. Jebb's health, which led to his subsequent paralytic attack.

The publication of this work extended and confirmed his high reputation. It sold well—was favourably noticed in reviews, and, what was more important in every sense, was copiously analyzed in Horne's introduction to the study of the Bible.

After his return to Ireland he was presented to the archdeaconry of Emly. In the next year he took his degrees of B.D. and D.D. at the February commencements.

On the visit of George IV. to Ireland, his works were presented at levee to the king by Lord Talbot, who introduced him.

In the formidable popular disturbances which succeeded, his discretion, firmness and ability were amply tested; and were, under Providence, the means of arresting the progress of insurrection within the scope of his parish and vicinity. We cannot here enter into details, but we must not omit one at least of the valuable testimonies to the result. An eminent English barrister passing on that line of country, had his attention directed by the coachman to Mr. Jebb's glebe-house, seen from the coach at a distance of four miles: "That house," said the coachman, "is the house of archdeacon Jebb; the parish in which it stands is the only quiet district in the country; and its quiet is entirely owing to the character and exertions of the Protestant rector."

We may here observe that the disturbances by which Ireland is thus fatally characterized, are in few instances what we should, properly speaking, term local. They are carried on by a floating scum of ill-conditioned miscreants, of which a plentiful secretion must needs take place from the lower classes of a poor, ill-educated, and misgoverned country. This loose drift of adventurers rule their peaceful and industrious countrymen, and in agitated periods kindle evil passions and control the better affections wherever they obtain a footing. The mass are uniformly disposed to peaceful industry, just in their apprehensions, eminently alive to kindness and sensible of worth. In later years this good spirit has increased, and the evil elements are, we trust, diminishing. Mr. Jebb's parishioners had come to an understanding, which proves how well they were guided. The attack of the rector's house was to have been the signal for a *levee en masse* of his parishioners, to

repel the assailants and cast them out from the parish. Resolutions drawn up by Mr. Jebb were universally signed, and firmly adhered to.

From the king and parliament these truly meritorious services met with the notice they so well deserved. His conduct was referred to, and his resolutions cited, in the house and by the public press.

In the next year he was appointed to the see of Limerick ; and it is gratifying to read of the demonstrations of sincere and heartfelt joy with which the people received the news. Among his first arrangements on entering on the duties of the diocese, one claims our more immediate notice ; his care to provide that the candidates for holy orders should be adequately prepared for the duties of their momentous and high calling. This we regard as practically the most important function of the overseer of the church. We have in our memoir of archbishop Magee, fully stated the main circumstances which at the time rendered this duty more than ordinarily important. We have only now to observe, that Jebb, in unison with Magee, took the most effectual steps to secure this due and needful preparation, by the care they took at these examinations. But the bishop of Limerick mainly contributed to this desirable end by arranging and making universally known a course of authors. He adopted from his own experience a maxim which he used to repeat from Dr. Anthony Tuckney, who, when "according to the cant of his times," he was called to elect none but "the godly," replied, that he "would choose none but scholars, adding, very wisely, 'they *may* deceive me in their *godliness* ; they cannot in their *scholarship*.'" The bishop was, of course, careful in the adoption of the important negative test which reputation affords : but he knew that God alone is the judge of hearts, and that to himself was committed to ascertain what is given to the faculties of human sense. He printed his courses for circulation, and they were soon adopted by other prelates, so far as (perhaps) was possible. The particulars of his arrangements may be seen in Mr. Forster's memoir (pp. 237—243) ; they quickly influenced the studies of those who were reading for orders ; and Mr. Forster notices that several valuable works on sacred subjects had their rise in the studies thus occasioned.

In the second year of his episcopate he was summoned to parliament. It is needless to dwell at length upon the noble stand which he then made against a great and powerful faction, of which it was the immediate object to overthrow the Irish branch of the church. For this purpose the ordinary machinery of party attack had been with more than usual freedom and effect put into requisition, falsehood and calumny were used with more than ordinary daring, and received with more than the common credulity of the world. The secular dispositions of mankind are hostile to Christianity, and the grasping acquisitiveness of human nature has always looked with a grudging eye on the smallest pittance which has appeared to be sacrificed to interests not included in the scope of political economy. Every misrepresentation which the lowest industry could rake together against the clergy, was received with ready credence and little contradiction. Their humble means of living were exaggerated into bloated wealth, their usefulness was questioned and denied, the persecutions of which they were then the objects exalted into a just discontent at wrongful burthens. The

Irish clergy are not prompt to take their own part, and those who should have been their protectors looked for a share of their spoil. They had no party, no political bulwark, there was a powerful spirit let loose, of which the object was their destruction, and if there had not been a higher arm outstretched to control, limit and extract good from the work of evil, they had surely been destroyed; for never has any human institution so fiercely assailed and so little defended been known to survive.

To face this impending storm, the bishop repaired to London; Mr. Forster presents a pleasing picture of his reception, the friends he associated with (the best minds of the day), and the mode of life he led. But we must confine our attention to the main incidents which belong to his memory and to the history of his time. Until the 10th of July he had spoken in the house but on two occasions; they were both illustrative of that firm devotion to a duty that wastes no power on any other purpose, and lets no point escape unheeded which concerns it. Once he stood up to vindicate the archbishop of Dublin, from the envenomed calumnies of which such a man must have been the object; and once more to defend a private clergyman from the anticrusading spirit that assailed the humble as fiercely as the exalted. In the mean time, the bishop had ample opportunities of observing the fatal and deadly elements then (and still) in active operation. The animosity against the church, the infidel temper out of which it emanated, the revolutionary spirit that gave power and motive for an assault on the main buttress of the constitution, the ignorance of Ireland, and of its church that neutralized better sense and principle, the low venality of that class who would crucify their Lord again for twenty-five per cent., and gladly exchange the Christian's birthright for church lands. All this, which would demand a volume to authenticate as matter of history, was legibly stamped on the aspect of that destructive crisis, in which this good, brave, and able champion stood out in the high and enduring cause of God. On the day referred to, the Tithe Commutation Bill was brought forward by the Earl of Liverpool. Of the bishop's speech on that occasion, we cannot conveniently speak in the detail which it deserves; and to convey a just impression of it must have recourse to abler pens than our own, and for this shall take some extracts of Mr. Forster's, with the judicious remarks by which he introduces them.

Mr. Knox, who measured the coming storm with the eye of a philosopher, while he felt its approach in the spirit of a true son of the church of England, thus conveys the impression made upon him by the bishop's able speech. "The subject was continually before me; and I saw not how the multifarious falsehoods which were gaining more and more the blind acquiescence of even well meaning persons, were to be competently met and refuted. It was lamentably obvious that too many did not care, and none thoroughly knew any thing about the matter. This *desideratum* your speech has supplied, and if the clergy and friends of our Irish branch of the anglican church do not feel themselves more obliged to you than to any other individual for the last hundred years, I can only say they see the business with eyes differing from mine."

One of the last survivors of the Augustan age of British oratory, himself a brilliant model, as well as a veteran judge of parliamentary eloquence, Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter to a common friend, has happily left on record the estimate which he had formed of the varied merits of this speech, and of the rank to which it stood entitled in the annals of parliamentary debate. Writing in the following September, Mr. Wilberforce asks, "Have you read the bishop of Limerick's speech? It is one of the most able ever delivered in parliament; and I cannot but feel some indignation, when I remember the coldness with which it was spoken of by many who ought to have felt its excellencies with a keener relish. But they did not expect a debate, and were in a hurry to get away to their dinners."

The coldness here alluded to, so far as it prevailed, arose, it is to be feared, from a very different cause; and Mr. Knox has assigned it; "it was lamentably obvious that many did not care anything about the matter." Upon this occasion, the bishop found the advantage, and his opponents felt the effects, of his early training in the debates of the Irish Historical Society. His perfect self-possession, and in particular, his happy readiness in rejoinder, made, and left a powerful impression. When describing with the graphic fidelity of one who had seen and known what he described, the poverty and privations of late years endured by the Irish clergy, he was assailed with loud cries of "hear! hear! hear!" from the opposition benches. "Yes, my lords," was his instant reply, in a voice which at once restored silence and attention, "and I say hear! hear! hear! and I wish the noble lords who cheer, would accompany me to Ireland, and there visit the humble residences of the parochial clergy, and there see with their own eyes, the shifts and expedients to which those respectable men are reduced. One noble Baron, I am sure from his generous nature, would, on his return to this house, place himself by my side, and say to your lordships, listen to this prelate: what he tells you is the truth."

"The effect of this speech upon the public mind was long seen and felt, in the altered tone of general conversation. Those calumnies which had once borrowed the stamp and obtained for a time, the currency of sterling truth, instead of being loudly urged, were now scarcely whispered. For a season, at least, a better spirit, more just, because more generous, prevailed. The strict parliamentary scrutiny into the state of Ireland, and into the revenues of the Irish branch of the united church, subsequently carried into effect, has served only to exemplify and prove the accuracy of bishop Jebb's statements. And if his memorable speech on the church in Ireland, shall cease to be productive of the most valuable and growing benefits to his native country, it can be only in consequence of statesmen closing the eyes of their understanding to the important truths which it assembles, and the no less important principles which it unfolds." To this passage Mr. Forster adds the following important note; "Since writing the above, ample justice has been done to this part of my subject, in the published speech of the bishop of London, in the House of Lords, August 24, 1835." It is with no common satisfaction that I add this recent and public tribute to the testimonies borne at the time, by Mr. Knox and Mr. Wilberforce. "Is it not obvious," observes that eminent prelate, "that they

(the Roman peasantry of Ireland) must be injured, and not benefited, by the withdrawal from among them of the most constantly resident, the most active, the most benevolent class of the Irish gentry? Is that description too strong? Permit me, my lords, to confirm its truth by quoting the words of one, who, while he lived, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish church, and who died, deeply regretted by all its friends, the late bishop Jebb. That excellent prelate delivered a speech in this house, in the year 1824, which he afterwards printed, and which has since been republished. It well deserves the perusal of every one who wishes to understand the real state of the church in Ireland. The statements which that speech contains have long been before the public, and to this day, my lords, not one of them has been controverted. The testimony of bishop Jebb, valuable as it is in itself, is the more so, because it is the testimony of one who was at all times animated with a spirit of the utmost liberality and kindness towards the Roman Catholics, and who, as he deserved, was respected and loved by them in return."

Among the high qualities of bishop Jebb's mind, there was, perhaps, none more truly deserving of admiration, though none so little likely to conciliate the respect of men, as his moderation, arising as it did from no fallacious liberalism, but from a temper, at the same time Christian and philosophic. In all things, but most of all in the concerns of religion, the tendency of the human mind is to extremes. The vulgar understanding can take no other hold of great general truths; and among the better minds, it is too often by opposition they are held. This will be easily exemplified in politics, but still easier in religion, in which it has been the fruitful principle of a hundred shades of schism. The bishop's sober-minded liberality was shown in his kindly conversation with the clergy of the church of Rome; an intercourse unviated by the slightest taint of concession. He could join them cordially in the offices of charity and love, nor was he constrained by any fear of pharisaical censure in his intercourse among them, which was frank and affectionate. But when a very decided and extensive increase of conversions from that church took place in his diocese, he was not withheld by any weak tendency to compromise from taking the post which properly should belong to a prelate of the church, in front of the movement. As he had never been impelled by the zeal of proselytism, so his own popularity did not restrain him from his duty. In the parish of Askeaton, a large conversion of upwards of 470 persons had occurred, under the faithful and judicious care of the Protestant minister of the parish, Mr. Murray. To this new congregation bishop Jebb had determined to preach two sermons on the liturgy, for their confirmation and instruction, as well as to declare his sanction; but this was not permitted.

We now come to the last period of this good man's life, a period full of instruction were it permitted us to enter upon the detail of its affecting course. A sudden stroke of paralysis, at once ended his active labours in the church, and sent him to strive for the remainder of his days with a complaint which, though to him it was providentially lightened in an unusual degree, never ceased to press upon the powers of life, till in a few more years it put a period to his innocent and use-

ful course. From this we must content ourselves with a mere outline.

The bishop was seated at dinner with his chaplain, when he was attacked with a sensation of numbness, extending so rapidly that he had only time to direct that his physician should be sent for, before he was speechless. By great care he recovered his consciousness; and slowly after a severe struggle, during which the best medical advice was obtained, recovered so far as to be considered out of immediate danger, and what was more important, in the full possession of reason and speech. To this merciful disposition of providence, he owed the comfort and utility of his remaining years. We may add, that during the heaviest period of his suffering, his composure, thought for others, recollections of duties, and tenderness for friends are very remarkably apparent in Mr. Forster's narrative. The affecting sympathy and kindness of all classes, particularly the titular bishop and priests of the Roman church, are also brought into a clear and striking light.

It is needless to trace a course which we cannot bring distinctly to the view. The bishop was removed to England, where he pursued his studies with an assiduity not often equalled by the most diligent students in unbroken health. It seems during this period to have been his aim chiefly to bring such theological writings into notice as he considered most practically useful. And Dr. Townson's discourses gave an agreeable occupation to his mind. He also entered with earnest zeal into the political questions which at that time so disastrously affected the church, and through it the state of England. The letter in which his sentiments were then expressed, breathes the soundest sense, and has indeed received the sure confirmation of events. He also joined the clergy of his diocese in a petition on the same subject, in which the same view is uncompromisingly conveyed. In 1829 he suffered a second attack of paralysis, which fell on the limbs which had been previously attacked: and though the symptoms were less severe, yet they left him additionally disabled; he became more exclusively confined to his chair: a striking mark of his frame of mind, still regarding life but in relation to its useful employment, is mentioned by his biographer. On the day of his attack, he was heard to say with a cheerful countenance, "Well, Townson is done at any rate."

In the same year he published these discourses, and entered on the preparation for the press of his sermons on the liturgy, which he afterwards published in the following year. He had been chiefly resident at Leamington, but finally removed to the vicinity of London, and took his abode at East Hill, near Wandsworth. His decline seems to have been progressively hastened by successive attacks of illness, and by the constant repetition of bleeding to guard against paralysis. All this was, however, not sufficient to arrest his zeal and his literary diligence; and he was efficiently watched over, and kept in the best condition that nature could admit, by the friendly zeal and the profound skill of Sir Henry Hallford. He still found benefit from occasional visits to Leamington. And notwithstanding the occasional returns of languor and spasmodic affections, he proceeded with extraordinary despatch and efficiency in the editorial labours he had undertaken. On one occasion, shortly before his death, he expressed himself in these character-

istic words to Mr. Forster, "Well, the more I think of it, the more I am full of wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of Providence to me." A thankfulness surely arising from the most entire resignation, and a mind wholly turned from the deceits of the world to the "things above." From his very infirmities this good man derived a pleasurable sense; having one evening rung for the servants to carry him to his bed, he thus addressed his chaplain, "It's a pleasant thing, Mr. Forster, to be brought to the state of a little child; to be put to bed; to see it coming on; I thank God for it." It is indeed beautifully apparent through the latter portion of Mr. Forster's narrative, how wholly the bishop's heart was with God, and where all his thoughts had rest.

In 1831 he prepared and published a memoir of the Rev. William Phelan, amidst the increasing returns of his distressing languor. In this year he received a trying shock from the death of his friend Alexander Knox. He still, in every interval that could be gained from his distressing infirmities, endeavoured with a conscientious sentiment of responsibility to dispose of his strength for the advantage of the Church. His labours were chiefly bestowed on the revival of such old English divines as he considered likely to be serviceable to the promotion of piety.

In 1832 he was attacked with jaundice, which rose to an alarming height. It was conquered by medical skill; but is considered to have been the forerunner of his death. He had regained his ordinary state of spirits, and was even projecting larger labours than he had been for many years engaged in: the first effort, however, discovered to him that he had overrated his strength: and by several passages in Mr. Forster's narrative, it becomes easy to understand that he was at the time himself fully sensible of his approaching departure. The death of Wilberforce seems to have drawn a strong expression of this feeling. He nevertheless was, with his wonted activity of mind, meditating a new edition of Berkely's "Minute Philosopher," when he received an intimation which turned out to be the last. One evening when he was about to retire, seeing the disappointment expressed in his chaplain's countenance, he mentioned what he would otherwise have suppressed, "I have had a pain about my heart the whole day, and I feel quite worn out with it." From this there was a short struggle; and then the jaundice again rose to its height. Sir Henry Hallford resumed his attendance, and desired that he should endeavour to sit up for some time every day; but to this, after two trials, the bishop found himself unequal. We shall not attempt to convey the affecting impression of this good Christian's death-bed scenes, because we cannot afford to follow the details of Mr. Forster's statement, which we should only mutilate to no effect. It was, indeed, the lively exemplification often found in the Christian's death-bed, and nowhere else, of all that humanity can be under the renewing power of grace. His departure took place in December 1833, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

Bishop Jebb's writings are too long in the hands of the public to require any comment from our pen in the nature of a critical estimate. Nor has it been our custom, in the prosecution of these memoirs, unless

in the case of important unpublished writings, or when the duty of stricture has been imposed upon us by a sentiment of civil or Christian obligation. It would be a boundless labour, and demand far more knowledge and skill than we can truly pretend to award merits on fine distinctions in the scale of orthodoxy. Nevertheless in this, as it has happened in some other cases, there is that on which we are in duty bound to offer some comment. We advert to the opinions long and forcibly put forward by the bishop and his friend, and master Alexander Knox, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, most speciously in point of reason and most worthily in respect to design, but with a most fatal oversight of consequences on the subject of Catholicity as a character of the church.

It is quite evident from the writings of these two eminent men, that they neither intended nor foresaw the remote consequences of their arguments. The enthusiastic study of the fathers, and with these of the records and monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity, produced but the natural effect on their minds in placing them under that authoritative influence (the *prestige*) of antiquity; the goodness, simplicity, the Christian graces, the eloquence, the propinquity to the sacred source, gave a specious weight to these venerable old writers. Their nearer community of doctrine with the reformed churches, seemed also to put them in the position of authoritative witnesses: and to men zealous for the defence of the church, and enamoured of ancient things, it would seem happy to light upon an argument so persuasive in some respects, in others so powerful. If we look no further than the theory of opinion, Catholic consent has the weight of a *criterion*, though it would be difficult to raise it into an authority. If the *existence* of such a criterion be assumed, it must carry, *quatenus valeat*, much weight as involving the judgments of good and wise men on some questions, the testimony of witnesses on others. And if an extra-scriptural rule were to be once admitted, such a consent, did it but exist in the *required degree*, would be perhaps the best assignable. To ingenious intellects it came with powerful recommendations: its use was honestly adopted, and its dangerous adaptations were too easily overlooked. It was strangely overlooked how thin a partition separated the truth from the error of the assumption. The bishop and Mr. Knox saw the application of the argument by which the central character of their church could be established: they saw that, abstractedly, there is a degree and species of Catholicity which arises from the very conditions of *truth*. It was also plain to their apprehension, that there was a certain line of divine truth generally maintained by the writers of the first ages. Now there can be no doubt that this fact has all the weight which *opinion* (alone,) can have in a controverted question. Their immediate purpose did not require that they should notice the added fact, that the degree of agreement they appealed to had only relation to unquestioned points, explicitly stated or plainly and cogently implied in scripture: it was not required that they should observe, that numerous and varied shades of disagreement, wherever disagreement was possible, wholly destroyed the authority of these venerable testimonies in any other sense. They were thus led to the incautious use of this argument, both by claiming for it an undue importance and carrying its application too far. This latter charge applies with particular force to Mr. Knox, whose zeal and fluency some-

times went beyond his judgment, and led to incautious language: he speaks of these early writings as if he considered them an extension of the gospel. We have little hesitation in assigning to these two eminent writers, the first propagation of those tenets which have since so largely occupied the attention of the world. The rule of Vincentius, applied by the bishop with a speciousness which imposed on himself, as it must have imposed on many, and enforced by the earnest and impressive eloquence of Mr. Knox, was soon caught up with a mighty echo. The attempt was to establish the church on "other foundations;" to preach "another gospel" though made with the best and purest intent, threw open a dangerous question in an insidious form. A rule of evidence was first made a criterion of the church, and next erected into a rule of faith. A rule—nugatory precisely where alone it can have any rational application—where it applies because it is not wanted; but which, if it could be admitted, would be found to have no application in any instance where it is not anticipated and made superfluous by the plain letter of scripture.

It has been at all times too prevailing an error to support right and truth by fallacy: it seems to have been a part of Catholic consent, that the argument by which a truth can be maintained must therefore be true; for there is no doctrine and few great truths which have not found this kind of support. The method has been prescriptively established, and the error it involves cannot well be reprehended without much allowance. It is the mischief which a love of casuistry, and the narrow scope and wide adventuring of human reason has entailed. It may however be pleaded in vindication of these two holy men—for such they were—that if a legitimate and unexceptionable example of the rule to which they gave their sanction could be found, it would be precisely that to which they applied it. While it has little value as a mere criterion, and none whatever as a rule, it has (if taken in a general sense), a very remarkable application as a *description* of the church to which they applied it.

Dr. John Barrett.

DIED 1821.

OF Dr. Barrett's early history we have not been enabled to learn many particulars. Neither does the still tenor of a life passed rather with books than men admit of much variety.

He was the son of a clergyman at Ballyroan. When he was yet but six years old his father died, and his mother left in a poor and struggling condition, removed to Dublin with her family. Young Barrett early began to show the studious and retiring habits which characterized his life. He entered college as a pensioner; obtained a scholarship in 1773, and a fellowship in 1778. In 1807 he was elected vice-provost. His uniform life demands no detail of intermediate incidents. He was reputed by those who had the means of observation to be the most extensive general scholar of his time. And this indeed seems but a consequence of his peculiar habits and the peculiar character of

his intellect. With a prodigious memory, his whole time was devoted to study: and his entire stock of ideas was derived from books. The effects of this exclusive range were (as might be supposed) very remarkable. But to apprehend them rightly, some allowances are required for the peculiar cast of his intellect. The fellowship course in Trinity college demands a well developed reasoning faculty; but this, possibly, may exist with the least conceivable degree of the comparing, judging, and observing faculties: and such is the combination to which we would refer the curious simplicity and ignorance of the living world which appeared to distinguish the doctor from all other men. The strangest stories have been long in circulation of his uncouth simplicity, but they mostly so far surpass any of the same kind usually heard of, that their relation would only raise incredulity. Some of them are, doubtless, fictitious; but this we can answer for, that the true stories are far more strange than the false. The odd peculiarity which gave rise to the most comical incidents in the doctor's life, was (we rather think) a tendency to arrive by logical inference at those ordinary facts which others learn by the use of their senses. We dismiss as fiction the elaborate ornithological research by which he is said to have one day ascertained a swallow which found its way into the library to be a stork! But we were present at dinner when he rated one of the attendants for not inferring correctly, from his calling for mustard, what meat he intended to eat with it.

Dr. Barrett was accounted penurious in his habits. The poverty of his early life, together with the isolation of his pursuits and the simplicity of his mind, must, without the aid of any miserly temper, have contributed to produce the same effects. The doctor had no conception of many of the uses of money. We cannot think of any temptation to expense to which he was liable but one,—and that the college library supplied.

His literary labours are fewer than they might have been, had he been urged by any community of feeling with men and opinions. He read for the gratification of his own tastes. His most important achievement was the recovery of an ancient MS. of fragments of the Gospel of St. Matthew. These he discovered on an old Greek manuscript in the library. The reader may be aware that, on account of the high price of materials on which books were written before the invention of printing, it was very customary to cancel old manuscript volumes for the substitution of other matter. This appears to have been the case in the instance of the doctor's discovery. The previous writing had been erased, the manuscript reversed and cut into a new volume or scroll, and a new MS. written across the former. Now the latest of these is judged to have been eight hundred years written: the first must have been far more ancient; for, considering the enormous value of books at the time, none but a most old and worn copy is likely to have been so handled. The copy thus recovered by the doctor's skill, was published by the university. It is the only copy in the old Greek letter that contains the two first chapters of Matthew.

Odd and peculiar as the doctor's notions were on ordinary matters, he was said to be a pleasing and instructive companion when books were the subject of conversation. It is also said that his foreign correspondence was very extensive.

He was the author of a curious theory on the Signs of the Zodiac, which is marked by great ingenuity, supported by vast learning, but which, we suspect, must be admitted to show as remarkable a deficiency of sound judgment and that sense of probability, without which intellectual activity can but go the further astray. Indeed, the doctor's theoretical tendency seems to have revelled without control: out of the Signs of the Zodiac he conjured the whole history of the Bible, translating the first six into the history of the Creation, the second into the Fall of Man; and, with the ordinary facility of theoretical ingenuity, which of all other talents is the most accelerative, *viresque acquirit eundo*, he goes on to extract from this apparently narrow scope, the entire history of the world.

He seems, indeed, to have been gifted with a degree of this species of dexterity, which, had it been governed by a more just and broader understanding (no ordinary combination), might have performed wonders in the department of literature to which it was applied. Another proof and example of the same prompt combination on a minute scale, was his interpretation of an ancient medal, found somewhere in Ireland, and of which Dr. Quarry of Cork had given an account. It had a head of Christ on one side, on the other a Hebrew inscription. When it was shown to the doctor, he commenced his interpretation, which, after his usual manner, he intermingled with a running commentary upon Dr. Quarry's qualifications, observing that he could not tell a "resch from a daleth, or a ram from a dam." His own interpretation consisted in combining his comments on the translation of the words, with the symbolical sense which he assigned to the number of the letters which composed them.* It is not, perhaps, the least curious feature of these visionary displays of learned ingenuity, with what unhesitating self-reliance, and with how much entire confidence the Dr. seems to have regarded them himself. This we would point out, as strongly indicating a broad but yet not distinct tendency of the Dr.'s mind, and of all such who are like him possessed by the solitary zeal of some secluded research, whether it be for the grand *arcantum*, or the half cancelled letters of a coin or MS.: a kindling enthusiasm which becomes stronger as it is more confined, and which seems to absorb those portions of humanity which are turned away from the noise and bustle of their common stage in the world. To a person in this state of mind the partition is easily broken between reality and the remote and dim visions which conjecture may descry among the shadows of the past. Nothing is too vague to satisfy the eager grasp of a reason refined and attenuated into fancy, and moving in a region in which common sense has but little application, because its sphere is the world of common things. The ordinary observer will readily apply these remarks to the poetic dreamer; to Dr. Barrett the application is not so easy, though full as just. But let it be recollected that he was only to be met in scenes to which (virtually) he did not belong, and of which he neither understood the ordinary habits, nor shared in the common feelings; hence his most incredible blunders and sallies of more than infan-

* We must refer the reader to the Dublin University Magazine for a full and very curious account of Dr. Barrett's interpretation.

tine simplicity ; his surprise at the first sight of living mutton, in a flock of sheep ; his neglect of most of the minor decencies of social life, and all the whimsical peculiarities which made him the storyteller's butt for invention, and caused his rare appearances in the courts or college park, (unless at certain stated hours) like those of the owl when he flies at noon-day, chased by little birds. The Doctor's appearances were (it will be supposed) not likely to pass without sometimes eliciting demonstrations which would draw summary castigation from any other man. But he had no more of the worldly sense of dignity than a child ; he only saw the infringement of academic laws. Had he had the ordinary portion of gall, it might have made him a different man—a stronger taint of human nature would have early steeped him in the stream of life ; but his spirit was in old books and the thoughts of obsolete life. After some rude encounter of thoughtless insolence which would have disturbed the thoughts of wiser men for the next twenty-four hours, the Doctor would move on his way in perfect calm of mind ; if the shade of Salmasius or Scaliger could rise and taunt him in his garret, he might, we doubt not, quail or fling back the erudite vituperation with a dignified latinity that would have done honour to *Alma Mater* ; but the pranks of exuberant freshmen had no power to move him from his lettered mood. And we should observe, that, if in some respects he appeared sordid in the world's eye, it was because its great and little things were not very clearly distinguished in his apprehension ; he did not use its standard, or speak its language or its thoughts. It is a curious consequence, indeed, of these circumstances, that although the Doctor was master of a very good English style, acquired from books, still from want of intercourse, his ordinary dialect was that which he had acquired when a schoolboy ; hence the strange medley of oaths and provincialisms, so unprecedented in the university : of this, the instances are so numerous, that no story of the Doctor is unmixed with these uncouth characteristics. We forbear from examples, for no theoretical exposition can divest the best of these recollections of a gross and ludicrous character : of these, some most amusing collections of which have been at various times given to the public, we can only say, that whether actually true or false, they are not exaggerations. We had in early life the privilege and the embarrassment of sitting *tete à tete* at commons with the Doctor, during an entire summer vacation ; during the whole of which time our silent dinner was unvisited, except on Saturdays, by a few of the senior Fellows who came into town to hold the Board. We unhappily did not possess, in a sufficient degree, those grave and weighty attainments which might have enabled us to profit by this chance, and no less unfortunately we were not then quite as free as might be desirable from the reprehensible habit sometimes indulged by inexperienced youth, of laughing at wiser people than themselves ; for such a temper, the numberless traditions concerning the Doctor, were a bad preparation, and we are obliged in duty to confess, that we did not give him quite fair play. We had not (of course) the assurance to attempt to trot out the infirmities of one whose rank and age, not to speak of his learning, placed him so much above us ; but he could not fail to detect the over vivacious smile which quivered like an armed neutrality about our buccinatory muscles ; or the occa-

sional explosion which was insufficiently concealed in the ample hollow of a huge silver goblet. The effect of this most inevitable rudeness was gradually to reduce the Doctor to silence, and we had afterwards the mortification to learn, that our very involuntary indecorums had not escaped his notice as clearly as we had hoped, and that he had pronounced us to have "a damned ugly laugh;" by "laugh," meaning of course, a smile. Notwithstanding the constraint thus occasioned by so unpleasant a *vis a vis*, the odd displays of the Dr.'s extravagant simplicity were fully equal to the most absurd story that we have heard of him. On those days when our dull meal was relieved by the presence of three or four of the senior Fellows, there was a curious contrast sometimes brought out in his remarks. If the conversation by any chance turned on books, or the matter of book knowledge, he displayed his learning in well turned and accurate language, and save that he went somewhat beyond the tone of mere conversation, might be set down as a sensible and judicious scholar; but if, as more commonly occurred, the conversation turned on moral or political topics, or on the commerce of the world, the part he took, and the notions he expressed, were often such as can only be truly compared to the talk of a child of ten. Such, indeed, that the utmost address was required to avoid the disagreeable alternations of reading a lecture on some childish mistake, to one of the most learned men of his day, or turning away the subject by a lightness of treatment, from which the charity and polished courtesy of these excellent men, would, except in a few playful instances, restrain them. At times a little delicate finessing of this description would occur so as to draw out the singular peculiarities of the Dr.'s mind with rich effect. But, protected as he was by the good sense and good feeling, as well as the gentlemanly habits of his company, it should be added, that the respect due to his age, station, and great attainments was never for an instant lost sight of.

Happily for learning and the academic character such eccentric compounds are rare, because they are not the effects simply of any error of discipline, but deviations of nature from her common standards. Like the dwarf with proportions so dissimilar as to seem like a cut down giant, the natural frame of the doctor's mind was ill assorted and heterogeneous. A sufficient development of the mere discursive faculty, great activity of fancy and of the power of combination seem to have constituted his strength; a defect of judgment, a still more considerable deficiency in the moral and sensual tendencies, which are the main links between the inner man and the external world, impaired and narrowed his perceptions, and left him devoid of the ordinary tact and habit of observation, from which more of the cultivation of the mind proceeds, than seems to have been fully noticed, or at least explained. The understanding early begins to draw the best part of its range of ideas from the numberless lights of sense, by which all its tendencies are at every single instant attracted and exercised. Take away or deaden these tendencies and it is the same as if the lights themselves were quenched, the heart is still, and the brain darkened. The Doctor's mind was, except on those points on which it was wholly turned, but a piece of logical mechanism, and imposed on itself with the false premises of imperfect observation. His notions of the intercourse and of the realities of life were

sylogisms; he saw every thing real with the microscope of an antiquarian, and inferred upon the little he saw by a sophism, or a partial induction. But we are entering upon a needless analysis, which for any useful purpose should be followed on a broader scale than is allowed us.

He died in 1821, and left his property, accumulated by the habits of a secluded life, to several charities, and to his brother's family a portion which was considered insufficient. Fortunately, the provisions of his will admitted of a construction in their favour, and this deficiency was justly and humanely remedied.

Rev Richard Graves, D.D.

BORN 1763—DIED 1829.

THIS able divine, and worthy man, was born in 1763; he was the youngest son of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and received his education under the eye of an elder brother, Thomas Graves, afterwards Dean of Connor. The high moral qualities of his character, which soon began to appear, and the early display of intellectual capacity, were such as to leave no room for serious doubt as to the course he was likely to pursue, or of the success he could not fail to obtain. The steady and uniform rectitude by which his entire life is evenly characterized, leaves us under no necessity of careful and observant details for the purpose of demonstrating a character, or accounting for successes uniformly secured by the prudent application of first-rate abilities.

He entered college in 1780 with a declared intention to read for the fellowship: his collegiate career was suitably passed; he won all the honours of every kind, with more than usual *eclat*: and obtained his scholarship with distinction, in 1782, together with Lord Plunket and Miller.

In 1786 he obtained his fellowship; having, in the brief period thus given to that arduous course, acquired with very distinguished reputation the three medals given by the Historical Society.

Our glance over so distinguished a career, is thus summary from no disposition to underrate one of the most truly eminent men of his day: but because, having but a few sheets of this volume now before us, we would avoid an unnecessary repetition of the academic history of a time on which we have already gone at a length not strictly economical. We have, in a word, been compelled to alter our entire scale, and unless, when, as in the last previous memoir, something singular demands exposition or detail, we must proceed to deal summarily with every case alike. Fortunately, men like Graves cannot be forgotten; an able and worthy commemoration of his exemplary and useful life, has been placed before the world, by his son; and his writings, a monument *ære perennius*, more durable than the memorials of human praise, hold no secondary place among the labours of the most illustrious divines.

Soon after obtaining his fellowship, Mr. Graves married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Drought, who was Regius Professor of Divinity.

In 1799 he obtained the professorship of oratory.

In 1813 his father-in-law was superannuated, and in the next year, Mr. Graves was appointed his deputy. He afterwards in 1819, on the death of Dr. Drought, became his successor. Long before this latter appointment, he had attained to a very high reputation for piety and eloquence in the pulpit. His style as a preacher was in some important respects different from that heard in universities, in which either the exposition of doctrine, the discussion of controversial points, or 'generally' the elementary information of students, was considered the main object of the preacher: introducing a general adherence to the methods either of narrative statement and commentary, or of argumentative discussion: methods which were suggested, and in a measure enforced by the sense which the preachers could not fail to entertain of the learned and critical character of their hearers. But either the moral temper of Mr. Graves was differently constituted, or his sense of the strong obligation of adopting a more strictly practical object, was impressed by the deep and exalted piety of his nature. He thought his duty not alone to instruct the judgment, and lead his youthful auditory aright through the vast and uncertain page of controversy; but considering well how wise in speculation, and how rich in stores of accumulated knowledge the divine may be, without a single gleam of that knowledge which "cometh from above," and which is the "one thing needful," he adopted the more popular style which appeals to the hearts of the young. Without falling into the extreme error which the taste of the time seemed to exact, and to which, perhaps, his powers might have led, of a rhetorical and ornate style; and keeping always within the borders of the more approved standards of England; he was forcible and pointed, and what would now be called sententious; but his sentences had that species of moral and proverbial weight that has uniformly a strong effect on the young; on those who find in Young, Cowper, and Johnson the first models of taste, and the first incentives to moral sentiment. His fine sympathy with the modes of human feeling (the first quality for the orator) taught Mr. Graves to know that those whom he addressed are soonest affected by that method of address which most promptly and forcibly conveys the elementary truths by which the heart is first impressed; truths, of which the power is felt, and the truth perceived on the simplest enunciation, so that *point* rather than *reasoning* is the instrument required.

In 1797, and the following year, he was appointed Donnellan Lecturer. It was a period unhappily distinguished for a wide and spreading diffusion of those infidel opinions and tendencies which then accompanied and heightened the effect of the revolutionary mania of the day. The dreadful influences of these unsettling notions upon the mind of that generation, are matter of history: and even the university could not entirely escape the universal taint. The able men who were then providentially in charge of its interests, were not inactive or inefficient; the late Dr. Whitley Stokes published a pamphlet which first met, and in a measure, arrested the growing evil. Mr. Graves was happily called to the discharge of an office which enabled him to

complete the repulse and overthrow of the error and fallacy which had begun to assail truth and sound knowledge in their citadel. The result was the production of his lectures on the Pentateuch. In this most admirable work, he performs the same task, for the Mosaic history, which Paley, Leslie, and other able reasoners had executed for the Gospel history. His undertaking was, however, incalculably more arduous, in proportion to the remoter distance of time, the greater obscurity of the collateral evidence, and the speculative rubbish with which theoretical divines had in no small measure entangled the subject. The lectures on the Pentateuch are now so largely known that we shall not need to enter further on their merits. When first published, this able work, like all works of sterling erudition or close reason, when unconnected with any great popular opinions, had slowly made its way; the first edition was exhausted. He was, however, disappointed by finding the publishers reluctant to enter on the hazards of a new edition. This was increased by the commercial circumstances of the day. But the reputation of the work was steadily on the increase, and in two years after, Messrs. Cadell and Davis saw good reason to induce them to the undertaking.

In 1813 he was offered the Deanery of Ardagh, by Mr. Peel. His fellowship being more valuable, and involving better church prospects, he declined this offer. It was, however, pressed upon him, and an arrangement being proposed which enabled him to exchange the fellowship for the Regius Professorship of Divinity, he willingly acceded. It was his hope to render this office more available than it had been till then, for the instruction of the students. He was not disappointed in this desire, as many important improvements well testify. Among the principal of these, may be mentioned the institution of a yearly examination, in a well selected course, comprising the main branches of theological literature. We have already entered to some extent on the great forward movement of our National church with respect to qualifications; it will now be enough to add, that much of this must be traced to the efforts of Dean Graves while he occupied the Divinity chair.

In the years 1816 and 1817 he was tried by some heavy afflictions, on the details of which we cannot enter. Of these, the first is but obscurely alluded to in his memoir; we believe it to have arisen from the death of his son-in-law within a short time after his marriage. The loss of his son Hercules was a heavier blow. With this most worthy and distinguished young man, we had but the advantage of a casual introduction, but his brilliant reputation cannot be forgotten by a college cotemporary; and having some common friends, we were fully aware of the elevated place he held in the regard and affections of those who knew him best. The account of Hercules Graves, and of the circumstances of his death, is given with much deeply affecting detail in the memoir of his father. It reminds the reader forcibly of the history of Wolfe in a similar situation. They were friends and fellow-students.

In March 1823 the Dean was elected to the parish of St. Mary by the Chapter of Christ Church, a preferment which dissolved his long and affectionate connexion with St. Michael's. He entered on this new sphere of activity with an ardour and zeal undamped by years, and

with all the exertion and efficient ministerial diligence for which he had been uniformly known by those who had occasion to meet him in this walk of duty.

In 1825 he published his last work on the doctrine of Calvinistic Predestination. This work is in the hands of the public;—the subject is one, upon which, unless for some purpose of adequate utility, we desire not to enter, and we cannot venture on any comment which would not have the effect of embarking us in a lengthened discussion. We have already, more than once, noticed the manner in which the discussion has ever been conducted, and we shall only add, that our views receive much confirmation from all that we read upon it in the memoir of Dr. Graves.

In 1827 he received the severest visitation to which a man of his strong and deep affections is liable in this earthly state, by the death of “the judicious and faithful partner” who had contributed to his happiness through many years. The Dean bore this affliction, as a true Christian must bear all trials. And we find him addressed by the same good brother, whose word of consolation and sympathy was never wanting in the season of calamity, still in his 83d year, addressing him in a letter which cannot be read without emotion. He bore his affliction with the patience and resignation belonging to his Christian profession and character: but, nevertheless, it soon became apparent that this and other trying visitations which seem to have come in quick succession at this period of his life, while they exercised and illustrated his faith, had their effect in breaking up his constitution. His friends perceived the change, before he became himself aware of it; and it was pressed upon him to change the scene for a time. In compliance with the suggestion, he set out upon an excursion to the north of England.

He had reached Lancaster, when he was attacked by paralysis; and it is mentioned that he lay for three hours under this seizure in full consciousness of his state, before he would awaken his son who slept in the same room. From this first attack he recovered sufficiently to return to Ireland; after which his entire conduct seems to have been a succession of steps preparatory to the final change;—a course which it would be vain to attempt to describe by the common places of a summary. The path of all true Christians is the same, the varieties are but diversities of incident only communicable in detail: it would not be easy to find a portraiture of the end of a Christian life more beautifully complete and true than that contained in the memoir published by his son Dr. Richard Graves.

In 1828 Dean Graves spent the summer near Dublin, as it was considered unsafe to remove too far from medical aid. During this period he suffered much from the condition of his health, and more from the severe remedies, which he endured without a murmur. Through all he continued to maintain his mental composure, and the childlike freshness of his tastes for nature. His decline, nevertheless, went on with a progress apparent to his family; and, in March 1829, he was released from earthly tribulations by a sudden and severe attack of his complaint.

The Rev. Cesar Otway.

BORN 1768—DIED 1843.

OF the Rev. Cesar Otway, we have no means to trace the early life. In his, as in many other instances, we have often to regret the want of any distinct record of the youthful course of talent and worth, until they break upon the world's eye at some high eminence, won by the toil of years,—far advanced in, and often at or near the close of, a career of merit,—recognised when the recognition is to its objects of little worth;—when they have survived the friends who would have shared their triumphs, and the cotemporary crowd, to which they had been used to look for their fame, has become old and cold and sadly thinned, and a new race is rising round them with new thoughts. But more deeply will these reflections find their application, in the case of a man who, like the subject of this brief notice, for the better years of his life toiled as an humble labourer in the vineyard of Christ. Though known to many as an eloquent and effective preacher, and, in a lesser circle, as an able, extensive, and interesting writer in Christian journals; still, as the preacher's reputation is circumscribed within a narrow scope, and the periodical writer is anonymous, Otway was by no means known in a degree proportioned to his real claims upon the admiration and gratitude of the world. Like the man whom the poet describes as building to God, and not to fame, he cared not to "inscribe the marble."

Such is the explanation of our motives for offering a very brief sketch of one, who, if men were to be estimated fairly by what they were and what they have done, instead of by their personal advancement, has as fair a claim as any other illustrious person to a lengthened record of his life.

Mr. Otway was descended from an English family of rank and property. The branch to which he immediately belonged had, in a former generation, settled in the county of Tipperary.

Having passed through Trinity college, he, after a time, took holy orders, after which he was 17 years curate of a country parish; but we have not any means of distinctly ascertaining the particulars. When he first began to be generally known as one of the principal preachers in Dublin, he filled the post of assistant chaplain in the Magdalen asylum chapel in Leeson-street. And, not long after, it became known to the more intelligent of those who took interest in church literature, that he took a principal part in the writing and management of the *Christian Examiner*, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Singer. In this important work he sunk the powers of his able and well-stored mind for many years, working for the public, for religion and the church, but (humanly speaking), not for himself. So far from this indeed, that, we are persuaded, the neglect with which he was treated, was a result of the efficient place he held among those who were then toiling by every means to raise the church to that pre-eminence of piety and learning which she has since gained. Governed by formalists—by rules of state subserviency—rigid in the maintenance of her corporate laws and customs, and more zealous of canonical order than of spiritual life,—the

authorities then existing, looked with fear and suspicion upon those leading minds to which, under God, so vast a change is due. We do not take upon us to quarrel with the caution which we know to be necessary for the repression of human zeal,—always overleaping the bounds of truth and order;—but this may, in its turn, be carried too far: and it is surely so, when it would maintain the church at the cost of its proper objects. However this may be, it was obvious at that time, that the leaders in the spiritual advancement of the Irish church were not the same who held the reins of discipline. And it was no less apparent, that few indeed of those whose successful preaching, writings and ministry, were the known instruments of a great diffusion of piety, were chosen for promotion: it was notorious, and almost proverbial, that the path of duty was not that of preferment. And never did this find a stronger case than in the history of Otway.

Without the slightest tendency to any shade of eccentricity in doctrine, from which his broad and manly good common sense revolted—and only zealous to win souls to salvation by awakening their affections to the truth—his preaching was as plain and sober in sense and doctrine as it was effective in style and manner. Even in this, he gave the plainest proofs that he was not seduced by the praise of eloquence. Considering justly that his first object was to obtain a hold of the attention for Christian truth, he rejected the flowing garniture of language and fancy, of which no man possessed more, for a shrewd and simple style, often colloquial, always placing the most important points in the most striking aspect. He knew how often the excitement caused by flowing eloquence ends in mere admiration of the preacher; and how often excited imagination and gratified taste take the place of faith in the breast: he knew the importance of the tone and manner which convey the impression that the preacher is in earnest, and speaking in his own character,—and such in a pre-eminent sense was his pulpit style. He was earnest and simple, by countenance, action, and utterance, expressing and communicating the deep and urgent fervency of his own nature; often, too, interrupting the strain of pious exhortation and remonstrance, by some home stroke of colloquial humour, which brought the hearer, as by a short turn, on a new aspect of some truth which had lost its power in its familiarity. It is also to be observed that Otway's character, as a writer holding a very high place in Christian literature, gave the weight of authority to his teaching, and they who knew him either in private life or in his ministerial capacity, found added influence, arising from the thorough sincerity and whole heartedness preserved in all his conversation.

Mr. Otway is likely to be most known to posterity as a tourist. On this subject we shall take an extract from the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, for the fidelity of which we can answer. "The peculiar characters of C. O. are, the power he possesses of making his readers partake in the deep feeling he has for the natural beauties of his native land, and the humour and tact with which he describes the oddities and amiabilities of the Irish character. And while depicting with no mean effect the absurdities of poor Paddy, there is no sourness in his satire. He even treads tenderly upon the heels of Popish

priests, and would, if possible, by his playful hits, rather improve the profession, than hurt the individual.

“Beginning late in life to write for publication, we have heard, that till his fortieth year he was not aware that he could handle a pen; occupied, too, for seventeen years as the curate of a country parish, he had not the time, even if he had the desire, to be an author; he therefore exhibits both the faults and excellencies of one who has late in life come for the first time before the public. . . . He seems full of multifarious observations,—he is fraught with practical knowledge, and having observed almost as much as he has seen and read, he can adorn with legend, anecdote, and story, almost any place or thing he attempts to describe, and we verily believe, he would give a pleasant description of a tour round a broom-stick.”*

Mr. Otway's Sketches of scene, person, and event, have the merit ascribed in the foregoing extract, of presenting all he touches with his lively and graphic pen, with living fidelity to the mind's eye. He was a great master of that faculty of the poet, which transports the reader to the place, by the medium of the moral colouring which is proper to it; that is, the feeling and sentiment it would be most likely to awaken. His narrative acquires also somewhat of dramatic interest, from the personality imparted to it by the never-failing undertone of his own peculiar character. The reader not only participates in the action and sentiment, but he feels the presence of a fellow-traveller, a pleasant companion, laughing, moralizing, tale-telling, lecturing, and never for a moment allowing the intrusion of the dull passages which few travellers have the luck to avoid.

Among the numerous literary projects which were entertained by the active and busy mind of Mr. Otway, there was, we have reason to believe, one for which his powers and attainments were eminently adapted,—a history of Ireland; still a desideratum perhaps, as Leland (the only writer of any just pretension,) has not even approached the most important portion of his task. No man was more fitted for this perplexed and delicate undertaking, than one whose sagacity, justice, and honesty, were unclouded by prejudices and party feeling, and unchecked by fear or influence. To just principles and clear views, as regards the present age, Mr. Otway added all that is really historical in the learning of the past. Perhaps, indeed, there were insurmountable obstacles to such an undertaking; he had, perhaps, outlived the strength and energy which the labour must require, and it is to be indeed added, that the period is yet far off, when the influence, which renders such an undertaking neither very easy nor likely to be very popular, shall have left a clear field for the impartial historian. He also had projected an edition of Ware.

Among the literary projects to which Mr. Otway was an effective contributor, may be mentioned the Dublin Penny Journal, first planned between himself and Mr. Petrie. A combination of talents which must be allowed to have conveyed a high promise to the public, for between these two able and highly endowed individuals, may fairly be said to have lain the best part of the materials for Irish history. As it was,

* Dublin University Magazine, Oct. 1839.

during the brief period of their occupation in this paper, it was the vehicle of information far beyond the humble name and form under which it appeared. But it did not prosper; all such undertakings must for their success be dependent upon certain trade economics. A large and increasing sale of the Penny Journal was insufficient to compensate the cheapness of its price. And the parties concerned, could not well afford to be losers for a period or amount sufficient to establish it. The one volume which was thus put forth, will always be a valuable collection in the hands of the historian.

As we commenced by explaining, we have not been enabled to follow out Mr. Otway's personal history into its details. Some years before his death, we had the honour and the happiness to become acquainted with him, and to number him among our most valued friends. We have sat among his guests, delighted at the rare combination of uniform good feeling and right sense with humour and a happy pleasantry that never obtruded itself or became either forced or ill-natured. He combined great candour with refined tact, and was one of the very few we have met, who could be very frank without ever wounding a feeling that deserved to be respected.

In the last two or three years of his life, Mr. Otway suffered much from attacks of a rheumatic nature, so very severe as to compel him to visit some of the German Spas, from which he derived benefit, and appeared for a short time renewed in health. But early in the spring of 1842, his constitution gave way under the severity of a similar disease, and he died, leaving many attached friends and an affectionate family to lament his loss. The adepts in Irish literature are fully aware and will long feel the extent of that loss to his country.

Bartholemew Lloyd, D.D., Provost, C.C.D.

BORN 1772—DIED 1836.

THE life of Dr. Lloyd was that of a man exclusively engaged in academic pursuits and in the cultivation of science. In the commemoration of such men it has been frequently our lot to lament the very remarkable disproportion between the incidents and the real importance of their lives; and when we look upon the scanty record we are compelled to offer of so much worth and so much valuable labour, we cannot resist a painful impression of the injustice we must seem to commit. This is, indeed, but seeming: when we have to illustrate the achievements of public men, they are presented amidst the glitter of events and the reflection of the passing scene, magnified to the public eye by being identified with all it is accustomed to survey with interest. The scholar, the divine, or the philosopher, moves in a higher and yet less pretending path; his fame is too high-reaching for the vulgar gaze, till it comes down amplified by the reflexions of time.

Bartholemew Lloyd was at an early age deprived of his father, and of the uncle to whose care he had been committed on his father's death.*

* Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Dec. 1837.

He entered college at the early age of fifteen, obtained his scholarship on distinguished answering in 1790, and his fellowship with still more distinction in 1796.

On Dr. Magee's resignation he was appointed professor of mathematics. At this period, notwithstanding the exertions and example of his illustrious predecessor, science stood at a low stage of progress in the university. This was not, as it has been ignorantly said, to be imputed to any want of zeal or knowledge peculiar to the university. We have already had to state that, owing to causes, into which we cannot now enter, the mathematical sciences had long been stationary in the British isles; and this to a degree so considerable, that for some years about this period the mathematical student was mainly dependent for his progress on the French and other foreign writers; so that, indeed, the several branches of analytical science were generally called "French mathematics,"—a term not yet altogether inapplicable, on account of the numerous and important works in that language to which the student must have recourse. The efforts of Dr. Lloyd to remedy this state of things are authentically recorded in a very clear and able volume on algebraic geometry, the earliest we believe in our language, which he drew up for the mathematical classes, on the model of the best French writers. To this work, with the lectures and the exertion of influence with which it was accompanied, is due the first effective impulse which brought the University of Dublin to the high eminence it soon reached. The book itself had not quite the same success with the public: owing to the numerous pressing avocations of its author, and his haste to put it into the hands of his class, it was so badly printed that its use was much impeded. It was still not the less valuable as a text-book for the lecturer, and still holds its place as a useful introduction to that most interesting and elegant branch of geometry. In noticing the result of Dr. Lloyd's exertions, Dr. Singer justly and forcibly remarks, "We are now, as it were, centuries in advance of what we, a few years ago, viewed as the limit of attainment." We may add, that each step of his academic life is similarly marked by some able and striking exertion of ability. After he was elected to the chair of natural philosophy, we had the pleasure of attending a course of his lectures on the subject of optics, and can bear witness to the beauty of style and method, and the simplicity and clearness of demonstration of a series of lectures, of which we earnestly expected the publication. At that period such lectures would have satisfied an important desideratum. But optical science was then manifestly on the eve of changes as to its physical theory,—and it is likely that a mind like Dr. Lloyd's felt dissatisfied with the scope of lectures which the student would have gladly received.

In 1831 Dr. Lloyd was elevated to the station of Provost, and here again we must quote the authoritative language of one who knew the Provost and the university well. Having stated the fact, Dr. Singer proceeds: "and perhaps no six years in the history of any institution can be compared to those which passed under his brief administration, with regard to substantial improvement, changes rapid, though well weighed, and reform mild and prudent, yet searching and effective. Scarcely a portion of the system of education but was submitted to

consideration, and in many instances to changes fully justified by experience." To this high testimony nothing need be added.

On the death of Bishop Brinkley, Dr. Lloyd was, with a true appreciation of his claims, elected president of the royal Irish Academy. There never could have been a worthier or more strictly appropriate election; or, in truth, it may be said, one on which the Academy was more united by a single feeling. The exertions of Dr. Lloyd in the great cause of natural knowledge were not confined to the promotion of academic studies: wherever there was an efficient institution or combination for the prosecution of practical investigations, he took the lead, and his cooperation was zealous and efficient. He was one of the original founders of the geological society, over which he presided for a time, and delivered an opening address worthy of his reputation. From Dr. Singer's memoir we learn "that under his auspices was the magnetic observatory commenced in the university, which promises to supply so perfectly a desideratum in British science, and which must so powerfully tend not only to the elucidating of the most recondite and interesting problems in natural knowledge, but to the practical improvement of many of the most important instruments of general utility." *

As provost, his attention was not confined to the interests of science, properly so called; but moral philosophy also obtained a share of his regard. Dr. Singer mentions that in "early life" he had cultivated "mental science;" he now founded a moral professorship—a professorship on which it will be allowed by every reflecting mind, the university and the world have large claims for the dissipation of many pernicious fallacies, and the construction of a science of which, notwithstanding the labours of a few first-rate minds, the very existence is yet but imaginary.

Dr. Lloyd was also a preacher of no inferior power. On this topic Dr. Singer says, "All who have heard him as a preacher in the university must remember the clear and lucid style, the mild and earnest, and persuasive manner which, in spite of physical defects of utterance, we believe, rendered him most attractive in the pulpit; and they cannot forget the accuracy of conception, and keen and discriminating judgment which could penetrate into the depths of the metaphysics of theology without obscuring the subject, or diminishing its sanctity;" a praise deserved by few indeed, who have ever ventured to search for, or elucidate divine truth, among the barren wilds and endless mazes of metaphysics.

It is mentioned by Dr. Singer in his memoir, that "he has left a large store of manuscripts behind, the natural result of a well-stored, active, and inventive mind, and it is not to be doubted but that our fellow-academic and vice-president,† the heir of his name and talents, will not suffer a grain of his father's gold to be lost."

In private life, and in his intercourse with all whom the business of life or the duties of office brought into communication with him, Dr. Lloyd was kindly accessible; the native benevolence of his disposition gave an attractive expression to his voice and manner, and prompted a ready and charitable temper to confer obligations. Dr. Singer, who

* Proceedings, *ut supra*. † Since President.

was his intimate friend, speaks of him in high terms as a Christian and gentleman, and we can only add that the impression was universal.

We are not aware to what extent the death of this amiable man and able scholar was to be foreseen by means of any previous indications. To the public it came as a sudden event in the winter of 1836-7, and imparted a painful shock to the lovers of wisdom and virtue, and deep regret to those who felt interest in the advance of science.

Rev. Charles Robert Maturin.

DIED 1825.

MATURIN was the descendant from a French family of high respectability. His immediate ancestors for some generations had been settled in Ireland: and the name occurs among the lists of fellows and scholars in the Dublin university calendar.* Charles Robert probably entered college in 1795, as he obtained a scholarship in 1798.

On leaving college, or soon after, he was ordained on an appointment to the curacy of Loughrea, which he soon changed for Peter's parish in Dublin, in which he continued through life.

He married Miss Kingsbury, the sister of the late archdeacon Kingsbury, and lived in York-street. Upon the details of his life we cannot enter: but as he is here to be commemorated as an eminent dramatist and novelist, and as indeed among the most distinguished literary characters which Ireland has produced, we cannot omit some brief notice of his writings. And as there appears some apparent inconsistency between his profession and literary pursuits,—we must first offer a few remarks on this point. He was one of the curates of the most extensive and laborious parishes in Dublin, of which he discharged the duties with conscientious zeal: but with the exuberant vivacity of a mind which was endowed with far too much movement for any of the ordinary levels of social life, he sometimes justly incurred the reprehension of more staid and common spirits,—and to some extent also fell under the misrepresentations of that large class which judges of all by reference to a few habitual standards, and can make no allowances when unusual cases arise. It may be added, that his great and unusual qualifications for social intercourse, his prompt and ready wit, his abundant information, his singularly dramatic mode of conception and expression, supplied temptations which no being, merely human, has perhaps ever resisted. A few brilliant years had passed over his head, during which there was a perpetual struggle between two opposite forms of character going on within his breast, and he was (what few could be) deeply and effectively engaged in two opposite services: and while the giddy and shallow circles of fashionable society claimed him with an eagerness which would have turned ordinary brains, Maturin was drawn into courses of gay frivolity which he would gladly have broken from if he could. Another state of character was, in the mean time, slowly maturing: he

* Henry Maturin obtained a fellowship in 1792, and went out on the living of Clonmavaditch. Gabriel Maturin obtained a scholarship in 1787.

never lost the feeling that he was born and endowed for better things. His wide and profound theological reading, his first-rate controversial powers, his mastery in the pulpit, and his instinctive and practised knowledge of man and human life, were just obtaining the ascendancy, and on the eve of appearing in their true light, when a lingering and painful disease removed him.

His early productions were such as to indicate plainly the cast of character thus described. In the "House of Montorio," there is a vast exuberance of all the impulses of humanity,—the young passions, fantasies and aspirations, dancing and eddying like the waters of a gushing fountain, and sparkling in the coloured light of romance. Plot, sentiment, character, and description, in an abundance that seems to mock the anxious effort of ordinary genius, and to perplex the youthful author with his own riches, mark the entire of this extraordinary production,—the extraordinary power of which is known to have called forth the admiration of Sir Walter Scott.

We pass the more regular and successful productions, which followed for some years, to the period of his successful debut as a dramatic author. We shall offer a few remarks on the state of the drama, when *Bertram* appeared. The drama had fallen into decay, and there was a state of existing circumstances unfavourable to its restoration. The false taste of the public, the sordid illiberality of managers, the vanity and usurpation of the green-room, bore on the luckless author with a force which is only to be conceived by those who have experienced it, unless, like ourselves, they have had the luck to see *M'Lise's* admirable painting of a scene from *Gil Blas*, in which all the amusing varieties of histrionic conceit and impertinence are drawn with more than poetic truth, flirting their vanity and gaudy airs in the face of a poor-devil author. The humane spirit of modern manners, and the improved pretensions of literature itself, forbid such displays in our times,—the representation is but symbolical as applied to the present century,—it is no more true to the letter, but it is not less spirit. The dramatic poet is subordinate to the actor. After he has shaped his plot, conceived and struck out his characters, and lavished his utmost skill in moulding their language to the truth of life and nature, he must place his workmanship at the mercy of the *Roscus* of the hour. The depth or shallowness of this gentleman's lungs must be allowed for,—the colour his complexion loves,—the character or the portrait his pride has drawn for him;—the hero is to be great or small according to the stature of the stage *Procrustes*. We do not, in this language, mean to convey any censure on the class of actors,—we only speak of a tendency and its results. In most cases, we are quite sure the actor is the better judge,—perhaps the better poet;—he is, in fact, the chief agent in giving effect to dramatic representation: but this is itself in a measure the consequence of decline. And in whatever light it is to be viewed, as matter of praise or censure, there is no less truth in the application. The author has to keep stage effect uppermost upon his imagination, just in the passages where it should be forgotten;—if *Boots* or the laundress is to appear, the author will perhaps be allowed to use his discretion; the dramatic personage will probably be no actor: but *Hamlet* or *Richard* would (had they not protection from the sanction of time)

be sadly tansored and tailored in the green-room. Now the uncalculated effect of this is, that no mind of the higher order of power can or will accommodate itself to the requisition of the stage. No one but an actor can, under the conditions, write a tragedy for the stage with any fair chance of legitimate success. To construct the magnificent hocus pocus of a melo-drama, and to preserve the nice rules of stage effect, was, at the time to which these remarks are intended to apply, the whole art of the drama.

It was at this period that a very considerable impulse in the right direction was communicated to the dramatic art by Mr. Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*. We shall not here venture on the attempt to assign the place of this striking and powerful piece in the critical scale of the British drama. It indicated no degeneracy of power, either for the poetry or the stage effect: and perhaps the skill and tact of the author is shown in the very departures from the more classical standard, as thus alone could the melo-dramatic taste of the period of its production be conciliated. By the instrumentality of Lord Byron, then among the committee of management in Drury Lane, it had the success it well deserved, and ran for upwards of thirty nights representation. The effect on Mr. Maturin's fortunes was not satisfactory: the remuneration was not proportional to the success. The deduction for expenses from the author's nights are considerable; and we have some recollection of the miscarriage of a remittance by which some amount of the author's profit was in some way lost. However it is to be accounted for, he was not very materially enriched by the transaction. If this were all, it would be comparatively of small moment; but it will be at once felt, and indeed is of frequent occurrence, that such a success must have seemed as the opening of a golden vein of fortune. The prospect of a ready income from literature had, at the time, much to give it probability,—it was the day of the *Waverley* novels, of Byron's poetry,—the public hand seemed outstretched to reward the poet: the first gay whirl of excitement was no season for keen and severe scrutiny of chances, it brought that flattery against which no mortal mind is proof,—it brought the caresses and allurements of the world,—it brought tastes, wants, desires, and expenses; and, in the flush of the moment, it was but natural to count on a continued succession of similar achievements. But there were thoughts which did not obtrude, and were not sought for. The tragedy of *Bertram* was no birth of a day: it was a slow, careful, and deliberate work, on which the best power and skill of its author had been lavished;—a tale often to be told of first works. While it was in hands, much of his force and energy had ebbed: and the glare and wearing excitements of society accelerated this natural progress of human decline. When it came to the point of trial, Mr. Maturin soon discovered that the spontaneous fertility of his youth had in a great measure declined. With these almost unobserved and unconscious changes, the expectations by which he was deceived, led to embarrassment of circumstances,—many anxious cares helped to distract his spirit and scatter his powers of concentration. In place of the vivid conception, he had indeed acquired a stock of new images from life, and a certain command of the positions, groupings, characters, and excitement, which prevail in the haunts of society. These, however, were rather the

matter of the novelist than of the dramatic poet. The consequence of the whole was a very considerable diminution of effectual power, though none of intellectual skill, in the tragedies with which he endeavoured rather too hastily to follow up his fortune. Had his efforts been more deliberate and spontaneous, we do not doubt that his success would have borne some fair proportion to his great powers, which after the first great effort were never fairly tested. The tragedies which followed *Bertram* were "*Manuel*" and "*Fredolpho*." A fourth, of far more promise, and indicating more of pure poetic imagination than we had ascribed to the author, was never published, or (we believe) completed, and still remains in manuscript.

Of Mr. Maturin's novels we cannot now speak, unless from very inadequate recollection. They largely display all his peculiar genius, his romantic taste, his dramatic talent, and his command of the use of grouping and costume. By the common crowd of novel readers they were not truly appreciated; and perhaps the opinions commonly expressed in educated circles are not to be regarded so much as speaking the actual interest with which the tale is read, as the language of the theory held by the speaker, or which may prevail at the moment.

In the height of his success, Mr. Maturin deeply felt that he was not in his true position. His talent and the admiration of his circle, as well as the circumstances in which he was placed, were to him as the current of a mighty stream,—a fatal necessity from which he had not the means of escape. He felt a bitter yearning to escape into the studies and service of his profession. He often so expressed himself; but he was not believed, because he was not understood. There seldom indeed has been so little allowance made, but it could not well be otherwise. There was in his manner somewhat of a forced gaiety, which concealed a grave, earnest, and anxious mind:—he disdained to conciliate the opinions of the world, though he would gladly be allowed to "win the wise."

From this temper of mind, a struggle was sooner or later to be expected: and such was indeed the result. He watched for the occasion, which could scarcely be long wanting to a man of his abilities. In 1824 he published six controversial sermons, which told with considerable effect, and displayed his powers as a pulpit orator, and his extensive reading.

It was not however permitted that the course thus well begun should be carried to a further issue. His bodily health had been exhausted by the labour of nerve and mind. A lingering and painful illness set in, and in a few months conducted him to a premature grave.

His published writings are his novels *Montorio*, *Woman*, *Melmoth*, the *Albigenses*,—his tragedies, *Bertram*, *Manuel*, and *Fredolpho*,—a volume of sermons, and the six controversial discourses. He also contributed some very clever articles to the periodicals.

Rev. C. Dickenson, D.D., Bishop of Meath.

BORN 1792—DIED 1842.

THE late Bishop Dickenson was the son of a Cumberland gentleman, who had settled in the city of Cork. He was born in 1792. In his early years he is mentioned by his biographer* to have been remarkable for his docility and the gentleness and amiability of his disposition. He early evinced also a marked talent for computation. He was sent to school to Mr. Finney, and was a favourite both with his master and school-fellows. He was afterwards changed to other schools, in all of which he became distinguished both for ability, diligence, and good conduct.

In 1810 he entered college as a pensioner under Dr. Meredith. It may be received as a proof of the capacity he showed at this time, that his tutor strongly recommended him to study for the bar, as the high road to fame and fortune. He however already felt the influence of a better election, and fixed his mind on the sacred calling.

In college his talent and industry continued to meet its due reward,—although, as his biographer observes, “he was no longer to possess the same monopoly of honours to which he had been accustomed.” It will be sufficient explanation to say, that Hercules Graves and J. T. O’Brien† were in the class. Magee, then professor of mathematics, struck with his mathematical talent, persuaded him to “pass from the class in which he then was to attend *his* lectures in a higher class.”

He obtained a scholarship in 1813. He had been easily set down as a fellowship man, by public opinion in college: and such was the course he had selected for himself. But with the strong good sense, which formed no small portion of his character, he had resolved not to sit until he should feel that he had taken reasonable time and pains to ensure success. His friends thought otherwise,—they placed a reliance on his talents, which led them to urge a trial which must, in most cases, be considered premature. He yielded to their pressing instances; and with a doubtful mind, and after considerable oscillation of purpose, went into the hall at the fellowship examinations of 1817. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, his answering was such as to be considered in a high degree promising. A first sitting, as Mr. West observes, is mostly considered experimental. Where it is not so, there is either very extraordinary ability, or, as often occurs, long previous preparation: and we should suppose that decided success was not expected to be the result of Dickenson’s first trial. He was the junior candidate: and he had against him Gannon, who had already sat three times, Purdon, Hincks, and Phelan, all considerably his seniors, and well known for attainment and ability long before his bachelor’s degree, and, indeed, some of them before his entrance. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he came off with distinction, and with the praise of Brinkley—itsself no light honour.

* The Rev. John West, D.D., vicar of St. Anne’s, Dublin, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin.

† Since Bishop of Ossory.

It may be viewed as a matter of course that more decided success must have followed in the usual course. But before the next fellowship examination, two years afterwards, he had formed an attachment and entered into an engagement which was not consistent with a further prosecution of a purpose of which years of celibacy was one of the consequent conditions. His affections had become engaged to Miss Russel, sister to archdeacon Russel, his friend and class-fellow.

In consequence of this incident he entered into holy orders, and took charge of the curacy of Castleknock, near Dublin, for one year. In the following year he obtained the assistant chaplaincy of the Magdalene Asylum in Leeson-street; and in the next, on the resignation of the Rev. James Dunne, he filled his place of chaplain.

In 1820 his marriage took place. In 1821 he resigned the chaplaincy of the asylum, and soon after received and accepted an offer of that of the Female Orphan House.

As Dr. Dickenson has been once or twice assailed on the score of subserviency, (we never could see why,) it is important to observe, what otherwise we should not consider necessary to bring into prominent notice, that his adherence to his own views of what was right, "restrained him from affording his friend, the archbishop of Dublin [Dr. Magee], that degree of co-operation which his grace, naturally enough, expected from one whom he had distinguished by such friendly advances." No one, who is aware of the extent of archbishop Magee's regard for Dickenson, can entertain any doubt that his preferment must have been immediate on the translation of that able prelate to the see of Dublin. There was indeed another curious cause for the same erroneous impression,—the very remarkable amenity of Dr. Dickenson's temper, countenance, and deportment, and his extreme readiness to enter into the interests even of those with whom he had but slight acquaintance, were little to be reconciled with the selfish and suspicious ways of worldly men, and could not fail to receive harsh interpretations whenever he should become the subject of party discussion. Censure, when it assails the character, finds virtues even more ready than vices for its attack: they are more openly borne, and the shaft is less likely to recoil. There was indeed, and this we are enabled to affirm on personal experience, no change in Dr. Dickenson's professions of opinion in later times. It was at a period antecedent to the earliest of the incidents here referred to, that we can well recollect to have been party to discussions at the apartments of a common friend in which, on more than once occasion, the main principles of that line of opinion and public conduct with which he was afterwards identified, were broadly stated and discussed. Somewhat, indeed, he may have altered in the usual course of human experience, but certainly nothing that could change the general line of conduct or party involved in the views he then maintained.

As Mr. Dickenson's increasing family required some addition to his resources, he supplied the demand by taking pupils, a step facilitated by his high college reputation. Of the manner in which he acquitted himself of the duty thus undertaken, there is the best testimony in the frequent acknowledgments of those who were so fortunate as to have received that advantage.

We must now pass to the later period when the change of men and manners, brought the party into office whose general views coincided with those of Mr. Dickenson: we mean the Whig party. By a prelate of Whig connexions, and mainly entertaining the political opinions of that great party, the worth and ability of a man like Dr. Dickenson could not be passed over;—or, indeed, considering the actual dearth of talents of the higher order to be found among the members of any profession, (however constituted otherwise,) such a man, so shrewd, clear, prompt, and free from influences, could not fail to be an acquisition of the first order, to a prelate whose public spirit and ability necessarily involved him in a wide and troublesome range of concerns. Archbishop Whately, whose highly endowed mind soon pervaded every institution connected with his station and the church, quickly perceived the various moral and intellectual qualifications of Mr. Dickenson, and appointed him to the place of his assistant chaplain. The principal chaplaincy was at this time occupied by Dr. Hinds of Oxford, a gentleman well known to the literary public by some able, interesting and useful writings;* and who had held the place of vice-principal to the archbishop when he was principal of St. Alban's Hall in Oxford.

On the retirement of Dr. Hinds, (from ill health,) in 1833, Mr. Dickenson became principal domestic chaplain and secretary to the archbishop in his place. For such a station he was eminently fitted;—though free from all taint of servility, and superior to the slightest abandonment of principle, he was, within the line of duty, gentle, grateful, and prompt to serve; and in his service there was a union of cordiality, frankness, and good sense, that must have elicited confidence, and prevented the mistakes and misunderstandings which are so apt to break in upon the confidences of the worldly.

In this honourable station it will be easily recollected, by the numerous persons with whom it was officially his business to communicate, with what ready kindness, and how very efficiently, he entered into their feelings and interests, and with what entire absence of assumption. Indeed, as we have already more than hinted, his readiness to oblige had the effect of causing some shrewd worldly minded persons to doubt his sincerity;—a singularly absurd suspicion, not only from the total want of grounds, but from the fallacy of the application: strong professions of kindness are often deserving of distrust, but Dickenson's kindness was ever the ready act. The same unworthy construction was applied to the overflowing good nature of Charles Wolfe in his college days,—because it often misled very insignificant persons to imagine themselves his most particular friends. In Dickenson there was much of the same cordial nature; and what was more, it was irresistibly stamped on his countenance. But we ought to qualify this comparison, by adding, that in Dickenson there was a tact and shrewdness of perception which greatly modified and limited the operation of this quality. In Wolfe it was qualified by the very remarkable simplicity of his nature. It is indeed the common inconvenience arising from kindness

* "Rise and Early Progress of Christianity;" "The Three Temples of the True and Living God;" "An Inquiry into the Proofs, Nature, and Extent of Inspiration, and into the Authority of the Scriptures;" "Scripture, and the Authorized Version of Scripture."

when insufficiently held under control, that it suggests fallacious claims, and in the result provokes this common slander from the unworthy or unreflecting.

In the same year, on the death of the Rev. Lord Harberton, Mr. Dickenson was preferred to the rectory of St. Anne's parish, Dublin. From this period we shall not follow the details of his history. To do so, we should have to discuss public questions from which it is our earnest wish to abstain; and which, even if we did not entertain such a wish, it is no part of the object of this work to enter upon. As Mr. West has truly observed, the occurrences in which the subject of our memoir was concerned as an actor during many following years, involve the history of the archbishop himself during the same time. And while we very sincerely profess the greatest respect, esteem, and regard for the archbishop, we are happy to add, that fortunately for the large circle to which he is an ornament, and for the republic of letters at large, to which his services have been eminently valuable, his name is not yet within the scroll of departed greatness.

The particulars of Dr. Dickenson's writings, on the various public questions in which he is known to have taken an active and effective part, are detailed by Dr. West in a full and satisfactory manner.

His connexion with the archbishop, brought him much into communication with the members of the government, on whom his character and qualifications made but their natural and proper impression, when they obtained for him the respect and good opinion of those whose favour was at the time the way to promotion. The public was not (and never could have been) prepared for a step of preferment so advanced, as the bishopric of Meath. But it may be clearly seen that, supposing no objection from differences of opinion, there was no one more likely to be selected by the government than in power: knowing him as it did by constant intercourse, approving his qualifications of no inferior value, his moral worth, his good sense, his administrative talents. The Tory party it is known was rich in first-rate men,* but there was, in effect, no one on whom the choice of a Whig government could then be supposed likely to fall, whose real claims were not far inferior to his. On the death of Alexander, bishop of Meath, Dr. Dickenson was appointed to fill his place. His own feeling previous to this event is expressed in a private letter to a sister at Kinsale. "It is gossiped, however, among the Castle people, that I am to be the person. I do not myself think it, and I am perfectly calm about it. It is an office I should fear to wish for; and I am sure the matter will be controlled by the highest wisdom. Many are putting forth political interest to secure the appointment, and I am putting forth nothing at all.† My course has been adopted without any refer-

* It is the disgrace of this now broken party, to have almost uniformly shewn a disregard for talent, so far as neglect was practicable, and this is one great cause of their decay; other causes we have already noticed. The Whigs have acted more wisely, and it is no mean portion of their strength.

† Dr. West has appended a note to this sentence, which we cannot in fairness omit. "It was most erroneously supposed by many, that the archbishop had (as a matter of course), used his influence with the government to obtain the bishopric for his chaplain. Such a supposition, however, implied a total ignorance of his Grace's high principle in respect of such matters; as it has always

ence to my own advancement, and it shall not be changed either by being appointed or overlooked."

In April 1841, he took up his residence at Ardbraccan, and began to make acquaintance with the clergy, and to acquire information upon the state of the diocese.

In the midst of preparations and arrangements, which indicated the exertive course he had laid down for his future conduct, and while engaged in the preparation of a charge, he was seized with a feverish cold. This at first seemed to offer no ground for alarm, and in a few days was thought to have subsided. A sudden reappearance of the symptoms, however, ensued with so much violence that two eminent physicians were called in; the case was pronounced to be typhus fever, and in five days he departed this life, in his 50th year.

Thomas Lewis O'Beirne, D. D.

BORN 1748—DIED 1823.

THIS learned prelate was born in the county of Longford. His family was of the Church of Rome, and together with a brother, he was intended for that Church. With this view, he repaired to study at St. Omer's, but while there, was led to a renunciation of the creed of Rome, and in consequence, sought for, and obtained ordination in the English Church. He sailed with Lord Howe as chaplain to the fleet, in the commencement of the American war. In 1782 he returned to Ireland as private secretary to the Duke of Portland; from his patron he obtained two valuable benefices in England. After which he was appointed chaplain to Earl Fitzwilliam, when he was Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This nobleman promoted him to the See of Ossory. Though we have neither space nor matter to trace the particulars of such a course, it must be apparent from the mere facts, that there was somewhat extraordinary in the character of the person who was thus favoured by men of rank and high station, men too, as will be recollected, eminent themselves for abilities and knowledge of mankind. So indeed it was; O'Beirne was a distinguished member of the same brilliant circle of which we have already had to notice so many first-rate men. He bore an active and respectable part in the polite literature of their day: a very small literature, we grant, but marked by the high powers of the men to whom it served as a recreation. There was then one of those great periodical fits of depression, which so constantly follows a great exaltation of the mind's productive powers, the day of Johnson and Goldsmith, themselves lights from the decline of a brighter day, was passed, and the ideas of the age had been absorbed in produce. A generation of scholars and literary dilettanti followed, but with talents drawn forth and sharpened by the strife and collision of political ferment. There was among these a constant fire of *jeu d'esprits*, ballads, epigrams, imitations of Horace, and copies of verse,

been with him a point of conscientious scruple, never to offer himself as a debtor to any government, by asking favours either for himself or for his friends." *Biog Sketch*.

kept up by Bushe, Ogle, Langrishe, Ned Lysaght, &c., &c., the wits of their day. Among these O'Beirne was not the least. He was a fine Latinist, and a copy of verses in that language written by him, is among the best on the death of Burke we can recollect; it was no less beautiful in an English dress from the hand of Bushe.

On the death of Dr. Maxwell, bishop O'Beirne was translated to the See of Meath.

It has been mentioned, and we believe truly, that bishop O'Beirne's brother became also a bishop in the Church of Rome.

The bishop died in 1823. He was the author of numerous publications, both professional and literary.

John Thomas Troy, D. D.

DIED 1823.

DR. Troy, the titular archbishop of Dublin, through one of the most eventful periods of Irish history, was born at Porterstown in the county of Dublin; he was early designed for the church, and at fifteen went to Rome for the usual studies. Having assumed the Dominican habit, he gradually rose till he became rector of St. Clement's parish in Rome. In 1776 he was sent over by the Pope as bishop of Ossory.

On arriving at Kilkenny, his first act was the revival of "the religious conferences on cases of conscience, which had," writes Mr. Dalton, "been wisely prescribed by the statutes of the Church, but from necessity had been discontinued for some years;" among the arrangements which he made for this purpose, he prescribed that "in order to elucidate and explain such subjects, the truth should be sought from the holy Scriptures, the decrees of the Popes, the councils, and the constant and general practice of the Church."

In 1779 the wisdom and right-minded patriotism of Dr. Troy was clearly and honourably shewn by the decided and uncompromising vigour of his proceedings against the White boys, against whom he first issued spirited circulars, which were followed by excommunication. The same judicious and beneficent course was followed up in 1781, in consequence of these deluded men having become very troublesome in his diocese, in which, as Mr. Dalton explains, the numerous coal mines afforded concealments. On this occasion his judicious and spirited conduct drew forth the thanks of government.

Even in the management of the internal concerns of religion in his church, this prelate manifested a wise and prudent spirit. He probably felt and deplored the wide-spread spirit of infidelity which, commencing on the continent, was rapidly establishing itself in the British dominions. Dr. Troy was deeply sensible of the truth so apt to be overlooked by Christians, that infidelity, the taint of human nature, is favoured by a predisposition, and is consequently the most contagious of epidemics. To meet this invading evil, he directed the discussion of the most prominent deistical writers, at the conferences of his clergy.

In this year (1786) he also prohibited the patrons, which, "although," writes Mr. Dalton, "they originated in the piety of the faithful," were

become at the time rather conducive to riot and intemperance, and the exercise of the vices and crimes to which the peasantry of that barbarous period were addicted. At the end of the year, Dr. Troy was translated to Dublin.

In the end of the following year he issued pastoral directions, in which he prohibited "midnight masses," and enjoined several other wise regulations for the enforcement of order, and the preservation of sanctity. Of these, the economy of space, now forced upon us, prohibits the particular details; they were all unequivocally indicative of the purest intentions, and many were most happily timed for public utility. The following statement we transcribe from Mr. Dalton. "On the 15th of May, 1792, he and the clergy of his diocese signed a declaration, solemnly disavowing, and condemning as wicked and impious, the opinions, that princes excommunicated by the Pope and council, or by any ecclesiastical authority whatsoever, might be thereupon deposed or murdered; that any ecclesiastical power could dissolve subjects from their allegiance; that it is lawful to murder and injure any person under the pretence of his being a heretic; that an act in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can be justified under pretence of being done for the good of the church or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power; that no faith is to be kept with heretics, or that the Pope has, or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction within this realm," &c. To this plenary renunciation of all the grounds on which any civil disabilities could be in principle maintained, Mr. Dalton adds these words, "in consequence of this disavowal of opinions, most falsely, but too prevalently attributed to Catholics:" on which we beg to offer some explanation. That there were strong grounds in fact, for imputing those opinions to the members of the Roman Church, in different times and places, is matter of history, on which no doubt rests: that such were their opinions at that period, and in Ireland, is a different question; and we, for our part, when there are no clear indications to the contrary, are inclined to make the most lenient admission; we do not, for instance, in the present time, believe that such atrocious and truly heretical, because truly unscriptural and unchristian, tenets are held either by the clergy or laity of the Irish branch of that church. But we make this statement only to point out that the actual sense in which such doctrines were ascribed, was somewhat different from the sense implied in the usual statements on the subject. It was to the church *as a church*; to its system of institutions, its creed, its canons, and rules of faith and discipline, however termed, that these terrible and denouncing dogmas were imputed. There was a time when they had an adamantine force; they were not even then generally used as ordinary instruments, but lay in reserve for occasions. Now this was the ground of apprehension: it never was believed that the whole complex of church doctrines and constitutions, shaped the feelings or formed the knowledge of the laity, or that as members of society they were not governed by the ordinary affections of mankind; but it was assumed that, if occasion demanded, if there should be disturbances, if the policy of the Roman cabinet in any way required the use of such weapons, they lay ready; it was but to issue them to minds prepared to receive them; minds of which the implicit piety could be made to work with the angry pas-

sions,—minds so very ignorant and credulous, that they could be plunged from the ordinary indifference even of human nature into the depths of superstitious terror. And it is not to be denied that such influences were often rendered available for merely political uses. The times have widely altered; the progress of civilization has advanced with a force still more absolute than the church: and though the institutions are the same, their influences are changed. The mind of the world has broken away from them, and the creed of the last council is not now that even of the very priesthood of the papal Church. Practically they have undergone a vast, though silent reform. The absurdities condemned by Dr. Troy, have now no place in daylight, and we are firmly convinced that even their potential efficacy is gone. But why do we enter into these comments? Because we cannot suffer a wrongful imputation to rest upon the memory of our fathers. It is the fault of Irish historians to appeal to the feelings of the present, for reproaches against the past, which if fairly tested by the documentary records, of which abundance remain, would be seen to have no application.

From the uniform tenor of Dr. Troy's conduct, as recorded by Mr. Dalton, we would infer him to be a man of eminent practical wisdom, of high principle, and of very great courage, and considering him with regard to his church and office, as one who was rather in advance of his time. In 1798 he denounced those who should rise in arms against government, in consequence of which his life was menaced by a conspiracy.

On the 11th May, 1823, he departed this life; leaving an eminent example to the prelates of his church of what they ought to be.

Thomas Elrington, D. D., Bishop of Ferns.

BORN 1760—DIED 1835.

THOMAS Elrington, successively Fellow and Provost of Trinity college, and bishop of Ferns, was born near Dublin in 1760. The accounts of his early life are few: they afford, however, one more remarkable addition to the instances which we have had already to offer of the effect of maternal care, when accompanied by worth, piety, and sound sense. He was an only child, and from an early age, we are informed, his mother devoted herself wholly to his education; a task for which she was qualified by virtues and attainments not usual in her time.

At an early age, the desire of his youth was to go to sea; this wish was counteracted by affection for his widowed mother. But the disposition remained and continued to manifest itself through life in a remarkable interest for everything connected with maritime affairs. The tendency is deserving of remark; in him it was perhaps indicative of the quality of his vigorous and alert understanding, and the firm and manly texture of his whole mind, qualities exemplified in his writings and conduct.

At the early age of fourteen he entered college under the Rev. Dr. Drought. His progress there was even to an unusual degree honoured

by collegiate successes. It will be proof enough of this to mention, that, for his answering in the most important and difficult branch of science, then taught in college, under the title Natural Philosophy, he obtained an optime; a judgment which has been given but three times from the foundation; and which has been guarded with so much vigilance against abuse, that the examiner who should bestow it, would be probably obliged to vindicate its justice before the board; a result which has occurred in one at least of the known instances.* Dr. Elrington could not have long passed his sixteenth year when he obtained this signal mark of eminent attainment. To confirm the inference which seems to result from such a proof of superior mathematical talent, when at the age of twenty he sat for fellowship, his success was rendered memorable by a distinction still more rare; an honour, indeed, which may be termed singular, having been the only person who, it is believed, ever answered every question in mathematics.

There seems indeed to be ample proof of far more than ordinary adaptation for mathematical attainment, in the structure of his mind. A sound and discriminative simplicity and clearness of method must have been the result of the most lucid apprehension of the relations of ideas; his logical powers seem to have been of the most vigorous kind. Prompt to seize on the true principle, or application of a principle, his reason almost intuitively pursued the shortest and simplest course to a result, and the same clear sagacity which simplified his previous studies, and imparted a mastery in answering, rarely attainable, qualified him for a task at that time much called for. Every one who has happened to have toiled through Tacquet or any of those older works on the elements of geometry then in the hands of mathematical students, must have a recollection of their cumbrous, and sometimes perplexed methods of demonstration, which made an important and interesting part of education tedious and needlessly difficult. To give clear, orderly, and unembarrassed demonstrations of the first six books of Euclid amid the heavy and responsible avocations of a junior fellow of that period, was no light attempt. Dr. Elrington's edition published for the use of the university, has been justly termed "a model of elementary demonstration."

In 1792 he engaged in a controversy on the subject of a charge put forward by Dr. Troy. We cannot here enter upon this subject, but may state the results from a brief memoir in our possession. "This controversy, carried on at intervals, was terminated in 1804 by a pamphlet, under the signature S. N., so vigorous and decisive, that, as it has since appeared, a consultation was held, whether or not Dr. Clinch should reply, and the Right Hon. Henry Grattan recommended that the controversy should be dropped, an advice which was followed."

In 1795 Mr. Elrington became a senior fellow, being then but in his thirty-fifth year; and in the same year was appointed to the Erasmus Smith's professorship of mathematics,—having been Donegal lecturer from 1791. In 1794 he was appointed Donnellan lecturer, and delivered a series of lectures on miracles, of the merits of which we can

* That of the late Mr. North, who obtained it for his answering in astronomy. The third instance is that of Sir W. Hamilton, M. R. I. A.

only speak in the form of an extract which mentions them as a "work which was never known as its merits deserved, the author not having taken any steps to bring it into notice, or to overcome the disadvantages which invariably attend a book published in Dublin."

In 1799, when Dr. Young was preferred to the See of Clonfert, he was appointed as his successor in the chair of Natural Philosophy. It was a tribute to claims of unquestionable superiority in a branch in which he had already, it may be recollected, won unprecedented honour. But the reputation of Dr. Elrington was not sufficient to damp the courage of two men far down on the list of juniors, but since, both distinguished for surpassing attainments in physical science. These gentlemen claimed the right of competition, which existed by a law that had been suffered to fall into long disuse. But notwithstanding this opposition, and the arduous trial of strength which followed, Dr. Elrington gained, by superior answering, what had been already conceded to his approved reputation.

In 1806 he resigned his fellowship for the living of Ardrea, in the diocese of Armagh. There he continued for four years, during which he won the affection and respect of every class of his parishioners by that conduct which might be anticipated from a sound practical intelligence, combined with tenacious rectitude, and a deep sense of duty; and it was afterwards mentioned by one of the Fellows, that he had visited the parish many years after, "and had found the memory of their loved pastor still fresh among the people."

During this period Dr. Elrington was by no means occupied in paving the way to his promotion. The course he took was of that determined resistance to the insidious and criminal proceedings by which the party then in power were beginning to undermine the church as well as the constitution of England, and to prepare the work of ruin, which is now approaching its completion, so far as it may be permitted. The atrocious combination against the Irish clergy met in him one of its ablest opponents: "He exposed the insidious attempts that were then making to deprive the Irish clergy of tithes. He put forward in true colours the character of Dr. Milner, the then recently appointed agent of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland; but, above all, he vindicated the orders of the church to which he belonged from the calumnies of Ward, published after the slumber of a century; a vindication which, in the opinion of Dr. Parr—no bigoted churchman—was justly rewarded by that pastoral office whose claim to apostolical succession he had so ably maintained."

On the promotion of Dr. Hall to the see of Dromore, he recommended Dr. Elrington as the person most qualified to fill his place as Provost in the university. A report was spread that the appointment was political; such reports are however so much matter of course, arising from a general suspicion of the integrity of all government proceedings, that it would be needless to notice it, were it not that it is in this instance exposed by a fact itself worthy of relation. Dr. Elrington was at the time about to publish his controversial work, and it was felt by his friends that the publication must be likely to interfere with his promotion, he was accordingly advised not to publish under the circumstances. Dr. Elrington rejected the proposal of compromise, and published to the

risk of his promotion. But the Duke of Richmond stood high above the petty and despicable spirit of truckling and tyrannizing—the faithless, time-serving, and chicaning policy which has taken possession of more recent times. He could not understand that the firm champion of the church was not the fittest president for the church's great seminary, the Protestant university of Dublin. “Through the whole transaction,” writes our principal authority, “the Duke appeared only anxious to find out the fittest person, and on no occasion was disinterested firmness ever exhibited more strongly than by the object of his choice.” We trust we shall not witness the day when the university of Dublin shall want friends to act towards her in the same high spirit, and members to exercise the same uncompromising decision. Convinced as we are, from no slight study of the history of human events, that her prosperity both of circumstance, intellectual advance, and growing reputation, is due to the fidelity and truth of her adherence to the church, in the firm integrity of its scriptural faith, and its corresponding institutions; and to that providential protection which never ceases to overrule for good all that appertains to that faith, which has been and will be the main purpose of God's government from the beginning to the end. Convinced as we are of this great demonstrable truth, we look with an anxious—but not mistrustful—eye on the university in this day of trial, when her degradation and ruin are contemplated by those who are themselves willing to sell their allegiance; who, without understanding either, believe the maxims of party rather than the declarations of God, and whose policy it is to proceed to their unprincipled ends by false pretences and treacherous approaches. Earnestly do we trust that the university will not suffer itself to be betrayed into the first unguarded step that would open the way for those whose policy it is to confound distinctions and break down the barriers opposed to a sea of anarchy and infidelity. We are indeed aware of the formidable changes and workings by which the acts of government have been in some degree overruled, and their better sense controlled. But the excuse does not reach to the full measure of their faults and errors, largely resulting from rashness, ignorant assumption, ready credulity, and an entire misapprehension of the indications of society; from the creation of emergencies by legislating for emergencies which had no existence, and from fixing a vicious polity to meet dangers which were transitory. Already indeed these dangers are passing away. While weak and ignorant legislators are in their weakness, and still more in their blindness, terrified into letting fall every defence, and conceding every right to popular menaces, the spirit of the people itself is changing. Unconciliated by the wanton compromises which they have long traced to their true source, and justly distrusting the honesty of that mountebank legislation, they are fast learning to discriminate the truth and justice of those who never condescended to flatter, but never ceased to serve them. The enemies of the church, and of the university, have been actuated by their fears, and have derived their efficient power of evil from the absence of combined resistance: it is for these reasons, but chiefly the last, that we would urge a firm and unflinching resistance, not only as right, but as effectual. It is enough that it is right,—the strong motive and the

sure trust of the moment is this: it affords the assurance, that we have on our side the only strength that cannot fail.

On Dr. Elrington's appointment, he had to encounter formidable difficulties. A strong effusion of liberalism had found its way into the university. Within an institution of which it is the very vital principle to be ruled by a strict system of subordination, a democratic institution had grown into maturity: it was a democracy of the most dangerous form, a democracy of young men; the sons of the best families, but with all the passions and inexperience of youth. Among such it involves no reproach to say that popular oratory and highflown popular notions of liberty and nationalism were likely to have a charm, and the more recondite wisdom which belongs to deep knowledge and old experience to be unknown. The spirit of independence, and a strong tendency to internal faction, had indicated themselves most unequivocally; and the historical society was fast acquiring a *corporate existence* distinct from the university, and jealously sensitive to its interference. It is needless to say to any body who is arrived at the years of discretion that this was not to be permitted. The results were not dependent on the honour or discretion of the respectable youths who composed that body, but on the common courses of human nature. All who can remember the angry emotions which ran so high among them, the factious temper of their after-debates, and the parties to which they gave rise, will now admit that this is no vague theorizing. But the society had a popularity both in town and college,—it had also advantages of a nature to be generally recognised, and more especially in Ireland, where oratorical talent has been rated at least at its value. It was a disagreeable task to cope with the strong impulse, the *esprit de corps* and popular sense which was sure to be offended and noisy. There could be no doubt that the charge of bigotry, illiberality, and the whole vocabulary which supplies the want of meaning among the ignorant or the angry, would be showered without stint or discretion. The Provost adopted a moderate course,—he was satisfied to impose conditions exclusively directed against the excesses and hurtful tendencies that had begun to appear; the principle of the reform which he proposed, was simply the reduction of the society to its proper and ostensible object, that of practice and improvement in speaking and composition, by depriving it of its separate character of a spurious corporation. But like every association which acquires an integral unity of character—and the more when animated by the ardour of young men—the society had a pride to be hurt; it was not a debating school, but a *class* (and in this lay the root of the evil), it considered the restrictions not with respect to their fitness or expediency as affecting their objects well or ill, but as an *insult*. It was not their interests, but their honour, that was felt to be affected; they met, and in the enthusiasm of a resentful feeling, they voted themselves out of existence. We for our part have always deeply regretted the occurrence, for we have no doubt concerning the great advantage of such a society, but even then we had no doubt in the opinion that there was in their constitution an inherent vice, inconsistent with their prolonged existence. And we must observe that the members of the university have now confirmed the judgment of Dr. Elrington, by the remarkably judicious precautions which they have

used in the re-establishment of the Historical Society. We are anxious to avoid needless digressions ; but we feel bound to say, that the young gentlemen who took upon them to dissolve the former society, satisfied the spleen of a moment at the expense of their successors in the university for several generations, and have left the present society a warning which it will be well for it to keep in view.*

The Provost became the object of the most violent animosity, increased by the circumstances which had confounded a question of academic discipline with the views of a great popular faction. He repressed the contentions and turbulent workings which had been propagated in the university, and of which experience had taught him fully to understand the dangers.

The government of the university, thus encumbered with difficulties little to have been anticipated within the walls of an institution devoted to intellectual culture and the interests of science, though involving far more than ordinary care and circumspection, was not yet enough to engross the active mind of the Provost : but remarkable as it may appear, he was the acting manager of almost every public board in Dublin.

It was at the time, when the English government, pressed from without by the combination of liberalism, infidelity, bigotry, and the most infatuated self-betraying views of sordid self-interest ; and forgetful of its trust, began seriously to contemplate the abandonment of the Irish Church, as a " sop to Cerberus," a bribe to the triple-headed monster, within whose jaws its cowardice and blindness were courting the wrath to come. The vigorous and straightforward mind of the Provost anticipated the consequences since too fully known to all ; and his earnest public spirit could not rest passive under such anticipations. He could

* The deep interest we feel in the wholesome prosperity of the revived Historical Society prompts us to add our earnest exhortation to its youthful members, never to forget that the very purpose of their association is inconsistent with the admission of political feeling, or with the assumption of any competency to decide on the merits of party. They have one, and but one, immediate object—the only object admissible—to acquire the first elements of that wisdom and mature experience by which alone they can be qualified to judge and to pronounce ; and the study of history, and of the enlarged political science it teaches when rightly read, must be a useless labour, if it is to be anticipated by boys following the opinions and animated by the feelings of the rabble of parties. If such paltry attainments were to be enough, there is no reason why the walls of a university should be disturbed by so superfluous and noisy an exertion. The day of oratory is gone by, and public speaking is by no means an accomplishment of difficult attainment, when the understanding is stored and the reason disciplined. But it is in the attentive study of those great questions on which the events of the past have turned, that political science worthy of the name is to be acquired. The real elements of this knowledge are the constant courses of human nature, always the same, however differently involved in endless combinations of circumstance. It is, or should be, the great advantage of the historical society, that in the discussion of those questions, their reason stands yet free from the prejudices of party spirit ; and that they can trace the operation to the result as calmly as if it were a problem in natural science. The understanding, once tainted by prepossession, has acquired a vicious principle of construction, which sees all, like the jaundiced eye, of its prevailing tint, and becomes expert only in finding authority for its mistakes. There is indeed one great first lesson to be learned, that political science involves difficulties beyond the reach of a degree of information which would not venture to presume so far on any other branch of knowledge.

not avoid an indignant sense of the paltry quackery which then, as now, duped itself and tried to dupe others by the shallow and fictitious show of reason, which depends on the ignorance of some, the connivance of others, the misstatements in fact and the mistakes in theory. To the clear normal intellect of Dr. Ellington this mixture of crime and folly was too apparent and too revolting. The manifestation of a sense like this in a position of high influence necessarily drew upon the Provost the hostility of many. They whose want of principle assumed the specious name and style of liberality, who considered the voice of the rabble as the voice of God, licentiousness as liberty, and indifference to all creeds, involving a disbelief of any, freedom of conscience, could not but regard the sturdy champion of principles and doctrines as an enemy. Within the university the agitation of the times had been propagated by the intrigue of a popular canvass, and the Provost's firm tenacity of principle and order was to be neutralized by imputations of bigotry: his rejection of liberalism, his predictions of evil, were most characteristically accounted for, by flippantly referring them to the narrowness of a mind, most remarkable for the grasping earnestness with which it took hold of all the questions in which the welfare of church, or university, or state was involved. All these questions, then doubtful to all but a few who saw beyond the hour, have since been resolved by events. There is no event that could occur, that would not find some class of persons to welcome it; but there is no consistent member of the church, or constitutional maintainer of the rights of person and property, who requires any argument to maintain the soundness and comprehensive wisdom of the Provost's doctrine and discipline. If among the state empirics of the day, there may happen to arise any sect for curing all the disorders of the body politic with Holloway's pills, it would be hard to say how they may be received by the public wisdom; we have indeed no doubt but they must look with very reasonable slight on their brethren, the conciliators, the economists, the repealers, the free-trade men, and hoc genus omne: all of whom, they may truly brand with the charge of narrowness and pedantry; simply because they are committing their own reputation, and the interests of society, on partial applications of broad and complex sciences which they indeed but partially understand.*

In 1820, on the translation of Dr. Warburton to Cloyne from the See of Limerick, the Lord-lieutenant, in despite of the determined resistance of the then secretary, nominated the Provost; a nomination not less due to his character than to his station. This appointment was perhaps especially grateful to the Provost's harassed mind and body, as carrying with it some promise of rest from the sea of troubles and provocations, which rendered his position and duties the most troublesome in the kingdom; at a time when they who should have con-

* We trust that a timely lesson may be drawn from the palpable absurdities now (1846) exhibited in Ireland; by the gentlemen intrusted with the cumbersome, inefficient, and ruinous machinery of the Relief commission, by which the foundations of civil right and order are more than endangered, to avoid the infliction of a light, temporary, and still problematical evil on a trade which is liable to numerous vicissitudes, which can endure and recover from much severer depressions.

trolled the vessel of the state, had virtually resigned the helm, and were scudding before the storm; a description hardly figurative, perhaps involving their best apology in future times.

The Provost looked for repose, and soon repaired to his diocese. There he found but a change of laborious duty. On this point, we cannot do better than quote the language of the Memoir which has supplied the entire materials of this sketch:—"Never did any city, or any diocese, want more the superintendence of an active bishop. No man fitted for such a station had been promoted to that see for upwards of a century, and the charitable institutions of the city wanted some guide to direct and animate individual exertion. The bishop remained but two years at Limerick, and one of these was a year of disturbance, the other of famine. In the dreadful winter of 1821, his firmness and intrepidity were of signal advantage; the English military officers gladly availed themselves of the bishop's advice, when such a panic had seized the magistracy that, in their application for the Insurrection Act, they endeavoured to shelter themselves under the protection of a *Round Robin*. The bishop soon gave a practical proof of his courage; for he set out on a tour of visitation before the disturbances had terminated, lest he might increase the panic in the country by putting off what had been long officially announced. In this tour he visited parts of the united dioceses, where a bishop had not been for sixty years. In the time of famine, not only his personal exertions, but his purse, was ever ready to give assistance, with a liberality which considerably entangled him;—for now what he studiously concealed may be told—he expended in the two years at Limerick more than £3,000 above the income of his bishopric."

After two years he was translated to Ferns, where his conduct won the respect and affection of every class. During his remaining life in this diocese, his admirable combination of strict discipline, with the kindest intercourse of hospitality and personal kindness with his clergy, was such as to conciliate their affection and reverence. And the same prompt alacrity to promote the best interests of all classes, with the liberality of his munificence and the wisdom of his counsel, made him no less the object of regard and respect to all. "How he conducted himself," writes our chief authority, "may best be proved by the dismay which the account of his death occasioned." This event occurred in consequence of a paralytic stroke, at Liverpool, on the 12th of July, 1835. We regret that we have not room to mention several incidents illustrative of the character of this eminent prelate.*

* We are compelled by the same consideration to terminate at this point, the ecclesiastical division of this volume.—The few eminent names thus omitted are too recent in the recollection of the Irish public to be yet considered as strictly historical. Of the Rev. B. W. Mathias, there is a popular Memoir by his son, interesting in itself, and no less so for the notices it contains of Mr. Walker, the founder of a sect called after his name. Of that most eminent and worthy clergyman, the Rev. Peter Roe of Kilkenny, who, under Providence, was a chosen instrument in the restoration of the Irish church, there is a full Memoir of the deepest interest, containing the fullest account yet written of the occurrences to which they relate,—by far the most truly important in the sun of human events. This volume, from which our entire materials should have been taken, has been written by a personal friend and fellow-labourer, the Rev. Samuel Madden. Other names

LITERARY SERIES.*

† Edward Hill, Regius Professor of Medicine,
C.C.D.

BORN 1741—DIED 1830.

THIS distinguished scholar was the son of Thomas Hill, Esq., who resided near Ballyporeen in the county of Tipperary; he was born on the 14th of May, 1741, and received the first rudiments of his education in the chapel of Carrigavistele, in that neighbourhood, under the tuition of the priest of that parish. In memory of which, in the year 1811, he gave as a present to the chapel a silver chalice and paten, on the former of which is engraved the following inscription.

HUNC CALICEM
SACRIS DICATUM,
EDVARDUS HILL MED. DOCTOR,
ET
IN ACADEMIA DUBLINIENSI
MEDICINÆ PROFESSOR REGIUS,
SACELLO DE CARRIGAVISTELE.
(LOCI MEMOR UBI PRIMA
OLIM DIDICIT ELEMENTA)
LUBENS DONO DEDIT,
ANNO SALUTIS
MDCCCXI.

After the decease of his father, the family, consisting of his mother, five sons and two daughters, resided at another property which they had near Cashel. Edward, who was the eldest, went daily to a classical

there are, somewhat less, but still eminently deserving the biographer's labour, which we should have gladly noticed, but think it vain to merely enumerate. The record of the Christian is not for perishable fame, and is needless unless it can be made available for example.

For one omission we must apologize,—that of the late Rev. Dr. Doyle, the celebrated titular Bishop of Kildare. Our former publishers had, in some measure, pledged us to the insertion of his Memoir; and we can assure that portion of the public which may blame the omission that, were it possible, it should not have occurred. Had a Memoir (according to our publisher's general notice) been transmitted to us, it should have found its place without too minute a scrutiny of any political differences from the well-known views of these volumes. As for any effort on our own part to supply this want, we have to say, that a fair consideration of the very liberal spirit in which our labours have been generally received by the members of his church, would have prompted us, had we not been restrained by an opposite motive suggested by the very same sense. That able and eminent man was so wholly identified with public questions—which we could only state in the character of an antagonist—that, on the fullest consideration, we have concluded that silence is the more gracious office. With Bishop Doyle we had the honour and pleasure of an acquaintance during a short interval, and can bear testimony to his talent, amiability, and many good and pleasing qualities: he had not at the time attained the celebrity which he afterwards acquired.

* The shortness of this series is, in a great measure, owing to the fact, that the most important portion of our literature has proceeded from the Irish clergy.

† The editor is indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hill of Carrick-on-Suir for this memoir.

school in that city, but after some time was placed as a boarder in the diocesan school in Clonmel, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Harwood, where he finished his school education, and then entered college as a pensioner, with great credit to himself and his master, in the year 1760. In his undergraduate course he obtained every honour. Premiums at examinations, a scholarship, native's place, exhibitions, and a moderatorship, and would have been a fellow, had he sought it. The beauty of his penmanship was particularly noticed in college; and he was requested by the board to write the Duke of Bedford's testimonium, which he did; and, on the 7th of January 1766, they gave him a present of five guineas for it. In 1768 he was a medical bachelor, and was appointed to the professorship of botany in 1773, on the decease of doctor James Span. That professorship he held until the year 1800, at which time an act of parliament was passed which prohibited any person holding two professorships. In 1781, on the recommendation of Dr. Wm. Clements, vice-provost, he was appointed regius professor of physic, which he held for the remainder of his life, forty-nine years, and was incessant in his labours for promoting the interests of the school of physic in Ireland. No physician of his time paid so much attention to the diseases of children; his practice among them was most extensive, and it is much to be regretted that he did not write on the subject for the benefit of posterity. At an early period of his life he became passionately fond of Milton's works, particularly the *Paradise Lost*; and having discovered that numerous alterations and mistakes were made in every edition of that divine poem, through the carelessness of editors and printers, he procured a copy of every edition, and determined on correcting them in an edition to be edited by himself. He began this laborious task about the year 1769, and made it the business of spare hours from medical attendance. He compiled a most laborious index of all the words, a prolegomena, a critical examination of French translations, and a number of notes of his own, of Newton and others, and went over this laborious work several times in a most beautiful style of writing, both as to composition and penmanship, and was engaged in that work to within a short time before his death; but unfortunately his labours have not been brought to press, though many exertions have been made to attain that object.

In literary attainments Dr. Hill stood unrivalled among his contemporaries, a highly accomplished scholar, in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian; in grammatical composition and elegance of expression, no man could excel him. From extensive reading he was well acquainted with every subject and science, and possessed a great share of mechanical ingenuity. He was well skilled in ancient architecture; and, in 1814, when the Wellington Testimonial was in contemplation, he designed a beautiful circular temple, consisting of ten Ionic columns, its basement, entablature, and dome. The model was elegantly executed, and was exhibited at the Dublin Society house, with the other models; it was greatly admired, but was not chosen by the Wellington committee. He published three excellent letters on the occasion, which proved him to be a complete master of the subject of architecture. Had the Testimonial been built from that design, in Stephen's Green, the place for which the doctor intended it, it would have been an elegant ornament

to the city, and a lasting and splendid monument of the deeds of the great Wellington, and of the doctor's classic taste.

His private virtues were of the highest order, steadfast in friendship, courteous and kind to all classes of his fellow citizens. He was a constant reader of the Scriptures, particularly the New Testament in the original tongue, from which he cultivated his natural suavity of disposition;—he was a most affectionate husband and father. There are many pieces which he wrote in the possession of the writer of this article, particularly some on the death of his wife and other members of his family, which are beautiful in the highest degree, both as to composition and elegance of execution. He died on the 31st of October, in the year 1830, in his eighty-ninth year.

Whitley Stokes, S. J. Reg. Prof. Med. T. C. D.

BORN 1763—DIED 1845.

THE late Regius Professor of Physic, Whitley Stokes, was born in 1763, and received his school education from his father, who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and afterwards master of the endowed school in Waterford. When about sixteen years of age he entered college, distinguished himself in the undergraduate course, obtained a scholarship, and, in 1787, was elected a fellow under peculiar circumstances, which are illustrative of the constancy and ardour of his mind.

For some days immediately previous to the fellowship examination, he was so very ill that his friends considered it quite out of the question that he should sit. He saw the matter differently,—fixed in purpose, and confident in his strength of preparation, it was not in bodily suffering or the fainting of the flesh to subdue the courage and ardour of his spirit. Unable to support his emaciated frame, he was carried to the hall; and contrary to the apprehensions of his friends was, after the usual severe examination, declared the successful candidate.*

A lay fellowship was vacant,—the circumstance was favourable to his desire to pursue the studies of the medical profession, to which he was probably inclined by that love of natural knowledge, and of the investigations connected with natural history, which seems to have been a prevailing and characteristic disposition of his nature. It is observed by his biographer in the Dublin University Magazine, and we are satisfied of the truth of the statement, that his “mind was unweariedly devoted to whatever pursuit he thought best fitted to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men.” From numerous occasional allusions in the correspondence of that period, of which so much has passed through our hands, we distinctly ascertain the great respect and affection of which he was the object among the most distinguished of his cotemporaries; and thus, by a reflex light, are enabled to catch a view of what he was,—of the impressions never made but by those possessed of extraordinary talents, virtues, and attractive personal qualifications.

In 1793 he was engaged in his medical studies in Edinburgh, where

* Dublin University Magazine.

he took his degree in medicine. While there, we are informed by the biographer already quoted, he laid down the plan adopted for the botanic garden of the Dublin college, on the model of that in Edinburgh.

As neither our space nor materials are sufficient to admit of a detailed memoir, we shall now select a few topics which may best afford a fair illustration of the more peculiar features of his character. From one of an expansive and somewhat enthusiastic mind, in whom philanthropy was an ardent intuition, and whose lofty opinions of man were the prevailing error of his nature, the redress of wrongs, the resentment against oppression, and the aspirations for freedom, are sure to find at least a ready ear. And for a temper like that of Dr. Stokes, the dreams of national elevation, adorned by the eloquence of Grattan's day, and elevated by the subtle philosophies of D. Alembert or Condorcet, could not fail of their effect. And however erroneous may have been the views of the Irish patriots of that period, with respect to the rightful claims and the true interests of their country, it is certain that no true hearted Irishman, or thoroughly honest man, could sanction the foul and dishonourable conduct pursued by the English government for the attainment of the ends of its policy respecting Ireland. Dr. Stokes ardently shared in the feeling, and espoused the cause, adopted by Curran, Grattan, and other men the most illustrious of their day. But not, like these, professionally launched into the stream of public events; endowed also with a more single and less cautious nature, he entered more wholly and unreservedly into the spirit of opposition. His favourable opinion of the United Irishmen was less tempered by suspicion and was more openly worn. He was a man of large far-reaching views, which placed him far in advance of his time; and like all who are so, was, perhaps, liable in some respects to lose sight of distinctions, exceptions, and grounds of allowance and doubt, which are only to be reached or corrected by practical experience. Like many men of high and pure minds, he thought too well of his kind, and is likely to have been deficient in somewhat of that wisdom which men derive from their own infirmities. We have at the same time a strong limitation to these remarks; it is clearly proved by the authentic testimony of that most acute and able, though unprincipled, man, Wolfe Tone, that, with all his ardour, the true and consistent philanthropy of Stokes revolted from the sanguinary atrocities and dishonest illusions which were diffused in the projects of that party and most of their founders. Tone, who we know from himself, to fulfil *his* views for the freedom of Ireland, would sink Ireland in a fathomless abyss of blood, reproves the "tenderness and humanity" which would "recoil from any measures to be attempted for her emancipation which would end in blood," and adds, with truth, "that with this, perhaps, extravagant anxiety for the lives of others, I am sure that in any case which satisfied his conscience, no man would be more prodigal of his own life than Whitley Stokes."—To which he subjoins, "I look upon Whitley Stokes as the *very best man* I have ever known."

The rebellion broke out, and with it a reign of fear, surmise, and suspicion. The opinions which were no more than liberal philosophy in peaceful times, became a matter of scrutiny, when every look and

word had become the subject of question to that most vigilant and dangerous tyranny which grows out of terror. Though Dr. Stokes, with the straightforward promptitude of an honest mind, acted as the occasion required, and immediately joined the college corps, in which he took a command, it was remembered that he possessed the regard and high opinion of many conspicuous men, some of whom were suspected, and some known, to be deeply engaged in the rebellion. With this his popular views of the prevailing questions afforded matter of suspicion. In the terror of the hour, and in the narrow scope of party views, it could not be easily apprehended how a wise and philosophic spirit could at the same time adhere to the government and reprobate the line of policy it pursued: the honesty of his nature was weighed against him. It is indeed highly probable that, in the intercourse of society, such a man did not sufficiently feel the actual state of the public mind. It is likely enough that the gossip of surmise, the *ambiguous voices* which filled the air of Dublin with falsehood, fear, and treachery, did not reach the level of his thoughts; and that when words had begun to be caught and noted for evil by base minds, Dr. Stokes was not always on his guard. It was indeed no time for frankness or the language of toleration, or for a murmur about oppression, or a whisper about liberty. An angel—unless it was an angel of vengeance—might not have spoken with impunity to rebuke the government of the day. An inquiry into the conduct of Dr. Stokes was brought on before the Visitors. We have that inquiry now on our table; and deliberately say, that it offers an honourable record of the integrity and constitutional loyalty of Dr. Stokes, which tends to set him in the noblest point of view. No excuse could be found to attain his loyalty,—so far he was clearly acquitted. But it appeared to the Visitors, that the complexion of his loyalty was not quite the colour of their own, and they took the unfair and rash precaution of suspending him for one year. An injury which had no rational object. If he was loyal it was unnecessary, and if not, dangerous.

After the Union, under the political agitation of which the public mind had been thrown into a ferment which entered every home and affected every breast, a comparative calm succeeded. Dr. Stokes, who had experienced the vexations arising from the politics of a disorganized social state, was perhaps glad to withdraw into the tranquil pursuits for which his mind was so eminently framed. Far too upright to have any community of sentiment with the party which had been accessory to the Union; and too good and wise to mix himself with their wild, ignorant, and visionary opponents,—he had been compelled to look on afflictions which could not be repaired, wrongs not to be avoided, and arbitrary measures which had become too necessary to be condemned; but which altogether had brought on a frightful confusion of crime and penalty. In this fearful state of things he had escaped a penalty of which the severity would have been aggravated by its injustice. But he had come off with more than honour: the approbation and sympathy of the better minds on every side. It stood recorded that he was a patriot undeluded by the fanaticism and false theories which duped and agitated his country, and that he maintained his loyalty in despite of the indignant disapprobation with which he looked on public men and

their proceedings. But he has earned a nobler praise in those evil days. It is now fully understood that one of the main roots of the varied forms of national disaster which had all their origin in the French Revolution, was scepticism. Dr. Stokes, among the few who saw the real extent and effects of this great fundamental disease, witnessed its advances with the discrimination of a philosopher and the zeal of a Christian. In his capacity of a tutor in the University, he availed himself of his position to counteract it by lecturing his pupils on the evidences of the Christian religion. The effect of this must be easily apprehended. The Protestant University of Dublin was, and in some measure is, the source of the better portion of the mind of the country; and an infusion of the Atheism and Jacobinism which were then tainting the air of civilized society, would have not only spread, but perpetuated the public disorder of the time. And it is needless to add, that a far higher interest was to be preserved. Not content with acting in his station as a lecturer, Dr. Stokes wrote and published a reply to Paine's infamous pamphlet, "The Age of Reason," then the means of unmeasured mischief. Happily the circulation of the reply was, to a great extent, effectual; and it was then acknowledged to be the ablest and most useful production of the same nature, among many which the occasion called forth.

The mind of Dr. Stokes was framed for posterity;—he was in reality before his time; and it is for this reason that he never has had his fame. The age of invention was yet far off, and he with other able men, labouring in the obscurity of a comparative isolation, with their minds fixed upon the future, were preparing the way for a better state of things. The chemists and mathematicians, the engineers and mechanists,—the profound optics, magnetism and electricity of the University and Royal Irish Academy, had not then been born: discovery was not thought of, and science was confined to the round of elementary discipline. Dr. Stokes stood eminent among the very few whose intellect refused to acquiesce in this state of things. All his studies were directed to the promotion of a state of improvement, then thought visionary, but which he lived to see. His physical studies had more immediately directed his attention to Natural History, and Chemistry as a branch subservient to that great department of knowledge. And while every branch of natural knowledge obtained his intelligent attention, the important bearings and broad scope of geology and mineralogy fixed his chief inquiries. Having resigned his fellowship, and been appointed, in 1816, to the Professorship of Natural History, he was the first teacher of those important sciences in the university, in which he gave several courses of lectures. In these he brought forward many views, then original, and awakened much interest by the superior refinement of many of his methods of demonstration, which, however since applied by others, originated with him. Among these we may offer as an instance, the curious practical argument of continuity by which he demonstrated the igneous origin of granite. A long series of changes, from the first volcanic product in its most elementary state to the final structure, was traced by him from step to step through gradations so nearly imperceptible, that the student could discover no difference between any two adjacent specimens of the series laid before him on the Professor's table: while between the first and last there appeared not the remotest

perceptible similarity. Another interesting instance, not so easily communicated to the general reader, was the argument by which he disproved the atmospheric origin of the Aerolite, by ascertaining the fact of a quantity of motion more considerable than was consistent with such an origin.

Among the more public benefits conferred on the country by his exertions in this professional course, we have to mention his active and effectual promotion of the working of Irish mines. And his able work on the resources of this country, which the writer of the sketch in the Dublin Magazine mentions, as "the first attempt made towards the development of the wealth and innate powers of the kingdom."

We have not now space to enter suitably into the numerous suggestions of which he was the author for the improvement of the social condition of the peasantry. It must suffice to say, that they extended to the whole structure of social economy, and offered remedial suggestions for all its disorders and exigencies: and that the expediency of most of them have since been recognised or considered as worthy of extensive investigation. Indeed it would not be easy, if possible, to name a single object connected with the moral or physical amelioration of Ireland in which Dr. Stokes had not a principal hand.

We must hasten to a conclusion, regretting the ample scope of matter which we are compelled to pass. A Memoir of Dr. Stokes must have been the history of geology, mineralogy, the practical applications of science, and of the industrial economy of the kingdom, during his time—topics not to be dismissed with enumerations and instances. For his social and domestic manners we must be content to give an extract. Speaking of the enjoyment of an evening in his society, the writer says, "He would then give pleasure to all around him by a vivacity and humour almost boyish. He seemed always to bear in mind the maxim of Cicero, *Ut enim adolescentem in quo senile aliquid; sic senem in quo est adolescentis aliquid, probo; quod qui sequitur, corpore senex esse poterit, animo nunquam erit.* And he was equally ready to enjoy a jest, or to repeat with the richest humour some witty anecdote, and seemed always prepared to vary the monotony of philosophic discussion by wit and pleasantry." The writer goes on to draw the consistent and well harmonized features of such a portrait. The innocence and purity,—the rebuke, by grave silence or indignant reproof, of what might offend delicacy or rectitude,—the entire absence of enmities,—the generosity and charity,—all of which complete the character of the Christian philosopher.

Dr. Stokes was appointed Regius Professor of Physic to the University in 1830, and continued his active attendance to his duties until very shortly before his death at an advanced age. His intellect burned clearly to the last; and long after he had ceased to enter into society, he continued an object of respect and delight within the home circle.

He died in 1845 at a good old age, having amply fulfilled the ends for which his intellect was endowed with talent, and his breast warmed with zeal—the promotion of the interests of his country. With the writer, in the sketch from which our material has been taken, we must disclaim the tone of eulogy which this Memoir has unintentionally assumed; but we may add, that this is but the consequence of our dis-

proportioned space. Separated from details which substantiate the claims of eminent persons, the mere summary becomes reduced to what is personal, and seems like the affirmations of mere panegyric. Yet surely the panegyric is deserved, and is not the least among the functions of the biographer.

POSTSCRIPT.

Several memoirs, already prepared for this series and partly in type, have been omitted by the Editor, as their insertion must have swelled the bulk and increased the expense of the volume. Among these may be enumerated, Maginn, Banim, Griffin, Mrs. James Gray, &c., &c., all of whom, it is to be observed, are yet but recent in the list of departed genius, and more properly the subjects of some future collection, in which the results of the present and recent literature of Ireland shall be summed.

THE END. *S*

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