PRICE SIXPENCE.

LIFE
AND
ANECDOTES
OF

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN,
WITH
Speeches in Defence of the United Irishmen.

DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD SMYTH, BOOKSELLER,
35, TEMPLE BAR.
1880.

' AND COME AGAIN!

THE

Life and Anecdotes

OF

)HN PHILPOT CURRAN,

AND

ECHES IN DEFENCE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN,

WITH

Humorous and Witty Bar Jests;

RIETY OF FUNNY GOOD THINGS, QUITE OUT OF THE COMMON STYLE.

BEING A SPECIMEN OF

H ORIGINALITY AND CURREN-T WIT,

mirably calculated to prevent Englishmen cutting their throats in November.

DUBLIN:
UBLISHED BY EDWARD SMYTH, BOOKSELLER,
33, TEMPLE BAR.
1880.

DUBLIN
PRINTED BY SHERIDAN AND LINCOLN, LR. ORMOND QUAY.

THE

LIFE AND ANECDOTES

OF

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, the subject of the present sketch, was born at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, on the 24th of July, 1750. His parents were of an humble, but not abject class; his father having been qualified, by a smattering of something more than village learning, to discharge the office of seneschal in the manor court of his native town. Still they were without the means of giving their son any literary advantages; and were it not for the generous and parental kindness of the Rev. Nathaniel Boyse, who took him into his house, and instructed him in the rudiments of Greek and Latin, after some accidental encounter with the boy had revealed to him the dawnings of early promise, he might have remained to his dying day without the aids or the opportunities by which his powers could be cultivated or rendered available for his future advancement.

Mr. Boyse, it is said, saw him for the first time when playing at marbles, and was arrested by his vivacity and humor. He thought he perceived in the quickness of his eye, the readiness of his remarks, and the exuberant vitality, both animal and intellectual, which marked all his movements, germs of promise, which, circumstanced as the child then was, must be "put forth in vain"—but which, if cared for and cultivated by him, would produce fruits of which his country might well be proud; and he acted immediately upon the generous impulse of his benevolent heart, and took him into his house and became his instructor. Young Curran's proficiency must have been considerable under the more than parental assiduity of this good man, to induce the still further step of placing him at Middleton school, and allocating a little preferment which he held, of ten pounds a year, to defray his school expenses. His noble conduct had its appropriate reward. The little boy rapidly developed the powers for which he

had given him credit. His progress in classical learning was more and more marked every day; and in a very short time a solid foundation was laid which soon enabled him to master all the difficulties and enjoy all the beauties of writers, to works he ever after, when his leisure permitted, duly resorted, as perennial sources of delight and improvement.

And here, be it observed, that there were noblemen and gentlemen of large possessions in the neighbourhood where he lived, and that it was not to *any of them* he was indebted for the rudiments of that learning, and that early and fostering encouragement, which enabled him afterwards to obtain distinction in the world; but to a minister of the Protestant Church; and but for him Curran's genius would never have been called forth, and his history would only furnish another instance of the truth so pathetically deplored by the moralising poet, when he says—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The minister did for him that which a gambling, foxhunting, carousing gentry never would have done.

The time had now come when Curran must try his fortune at the University; and when he took his departure for that seat of learning from the free school of Middleton, it was not forgotten that the future Lord Avonmore, then a rising barrister, had preceded him from the same by but a few years, and under almost similar circumstances, upon his career of distinction.

In 1769 he matriculated in Trinity College as a sizar. The intention of his parents was that he should enter the church: and such seems at first to have been his own inclination. But a gaiety of spirit, that could not brook restraint, must have early admonished him of his unfitness for the profession. His vivacity and adroitness in extricating himself from the sundry scrapes in which he became involved, by reason of the spirit of frolic that continued to actuate him* during the whole of his Undergraduate career, suggested both to his friends and to himself that the courts of law were his proper sphere; and, accordingly, from the second year after his entrance, to the legal profession he was destined.

In ethical and classical learning his proficiency was considerable. These were studies to which he betook himself *con amore*, and for which he retained a keen relish during the whole of his after career. Nor can we hesitate to believe that logic, as it was then

* Curran's early irregularities must have passed ordinary bounds of forgiveness, for he never was able to gain admission to the Historical Society, which was established in his day, and some of its founders his intimate friends.

cultivated, served to quicken and invigorate his powers, and enabled him, when he came to practice at the bar, to keep up a sort of flirtation with legitimate argument, which imparted a plausibility to his observations, even on those occasions when just and solid reasoning would have little served his purpose. But the imaginative faculty was that by which he was supremely distinguished. All his other powers started into a life and an energy under its influence, which, without it, they could have never known; while yet they never presumed to act any part not strictly in subserviency to the workings of that predominent faculty to which, indeed, they seemed to have been indebted for their existence.

His college studies were completed in the early part of 1773, and he took his departure from the University for the Temple. The following passages from a letter which, upon his arrival in London, he wrote to one of his friends, is touchingly descriptive of the feelings of an ardent and sensitive mind when launched, as he then was, for the first time, upon the great ocean of the world:

"It was not without regret that I could leave a country which my birth, education, and connections had rendered dear to me, and venture alone, almost a child of fortune, into a land of strangers. In such moments of despondence, when fancy plays the self-tormentor, she commonly acquits herself to a miracle, and will not fail to collect in a single group the most hideous forms of anticipated misfortune. I consider myself, besides, as resigning for ever the little indulgences that youth and experience may claim for their errors, and passing to a period of life in which the best can scarce escape the rigid severity of censure: nor could the little trivial vanity of taking the reins of my own conduct alleviate the pain of so dear-bought transition from dependence to liberty. Full of these reflections as I passed the gate, I could not but turn and take a last lingering look at poor Alma Mater: it was the scene of many a boyish folly, and of many an happy hour. I should have felt more confusion at part of the retrospect, had I not been relieved by a recollection of the valuable friendships I had formed there. Though I am far from thinking such a circumstance can justify past misconduct, yet I cannot call that time totally a blank, in which one has acquired the greatest blessing of humanity. It was with a melancholy kind of exultation I counted over the number of those I loved there, while my heart gave sigh to each name in the catalogue; nay, even the *fellows*, whom I never loved, I forgave at that moment. The parting tear blotted out every injury, and I gave them as hearty a benediction as if they had deserved it."

Upon reaching Wales, and looking over the waste of waters

which he had traversed, his reflections were very natural. Here, he says, "I began to reflect on the impossibility of getting back without the precarious assistance of others. Poor Jack! thought I, thou wert never till now so far from home, but thou mightest return on thine own legs. Here now thou must remain; for where canst thou expect the assistance of a friend?"

Thus it was that the future orator soliloquised, in no very exultant mood as he neared the vast metropolis, to mingle, an unnoticed atom, amongst its crowded and busy population. His first emotions upon entering the great city were, naturally, those of astonishment and wonder; but these were speedily succeeded by that depression and sinking of the heart which the youth of genius, under such circumstances, is sure to experience, when the consciousness of his own contrasted insignificance becomes powerfully impressed upon him, amidst the bustle and the energy by which he is surrounded. Curran was like a man who had alighted from an air-balloon upon an unknown world; and seemed to feel as if all his previous pursuits and habits had only disqualified him for entering upon his new career with advantage. Hitherto life had been to him but a chequered holiday. Even the very privations and severities of his college existence were made to minister to his amusement. He lived amongst the wild and the ardent, the cultivated and the imaginative—whose sympathies furnished retreat and a consolation, upon which he could securely fall back in the event of any little reverse or disappointment. He felt as if he had kith and kin in the congenialities of his youthful associates, by which he was guaranteed against the casualties of the world; and that the malice of the inconstant goddess might be defied as long as they remained united. But now all was changed. The battle of fortune, where he was to contend for life or death, must be fought upon very different ground; the stern realities of life must now be contemplated in all their unattractive nakedness; and the day-dream of the child of poesy and imagination be exchanged, amongst uncongenial associates, for the rude bustle and the ungrateful toil of ordinary existence.

But if Curran was not one of those "whose hearts the holy forms of young imagination have kept pure," it at least served to make "the past, the distant, and the future," so predominant over the present, as to preserve him from the debasing effects of sordid and vulgar intercourse, and invigorate and freshen both his public spirit and his social virtues. But melancholy, that invariable concomitant of genius, at this time largely predominated in the temperament of Curran; and the following passage from a letter written to him by his kind and generous friend,

Edward Hudson, in reply to one in which the struggling student had betrayed that despondency to which he was constitutionally subject, is so admirable for the manly and elevated feeling which it expresses, that we cannot forbear presenting it to the reader:

"Consider now and then, Jack, what you are destined for; and never, even in your distresses, draw consolation from so mean a thought as that your abilities may one day render your circumstances easy and affluent; *but that you may have it in your power to do justice to the wronged.* To wipe the tear from the widow or orphan, will afford the satisfaction that is worthy of a man."

While at the Temple, Curran could by no means be said to throw away his time. He devoted a competent number of hours each day to study, and spent his evenings in convivial or literary intercourse with a few select friends, whose pursuits and destination were the same as his own, and who formed a little society for their mutual improvement. Of their social and instructive meetings he used afterwards to speak with a melancholy pleasure; while, with that mixture of pathos and humor for which his conversation was so remarkable, he recounted his first adventurous essay in the brilliant art of elocution. His friends were astonished at his success, and he himself was surprised and delighted. The most gifted of them had before admonished him that he possessed no talents for debate, but that if he minded his books he would make an admirable lawyer; that, as an adviser, he would be excellent, while as an advocate he was worthless. How strangely did the event reverse their sentence! While, as a counsel, his deficiencies were acknowledged by all—as an advocate, he never was rivalled.

To pecuniary embarrassments he was sometimes exposed; and the following incident illustrates the *naviete* and cheerfulness with which he could bear them. His money having run out, or to use his own phrase, "his purse being reduced to the last stage of inanition," a long-expected remittance arrived, with which he flew to the bankers, when lo! to his consternation, it appeared that, for want of a necessary endorsement, the bill could not be cashed. This was a most appalling calamity; and, turning from the banker's, he strolled into St. James's Park, where, during his usual dinner hour he remained. His son tells what followed:

"As he sat upon one of the benches, exhausted with devising expedients, he began to whistle a melancholy old Irish air. An old gentleman, seated at the other end (it was Macklin), started at the well-known sounds.

"'Pray, sir,' said the stranger, 'may I venture to ask where you learned that tune?'

"'Indeed, sir,' replied the whistler, in the meek and courteous tone of a spirit which affliction had softened, 'indeed you may, sir. I learned it in my native country, in Ireland.'

"'But how comes it, sir, that at this hour, while other people are dining, you continue here whistling old Irish airs?'

"'Alas! sir, I too have been in the habit of dining of late; but to-day, my money being all gone, and my credit not yet arrived, I am even forced to come and dine upon a whistle in the park.'

"The veteran stranger exclaimed, 'Courage, young man! I think I can see that you deserve better fare; come along with me, and you shall have it.'

"About ten years after this interview Macklin came to Dublin. Mr. Curran, who in the interval had risen to eminence, was invited one evening to a party where the actor was one of the company. They were presented to each other, but Macklin failed to recognise, in the now celebrated advocate and orator, the distressed student in St. James's Park. Mr. Curran, perceiving this, abstained for the moment from claiming any acquaintance; but he contrived, in a little time to introduce a conversation upon the acts of kindness and hospitality which Irishmen so generally receive abroad from such of their countrymen as they may chance to meet; as a proof of which he began to relate what had happened to himself, and proceeded to give a vivid picture of the scene, and (suppressing the name) of the generous old man who had befriended him in a land of strangers. A glow of recollection was soon observed upon the player's countenance; he started, and fixing his eyes upon the speaker, 'If my memory fails me not, sir,' said he, 'we have met before?' 'Yes, Mr. Macklin, replied Mr. Curran, taking his hand, 'inded we have met; and though upon that occasion you were only performing upon a private theatre, let me assure you that (to adopt the words of a high judicial personage, which you have heard before) *you never acted better*.'"

Thrice happy moments these in the chequered and eventful drama of life, when a good deed meets it recompense in the tearful gratitude of him for whom it had been performed!

The period had now arrived when Curran was to enter upon his profession; and, in the Michaelmas Term of 1775, he was called to the Irish Bar. For any of the duties of a lawyer, in the weightier departments of law, he was but ill prepared, having felt, from the outset, a repugnance to black letter lore, and an inaptitude for its acquisition, which must have for ever disqualified him from being a great proficient in it. But for the duties of an advocate he was well prepared, not only by the versatility of his genius and his general knowledge, but by the assiduous cultivation of all those powers, and the acquisition of all those habits by which his fluency, his readiness, his enunciation, and his de-

livery might be improved or aided. Nor could the industry have been small, by which, in the end, he overcame the most formidable natural and constitutional disadvantages. He labored under an impediment of speech, which caused him to be called by his associates "stuttering Jack Curran," while his voice was weak and shrill, and his accent awfully provincial, or, as he himself expressed it, "in a state of nature." "His person was without dignity of grace—short, slender, and inelegantly proportioned." To remove the first defects he prescribed to himself exercises in reading; and by constant practice, and a close attention to the tones and manner of the best speakers, was, in the end, so successful, that they completely disappeared, His personal disadvantages he sought to remedy by declaiming before a looking glass, and studying those attitudes by which they might be most effectually concealed. His attendance at the Debating Societies, which was unremitting, served to increase his fluency and readiness; and he had recourse, moreover, to the practice of debating with himself alone, "some cases extracted from his books, or some original question," with all the anxious attention to diction and argument, "as if he were discussing it in open court." Nothing, therefore, which he could do was left undone to improve his powers as a public speaker; and he profited accordingly. He entered upon his duties at the Irish Bar better prepared for that species of display by which the public attention was most likely to be captivated than any of the contemporaries with whom he had to contend.

It is also to be noted that at the Irish Bar there was a license permitted to the pleader with which the lawyers in England were wholly unacquainted; and that the fancy, the feelings, the imagination of the Irish advocate were quite as much in requisition as his learning of his law, and often stood in the place of both, upon occasions which, to the English advocate, would appear but little to demand, or even to admit of, pathetic appeal or rhetorical ornament. To Curran such a privilege was priceless.

Yet were there difficulties in the arduous profession which he embraced which must be encountered with more than ordinary vigour and ability, in order to be overcome. The Bar, when he was called to it, was a profession very different from what it is at present—we will not say superior; for that, in all probability, it was not. In point of legal learning, we doubt not, the present race of lawyers are the more distinguished. But in spirit, in genius, in classical taste, in humor, in pathos, in versatility of accomplishments, both rich and rare, which successfully provoked and amused, and astonished and delighted their hearers,

the gentlemen who composed the Bar when Mr. Curran assumed the wig and gown, have not been and could not be exceeded. We remember the "merry and conceited" Ned Lysaght, whose gaiety so often set the table in a roar; and when Yelverton and Husy Burgh, and Carlton, and Flood, and Egan, and Walsh, are called to mind, they are but so many household words for learning and eloquence.

Ireland then had a parliament. After a century of servitude and of suffering, she began to rise to the dignity of a nation; and her great men emulously contended with each in asserting and securing her independance. Such was the body amongst whom Curran was now enrolled. The Bar then consisted almost exclusively of the *elite* of the aristocracy; and there existed amongst them a prestige of birth which rendered it extremely difficult for any aspirant from the humbler classes to take that rank amongst them as a co-equal, which was indispensable to his professional advancement. Learning, and even eloquence, were in their eyes, subordinate to pedigree and spirit; and the barrister must evince the possession of a larger share of the latter than is usually deemed requisite to pass muster as a man of courage, in order to compensate for any deficiency in the former, or assert himself and maintain his own, amongst the brow-beaters and the fire-eaters by whom he was surrounded.

Curran must have keenly felt all this. Of his latent powers he must have been strongly conscious; and the approving smiles of the friends of his youth, whose friendship no boyish frolic could impair, were always regarded by him as an encouraging earnest of that public approbation by which, in the long run, he was sure to be rewarded. But his genius had not yet broken through the cloud of poverty in which it was enveloped; and his personal appearance and manners were ill calculated to win for him any favor beyond the little circle of his early and ardent admirers—to whom his ungraceful peculiarities and whimsical eccentricities, accompanied, as they were, by outbursts of impassioned feeling and rich and racy traits of humour, only afforded an additional ground for predicting his future distinction. But the grave and plodding student, the sedate and punctilious observer of all the proprieties of correct society, could see little in the irregular habits of ungainly gait, and hirsute appearance of little Jack Curran to attract their favorable notice, or enable them to form the faintest surmise of the brilliant career that lay before him.

The *bloods* of the Irish Bar were well inclined to treat with a haughty scorn the young aspirant to notice in their profession, whose aims appeared so disproportioned to his pretensions.

Curran, on the other hand, was not slow to pay them in kind: and sometimes delivered his blows with such rapidity and force as perfectly astounded his arrogant assailants. The following will illustrate the promptitude and spirit by which he was distinguished. Pleading before Judge Robinson, and demurring to some observations of the judge, he said:

"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 in a contemptuous tone; 'but I suspect that *your* library is very small.' His lordship was a party zealot, and the author of several anonymous political pamphlets. Curran, roused by the sneer at his circumstances, replied that true it was that his library might be small, but he thanked Heaven that, among his books, there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. '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 writer's names; my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdity, that their very authors are ashamed to own them.'

"The judge interrupting him, said: 'Sir, 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. A poor Scotchman, upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat, delivered it to a by-stander to hold; but having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also, that the trustee of his habiliments had decamped during the affray. So, my lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment, to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned.'

"Judge—'If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you.'

"Mr. Curran—'Then, my lord, it will be the best thing you'll have committed this term.'"

We give another instance, of a different kind. During his attendance upon circuit, in the town of Clonmel, he was employed in a case which attracted some attention, wherein the opposing counsel was a man of very considerable legal skill, and the idol of the people. Many in that good old town have heard of Counsellor Davy Walsh. He was a clear, strong-headed man, with violent temper and arrogant demeanour, and could not brook the thought of being worsted by so unknown a man as Curran then was. But law and logic were no match for wit and humor,

It is very probable that Davy had the advantage in argument; but in vivacity, in point, in repartee, in raillery, Curran was, beyond all comparison, his superior—to such degree, indeed, as to provoke an escape of Walsh's temper; and for a reply his antagonist was as ready as he had been prompt and pointed in the wordy war by which it was preceded.

Now was his personal intrepidity to be tested. Walsh was the favorite of the crowd; Curran was so little known that he found it no easy matter to procure a second. They met in some waste ground surrounded by a wall, which was covered by a multitude, whose aspects indicated that if Walsh was hurt, his adversary would be in no little danger. But one who stood by him has said that he never witnessed self-possession so marked as that which he then exhibited. In proportion as the crowd increased, and the implements of violence began to be displayed, his nerves became strung, his frame appeared to dilate, and his heart to swell, until it seemed to become too large for his bosom. It seemed good to Divine Providence that the parties should separate without doing each other any injury; but Curran's demeanour made a powerful impression in his favor upon those who witnessed the scene; and, to do them justice, the crowd did not separate without bearing testimony to his gallant bearing, and confessing an interest in his behalf, which, upon any future occasion of a similar kind, would have told considerably in his favour.

Curran now took his proper place in his profession, and began to be regarded as a man of mark and likelihood, by many who before had looked upon him with indifference if not contempt. Nor was an occasion long wanting upon which his celebrity as an advocate very conspicuously appeared. A gross and wanton outrage had been committed by Lord Doneraile upon the person of an humble and unoffending Roman Catholic priest. At the instance of his paramour, the lord applied to the priest to release her brother from some clerical censure which he had incurred; and when he was told it was impossible for him to comply with his request, he attempted chastising the priest with a horsewhip. For this outrage an action was brought; and some difficulty being experienced by the priest in finding an advocate who would undertake his cause, Curran chivalrously stepped forward, and at the risk of all his prospects upon circuit, undertook to detail to the jury the outrage which had been committed upon the old man; and acquitted himself with such ability that, notwithstanding the strong prejudices which were then entertained against all professors of the Roman Catholic creed, he succeeded in obtaining a verdict.

Upon this occasion too much praise cannot be bestowed upon him for his spirit and his eloquence. By those who have since heard him, the latter may be well conceived; but we should have lived when this incident occured in order duly to appreciate the former. The Penal code was then in living and vigorous operation. The Roman Catholic population had been subdued and humbled; their priesthood were a meek and gentle race of men whose lives were obscure and noteless, and who courted a privacy which they oft-times adorned.

Curran's bold and uncompromising advocacy of the priest, in a case where it was impossible to discover anything but meekness and suffering on the one hand, and arrogance and brutality on the other, was regarded as so unusual and startling, that nothing but the brilliant success of the advocate could redeem him from the reproach of a temerity which might have darkened all his future prospects. Of Lord Doneraile's immediate hangers-on, one had the impertinence to intimate to the now distinguished barrister, that his late triumph would cost him dear; as he could no longer expect to be employed by his lordship or any of his connexions. Curran immediately replied, "My good sir, you may tell his lordship that it is in vain for him to be proposing terms of accomodation; for after what has happened, I protest, I think, while I live I should never hold a brief for him or one of his friends."

Another feature in the case must be recorded. Mr. St. Leger, a brother of Lord Doneraile, being to be produced as a witness, Mr. Curran, in his address to the jury, dealt out upon him scathing aspersions, with a view to disparage his evidence. He was a military man, and the advocate called him "a renegade soldier, a drummed-out dragoon, who wanted the courage to meet the enemies of his country in battle, but had the heroism to redeem the ignominy of his flight from danger, by raising his arm against an aged an unoffending minister of religion, who had just risen from putting up before the throne of God a prayer of general intercession, in which the heartless insulter was included." For these impetuations Mr. Curran was called upon to apologise, or else to afford the usual reparation. The former he declined, and to the latter he assented; thus choosing to risk his life rather than retract. His gaiety and presence of mind upon the ground were remarkable. His adversary called out to him to fire. "No, sir," he replied; "I am here by your invitation, and you must open *the ball.*"

A scene followed which was touching and impressive. The old priest was upon his death-bed. The sense of obligation to his spirited defender, who had perilled not only his professional

prospects but his mortal existence, was warm at his heart, and he desired to see him before he died, and to pronounce on him the sacerdotal benediction. Curran, accordingly, entered the room of the sick man, who raised himself with difficulty in his bed, and, placing his hand upon the head of the young advocate, gave utterance to the solemn words in which, for the protection extended to an aged and persecuted minister of Christ, he commended him to the favour of the Almighty. The prayer fell with a thrilling effect upon the ear of him for whom it was put forth; and, large as were his gains in after life, never did he feel himself so richly rewarded.

But the Bar in those days was but a stepping-stone to the senate. He was passionately and enthusiastically attached to his native land; and Ireland was then in the honeymoon of her newly-acquired independence; and her great men indulged, with a fond and excusable credulity, in visions of prospective glory and happiness.

We give Mr. Curran the fullest credit for sincerity, in adopting, at this period, the popular cause; while we cannot agree that, in so doing, he exhibited enlargement of mind or soundness of understanding.

In 1783, when he had been only seven years at the Bar, he became member of parliament for the borough of Kilbeggan, having for his colleague the celebrated Henry Flood. Mr. Longfield, afterwards Lord Longueville, was the patron of the borough, and caused him to be returned without expense; and, still more, without any stipulation which would have restricted his parliamentary freedom—a degree of generosity this not usual in those times—and which Curran requited, when he found it necessary, as he afterwards did, to oppose the politics of his patron, by offering to purchase a seat for another borough, and placing it at his disposal.

Upon his parliamentary career we do not think it necessary to dwell, as it never would have raised him to a rank in history. Indeed, the levity which marked him as a senator—the sportive spirit of waggish drollery in which he indulged, when the weightiest questions were before the house, and his utter incompetency to deal with them, so as to fathom their depths, or point out their bearings—are strongly contrasted with his consummate skill as an advocate, and his masterly and judicious appropriation of every faculty which he possessed to the precise duty which it was fittest to perform, in moving the indignation, provoking the mirth, touching the heart, or storming the judgment of his hearers. In parliament he was a mountebank, who tumbled for the amusement of his audience. It sometimes happened that a

heavy armed adversary was caught in some exposed position; and on those occasions Curran seldom failed to inflict upon him a chastisement which would not soon be forgotten, either by himself or by those whom it was witnessed. Of these sallies no sufficient specimens survive to afford the reader a just idea of the point and the pleasantry of Curran; but the following extract from a speech upon Catholic emancipation, delivered in 1796 (of which he was always an advocate), in reply to Dr. Duignan, will serve to shadow forth the ease, and the jocularity with which he could victimise an adversary, whose principles he abhorred:

"Mr. Curran, referring to the speech of Dr. Duignan, entertained the house, for about half an hour, with one of the most lively sallies of wit and humour that we remember to have read. He said that the learned doctor had made himself a very prominent figure in the debate! Furious, indeed, had been his anger and manifold his attack. What argument, or what man, or what thing, had he not abused? Half choked by his rage in refuting those who had spoke, he had relieved himself by attacking those who had not spoke. He had abused the Catholics—he had abused their ancestors—he had abused the merchants of Ireland—he had abused Mr. Burke—he had abused those who voted for the order of the day. I do not know, he said, but I ought to be obliged to the learned doctor for honoring me with a place in his invective. He has called me the bottle-holder of my right hon. friend; for him I should have left perfectly sober—whilst it would very clearly appear that, with respect to the learned doctor, the bottle had not only been managed fairly, but generously; and that if, in furnishing him with liquor, I had not furnished him with argument, I had, at least, furnished him with a good excuse for wanting it; with the best excuse for that confusion of history, and divinity, and civil law, and canon law—that rollicking mixture of politics, and theology, and antiquity, with which he has overwhelmed the debate—for the havoc and carnage he has made of the population of the last age, and the fury with which he seemed determined to exterminate, and even to devour the population of this—and which urged him, after tearing and gnawing the character of the Catholics, to spend the last efforts of his rage, with the most unrelenting ferosity, in actually gnawing their very names (alluding to Dr. Duignan's pronunciation of the name of Keogh, and which Mr. Curran said was a kind of pronunciatory defamation). In tut h, sir, said he, I felt some surprise and some regret, when I heard him describe the sceptre of lath and the tiara of straw, and mimic his bedlamite emperor and pope with such refined and happy gesticulation, that he could be prevailed on to quit so congenial a company. I should not, however, be disposed to hasten his return to them, or to precipitate the access of his fit, if, by a most unlucky felicity of indiscretion, he had

not dropped some doctrines which the silent approbation of the minister seemed to have adopted."

Mr. Curran resolved to know the Roman Catholics and their system, only as they thought fit to represent it; and his indignant scorn at what seemed to be the injustice with which they were treated, prevented him and many others from inquiring into the grounds of the penal disabilities. But for him and others this, at least, must be said, that they had no reason then to apprehend from the sayings and doings of Roman Catholics, any hostility to the Protestant church or clergy.

But it was, as we have said, at the Bar that this great man obtained his peculiar fame; and he only appeared in the senate to squander his forensic reputation. As an advocate, take him all in all, it is our deliberate judgment that he has never been, we will not say surpassed, but approached. Mr. Curran's speeches were never fully reported, and all who heard them in delivery bear testimony to the deficiencies of the reports; and we should have lived in the times when they were spoken. The Rev. Mr. Croly, who frequently heard him, says:

"Curran was of all orators the most difficult to follow by transcription. His elocution—rapid, exuberant, and figurative, in a singular degree—was often compressed into a pregnant pungency which gave a sentence in a word. His speech on the trial of the two Shearses, barristers and men of family, was made at midnight, and said to have been his most masterly effusion of pathetic eloquence. Of this no remnant seems to have been preserved. Curran pleaded, not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold. In the presence of an Irish jury, he was first of the first. He skirmished round the field, tried every point of attack with unsuspecting dexterity, still pressing on, till the decisive moment was come. Curran's carelessness of fame has done dishonor to his memory."

Had Mr. Curran chosen to pass over to the side of the government, and to act towards the leading United Irishmen who were brought to trial the same part which was acted by others of their early associates, he might have done so; for more than once he had been solicited to take office. Such was Curran's position when the conspiracy was discovered; and the then Lord Chancellor impressed upon his colleagues the necessity of acting promptly upon the evidence they had received.

In a debate in the House of Commons (1785), as Mr. Curran rose to speak, perceiving that Mr. Fitzgibbon (Lord Clare) had fallen asleep on his seat, he thus commenced: "I hope I may say a few words without disturbing the sleep of any right hon. member; and yet perhaps I ought rather to envy than blame the tranquillity of the right hon. gentleman. I do not feel myself so

happily tempered as to be lulled to repose by the storms that shake the land. If they invite rest to any, that rest ought not to be lavished on the guilty spirit." Provoked by these expressions, Fitzgibbon called Mr. Curran a *puny babbler*. The latter retorted by the following description of his opponent: "I am not a man whose respect in person and character depends upon the importance of his office; I am not a young man who trusts himself into the foreground of a picture, which ought to be occupied by a better figure; I am not one who replies with invective when sinking under the weight of argument; I am not a man who denies the necessity of a parliamentary reform at the time that he proves its expediency by reviling his own constituents, the parish clerk, the sexton, and grave-digger; and if there be any man who can apply what *I am not* to *himself*, I leave him to think of it in the committee, and contemplate upon it when he goes home." The result was a duel between them. It cannot be denied that, by thus provoking a duel, his popularity wonderfully increased. There was no man whom the Irish leaders hated more than Fitzgibbon; and Curran's conduct in bringing him to the ground was regarded as a political service.

The times, indeed, were dreadful. Measures of severity, from which humanity must recoil, were resorted to by the government. Lord Clare was not the man to halt or hesitate as to the course which he should pursue: and Curran was not the man to shrink from encountering, in defence of men whom he respected, all the lightnings and thunderings of a despotic administration. We behold the courageous advocate, unawed by the terrors of the government, taking his heroic stand beside the wretched and despairing men, who were thus singled out for vengeance. Yes; Mr. Curran presents a specimen of the moral sublime, of which there is no such example. Curran's clients were in the lion's den; and his only hope of effecting anything for the preservation of their lives rested upon his power of exciting a sympathy in their behalf, and presenting to the minds of the jurors such a picture of the informers as might produce a loathing and a horror of those drunken and perjured traffickers in human blood, by whom the crown was prepared to sustain the indictments.

Of Mr. Curran's speech upon the trial of the Sheares no records remain; but his cross-examination of the approver, Armstrong, is most masterly and ingenious. Alluding to an atheistical sentiment uttered by the witness, he exclaimed: "This man laughs at retribution, and tells you that the grave, into which he sinks as a log, forms an entrenchment against the throne of God, and the vengeance of exasperated justice! He commenced his speech at midnight, after the exhaustion of a most agitating day.

Upon the trial of Oliver Bond he had much difficulty in ob-

taining a hearing, such was the angry turbulence. The following will illustrate his position at this time more clearly, when he almost daily received anonymous letters, threatening him with death:

"Gentlemen, much pains have been taken to warm you, and then you are entreated to be cool; when the fire has been kindled, it has been spoken to, and prayed to be extinguished. What is that?"* [Here he was again, for the third time, interrupted.] He continued—"I have very little, scarcely any hope of being able to discharge my duty to my unfortunate client, perhaps most unfortunate in having me for his advocate. I know not whether to impute these inhuman interruptions to mere accident; but I greatly fear they have been excited by prejudice.

[The court said they would punish anyone interrupting him.]

"You have been cautioned, gentlemen, against prejudice. I also urge the caution, and not with less sincerity. But what is the prejudice against which I would have you armed? I will tell you. It is that pre-occupation of mind that tries the accused before he is judicially heard—that draws those conclusions from passion which should be founded on proof; and that suffers the temper of the mind to be dissolved and debased in the heat of the season. It is not against the senseless clamour of the crowd, feeling impatient that the idle discussion of fact delays the execution, that I warn *you*. No; you are too proud, too humane, to hasten the holiday of blood. It is not against any such disgraceful feelings that I warn you. I wish to recall your recollections to your own minds, to guard you against the prejudice of elevated and honest understanding, against the prejudice of your virtues.

"I know that Reynolds has laboured to establish a connexion between the prisoner and the meeting held at his house; but how does he manage? He brings forward asserted conversations with persons who cannot confront him—with M'Cann, whom he has sent to the grave and with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose premature death leaves his guilt a matter upon which justice dares not to pronounce. He has never told you that he has spoken to any of these in the presence of the prisoner. Are you then prepared, in a case of life and death, of honour and of infamy, to credit a vile informer, the perjurer of a hundred oaths—a wretch whom pride, honor, or religion could not bind? The forsaken prostitute of every vice, calls upon you, with one breath, to blast the memory of the dead, and to blight the character of the living. Do you think Reynolds to be a villian? It is true he dresses like a gentleman; and the confident expression of his countenance, and the tones of his voice, savour strong of growing authority. He measures his value by the coffins

* This question was occasioned by a clash of arms among the military that thronged the court; some of those who were near him appeared about to offer him personal violence, upon which, fixing his eyes sternly upon them, he exclaimed: "You may assassinate, but you shall not intimidate me."

of his victims; and, in the field of evidence, appreciates his fame, as the Indian warrior does in fight—by the number of scalps with which he can swell his triumphs. He calls upon you, by the solemn league of eternal justice, to accredit the purity of a conscience washed in his own atrocities. He has promised and betrayed—he has sworn and forsworn; and, whether his soul shall go to heaven or hell, he seems altogether indifferent, for he tells you that he has established an interest in both. He has told you that he has pledged himself to treason and to allegiance, and that both oaths has he contemned and broken. At this time, when reason is affrighted from her seat, and giddy prejudice takes the reins—when the wheels are set in conflagration by the rapidity of their own motion, at such a time does he call upon a jury to credit a testimony blasted by his own accusation. Vile, however, as this execrable informer must feel himself, history alas! holds out too much encouragement to his hopes; for, however base, and however perjured, I recollect few instances, in cases between the subject and the crown, where informers have not cut keen, and rode awhile triumphant on public prejudice. I know of few instances wherein the edge of his testimony has not been fatal, or only blunted by the extent of its execution, and retiring from the public view beneath an heap of its own carnage.

"You have been emphatically called upon to secure the state by a condemnation of the prisoner. I am less interested in the condition and political happiness of this country than you are, for probably I shall be a shorter while in it. I have then, the greater claim on your attention and your confidence, when I caution you against the greatest and most fatal revolution—that of the sceptre into the hands of the informer. These are probably the last words I shall ever speak to you; but these last are directed to your salvation, and that of your posterity, when they tell you the reign of the informer is the oppression of the law. My old friends, I tell you, that, if you surrender yourselves to the mean and disgraceful instrumentality of your own condemnation, you will mark yourselves fit objects of martial law—you will give an attestation to the British minister that you are fit for, and have no expectation of any other than martial law—and your liberties will be flown, never, never to return! Your country will be desolated, or only become the goal of the living; until the informer, fatigued with slaughter, and gorged with blood, shall slumber over the sceptre of perjury. No pen shall be found to undertake the disgusting office of your historian; and some future age shall ask—what became of Ireland? Do you not see that the legal carnage which takes place day after day has already depraved the feelings of your wretched population, which seems impatient and clamorous for the amusement of an execution. It remains with you—in your determination it lies—whether that population shall be alone composed of four species of men—the informer to accuse—the jury to find guilty—the judge to condemn—and the prisoner to suffer. It regardeth not me what impressions your verdict

shall make on the fate of this country; but you it much regardeth. The observations I have offered—the warning I have held forth—I bequeath you with all the solemnity of a dying bequest; and oh! may the acquittal of your accused fellow-citizen, who takes refuge in your verdict from the vampire who seeks to suck his blood, be a blessed and happy promise of speedy peace, confidence, and security, to this wretched, distracted, and self-devouring country!"

In his defence of Hamilton Rowan from the charge of libel—the libel being a manifesto of the United Irishmen—he spoke as the advocate of a great public principle.

"There is not a day that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings—that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief, searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses—the authority of his own generous example. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the private abode of disease, and famine, and despair; the messenger of heaven, bringing with him food, and medicine, and consolation. Are these the materials of which you suppose anarchy and public rapine to be formed? Is this the man on whom to fasten the abominable charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed? Is this the man likely to apostatise every principle that can bind him to the state—his birth, his property, his education, his character, and his children? Let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, if you agree with his prosecutors, in thinking that there ought to be a sacrifice of such a man, on such an occasion, and, upon the credit of such evidence, you are to convict him. Never did you, never can you give a sentence, consigning any man to public punishment with less danger to his person or his fame; for where could the hireling be found to fling contumely or ingratitude at his head, whose private distress he had not laboured to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not laboured to improve?"

Upon the trial of Patrick Finny, who was indicted in 1798 for high treason, he thus comments upon the evidence of the informer, Jemmy O'Brien, whom he had previously put to the torture by a most excruciating cross-examination:

"Twelve men, not emerging from the must and cobwebs of a study, abstracted from human nature, or only acquainted with its extravagancies, but twelve men conversant with life, and practised in those feelings which mark the common and necessary intercourse between man and man, such are you, gentlemen. How, then, does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together? Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas-street in the open day (a street not the least populous in the city), and is accosted by a man who, without any preface, tells him

he'll be murdered before he goes *half* the street, unless he becomes a United Irishman! Do you think this a probable story? Suppose any of you, gentlemen, to be a United Irishman, or a freemason, or a friendly brother, and that you met me walking *innocently* along, just like Mr. O'Brien, and meaning *no harm*, would you say, 'Stop, Mr. Curran, don't go further; you'll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become a United Irishman, a freemason, or a friendly brother.' Did you ever hear so *coaxing* an invitation to *felony* as this? 'Sweet James O'Brien! come in and save your precious life, come in and take an oath, or you'll be murdered before you go half the street! Do, sweetest, dearest Mr. James O'Brien, come in, and do not risk your valuable existence.' What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvellously! Well, what does poor Mr. O'Brien do? Poor, dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger—all his members refuse their office—he can neither run from the danger nor call out for assistance; his tongue cleaves to his mouth, and his feet incorporate with the paving-stones; it is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection of the passenger; he yields at length, as great men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate. He then enters the house, and being led into a room, a parcel of men *make faces* at him; but mark the metamorphosis, —well may it be said that 'miracles will never cease'—he who feared to resist in open air, and in the face of the public, becomes a *bravo* when put up in a room, and environed by *sixteen* men; and one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him, which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O'Brien becomes a United Irishman for no earthly purpose whatever but merely to save his sweet life! But this is not all. The pill so bitter to the precipiency of his loyal palate, must be washed down; and, lest he should throw it off his stomach, he is filled up to the neck with beef and whiskey. What further did they do?

"Mr. O'Brien thus persecuted, abused and terrified, would have gone and lodged his sorrows in the sympathetic bosom of the Major, but to prevent him even this little solace they made him drunk. The next evening they used him in the like barbarous manner; so that he was not only sworn against his will, but, poor man, he was made drunk against his inclination. Thus was he besieged with *united* beefsteaks and whiskey, and against such potent assailants not even Mr. O'Brien could prevail.

"Whether all this whiskey that he has been *forced* to drink has produced the effect or not, Mr. O'Brien's loyalty is better than his memory. In the spirit of loyalty he becomes prophetic, and told to Lord Portarlington the circumstances relative to the intended attack on the Ordnance stores, full three weeks before he had obtained the information through mortal agency. Oh, honest James O'Brien!—honest James O'Brien! Let others vainly argue on logical truth and ethical

falsehood; but if I can once fasten him to the ring of perjury, I will bait him at it until his testimony shall fail of producing a verdict, although human nature were as vile and monstrous in you, gentlemen, as she is in him! He has made a *mistake*; but surely no man's life is safe if such evidence were admissible. What argument can be founded on his testimony, when he swears he has perjured himself, and that anything he says must be false. I must not believe him at all, and, by a paradoxical conclusion, suppose, against 'the damnation' of his own testimony, that he is an *honest man!*"

Having alluded to the extent of the United society, as deposed to by the witness, and, consequently the number of victims that must be immolated, if he is believed, he proceeds:

"But this is not the most appalling view of this question. For its importance and its novelty this is the most unprecedented trial in this country. I recollect none bearing any affinity to it, save that of the unhappy wanderer, Jackson; and, premising that I mean not the smallest allusion to the conduct of public measures in this country, are you prepared—I ask you seriously, are you prepared—to embark your respectable characters in the same bottom with this *detestable INFORMER?* Are you ready, on such evidence, to take away, one by one, the lives of an hundred thousand men by prosecutions in a court of justice? Are you prepared, when O'Brien shall come forward against ten thousand of your fellow-citizens, to assist him in digging the graves which he has destined to receive them one by one? No. Could your hearts yield for a moment to the suggestion, your own reflections would vindicate the justice of God and the insulted character of man; you would fly from the secrets of your chamber and take refuge in the multitude, from those 'compunctious visitings' which meaner men could not look on without horror. Do not think I am speaking disrespectfully of you, when I say that, while an O'Brien may be found, it may be the lot of the proudest man among you to be in the dock instead of the jury-box. How then on such an occasion would any of you feel, if such evidence as has been heard this day were adduced against you?

"The application affects you—you shrink from the imaginary situation. Remember then the great mandate of your religion, and 'do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.' Why do you condescend to listen to me with such attention? why so anxious, if even from me anything should fall tending to enlighten you on the present awful occasion? It is because, bound by the sacred obligation of an oath, your heart will not allow you to forfeit it. Have you any doubt that it is the object of O'Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this bloodhound has pursued his victim?—how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court to where the unhappy man stands now—hopeless of all suc-

cour but that which your verdict shall afford? I have heard of assassinations by sword, by pistol, and by dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood—if he thinks he has not *sworn* his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end. But, oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath. The arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel. If he will swear, let it be on the knife—the proper symbol of his profession!"

O'Brien, upon his own showing, was proved to have been a coiner, a swindler, and a perjurer; and Curran, having carefully displayed his perfections in these particulars, fixed his piercing eye upon the jury, and asked them,

"Would you let such a fellow as this into your house as a servant, under the impressions which his evidence must make on your minds? If you would not take his services in exchange for wages, will you take his perjury in exchange for the life of a fellow-creature? How will you feel if the *assignats* of such evidence pass current for human blood! How will you bear the serrated and iron fangs of remorse gnawing at your hearts, if, in the moment of abandonment, you suffer the victim to be massacred even in our arms!"

Mr. Curran noticing that O'Brien shrank from the gaze of a witness, who knew of his infamous practices, said:

"At this moment even the bold and daring villainy of O'Brien stands abashed; he saw the eye of heaven in that of an innocent and injured man—perhaps the feeling was consummated by a glance from the dock—his heart bore testimony to his guilt, and he fled for the same! Gracious God! have you been so soiled in the vile intercourse, that you will give *him* a degree of credit which you will deny to the candid and untainted evidence of so many honest men? But I have not done with him yet; while an atom of his vileness hangs together I will separate it, lest you should chance to be taken by it. Was there a human creature brought forward to say he is any other than a villain? Did his counsel venture to ask our witnesses why they discredited him? Did he dare to ask on what they established their assertions? No; by this time it is probable Mr. O'Brien is sick of investigation.

"Do you feel, gentlemen, that I have been wantonly aspersing this man's character? Is he not a perjurer—a swindler?—and that he is *not* a murderer will depend on you. He assumes the character of a king's officer to rob the king's people of their money, and afterwards, when their property fails them, he seeks to rob them of their lives! What say you to his habitual fellowship with baseness and fraud? He gives a recipe instructing to felony, and counterfeiting the king's coin, and when questioned about it, what is his answer? Why, truly that it was 'only a *light*, *easy* way of getting money—only a *little bit* of a *humbug*.' Good God! I ask you has it ever came across you to meet with such a constellation of infamy?"

Here his exertions were crowned with success. The prisoner was acquitted, and also fifteen others who were to be tried upon the same evidence.

He was himself disposed to regard his speech in the case of Peter Finnerty as one of his happiest, as it certainly was one of his most unpremeditated efforts. Peter was the publisher of a paper called *The Press*, in which a letter appeared describing the trial and execution of William Orr, and inculpating the Lord Lieutenant for refusing to the culprit an extension of mercy. Mr. Curran, in his address to the jury, said:

"Be pleased now, gentlemen, to consider the grounds upon which this publication is called a libel and criminal. Mr. Attorney-General tells you it tends to excite sedition and insurrection. Let me remind you that the truth of this charge is not denied by the noble prosecutor. What is it, then, that tends to excite sedition and insurrection? 'The act that is charged upon the prosecutor, and is not attempted to be denied.' And, gracious God, gentlemen of the jury, is the public statement of the king's representative this? 'I have done a deed that must fill the mind of every feeling or thinking man with horror and indignation, that must alienate every man that knows it from the king's government, and endanger the separation of this distracted empire. The traverser has had the temerity to publish this fact, which I myself acknowledge, and I pray you to find him guilty.' Is this the case which the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland brings forward? Is this the principle for which he ventures, at a dreadful crisis like the present, to contend in a court of justice? Is this the picture which he wishes to hold out of himself to the justice and humanity of his own countrymen? Is this the history which he wishes to be read by the poor Irishmen of the south and of the north, by the sister nation and the common enemy?

"With the profoundest respect, permit me humbly to defend his excellency, even against his own opinion. The guilt of this publication he is pleased to think consists in this, that it tends to insurrection. Upon what can such a fear be supported? After the multitudes that have perished in this unhappy nation within the last three years, and which has been borne with a patience unparalelled in the history of nations, can any man suppose that the fate of a single individual could lead to resistance or insurrection? But suppose that it might—what ought to be the conduct of an honest man? Should it not be to apprise the government and the country of the approaching danger? Should it not be to say to the viceroy, you will drive the people to madness if you persevere in such bloody counsels, you will alienate the Irish nation, you will distract the common force, and you will invite the common enemy. Should not an honest man say to the people, the measure of your affliction is great, but you need not resort for remedy to any desperate expedients? If the king's minister is defective in humanity or

wisdom, his royal master, and your beloved sovereign, is abounding in both. At such a moment, can you be so senseless as not to feel that any one of you ought to hold such language, or is it possible you could be so infatuated as to punish the man who was honest enough to hold it? Or is it possible that you could bring yourselves to say to your country, that at such a season the press ought to sleep upon its post, or to act like the perfidious watchman on his round, that sees the villain wrenching the door, or the flames bursting from the windows, while the inhabitant is wrapt in sleep, and cries out that 'tis past five o'clock, the morning is fair, and all well.'

"On this part of the case I shall only put one question to you. I do not affect to say it is similar in all its points; I do not affect to compare the humble fortunes of Mr. Orr with the sainted names of Russell or of Sydney; still less am I willing to find any likeness between the present period and the year 1683. But I will put a question to you completely paralell in principle. When that unhappy and misguided monarch had shed the sacred blood which their noble hearts had matured into a fit cement of revolution, if any honest Englishman had been brought to trial for daring to proclaim to the world his abhorrence of such a deed, what would you have thought of the English jury that could have said—we know in our hearts what he said was true and honest, but we will say upon our oaths that it was false and criminal, and we will, by that base subserviency, add another item to the catalogue of public wrongs, and another argument for the necessity of an appeal to heaven for redress?

"Gentlemen, I am aware that what I say may be easily misconstrued; but if you listen to me with the same fairness that I address you, I cannot be misunderstood. When I show you the full extent of your political rights and remedies; when I answer those slanderers of British liberty who degrade the monarch into a despot, who degrade the steadfastness of law into the waywardness of will; when I show you the inestimable stores of political wealth so dearly acquired by our ancestors, and so solemnly bequeathed; and when I show you how much of that precious inheritance has yet survived all the prodigality of their posterity, I am far from saying that I stand in need of it all upon the present occasion. No, gentlemen, far am I indeed from such a sentiment. No man more deeply than myself deplores the present melancholy state of our unhappy country. Neither does any man more fervently wish for the return of peace and tranquillity, through the natural channels of mercy and of justice. I have seen too much of force and of violence to hope much good from the continuance of them on one side, or retaliation from another. I have seen too much of late of political rebuilding, not to have observed that to demolish is not the shortest way to repair. It is with pain and anguish that I should search for the miserable right of breaking ancient ties, or going in

quest of new relations or untried adventurers. No, gentlemen, the case of my client rests not upon these sad privileges of despair. I trust that as to the fact, namely, the intention of exciting insurrection, you must see it cannot be found in this publication; that it is the mere idle, unsupported imputation of malice, or panic, or falsehood. And that as to the law, so far has he been from transgressing the limits of the constitution, that whole regions lie between him and those limits which he has not trod; and which I pray to Heaven it may never be necessary for any of us to tread.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Attorney-General has been pleased to open another battery upon this publication, which I do trust I shall silence, unless I flatter myself too much in supposing that hitherto my resistance has not been utterly unsuccessful. He abuses it for the foul and insolent familiarity of its address. I do clearly understand his idea. He considers the freedom of the press to be the license of offering that paltry adulation which no man ought to stoop to utter or to hear. He supposes the freedom of the press ought to be like the freedom of a king's jester, who, instead of reproving the faults of which majesty ought to be ashamed, is base and cunning enough, under the mask of servile and adulatory censure, to stroke down and pamper those vices, of which it is foolish enough to be vain. He would not have the press presume to tell the Viceroy that the prerogative of mercy is a trust for the benefit of the subject, and not a gaudy feather stuck into the diadem to shake in the wind, and by the waiving of the gaudy plumage to amuse the vanity of the wearer. He would not have it say to him that the discretion of the crown as to mercy is like the discretion of a court of justice as to law, and that in the one case as well as the other, wherever the propriety of the exercise of it appears, it is equally a matter of right. He would have the press all fierceness to the people, and all sycophancy to power; he would have it consider the mad and phrenetic depopulation of authority like the awful and inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and say to the unfeeling and despotic spoiler in the blasphemed and insulted language of religious resignation—the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord! But let me condense the generality of the learned gentleman's invective into questions that you can conceive. Does he mean that the air of this publication is rustic and uncourtly? Does he mean that when Marcus presumed to ascend the steps of the castle, and to address the Viceroy, he did not turn out his toes as he ought to have done? But, gentlemen, you are not a jury of dancing-masters; or does the learned gentleman mean that the language is course and vulgar? If this be his complaint, my client has but a poor advocate. I do not pretend to be a mighty grammarian, or a formidable critic; but I would beg leave to suggest to you, in serious humility, that a free press can be supported only by the ardour of men who feel the prompt-

ing sting of real or supposed capacity; who write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise; and over whom, if you exercise the rigour of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post; and if you do, rely upon it, you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with *it* the press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been—the register of births, and fairs, and funerals, and the general abuse of the people and their friends.

"But, gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied, where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the Viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended—the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow labourers in that enterprise; that you had seen him, upon that charge, removed from his industry, and confined in a gaol; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their conscience, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the Crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new and before unheard-of crimes are discovered against the informer; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! that, after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he

had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving these tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided. 'Alas! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold; nor friends, nor sacred home!' No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough?—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you. Had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you so freely as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honour could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to string my hand across it; I should have left it to a fitter minstrel. If I do not, therefore, grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings if it attempted to describe them.

"Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the Castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps he may know you better than I do; if he does he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you that if the reprobation of the writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger. He has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might, that he has not pinched out the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury—if you think that the man who ventures, at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honour of his country, must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks, I have no more to say. Do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors,

find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens, to your own homes, and bear their looks as they pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example. Teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be foresworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster—who had dared to publish the transaction!

"Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict the gaols, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself circuit after circuit? Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him, perhaps, in gaol—the only place of security, I had almost said, of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home!"

And he then flings before the minds of the jury another of those appalling visions of the informer, which were most appropriate and impressive in their bearing upon an Irish jury.

"But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny, at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you, honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to

the pillory. I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the Castle—where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till his heart has had time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

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

Mr. Curran's exertions on these occasions had seriously compromised his personal safety, and caused, in many of his old friends, a coldness which he felt severely. Alluding to this afterwards, in a letter to Mr. Grattan, he thus writes:

"I am heavily censured, for having acted for them in the late prosecutions. I feel no shame at such a charge, except that of its being made at such a time as this. That to defend the people should be held out as an imputation upon the king's counsel, when the people are prosecuted by the state. I think every counsel is the property of his fellow-subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his Majesty's gown, I had declined my duty, or had done it weakly or treacherously; if I had made that gown a mantle of hypocrisy, and had betrayed my client, or sacrificed him to any personal view, I might, perhaps, have been thought wiser by those who had blamed me, but I should have thought myself the basest villain upon earth. But what were those attacks? Slanders provoked by a conduct of which my friends, as well as myself, had reason to be proud. Thank God! I did adopt and pursue it—under the pressure of uninterrupted attacks upon my character and fortune, and frequently at the hazard of my life. I trust that while I have memory that conduct will remain indelibly engraven upon it, because it will be

there a record of the most valuable of all claims—a claim upon the gratitude of my own conscience."

Mr. Curran cherished the fiercest hatred against Lord Clare; but it rarely happened that, in his own court, his lordly adversary suffered him to have any advantage. An occasion, however, did present itself, when Cnrran took his full revenge. He was pleading before the Privy Council, in the case of Alderman Howison, who sought to make an election by the board of aldermen, without the concurrence of the commons, valid for the office of Lord Mayor. The advocate having cited some resolutions of a former House of Commons against a former Lord Chancellor, Lord Clare remarked:

"Can you think, Mr. Curran, that these resolutions of a committee of the House of Commons can have any relation whatsoever to the present subject?

"Mr. Curran.—I hope, my lords, you will think they have much relation indeed to the subject before you. The weakness of the city was the mischief which occasioned the act of parliament in question; to give the city strength was the remedy. You must construe the law so as to suppress the former and advance the latter. What topics then, my lords, can bear so directly upon the point of your inquiry as the perils to be apprehended from that weakness, and the advantages to be derived from that strength? What argument then can be so apposite as that which is founded on undeniable facts? Or what authority so cogent as the opinion of the representative wisdom of the nation, pronounced upon those facts, and transmitted to posterity upon record. On grounds like those, for I can conceive no other, do I suppose the rights of the city were defended in the time to which I have alluded; for it appears by the records which I have read, that the city was then heard by her counsel. She was not denied the form of defence, though she was denied the benefit of the law. In this very chamber did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty, and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer argument to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor, that he was betraying those rights which he was sworn to maintain; that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty, and every solemn engagement, that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God! Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He would probably have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by some curt, contumelious,

and unmeaning apophthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance; or, even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before—as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own effort to comprehend. The perverseness of a mean and narrow intellect are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark; no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and kindred opacity.

"Lord Chancellor—Surely, Mr. Curran, a gentleman of your eminence in your profession must see that the conduct of former Privy Councils has nothing to do with the question before us. I hope you do not mean to lecture the Council.

"Mr. Curran.—I mean, my lords, to speak to the case of my clients, and to avail myself of every topic of defence which I conceive applicable to that case. I am not speaking to a dry point of law, to a single judge, and on a mere forensic subject. I am addressing a very large auditory, consisting of co-ordinate members, of whom the far greater number are not versed in law. Were I to address such an audience on the interests and rights of a great city, and address them in the hackneyed style of a pleader, I should make a very idle display of profession, with very little information to those I address, or benefit to those on whose behalf I have the honour to be heard. I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; I know also that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."

One of the greatest speeches ever delivered at the Bar of the House of Commons was that in defence of Lady Pamela Fitzgerald and her Infant Children. Lord Edward Fitzgerald having died in prison (before trial) of the wound he received in resisting the person who apprehended him, a bill was brought into Parliament to attaint him after his death, on which occasion Mr. Curran delivered the following speech:—

He said, he rose in support of a petition presented on behalf of Lord Henry Fitzgerald, brother of the deceased Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Pamela, his widow, Edward, his only son and heir, an infant of the age of four years, Pamela, his eldest daughter, of the age of two years, and Lucy, his youngest child, of the age of three months, against the bill of attainder then before the committee. The bill of attainder, he said, had formed the division of the subject into two parts. It asserted the fact

of the late Lord Edward's treason, and, secondly, it purported to attaint him, and to vest his property in the crown. He would follow the same order. As to the first bill, he could not but remark upon the strange looseness of the allegation; the bill stated that he had, during his life, and since the 1st of November last, committed several acts of high treason; without stating what, or when, or where, or with whom; it then affected to state the different species of treason of which he had been guilty, namely, conspiring to levy war, and endeavouring to persuade the enemies of the king to invade the country; the latter allegation was not attempted to be proved! the conspiring, without actually levying war, was clearly no high treason, and had been repeatedly so determined. Upon this previous and important question, namely, the guilt of Lord Edward (and without the full proof of which no punishment can be just), he had been asked by the committee, if he had any defence to go into? he was confounded by a question which he could not answer; but upon a very little reflection, he saw in that very confusion the most conclusive proof of the injustice of the bill. For what, he said, can be more flagrantly unjust, than to enquire into a fact, of the truth or falsehood of which, no human being can have knowledge, save the informer who comes forward to assert it. Sir, said he, I now answer the question. I have no defensive evidence! I have no case! it is impossible I should,—I have often of late gone to the dungeon of the captive; but never have I gone to the grave of the dead to receive instructions for his defence—nor in truth have I ever before been at the trial of a dead man! I offer therefore no evidence upon this enquiry; against the *perilous example* of which, I do protest on behalf of the *public*, and against the *cruelty* and *injustice* of which I do protest in the name of the *dead father*, whose *memory* is sought to be *dishonoured*, and of his infant orphans, whose bread is sought to be taken away. Some observations, and but a few, upon the assertions of Reynolds, I will make. (Mr. Curran then observed upon the credit of Reynolds by his own confession). I do verily believe him in that instance, even though I have heard him assert it upon his oath, by his own confession, an informer, and a bribed informer;—a man whom even respectable witnesses had sworn in a court of justice upon their oaths not to be credible on his oath;—a man upon whose single testimony no jury ever did, nor ever ought, to pronounce a verdict of guilty; a kind of man to whom the law resorts with abhorrence and from necessity, in order to set the criminal against the crime, but who is made use of by the law upon the same reason that the most noxious poisons are resorted to in medicine. If such the man, look for a moment at his story; he confines himself to mere conversation only, with a dead man. He ventures not to introduce any third person, living or even dead! he ventures to state no act whatever done, he wishes indeed to asperse the conduct of Lady Edward Fitzgerald, but he well knew, that, even were she in the country, she could not be adduced as a witness to disprove him.

See, therefore, if there be anyone assertion to which credit can be given, except this, that he has sworn, and forsworn, that he is a traitor, that he has received five hundred guineas to be an informer, and that his general reputation is to be utterly unworthy of credit.

As to the papers, it was sufficient to say, that no one of them, nor even all of them, were even asserted to contain any positive proof against Lord Edward; that the utmost that could be deduced from them was nothing more than doubt or conjecture, which, had Lord Edward been living, might have been easily explained, to explain which was now impossible, and upon which to found a sentence of guilt would be contrary to every rule of justice or humanity.

He would therefore pass to the second question. Was this bill of attainder warranted by the principles of reason? the principles of forfeiture in the law of treason? or the usage of parliament in bills of attainder? The subject was of necessity very long, it had nothing to attract attention, but much to repel it. But he trusted that the anxiety of the committee for justice, notwithstanding any dulness either in the subject or in the speaker, would secure to him their attention. Mr. Curran then went into a minute detail of the principles of the law of forfeiture for high treason. The laws of the Persians and the Macedonians extended the punishment of the traitor to the extinction of all his kindred. That law subjected the property and life of every man to the most complicated despotism, because the loyalty of every individual of his kindred was a matter of wild caprice, as the will of the most arbitrary despot could be.

This principle was never adopted in any period of our law: at the earliest times of the Saxons, the law of treason acted directly only on the person of the criminal, it took away from him what he actually had to forfeit—his life and property. But as to his children, the law disclaimed to affect them directly; they suffered, but they suffered by a necessary consequence of their father's punishment, which the law could not prevent and never directly intended. It took away the inheritance, because the criminal, at the time of taking it away, had absolute dominion over it, and might himself have conveyed it away from his family. This, he said, was proved by the instances of additional fees, at the common law, and estates tail since the statute *de Donis*. In the former case, the tenant did not forfeit until he had acquired an absolute dominion over the estate by the performance of the condition. Neither in the latter case was the estate tail made forfeitable until the tenant in tail had become enabled in two ways to obtain the absolute dominion, by a common recovery or by a fine. Until then the issue in tail, though not only the children of the tenant, but taking from him his estate by descent, could not be disinherited by his crime. A decisive proof, that even the early law of treason never intended to extend the punishment of the traitor to his children as such; but even this direct punishment upon the traitor

himself was to take effect only upon a condition suggested by the unalterable rules of natural justice, namely, a judgment founded upon conviction, against which he might have made his defence, or upon an outlawry, where he refused to abide his trial. In that case he was punished, because during his life the fact was triable, because during his life the punishment could act directly upon his person; because during his life the estate was his to convey, and therefore his to forfeit.

But if he died without attainder; a fair trial was impoissble, because a fair defence was impossible; a direct punishment upon his person was impossible, because he could not feel it, and a confiscation of his estate was equally impossible, because it was then no longer his, but was then vested in his heir, to whom it belonged by a title as good as that by which it had ever belonged to him in his life time, namely, the known law of the country.

As to a posthumous forfeiture of lands, that appears to have been attempted by inquest after death. But so early as the 8th of Edward III. the legality of such presentments was disallowed by the judges. And there is no lawyer at this day who can venture to deny that since the 25th and 35th of Edward III. no estate of inheritance can regularly be forfeited save by attainder in the life of the party, therefore the law of the country being, that unless the descent was uninterrupted by an actual attainder in the lifetime of the criminal, it became vested in the heir. The moment it did descend, the heir became seized by a title the most favored in law. He might perhaps have been considered as a purchaser for the most valuable consideration, his mother's marriage, of which he was the issue. Why there was posthumous attainder excluded from the protective law of treason? Why has it never since been enacted by the prospective law? Clearly for this reason, that in its own nature it is inhuman, impolitic, and unjust.

But it is said this may be done by a bill of attainder; that the parliament is omnipotent and therefore may do it, and that it is a proceeding familiar to our constitution. As to the first, it could not be denied that the parliament was in the power of the country; but an argument from the existence of a power to the exercise of it in any particular instance, is ridiculous and absurd. From such an argument it would follow, that it must do whatever it is able to do, and that it must be stripped of the best of all power, the power of abstaining from what is wrong.

Mr. Curran then endeavoured to shew that such a bill ought not to pass; first, because every argument against the justice or the policy of a prospective was tenfold strong against a retrospective law. Because every *ex post facto* law was in itself an exercise of despotical power, that when it altered the law of property it was peculiarly dangerous; that when it punished the innocent for the guilty it was peculiarly unjust; that when it affected to do that which the criminal, as it then stood, could not do, it acted peculiarly against the spirit of the constitution, which was to contract and restrain penal law by the strictest construction, and

not to add to it by vindictive innovation. But, he said, he was warranted to go much farther upon the authority of the British legislature itself, and to say that the princple of forfeiture, even in the prospective law, was altogether repugnant to the spirit of the British constitution.

The statutes of Anne and of George II. have declared, that after the death of the Pretender and of his sons, no such forfeiture ought nor should exist. In favour of that high authority, every philosophical and theoretic writer, Baron Montesquieu, the Marquis Beccaria, and many others might be cited. Against it, no one writer of credit or character, that had come to his hands. Of the late Mr. Yorke he did not mean to speak with disrespect; he was certainly a man of learning and genius; but, it must be observed, he wrote for a party and for a purpose; he wrote against the repeal of the law of forfeiture, more than for its principle; of that principle he expressly declines entering into a direct defence. But for the extending that principle farther than is already law, the slightest insinuation cannot be found in his treatise.

But, said Mr. Curran, it is asserted to be the usage of the constitution in both countries. Of bills of attainder, he said, the instances were certainly many, and most numerous in the worst times, and rising above each other in violence and injustice. The most tolerable of them was that which attainted the man who fled from justice, which gave him a day to appear, had he chosen to do so, and operated as a legislative outlawry. That kind of act had been passed, though but rarely, within the present century. There have been many acts of attainder when the party was willing but not permitted to appear and take his trial. In these two kinds of bills of attainder, however, it is to be observed, that they do not any violence to the common law, by the declaring of a new crime or a new punishment, but only by creating a new jurisdiction and a new order of proceeding. Of the second kind that has been mentioned, many instances are to be found in the violent reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and many of them revised by the wisdom of cooler and juster times. Of such unhappy monuments of human frailty, Lord Coke said, *auferat oblivio, sinon, silentium tegat.*

I beg leave, said Mr. Curran, to differ in that from the learned judge: I say, let the record upon which they are written be indelible and immortal: I say, let the memory that preserves them have a thousand tongues to tell them, and when justice, even late and slow, shall have robbed their fellow principle of life, let them be interred in a monument of negative instruction to posterity for ever.

A third kind of bill of attainder might be found, which for the first time declared the law, and attainted the criminal upon it; such was the attainder of Strafford. A fourth, which did not change the law as to the crime, but as to the evidence upon which it was to be proved; such was the attainder of Sir John Fenwick. Of these two last species of attainder, no lawyer has ever spoken with respect; they were the

cruel effect of the rancour and injustice of party spirit, nor could anything be said in their excuse, except that they were made for the direct punishment of the actual criminals, and whilst they were yet living. The only other attainder that remained possible to be added to this catalogue was that of a bill like the present, which affects to try after the party's death, when trial is impossible; to punish guilt when punishment was impossible; to afflict punishment when crime is not even intended.

To change the settled law of property, to confiscate the widow's pittance! to plunder the orphan's cradle? and to violate the religion of the dead man's grave! For this too there was a precedent; but for the honor of humanity let it be remembered, that an *hundred and forty years* had elapsed in which the precedent had not been thought worthy of imitation in Great Britain—he meant, he said, the attainder of regicides; upon the restoration four of them were included in that bill of attainder, which was passed after their death.

Mr. Curran then adverted pretty much at large upon the circumstances of that period. A king restored, and by his nature disposed to mercy; a ministry of uncommon wisdom, feeling that the salvation of the estate could be secured only by mildness and conciliation; a bigoted, irritated, and interested faction in Parliament; the public mind in the highest state of division and agitation. For what then is that act of attainder resorted to as a precedent? Surely it cannot be as a precedent of that servile paroxysm of simulated loyalty with which the same men, who a few days before had shouted after the wheels of the good protector, now raked into the grave of the traitorous usurper, and dragged his wretched carcase through the streets; that servile and simulated loyalty, which affected to bow in obsequious admiration of the salutary lenity which their vindictive folly was labouring to frustrate; that servile and interested hypocrisy, which gave a hollow and faithless support to the power of the monarch, utterly regardless alike of his character or his safety.

That the example which this act of attainder held forth was never respected, appears from this that it never has been followed in Great Britain, although that country has since that time been agitated by one revolution, and vexed by two rebellions?

So far from extending forfeiture or attainder beyond the existing law, the opinion of that wise and reflecting country was gradually maturing into a dislike of the principle altogether, until at last, by the statutes of Anne and George II., she declares, that no forfeiture or attainder for treason should prejudice any other than the actual offender, nor work any injury to the heir or other person, after the death of a pretender to the throne. Why, said Mr. Curran, has Great Britain thus condemned the principle of forfeiture? Because she felt it to be unjust, and because she found it to be ineffectual.

Here Mr. Curran went into many reasons to prove the impolicy of severe penal laws. They have ever been found, he said, more to exas-

perate than to restrain; when the infliction is beyond the crime, the horror of the guilt is lost in the horror of the punishment, the sufferer become an object of commiseration, and the injustice of the state, of of public odium. It was well observed, that in England the highwayman never murdered, because there the offender was not condemned to torture! but in France, where the offender was broken on the wheel, the traveller seldom or never escaped. What then is it in England that sends the traveller home with his life, but the comparative mildness of English law? What but the merciless cruelty of the French law that gives the atrocious aggravation of murder to robbery? The multiplication of penal laws lessens the value of life, and when you lessen the value of life, you lessen the fear of death.

Look to the history of England upon this subject with respect to treason; notwithstanding all its formidable array of death, of Saxon forfeiture, and of feudal corruption of blood, in what country do you read of more treasons or of more rebellions, and why? Because these terrors do not restrain the traitor. Beyond all other delinquents he is likely to be a person of that ardent, enthusiastic and intrepid spirit, that is roused into more decisive and desperate daring by the prospect of peril.

Mr. Yorke thinks the child of the traitor may be reclaimed to his loyalty by the restitution of his estate. Mr. Yorke might perhaps have reasoned better if he had looked to the still greater likelihood of making him a deadly enemy to the state, by the deadly ignominy inflicted on his father, and by the loss of his own inheritance.

How keenly did Hannibal pursue his vengeance which he had sworn against Rome? How much more enthusiastically would he have pursued his purpose, had that oath been taken upon a father's grave? for the avenging of a father's sufferings! for the avenging of what he would have called a father's wrongs!

If I am called upon, said he, to give more reasons why this precedent has not been for more than a century and a half repeated, I will say, that a bill of attainder is the result of an unnatural union of the legislative and judicial functions; in which the judicial has no law to restrain it; in which the legislative has no rule to guide it, unless passion and prejudice, that which rejects all rule and law, can be called rules and laws, which puts the lives and properties of men completely at the mercy of an arbitrary and despotic power.

Such were the acts of posthumous attainder in Ireland, in the reign of the arbitrary Elizabeth, who used these acts as a mere mode of robbing an Irish subject for the benefit of an English minion. Such was the act of the 9th of William III., not passed for the same odious and despicable purpose, but for a purpose equally arbitrary and unjust, the purpose of transferring the property of the country from persons professing one religion into the hands of those professing another, a purpose manifested and avowed by the remarkable clause in that act, which saves the

inheritance to the heir of the traitor, provided that heir be a protestant! nor so brutally tyrannical in its operation, inasmuch as it gave a right to traverse and a trial by jury to every person claiming a right, and protected the rights of infants, until they should be of an age and capable to assert those rights.

There were yet, Mr. Curran said, other reasons why that precedent of the regicides was not followed in Great Britain. A government that means honestly will appeal to the affection, not to the fears of the people. A state must be driven to the last gasp, when it is driven to seek protection in the abandonment of the law, in that melancholy avowal of its weakness and its fears.

Therefore, it was not done in the rebellion of 1715, nor in that of 1745. He had hitherto, he said, abstained from adverting to the late transactions of Ireland; but he could not defraud his clients or their cause of so pregnant an example. In this country penal laws had been tried beyond any example of any former times; what was the event? The race between penalty and crime was continued, each growing fiercer in the conflict, until the penalty could go no further, *and the fugitive turned upon the breathless pursuer.*

From what a scene of wretchedness and horror have we escaped? But, said he, I do not wish to annoy you by the *stench of those unburied and unrotted* examples of the *havoc* and the *impotence of penal law* pushed to its extravagance. I am more pleased to turn your attention to the happy consequences of temperate conciliatory government of equal law. Compare the latter with the former, and let your wisdom decide between the tempest and the calm.

I know it is a delicate subject, but let me presume to suggest what must be the impression upon this grieved and anxious country, if the rigour of the parliament shall seem at war with the mildness of the government, if the people shall have refuge in the mercy of the crown from the rigour of their own representatives.

But if, at the same moment, they shall see the convicted and the attainted secured in their lives and in their property by the wise lenity of the crown, while the parliament is visiting shame, and misery, and want *upon the cradle of the unprotected infant!* who could not have offended. But I will not follow the idea, I will not see the inauspicious omen; I pray that Heaven may avert it.

One topic more, said he, you will permit me to add. Every act of the sort ought to have a practical morality flowing from its principle; if loyalty and justice require that these infants should be deprived of bread, must it not be a violation of that principle to give them food or shelter! Must not every loyal man wish to see them, in the words of the famous Golden Bull, "always poor and necessitous, and for ever accompanied by the infamy of their father, languishing in continued indigence, and finding their punishment in living and their relief in dying."

If the widowed mother should carry the orphan heir of her unfortunate husband to the gate of any man who might feel himself touched with the sad vicissitudes of human affairs; who might feel a compassionate reverence for the noble blood that flowed in his veins; *nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it;* that like a rich stream rose till it ran and hid its fountain. If, remembering the many noble qualities of his unfortunate father, his heart melted over the calamities of the child, if his heart swelled, if his eyes overflowed, if his too precipitated hand was stretched out by his pity, or his gratitude to the poor excommunicated sufferers, how could he justify the *rebel tear*, or the *traiterous humanity?*

I shall trespass no longer upon the patience for which I am grateful; one word only, and I have done. And that is, once more, earnestly and solemnly to conjure you to reflect that the fact, I mean the fact of guilt or innocence (which must be the foundation of this bill), is not now, after the death of the party, capable of being tried, consistently with the liberty of a free people, or the unalterable rules of eternal justice.

And that as to the forfeiture and ignominy which it enacts, that only can be punishment which lights upon guilt, and that can be only *vengeance* which *breaks* upon *INNOCENCE!*"

Having given extracts from some of his best speeches, there is not, we think, a critic able to produce any specimens of forensic advocacy, which, for force, for brilliancy, for wit, for humour, for pathos, can stand a comparison with them. They are in the rough, and are from such reports as could be given by individuals who described themselves as sitting in mute astonishment, incapable of using the pen, while they were spell bound by the orator's resistless fascination.

But turning to a different line from any in which we have exhibited him previously, he is equally unrivalled. In domestic life, Mr. Curran had been most unfortunate, having experienced that deepest of injuries, from the partner of his choice, which admits of no human compensation. And when he consented to appear, in the case of the Rev. Charles Massy against the Marquis of Headford, who took away the plaintiff's wife, he felt that it was an effort which would cost him dear; but he made it, and he never was more successful.

You have been told, he said, that the amount of the damages should depend on circumstances. You will consider these circumstances, whether of aggrivation or mitigation. His learned counsel contend, that the plaintiff has been the author of his own suffering, and ought to receive no compensation for the ill consequences of his own conduct. In what part of the evidence do you find any foundation for that assertion? He indulged her, it seems, in dress, generous and attached; he probably in-

dulged her in that point beyond his means; and the defendant now impudently calls on you to find an excuse for the adulterer in the fondness and liberality of the husband. But you have been told that the husband connived. Odious and impudent aggravation of injury—to add calumny to insult, and outrage to dishonour. From whom, but a man hackneyed in the paths of shame and vice—from whom, but from a man having no compunctions in his own breast to restrain him, could you expect such such brutal disregard for the feelings of others—from whom, but the cold-blooded veteran seducer—from what, but from the exhausted mind—the habitual community with shame—from what, but the habitual contempt of virtue and of man, could you have expected the arrogance, the barbarity, and folly of so foul—because so false an imputation? He should have reflected—and have blushed before he suffered so vile a topic of defence to have passed his lips. But, ere you condemn, let him have the benefit of the excuse, if the excuse be true. You must have observed how his counsel fluttered and vibrated—between what they called connivance and injudicious confidence; and how, in affecting to distinguishi they have confounded them both together.—If the plaintiff has connived I freely say to you, do not reward the wretch who has prostituted his wife, and surrendered his own honor—do not compensate the pander of his own shame, and the willing instrument of his own infamy. But as there is no sum so low to which such a defence, if true, ought not to reduce your verdict, neither is any so high to which such a charge ought not to inflame it, if such a charge be false. Where is the single fact in this case on which the remotest suspicion of connivance can be hung? Odiously has the defendant endeavoured to make the softest and most amiable feelings of the heart the pretext of his slanderous imputations. An ancient and respectable prelate, the husband of his wife's sister, chained down to the bed of sickness, perhaps to the bed of death! In that distressing situation, my client suffered that wife to be the bearer of consolation to the bosom of her sister—he had not the heart to refuse her—and the softness of his nature is now charged on him as a crime. He is now insolently told, that he connived at his dishonor, and that he ought to have foreseen, that the mansion of sickness and sorrow would have been made the scene of assignation and of guilt. On this charge of connivance I will not farther weary you nor exhaust myself—I will add nothing more, than that it is as false as it is impudent—that in the evidence it has not a color of support; and that by your verdict you should mark it with reprobation. The other subject, namely, that he was indiscreet in his confidence, does, I think, call for some discussion—for I trust you see that I affect not any address to your passions, by which you may be led away from the subject—I presume merely to separate the parts of this affecting case, and lay them item by item before you, with the coldness of detail, and not with any coloring or display of fiction or of fancy. Honorable to himself was his unsuspecting confidence, but fatal must we

admit it to have been, when we look to the abuse committed upon it; but where was the guilt of this indiscretion? Now the charge which this noble lord builds on this indiscretion is, 'thou fool, thou hadst confiddence in my honor, and that was a guilty indiscretion; thou simpleton, thou thoughtest that an admittted and a cherished guest would have respected the laws of honor and hospitality, and thy indiscretion was guilt. Thou thoughtest that he would have shrunk from the meanness and barbarity of requitting kindness with treachery, and thy indiscretion was guilt.

"Gentlemen, what horrid alternative in the treatment of wives would such reasoning commend? Are they to be immured by worse than eastern barbarity? Are their principles to be depraved, their passions snblimated, every finer motive of action extinguished by the inevitable consequences of thus treating them like slaves? Or is a liberal and generous confidence in them to be the passport of the adulterer, and the justification of his crimes?

"Honourably, but fatally for his own repose, he was neither jealous, suspicious, nor cruel. He treated the defendant with the confidence of a friend—and his wife with the tenderness of a husband. He did leave to the noble marquis the physical possibility of committing against him the greatest crime which can be perpetrated against a being of an amiable heart and refined education. In the middle of the day, at the moment of divine worship, when the miserable husband was on his knees directing the prayers and thanksgiving of his congregation to their God—that moment did the remorseless adulterer choose to carry off the deluded victim from her husband, from her child, from her character, from her happiness, as if, not content to leave his crime confined to its miserable aggravations, unless he gave it a cast and color of factitious sacrilege and impiety. Oh! how happy had it been, when he arrived at the bank of the river with the ill-fated fugitave, ere yet he had committed her to that boat of which like the fabled barque of Styx, the exile was eternal, how happy at the moment, so teeming with misery and with shame, if you, my lord, had met him, and could have accosted him in the character of that good genius which had abandoned him. How impressively might you have pleaded the cause of the father, of the child, of the mother, and even of the worthless defendant himself. You would have said, 'is this the requital that you are about to make for respect and kindness, and confidence in your honor? Can you deliberately expose this young man in the bloom of life, with all his hopes before him?—Can you expose him, a wretched outcast from society, to the scorn of a merciless world? Can you set him adrift upon the tempestuous ocean of his own passions, at this early season when they are most headstrong; and can you cut him out from the moorings of those domestic obligations by whose cable he might ride at safety from their turbulence? Think of, if you can conceive it, what a powerful influence arises from the sense of home, from

the sacred religion of the hearth, in quelling the passsions, in reclaiming the wanderings, in correcting the discords of the human heart; do not cruelly take from him the protection of these attachments. But if you have no pity for the father, have mercy at least upon his innocent and helpless child; do not condemn him to an education scandalous or neglected—do not strike him into that most dreadful of all human conditions, the orphanage that springs not from the grave, that falls not from the hands of Providence, or the stroke of death, but comes before its time, anticipated and inflicted by the remorseless cruelty of parental guilt. For the poor victim herself—not yet immolated—while yet balancing upon the pivot of her destiny, your heart could not be cold, nor your tongue be wordless. You would have said to him, pause, my lord, while there is yet a moment for reflection. What are your motives, what are your views, what your prospects, from what are you about to do? You are a married man, the husband of the most amiable and respectable of women; you cannot look to the chance of marrying this wretched fugative; between you and such an event there are two sepulchres to to pass. What are your inducements? Is it love, think you? No—do not give that name to any attraction you can find in the faded refuse of a violated bed. Love is a noble and generous passion; it can be founded only on a pure and ardent friendship, on an exalted respect, on an implicit confidence in its object. Search your heart, examine judgment, do you find the semblance of any one of these sentiments to bind you to her? What could degrade a mind to which nature or education had given port or stature or character, into a friendship for her? Could you repose upon her faith? Look in her face, my lord—she is at this moment giving you the violation of the most sacred of human obligations as the pledge of her fidelity. She is giving you the most irrefragable proof that, as she is deserting her husband for you, so she would without a scruple abandon you for another. Do you anticipate any pleasure you might feel in the possible event of your becoming the parents of a common child? She is at this moment proving to you that she is as dead to the sense of parental as of conjugal obligation; and that she would abandon your offspring to-morrow with the same facility with which she now deserts her own. Look then at her conduct, as it is, as the world must behold it, blackened by every aggravation that can make it either odious or contemptible, and unrelieved by a single circumstance of mitigation, that could palliate its guilt, on retrieve it from abhorrence."

By the passing of the Act of Union he was deeply afflicted; and his son gives us to understand that, such was the dejection which he felt, he had almost resolved upon quitting Ireland for ever. At one time he looked to America, at another to the English bar; and had he been a younger man, it is not improbable that his resolves would have taken a more determined shape;

but, as it was, his spirit still clung to the soil, which, if it was the scene of his sufferings, was also the theatre of his glory.

In 1802 he visited France; and his political feelings appear to have changed on witnessing the military laws in force there.

But a domestic trial of the severest kind awaited him, for which he was altogether unprepared. Between Robert Emmet and his daughter a fond attachment had subsisted, which, up to the time of his arrest, were studiously concealed. Sarah Curran then, for the first time, revealed her love, when he told her his intentions, and when she saw his danger. The insurrection failed; and there was a price set upon his head. His heart drew him to the spot where she who was still dearer to him than life still remained, and in a few days he was arrested.

Upon his person were found some papers which showed that he corresponded with one of Mr. Curran's family; and this led to a search of the house of the latter, and a seizure of his papers. The agony of Mr. Curran was intense; he knew the evil construction that would be put upon the intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Emmet and his daughter; and also how desirable it would be deemed, by some of his enemies in high places, to involve him and Mr. Emmet in a common charge. He waited on the Attorney-General, and tendered his person and papers to abide any inquiry which the Government might deem it expedient to direct. The Attorney-General put him at his ease respecting his own impressions, and interceded for his daughter.

Curran, at his desire, accompanied him to the Privy Council. Upon entering, Lord Clare fixed a piercing glance upon him, and was about to proceed with his examination, when the lightning of Curran's eye, and the swell of insulted dignity, and a certain air of proud determination which instinctively fired him, gave the Chancellor a clear intimation that if an attack was made, a battle would be fought, and that no laurels were to be won. His character was cleared, and he returned home with a happier mind.

His political and professional life may now be said to have drawn to a close. In 1806 he was made Master of the Rolls, which conferred upon him an easy independence, and which he enjoyed for the remainder of his life. His time was now divided between the quiet discharge of official duty and the easy enjoyment of conviviality. His court business he felt as irksome task-work, from which he was always glad to escape to social converse; and the friends whose privilege it was to consort with him on those happy occasions, all bear testimony to the unrivalled brilliancy of his wit, his exhaustless stores of anecdote, and powers of humour and pathos, which, to the same extent, were probably in no other man ever before united. Lord Byron thus testifies, so does Pro-

fessor Wilson; and others have declared that Curran, in good spirits, was the greatest prodigy they ever knew.

In the year 1812 he made an attempt to get into the Imperial Parliament. He offered himself to the constituency of Newry, but was defeated—fortunately, it was thought, for his happiness and his fame. He was never suited for Parliament—as he made but an indifferent figure in the Irish House.

His relish for literature was very great; and in his social parties he used to expiate upon the beauties of his favorite authors—Shakespeare, Sterne, Goldsmith, Richardson of the modern; and Virgil, of the ancients, stood highest in his estimation. Mark Anthony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, he used to say, was the most consummate piece of oratory ever composed.

His own productions or exertions were topics upon which he seldom descanted. The host of imitators which his genius quickened into being, he regarded with more indulgence than might have been expected. Speaking of one of them who was praised, as having presented "some very powerful pictures," in a then recent discourse, he observed, "Anyone can *daub when he has got a pot of colours beside him.*" His opinion having been asked of the speech of another, he said, "There is much more of flower than figure in it; more of fancy than design. It is like (as I suspect the mind of the author to be) a tree in full blossom—shake it, and you have them on the ground in a minute, and it would take a season to reproduce them." He had no occasion to depreciate others in order to exalt himself; and he was, moreover, possessed by a spirit of almost romantic generosity.

From a delicacy or peculiarity of stomach, he was obliged to adopt a very great degree of regularity in his hours of taking food, and if the dinner hour was protracted beyond five o'clock, he complained of suffering sensible inconvenience. His own house was so remarkable for exactness in that particular, that it might more truly be said that his hour of dinner regulated the clock, than that the clock regulated his hour of dinner. It was only when he dined from home that he experienced, from this idiosyncracy, any serious annoyance.

In his mode of living he practised a liberal, but exact economy. His early privations taught him the value of money, of which he never was profuse in gratuities, but *rather* the contrary; a circumstance which rendered him anything but a favorite amongst the servants of any family where he happened to visit. He never gave what the gourmand would call a *good* dinner; although his wines were excellent, and his conversation more than a set-off against any deficiencies of the board.

His domestic calamity and its consequences had given a shock

to his character, from which he never perfectly recovered; nor did he exemplify that exactitude of morals, the want of which, in his unhappy partner, may be said to have shipwrecked his domestic peace. His habitual melancholy has been noticed by all who have written concerning him, and ascribed to various causes. Temperament, ennui—the depressing consciousness of being one amongst the millions of a subjugated and prostrate people, political disappointment, despair of the fortunes of Ireland—these seem to explaim the depression which haunted him whenever he was for any time alone.

In 1813 his health began visibly to decline, and he meditated a retirement from the bench, where indeed he never felt at ease, as his natural disposition and his constitutional temperament were always at variance with his official duties. In the year following he resigned, and resolved upon a trip to France. While in Paris he visited the Chamber of Deputies, and witnessed a scene, by which his notions of French ladies were changed.

But the vital spark was now rapidly verging towards extinction. In the spring of 1817, while dining with his friend, Thomas Moore, he suffered a slight attack of paralysis in one of his hands. His chest also became oppressed, and it was the opinion of his medical advisers that he should try the effects of a milder climate. He accordingly returned to Ireland, and made preparations for migrating to the south of Europe. He arranged his affairs; and his friends perceived in him so visible an alteration, that they clearly saw, and, indeed, he himself felt, he had not much longer to live. Parting from his friend, Mr. McNally, he said, "*I wish it were all over.*"

On his way to London, between Holyhead and Cheltenham, he experienced another slight attack of paralysis. Being assured by a medical friend that he was in no immediate danger, and that his pulse gave no indication of palsy—"Then," said Curran, "I am to consider what has lately happened as a runaway knock, and not as a notice to quit."

But speedily the final summons came. He reached London in September, and still contemplated his continental trip, as one by which, if his health was not improved, the grievous depression of spirit under which he laboured might be diverted. Within one little month "all was over." On the 8th of October he was seized by apoplexy, and on the 14th breathed his last.

Curran was much indebted to industry and to art; but he was still more indebted to nature.

The difference between Curran as an orator and Curran as a rhymster is not, we think, exaggerated, when we say, that it is as great as the difference between the racer who wins the Queen's

Plate at Newmarket, and the same animal stolen by a company of Gipsies, docked and mutilated, and loaded with pots, kettles, and pans, and the other trumpery of their merry encampment. He is, in the one case, the strong man, who, single-handed, drove the field, and carried the gates of Gaza upon his shoulders; he is, in the other, Samson, shorn and blind, and grinding in a mill; and his muse is the Delilah who had betrayed him into the hands of the Philistines. We do not say that he has not written some happy and some tender verses.

In company with the Prince Regent one evening, Mr. Curran met Erskine. who took occasion to descant, at length on the transcendent excellence of the profession of the law, and, amongst other of his recommendations, dwelt particularly upon the fact, that it enabled the younger branches of a noble house "to emulate, in splendour, and magnificence, and pomp of living, the most illustrious of their ancestors."

"Mr. Curran thought this pretty well, and silence rapidly succeeding to this florid, yet ill-directed piece of interested declamation, he shortly observed, 'All that my eloquent friend has so justly and so impressively said, can never be denied; but in enumerating the advantages of the profession of law, he has omitted one thing (looking at the Prince, and respectfully bowing to him), namely, that it has enabled the son of a provincial peasant *to be placed at the table of his prince.*"

Such was Curran—such was he in his weakness and in his strength—as a senator, a lawyer, an advocate, a wit, a humorist, and a scholar. We do not go too far when we say, that, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Yet, let us remember that humanity is humanity still—that it is man's part to err for ever, and that the God-like alone are perfect. Curran had more than his share of faults and failings. His life was a sadly mournful one on this earth, and his political career a failure. Were it God's will that he should be born without the four seas of Erin, wealth, power, and success were his; but the curse of Swift was, too, the curse of Curran, and he withered under its blighting effects. Till Ireland is a nation, free and independent, such will be the fate of those children of hers who toil for a forlorn cause. Light lie the turf on his remains in Glasnevin!

HUMOROUS

BAR ANECDOTES

AND

WITTY JESTS.

THE Persian Ambassador, having among other public places, visited our Courts of Justice, in November Term of 1819, coming into the Court of Common Pleas, whilst it was sitting, the busines was suspended for a short time to view so extraordinary a personage, he being fully dressed in the Eastern Costume, long beard, &c. After he had retired, one of the Judges asked Lord Norbury, what he thought of him, his lordship who never let such an opportunity slip without something good falling from him, wittily replied; "he might be a very clever man, but he was certain he was not a close shaver."

When it was told to Lord Norbury that sentence of transportation to Botany Bay was passed on the notorious Mr. Smith who had been detected in clandestinely pocketing some notes off the vestry room table, after the Collection for the Charity Schools of St. Michans' Church, in November, 1819, he jocosely replied "that he thought it very hard, as it was no uncommon thing to have *note takers* at all such public meetings."

The late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Redesdale, one day sitting in his Court, a cause came before him in trial; among other matters, a suitor, through his advocate, Mr. Curran, prayed to be relieved from the payment of some bills for which he had not received valuable consideration, but only lent his name to accommodate. Mr. Curran, in the course of the pleadings, mentioned the terms several times of *kite* and *raising the wind;* when his Lordship, requesting to know the meaning of the words, Mr. Curran wittily replied, My Lord, in your country, (meaning England,) the wind generally raises the kite, but with us, significantly looking at the gentlemen of the bar, *the kite raises the wind.*

The late Counsellor Caldbeck, of the Irish Bar, who drudged in his profession till he was near eighty, being a king's connsel frequently went circuit as judge of assize, when any of the twelve judges were prevented by illness. On one of these occasions, a fellow was convicted before him at Wexford for bigamy, and when the learned counsel came to pass sentence, after lecturing the fellow pretty soundly upon the nature of his uxorious crime, added, "The only punishment which the law authorises me to inflict is, that you be transported to parts beyond the seas for the term of seven years; but if I had my will you should not escape with so mild a punishment, for I would sentence you for the term of your natural life—*to live in the same house with both your wives.*"

When the late Lord Kilwarden was first raised from his office of attorney-general to the chief seat of judgment in the King's Bench, he appeared extremely anxious to support his new-born dignity by a strict exercise of his authority, and a declared intention to reform the dilatory proceedings of the lawyers and attornies in his court, who, he said, rarely ever made their appearance before twelve o'clock. One day in the sittings at Nisi Prius, he gave a very pompous notice, that the court would sit to-morrow morning precisely at nine, and the court expected the attendance of all the barristers and attorneys at that hour. Next morning the court was upon the bench according to appointment, but the inveterate habits of the barristers and attorneys were not to be so suddenly reformed, and not one appears before the usual hour. By this time the noble lord had nearly exhausted the contents of a large snuff-box, and the last particle of his patience, when the gentlemen of the long robe began to make their appearance. The court expressed astonishment that the warning of the preceding day was not attended to, and gave a harsh reproof to the attornies in particular, which was equally maent for their superiors, the barristers, who sat smiling at each other, as well as at the sudden pomposity of their late colleague. The court threatened to call on the causes at nine every morning, and to postpone every cause to the tail of the term paper, when the barristers and attorneys concerned were not in their places to proceed. Mr. Curran, to whom this harangue most forcibly applied, with great gravity assented to what the noble lord had said; and with a look of arch sternness, addressing himself to the law wig-maker, who generally attended to fix on the caxons of the learned tribe, said, "And as for you, Mr. Geoghegan, if you are not here to morrow morning and have not all your *wigs* upon the *blocks* by the sitting of the

court, I shall feel myself obliged to move an attachment against you." The court felt this stroke with obvious chagrin, but lowered its topsails for the future.

Lord Dorset once asked a certain bishop, why he conferred orders on so many blockheads? "Oh, my lord," said he, "it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses, than lie quite untilled.

Mr. Curran that celebrated advocate, possessed perhaps a greater influence over the feelings of his auditory than any other professor of forensic eloquence ever did, and has been frequently known, by the pathetic force of his oratory, and the inexhaustable fund of his wit, and resistless humour to keep the jury whom he addressed alternately in tears and laughter during the course of a trial; and yet, like other great wits, he has been frequently put down by an unexpected rapartee from the most simple of those witnesses whom he endeavoured to *badger* by cross-examination. In an important cause where a country schoolmaster, named Lilly, was a principal witness, and had given his direct testimony with all due gravity, arrayed in all the graces of *syntax and prosidy*, Mr. Curran proceeded to cross-examine the witness, and began with a familiar nod, and an arch look, in the first sentence of *Cordery's Colloquies*, '*Salve Claudi.*' This schoolmaster immediately answered, '*Sis tu quoque salvus Bernarde.*' This unexpected answer completely disarmed the barrister, and produced a general laugh at his expense.

An Irish gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench as surety for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds; Serjeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. "Well, sir, how do you make yourself worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand nine hundred and forty pounds. "Aye," says Davy, "that is not enough by sixty pounds." "For that sum," replied the other, "I have a note at hand of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it." This set the court in a roar. The Serjeant was for once abashed, and Lord Mansfield said, "Well, brother, I think we may accept the bail."

The Earl of W——, whose lady, long reported the paragon of purity, was detected in a *faux pax* with an honorable commoner, C——sh B—sh—w, complained to his friend the chancellor, of

the infidelity of his rib, saying he should sue for a divorce, and marry another wife. "Pooh, pooh, my dear W——," answered the sage of the law, "You'll only expose yourself and be laughed at. Trust, me you are not worse off than your neighbours. And as to what you propose, it would be only putting away one *w*— to marry *another*."

The lady of the late Bishop of Elphin, carving a hare at her own table in a large company, observed that she was very fond of hare, and several of the tenants were so kind as to send one almost every day from some part of the Bishop's lands. "Madame," said a wit present, "If they go on at this rate for a year or two there will not be a hare left on your Ladyship's premises."

Not many years ago a certain temporal peer having in a most pathetic and elegant speech, exposed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from some imputations unjusty thrown upon them; a prelate, irritated at the nature as well as at the length of the speech, desired to know when the noble lord would leave off preaching. The other replied, "The very day I'm made a bishop."

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all left a weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest. "Oh?" replied he, "I belong to another parish."

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, begged leave to toast the devil. The gentleman who sat next him said he had no objection to any of his lordship's friends.

A blind fiddler being brought before the facetious Alderman Curtis, on a claim of two women, each asserting he was her husband, they were on this occasion extreme outrageous, when not making out their case, they were both reserved for a future claim; but when the were gone, a woman merrily observed, that what other merit the man might have, she could not tell, but by the spirit of the women, it appeared he played a good stick.

A booby of a country squire, who had made an honest woman of his father's chambermaid, bolted into the room while she was in labour, and blubbering over her in great tenderness, sobbed out that he was sorry she felt so much pain on his account. "Do not make thyself uneasy love," said the wife; "I cannot bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was not thy fault."

Mr. Hare, the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequently dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door for admittance. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting this morning?"

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by wicked men, who made use of violence as well as art, to satisfy their brutal appetites, and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces, and then asked miss if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? "Why," says the girl, "life is sweet, dear mamma."

As the late M. Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the playhouse in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun Tavern in Clare-market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach-window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of the transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step, then taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length, looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had biliked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving? and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out, and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money, "No, God bless your honour," said the coachman, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night." "Pshaw," said Rich, "your master's a fool, here's a shilling for yourself." "No," said the coachman, who by this time had remounted his hox, "I know you too well, for all your shoes, and so, Mr. Devil, I think you are outwitted."

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire at old Slaughter's coffee-house, a gentle-

man just opposite to him, who was subscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engross the fire, calls out, "Pray, young man, have you got any sand about you?" "No, friend," says Swift, "but I have got gravel, and if you will give me your letter, I will p— upon it immediately."

When the Coterie was first established, one of the general rules was, that two members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in private, was for making an alteration in this rule by insisting on the number being *three*, "For," says she, "suppose a lady and gentleman might happen to meet first, would not it be a very awkward situation?" "Not at all, madame," said Lord Harrington, who happened to be present, "for you know a gentleman and a lady can readily make a *third*.

During the American war, when the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German Town, five Hessian soldiers who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army. He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender. They, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondering at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him how he could capture five men. "Why," replied the brave Irishman, "please, your excellency, by St. Patrick, I surrounded them!" The general, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartlily at the bull, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about the goodness of their different countries; says the Dutchman, "Your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your Portsmouths, your Plymouths, your Yarmouths, your Falmouths, your Dartmouths, your Exmouths, and you are all mouths together!" "Aye," replied the Englishman, "and you have your Amsterdams, and your Rotterdams, and G—damn you altogether."

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple Bar, and bade the man drive to Berkeley-square. The fellow who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell.

"Do you consider," said Nash, "when they were come to Berkeley-square, that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now, you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself?" You mistake, sir, replied the fellow, "for I should have backed you in."

The Social Club being at a tavern together, after supper called for a bill, and having collected the reckoning, handed it to the waiter. One of the shillings was bad, and being returned, they agreed it should be thrown out of the widow. "Give it," said the facetious Surgeon W——— to X——, "to pitch into the street, for you all know there is not a man in Ireland can make a shilling go farther."

Some time ago, Mr. Wilkes, dining at Dolly's Chop-house, met with one of the Aldermen, who though against him in the city, he very civily accosted. To which the other made a surly and churlish reply. However, Wilkes took no further notice than tipping a wink to his companion. Presently the alderman began to be very riotous for his dinner, frequently calling out "My stake, my stake, my stake!" which at length was brought him. Then Wilkes, turning to his next neighbour, said pretty loud, "Pray, sir, observe the difference between Dolly's chop-house and the bear garden. There the bear is brought to the stake—here the stake is brought to the bear."

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted on the road to London by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn? "Why," replied the Oxonian, "the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!" "Are you sure of that?" replied the traveller; then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, "As I am for expedition, your money this instant." The wag submitted to his demands, and paid six guineas for his joke.

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. "Oh! madame," answered she, "it would be a heavenly life if the first month would last always."

The Duchess of Kingston was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals which was unloading in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality?" replied the man. Yes,

fellow," rejoined her grace, "don't you see my arms upon my carriage?" "Yes, I do, indeed, and a pair of d——d coarse arms they are," said he.

Lady B—— T—— was one of the numerous company at the house of a certain nobleman, remarkable for a large collection of books, but who had a mere ignoramus of a fellow for a librarian. This her ladyship knew, and in passing with several others by the door of the library, she pointed to it, saying, with her usual vivacity, "There is the seraglio committed to the care of the eunuch."

A very agreeable lady of the name of Riggs, being one season at Margate, in the house with six others, and only one gentleman to attend the whole; when, on regretting that they had not more of the male creation, says a sprightly lady, one of the party, "If we complain of not being well manned, I'm sure we are well rigged."

A duchess hearing that a man in a high post, where he had an opportunity of fingering a great deal of money, had married his kept mistress; "Dear me," said she, "that fellow is always robbing the public."

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law? His master said if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night, he would tell him, which was agreed to. "Why, then," said the master, good witnesses are the chief points of the law." When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper, and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them, according to agreement. "O, sir," says he, "where are your good witnesses."

As a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses east of Temple-bar was reading to a group of city politicians a famous speech of Lord Shelburn, in which his lordship expressed his opinion that our very women were able to beat back the French if they should attempt an invasion of this country; a naval gentleman jumped up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, "Right, my boy; damn me, if I doubt it, and I hope to see the day that some of the Monsieurs shall receive a sound drubbing from a ship *manned* with women.

An Italian was accused of marrying five wives, when being

carried before the judge, he was asked why he had married so many? He answered, "In order to meet with a good one if possible."

A young man assured a young woman that he would do anything to serve her. "If I was poor and necessitous," said the lady, "I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner." "Indeed, madam, I would not," replied he, "for if you were naked I would cover you."

A man in Flanders dreamed one night that he was a cuckold, so he went to the priest to desire him to confess his wife, especially on that point. "Well," says the priest to him, because you are my loving friend, I will lend you my gown and hood, and you shall take her confession yourself. This very priest had lain with this man's wife several times; so while he was waiting for his wife's coming, the priest went and told her the intrigue, and that her husband was to take her confession. When she came to him, after many simple questions that he asked her, she confessed to him that she had only lain with three men, that was a young man, an old man, and a friar. He came home, as he thought, undiscovered. As he went at work, he would often be crying, "The young man, the old man, and the friar." "Troth, husband, I believe the priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so, I lay with a young man, an old man, and a friar, and yet, husband, these three are but one, for I lay with you when you were a young man, and I lie with you now you are an old man, and are not you the friar which I made my confession to? Therefore, all these three were only you my dear husband." "Is it so, my honest and chaste wife? Well, by my faith, thou hast given me such great satisfaction in point of thy honesty, that I should be both a fool and a knave to question it any more."

A templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire and took some other templars along with him, and upon one of the holidays he would have them to an ale-house hard by, where the woman was deaf. So coming thither, "Oh, my young master," says she, "I have not seen you those seven years." Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, "here is to thee and to all the w——s, rogues, and bawds in England." She seeing his lips go, though she could not hear him, said, "Come, sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters."

The Countess of Huntingdon, of pious memory, invented a new device for a garter, which shews her piety and benevolence. The line wove in them is the following : "Set your affection on thing above."

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door was an arch fellow, thus attacked him : "Why, they tell me, my friend, that you are a very wise man." "May be so," says the fellow." "And that you know all London," continued the scholar, "and every body in it ; pray, can you tell me where I live ?" "In Knaves' Acre," says the carrier. "Aye, but I am about to move," says the Oxonian, "And that will be to Tyburn," quote the other.

Pope, who whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, where he had and a set of *literati* had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet, Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," says Pope, sarcastically, "by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and having considered awhile, said that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole thing intelligible, which was really the case. "And pray, master," say Pope (piqued at perhaps being outdone by a red coat), "what is a note of interrogation ?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions !" It is said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

An Englishman and Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living. Said the Welchman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Aye," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheeae."

A celebrated Chief Justice being on the midland circuit, a Mr. Shirley, of the County of Leicester, was brought before him, charged with having committed a rape on the body of one of his tenants' daughters. The judge was remarkable for possessing an uncommon share of delicacy, and therefore, on the day preceding that of the intended trial, ordered the crier of the court to give notice that it would come on the next morning at seven o'clock, thereby trusting that the female sex would absent themselves on such an occasion ; instead of which the ladies came pouring in numbers into the court by six o'clock. At length the judge having heard all that the witnesses had to say in support of

the charge, desired the prisoner would enter on his defence. Mr. Shirley therefore informed the court, that as he was one evening walking over the ground he espied the prosecutrix carry away a bundle of faggots from a pile belonging to him, and observing that she was a handsome girl, he jocosely told her if he ever found her repeating the transgression he would assuredly repay himself in a way most agreeable to his wishes. Business calling him the next day to town, he was absent for a fortnight, and on his return home one of his servants desired to know whether he had given permission to a young woman to carry faggots from such a pile, for that she had done it every evening since his departure? It immediately occurred to him that it must be the girl he had seen before; and about the same hour he repaired to the old spot, where he had not waited long before she made her appearance. To be brief, he jocularly desired the girl to make personal restitution, which, without hesitation or reluctance she complied with. Mr. Shirley, in short, was honorably acquitted: but before he departed the court, the judge desired to give him one piece of advice; "For if," says his lordship, "you should ever find a woman stealing your faggots again, do not threaten her with such a punishment, for, if you do, believe me, that the ladies in the gallery will not leave a stick in your hedge."

When the Custom-house corps first made their public appearance, it was observed by one that they looked like Alexanders, "Rather say," said another, "that they appear like *Seizers*."

A handsome young gentleman having married an extremely ugly lady, who was very rich, was asked by his friend how he came to think of marrying so ordinary a woman? "Look ye," said he, "I bought her by weight and paid nothing for fashion."

A lady who had two gallants, growing big with child, the question was put who should be the father? When one of them who had a wooden leg offered to decide it thus: "If the child comes into the world with a wooden leg, I will father it, if not it shall be yours."

When Mr. Powel, the celebrated fire eater came first to London, a gentleman in the green-room at Covent-garden theatre said, on reading the advertisement, it was a pity he had not come sooner, to have prevented the mischief done on Corn-hill, for by the account he had given of himself, he would have eaten that fire up presently. While they were disputing about the man's abilities, "Sir," says Quin, "I look upon him to be the greatest man in the world, for he is in no fear of fire, and may bid the devil defiance."

A good-humoured wife, abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get anything by it. "That's true," replied the husband, "but the worst of it is, one can't marry two sisters."

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other counsellors were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," said he, "who the devil could help it where there was an hundred judges on the bench?" "An hundred," said a bystander, "there were but three. "By St. Patrick," replies he, "there was a figure of one and two cyphers."

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Maderia wine, presented to him by an officer of the company's service, said he thought it a juice extracted from woman's tongues and lion's hearts, for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said he could talk for ever and fight the devil.

A gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for everything by the person in whose house he lived, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which soon after complaining to Beau Nash, "Sir," replied the latter, "they have acted towards you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" said the gentleman. "Why," returned Nash, "you were a stranger and they took you in."

Beau Nash once complimenting a lady, told her, among other things, that he should like to pass his days with her. To which the lady replied, "You are an agreeable companion, Mr. Nash, and I might, perhaps, like to pass my days with you, but for my nights I would rather be excused."

An elderly gentleman, who from an affluent fortune was reduced to a very slender income, was at Bath one season for his health, where, on account of his extraordinary gravity and serious behaviour, some of the gay gentry gave him the nick-name of the parson, and became so general that he went by no other name. One day Beau Nash, thinking to be a little merry with him, says to him, "Parson, do you ever preach for money?" "No," returned the gentleman, "but I often pray for it."

A wag merrily told Mr. Cibber, when his print of Mr. Pope and the coffe-house girl came out, that he had published "Pope's Essay on Woman."

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingty watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the exceution of some statute, on which occasion the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, have we laws, or have we no laws? If we have laws and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence. Another rose up, and said: "Mr. Speaker, did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" Which apropos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A gentleman once in company compared a Scotchman to a f——. "How is that?" said another. "Because," said he, "he never returns to the place from which he came."

One Hog was to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman. "Well," replied the learned judge, "no hog can become bacon till he is hanged, and then I'll allow you to be my kinsman."

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwitch, many of the boys ran to see the execution, which he seeing, called to them, saying, "Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will will be no sport till I come."

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued. The tar took the robber, and meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did, and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man. The sailor looking steadfastly at the justice, answered, "He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any man that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to any such lie."

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vansittart's famous cause. In his address to the jury he said that, for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial he should shorten Mr. Vansittart's name, and call him Mr. Van. When Mr. Vansittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. Bear.

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him how her nephew behaved himself. "Truly, madam," says he, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall" (the name of a college there). "I vow," said she, "I feared so much; he had always a hankering after the wenches from a boy."

Queen Caroline seeing a gentleman in her garden who had not felt the effects of her favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" After a little pause, he answered, "He thinks, madam, of a woman's promise." The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you; anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

A droll fellow who had a wooden leg, being in company with one who was somewhat soft and credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. "Why," says the fellow, "my father had one, and my grandfather before him; it runs in the blood."

In the company of merry companions, a gentleman whose name was Brown, toasted an absent lady, which he had done for many years, though he had never the courage to speak to her. Upon which, one who sat next him said, "I believe, sir, you have *toasted* that lady those seven years at least, and it is surprising she's not *Brown* yet."

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask him his name. Being informed it was Russell. "Pray," said the gentleman, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a damned deal of difference in our *coats*."

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green-room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, "Madame," says he, "I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, you are the *cream* of one and the *flour* of the other."

A Scotch member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some bad news to acquaint him with. "What's the matter?" quote his lordship. "By my troth," quote he, "what I have to tell you is very bawd, indeed, on our seed." "Prithee," said the marquis, "do not keep me any longer in suspense, what is it?" "Don't your lordship know that Sawney Wedderburn is brought over?" "That is impossible," says the marquis, "for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney.

But what makes you think so ?" "Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand, and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country."

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chose for his own drinking, answered, "That of other people."

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Berenford, who had often jeered him; "Sir," said he, "for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to bed of a boy two days ago." "Faith," replied Berenford, "I never questioned your wife's abilities."

When Lieutenant O'Brien, who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the "Edgar," and was saved on the carriage of a gun, he was brought to the Admiral all black and wet; he said, with pleasantry, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in such a hurry, that I had no time to shift myself."

In the late war a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield, when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed light galloway, about fourteen hands high. "Zounds," says Jack, "this will not do for me, he is too short in the back." "Oh, sir," replies the ostler, "he is the better for that." "Damn him, he will not do; I tell you to get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike."

The Baron des Adrets, one of the generals of the Catholics, took during the wars a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers who had defended it to leap out of a window of the castle. One of them advanced twice to the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the Baron said to him. "Come, take your leap without more ado, for I'll make you suffer greater torments if you go back a third time." "Sir," answered the soldier, "since you make the thing to be so easy a task, I'll lay you any sum you don't do it in four times." Which so pleased the baron that, as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier upon account of this repartee.

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the "Rutland," asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger? "O, yes," replied the sailor, "if it blows as hard as it does now, we will be all in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "O God forbid !"

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonsor was giving him an account of the seat of the late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charlestown. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheney wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription? "No, faith, doctor," said Nash, "for if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window."

A gentleman being at church, had his pocket picked of his watch, and complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, "Had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure. But the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines—

"He that a watch would wear, this must he do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too."

A person advertising for a horse, thus concludes his advertisement: "It would be needless for a Yorkshire jockey to apply, the person who wants the horse being Yorkshire himself."

An Oxford scholar being at Cambridge, ten days together they kept him drinking all night, so that he could never rise before dinner, being asked how he liked the place, he said, "Well enough, but the worst of it is there is no forenoon to it."

Fond wives, said one, do by their husbands as barren wives do by their lap-dogs, they cram them with sweetmeats, till they cloy their stomachs.

A young fellow, fancying himself possessed of talent sufficient to cut a figure on the stage, offered himself to Mr. Rich, and, according to custom, was to speak before Mr. Quin. Just as he began to rant forth a tragedy speech, a dog that was running about the stage at the same time, set up a terrible howl, upon which Quinn asked whose dog that was, and being informed, he cried out, "He's a dog of judgment, by Jove," and walked off without staying to hear the speech out.

A countryman passing by the watch in the city they stopped him. He told them he was in haste, but asked them who they watched for. They said for the king (meaning the king's watch). "For the king," says he, "then, by my troth, I can bring very good witnesses that I am no such man, for I'se even Johnny Thump of Yorkshire, and have been of an errand for my master."

A very fine lady who had the gout, asked Dr. M. what was the occasion of the gout. "Whoring and drinking, madam," said he.

A gentleman being very angry with one his neighbours about an expression which he heard he had used, cried out, "The devil take all cuckolds, I wish they were in the river." Upon which his wife answered, "O, dear husband, how can you make such a wish, when you can't swim."

A mistress of a boarding-school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some faults, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. "Nay," says the mistress, "I am sure it must be true, for you blush." "Pardon me, madam," said she, "it was only the reflection of your face."

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. "Sir," said he, "I wonder you could do so?" "Pray, sir, where is the wonder," says the other, "if she had got me with child, you might have wondered, indeed."

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of his speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. "Yes, but I do," says the man, "for he cries ahem, hem, just as you do."

The Honorable Mr. W. who was remarkable for his talents at extempore verse, was requested by Lady T—r—c—l to give her a proof of it. The subject she choose was the ring of her finger. After a moment's pause, he repeated the following stanza, the neatness of which has not an equal:

Your husband gave to you a ring,
Set round with jewels rare;
You gave to him a better thing,
A ring set round with hair.

A handsome young gentlewoman, of good family and small fortune, was asked why she did not apply to be maid of honour. She answered, "Because she could not push for it."

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Albans, one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of the road, how many miles was it to London, to which he replied twenty. One of the Irishmen said, "We shall not reach London to-night." "Pho," says the other, "come along, it is but ten miles a-piece."

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, "What shall we do Bess, if you prove with child!" "Oh, very well," said she, "for I am to be married to-morrow."

A young lady who was just come from the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath as Nash and some of his companions were passing by. Upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There's a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So, child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, sir," answered the lady. "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope?" "Yes, sir." "Pray, now," says he, "let me examine you. I know you have read your Bible, and the History of Tobit and his Dog. Now, can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, sir," says she, "his name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was."

In Queen Anne's reign, the Lord B. married three wives, who were all his servants. A beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy: "Ah, God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall be all ladies in time."

A noble duke asked a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson? "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it, but the question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking upon your lordship."

Mr. Congreve, going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him, as they passed by Peterborough house at Mill-bank, that the house had sunk a story. "No, friend," says he, "I rather believe it is a story raised."

Hippesly, the player, having on a large full wig, which he had not paid for, was told by a friend of his that it was a very good one. "Faith, sir," said he, with his usual humour, "I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt."

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman accidentaly spilt it on his hand, and for his carelessness his father gave him a box on the ear. The son having recovered himself gave the next man a good box. Being asked the reaaon, he said, come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my father anon, for I dare not strike him myself."

The Corporation of Bath, in honor of Mr. Nash, placed a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope, upon which occasion the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram:—

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find,
Nor Pope himself ever penned a joke
Severer on mankind.
The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length?

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse stealing, the judge immediately cried out, "Oh! here is a noted villian, I am sure." "Aye, my lord," says the fellow, "I wonder at that, for I did not know my face was a looking-glass, till your lordship saw yourself in it."

A man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. "No, no," said he, "I would rather have a man for my daughter without money, than money without a man."

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller jog on softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, "Miller, now tell us which art thou most, knave or fool?" "Truly," said he, "I don't know which I am most, but believe I am between both."

It was no bad joke of Lady Starvegut's footman who, on the pantry being kept locked, nailed up the necessary; on being asked the reason, he told her ladyship, while one was unopen the other was unnecessary.

A gentleman coming by Maidstone Gaol, seeing an old acquaintance of his there, said, "How, now, Tom, how camest thou there?" "Faith," said he, "a blind man might have found the way hither, for I was led between two, and they would not suffer me to go any other way."

A gentleman having a very rich favor in his hat, several ladies seeing it had a liking to it, and would have got, it if they could, without begging; but one of them said to him, "Sir, you have a very fine favor in your hat." "Pray, madam," said he, "do you like it?" "Yes, indeed," says she, "very well." "Why," says he, "if you had not liked it I would have thrown it into the fire immediately, but, seeing that you do, I am resolved to keep it for your sake."

An old covetous gentleman died, and left his estate to a very extravagant son. This spark, as he was riding in his coach to Tunbridge, was angry with his coachman for not driving faster, and called to him, "You dog, rogue; if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my coach and kick you to the devil." "If you do, sir," says the fellow, "I will tell your father how profusely you spend his estate."

A gentleman was complaining to Dr. Ratcliffe that he had a great singing in his head. "Then," said the doctor, "wipe your a— with a ballad, and it may draw it down."

The Duchess of Devonshire, who was a very fine woman, canvassed very strenuously for Mr. Fox in Westminster. In her rounds she applied to a butcher, who promised to vote for Charley, if she would favor him with a kiss. She instantly complied, and declared upon her honor she would leave no stone unturned for Charley Fox.

Mr. M———, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit of the play-house in Dublin, an orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popped his hands under her petticoats. "Nay, Mr. commissioner," said she, "you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly entered."

A poor man, who had a termagent wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her if she spoke one more crooked word he would beat her brains out. "Why then, ram's horns, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it."

A gentleman asked a lady at Tunbridge, who had a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all. "Oh," said she, "they pass off like the waters." "And pray, madam," replied the gentleman, "do they all pass the same way?"

A lady seeing the sheriff of the county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was a very old man, a gentleman standing by asked her which she liked best, the judge or the sheriff. The lady told him the sheriff. "Why so?" said the gentleman, "Because," answered she, "though I love judgment well, I love execution the better."

A certain lady finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chamber-maid, turned her away immediately. "Hussey," said she, "I have no occasion for such sluts as you, only to do that work which I don't choose to do myself."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table over against the learned

John Scott, asked him what difference there was between Scott and sot. "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them; but she, soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed. "Now, madam," said he, tripping up her heels, "bar squeaking." "Bar the door, you fool," cried she.

A very modest young gentleman of the County of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight, but she ordered her servants to drive him from thence by throwing stones at him. "Oh, my friend," said one of his companions, "your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you."

My Lord Strangford, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table that Ba-la-am's ass spoke, because he was pr-i-e-st— "Priest-rid, sir," said a valet-de-chamber, who stood behind the chair, "my lord would say." "No, friend," replied the bishop, "Ba-la-am could not speak himself, so his ass spoke for him."

The Lord Jeffries being on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has no beard at all."

Mr. Dryden once at dinner, being offered by a lady the rump of a fowl, and refusing it, the lady said, "Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it; the rump is the best part of the fowl." "Yes, madam," said he, "and so I think it is of the fair."

An old gentleman who had married a fine young lady, being terribly afraid of culkoldom, took her to task one day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying sin it was in a woman to cuckold her husband. "Lord, my dear," said she, "what do you mean? I never had such a thing in my head, nor never will." "No, no, my dear," replied he, "I shall have it in my head, you will have it somewhere else."

A young lady of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the married state, told her gallant that she could never bring herself to say obey, and was resolved she would not. When the

ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, "Honor and bey." "I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs." But still she would only say as she had done before, and the parson again reproving her, "Let her alone, doctor," said the husband, "let her only say bey, if she has a mind to it now, and I will make her cry O at night."

An eminent counsellor, who had brought his action for *crim. con.* with his frail rib against a certain clergyman, a frequent guest at his table and a favorite familiar in his house. In this action he succeeded, and although he never succeeded up the decision by sueing for a divorce, he effectually established the identity of his own antlers. Some time after this occurrence he was employed for the defendants, some combining journeymen carpenters, prosecuted for a conspiracy, riot, and assault upon certain other *chop sticks*, who were considered by the journeymans' club as unlawful men; and while cross examining one of the prosecutors, who had been suddenly dubbed a master-carpenter, and was a simple-looking country fellow, put to him a number of puzzling questions, and amongst others: "You say, my friend, you were a journeyman carpenter about a month ago, and you are now a master. I should be glad to know from you by what particular process a *journeyman* carpenter is *hatched* into a *master?*" The witness, with a vacant stare, said he did not understand the question. The barrister continued—"I'd be glad to know, fellow, what difference do you feel in yourself now from what you had been when you were a journeyman; have you more *teeth* than you used to have?" The witness, after a short pause, with a stare of simplicity full in the barrister's face, answered, "No, in troth, sir, nor more *horns* neither!" This was a hit too palpable to be parried, and the reply, after some confusion, was, "You may go down, fellow, I shall ask you no more questions."

The late Counsellor Egan, well known by the appellation of *Bully Egan*, from his rough courage, got into the Irish Parliament during the administration of the Marquis of Rockingham, and joined with the Whigs of that day in a most outrageous opposition to the administration of the noble marquis, particularly on the question of the Regency, when the opposition succeeded in voting unlimited regency in Ireland to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The noble marquis, unable to rally after this defeat, thought fit to retreat to England by night, without beat of drum, leaving the oppositionists masters of the political field. Not content with this retreat, the Whigs continued to pelt the character of the noble marquis, by way of *post obit*, and to heap all those maledictions upon his administra-

tion, when defunct, which they had so indefatigably done while living. Amongst the rest, Mr. Egan, in the course of a debate, thought proper to introduce in his speech an episode, in which he proposed, now that the marquis was politically dead, to pencil his epitaph, and this he did in such coarse and ponderous words, that Mr. Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) in his reply termed the effort of Egan, *penciling with a pick-axe.*

At a trial in the Rolls Court, when Mr. Curran, presided as Master, Mr. Hope, an eminent attorney, being employed as agent in a certain cause, apologized to the court for the absence of Mr. Joy, his counsel; requesting that it would delay for a few moments till Mr. Joy, who was engaged in another court, would return. Some time having elapsed, the judge addressed the bar, saying, "Gentlemen, I think we had better proceed with the business of the day, although

"Hope told a flattering tale,
"That Joy would soon return."

A girl instituted a suit against a young man for seduction, but on stating her case, her lawyer did not think she had *facts* enough to support it. She left him very melancholy, but returning next day, with an air of triumph, said she, "Another *fact*, sir; he has seduced me again this morning."

An attorney, called *Halfpenny*, being rather troublesome in court, was reprimanded a little severely by Lord Clare. "That's right, my Lord,' said Mr. Curran, "nail the *rap* to the counter."

During a late trial between Sir J—— P—— and R——, the miniature painter, on a cross-examination by Curran, the latter confessed that he had put his arm round Miss P.'s waist, which had brought on a blow from Sir John. "Then, sir, I presume," said Mr. Curran to R——, "you took that *waist* for a *common*."

A certain barrister having a louse on his face in court, Curran took notice of it to him; the other rather pettishly answered, "Surely, Curran, you joke." "Joke, sir!" cried Curran;" "by G—, if you have many such jokes as that in your head, I would advise you to *crack* them immediately."

A poacher was lately carried before a magistrate upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the act; being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, replied:—"An' please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his Lordship's park, as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*."

The father of General St. Leger, in his youthful days, shone as a blood of the first order in Ireland, and was member of an eccentric society, styling themselves the Hell Fire Club. This gentleman held as a maxim, that no woman of purely chaste mind could understand an immodest phrase; and therefore did not much scruple, at times, to illustrate his maxim by expressions, in the company of modest females not very delicate to a chaste ear. Being of a party on a morning ride near Dublin, of which there was also a young lady of great beauty and delicacy, he singled her out for an experiment, rode for some way by her side, and at length said to her, "Miss ——, I wish you would let me *electrify* you." "What is that, sir?" said the lady, with great simplicity. "Oh," answered the gallant, "the most delightful thing in the world; 'twill cheer your spirits, and make you brisk and vivacious." "Oh, sir," replied the lady, "I am much obliged to you; my spirits are quite cheerful already; but I wish you would be so good as to *electrify* my mare, for she is so dull and sluggish that she will scarcely go on this morning." This was a palpable hit; and the colonel retired, thus amply paid in his own coin.

A gentleman at the head of his own table, at which a large party of both sexes were present, being impatient to give a certain toast, which the ladies presence prevented his doing, waited with much impatience till three glasses had gone round, when, finding the females still retained their seats, he desired his friends to fill bumpers. "And now, gentlemen," said he, "I'll give you—the place we all came from." This toast being circulated, the lady of the house, addressing herself to her female guests, said, "Come, ladies, fill your glasses, and I will give you —the messenger that went for us."

A lady asked an Irish servant, who had just come to London, if he knew Love-lane in the city. "I ought to know where I was born, madame," answered Pat, without any hesitation.

The late Countess of Brandon, of amorous memory, once sailed from Dublin to Holyhead in one of the packets, commanded by a comely young Welshman, who had been lieutenant of a man of war. Her ladyship was only attended by her maid and footman. An extremely rough voyage rendered the maid so sick as to be unable to attend her lady, who was, of course, consigned to that rough chamberlain called the steward, who plied her alternately with the *necessary* implements of *crockeryware* which the effects of the sickness required, until Captain Ap-Guillim, having learned the quality of his passenger, resolved to attend her himself. Whether the complaisant Cambrian ministered to the lady in any other way than as substitute for her chambermaid, deponent saith not. But her ladyship, on landing in Holyhead, paid her

passage, and consigned the debarkation of her maid and her luggage to her footman, and immediately joined a company of friends at the inn.

Honest Pat, having safely landed both the luggage and the baggage, rushed into the room where his lady was with a numerous company, to ask for money to pay the boatman, and received half-a-guinea, which proved to be a counterfeit. Her ladyship declared she had received it from the captain in change, when paying for her passage. "Oh, by J—, then, my lady," answered Pat, "I find the Welshman has *put the leek into your ladyship!*" Poor Pat, who simply meant that the captain had imposed on her, soon found that her ladyship understood him in quite a different sense, for she flew into a violent passion, told him he was a lying rascal, boxed his ears in a fury, and discharged him on the spot.

A Catholic priest, like Father Luke in the Poor Soldier, who was fond of a glass of good ale, and liked the confabulation of his parishioners, frequently enjoyed himself over a pitcher of nut brown at the sign of the Red Cow in his village. The parish clerk on one occasion thought proper to pit himself against the priest on the subject of transubstantiation, and said he wondered how any man could believe a doctrine so palpably against the evidence of his senses. "Pooh, pooh, you pragmatical fellow," replied the priest. "I suppose you won't believe you have a *hole behind*, because you can't see it."

The following advertisement lately appeared in a provincial newspaper:—"Lost, early in the morning of the 14th instant, a small *Toy*, set locketwise, but not transparent, with *family hair* embossed on a dark enamel. If any gentleman has it in his power to restore it, he will, by so doing, lay a great obligation on the owner, who is inconsolable for the loss of this trifle, as the keeping of it carefully was recommended by her nurse and mother, and she does not know how to appear among her acquaintance if they knew she had it not about her. If the gentleman who went home with her in a coach took it in jest, he is requested to return it privately.

"*Maidenhead, Berks, May* 15."

The first time that Henderson, the player, rehearsed a part at Drury-lane, George Garrick came into the boxes, saying as he entered, "I only come as a Spectator." Soon after he made some objection to Henderson's playing, when the young actor retorted—"Sir, I thought you were to be only a Spectator; you are turning Tatler." "Never mind him, sir," said David Garrick; "never mind him. Let him be what he will, I'll be the Guardian."

Dean Swift's definition of an angler is—A stick and a string, with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.

A parson, preaching on the depravity of the age, said that little children who could neither speak nor walk were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

The witty Lord Ross, having spent all his money in London, set out for Ireland, in order to recruit his purse. On his way he happened to meet with Sir Murrough O'Brien, driving for the capital, in a lofty phæton, with six fine dun-coloured horses. "Sir Murrough," exclaimed his lordship, "what a contrast between you and me. I have left my duns behind me, you are driving yours before you."

The late Mr. A. Cherry, comedian, was written to some years since, with an offer for a good engagement from a manager, who on a former occasion had not behaved altogether well to him. Cherry sent him word that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make two bites of A. Cherry.

One Mr. Ash, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat. "Indeed, sir," said he, "I dare not." "Dare not!" replied the other; "what do you mean by that?" "You know, sir," answered he, "there is an Act of Parliament against stripping Ash."

At a tavern one night,
Messieurs More, Strange, and Wright,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says More, "of us three,
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that's Strange."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I am sure there's one More,
A most terrible knave and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
Sister and brother."
"O, yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

An Irish gentleman, sitting with much other company, at the table of a newly-married pair, the mistress of the mansion asked him what part of the goose she should send him. "A bit of what is under the apron," was the reply. "Sir," answered she, "that must be the petticoat, and my geese wear none—what would you choose, sir?" applying to the gentleman who sat next him.

Sir George Etherage having run up a score at Lockitt's, absented himself from the ordinary. In consequence of this Mrs. Lockit sent to dun him, and threatened him with a prosecution. He told the mes-

senger that he would certainly kiss her if she stirred a step in it. On this message being brought, she called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that she should see if there was any fellow alive that had the impudence ——. "Prithee, my dear, don't be so rash," replied the good man; "you don't know what a man may do in a passion."

An Irishman, carrying a cradle, was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, softly, old lady," said he; "you mistake, this is merely the fruit basket."

A player in Ireland performing the Ghost in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward, and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied I must give up the ghost."

Louis XVI. asked Count Mahony one day if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your majesty," answered the count, "if it was spoken in Irish."

A brave Irish tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Duncan's fleet in the last engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, could not suppress his joke, saying, "it was high time for him to leave off play when his last pin was bowled down."

A clergyman was reading the burial service over a corpse, and having forgot which sex it was, on coming to that part of the ceremony which read thus, "our dear brother or sister," the reverend gentleman stopped, and seeing Pat stand by, stepped back, and whispering to him, said, "Is it a brother or a sister?" Pat says, "My friend, 'tis neither; 'tis only a relation."

As Ben Johnson (who was a bricklayer before he turned poet), was one morning going early to his work with his tools in his hand, he was seen by a young lady, who was up sooner than ordinary, breathing the fresh air out of her chamber window. She was of a gay disposition, and thinking to be merry with our bricklayer, called to him, and said, "By line and rule works many a fool; good morrow, Mr. Bricklayer." Ben no sooner turned his head and saw her, but he answered, "In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot; good morrow, Madame."

Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast. "The King of France." "What! our foe?" said the colonel.

"You live by him," said the chaplain. The colonel, in his turn, gave "The devil." "Do you mean to insult me?" said the chaplain. "You live by him," replied the colonel, very cooly; "do you not, my good doctor?"

A gentleman being confined to his bed by a very severe fit of the gout, the sweepers were employed to clean the chimnies of the house next to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down into the gentleman's apartment. The boy, confused at the mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said, "Sir, my master will come for you presently." "Will he, by G—," said the gentleman, leaping out of his bed; "I beg to be excused staying here any longer," and immediately ran down stairs.

At a church in Ireland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were very much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words, "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

A miserable poet having presented a composition to a friend to peruse, was told that in the third verse there was a syllable too few. "There may be," said the poet, "but read on; I doubt not you will find some with a syllable too much, and that will account for the other."

After a certain military company in Dublin had dined, and their commander thought a longer circulation of the glass might tend to prevent the regularity of their return, he exclaimed, jocosely, "Attention, charge bayonets," to which one of the company cleverly replied, "As we are in the rear rank, if you please, we will remain at the *port*."

An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

A tailor having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended by an apothecary whom he knew. "So, sir," said he to him, "I see you are carrying your work home, as well as I."

A certain nobleman having built a chapel, had a mind that the staircase leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history, which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them. A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called on

his lordship and told him the work was done. "Done," quoth the peer; "what's done? Where are the children of Israel?" "My lord, they are gone over," replied the painter. "But, zounds, where are the Egyptians?" "My lord, why, they are drowned, to be sure."

As a seaman was about to be flogged, the captain spoke to him in very sharp terms. "Z—ds," said Jack, "if you speech me, speech me, and if you flog me, flog me, but don't speech me and flog me at the same time."

A cannon-ball one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And as on a comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off;
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-pack to the surgeon's.
"What!" cries the doctor, "are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?"
"A lying dog," cries Jack; "he said
His leg was off, and not his head."

Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace:—

Thanks for this miracle!—this is no less
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reigned we've found relief,
And seen the wond'rous thing—a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke that never smoked before,
And we've all eat where we shall eat no more.

A gentleman of the name of Frost lately told another that he wished to have his genealogy made out. "Wait," said his friend, "till the next fall of snow, and then you may trace it."

Peg Plunket, though eminently jealous of the business of her profession, did not omit the external appearance of religion. She was a good Catholic, attended mass on Sundays and holidays, contributed liberally to the support of her clergy, and was very charitable to the poor. One evening when the Duke of Rutland, accompanied by some of his bacchant associates, who have since figured as generals in Egypt, Spain, and France, visited her temple rather unexpectedly, Madame Peg called out lustily for her nymphs by their names. Sally Hayes, Charlotte Pemberton, Sophia Melworth, and a dozen others were repeatedly summoned, but were either gone out or were otherwise engaged, when the abbess exclaimed, in the pious anguish of her heart, "Oh! this house will go-

to the devil, and my character will be ruined, if things go on in this way. And what will become of you all, you bl——y b——s, when I am in Abraham's bosom?"

A gentleman once asked Sir Richard Steel why the Irish, his countrymen, were so prone to make bulls. "Indeed," said the knight, "I suppose it is owing to some quality in the soil, for I really think, if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would make as many bulls as an Irishman."

In the late celebrated trial, wherein Mr. Trumble was plaintiff, and Mr. Allpress, of Abbey-street, defendant, before Lord Norbury and a special jury, Mr. Serjeant Johnson, Counsellor Leland, and one or two more very fat barristers were employed for the defendant. The opposite bar were remarkably thin, spare men—viz., Messrs. Goold, North, Pennyfether, &c. Mr. Johnson, in defending his client from paying a penal rent, in the heat of argument said, "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, the opposite party stand forth like Shylock in the play, with their knife outstretched to cut from us the very pound of flesh." Lord Norbury very tritely interrupted the learned serjeant by saying, "Mr. Johnson, the opposite bar perhaps conceives you can spare it better."

An Irish labourer, being told that the price of potatoes had been lowered, exclaimed, "Oh, by the powers! this is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

A reverend gentleman seeing a fishwoman skinning some eels, said to her, "How can you be so cruel? Don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?" "Why, your honor," she replied, "I might when I first began business, but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time they must be quite used to it."

An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him?"

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement in the American war. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed, "D——n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

An Irish gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for it. "Make yourself

easy," answered the doctor, "make yourself easy; this very often happens in the case of the first child, but never afterwards."

Two Irishmen went a little way into the country, to see some of their friends, and, drinking too freely, they were much in liqour. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to stay all night, but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly, but before they had got a mile one of them took a reel and fell flounce into a ditch. The other, hearing him fall, called out, "Patrick, if you are dead, tell me." "No, honey," says Patrick, "I am not dead, but I'm quite speechless."

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians in the north of England lately advertised for his benefit "an occasional address to be spoken by a new actor." This excited great expectation among the town's people. Upon the benefit night the Hibernian stepped forward, and, in a deep brogue, thus addressed the audience:—

To-night a new actor appears on your stage,
To claim your protection and your patronage;
Now, who do you think this new actor may be?
Why, turn round your eyes and look full upon me,
And then you'll be sure this new actor to see

Upon this our hero made his bow and retired. The effect upon the audience may be easily imagined. The Hibernian's whim produced a loud and general roar of laughter.

An Hibernian being lately asked if he liked salmon, answered "Yes, pickled; for," says he, "if I go to market and buy a bit of fresh salmon, it is so stale that it is not fit to eat."

Miss Macauly having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he: "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to honest Mark Supple. "By G—," said Supple, "I hope no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A Dublin oysterwoman going her morning rounds to dispose of her shelly wares, was called into a shop by some gentlemen to open them a few oysters for s morning relish. "Long life to your honors," as she opened them. "It was a charity for you to lighten a poor woman's head. They're all real cocks; they'll nourish you down to your toes, and make your hair curl, for there's boys and girls in every one of them." A demure old lady, who happened then to be in the shop, hurt at such

indelicate insinuations from one of her own sex, cast a scornful glance of reproach at poor Peg, ashamed at her indecency. Peg returned the compliment in a scowl of disdain, and exclaimed, in her own characteristic style, "Arrah, blood an' hounds, how squamish you are, Mrs. Modesty. I'll engage, as demure as you look, if you were searched, there would be something found about you a d——d deal worse than what I said."

Dr. Lucas, the celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in Parliament for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady whose whole family was very warm in the interests of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election." "Yes, madame." "No wonder; all the blackguards voted for you." "No, madame—your two sons did not," returned the doctor.

A ship being in great danger at sea, everybody was observed to be upon their knees but an officer, who, being called upon to come with the rest to prayers, "Not I," said he; "it is your business to take care of the ship—I'm but a passenger."

An Irish sailor having fallen from the mizen top of one of our ships was supposed by everyone on the quarter deck to have been killed by the fall; the poor fellow, however, got up apparently but little hurt. The first lieutenant, who was near him, inquiried where he came from. "Please your honor," replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his arm, "I come from the north of Ireland."

A young Irishman passing by Greenwich hospital in a boat fell howling and crying. "W hat is the matter?" said his companion. "I never see that place," said he, "but it puts me in mind of my father's stables."

The late Countess of Kenuare, who was a devoted Catholic, passing one day from her devotion at a chapel in Dublin through a lane of beggars, who are there certainly the best actors in Europe in the display of counterfeit misery, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him, "Pray, my good man, what's the matter with you?" The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered, "Oh, my lady, I'm deaf and dumb." "Poor man!" replied the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?" "Ever since I had the fever last Christmas." The poor lady presented him with half-a-crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

Swift in his lunacy had some intervals of sense, at which his physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the park, Swift

remarked a new building, and asked what it was designed for, to which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city." "Oh!" said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that; this is worth remarking. My tablets, as Plunket says, my tablets; memory, put down that—on which he wrote the following lines, which were the last he ever wrote:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

And then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and finishing it with these words, "After the steed is stolen, shut the stable door;" after which he never spoke a sensible word, so that these lines may be said to be the last speech and dying words of this wit.

A gentleman persuaded his servant to marry the chamber-maid, and gave him fifty pounds with her in consideration of a cracked pitcher. About three weeks after she was delivered of a child, on which the gentleman's wife told Donnell she did not think he had been active enough to get a child so soon. "Why, my lady," said he, "should you think me such a fumbler, when my own mother was brought to bed of me two months before she was married! In faith, now, I should have thought my Peggy had been barren if she had not kidded in three weeks after."

A gallery member, who had been unfortunate in several of his speculations in farce writing, was rather nervous and irritable. Going down the gallery stairs one evening he was accidentally followed by an acquaintance, who, casually rubbing his moist hand along the railing of the balustrade, elicited a squeaking sound. The playwright turned about peevishly, and d——d that noise, saying it made his flesh creep. The other, though rather nettled at his manner, was soothed by an Irish barrister immediately following him with "Poh, my dear friend, don't be angry with him; the poor fellow can't bear anything that sounds like hissing since his last farce was damned."

When Paddy Blake heard a gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the Lakes of Killarney which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Poh, faith, that's nothing at all at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway. There, honey, if you were to say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it would answer, Very well, I thank you, sir.'"

When the Irish Parliamentary ambassadors came over to England in

1789, to announce to the Prince of Wales the Irish vote of the unlimited Regency of that kingdom to his Royal Highness, the ministerial prints of the day were very zealous in ridiculing the Irish Parliament and their six deputies. A Dublin paper, called the *Town*, of that day published the following courteous retort :—

"There were other reasons besides political ones for the general alarm spread among the British bears on the arrival of our six Irish bulls amongst them. A drove of Italian oxen would have been received without apprehension, but half-a-dozen of Hibernian mozies let loose among the fair heifers of Albion threatened not only to glut their markets with horns and calf skins, but to create an alarming predilection for Irish bull beef in the British flesh market."

Alderman Reed, another sage, proverbial for his dullness, made a tolerable hit one day at Counsellor Curran. The alderman was seated on the bench with the judge of the criminal court, when a man was prosecuted for swindling by a Jew witness, who arrived from London for the purpose. This was rather a rare instance of testimony, for there are scarcely any Jews in Ireland. ' The witness, aware of this, produced a small Hebrew bible, upon which he tendered his oath, but Mr. M'Nally objected, that unless some witness in court would prove this book to be a Hebrew bible he should object to the oath, as against his client, because, for anything he knew, it might be an old book of shorthand. This occasioned some pause, which placed the case in a ludicrous light. At last Mr. Curran jocularly observed that if the book were handed to the worthy alderman he would decide it at once. The alderman, in a huff, replied, "Before G—, counsellor, you ought to know more of it yourself, for you look more like a Jew than I do." The countenance of the witty barrister was rather an unlucky illustration of the remark, and he was for several minutes the subject of a hearty laughter which he himself so often excited.

An Irish gentleman lately observed, that if the Countess of Bath should succeed to all the estates of her late father (Sir W. Pulteney) in America, she would possess the largest property in England.

Lord Mansfield being one time upon the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle, and, in the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney. "Come, come," said his lordship in a whisper to the counsellor. "don't exaggerate matters. If the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend upon it, he would have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle."

An attorney asking a man what was honesty, "Meddle with matter that concern you," was the reply.

A witness being interrogated by Judge Wills in a manner not pleasing to him, turned to an acquaintance and told him in a half whisper he did not come there to be *queered* by the *old one*. Wills heard him, and instantly replied, in his own *can't*, "I'm old, 'tis true, and I'm *rum* sometimes, and for once I'll be *queer*, and send you to *quod*."

At Worcester assizes a case was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious, blustering counsellor who examined him was at last tempted to exclaim' "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a cow and a horse?" "I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a *bully* (bowing respectfully to the counsellor), luckily for me, has none."

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question, which he did not like to answer. "I have told all I know to the counsel," said the Quaker. "I am counsel, also," answered the barrister. "Thou mayest be counsel *also*," replied the Quaker, "but thou art not counsel *like—wise*."

During the Irish debate on the unfortunate measure of the Union, words became so *high* and so *hot* between parties that duels without number were hourly expected, and the *polishing irons*, as pistols are called in this country, were kept in constant readiness by the partisans for and against the measure. It will be remembered that on one night in particular the foils of Parliamentary rhetoric were so fiercely handled between Mr. Grattan and Mr. Isaac Corry (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) that both gentlemen proceeded at the dawn of day (the house still sitting) to the field of honour, to settle the difference with pistols, and, long before a division took place, word was brought that Mr. Grattan had put his ball through the chancellor's arm. Counsellor Lysaght, who was in the gallery when the news arrived, exclaimed, "Put the ball in his arm! By G—, I always thought Grattan a man of *half measures*, and, if he was not, he would have put his ball into the chancellor's *budget!*"

"How many cuckolds, without including thee," said a citizen's wife to her husband, "dost thou reckon in our street?" "How do you mean," angrily replied he, "without including me?" "Well, dear," replied the wife, "if that does not please thee, how many dost thou think there are, including thee?"

A country fellow, subpœned for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation, and being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loath to speak, and hummed and hawed for a good space, but, being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. "My lord," said he, "you are a cuckold." The judge, seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him speak to the jury—there were twelve of them.

A lady of quality said one day to Mr. Quin, "Pray, Mr. Quin, do you ever make love?" "No, my lady," replied he, "I always buy it ready-made."

Late on a Saturday evening, as Lord Norbury had concluded charging the jury, after a laborious and long trial, when they retired to make up their verdict, a barrister got up to make a motion respecting a horse that had been returned to a jockey for not being sound. His lordship complained of his being much tired after the business of the day, and begged they would postpone the business till Monday. The lawyer, anxious to push forward the business, said it would only occupy him a few minutes to try it. His lordship, rising, said, in his usual dry way, "Gentlemen, to-morrow is a holiday; you will have time and leisure to try the horse yourselves, but I have not now."

Lord Norbury, being in company with some lawyers, was asked had he seen a pamphlet that was written by O'Grady, in which he was reflected on, replied, "Yes, yes; I took it to the water-closet with me." When told who was the author, he replied, "Ha! I did not think my friend, Grady, intended me such a *wipe*."

INSCRIPTION

For the Tomb erected to the Memory of the Most Noble Marquis of Anglesea's Leg, deposited at Waterloo.

Here rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mouldering in this grave
Is laid a *British calf*.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole
Will find such laugh very premature,
For here too lies a *sole!*

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rests here of one commanding,
Who, though his wits he may retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.

Who, when the guns with murder fraught
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be brought
To give the foe *leg-bail*.

And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, the ball, or play,
With one foot in the grave!

A barrister of the name of Going had, among other pleasantries, a favourite story, which he so agreeably exaggerated every time he told it, that at length it became too monstrous for belief. He was charged with this in presence of Mr. Curran, who observed, that the story was not the worse for being enlarged that it was an excellent story, and had the merit of proceeding like Fame;—"*Nam vires acquirit eundo*,"—*i.e.*, "it gathers strength by *going*."

Of the caustic acerbity of Mr. Hoare the barrister this anecdote was related:—In a notable conflict between him and the late judge Robinson, (suppose it so,) whose temper was so vitriolic that he became the object of universal dislike; the judge was small and peevish, Mr. Hoare strong and solemn; the former had been powefully resisted by the uncompromising sternness of the latter; at length, the judge charged him with a desire to bring the king's commission into contempt. "No, my lord," said Mr. Hoare, "I have read in a book that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles the First, found the king's crown in a bush, he shewed to it all marks of reverence; but I will go a step farther for though I should find the king's commission on a *bramble*, still I shall respect it."

Mr. Curran was moving on to dine with the now Lord Norbury, the present chief justice of the Common Pleas, a nobleman also equally distinguished for wit and urbanity, for the finest temper, and the greatest kindness to the bar and public, his dinners were late, which Mr. Curran always disliked. Mr. Toler was going to take his ride, and meeting Mr. Curran walking towards his house to dine, said, "Do you forget Curran, you dine with me to day." "I rather fear my friend," replied Mr. Curran, "it is you who may forget it."

Mr. Curran in one of his early excursions to England, happened to travel in a public coach with a well fed, well dressed, well powdered, conceited young clergyman, fresh from Oxford. The world was new to him, and he furnished one of those lamentable instances of the influence of prejudice even over an educated mind. He had under his protection two beautiful young female relatives. Mr. Curran's figure and the neglect of his person, presented the reverse of everything which could prepossess; and this aided to puff out the parson's pride. Mr. Curran lean as Cassius, with an ill-fashioned Cork-cut coat (for which he once made this apology on going into a packet then sailing for England, that no man in his senses should ever venture to sea without a *Cork jacket*) was flung off at a mortified distance by the reserve and pride of the company. Under this feeling he was smarting and much annoyed for the first forty miles of a long and unpromising journey to London. In this state of suppuration he reflected that this swell was nothing but like all other bubbles which break under the beam of superior intelligence; and that by letting out the gass of conceit, the balloon would rapidly descend.

Tired of this popinjay's stupid vanity and stilted affectation, and having a cheerless and dreary prospect before him, he reflected that every thing is worth something. Having read in Gulliver's Travels that a philosopher condescended to extract sun-beams from cucumbers, he hit upon the project of relieving himself from this contemptible and oppressive incubus, which weighed him down like an overloaded atmosphere, by sacrificing something to his vanity; and by the master-key of making himself ridiculous, in the first instance he was sure to gain an introduction to the attention of the company. This was affected at a blow; he looked harshly at the parson, kindly at the ladies, surveyed all and threw on himself an eye of contempt, so as to shew signs of self inferiority, and flinging loose his folded arms, burst forth into a loud exclamation—"Oh! I wish to Jasus I was back again in Dublin, and that I had ne'er put my foot in this inhospitable and unpolite country!" The point was carried, the doctor smirked and smiled at the ladies, as much as to say we have a rare treat here, this *Hirish* is red hot from his bogs. A perfect self sufficiency began to beam on the doctor's countenance, and elated with a victory he had never won, he proceeded to pluck the laurels. "O then I perceive my good friend you are *Hirish.*" "Yes your honor, and by Jasus I would rather than the £40 I brought over with me to buy threads, and tapes, and needles, at one of your manufacturing towns to be back again, for I don't hope for luck or grace or happiness, while ever I stay along with

you," "Then I suppose you are in trade?" "Oh yes, I am a Dublin shop-keeper, and it is there the first gentleman in the land or in the city, would speak civilly and politely to his fellow creature." "What pleasure do you find in that country? what amusements have you?" "Amusements, were you never in Dublin? were you never in the upper gallery in Crow-street? or if you weren't where were you born? God Almighty help you, it is there you would see the fun and the wit. It would be worth your while to step across; and if you were never there, that is the only spot in the whole world worth talking of." "Surely my good friend it cannot be, you should pass all your time there! there are nights you cannot spend in this manner." "Tis very true sir, but it isn't my fault, for if I could help it, it is there I would pass every night." "But sir, on other nights, as soon as your shop is shut how do you dispose of yourself." "I go in and read a book for my wife, while she rocks the cradle." "What books do you read, give me leave to ask?" "What books, why Erasmus, and a pretty book it is." "Very well indeed. And pray do your women understand Latin?" "Yes, and Greek too, and often do I read the Greek of Homer to her and she to me." "Oh, my friend it is impossible that either your wife or you, can understand these books. Do you mean to say she understands the Greek and Latin Languages?" "You are welcome to try me Doctor; and as for my wife, she being a Kerry woman, could answer for herself if she were here (and I wish to God she were) much better than I for myself." "Did you ever read the *Naufragium*?" "Oh yes, where the ship-wreck was, and where the lovely lady was perishing, and a lovelier yet was never seen, except the two beautiful creatures I am now gazing upon with so much pleasure, and may God preserve their beautiful faces from suffering either by sea or by land, and I think one of them is as like Helen in Homer, whom old King Priam contrived to fall in love with, and the other so like Venus, that they were the very images of those now before me."

The ladies began now, for the first time, to look with a softer air of condescension, and Mr. Curran, having by that whiff of incense secured a party, proceeded with more courage. "Now Doctor as I have answered all your questions, may I be allowed to ask you in turn if you have read Echo in Erasmus?" "Why not very well, it was written by a Popish priest, and its doctrines are not in our Church held to be Orthodox, yet it may be, though I cannot say that I have read it; but what of that." "Why doctor this of that, that though Erasmus was a Popish priest, he has taught Echo many witty things when he asks *Quidnam queruni*,

qui quernni sacerdotium? Echo answers, *otium*, and asks again, *quidnam aliud querit Sacerdos?* Echo *Kerdos.* Now, Doctor, that the ladies may know all, for instance, supposing (and I beg their pardons) that they have not been taught these languages, since they and the old religion went out of fashion long before their time, with Queen Elizabeth, the substance translated is that the clergy are fond of *ease* and *gain*, and this doctor, accounts for your fat and fine clothes." The ladies saw the point, they saw the doctor in danger, though the church was safe. The tide began to turn. The doctor resorted to anger, the last refuge of dullness, and of detected ignorance, and told the shop-keeper he was *wastly wulgar*; that these *hairs* did not become him, and like Lubin Log in the play, hastily asked for his *Numparrell.*

Mr. Curran perceiving the distress, and wishing to lighten it for the moment, told some anecdotes directed to the taste and understanding of the ladies, preserving in all he said a strict attention to Grammar, and occasionally enriching his tones with all fatness of the Irish brogue. He still kept the doctor in view, and gave him only time to recover that he might with more effect finish with him. He amused them with anecdotes of the turn, wit, and humour, of the peasantry of his country. An Irish witness he said was called on the table to give evidence, and having a preference for his own language, first as that in which he could express himself; next as being a poor celt he loved it for its antiquity, but above all other reasons, that he could escape cross examination by it, and wishing to appear mean and poor, and therefore a mere Irish, he was observed on coming into court to take the buckles cunningly out of his shoes. The reason of this was asked by council, and one of his country people, his opponent in the suit, cried out, "The reason my lord, is, that that fellow does not like to appear to be *master of two tongues.*" He now and then amused the doctor's prejudices by stories of Irish priests. On the first visit which a young clergyman of this order made to Paris, he discovered his uncle who, though a doctor of the Sorbonne, was not so learned as the young friar was taught to expect. The uncle came to see him in his lodgings, badly provided with furniture, and with a very meagre library. On taking leave he said, "*Vale Doctor sine Libris*" (farewell, doctor, without Books). The nephew returned the visit, and on departing surveyed the splendid apartments and well stocked library of his uncle; and bowing said, "*Valete Libri sine Doctvre*" (farewell books without a doctor). The ladies felt the allusion, and the doctor was lost in the laugh; they however thought they could trace a resemblance.

He entertained them with an anecdote of an Irish tenant in

Kerry, who came to pay his rent of £500, and the lady of the house perceiving he had a propensity to play, she being very ugly of a musty dingy countenance, with a bad squint, and who never looked straightly at any object but a pack of cards, or the money set on the game. She prevailed on him however to play, till he had lost all his money, she still continued to encourage him, relying on his honor, now that his money was lost. At length fixing his eyes fiercely on her, he excused himself, declaring in a decided tone that he would play no more with her ladyship, for that she had the *devil's look* and her *own*.

By this time the doctor having regained somewhat of his temper by the aid of dinner and a little port wine, Mr. Curran resumed the conversation, and made enquiries as to the English course of studies, to all of which he got short and uncourteous answers not satisfactory to either. "Doctor," said he, "give me leave to ask you, have you read Milton's Paradise lost with Addison's Criticisms?" The doctor turned round pevishly, and told him he was impertinent, and making vastly too free, and locked himself up in impenetrable sullenness, muttering that the fellow was a Papist, and a zealot of rebellion. and observed on the bad company so often met with in public coaches. One of the ladies, with a perfect good humour, having perceived the raillery on the doctor, archly said, "Come, Mr. Dublin shopkeeper, I'll take a glass of wine with you." Mr. Curran, then addressing the doctor, said, "Sir, it is now time to open your eyes to the genius, manners, and literature of a country of which your prejudice must for ever keep you chained down in ignorance. Whenever I go with my tapes and threads into the houses of the greatest lords, or lawyers, or bishops in Dublin, they converse with me with as much familiarity as these young ladies would do, but for the restraints your presence has imposed upon them. In England you seem to begin at the wrong end of education, and your logics, sciences, classics, and languages seem to me to be but half learned, if I am to judge by the specimens you afford." "What," said the doctor, hastily, "will you pretend to say that we do not speak the English purely and correctly?" "I'll tell you what, doctor, I will bet you the £40 I have here in my pocket that the two last sentences you have spoken, or the two next you will speak, were not, or will be, grammar, or pure or correct English; and, doctor, as to your not speaking your own language with the richness and purity of tone (the brogue) we do, I forgive you that, for it is more your misfortune than your fault, as you had not the good luck to have been born at the right side of the water; and thus, my good doctor, I leave you."

Mr. Curran passing his first summer at Cheltenham, generally inattentive as he was to his dress, he was in a sort of disguise, and, little notice being taken of him, and, probably, not much known, he had resort to a story to draw himself into notice. With the straightforward, credulous character of the English he was perfectly well acquainted, with which he often eked out a tale. The conversation of the table turning altogether on the stupid, savage, and disgusting amusement of cock-fighting, he was determined to put an end to it by the incredible story of the *Sligo cats*. He prefaced it by saying that in his country there prevailed a barbarous custom of fighting these animals in the same way as mastiffs are fought in England or bulls in Spain. That, being once in Sligo, a fishing town in the north-west of Ireland, he was invited to see this grand spectacle. That the people of rank and condition in that part of the country had their cats regularly trained and bred for this purpose, and crowded into the town and took lodgings for one week whenever these games were to be celebrated. The Corinthian chariot races were never more highly the scenes of gaiety and mirth in Greece than these were in Sligo. At one of them three matches were fought on the first day with the most furious courage, with all that intrepidity of valour and skill, all that brutal rege, that feudal clans could furnish, and, before the third of them was finished (on which bets ran very high) dinner was announced in the inn where the battle was fought. The company agreed, though reluctantly, to return, and

"Let wretches die, that jurors may go dine,"

and to lock up the room, leaving the key in trust to Mr. Curran, who protested to God he never was so shocked; that his head hung heavy on his shoulders, and his heart was sunk within him, on entering with the company into the room, and finding that the cats had actually eaten each other up, save some little bits of tails, which were scattered round the room. The Irish part of tha company saw the drift, ridicule, and impossibility of the narrative, and laughed immoderately, while the English part yawned and laughed, seeing others laugh, and sought relief in each other's countenance. One of them, not wishing to leave the whole joke to the Irish, and stung by a nettle he had not perceived, turned round to his friends, and exclaimed, "Well, Jack, did not I always tell you mother never liked cats?"

Mr. Curran said of a certain learned serjeant, who, in giving a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point of law, he observed that whenever that grave counsellor endea-

voured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw struggling for a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin.

Mr. Curran said of a busy, bustling, garrulous lawyer, that he always thought him like a counsellor in a play, where all was stage-trick, bustle, and scene-shifting.

An eminent lawyer, and distinguished orator, happening to dine with Mr. Curran and some others at Carlton House, is said to have mixed with his love of fame the power of being most declamatory when he spoke on the subject he least knew. It is said he frequently made self his theme; if so, the taste was bad, and the occasion not fortunately selected. Here, however, he descanted much on the laws of England; he became another Fortescue, *De laudibus legum Angliæ*. He spoke of them in terms of chivalrous enthusiasm. He said, "They were the cheap defence of nations, and that the cultivation of that science, which embraced all others, and contained the perfection and sublimity of religion, of morals, and of music (as Lord Coke said) held out to its professors a splendid hope of reward, a rich harvest of wealth and honours, and when twined with the garland of Eloquence, enabled the younger branches of a noble house to emulate in splendour, magnificence, and pomp of living the most illustrious of their ancestors." Mr. Curran thought this pretty well, and silence succeeding to this florid and yet ill-directed piece of interested declamation, he shortly observed, "All that my eloquent friend has so justly and impressively said can never be denied, but in enumerating the advantages of the profession of the law he has omitted one thing (looking at the Prince, and respectfully bowing to him), namely, that it has enabled the son of a provincial peasant *to be placed at the table of his Prince.*" The remark was too wise for mirth, and the mind paused to make it its own and hand it over to memory. So pleased was the Prince that he, in speaking next day to some of his Irish friends on the happy contrast, and in remarking on the modesty of the expression, pleasantly requested them to account for so rare a quality in an Irishman, They, who had as little occasion to blush for themselves as for their country, assured his Royal Highness that the Irish character was a modest though a dashing one, with great sensibility to the injuries offered to itself or to others, and a quick determination to afford redress, with an uncalculating generosity, regardless of consequences, willing to make splendid sacrifices to the impulse, and very impatient of restraint. One of them said that Mr. Burke, who studied human nature well, always

asserted his opinion, and was often heard to say that the American was the most, if not the only, impudent national character he was acquainted with.

Mr. Curran arrived in London during a summer vacation, after the Irish courts of law had been shut up, and before the sittings of Westminster Hall had been over. He was led by curiosity to hear the most eloquent person of the British bar, with whom he was well acquainted, and was immediately perceived by some lawyer to have taken his seat in court, who communicated it to Mr. ——, by pointing out the celebrated Irish advocate. This drew forth from the former fresh and renewed exertions to be distinguished by Mr. Curran. He, however, was not fortunate, yet, when he had ended his speech, he came over to Mr. Curran, shook him by the hand, and, after some short preface, observed he had had no preparation, yet conceived it, however, to have been a fine piece of eloquence, to which Mr. Curran replied, "I dare to say you are equally happy on all other occasions."

It was once observed in Mr. Curran's company that the late Mr. Fox had no relish for broad humour. "I am not sure," said Mr. Curran, "that Fox disliked humour. Sometimes, when the hoyden raillery of my animal spirits has ruffled the plumage of my good manners, when my mirth has turned dancing-master to my veneration, and made it perhaps a little too supple, I have sported playfully in the presence of this slumbering lion, and now and then he condescended to dandle the child. He laughed inwardly. It was not easy to say what Fox would call a mot, but when said, I thought I saw a smile rippling over the fine Atlantic of his countenance."

On one occasion Lord Clonmel was so pressed both by the argument, the eloquence, and the wit of Mr. Curran, that he lost temper, and called on the sheriffs to be ready to take anyone into arrest who would be found so contemptuously presuming to fly into the face of the court. Mr. Curran, perceiving the twittering of a swallow actively in pursuit of flies (for, like as in Nero's court, so in the presence of the emperor, scarcely a fly was to be found), in his turn called on the sheriffs to take that swallow into arrest, for it was guilty of contempt, as it had contemptuously presumed to fly in the face of the court. The ridicule of this and the peals of laughter which ensued closed the scene.

On some contested argument in the court of King's Bench, Lord Clonmel who was said to have a stronger dash of the over-

bearing than of the brave, stood out against Mr. Curran with a brow-beating vehemence, and shewed a determination to have things entirely in his own way. He made repeated but ineffectual efforts to reduce Mr. Curran, or (as the phrase is) to put him down. He, however, withstood all the violence of these attempts, and in a conflict somewhat resembling the modern description of battles, such as that of Roderic Dhu, and James Fitzjames, the encounter was upheld with all that passion could supply, or courage hope to extinguish. Mr. Curran looked and lighted up all the courage in his mighty eye, surveyed his adversary with the most intense and indignant scowl, such as would have pierced through all impediments; while the red and inflamed countenance of the judge, with the menace and attitude of an overwhelming passion, kindled into a burning blaze. With a firm, calm, and measured tone, Mr. Curran addressed him, and whilst he did so, he seemed armed with the bolt of heaven, ready to hurl destruction on its victim. After some prelude he concluded his address in these words: "Does your lordship think I am that silly dog, to bay *that* moon—to bay *that* moon—which I am not able to extinguish?"

Such was the effect of Mr. Curran's pleasantry, that even on ordinary occasions, servants in attending at table often became suspended, like the bucket in the well, and frequently started as if in a reverie, when called upon for the ordinary attendance. Sometimes a wine glass could not be had, or if asked for, a knife or fork was presented in its place; their faces turned away, you heard nothing but the breaks of suppressed laughter.

He had a favourite black servant who lived with him for many years, and to whom for his great fidelity, Mr. Curran was very much attached. This poor fellow was observed for a few days before his departure, to have been depressed with gloom and sadness, the cause of which was not directly enquired into. One morning, whilst in this state, he came up anxiously to his master, and with apparent regret and an air of much dejection requested to be discharged. Mr. Curran told him that he was very much concerned to lose the services of so faithful a person, that he had a strong regard for him; and on enquiring into the reason of his desire to leave him, the black replied "it is impossible for me to remain longer with you, Massa." "Why my good fellow, we will see all care taken of you." "No Massa, I cannot live longer with you, you make me laugh too much."

A brother barrister of his, remarkable for having a perpetuity

in dirty shirts, was drily asked in the presence of Mr. Curran, "Pray my dear Bob how do you get so many dirty shirts?" Mr. Curran answered for him, "I can easily account for it, his laundress lives at Holyhead, and there are nine packets always due." This gentleman wishing to travel to Cork during the rebellion, but apprehensive he should be known by the rebels, was advised to proceed *incog*, which he said was easily affected for by disguising himself in a clean shirt no one would know him.

Of the same gentleman, who was a sordid miser, it was told Mr. Curran, that he had set out from Cork to Dublin, with one shirt and one guinea. "Yes," said Mr. Curran, "and I will answer for it, he will change neither of them till he returns."

Lord Avenmore was one of the brightest ornaments of his country; to a masculine understanding, immense capacity, great and profound learning, he added a powerful wit and an overwhelming eloquence. His wit, though not so frequently exercised as Mr. Curran's, yet was a gem of the first water. A great susceptability in his temperament subjected him to great gusts of impatience. Mr. Curran with intent to cure his friend of this imperfection, and also to relieve himself from its effects, coming one day rather late to dinner, to shelter himself from the storm which he found gathering about him, observed on entering the room, that he was delayed by a melancholy circumstance which took place in Clarendon market through which he was passing. It was a butcher and a child, the butcher with a bloody knife—Lord Avenmore could not be patient, his extreme feeling took the alarm. "What," he exclaimed, "my God! has the villian murdered the child? Oh Good Heavens!" His feelings were so wound up, that he, by this dreadful anticipation, had neither eye nor ear. He at length perceived a laugh in the room, and looking at Mr. Curran, "What! did you say that the butcher had stabbed the infant to the heart?" "No, my lord, I said he plunged the bloody blade into the throat of a pig."

A lawyer pleading before Lord Avenmore, having to oppose some principles urged against him on the authority of Judge Blackstone, treated the works of that great commentator in terms of disrespect, at which Lord Avenmore was so provoked, that he burst forth into the following beautiful compliment to that eminent writer. "He first gave to the law the air of science; he found it a skeleton, and clothed it with flesh, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statute, and by his touch it grew into life, sense and beauty. His great works survive the vagaries

which pass through the crude minds of each giddy innovator, and which every packet imports in the form of a blue paper report."

Amidst the contentions with Lord Clare, many incidents must have arisen; this however is well known; Lord Clare was frequently accompanied by a large dog; he came on the bench to him one day when Mr. Curran was engaged in an argument, and the judges attention was diverted from the advocate to the dog, which he began to fondle and pat; Mr. Curran perceiving this, suddenly stopped, and when the judge awoke to a fresh hearing by the cessation of sound, and looked to Mr. Curran to resume, he apologized his unwillingness to disturb his lordship, as he conceived he might have been engaged in a consultation.

Going to dine in the country with the now judge Fletcher, he had arrived early enough to take a walk in the garden; Mr. Fletcher's country seat is separated from a public road by a stone wall, which having fallen in during a severe winter, the gardens were thereby left open to the dust of the road, it was now the month of April, and Mr. Fletcher was observing on the rows of brocoli, which he said were very backward, and scarcely to be seen, though they had been carefully drilled. On which Mr. Curran, observed, "It is very true, but consider, they have been much exposed to the dust and look as if they had been after a *long march.*" This sally is said to have cost the judge more than he calculated upon, as he immediately raised the wall six feet higher.

Lord Avenmore supported the measure of the Union, it is probable as the result of his judgment, Mr. Curran opposed it. It was said in gratitude for this the lord obtained from the crown an office of considerable emolument. When the draught of the patent was sent to him for his approbation, he called into his study a few of his friends, among the rest Mr. Curran, to see if all was right. The wording ran in the usual form; "To all whom these letters patent shall come, greeting, &c., &c., we of the *united* kingdom of Great Britain and *Ireland*, king, &c., &c." Mr. Curran, when came to that part exclaimed, "Stop, stop!" "My God!" said Lord Avenmore impatiently, "why stop?" "Why because," said Mr. Curran, "it sets out the *consideration* too early in the deed."

Mr. Hudson, the dentist, lived very near the Priory, and had built there at considerable expense, among other things a pair of piers, so massive and heavy, and so fantastical in their structure that they drew the attention of some person on a visit to Mr. Curran, who asked him

of what order of architecture they were. "Of the Tuscan," replied Mr. Curran. Many changes were rang upon this piece of wit; one said the mansion was fit for the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

One of the relations of the same Mr. Hudson, who having served his time to the profession of dentist, but who afterwards changed it for the more honorable one of war, had returned from the Continent after a memorable battle fought there, covered with glory, and bearded like a bard he attracted so much notice, that some one asked about him, and from whence he came. "Late from *Pultusk*," said Mr. Curran.

Mr. Lysaght, the barrister and bard, once returning from circuit, brought with him some young woman, about forty miles on the way to Dublin, and meeting a chaise going back he sent the lady home. On relating this to Mr. Curran he said, "How sweet's the love that meets return."

A lawyer, a friend of Mr. Curran, who had devoted much more of his time to the study of Hoyle than of Hale, a notable gambler, but a person of eccentric and lively turn of mind, got entangled with Mr. Curran one day after dinner, and losing a little ground on the score of temper, sharply observed, "that he had too much spirit to allow any person to go too far with him," and passionately added, "No man shall trifle me with impunity." To which Mr. Curran replied, "Play with you Roderick you mean."

Mr. Curran one day riding by the country seat of one of the judges, was struck by a group of lovely children whom he seen playing in the avenue. He stopped to enquire to whom all these fine children belonged. He was answered by the nurse, who had a beautiful infant in her arms, that they were the children of Judge ———. "Pray, my good woman, how many of them has he?" "There are twelve playing about inside, and this in my arms is the thirteenth." "Then," said Mr. Curran, "the judge has a full jury, and may proceed to trial whenever he chooses, and the young one will make an excellent *crier*."

Mr. Egan, the lawyer, was a person of very large stature, and of great thews and sinews; on going into the bath, he exultingly struck his breast, all over matted with hair, and exclaimed, "Curran, did you ever see so fine a *chest?*" "*Trunk*, you mean," said Mr. Curran.

A gentleman who was too desirous of attracting the attention of those about him to the style and fashion of his dress, and at one time to the shape of a pair of half-boots which he had that day drawn on, appealed to Mr. Curran, among others, for his opinion, who said "he observed but one fault—they showed too much of the calf."

FINIS.

CATALOGUE

OF

CURIOUS BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS,

Edward Smyth, 33, Temple Bar, Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

—o—

Sally Kavanagh; or, Untenanted Graves. A Tale of Tipperary. By Charles Kickham, with Portrait. Neatly half bound. 2s.

The Irish Landlord since the Revolution. By the Rev. Patrick Lavelle, P.P., Cong. 1s. 6d.

The Voice of the Nation. A Manual of Nationality. By the Writers of the Nation Newspaper, Dublin, 1844. 1s. 6d.

A Tour in Ireland in 1775. By Richard Twiss, F.R.S. Dublin, 1776. 1s. 6d.

A Tour through Ireland. Observations on the Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Curiosities, and Natural History of that Country, Dublin, 1780. 1s. 6d.

The History of the War of Ireland from 1641 to 1653. By a British Officer of the Regiment of Sir John Clotworthy, Dublin, 1873. 1s. 6d.

The Earl of Castlehaven's Review; or, Memoirs of his Engagements and Carriage in the Irish Wars, Dublin, 1815. 2s.

A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in his Search for a Religion. By Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, A.M., Dublin, 1833. 1s. 6d.

The Seven Thieves. In Six Books. By the Author of the Metropolis, Dublin, 1807. 1s.

The Miscellaneous Poetic Works of E. Cummins, better known by the name of the Young Hibernian, Dub., 1808. 1s. 6d

The History of the Volunteers of 1782. By Thomas M'Nevin, Esq., Dublin, 1845. Half bound, 1s. 6d.

Literary and Historical Essays. By Thomas Davis. Autograph of the Author, Dublin, 1846. Full calf, very neat, 3s. 6d.

The Confiscations of Ulster in the reign of James I., commonly called The Ulster Plantation. By Thomas M'Nevin, Dublin, 1846. Neatly half bound, 2s.

The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M.D., Dublin, 1844. 1s. 6d.

The Catholic Religion of St. Patrick and St. Columbkill of the Ancient Saints of Ireland. By Henry Joseph Monck Mason, Dublin, 1823. 1s.

Shamrock Leaves; or, The Wicklow Excursion. With Notes, London, 1823. 1s.

The History and Antiquities of Glendalough. By Joseph Nolan. 6d.

PAMPHLETS RELATING TO IRELAND.

Some Notices of Manuscripts relating to Ireland. In various Languages. Now to be found in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, By Samuel H. Bindon. With fac-simile Illustrations, etc. Dublin, 1847. 1s.

Exposure of Literary Frauds and Forgeries concocted in Ireland, Spurious Predictions Designated. Prophecies of Saint Columb-kille, etc. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A., Dublin, 1866. 1s.

Ancient Literary Frauds and Forgeries in Spain and Italy and their bearings on events recorded in Irish and other Celtic Annals. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A., Dublin, 1863. 1s.

A Full and Revised Report of the Three Days Discussion in the Dublin Corporation, on the Repeal of the Union, between Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt, Dublin, 1843. 2s.

Fasti Ecclesiæ Hibernicæ. The Succession of the Prelates and Members of the Cathedral Bodies in Ireland. By Henry Cotton, D.C.L., Dublin, 1845. 1s.

A List of the Absentees of Ireland, and an Estimate of the Yearly Value of their Estates and Incomes spent abroad, Dublin, 1767. 1s. 6d.

An Irish Catholic's Advice to his Brethern, or, how to Estimate their present situation and repel French Invasion, Civil Wars, and Slavery. By Denis Scully, London, 1803. 1s.

The Case of Ireland Stated. By Robert Holmes, Dublin, 1847. 1s. 6d.

The Apostacy of Miles Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel. A Poetical Satire written by the Rev. Coghlan O'Duffy, a Franciscan Friar, about a.d., 1577, literally translated from the original Irish by John O'Day, Cashel, 1864; very scarce. 1s.

The Holy Wells of Ireland, containing an authentic account of those various places of Pilgrimage and Penance. By Philip Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A., Dublin, 1836. Illustrated, 1s. 6d.

The Siege of Derry. A Prize Poem in Six Cantos, and Occasional Pieces. By Thomas Young, M.A., Dub., 1868. 1s.

The Devil's Strolls through Dublin. Second edition, enlarged and Illustrated; full of Social, Political, and Personal Squibs, which, coming from such a capable artist as "Ould Nick," will be found Devilish Witty, Devilish Spicy, and Devilish Droll, Dnblin, 1880. 6d.

Union necessary to Security, addressed to the Loyal Inhabitants of Ireland by an Independant Observer, Dublin, 1800. Half bound, 1s.

Everard. An Irish Tale of the Nineteenth Century. By the Author of "Connaught in 1798." 2 vols. in 1, half green calf, Dublin, 1835.

CURIOUS TRIALS.

Trial of Lord William Russell for High Treason. Half bound, 1s.

Trial of Lord William Russell for High Treason. Half bound, Larger Copy, 1s. 6d.

Trial of Rev. William Jackson for High Treason. Half bound, 1794, 2s.

Trial of Peter Finnerty, Publisher of the "Press" Newspaper. Half bound, 1797, 2s.

Trial of William Clare for High Treason, 1803. Half bound, 2s.

Trial of Edward Kearney for High Treason, 1803. Half bound, 2s.

Trial of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant General and Chef de Brigade in the Service of the French and Batavarian Republic, Dublin, 1879. 1d.

Trial of John Magee, Proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post, for publishing an Historical Review of the Duke of Richmond's Administration in Ireland. Half Bound, Dublin, 1813. Scarce. 2s.

Trial of John Gannon for Forgery, Dublin, 1807. Half bound, 1s. 6d.

Trial of William Congrove Alcock and Henry Derenry for Murder of John Colclough, at the Wexford Assizes, March 26th, 1808. Dublin, 1808. 1s.

Authentic Report of the Crim. Con. Trial of Joynt v. Jackson, in the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, 1880. 6d.

Report of the Trial in the case of Thelwall v. Yelverton, before the Chief Justice and a Special Jury, February 21st, 1861. Dublin, Half Bound, 2s. 6d.

Trial of Captain A. M. Robertson, 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, Royal Barracks, Dublin, 1862. Half Bound, 1s. 6d.

Trial of Miss Madeleine Smyth, for the alleged poisoning of M. Pierre Emile L. Angellier, at Glasgow, Edinburgh, 1857. Half Bound, 2s. 6d.

Trial of Catherine Webster for Murder, 1879. Illustrated, 6d.

Trial of Hannah Dobbs for Murder, 1879. 6d.

The Newman Hall Divorce Case. Full Report, 6d.

Trial of William Burke Kirwan, for the Murder of his Wife, at the Island of Ireland's Eye, 1852. With Plates, 2s.

Trial of William Palmer for Poisoning John Parson's Cooke at Rugely, London. 1856. Illustrated, 1s. 6d.

OTHER WORKS.

Pope and Maguire's Discussion, Octavo, Neatly Half Bound, full gilt back and top, rough edges, Dublin, 1827. 5s.

The History of Belfast from the earliest period, to the Union with Great Britain, Belfast, 1817. Octavo, 4s. 6d.

The Ulster Civil War of 1641, and its consequences, with the History of the Irish Brigade under Montrose, in 1644-46. By John McDonnell, M.D. Dublin, 1879. New Copy. 2s. 6d.

Ballads of Ireland, collected and edited, with notes, Historical and Biographical. By Edward Hayes, 2 vols. Illustrated Dublin, N. D. New Copy. 7s.

Memoirs of John Seldon. and notices of the political contest during his time. By George W. Johnston. London, 1835. With fine Portrait. Octavo, Half Bound in Calf neat Copy 3s. 6d.

Memoirs of the life of Colonel Hutchinson, with original anecdotes, written by his wife, Lucy. With Portraits. 2 vols., London, 1810. Full scored Calf, nice Copy. 4s.

Trial of Queen Caroline, with fine Portraits. 2 vols. Half Bound. London, 1821. 7s.

Handbook of Archeology, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, London, 1867. Several hundred cuts, Octavo, 3s. 6d.

Windsor Castle, by Harrison Ainsworth, Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with designs on wood by Alfred Delamotte, London, 1843. Slightly soiled, First Edition, 6s.

The History of the County Derby, drawn up from actual observation, and from the best authorities. By Stephen Glover, edited by Thomas Noble Derby, 1829. 2 vols., with plans and pedigrees, Octavo, nice Copy, 7s. 6d.

Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches, delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman during his tour in Ireland, in 1858, Dublin, 1859. Half Bound, 4s.

Sermons of the Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, in Irish and English, Dublin, 1835. Half Bound, 2s.

The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language, the round Towers, the Breton Law, Truth of the Pentatench, by Rev. Ulick Bourke, M.R.J.A., London, 1876. Half Bound, 2s. 6d.

Hudibras, by Samuel Butler, with many curious plates, Dublin, 1766. Full Calf, 2 vols. Bound in One, 1s. 6d.

Authentic Report of the Irish State Trials 1844—Trial of Daniel O'Connell, &c., Dublin, 1845. Good Copy, Half Calf, 3s.

History of Irish Affairs, 1688-1793, by James Mullalla, J.J.B.T.R.S., Dublin, 1795. 2 vols. in one, Half Green Ca 3s.

Curious Broadsides and Bulletins :—

A Call to the Hugonites, or, memento to all that can see as far as Calais. London, 1712.
A Proclamation, 1641.
A Song on the Parliament, 1653.
A Bulletin, May 15th, 1798.
A Bulletin, May 24th, 1798.
A Bulletin, June 10th, 1798.
A Bulletin, June 27th, 1798.
A New Song of Erin, June, 1798.
A New Song of Billy Pitt to the Union, 1798.
A curious model Electioneering Bill.

The above contain the account of the arrest and death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and all the battles fought during the rebellion and other curious information of 1798. In all 10 Unique Broadsides, Price, 2s. 6d.

The Irish Rebellion, or, an History of the beginning and first progress of the General Rebellion raised within the Kingdom of Ireland, on the 23rd of October, 1641, together with the Barbarous Cruelties and Bloody Massacres which ensued thereupon. By Sir John Temple, Knight Master of the Rolls, and one of His Majetsy's Most Honorable Privy Council, within the Kingdom of Ireland. To which is added, the state of the Protestants of Ireland under the late King James's Government, Dublin, 1713. Small Quarto, 5s. 6d.

The Crisis, or Patriotism and Popery Exposed in Four Letters, addressed to that upright and Eloquent Barrister, Daniel O'Connell. By Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., Dublin, 1820. 1s.

An Argument for Ireland. By John O'Connell, Dublin, 1844. 1s.

The Man in the Moon. A Satirical Pamphlet with Fifteen Cuts,, London, 1820. 1s.

The Book of Common Prayer. Double Columned, In Irish and English, Octavo, London, 1712. In good condition, 3s. 6d.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By James F. Johnstone, M.A. in 14 Parts, Edinburgh and London, New Copy. Complete, 2s. 6d.

The O'Donoghue, a tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago. By Charles Lever, with Illustrations by H. K. Browne, London, 1858. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Genuine Speech of Robert Emmet, who was tried and found guilty of High Treason, September 29th, 1803. In committing it to the Press there are no unworthy objects in view, the sole intention being, to give to a few friends, a piece of Oratory, such as is seldom to be met with, and which, considering the situation in which the Speaker was placed, has never been equalled in Ancient or Modern History, Dublin, 1879. 1d.

Ireland's Grievances, Political and Statistical, containing :—1. List of Absentees, formed at different periods; Peers and Commoners now resident in Dublin, and those who were resident at the time of the Union; 2. Peculiar causes relating to Ireland, which cause Absenteeism arguments for, and against these Laws; 3. Sketches of the various insurrections, with a view of the calumnies and misrepresentations of Factitious writers; 4. History of The Treaty of Limerick: Articles of the Treaty: Arguments of Sir Theobald Butler and others, against their violations; 5. Famine of 1822, intended to shew how much we are the Envy of surrounding Nations, and Admiration of the world. To which is added, Mr. Scully's celebrated Statement of The Penal Laws, Dublin, 1824. In Boards, 2s.

On Popular Discontent in Ireland. By Phillip Molloy, Dublin 1831. In Cloth, 1s.

The Belfast Politics enlarged, being a compendium of the Political History of Ireland, for the last forty years. Compiled by John Lawless, Belfast 1818. Half Bound, 5s.

Report of the Trial of Roger O'Connor Esq., and Martin M'Keon, at the Trim Assizes 1817, for Robbing the Royal Mail Coach, Dublin 1817. 1s. 6d.

Hand Book for Dublin and Wicklow. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, numerous Illustrations, in Cloth New Copy. London, N.D. 1s. 6d.

Collection of Old Street Ballads, Several Hundred Wood Cuts, in one volume. Very scarce, 7s. 6d.

The Ancient and Modern History of the Maritime Ports of Ireland. By Anthony Marmion, London, 1860. In Cl[illegible] New, 2s.

Report of the Eight day's Trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, on a Criminal Information against John Sarsfield Casey, at the prosecution of Patten Smith Bridge, Dublin, 1877.

An Irish and English Primer, containing about four thousand Irish and English Monosyllables, with a few of Æsop's Fables, In Irish and English, Dublin, 1815. 1s.

An English and Irish Dictionary, Dublin, 1814. 1s.

The London Vocabulary, English and Latin. By James Greenwood, with curious wood cuts, London, 1791. 1s.

State of the Protestants of Ireland under the late King James's Government, London, 1692, Half Bound, Antique Calf, Red Edges. 5s.

Portraits and Lives of Remarkable and Eccentric Characters of London. 26 Curious Plates, Half Bound; good condition. 3s. 6d.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack, 1835-1853, Complete in 2 Series, the first from 1835 to 1843, the second from 1844 to 1853. A gathering of the Best Humour of Thackery, Hood, Mayhew, Albert Smyth, A. Beckett, Robert Brough, &c. With 2,000 Wood Cuts and Steel Engravings by Cruikshank, Hine, Landells, &c. 2 Vols., Cloth, New, London. 10s. 6d.

Irish Pedigrees. By O'Hart, Dublin, 1880. 3s. 6d.

The Last Princes of Tara, or, the Brief Sketch of the O'Hart Ancient Royal Family. By John O'Hart, Dublin, 1873. 1s. 6d

Doctor Henry Newman's Address to the Duke of Norfolk Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation, London, 1875. 1s. 6d.

Reminicences of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., during the Agitation of Emancipation and Repeal. By a Munster Farmer, with a fine Portrait by Garrick, Dublin, 1847. 2s.

A Chapter of Auto-biography. By E. W. Gladstone, London, 1868. 1s.

Lessons in Massacre. By W. E. Gladstone, London, 1877. 1s.

The Shadow on the Cross. By E. Inkens, Esq., M.P., London, 1876. 6d.

Vatican Decrees. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster, London, 1875. 1s.

DAN & LINCOLN, Printers 32, Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin.