

Journal

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1853.

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TERMS.
The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.
No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.
All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEEY.

PARODIES.

If a body see a body carrying off his wood,
Shouldn't a body *whale* a body, if a body could?
—*German Town Emporium.*

If a body catch a body stealing his old rye,
Shouldn't a body *kick* a body, till he make him cry?
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If a body find a body in a body's bed,
Shouldn't a body *choke* a body till a body's dead?
—*Canaan City News.*

If a body spy a body creeping round his lot,
Shouldn't a body *treat* a body to a load of shot?
—*Warwick News.*

If a body catch a body stealing his "Express,"
Shouldn't a body *seize* a body and try to get redress?
—*Petersburg Express.*

If a body wants a body his store to patronize,
Shouldn't a body *pay* a body cash to advertise?
—*Lynchburg Express.*

If a body see a body appropriate his hat,
Should a body *lick* a body, just for doing that?
—*Washington Daily Star.*

If a body see a body kissing his wife,
And a body catch a body, should he take his life?
—*Boston Pathfinder.*

From the New York Herald.
THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER'S LECTURE.
Young Ireland, and the Irish Revolutionary Movement of 1848.

Thomas Francis Meagher delivered a lecture in Metropolitan Hall, on Friday evening May 27th, before one of the most numerous audiences we have ever seen crowded into that Hall. Several regiments—among them the Irish one—attended in uniform, and the United States Military Band, from Governor's Island, were stationed on the platform, and played several pieces of Irish music. The battered banners borne by the New York Volunteers in the Mexican campaign were planted on each side of the stage. The proceeds of the lecture were for the benefit of the survivors of that gallant regiment. Mr. Meagher was accompanied to the platform by an escort of citizens, comprising several Aldermen, General Sandford, General Hall, Colonel Barnett, of the Volunteers, &c. He was introduced to the audience by General Hall, and received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Meagher then proceeded to deliver the following

LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The lecture has drawn to a close, but the duty I have anxiously and proudly accepted is not yet discharged. It is now, within three days, just twelve months in the pursuit of the freedom I had lost with the stars and stripes flying at my side. I came to anchor in the river that washes the left shore of your noble city. It will be to my memory a dark day, indeed, when I shall forget the crowd of faces, radiant with delight and friendship, which pressed around me as I stood under a free roof once more, and beheld myself, as it were, at the gate of the great avenue of life—with a multitude of voices calling upon me to enter, and in triumph be conducted to the sanctuary which the arms, the wisdom, and beneficence of your fathers had opened to the children of less favored lands.

Happy did I feel, that for the congratulations of that day—the honors then conferred on me—I could, to some extent, evince my gratitude in the dedication of an hour or so to the service of those whose seats are witness to the trepidity and vigilance with which they stood by, and through the red waters carried, the ensigns of the republic.

Happy do I feel, when gazing on this people's space—so brilliant and so vast—the thought comes upon me that I may have set in motion the elements which repose in the higher regions of our nature, and that this hand, tremulous and unskillful as it is, may have drawn down from those regions one kindly ray at least, to illuminate the hearth and homestead of the men who were the guardians of those ensigns.

Happy—happy beyond the measure which the tongue can tell—shall I feel, if, with this same hand, I can smooth the pillow of the dying soldier—give, like Abercrombie in the sands of Egypt, to his quivering lip, the cup which shall soothe the fever of his last breath; or over his humble coffin, like the post over the grave of Marcellus, strew the purple flowers.

Who could look on, and not feel his heart give way at the spectacle of a glorious companionship, stricken by want, disease and death—a group of stately trees, struck by the storm, stripped of the sheltering leaves, and seared by the lightning, bending to every passing gust, and one by one sinking, with the shreds of their gray foliage and fragments of their brave limbs, in desolation to the earth? Who can read of a fine army—even though that army be the foe of freedom, and, in the fight, we ourselves should strike it to the heart—who can read of such an army being cut to pieces or by plague or famine disappearing from the earth, without commiseration—without a thrill, a syllable, one tear of noble pity?

If, then, to the stranger, though he come against us, our nature yields instinctively a generous measure of sympathy and succor, what should be the emotions, what the anxieties, what the actions, of those who, in their midst, be-

hold the wreck of those young legions whose crimsoned wounds flashed in the sun that shone up there upon the fortress of Chepultepec, and so helped to clear out a new field for that adventurous activity, the spread of which neither the forest, nor the swamp, nor the mountains, nor the river, nor yet the covensants and intrigues, the contrivances and conspiracies of the crowned families down there in Europe, nor their allies here or elsewhere, can hamper, divert, nor for an hour withstand.

But is it just, considerate, delicate of me to put this question, when hardly a day passes without a comrade falling in those crippled ranks, whose wounds, not less eloquent than those for which the friend of Caesar pleaded, cry out to you not for vengeance, but for love? That you could be insensible to this fatality—that you could thus behold one of the pillars of the State decay, and with its laurelled capital crumble to the dust, until nothing but the pedestal was left standing beside that stream of business, gaiety, and wealth, which threatens to efface this the latest record of your worth—that you could be insensible to this fatality, so striking, it would be most ungracious in me for a moment to imply.

You have not forgotten Washington, nor Warren, nor Montgomery, nor Jackson. That scene upon Breed's Hill; that oft fort Moultrie; that upon the Delaware; that upon the snow-placed bastions of Quebec; that at the Bayou Bienvenue, where the English columns were swamped by the fire which opened upon them from the cotton bales of Louisiana—those scenes are no less visible to the memory of the republic, than to the eye of the stranger are those paintings, which, in such noble proportions, decorated the halls of Congress.

Which being so, you will not forget the men, who, commissioned or non-commissioned, with or without epaulettes, in the corn fields and Nueva Ranches, and along those burning rocks, and through the woods and ravines that lay between them and their golden prize, gave proof that the spirit which broke the sword in the hands of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, was not laid to rest in the grave that overlooks the Potomac—and passing which, by night or day, no craft falls to strike the minute bell—but that it walks the earth, and shall be with the republic all days, even to the end of time.

Would that it were my fortune to speak thus, in the land of my father's home, for men who, like those before me, wore scars in evidence of their courage, and the blood poured out by them, that so their country might be saved, and all the stains upon her ancient map and fame might be effaced.

But since this privilege is denied me,—since the foreign sentiment still keeps watch upon her wall, and the flag, wet with the blood of Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and Emmet, lies buried in the ivy of Bodestown churchyard, and no favoring breeze lifts the drooping folds,—then glad am I to plead for those, who, to the brothers of my native land, are next akin, and whose blood with ours, in a thousand channels, is inseparably mingled.

And since, also, it is denied me to kiss the flag wet with the blood of those young nobles,—the Shadrach, Meschach, and Abednego,—freedom,—then let me embrace this, the symbol of that citizenship, which, in the words uttered on the steps of the Capitol, on the morning of the 4th of March, "shall be an inviolable panoply for American rights, and invested with the power of the poorest laborer shall stand unabashed even in the presence of kings."

Soldiers of Carracciolo! Soldiers of Contreras and Churubusco! Far from your homes—far from the Hudson to Lake Tezcuco—you have borne this flag with honor. Romaine carried it in the left hand, when his right was shattered, and parted with it only when death struck it from his grasp. Lake seized it, and, waving it, was shot down. And then another, and then another, until you struck it into the captured fort. From the storm-strait straits you have brought it back unharmed, save by those rents which have rendered it a sacred relic, and it is due to you that, beneath it you should nurse your failing strength. You should enjoy that peace which, in the words of the sacred book, is "like a clear heat upon herbs and a cloud of dew in the heat of the harvest"—and so spend serenely the remainder of the days spared to you in the great storm that swept the base and summit of the Sierra Madre.

May that flag never fail to find less eager champions than you have been, to shield it from disgrace, and bear it like a charmed robe, unhurt through the flames of war. May that flag never lose one star; but, as the Old Thirteen have multiplied in time, may others, no less brilliant, be added thereto; and may the constellation which first shone out through the tempest and the lightnings, and has now become fixed in the blue expanse of peace, on every sea, be seen; and may the nations, journeying like the Kings of old, to a nobler worship, be led to a new faith and destiny by the light it gives!—May it mount to where the Amazon leaps forth from its cradle in the Andes; may it be seen taken in the rivers that wash the hidden treasures of Japan; and, in the effulgence which it sheds, side by side with the ruder structures of your making, may the graces of life spring up; may literature and the arts flourish; may the canvass become ineffably impressed with the great conceptions of your sons; and may the chisel and furnace contribute to the genius of America the fame of Phidias and Canova, as we have seen that genius immortalizing the beauty of Greece in her nakedness and chains, and later still unveiling that famous production which fronts the White House, in which the features of nature are not only copied, but the laws of nature, by the dumb charger, are obeyed!

To this republic—renouncing all foreign powers and potentates—have I taken the oath of allegiance; and in the new sphere and citizenship which is opened to me here, do I trust to prove the sincerity with which that oath was taken, and my deep sense of the duties which, by that act, devolve upon me.

Faithful to the principles on which this community is framed; faithful to the laws on which it proceeds and operates; faithful to the institutions which distribute the vitality whilst they secure the unity of the whole; faithful, above all, to that noble system of public schools, which, by the illumination of the public mind, ensures the perpetuity of a confederation of government and society, based upon intelligence and good sense, qualifying, in each succeeding generation, the

entire body of citizens the yet more wisely to exercise their great faculties, diminishing the chances of the impostor, and in the end, elevating the democracy to the highest level instead of keeping it to the lowest—the foe of bigotry, from whatever pulpits it may descend, or in whatever garb it may riot or play its maddening pranks—the foe of tyranny in every clime, whatever be the motto or the mask under which it marches, or whatever be the ceremonies with which it is installed—acting as you have acted—true, as you have been true, brave soldiers! liberal of my service to the republic, as you have been—if that be necessary, liberal of my blood in the cause of the republic, as you have been; I trust that, if it be the will of Heaven to crown me with the white lilies and the silver crown of age, looking back upon a life well spent, I shall be able to say, with the great foe of Cataline, the conspirator against the Roman Commonwealth—
"Republicanam defendi adolescens, non deseram senex."

And why should I not stand, with a proud love and courage, to this republic; her interests, her laws, and institutions? There is more than one good reason for so doing. It is not alone that I am grateful for the protection and the citizenship insured to me; it is not alone that I regard this form of government, and this condition of society, as the finest and most truthful expression of the national will, necessities, intellect and ambition, which anywhere exists; but that I recognize in the stability of the republic a source of strength to other nations, and incentive with them to a courageous emulation.

Whilst this republic stands; augments her fortune; proceeds upon her high career; there is hope for the most abject, decrepit and disabled of mankind. As the thoughts of the great poet; whether in words or marble, of the great artist; sometimes waken the most drowsy souls into rapturous activity, so shall the example, the written, the spoken and the living word of this grand nation, rouse the spirit of those who now lie dumb and torpid in the shadow of the thrones that are moored in the full tide of misce, and in which, as if in the hold of the pirate ship, the plundered liberties of the people, bound and bleeding, are battered down.

And, as the whole Germanic family, tongue-tied, the whole Slavonic in her bed; Poland, still the Niobe of nations, and her children cut up and parcelled out among the robbers; Hungary, with the knife at her proud and beautiful neck; Italy, locked within her sculptured sepulchre, and a profane soldiery keeping watch upon it; France, grimacing in a masquerade, the genre of which blinds men to the crimes of which it is the scenes and the reckless carnival; Ireland, her people decaying and disappearing faster than the ruins even which a ruthless civilization has yet left standing on the soil; where, where can the eye, that scans the history of this day, turn with joy; without grief, without vengeance, without despair, unless it be to this great commonwealth, the power, the progress, the immensity of which are mapped out in the mighty waters of the great West, from which I came but yesterday?

Here, here—glory be to Him on high!—here freedom stands upon a pedestal higher than the Alps—her spear is lifted to the sun, the rays that flash from it shall descend—descend through the blackest cloud and storm—descend and penetrate the deepest dungeon, and there wake up the oldest prisoner—wake him up, not idly to gaze upon the hills and his home afar off but to wake him up to the banner that hem him in, and with them slay the sentinel—through the year a crown, and be impiously hailed the anointed of the Lord.

"Young Ireland" was so christened with a sneer. As in the days of Pitt and Walpole, it was an atrocious crime to be a young man. But it is a matter of little account the mocking baptism. It was with the birth, the career, and the fate of this party they had to do. In the autumn of 1842 the first number of the *Nation* newspaper appeared. It was unnecessary to say a word descriptive of that journal—the truth of which it was the oracle—the genius that gushed from it as crystal waters from a golden fountain. Wherever, in any sphere or service, there beat an honest Irish heart, there that new testament of freedom woke vibrations which, even to that hour, had not ceased to play; there if the intellect of the wanderer has not been obscured—if his heart has not been tainted with selfishness or scheming, have the memories redeemed by that gospel, the virtues it enforced, the destiny it claimed for Ireland, been eternally enthroned. Such was the effect abroad. At home it formed a new school of politicians, who sought, on the highest ground, and with the highest agencies, to work out the independence of their country.

With what agonies? First of all, by the invocation of a pure, deep love of country—a love flowing from a knowledge of all that was most noble in her annals—a love that through all vicissitudes, dark or brilliant, would be ever fresh, active, and abounding—be to the cause of Ireland and what the river is to the land, a source of beauty, fertility, and power—equally true to the past, the present, and the future—reflecting in its depths the ruins of the buried age—the green growth of the living day—and the inextinguishable light, the sun of freedom, which encompassed all. Hence it was that the long array of all who had in days gone by, done good service to the old land—soldiers, scholars, statesmen—all were given back to the worship of those who stood where they had stood in life, and were now, through this pious labor, made the inheritors of a recovered glory. Hence it was, that from their unscrubbed graves—from the prescription to which a pretentious prudence, an intolerant loyalty, a base ingratitude, had consigned them—the men who had risked all, dared all, lost all for Ireland; who had faced the bayonet and gibbet of the Dioclesians of the English throne; who had shared out their blood upon the field of battle, and dying with a sublime gentleness, had only asked of their country, in return for the love of life they gave her, that their epitaphs should not be written, until she took up her place among the nations. Hence it was these, the martyrs of the islands, were from their sepulchres summoned forth and the defamed were canonized. But this love was not to cling to the dead alone—it was to embrace the living. Burying all those rancorous recollections of creed, and lineage, and calling, which had long served so fearfully to influence the faculties of the country, and so distract and render powerless the strength which should have been combined—burying all those

rancorous recollections—burling, purifying, reuniting the disordered strength of the country—this love was to realize the holy project of Theobald Wolfe Tone. And what was that project? Let those who still would trade and thrive—still make money and notoriety—still would flourish by keeping alive, in the name of God, the vicious heart, and paralyzed the vigor of his poor country, hearken to the text:—"Unite the whole people of Ireland—abolish the memory of past dissensions—substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Dissenter." This was the project, this the instruction of Wolfe Tone. This the project, this the great end to be accomplished, of the young writers and orators of the school of the liberal politics. Pleading to see this end accomplished, this union, in politics and society of all creeds compatible—this love made perfect—did Thomas Davis utter these noble aspirations:

"What matter that at different shrines
We kneel unto one God—
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won the soil?
As Nubian rocks and Ethiop sand,
Long drifting down the Nile,
Built up old Egypt's fertile land
For many a hundred year;
So Pagan clans to Ireland came
And clans of Christen-San,
Yet joined their wisdom and their fame
To build a nation from;
And oh! it were a gallant deed
To show before mankind
How every race, and every creed,
Might be united by love combined;
Might be combined, yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose,
As filled by many a rivulet
The stately Shannon flows."

Nor did this love contract itself to the island it vivified; to the cause it inspired. It went forth into other lands. Wherever the fight for freedom was on foot, in spoke out a word of encouragement; a word of exultation. Seldom had there burst upon the ear of the people a nobler name, than that in which, to quote him once again, did Thomas Davis put forth his soul in these lines:

"See! Russia preys on Poland, where Sobieski reigned,
And Austria on Italy the Roman eagle chained;
Bohemia, Servia, Hungary, within her clutches gasp,
And Ireland struggles gallantly in England's tightening grasp;
Oh! would all time, clotted, or battle alone,
Like Moor, Pushtani, or Cherkess; they soon
Would have their own!
That glorious noon,
God send it soon!
Hurrah! for human freedom!"

The effect of such sentiments was, in 1843, to attract towards Ireland the sympathies of every country that had a misrule to depose, or a better condition of laws to institute. This was evidenced, in a singular degree, from the tone and language of the German, the French, and the Italian papers, published in the liberal interest. Thus did "Young Ireland" a "foreign policy"; this did "Young Ireland" secure for their country, her cause, her struggle, her principles and hopes, a concurrence of solitudes and activities amongst nations speaking various tongues, and having, it so seemed, habits, traditions, and interests, widely irreconcilable.

The cause of freedom was everywhere the same; in every clime, elicited the same sentiment and passion. The fruition of it by all nations would eventuate in an unanimity of peace and good will, and a serene glory to the aggregate of humanity.

But what of the "domestic policy"? What of that policy which provoked against the young nations of Ireland the hatred and the hootings of the bigoted, the knavish and the "loyal"; the needy politician, the cunning and intolerable hypocrite? They sought to extinguish the feuds of former days; to drown in a stream, deeper than that of Lethe, the memories that had so long hurled off, like conflicting fragments, the strength which should have been in general piety combined; and were, therefore, denounced because they claimed for all men and all time that equality before the law for which their fathers had prayed, and toiled, and bled. Were so denounced, because they were neither hypocrites nor bigots; had more love than hatred; more truth than falsehood; and not amongst them a conscience flexible enough to perpetrate, to their own shame and damnation, a profitable or "popular" conversion. [Tremendous cheering.] Mr. Meagher then proceeds to recapitulate the other leading points in the design and creed of "Young Ireland," laying particular stress upon the efforts made by that party to place the political movement on an intellectual basis. For this, he said, for this, striving to have the public mind enlightened, that so it could not be deceived; that so its excessive and reckless credulity might be corrected; that so it might be resolute, active, intrepid and aspiring; for this, too, they were denounced as "infidels"; so denounced by men who would keep the people in the dark, that so they might keep them in their grasp, and so use them as their cupidity prompted or their necessities required. But in the name of "infidel" they gloried, in the infamy which a love of intelligence and truth incurred, it was just and virtuous to exult. This, as every other calumnious name or menace, they flung back upon their accusers, as they do now. They faced them as they do now, putting the question, "Was this a crime?" Did they curse the man who would not barter the priceless jewel of his soul? To win their smiles? To win their honors; should their favorite be a slave? [Enthusiastic cheering.]

Mr. Meagher then glanced at the proceedings of the "Irish Confederation"—at their conduct in certain Parliamentary elections—in the newspaper, the tribune and the pamphlet. He insisted that their true ground of quarrel with O'Connell, was their insisting, in the language of John Mitchell—that the national flag should be kept as haughtily flying in the face of the whig, as in that of the conservative administration. The inculcation of this bold and pure policy, became necessary in July, 1846, when Sir Robert Peel vacated the red box and the treasury bench,

and Lord John Russell, with his stock company, took possession of the same. The immediate followers of O'Connell—those especially in Dublin—were strongly addicted to the whigs; were inclined, as they said, to give them a fair trial. They were always so good to Ireland! That was, (Mr. Meagher exclaimed) they were always so good to those who played false to Ireland.—They would do everything to ameliorate her condition! The meaning of which was, (said Mr. Meagher) the whigs would resuscitate the fortunes of some old place beggar. (Great laughter.) As for an insurrectionary movement, they did not contemplate it until early in the spring of 1848. Two great events conspired to bring this about—the Irish famine and the French revolution of February. The famine had wrought a heinous devastation. Not Egypt, when the darkness came upon the land; not the city of the Holy Temple, when the Roman cross-dher were tossed about as the Plague struck her, and she lay a blackened corpse upon the Adriatic; not the gardens and the vineyards of the Lombard, when the steeds of the Scythian trampled through them; not London, in the days of which De Foe and Linnard, on imperishable pages, have left us paintings as appalling as the "Judgement" of Angelo; not in any of those times and cities, in those their days of deepest distress and tribulation, did a scene so terrible meet the eye of Heaven as that which, in the land of his fathers, in such hideous coloring had been revealed. Finding the worst come—their country all but gone—her commerce gone, trade gone, credit gone—all her interests, all her faculties, destroyed—bankruptcy, destitution, desolation, death—death by the minute, death by the million, utter ruin, utter annihilation, coming upon them, and coming with speed, and the howl of the gale in the Tropics, they who had been true to the island, true to her in the face of all, the worst even—the distrust and detestation of many amongst her own people, who had been "faithful to her fall," as they now are "faithful to her fall," they felt the time had come to make a bold attempt to cut adrift the crew and form a new crew from the royal pirate to which she had been lashed. John Mitchell was the first to step on deck—the first to give the word—the first to take the fire—the first to fall. (Vehement applause.) The events then shaking Europe to the centre, stimulated the new passion that sprung up. Thrones were everywhere tumbling, like the idols of the heathen. The insurrectionary movement was Roman, and the howl of the gale in the Tropics, they who had been true to the island, true to her in the face of all, the worst even—the distrust and detestation of many amongst her own people, who had been "faithful to her fall," as they now are "faithful to her fall," they felt the time had come to make a bold attempt to cut adrift the crew and form a new crew from the royal pirate to which she had been lashed. John Mitchell was the first to step on deck—the first to give the word—the first to take the fire—the first to fall. (Vehement applause.)

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brave young mechanics of the cities and the towns, a few of the writers of the Dublin and provincial press, the Catholic curates, and a few of the peasantry, though the heart of all was in the right place. But with them the famine had done the worst. It had eaten even to the soul, and killed there the most vital of all instincts, that which prompts the poor worm to turn upon the foot which threatens its human life. "It was," they said, "the eternal destiny of the land, and Heaven's will be done!"

Thus failed that movement in Ireland, in 1848. But all failures are not altogether failures. Let them hope that such wrecks give a bidding for the arch that is yet to span the waters dividing the Irish race from the promised land, in sight of which they have stood so long.

During the delivery of those portions of the discourse where allusions were made to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Thomas Davis, John Mitchell, Wm Smith O'Brien, and other Irish patriots, the audience evinced the greatest enthusiasm, cheering each name loudly. The bold and frank language used in reference to the Irish priesthood, was as well received, and in that passage where the lecturer said that the priests had disheartened and restrained the population, a voice cried out—"They shall do it no more," a sentiment which was strongly applauded.

At the conclusion of Mr. Meagher's address the President came forward and read the following letter from Gen. Scott:—

Gentlemen—I should be happy to hear Mr. Meagher's lecture, this evening, but fear I may not be able to be present.
I return the tickets you were kind enough to send me, and beg that the small sum enclosed may be applied for the benefit of the sick and disabled among my brother soldiers, of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers. Very truly yours,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

Soon after the reading of this communication, the immense assemblage dispersed.

The Bluffed Lawyer.

At the last sitting of the Cork Assizes, a case was brought before the Court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well-known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat." Upon "Crazy Pat" being called upon for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicannery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point," but he was excessively awkward, and he got to find that "Crazy Pat" was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to the oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired, flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"
"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, is it not, eh?"

"Romantic or not, it wouldn't be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself, an' lave me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles to the attorney, as much as to say—"You have your match now."

"What did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox hide?"

"Well, sur, since it sames to be very important for ye to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye—that's intirely owing to circumstances, infirly."

"Did you tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll jist step down the lane, after the Court, be jaders I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."

This unexpected sharp reply of the witness brought forth great merriment, in which the Bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed Crazy Pat that he was no longer required.—*Dutchman.*

Horrible Developments.
A most terrible circumstance has been recently brought to light. A few days since, a stranger arrived in this city and took lodgings at the "Wm. Tell," a well known restaurant, on Fifth street, kept by a man of the name of Diserna. During the night the cook of the establishment, either from an imaginary offence, or from the hopes of lucre, procured a hatchet and going to where the stranger was lying, struck him a blow with the sharp edge across the neck, nearly severing the head from the body. Horrified with what he had done, and not knowing how to conceal from the world the knowledge of this bloody act, he hit upon the expedient of cutting the body up into mince pieces, and dreadful to relate, actually made soup of the fragments, which was served up to the customers! The cook has not been arrested.

Since writing the above our reporter has ascertained the murdered individual's name to be C. Turley, and that he has a large family somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Business Man.
The editor of the *Sciota Gazette*, formerly of Union county, makes a favorable notice of the enlargement and improvement of the *Maryville Tribune*, over which our friend Hamilton presides, and concludes by giving the editor the following touch of biography. He was busy. Success to Cornelius. Last summer he was the busiest man in Union county. He built a house, planted an orchard, dug up a garden, made stump speeches, visited the schools, presided at cold-water parties, whittled sharp sticks to poke at some of the court house rats, castigated dissenting leaders, loudly admonished Dumble, of Mt. Gilead, Statesman of Delaware, and sundry others, wrote editorials, set up type, joined the shakers, (the ague-sorted) surveyed a field, read Blackstone, and—nursed little Tom all the time! Wasn't he busy?