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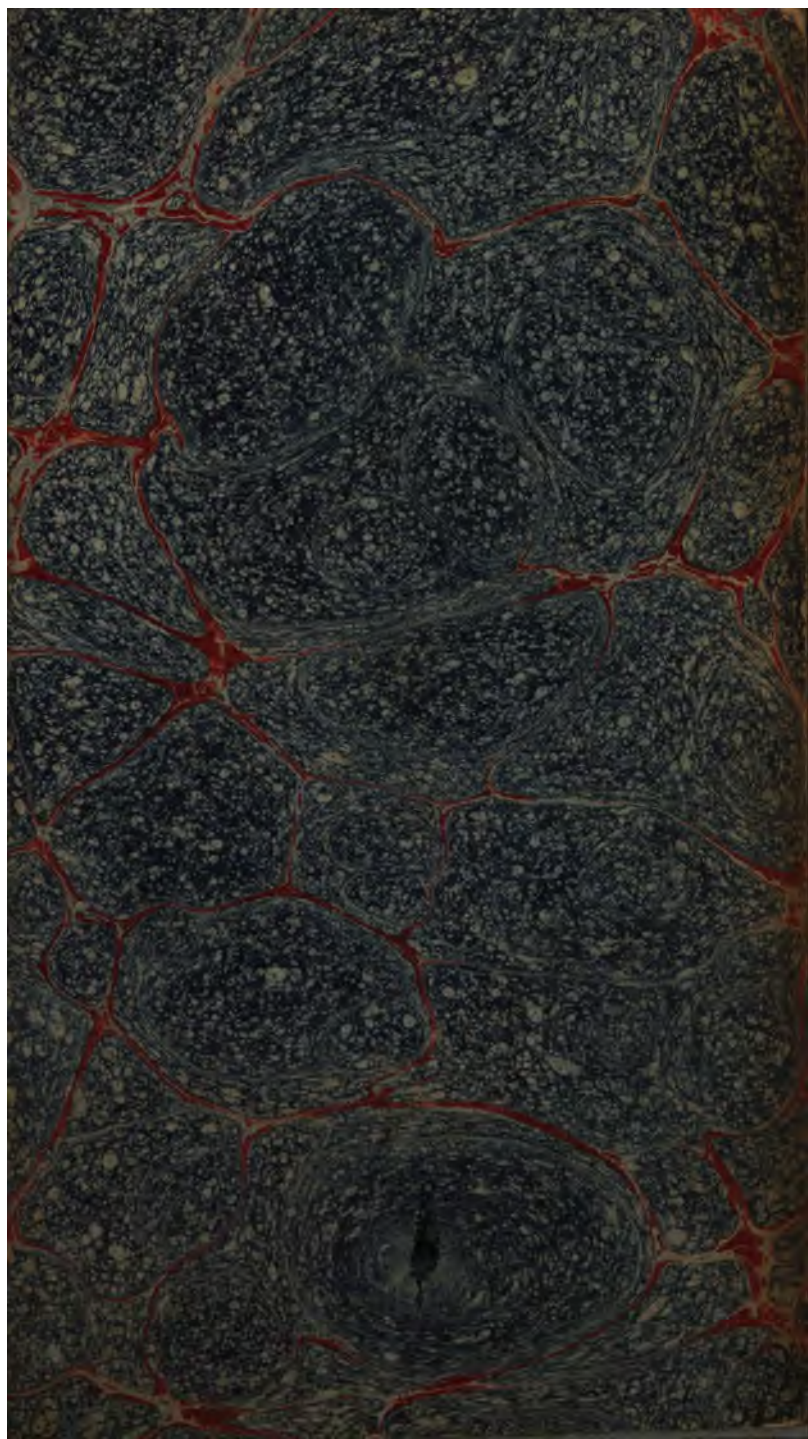
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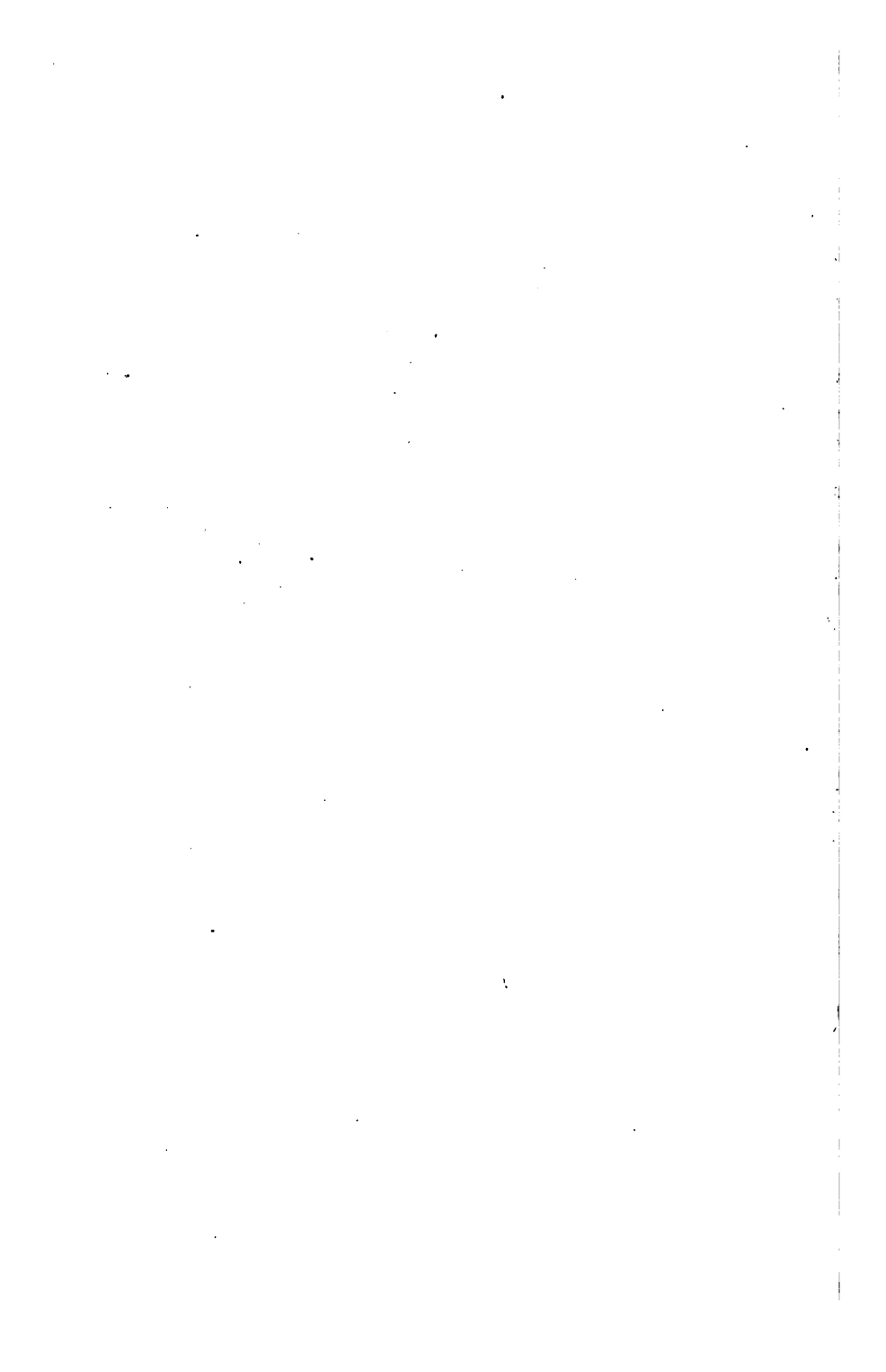
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THREE WEEKS

IN

BELGIUM.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

WILLIAM S. ORR & CO., 147 STRAND, LONDON.

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THREE WEEKS IN BELGIUM.

WEEK I.

It was the month of August when,
Fatigued with Irish life and men,
 Whom strife and want o'erwhelm,
I left the growling rich and poor,
And took me thought to take a tour
 Thro' Belgium's little realm.

It was a day of sun and calm,
(One needed not to keep him warm,
 My doom of starting late);
When from that house I urged my feet,
Which for its privilege to cheat,
 Holds forth the sweetest *bait*.

It was an hour which might inspire
The poet's mind, the minstrel's lyre,
 o wake a strain divine;
When gliding down the living Thames,
(I marvel if the reader blames)
 I thought it best to dine.

Then paced the deck beneath a sky,
 With that of southern climes might vie,
 So brilliant blazed its stars;
 Long gazed, until a distant gun
 Awoke the thought, 'tis time to shun
 In sleep the traveller's cares.

A plash! a call! I start, I peep,
 But four hours rest, yet off with sleep,
 A boat is at our side;
 And morning's herald, that fresh grey
 Which promise gives of glorious day,
 Is brightening far and wide.

Ah! little think the lazy crowd
 Of revels sick, of fashion proud,
 What heavenly sights they lose—
 The rising sun—but truth will out,
 Tho' their bad taste I cannot doubt,
 Full oft their fate I choose.

And was this sober-looking town
 Deemed worthy of that nation's frown,
 Which boasts to rule the seas?—
 Van Tromp's vain broom—say was it vain?
 Ask her who now doth sweep the main,
 What vengeance she can seize.

Poor little Flushing, thou may'st rise
From out thy weakness, and despise
 The might that made thee reel ;
For shame at Chatham's shameless feat,
As long as England boasts a fleet,
 Must each true Briton feel.

But Walcheren retribution boasts—
Her foggy pestilential coasts
 With pleasure fill my sight ;
Not that they gave our soldiers graves,
But that they ever keep the waves
 Vain battling for their right.

Her roofs just peering o'er the dyke,
With wonder do the stranger strike—
 Her fertile fields with hope ;
What difficulties now can foil,
The bold determined sons of toil,
 Who patient with them cope.

Napoleon—thine a mighty scheme
To make this dead and idle stream
 A rival to the Thames ;
But commerce, for a century killed,
Revives not thus ; it yet on Scheldt
 No resurrection claims.

And He would have to ruin hurled
The vast emporium of the world,
For one himself had made ;
For Antwerp?—nay, but for a town
In his conception raised, and down
With that conception laid.

Now creeps the lazy river 'tween
More straightened banks ; no longer seen,
Old Holland, is thy shore ;
The little nation that would be
Without thee, or what it calls *free*,
Invites me to explore.

Hail, then, superb and noble port !
The merchant princes' old resort,
What wealth dost thou display ?
Hail ancient Bourse, in olden time
The mart for goods from every clime,
Hail proud S.P.Q.A.

But what is it the stranger greets,
Deserted quays, and empty streets ?
Nay, judge not quite so soon ;
Behold what cabbage-stalls are here,
And women, half in Spanish gear ;
'Tis market day—and noon.

What mighty changes since the hour
Yon boasted net-work lace-like tower,
 As Babel rose on high ;
For men in priesthood's palmy days,
Thus built, in hope their souls to raise
 As *lightly* to the skies.

What mighty changes since the time
Old Charlemagne gave it a chime,
 And wished it a glass case ;
What guide ? " Ah Monsieur oui, c'est vrai,"
Then sore it puzzles me to say,
 Where he could find the glass.

Albeit, the vital spark had lit
Th' English monk who invented it,
 Say where was then the spire ?^a
But Charles the Fifth, as stories go,
Stood sponsor to its bell, and so
 Felt bound its grace t' admire.

The Dutch here struck it, p'raps you'll tell
What made them hold that citadel
 'Gainst swarms of French so long ;
The " brave Belges" *might* have driven them out,
They *could* do so, which *should* one doubt,
 Would prove a grievous wrong.

But truly the potential mood,
 With guides procures one little good ;
 Here pay yourself the fee ;
 Nay, take it all, 'tis dog-cheap pay,
 If you but keep the rest away,
 And let me wander free.

There is a kind of freedom here,
 Which seldom doth at home appear,
 To dull our courtesy ;
 Which opens private galleries
 Of art, to all art-loving eyes,
 Without a golden key.

Tho' stratagem in love and war,
 By all mankind is counted fair,
 Love finds it difficult
 To laugh at locksmiths in this land,
 She placed the brush in Matsys' hand^b—
 How charming the result.

The artist and the connoisseur,
 May Antwerp for a time endure,
 Yea, breathe with joy the air
 That nurtured Rubens—but give me
 Bare Nature's rudest scenery
 For all *his pictures* there.

What doth my fellow-traveller say ?
“ How vile your taste ” — ’tis not my way
 Such matter to dispute ;
But see the charms which deck his vrows,
Does beauty unadorned disclose
 None softer—art thou mute ?

Then shall my unpoetic eye
In Rubens’ pencil grace descry—
 His great Descent shall raise
My admiration, at St. Paul
His painful flagellation call
 For wonderment and praise.

Nor should St. George, tho’ at St. Jacques,^c
The British traveller’s worship lack,
 Reproach him not for this ;
But when he would his patron saint
In colours far too glowing paint,
 And say the type is his.

When he affirms in pompous boast,
That England’s is the only coast
 Where truth and virtue rule ;
That she will make the dragon die,
And light the world, say what can I
 A poor *mere Irish* fool ?

Tell England of her robber George?
Oh no, her pride shall never gorge
 The true but humbling tale;
Then tell her of the groaning isle
Where she will not let freedom smile!
 Nay, there's still room in gaol.

But I'll presume to call it wrong
To give such licence to the tongue,
 In Fanes for prayer designed;
To reprobate the talk so loud,
With which most English vex the crowd,
 Who seem to prayer inclined.

Yon figure dressed and throned in state,
Should Pity raise, but never Hate,
 'Gainst it protest at will;
Yea, 'gainst the priests who placed it there,
With all my heart; but be the prayer
 Of Faith respected still:

Faith, not in Idols, but in Him
Who made their makers, be it dim
 And thro' such symbols known;
Or be it strong despising them,
Is judged of Him who'll not condemn
 The gift which is His own.

Like Rome's, the *Sassenach* church is built^d
 On the true base, and added guilt
 She falsely doth disclaim ;
 'Tis said that if the former be
 The *Mother of all Harlots*, she
 From out her body came.

Oh ! “ *Matre pulchrâ pulchior !*”
 Why call her Babylonish whore,
 And thine own conduct pure ?
 Is not the serpent still at large,
 Deceiving all on earth ? thy charge
 Is not to judge but cure.

The Evil Spirit with the Good
 Still warring, will as snake intrude
 In every sacred thing ;
 False fear of change will harbour it,
 And, nursed by age, 'twill soon grow fit
 Thy worshippers to sting.

Soon ? nay, already do we see
 Bound Conscience, stifled Charity,
 Writhe in our Church-forged chain—
 That Church, as serpent wise may prove^e
 Herself, but harmless as a Dove
 Why will She not remain ?

If junction with the world has made
 Rome arrogant, why not afraid
 To follow on her road?^c
 Art thou the Pilgrim upon Earth,
 The Stranger of meek modest worth
 That witnesses of God?

Like Ephesus, thy first love spurned,
 Or, like Laodicea, turned
 From old and burning zeal,
 Fear lest thy Lord thy lamp displace,
 Or spew thee from his mouth—and Grace
 May yet th' old path reveal.

But Silence by the wise is named
 A proof of wisdom—I have blamed
 The lack of it enough;
 And Englishmen are much too wise
 T' attend when Erin's sons advise—
 They'll sneer and utter *stuff*.

I'm off, two days have ample been
 For Antwerp's sights, and I have seen
 More than I care to show;
 What! Brussels? you don't mean to say
 An hour has brought us all the way?
 Yea, thanks to steam, I do.

And slow enough, if truth be told,
 Has that same steam our carriage rolled,
 Lest haply to the eyes
 Of unobservant minds should gleam
 A thought to lead them to contemn
 This *mighty* Kingdom's size.

In this, by chance, or by design,
 Most clear doth Flemish wisdom shine,
 For sure three-fourths of those
 Who travel, have no second thought
 But love of change, nor mind for aught
 But pleasure and repose.

Hail, little Paris-aping town !
 Boast of your self-erected throne
 Your *Parc, Boulevardes, Arcades,—*
 Your *Senne*, poor *Seine* ! your *restaurants*,
 Your *Cafféés*, where the stranger pants
 For *glaces et lemonades*.

Boast of your brilliant lighted shops
Reviving ? trade, and rising hopes
 Of your unfettered race ;
 Your men of smoke, your maids of air
 As light as if they knew no care,
 Your carpets, and your lace.

Boast on, for you may well rejoice
 To see the monarch of your choice
 Unshook by Gallic change.
 The *Palais de la Nation* still
 Your statute-book in quiet fill—
 Oh, sure, 'tis passing strange.

But boast not of the English swarm,
 Who from ennui or debts' alarm
 Lounge idly down your streets.
 I'd marvel, save that money's scarce,
 Each native don't look carte and tierce
 At every such he meets.

When, Brussels, I beheld thee first,
 Thine inns I most profanely cursed,
 Condemned to drive to all ;
 And in the streets more time consume,
 Than on the road, to find a room
 Which I my own could call.

“ *Industrie Belge,*” thou wert the cause
 To give thy works some due applause
 Tho' less than they are worth,
 So thought my guide ; vast crowds are here
 From all parts of our hemisphere,
 Yea, from the ends of earth.

What doth the Entrepot display ?
 I rushed to see, then rushed away
 With footstep quite as fast,
 To the fine old *Hotel de Ville*,
 Where difficult it is to feel
 A thought but of the past.

Most spacious of those noble fanes
 Which burghers, proud of honest gains,
 Of old to commerce reared ;
 Say was it 'neath thy gothic tower
 Fifth Charles laid down his long-loved power
 With conscience sad and seared ?

Thy *Salle des Mariages* hath been
 Of this far-famed Divorce the scene—
 At least it is her boast.
 Thy spire, of ground affords a view
 Where Freedom's treacherous child last threw
 The die for power, and lost.

And while upon that Day of prayer
 Some tens of thousands perished there
 In anger dealing Death,
 Old St. Gudule sent forth in state
 Her peaceful priests to celebrate
 " The triumph of the Faith."s

The Jew-derided wafer still
 The true believer's sight may fill
 In this enlightened land,
 Where Christian meekness could inspire
 To tear, and then consume with fire
 A weak tho' scoffing band.

But Brussels saw another sight
 Two centuries after, when the night
 Of mental thralldom fled;
 Where Freedom then unveiled her charms,
 Why, *Prison* of the *petits c'armes*,^h
 Do you now rear your head?

What; "ou revient toujours à ses
 Premiers amours"—is that the way
 Great nations still pursue?
 Then will the Belgic Race rejoice
 In tumults more than Freedom's voice
 If Cæsar's tale be true.ⁱ

Thus mused I in the *Alleé verte*
 Whose shade fair ladies will assert
 Old Saxe preserved for them;^k
 Tho' small need now have they to veil
 In pity, charms, which, truth to tell,
 To me most harmless seem.

Most harmless, too, their men of war,
Who, when the "*Palais des beaux Arts*"
I lionizing sought,
Impeded by their mustering
In full review before the King,
Gave him the cheer he bought.

But much to pay would they require
Ere me to cheer their town they hire,
'Tis passing void of all
Should deck a proud metropolis,
Dull, noisy, vain—in short it is
'Tis Belgium's Capital.

NOTES TO WEEK I.

° Glass is said to have been invented in the year 664, by Banalt, an English monk.

° Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith, who to gain the hand of his love, a painter's daughter, became a painter himself, and one of no small fame.

° In this church is the tomb of Rubens, and a Holy Family painted by him, in which he has introduced his own portrait as St. George.

° There is no word in the Irish language to express *Protestant*, but that detested one, *Sassenach*.

° The wisdom of enforcing legitimate discipline in the Church, none but an infidel could dispute; but when, under the mask of discipline, *conscience* is attempted to be *fettered*, and *charity* to be *stifled*, laymen will be tempted to oppose the power of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The late captivity of Mr. Shore by his Diocesan, and the late prohibition of an act of charity, directed to Mr. Mortimer, of Grays-Inn-Lane Chapel, by his, may strike the reader's mind.

° The arrogance of our Church may be disputed on the other side of the channel; but on this, the question which arises is—whether the *United Church of England and Ireland* sets the example to, or follows that of the collective wisdom of the Nation—it being evident that its *Union* is either imaginary, or upheld, if not for the purpose of oppressing, at least not for that of *honouring* the *weaker* vessel.

The ecclesiastical, like the political Union, is certainly one-sided;

and when we see no room on the English bench of bishops for a native of Ireland, we need not be so much astonished at the discouragement shown in the Metropolitan Diocese to the preaching of men whose misfortune it was to have received their education at the University established by Queen Elizabeth.

* The *miraculous wafers* (which, when abused by a band of scoffing Jews in the 14th century, poured forth blood) are still exhibited on the Sunday next after the 15th of June, and the cruel punishment of the unbelievers commemorated by a procession of the Clergy.

† This building stands on the site of the house where the Protestant confederates in the reign of Philip II. met.

‡ Cæsar, de Bello Gallico.—*Lib. i. sec. 1.*

* Marshal Saxe, who, when he besieged Brussels, is said to have spared this fine avenue of trees at the entreaty of its ladies.

WEEK II.

Away to Flanders, p'raps to find
Some things more pleasing to the mind
 Of country folk ; we go
Back to the town, where rails converge,
And crowds turn out their steps to urge,
 Bewildered, to and fro.

With them o'er lines of rail we fly,
'Mongst engines whistling, rushing by,
 And haply 'scape the fate—
Then off by Dendermonde and Ghent,
O'er sandy flax-sown land we went,
 And entered Bruges' gate.

Fair Bruges, the middle ages' Queen—
Mart of the world, ere on the scene
 Of commerce Ghent did rise—
No wonder, as thou wert so fair,
Ascendancy in wealth to bear
 Was hateful in thine eyes.

But wonder 'tis thy children love
The change, that did so hurtful prove
 To what small wealth was left;
That change which made thy merchants leave
A place where they felt doomed to live
 Of Industry bereft.

No wonder when, as well it might,
Trade, scared by rapine, sought, in flight,
 A more congenial shore;
That, like my absentee-cursed land,
When rotted Raleigh's root, the hand
 Of Famine seized thy poor.

Fair Bruges, my wonder was to find
Thy sons, 'mid want, so meek and kind,
 So wedded to repose;
Unlike my maddened country, rent
By faction, who blind rage will vent
 Alike on friends, as foes.

But some things cannot be compared—
Has Erin aught in common shared
 With Belgium, save Belief?
Britain and Holland, ye were strong,
And in your rule by them deemed wrong—
 Each called a fiscal thief:

Yet Holland's King here met acclaim,
When England's was an empty name
 With us, a shade, a word :
This country scoffed at *right divine*,
When her rights were derided. Mine
 Still lives on *Hope deferred*.

Both forced to Union—one in age
Too proud her feelings to assuage
 In aught but quick Divorce ;
The other, wed in youth extreme,
Doth her connubial bickerings deem
 But matters quite of course.

Compare them not while walking down
The streets of this deserted town,
 Whose Palaces still stand ;
Compare them not, while huts of mud
Still swarm with many a squalid brood
 In my prolific land.

While monuments so old and rare,
As those of Charles le temeraire
 And Mary here are found ;
While Chiefs, who were old Erin's boast,
Have no memorial, or at most,
 Some worn and shapeless mound :

Compare them not, e'en in their faith,
For nobly did the "brave Belges'" Death
 For their persuasion face—
(Tho' just as few in this believe,
As in the gift they did receive
 From Thierry of Alsace.)^b

While thoughtless Erin follows on
The footsteps of the beggar's son,
 Who her a province made,^c
Her Patriots play the beggar's part,
And, dead or living, give the heart
 Where they are still betrayed.^d

But long ere Adrian's triple crown,
St. Patrick's triple leaf was known ;
 The pure belief he taught
Shall flourish, when all worldly pride
Shall thro' the Earth be laid aside,
 And Peace to man be brought.

Yet Bruges' relics sure might feast
Our mind for one short Day at least—
 A truce to wandering thought ;
Here stand the Chimes called Europe's best,
Of Majesty to make a jest—
 Here worthless Charles was taught.^e

Here, too, upon the Grande Place stood
The house where Maximilian rued
 His sturdy subjects' power ;
And onward the Hotel de Ville,
Where kingly Effigies did reel
 In revolution's hour.

The Paintings, and the Beguinage,
Jerusalem may too engage
 The pious stranger's time ;
Then if, like me, he should be tired,
The English Nuns may be admired
 About the vesper chime.

But matin bells my ears pursue,
As back from Bruges' walls we flew
 With all the speed of steam ;
Soon were their windmills lost to sight,
Soon rose Ghent's new embattled height,
 The Belgians' pride and shame.

Say, Namur, Huy, and every link
Of that strong chain, by which they think
 The restless Frank to bind ;
How can your citadels be manned ?
For their defence, are we who planned
 And paid for them, designed ?

In time of licensed murders, are
These fields to witness scenes of war,
E'en to the end of time ?
Say wretched spectacle, if how
Rich blessings given to man below
May be destroyed by him ;

Say Ghent, where wealth, and glut of bread,
To restlessness and tumult led,
Till loss of trade ensued ;
Where tolls the bell three times a-day
(Not as of old, to clear the way
For the quick human flood,

The forty thousand weavers, who
In haste at its loud summons flew
To snatch their mid-day meal).
Say, Ghent, do thy repentant sons,
Remembering what their sires were once,
Their degradation feel.

Are they convinced by what they are,
That vain revolt and senseless war
Against the powers that be,
Are cursed of Him who hates the proud,
Who tyrant power of King or Crowd
Will humble equally.

But, unlike Bruges, some wreck of trade
 Long 'mong Ghent's populace delayed
 Its ready wing to spread—
 Napoleon ranked her third 'mong all
 His towns—but to its present fall
 More recent change hath led.

I've wandered lately through the length
 And breadth of Holland ; seen her strength,
 Admired her stern repose ;
 And deemed the loss she did sustain
 Far less than was the boasted gain
 Of her most fickle foes.

This verity, did Britain feel,
 How gladly would she hail Repeal,
 Let Erin sink, or swim ;
 Let Industry, or Idleness
 Produce her plenty or distress,
 Her future light or dim.

But Britain dreads her own quick fall,
 And Pride with Her being national,
 Just dealing sinks from view—
 I've seen her lend, *no selfish deed*,
 Unless she claimed a larger meed
 Of Interest, than due.^s

As gratitude is rare on earth,
 Where envy at another's worth
 And kindness leads to hate;
 Till men would hurt e'en those from whom
 Their power and means of hurting come,
 She'd save us from its weight.

In Ghent, of gratitude withheld
 The witness is Van Arteveldt,
 Who early loved a feud;
 But later for his country fell,
 Rienzi like, when fain to quell
 The tumult which he *brewed*.

His gossip here the birth might vaunt^a
 Of such a son as John of Gaunt,
 His gate still spurns decay,
 Tho' where Fifth Charles first saw the light,
 And royal ladies went ——ⁱ
 Has long been swept away.

Our Charles' lights St. Bavón shows,
 And may his soul, like them, repose
 Beneath the altar find;^k
 Altho' *no martyr* for the faith,
 He found a contrite sinner's death,
 Forgiving and resigned.

St. Bavon, thou art worth an hour,
 Thine ancient crypt, thy marbled choir,
 Thy ponderous gates of brass,
 Which four-and-twenty chapels guard,
 Where pictures rich and rare reward
 The gaze of those who pass.

The adoration of the Lamb
 From its minuteness first in fame,
 Next Rubens as *the Saint* ;¹
 His sword resigning for the cowl,
 Is praised by those who have a soul
 For grand ideas in paint.

Thy relics, too, have many charms,
 And chief 'mong them the old Knight's arms
 The *Golden Fleece* who bore ;
 And borne it was from Flanders' plain,
 Where dragon's-teeth were sown in vain,
 Where golden wool none store.

Who was thè Jason ?—Philip ? nay,
 Nor yet fierce Alva, who bore sway
 By Inquisition laws—
 Thou scene of persecuting flame^m
 Old Vrydags Markt, couldst surely name
 The true and older cause.

Trades' Unions, civic broils, and rights,
 Now gained by force, now lost in fights
 Against the reigning power,
 Whose teeth, tho' armed men, were felled ;
 Ye stole the fleece, ye trade repelled,
 And vain may Ghent deplore.

The Beguinage, that little town
 Of streets and squares, within its own
 Small moat, and gated wall ;
 That convent which suppression 'scaped,
 When round it revolution swept,
 Invites the tourist's call :

Bound by no vow, the maid whom fate
 Has doomed to seek in vain a mate,
 Its citizen may be ;
 The boast is, that of all the fair
 Who entered, none returned ; and there
 The *reason plain* you see.

The *reason* of a stage I meet,
 Erected in a crowded street,
 Is not so *plain* to me ;
 How laughing rogues, bound by the neck
 To stakes, then quickly loosed, can check
 Poor thieves, I'm slow to see.

Yet tho' in vain the show, I'm sure
 From what poor thieves with us endure,
 And with result as vain—
 It comes of merciful intent,
 Unlike the savage punishment
 Which England's statutes stain.

There crime is crushed with force so keen,
 As makes the man who is of sin
 And righteousness reprov'd—
 And *judgment*, too, with trembling fear,
 That Christian mildness dwells not where
 To Pity few are mov'd.^a

By England Erin stands accused
 Of sympathy for crime ; abused
 Her sons should not remain—
 Their bloody deeds may well appal,
 Fearful their crimes, yet venial all,
 To those which England stain.

No sense of degradation *there*,
 No force of famine and despair,
 Urge on the murderer's hand ;
 Our oft enlarged-on horrors wane
 Before the deeds which thirst for gain
 Produces in that land.

Shall blinded Britain magnify
 The moat that dims her sister's eye,
 And stand exempt from blame?
 Hath she clean hands to cast on those,
 Who her oppression dare t' oppose
 The rebel's scorned name?

Teach us when first you teach yourself,
 Proud island, where the thirst for pelf
 Dries up the heart—your mask
 Of Charity hath meet results
 From us, for unbaptised adults,
 Means to build fanes you ask.^o

From us, by legislative wrong
 Divided, crushed, while our erst strong
 And willing labourers die
 Before our face, you beg—but they,
 Dead witnesses of Britain's sway,
 Will yet for vengeance cry.^p

'Tis not for us, 'tis not for those
 Of Christian spirit to oppose
 The Power permitted here;
 Go then, proud land, proclaim our want,
 Improvidence, and boast the grant
 Your Senate made from fear.^q

But, Ghent, how great soe'er thy need,
 Those boasted rulers who can read
 Its cause, its cure perceive—
 That they employ it I'll not say,
 Nor will I rail, except away,
 And hark! the horn to leave.

'Twould be a whistle in my land,
 Where oft the traveller's doomed to stand
 Bewildered, and dismayed—
 Mid trunks, and boxes, bags, and bales,
 And *whistle* for his goods—he fails
 Not here, their transport paid.

Back now by Dendermonde, whose walls
 Have witnessed many a shower of balls,
 We Mechlin's junction gain;
 And there alight, the sights to view,
 As tourists oft from duty do,
 Tho' feeling it a pain.

Malines, as here all lips polite
 Pronounce thy name, pronounce me right,
 Tho' heretic I be—
 To seek the Belgian Primate's church,
 Ere thro' thy shops for lace I search,
 Vain hunt, in truth, to me.

The "Crucifixion" by Vandyke
 Repaid my piety—'twould strike
 The most prosaic soul.
 Here wood in sculpture vies with stone,
 And Malines' Pulpit yields to none,
 Save that at St. Gudule.

Tho' but half raised, her massive tower
 Than our St. Paul's is little lower;
 Indulgences your sale,
 Four ages back, was really great—
 But Priests their price did dedicate
 To Him who gave them all.

De Hauswyk, few the site explore,
 Where weak and sickly folk of yore,
 In crowds that image sought,
 Which floated upward 'gainst the stream,
 And poured forth health and cures on them
 Who to thy church were brought.

Whence came that virgin form?—they err
 Who say it fell from Jupiter,
 Like that at Ephesus;
 Can these things then be contravened?
 Alas! that some *confederate* fiend^s
 Destroyed the proof for us:

Unlike in spirit to that man
Who first the Word of Life made plain
 To England's eager ear;
Yet he was strangled years before,
Then burnt—nor far the clay which bore
 Our Tindal's fiery bier.

Vilvorde, may thy sweet town ne'er feel
Again so Pagan-like a zeal—
 With such a wish adieu;
As time for more the train denies,
Which by thine humble station flies,
 And Brussels brings to view.

NOTES TO WEEK II.

* Comparisons being odious, the lovers of the present Government should feel scandalised at insinuations which are now abroad respecting the motives which induced a noble member of the Administration, on the hustings at the borough which he represents, to talk of Belgium in these memorable words:—

“The Belgian people had been united to Holland in 1815; they had great complaints to make against the way in which they had been governed; their religion had been interfered with; the education of their children had been taken out of their hands. Taxes had been imposed which they thought illegal; their native language was forbidden in all law-suits and courts of justice. They rebelled, and the question was, whether they were to be put down by force, or whether they were to be protected and allowed to become an independent nation—to be governed according to their own laws, to their own religion, to their own constitution, and without being subject to any foreign nation. What was the course the Government, with which I was then associated, took? We obtained for them all these objects. The end of the matter was, that after long negotiation, after meeting difficulties which at one time threatened to envelope Europe in war, Belgium was acknowledged as an independent country, and I will venture to say that a more prosperous, happy, and contented and patriotic nation than the Belgians have now become, does not exist on the face of the earth.”

† At a corner of the Town House stands the Gothic building called *La Chapelle du sang de Dieu*, named from this gift to the town of Bruges, which was there deposited.

* Pope Adrian IV., who made Ireland a present to King Henry II., was the son of an English beggar.

† Are the liberal Irish Catholics actuated by love of fatherland or Rome? is a question which has arisen from the unfortunate bequest of the Liberator; nor have the sums subscribed of late by a starving peasantry for the necessities of a foreign sovereign set the question at rest.

* Charles II., during his exile from England, was a resident at Bruges, and elected by the townsmen of that place Roi “des Arbalétriers.”

† The Emperor Maximilian was imprisoned here for some weeks, in 1487, by his Flemish subjects.

* That a Government should borrow at three and a-half, and lend at four per cent., to *relieve distress*, is no more to be reprobated than the late demand of our Government for interest on loans spent by its own order, and under its own direction, on *unproductive works*—but it is certain that a select committee of the House of Commons, anno 1835, did report, “It has not been hitherto considered *sound policy* to adopt any public measures towards the development of the extraordinary sources of wealth, and practically improving the condition of the Irish peasantry,” and it is no less certain, that an infringement of that *sound policy* might wound the pride of our English Legislators.

† Jacques Van Arteveldt, the brewer of Ghent, was familiarly called by our Edward III., *his dear gossip*: no doubt the compliment was returned.

‡ A hole in the ballad !
 The purpose is valid,
 At least in the writer's intention ;
 And none but a Swift
 Could boast of the gift
 That birthplace more plainly to mention.

† The four copper candlesticks beneath the high altar in this church, belonged to Charles I.—the royal arms are still on them.

* St. Bavon in this picture is supposed to be a portrait of the painter.

¹ The *Marché au Vendredi*, the rendezvous of the *Trades' Unions* of the middle ages, became, at a later period, the scene of many an *Auto da Fe*.

^m Yet England lacks not Christian and philanthropic counsellors. Witness Paley—"The proper end of punishment is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crime." And Roscoe—"Simply to punish is only to add to the miseries of the human race. If no beneficial alteration be effected, either in the disposition of the person punished, or on society at large, the punishment is a mere act of retribution and revenge. Punishment, therefore, strictly speaking, is only *allowable* as a medium of reformation to reclaim the offender, and secure society from further injury."

ⁿ The horrifying murders described in the public prints as frequently occurring in England, have no parallel in this kingdom, for cold calculating atrocity. A sense of oppression, and an unchristian desire to right himself or his neighbour, have oft driven the excitable Irish peasant to deeds of blood; but no Irish wife has ever taken the life of her husband or child for the sake of handling the money to be obtained from a burial society.

^o During the height of the late famine, a circular from the *Bishop of Exeter*, begging for subscriptions towards the erection of churches in Devonport and Plymouth, on the ground (amongst others) of the existence of many unbaptised adults in those towns, reached the author.

^p In spite of Mr. Telford's evidence as to the civilising effects produced in the Scottish Highlands by an ample and judicious expenditure of public money in the employment of the people; and in the face of the recommendation contained in a Report of a Committee of the House of Commons in the year 1835—niggard grants and insufficient loans still continue to be doled out to Ireland, whose just demand for a "*pull at the Exchequer*," even at this period of fearful misery, elicits from the worthy representatives of English feeling nothing but contemptuous insult.

^q *Our Senate*, which the imperial parliament undoubtedly is, and

which phrase would equally suit the author's verse, might yet grate strangely on an Irish ear. *Witness* the hurried passing of measures relating *solely to Ireland* against the almost unanimous voice of her representatives. *Witness* the member for her capital's proposed committee on the *Irish Savings' Banks* rejected, and that proposed by an *English* Chancellor of the Exchequer substituted. *Witness* the eager haste to count out the House on one of her county members moving a resolution for the adoption of remunerative employment for her starving population, &c. &c. &c.

† The tower of Malines was commenced in 1452, designed, when completed, to be 640 feet in height; and raised to its present level by the money obtained in the afore-mentioned year by the sale of indulgences to pilgrims.

* This miracle-working image of the Virgin Mary was destroyed by the Protestant Confederates of 1580.

WEEK III.

To pace your hilly streets again,
To face your flaunting, vaunting men—
 Is mine so sad a doom?
Nay, but to taste the sweets that dwell
In that erst mournful word—Farewell!—
 Brussels, to thee I come.

Oh! fare thee well; and may I still,
In rambling, never fare so ill
 As hither to be led.
Farewell!—much need of such a prayer
Hast thou. I'm off, no matter where,
 If but from Thee I speed.

To Namur?—well, and I will yield
My morbid wish to view the field
 Which gained us Europe's thanks;
There, with their monumental mound,
The Belgians have destroyed the ground
 Where stood our stubborn ranks.

But there their Prince was wounded, true ;
 Some scoffers say in spirit too,
 By that inglorious deed,
 Their quick retreat before the Foe ;
 The better part of valour tho',
 When certain to succeed.

A brave and trustful people, they
 Well knew the British Bulldog way
 Of sticking fast when beat :
 And they were lavish of their store
 Of sympathy ; what could they more ?—
 I honour their retreat.

I honour, too—'tis worthy praise—
 The gratitude that made them raise
 Their Prince a costly seat ;
 T' enjoy it one whole year allow,
 And then most kindly teach him how
 To beat a like retreat.*

To Namur ? Well, by rail be it ;
 'Tis rapid, and 'tis sweet to quit
 This town at such a rate.
 By Braine le Comte, thro' beds of coal,
 And Charleroi's ramparts, on we roll
 To Namur's Iron Gate.^b

But that called Porte St. Nicholas,
 To those who love romances, has
 Far greater interest here.
 I well remember, when a boy,
 "My uncle Toby," so with joy
 My footsteps thither steer.

And Namur's churches claimed my view :
 The first, St. Aubin, then St. Loup,
 With its fine sculptured roof ;
 The frowning Citadel, of course
 I mount, but to its far-famed force
 Feel stoically proof.

The glory of its prospect wide
 My joy—I compliment my guide
 That peace was there pursued.
 "Heaven grant us war," was his reply,
 "Better from *coup-de-sabre* to die,
 Than waste from want of food."

Poor crippled and asthmatic man,
 With what delight thine eyes must scan
 The daily papers now ;
 Yet grief will follow, that afar
 Thy lot is cast from scenes of war,
 Midst men who speed the plough :

Well do they speed it ;—were the ground
At home in cultivation found

Like that which there I saw,
We'd beg not from the mortgagee,
Nor ask the needy absentee
To give a little law.^c

Law have we in another way,
And with a vengeance ; men would say
In England with a curse.
Then why not change this state of things ?
Why not reform the court which wrings
The all but empty purse ?^d

But let us start. From Namur's quay
We down the Meuse may wind our way,
And view each lovely shore ;
Or up to Dinant take a trip—
But then the week allowed might slip,
Ere I could close my tour.

As down the busy vale, almost
A score of times last day we crossed
Swift Sambre's sinuous stream ;^c
I'd keep the road, if there the views
Of the far finer banks of Meuse
Would in best beauty beam.

But well our watery course we choose,
 Its fame deserves the silver Meuse—
 Though short time we consume,
 Gliding by rocks and chateaux, Huy
 Is gained. Some stop, its Fort to see—
 Some, the war-preacher's tomb.^f

But I still steam along, until
 The buildings of John Cockerill
 My wonderment excite :
 Where erst Prince Bishops ruled in pride,
 A manufacturing town doth bide
 In much more moral might.

And was it 'cause the anvils ring
 In palace gardens, that a king
 Once partner here was seen ?^g
 A noble would with us expire,
 Ere bind his son to trade ; a squire
 Would deem all traffic mean.

Poor Erin (for as still I roam,
 My wandering thoughts will turn to home—
 Sad wandering here, indeed,
 Where *some things* thrive, to that spurned isle
 So fertile, yet so poor the while,
 Where *nothing* will succeed)—

Poor Erin! dost not thou deserve
 The epithet? That they have nerve
 In peace or war t' excel,
 Thy sons may learn from history's page,
 Yea, see in men who now engage
 The world's attention well.

Poor Erin! ever bringing forth
Ungrateful sons, who, through wide earth,
 In every station *shine*.^h
 Why dost thou let them wander? why
 Do they let thee in poverty
 And helpless ruin pine?

But, Erin, is the fault thine own?
 Is it thine offspring's? that thou'rt lone
 Let England bear the blame.
 False Fashion steals thy sons when young,
 And trains their minds ere yet grown strong,
 To look on thee with shame.ⁱ

No field have they at home; abroad,
 Fame, wealth, and power oft those reward
 Who soil their parent's fame.
 To *stimulate* to energy?
 Nay, to *discourage* industry,
 Seems selfish England's aim.^j

What wonder that her friends as foes
 Poor Erin will at times oppose ;
 Why start we at the sound
 Of frenzied ebullitions, strong
 Against *the powers* that right and wrong
 So craftily confound ?^k

Long suffering, sure, has been the lot
 Of that, the most unhappy spot
 That man on earth can find.^l
 Long suffering ! ay, for she has had
 Insults enough to render mad
 A far less feeling mind.

Her *landlords marked for slaughter*—then
 Her farmers stamp'd as blood-stained men,
 Her peasants left to die.
 Will no oppression Erin wake
 To *union* ?—no injustice shake
 From death-fraught apathy ?^m

“ What's yours is mine, what's mine's my own,”
 Is utter'd, p'raps, by more than one
 Such husband as John Bull ;
 But “ Feed yourself, and pay my debts,”ⁿ
 Is, sure, a speech that justly frets
 A weak yet struggling soul.

John Bull, is Erin wed or no?
 Is there one purse between you two?
 She famishes—you thrive.
 What owed she when you forced her vow?
 And what proportion pays she now?
 Will you no answer give?

Her substance to your strong box goes,
 Yet nought therefrom in justice flows
 To help her utmost need.
 Nay, “tax her still,” you cry, “tax on,”
 While in all fair comparison
 Her payments thine exceed.^o

Phlegmatic John his way pursues,
 Excited Erin cannot choose,
 Must yield, or starve, alas!
 He stole the roses from her cheek
 But left the thorns, and may they break
 His heart, if one he has.

And, come the time may yet, when she
 Cut off from Britain's sympathy,
 Will learn her claims t' advance;^p
 Sure *selfish Britain's* conduct now
 Gives inkling of a wish t' allow
 That separate maintenance.^q

This Belgian quill I fain would mend,
 From cries for aid too soft to fend
 The strong, these pens are made ;
 Ha! now I have one hard enough
 At any rate, ay, fit to puff
 John's honest *rate in aid*.

That was a puff, I don't mean John's
 (On this day's scenes the hard pen runs),
 That was a puff, I'm sure ;
 High pressure's as unsafe in boats
 As governments—that puff denotes
 We're at Liege secure.

The Church is not, it would appear,
 “*Eglise à vendre même d'emolir ?*”
 What here in falling state !
 E'en so, few glasses need to spell
 Those monster syllables which tell
 Yon mouldering church's fate.

“*Eglise à vendre !*” well might my own
 Learn from the chalk upon that stone
 Her future destiny,
 “*Même d'emolir,*” and when once sold,
 The sooner in the dust 'tis rolled
 The better, far, 'twill be.

Some are, who cannot join with those,
Who th' education scheme oppose,
 Who still can set their face
'Gainst men, who would do good by ill,
For bartered conscience livings sell,
 And patronage disgrace.

They would do good?—a place there is
Paved with intentions, not amiss,
 And theirs are not divine;
Who, 'tween a lion and a snake,
A lamb-like offspring finds might make
 Envenomed sects combine.'

But, *vive Liege*, my time is short,
And my poor country's state no sport;
 Yet, are men better here?
They're more united, verily,
More diligent they seem to be,
 But nigh as poor, I fear.

Thro' Flanders famine stalked; this town
Of smoke and blacksmiths now bows down
 To what is called hard times;
Ill winds are they that blow none good—
That which blew in my window should
 Be sung in better rhymes.

It brought a smith, tho' poor, not sad—
His trade was dull, his wages bad—

His work was of the best :

“ But once a month he tasted meat,
Yet others were worse off ”—how sweet
To view men's minds at rest.

Yea, “ vive Liege,” where to my mind
Old Quentin Durward flings a kind
Of classic halo round—
(Tho' in the scenes not quite exact,
What wonder, when so wide of fact
The incidents are found ?)

Chief city of the old Walloons,
I join the tourist who impugns
Thy want of fitting Fanes :
Where Bishops reigned, 'tis rather hard
That, save St. Jacques, none should reward
The searcher for his pains.

But standing where St. Lambert's stood,
What 'scaped Gaul's art-destroying flood?
To view he has full space ;
Prince Bishops I'd for envy mark,
E'en him who dared the *grand Monarque*
With such a dwelling-place.^c

The House of De la Marck appears
In aspect older than in years :"

A pleasing gloom doth reign
E'en round the stall-choked colonnade,
Where modern traffic is displayed
To th' antiquarian's bane.

Say, House of Justice, was it just
The House of Prayer should fall to dust
Before thy door ? There are
Who'd call it House of Merchandise—
This feeling, if your reason flies,
Just fly with me to Spa.

By Chaudfontaine, a lovely spot,
Cross Vesdre's vale, thro' tunnelled grot,
Alternately we go ;
Till, stopt at Pepinsterre, we greet
The site of Pepin's hunting-seat
A weaving Viscount's now.✓

Thence in an omnibus, beside
A Frenchman and his English bride,
I very slowly rolled ;
Yet soon the "*towers of Franchimont*" rise,
Where, it is sung, Priest's magic tries
To burst the chest of gold.

But was the Poet's *Prose* more true
 As to its village warriors, who
 To capture monarchs tried ?
 Than Fiction Truth is stranger far,
 This Charles and Louis learned in war,
 If History has not lied.

The History told me of the waste
 That Spa presents, was true at least.
 Of Kings the old resort ;
 But why pale weavers there replace
 The rulers of the human race,
 The stranger is not taught.

For Peter's Monument doth pour^w
 A stream as healthful as of yore ;
 There still one may enjoy
 His bath, his quatre, or sept-heures' walk ;^x
 Or to the gaming-table stalk,
 Or buy a wooden toy.

'Tis true, since Lambart's shrine was razed,
 The *Bishops of Liege* are eased
 Of all their gambling gains ;^y
 Still the Redoute's alluring door,
 In weavers victims as before—
 In Princes oft obtains.

Despair by dance they may dispel—
 Despair of sleep they taught me well ;
 And then—oh ! Freedom, hear—
 They asked my passport : stern demand—
 Refused as sternly : in this land
 No Traveller such need bear.

Spa's prying or suspicious men
 We left, and turned to rail again,
 And looked toward Britain's land—
 That land which guards fair Liberty
 With such a jealous eye, that we
 Can scarce her glance command.*

'Neath Louvain's walls (where brave Belges met**
 Their Prince in open arms, and yet
 So nobly left the field,
 Their sense of valour being so great,
 That they would rather make retreat
 Than force brave men to yield)—

'Neath Louvain's walls of peaceful shade,
 We view the golden sunbeams fade
 On minaret and tower :
 Their rich Hotel de Ville shone out
 In all its glory ; but I doubt
 Their boast of learning's power.

Where hundreds study classic lore,
Some thousands worshipped it of yore,
 But knowledge now is free.^{bb}
I viewed their churches, but I own
To little knowledge of their town,
 And less would do for me.

Returned to Antwerp now, "*au feu*,"
A cry which p'raps might do for you
 My reader, did succeed
In startling me 'mid dreams of bliss,
That *my three weeks were o'er*. In this,
 At least, we part agreed.

NOTES TO WEEK III.

▪ The palace of the Prince of Orange was finished and presented to him by the City of Brussels, just one year previous to the Revolution.

♭ The railway terminus is but a short distance from the Porte de Fer.

° Vain acts of mendicancy and entreaty to the two worst enemies of Ireland.

♠ A rumour of reform, than which nothing is more wanted, in the English Court of Chancery, is prevalent; but how is it that none less sweeping than total abolition is spoken of for the Irish?

• The railroad crosses the river Sambre sixteen times between Charleroi and Namur.

† Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the first crusade, was buried near Huy, in the Abbey of Neufmonstier, which he had founded.

▪ The false pride, so characteristic of his country, may make the Irish visitor to Seraing feel scandalised at the old king of Holland stooping to become partner with John Cockerill, even in an establishment which the Belgians boast to be the largest manufactory of machinery in the world. But turning to the present state of his own land, will not he acknowledge that, 'midst all the injustice under which she smarts, 'midst all the privations under which she labours, there is one bright flash amid the storm of woes—that which has eternally ruined the pretensions of her squireens.

♭ The fact recorded in William the Third's day, that "the Irish fight *well* everywhere but at home," may have been deduced from their *ingratitude* towards the land of their birth. Certain it is that in the present day the wreath of laurel, placed upon the brows of

her warriors by a jealous sister, seems so artfully disposed as effectually to blind their eyes to the wants and sufferings of their native land ; nor do her poets' bays appear to have been arranged by a less envious hand.

¹ Those who lately blamed the head of the Irish Established Church for appointing an Englishman to conduct the school of Armagh, would do well to reflect upon the prejudice that exists against Irish education ; and the Irish spirit that inspired that appointment, they will, perhaps, be enabled to acknowledge.

² A deal is said in England about the want of energy and self-reliance manifested by the *mere Irish*. A deal is said in Ireland about the want of justice, and the rapacity of *the Saxon*. That faults on both sides exist in this, as in other disagreements, and that they preponderate on the side of the strongest, as in other quarrels, is indubitable. Ireland has a claim upon the Imperial exchequer, larger than is generally supposed ; yet who would imagine she possessed a share in it at all, from the rabid opposition made in Parliament to any demand of hers for employment of her people, and the ready acquiescence to expend large sums on public works for the exclusive benefit of England or Scotland. And this, England's mode of *stimulating Ireland to energy*, is no less extraordinary than her seeming endeavour to *discourage industry there*. "Ye are idle, ye are idle," was her constant answer to the sickening cry from our distressed districts. What now is her answer to those parts where industry is manifest ? Let "Rate-in-Aid" reply.

¹ When Irishmen behold a Parliament absorbing into itself all local authority, and passing *illegal laws*—illegal as against the constitutional rights and liberties of their own country—can they wonder that rebellion and lawful resistance to abuses should be confounded ? When Irishmen consider *the powers* arrogated by the Imperial Parliament, why should they be astonished at the incapacity of the government to propose, with any prospect of success, a comprehensive measure for ameliorating the sad condition of their island ? and why should they expect from the opposition more than a lukewarm resistance to measures, however unjust and impolitic, which only affect the Irish part of the kingdom ?

¹ That the poverty, unhappiness, and maltreatment of Ireland is not of recent date, that *long-suffering* is an attribute of her inhabitants, History manifests to those whom Fashion cannot induce to call it legendary. Cannot an Irishman still say, in the words of Swift—

“I conceive this *poor unhappy island* to have a title to some *indulgence* from England, not only upon the score of Christianity, natural equity, and the general rights of mankind; but chiefly on account of that *immense profit* they receive from us, without which that kingdom would make a *very different figure* in Europe from what it doth at present.”—*The Drapier's Letters—Letter 7.*

^m *The Times*, that mirror of the public mind on the British side of the channel, has long been upheld to well-merited opprobrium in Ireland; and what Irish agitation has ever been so mischievous as that in which *The Times* for the last two years has gloried? Irish abuse of the proprietors of her soil, Irish censure of its occupiers, paled before the rantings of “The Thunderer,” and failed in producing such lamentable results as the spirit which dictated its blood-stained articles now so treacherously deprecates. If Irishmen of all classes will not rouse themselves from their fatal torpor; if no two Irishmen can be found true to themselves or to their country; if distrust and complete absence of unanimity prevail in the land; if Ireland be a nation of outwardly *bullying* and inwardly *cowardly* slaves, will not that spirit secretly rejoice, whose motto still remains, “*Divide et impera!*”

ⁿ England's present policy of leaving Ireland to her own resources, is an act of insanity deplorable to a Unionist, recalling to the Irish mind the injustices, financial and commercial, perpetrated by the misnamed Act of Union, reviving feelings of disgust, which time had nigh allayed, at the corrupt and unjustifiable means resorted to, at that period, for their perpetration; and extinguishing hopes, cherished for half a century, of obtaining by instalments, perfect equality, and real union between the component parts of the British isles.

^o That this assertion bears the stamp of no poetical licence, we have the strong evidence of parliamentary proceedings. Let two examples suffice—viz., the admission of the premier, in the Commons'

House, on the 14th of last May, and the statement of the Earl of Rosse, in the Lords' on the second reading of the Rate-in-Aid Bill. The premier admitted, that in the last half year, more than £1,000,000 had been raised in poor-rate in Ireland. Allowing this, and that the rated property of Ireland is £13,000,000, while that of England is £65,000,000, England's half-yearly payments should amount to £5,000,000, whereas they only equal half that sum; consequently, England pays *but half as much poor-rate* as Ireland. The Earl of Rosse stated that the gross income of Ireland is under £20,000,000, that of England being £250,000,000. Allowing these estimates, the income of Ireland is as one to England's twelve-and-a-half. The average gross revenue of both countries is £52,000,000, to which Ireland contributes somewhat over £4,000,000, and consequently more than her proportion. Lord Rosse further evidenced, that as to local taxes, poor-rates, county cess, &c., Ireland pays on an average, according to Mr. Griffith's valuation, 8s. 4d. in the pound; according to the poor-law valuation, 6s. 2d. in the pound—in the first case four times, in the second three times, the amount of English local taxation. But the same noble lord's protest, on the third reading of that bill, now, to the disgrace of Englishmen of all parties, the *law of the land*, elucidates this point too well to be here omitted:—

“PROTEST AGAINST THE THIRD READING OF THE POOR-LAW IRELAND (RATE-IN-AID) BILL.

“*Dissentient for this reason, in addition to the reasons assigned in the protest against the second reading of the Rate-in-Aid Bill.*

“That it appears, from the best sources of information at present available, that Ireland pays a larger per centage on her income to the Imperial exchequer than Great Britain, while she sustains a much heavier proportional amount of local taxation.

“The first proposition is thus proved:—

The gross income of Great Britain (see Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech—Ridgway, 1849, page 12)	£250,000,000
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Gross income of Ireland, calculated by Mr. John Stewart, witness before Committees of Lords and Commons on Poor-Law, under	20,000,000
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"The revenue of Great Britain and Ireland is, upon the average, £52,000,000, and that sum, divided in the proportion of 250 to 20, gives—

£47,000,000, as Great Britain's fair proportion.

£4,160,000, as Ireland's fair proportion.

"But Ireland actually has paid, first, her revenue *collected in Ireland*, £4,164,264—[see Parliamentary paper, May, 1844, No. 113, page 3, average of ten years, from 1835 to 1844, both inclusive]—a little above her fair proportion; and, secondly, the duties on tobacco and other articles, which have been consumed in Ireland, the duties having been previously collected in the ports of Great Britain, instead of the Irish ports. Also, the tax on income drawn over to Great Britain, altogether amounting to a large sum. Unfortunately it seems impossible, with the data at present available, to form any but a very loose estimate of the amount; some have guessed it at a million, others at more; it may have been less. However, the amount, whatever it may have been, has all been paid in excess of Ireland's fair proportional contribution to the Imperial exchequer.

"That Irish income, to a certain extent exempt from income and assessed taxes, should, nevertheless, have contributed a larger proportional amount to the Imperial exchequer than English income, may at first sight appear strange; but when it is recollected that the amount collected by indirect taxation does not *depend solely* on the amount of income taxed, the difficulty will disappear, and a slight consideration of the special circumstances will show that the result might have been *a priori* anticipated.

"The second proposition, that Ireland is more heavily taxed for local purposes than England, is thus proved:—

Rateable property of England	£105,000,000
Local taxation	12,000,000

"For both, see Chancellor of Exchequer's speech, Ridgway, 1849, pages 10, 11, 12, just 2s. 3½d. in the pound.

Rateable property of Ireland	£9,898,566
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"Reduced one-fourth, according to Mr. Griffith's evidence.

"Local taxation of Ireland:—

Poor-rates expended, 1848	£1,855,841
County cess, average of three years, deducting cost of police force	1,142,802
Repayment of relief expenses for ten years, each year	272,821

£3,270,964

If to this we add repayment of relief expenses under the Burgoyne Commissions, one year	£958,351
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£4,224,315

"Just 8s. 4d. in the pound, or nearly four times the local taxation of England.

"As the expenses of the Burgoyne Commission have only been paid in due course, in districts where the pressure was not very severe, and practically the repayment will be extended in other districts over two or more years, some little deduction should be made on that account; and, therefore, we may take the local taxation of Ireland at 8s.

"There seems to be no reason to doubt that the estimates of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Stewart are correct, within very narrow limits; and, under such circumstances, to have made Ireland a separate area of taxation, and to have imposed an additional tax, which, by further diminishing employment, will augment the severe privations under which the labourers and tradesmen, even in many of the more favoured districts of Ireland, are rapidly sinking, appears to be unjust. "Rosse."

^p The *disregarded claims* of Ireland to separate government have, doubtless, as much of *justice* in them as the *admitted claims* of England to exemption from Ireland's temporary taxation; *claims admitted* by the Imperial Parliament, against the all but unanimous protest of Ireland's representatives; *claims* acknowledged to be both unjust and impolitic, by the very persons who, through the reckless selfishness and monstrous oppression of an English majority, were forced to urge them on; yet there are Irishmen still so sanguine as to hope for justice from that wrong-headed people; still so dull, as not to comprehend how the achievement of perfect equality and real union between all parts of what is called the United Kingdom, can be deemed impossible; men who, gazing on the prostrate condition of that part of the Kingdom whose claim to their undivided sympathy they now admit, can still join in the clamour for "*Justice or Repeal*;" men who have not as yet been goaded by Despair to echo the *popular*, but, what they justly designate, the *insane* cry, "Repeal or Death."

^q Clearly has the *selfish* dealing of Great Britain been brought to light, by her recent determination to throw the burden of relieving a distressed district of the United Kingdom, *alone*, upon those parts of Ireland which, owing to the industry of their inhabitants, have struggled, without foreign aid, through a season of almost unprecedented scarcity; and through, the loyal deportment of their people, have mainly contributed to the maintenance of British rule at a period of undisguised rebellion and threatened anarchy. *Selfish*, indeed, are the people that refused to join in raising a *rate in aid* of their fellow-

countrymen, suffering, by the righteous judgment of the Almighty, under the accumulated horrors of disease and famine; and *selfish*, beyond all precedent, is the spirit that would urge addition to the weight of feeble Ireland's taxation, already so disproportionate to her strength, and so much heavier than the load borne by the stronger and ludicrously-designated *Sister Kingdom*.

* That combatants combine at times against their would-be peace-makers, is a fact seemingly overlooked by our domineering neighbours, amongst whom domestic feuds are, perchance, unknown. Yet, though they may plead ignorance of the sure results of interfering in conjugal differences, they cannot maintain the same plea as to the effects they have produced in Ireland by intermeddling in her education squabbles; and surely no honest man, whatsoever may be his political bias, can approve the *means* taken by his government to effect an indubitably desirable *end*. Who can affirm that the spirit of persecution is extinct in that church, where the promotion of the *most worthy* is rejected for the preferment of men who can either overcome their conscientious scruples upon the mode of dispensing charitable education, or whose chief recommendation lies in their real opinions upon that subject happening to coincide with those of the dispensing power—that power which still affects to “respect the conscientious scruples of every man.”—*Vide* Lord Lieutenant's address at the National Model School, June 14.

* The character of Frenchmen for love of art may have been redeemed in the eyes of *some* by their subsequent appropriation of its noblest specimens; but *none* will affirm that it has been greatly manifested by their recent bombardment of Rome.

† A Prince Bishop of Liege brought a bombardment upon the town in 1691, by his temerity in declaring war against Louis XIV.

‡ The Palais de Justice, formerly the residence of the Prince Bishops, is said to have been erected, in 1533, by the Cardinal Bishop de la Marck.

§ The Vicomte de Viollay, a manufacturer of Verviers, possesses a modern castle, which is said to occupy the site of King Pepin's hunting-lodge.

^w The colonnade at the Pouhon was erected by the old King of the Netherlands in honour of the Emperor Peter the Great, who often visited the well.

^x The Promenades de quatre heures and de sept heures are named from the time of the day when they are frequented.

^y The gaming-houses of Spa formerly belonged to the Bishop of Liege, who derived a considerable emolument from them.

^z Now that England has so far relaxed her *guardianship* over Ireland's Queen as to allow her *one glance* at the kingdom which has owned her sway for twelve years, it may be presumed that Liberty ere long will be permitted a glance also.

^{aa} In 1831, an engagement took place between the Belgians and Dutch, close to the walls of Louvain, in which the Belgians, though commanded by Leopold in person, fled before the Prince of Orange.

^{bb} The University of Louvain, formerly the first in Europe, is now little more than a seminary for priests.

THE END.

