

LIFE OF CHATHAM.

[We have seldom met with any thing more beautiful, or of such inestimable value to those young men who are emulous of excelling in every honourable and virtuous pursuit, than the following extracts (for which we are indebted to the New-York Albion) from some Letters of the great Earl of Chatham to his Nephew—taken from a Life by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A. M. lately published in London. We quote them for their intrinsic merit, and our readers, we think, will not regret the time spent in their perusal.]

You are already possessed of the discipline to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend; I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tua virtute*: go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps naturally enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgences he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est Improbis Siren, Desidia.* I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of, and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; usurped by all you wish to please, and really enjoyable to yourself. Be assured whatever you take from pleasure, amusement, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days.

I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight, crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done, (no matter how vainly and weakly,) the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their railery with railery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure.

I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man; the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? if it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dicit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never failing Almighty Friend.

As to politeness; many have attempted definitions of it; I believe, it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly, occurrences, in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others?

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I can repeat nothing to you of so infinite consequence to your future welfare, as to conjure you not to be hasty in taking up notions and opinions; guard your honest and ingenuous mind against this main danger of youth; with regard to all things, that appear not to your reason, after due examination, evident duties of honour, morality, or religion, (and in all such as do, let your conscience and reason determine your notions and conduct,) in all other matters, I say, be slow to form opinions, keep your mind in a candid state of suspense, and open to full conviction when you shall procure it, using in the mean time the experience of a friend you can trust, the sincerity of whose advice you will try and prove by your own experience hereafter, when more years shall have given it to you.

From the John Bull, November 4. STATE OF IRELAND.

It affords us much pleasure to be enabled to state that the disgraceful outrage recently committed in the County of Tipperary, have roused the Magistracy to active exertion, a meeting having been held last week at Thurles, to take into consideration the state of the County—the Earl of Llandaff in the chair. The meeting was convened by the Clerk of the Peace, on the requisition of Lord Llandaff, Hon. F. A. Pittre, Sir

H. R. Garden, John Trant, W. P. Vaughan, Daniel Ryan, James Butler, John Wallington, W. J. Webb, Richard Long, W. F. Mathew, James and Edward Lennegan, Henry A. Langley, William Nicholson, Michael Ludwell, Edward Lennegan, and Edward Pennefather. After a lengthened discussion, it was the general opinion of the meeting that a memorial should be forwarded to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, praying that the Insurrection Act might be again placed on the Statute Book.

To show the necessity of similar meetings in the other Counties, we submit a list of atrocities, almost unequalled in the annals of crime. The first, in which a Roman Priest is the hero, is truly awful:—

The Priest of a Parish, not many miles distant, was charged before the sitting Magistrates at the Enneskitten Petty Sessions, with assaulting one Anne Reilly, on the 18th ult. It appeared from the testimony of her husband, Andrew Reilly, that they had been married a short time before, and that in consequence of a relationship between the deponent's former wife and the present, his Reverence wanted to separate them, although previously he offered to take £1 for to purchase the kindred, and get them a dispensation: accordingly, after several interviews between the deponent and the Priest, at which the latter was unsparing in his threats, he sent for them to meet him at his own house, and they went accordingly: upon their arrival he took them into a room, and told them that they had been guilty of a great offence in marrying on the above account, and that the marriage was illegal. He said he would excommunicate them on the next Sunday if they did not take an oath on the book lying on the table in the room, that they would live separate, and never speak to each other. They refused to do so. The Priest said they should not quit the room unless they took the oath, and urged them to take the book. Anne said she would never take such an oath, nor would she separate from her husband; the Priest then (she swore) struck her on the head, tore her bonnet, and knocked her against a press. On her husband saying that he did not belong to his flock, the Priest replied that if he turned Protestant, and died in that faith, he (the Priest) would take his oath on that book, that Reilly or his wife should never enter into the kingdom of heaven, nor the face of God ever see. On Anne saying she would go to any place with her husband (we suppose meaning that she would embrace any religion he would embrace), his Reverence prayed that she might be in hell before she would sleep—a said to them, my curse and the curse of God be on you while the sun shines over the earth.—The Priest endeavoured to deny the charges; he said that Reilly was a bad character; that the book he had taken down for the purpose of a brainer Priest, who was in the room finishing the services of the day, and that he did not ask them to swear; that he only pulled her by the bonnet, and said that she was a bad woman, and that she afterwards tore the bonnet herself. Informations were granted against him, and he gave in bail to stand his trial at the next Quarter Sessions.

CLONMEL, Oct. 22.—On Tuesday night last, two houses, the property of Mr. Watson, were maliciously burned in the neighbourhood of New Inn. Last May a defaulting tenant was dispossessed...this is the fault assigned for this atrocious violence.

On the same night, three armed men entered the house of John Lamb, near Mailhill (New Inn) and threatened him with destruction if he should not immediately give up possession of half an acre of

ground to which he lately become tenant. One of the villains struck him violently with his gun, and another wanted to shoot him; but as being their first visit they would spare his life for the present. They then departed, firing shots as they went away.

As some farmers, tenants of the Right Hon. Earl of Donoughmore, were returning, on Thursday night, from Clogheen, they were met by some miscreants who severely beat one of them who happened to be behind the rest. An active search is making for the persons concerned.

Saturday night, towards twelve o'clock, an unoccupied farm house, at Kilbarry, in the Liberties of Waterford, about half a mile outside the suburbs, was nearly destroyed by fire.

On Saturday night last, the house of a respectable farmer, named William Duane, of Walshestown, near Churchown, was entered by about fifty fellows, well armed with guns and pikes. They fired several shots, and a ball passed through the night cap of Duane. They then broke the door with sledge, and after beating him in a most brutal manner, they forcibly carried off his daughter, a widow, only nine years old, from her child who was at the breast. She was not two years married when her husband was killed by a fall from his house. She and the child then became possessed of an interest in a well stocked farm, which was the object these ruffians had for taking her off, that she might be forced to marry one of their gang. Though the Police are making every active search, they have not yet been fortunate enough to recover the victim of this brutal outrage.—*Cork Constitution.*

On Tuesday night two houses, consisting of a barn, cart-house, and stable, were maliciously consumed on the lands of Reechestown, near Ardhanon. Reechestown is the property of Robert Law, Esq. of Dublin, who, through his agent, Thomas Roberts, Esq. last season considerably and honourably made statements to every tenant on the lands, and the occupiers of the premises consumed (Pierre Dinn and Patrick Kennedy) were suffered, though considerably in arrears, to carry off the entire crop and stock, on consenting to give up peaceable possession of their holdings. A threatening notice was posted up the same night, intimating to all who might be inclined to take the ground or give Mr. Roberts assistance with horses or men in the cultivation of the farm, to have their coffins prepared. The Magistrates of the neighbourhood are exerting themselves to bring to punishment the incendiaries guilty of this outrage.—*Clonmel Advertiser.*

CARLOW, Oct. 17.—John Byrne was committed to our goal by Robert Doyno, Esquire, on the 10th inst. for abusive language to the Rev. G. Dawson, Curate of the Parish of Tullow, and for having with loud and violent threats, prevented the said Rev. G. Dawson from performing his duty as a Protestant Minister, at the funeral of a parishoner of said parish.

On the night of Friday, the 12th inst. a party of men, to the number of fifty or sixty, with straw bands on their hats, and their persons disguised, came to the house of two men, named Cahill and Healy, of the lands of Fevoma, in the parish of Cloone, County of Leitrim, and after having called them out of their beds, administered, by the orders of Captain Rock, (as they said) some wholesome flagellations for having permitted to take some land, from which the former tenants had been removed. They then proceeded to level to the ground the houses and several stacks of oats and hay belonging to these men; and when setting