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POETRY.

YOUTH AND AGE.

By S. T. Coleridge.

Verse, a breeze, mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clings feeding like a bee,
Both were mine! Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy.
When I was young!
When I was young!—Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This house of clay not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along!
Like those trim boats, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide;—
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that come down shower-like
Of beauty, truth, and liberty.
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old! Ah, woful ere,
Which tells me youth's no longer here!
O youth for years so merry and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a false conceit,
That thou wert yet a mask'd boy,
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd,
And thou wert yet a mask'd boy,
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This dragging gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears that sunshine from thine eyes.
Life is but thought, so think I will
That youth and I are house-mates still."

LITERARY.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney. Collected chiefly from the MSS. of R. Adolphus Lynch, Esq. of the King's German Legion. By T. Crofton Croker, 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. J. Ebes and Co.

Continued.

"There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the county Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Cough to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know, that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman if she was pretty, or had any other good about her; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her; for besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-gatish sort of life. One morning, in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his dooden (pipe) in the chimney-corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. 'You lazy good-for-nothing stoagh, said she, 'have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your dooden stuck in your jaw? wouldn't it be fitter for you to be gathering a brosná (fire-wood), than to be setting there as if you were fastened to the sishtheen (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail?' All this she said and more, to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his billhook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her—may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say a good retreat is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a pattern; so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his billhook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn't long at work, when he was amazed at the sound of a voice that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn't help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that wasn't like the voice of man, woman, or child. 'Donagha! Donagha!' said the voice; but Donagha didn't much like to answer. 'Donagha! said the voice again; so when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good Christian and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you; so take care what you wish for, Donagha.' 'Och, success to you for one saint any how,' said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? then what should he take

for the second? a good wife—or wouldn't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well he thought for a long time, without being able to make up his mind what to wish for. Night was coming on, and so Donagha gathering a great bundle of fire-wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him; and, stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down: sitting upon his bundle, poor Donagha was in great botheration; and the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late or returned without full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he in distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, 'would to heaven this brosná could carry me instead of my being obliged to carry it.' Immediately the brosná began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good saluting; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a brosná; and poor Donagha, being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck, Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out, as loud as he could, 'I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us.' No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donagha now stands. And Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of Tig na Vauria, or Mary's house; and when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, 'as far as Tig na Vauria from Donagha-dee.' And that's the reason, sir."

THE LOWER-CANADA WATCHMAN. NO. VIII.

PRO PATRIA.

"To depart in the minutest article, from the nicety and strictness of punctilio, is as dangerous to NATIONAL HONOUR, as to female VIRTUE."

JUNIS.

To Louis Joseph Papineau, Esq.

SIR,
When I last addressed myself personally to you on the subject of your conduct at opening the present session of the Provincial Parliament, I did not expect that I should thus early be under the unpleasant necessity of paying you a similar visit. I then convicted you, in the face of your Country, of having gone officially into the presence of the Representative of our most gracious Sovereign with a base and designing falsehood on your lips. But though, amidst my hopes of wiser measures and happier times, I did not anticipate any very particularly glaring act on your part deserving a direct and immediate visitation on mine; yet, had I called to mind the philosophical maxim of the poet, that one false step forever dams the rest, I ought to have been assured, that a career like yours, commenced in malice and iniquity, must inevitably terminate in crime and confusion. You are, indeed, Sir, a public criminal of no ordinary character. Intoxicated with impudence, there is no end of your rudeness; frantick with rage, there are no bounds to your malevolence. The high and the low, among such as do not coincide with you in opinion, are equally objects of your hatred and resentment. No character, however pure, is safe from your envy and falsehoods: no virtue, however exalted, is secure from the base instruments of your jealousy and revenge. The very air is tainted with the poison of your malignant disposition; and the country resounds with your abuse of characters not only your superiors in morals, but in rank and dignity, virtue and patriotism. Sir, you seem to traffick in defamation. You move in an orbit of public slander; and have rallied round you as satellites all the baser feelings of a rancorous and diabolical heart. Stand up thou malicious demagogue—thou insolent defamer of Governors, Executive Councillors, and all men in this Province having authority in the administration of justice and government! Come forth, I say; and if we cannot penetrate into the rancour and rottenness that perpetually agitate thy turbulent bosom, let us, at least, behold that brazen countenance capable only of reflecting the basest and most distorted images. Yes, there thou art! We view thee, but despise thee: we behold thee, but spurn thee: we contemplate thee, but loathe thee, as a reptile to be shunned if possible; but, if not, to be trampled upon.

In the debate which took place on the resolutions for expelling Mr. Christie, you

are reported, in the third person, to have made use of the following language:

"Mr. SPEAKER trusted few persons could entertain such servile sentiments, or lend themselves to be the instruments of such a man as Lord Dalhousie, a man who was deaf to every sentiment, but those of pride, prejudice, and despotism, sentiments that were fostered by those who surrounded him, and which deservedly stigmatized him as the author of all the evils which had been inflicted upon this country. A man who had been deservedly recalled with disgrace—a man disgraced in the eyes of his Sovereign, of his country, and of the Province he had so deeply injured."

Sir, that you uttered this language in your place on the occasion alluded to I have no doubts whatever. Of this I am well advised, as well through other channels of information, as by the printed report of the debate. But were the case otherwise, I could easily have recognized it as the offspring of your heated imagination and insolent temper. It bears the very impress of your soul. It is the foul abortion of your malignant heart, and carries along with it every characteristic of that spirit of enmity which it has long been your study how to wreak on a great patriot, a great hero, and a great man; a man, to use your own mode of expression, whose life and character are as far beyond the reach of your petty malevolence, as his rank and dignity are superior to plebeian vulgarity and rudeness. Nor is it my purpose at present to defend him from the attacks of so despicable an assassin as you are. Lord DALHOUSIE neither needs, nor will he thank me for so unnecessary a piece of service. My present object has a different tendency. It is not to defend, but to punish: not to save, but to condemn. It is, first, to exhibit you to your country and the world as a designing and systematick calumniator and defamer of public worth and integrity; and, in the second place, to transmit your name to posterity, as one every way deserving infamy and disgrace, scorn and derision.

With the conduct of the House of Assembly in the expulsion of one of its own members for delinquencies, over which, if even proven, I maintain they possess no jurisdiction, I shall not at present interfere, though, perhaps, I may take another opportunity to express my sentiments on a measure fraught with danger to the Constitution and alarm to the Country. I shall only, in the language of Lord Chatham, say, that it was the act of a mob and not of a senate. It resembles, in a remarkable degree, the proceedings of the Judge of hell, as described by the poet:—

"Grossus hec Rhadamanthus habet duris
sima regna
Castigare, audique dolos, subigitque
facti."

Sir, my charge against you is three-fold—FALSEHOOD, DEFAMATION, and SCURRILITY. You say, that Lord Dalhousie was deservedly recalled with disgrace, and that he is a man disgraced in the eyes of his Sovereign and country. Sir, were you a man whose veracity was undoubted until now, I should be apt, so far to give belief to your assertion, as to call upon you to produce proof of your averments. But when honest men meet with such a fellow as you are, branded as you have for years been as the personal enemy of Lord Dalhousie—his defamer in public, and traitor in private life, they very naturally put their own construction upon your statement, without troubling you for proof; being satisfied that he who will malign without cause, will stab without justice—that he who scruples not to asperse in gratification of personal resentment, will have no hesitation to arraign without evidence. But, how stands the fact? Do you really dare to affirm in your place in the Assembly, that Lord Dalhousie was recalled with disgrace? If you do, I thank God that your notions of disgrace are different from mine. I shall here say nothing of my right to maintain, from aught that we have seen or heard to the contrary, that Lord Dalhousie has not been recalled at all, and that his Lordship is to this hour Governor in Chief of these Provinces. But granting that he has been actually recalled, I will thank you to shew me the marks, the emblems, or the tokens, of this disgrace. I presume you conceive it to be an extraordinary mark of disgrace to be called from the pitiful government of a pitiful people like the *Nation Canadienne*, having neither knowledge of their rights, nor gratitude for their privileges as a British people, to the military command of a quarter of the Globe—a command which the proudest era of Rome could not confer. Is it upon men in disgrace, that such honors and benefits are bestowed in this generous and just nation? But which of the scullions in the King's kitchen told you, or some of your friends lately in England, that Lord Dalhousie was disgraced in the eyes of his Sovereign? When and where was this disgrace earned and consummated? Was it when his Lordship was nobly fighting the battles of his Country in Egypt, in the West Indies, in Spain, and in France? Was it when he was shedding his blood in the cause of Europe and of Freedom? Or was it when, like a man and a patriot, and in the exercise of the delegated functions of that Sovereign in whose eyes you say he is disgraced, he withstood you and your desperate despairing crew, when you so clamorously and insanely assailed the constitution and the dearest rights of every true Briton in the province? Was it when the minister, in his place in par-

liament, before the country and the world, and in the sight and hearing of your coadjutors, Messieurs Nelson, Viger, and Cuvillier, declared "that the still higher situation the noble lord would soon be called on to fill, would be the best proof, that he had not incurred the disapprobation of government?" Was it when Mr. Stanley, whom I dare say you will not accuse of flattery to Lord Dalhousie or deceit to yourself, said, in his place in the House of Commons, that "he could not refrain from joining the Noble Earl who was at the head of the government in Canada the justice of observing, that he (Mr. Stanley) felt convinced that the Noble Earl, if he had not the good fortune to give satisfaction to the petitioners, had acted in conformity with the INSTRUCTIONS he had received from government?" Was it when his Lordship last embarked with such distinguished honours for his native country, carrying in this hand the recorded approbation, as Governor in Chief of every loyal and enlightened man in the province, and in his heart a deep sense of the good wishes of every individual of humanity & respectability? Or was it when his Lordship was so graciously received by the King and his ministers with the report of his administration? Truly, Sir, if this be disgrace, it is a disgrace rarely to be experienced even in this age and country. But you have said that Lord Dalhousie is disgraced in the eyes of his country. What country? If you mean Great Britain, you state what is not only false, but malicious. There is not within the whole compass of that great nation, distinguished as it is above all others for worth, virtue and talent, a nobleman who is more highly respected, or more extensively beloved than Lord Dalhousie. But if you confine his disgrace to what you call your country only, the *Nation Canadienne*, I understand you, and find myself at no loss to conceive the extent, magnitude, and consequence of such disgrace, when promulgated to the world by you, the hired, the well-paid calumniator of the public as well as private character of Lord Dalhousie.

So much for the FALSEHOOD of your statement. I come next to its DEFAMATION. You assert, with an audacity very suitable to the whole tenor of your character and conduct, that Lord Dalhousie is a man deaf to every sentiment, but those of pride, prejudice and despotism. Most excellent judge of sentiment and character, tell us we pray thee, where you have culled the information upon which you found your statement? I fear this is a thing which you will take credit to your prudence for withholding. It is most true that a thievish-inclined megal discharged by his Lordship, was once of a time much and fondly cared for as authentic information with respect to his master's private character and bearing. Was it from this despicable scoundrel—this suitable pander to your vulgar curiosity—that you collected your information? I will not say absolutely that it was; but from whatever source you got your information, it is most certain, if one might judge from its nature and extent, that it could not have come through a much purer channel. Your own personal observation, with whatever intelligence and scrutiny it might have been exercised, I beg leave totally to exclude and deny. What your notions of society really are, I have no means of being acquainted with, though from a variety of circumstances, and the company whom you court and keep, I fear, as a gentleman, that I must estimate them at a very low rate. Your natural sphere, therefore, is as far beneath that of Lord Dalhousie, as you conceive your own ear to be beneath yours.—Such men as you herd not with the noble and the great. It is true that the same planet gave you birth. But there are orders and distinctions of men as well as of beasts; and in the same degree that the croaking crawling toad is inferior to the majestic lion, so are you different from Lord Dalhousie. You early felt your own insignificance and this inferiority. I know not whether it proceeded from the envy of your nature, or the clownishness of your birth; but his Lordship was but a little time in this province when you shrunk into your own native atmosphere; and the only remedy left to a person in your condition was the pitiful and unmanly undertaking of pulling after you those who stood above you, but especially his Lordship, because he stood above all at the top of the gradation. Now that his Lordship is gone, and you conceive yourself exalted a little beyond your natural sphere, you have the cowardice and baseness to reduce his character and public reputation to a level with your own. But, Sir, you have undertaken a difficult task; a task which neither yourself nor the whole myrmidons of your faction congregated around you will ever be able to execute. Lord Dalhousie sits secure in the midst of an impregnable fortress of private worth and public esteem—reared by his deeds, fortified by his integrity, and embellished by the approbation of his Sovereign and country, against which neither the clamour of party nor the poisoned safts of malevolence can ever prevail. Yet tell us, whether it was you or your friend Mr. Cuvillier, in a late private discussion of the merits of the present administration, who observed, that after all, the only difference between it and that of Lord Dal-

* See Debate in the House of Commons on the Civil government of Canada, 2d May, 1828.

housie, was, that the Canadians had now a man who would shake hands with them! My information does not authorize me to state positively that you are the author of this most ungenerous sneer and uncomplimentary remark towards Sir James Kempt; and, indeed, you are, upon the whole, an animal whose ears are too long to be saddled with any observation of point. But Mr. Cuvillier, an auctioneer, and, of consequence, a licensed wit by profession. At all events, this shaking hands business shews in a most extraordinary light your very weighty reasons for accusing Lord Dalhousie of pride and prejudice. Let me ask you whether it is pride and prejudice in any honest man to decline shaking hands with a personal enemy and a common calumniator of his fame? Are you not a personal enemy of Lord Dalhousie, and have you not publicly avowed yourself to be so? The little honour that may be left to you after such an avowal, will not allow you to do otherwise than to answer in the affirmative.—Have you ever meddled with Lord Dalhousie's character in private, or calumniated his reputation as a governor in public? Dare you hesitate for an answer? If you do I will send for proof of the first to your friends, and of the other to your own manifesto, and speeches in and out of parliament, as well as those midnight rhapsodies which you are said to have uttered preparatory to the complaints sent home against his Lordship. Did you ever pollute the walls of Downing Street with your scanda! And do you now suppose that you, or any of your gang, are fit to be taken by the hand by such a man as Lord Dalhousie? His Lordship is too much of a man of honour, too much of a gentleman, and too little of a politician to grasp by the hands those whom he cannot trust with his fame. I once had the mortification to see a drunken scavenger, with his dirty broom on his shoulder, come up to a peer of the realm, and for no other cause or provocation than his being alone, abuse him in the most opprobrious epithets. To myself and others who stood by, this was a scene of disgust and abhorrence; but to the nobleman himself it was only one of merriment. He gave the scavenger a crown, and his abuse was immediately changed into expressions of praise and gratitude. Sir, if you will have the goodness to transfer that mace from the table before you to your shoulder we shall behold an exact representation of the scavenger, and his broom, with this exception, that you have not yet been paid the crown, otherwise your clamour against Lord Dalhousie would long ere now have ceased, and be probably turned into abject adulation. But I have been told that you are a man of extensive reading. If so, you can be at no loss in what part of *Paradise Lost* to find a more apt parallel. You will there find your own counterpart as faithfully depicted, as Eve found herself reflected when she first beheld her shadow in the pool.

As to your SCURRILITY, Sir, it is worthy both of yourself & the cause which you advocate. In the vocation of scurrility, you appear to be exceedingly well versed. It seems to be your native element, as fish is that of vermin. You have been thought eloquent, I think so too. But it is only in scurrility. Did I not know, by your principles, that you are a native of this Province, I should have no hesitation, from the style and character of your language, to apply at Billingsgate for a certificate of your nativity. But scurrility is a trade so low, so gross, and so loathsome that no man, however equivocal his reputation, can be injured by it; and it is only the grubs of the earth that traffick in it. At the end of the session I presume you will be able to tell us the amount of your gains. If your profits be equal to your industry, you will be able to lay up a capital that will enrich your posterity, without rendering them either the envy of others or respectable in their own eyes. As to the principal object of your inveterate malice, his escutcheon is too pure, and his coronet too exalted to be any ways stained or disturbed by such baldry as you are master of. If you intend that it should have any effect, I would, therefore, advise you to vend your poison among your own circle. There it may do good to all parties. Whilst its use will serve to convict the utterer of baseness, the circulators will be punished as accessories. Their punishment will, indeed, be dissimilar, but equally effectual. The latter will die an ignominious death and be forgotten. The former will undergo an ignominious death too; but his memory will live to be deplored by his posterity, and execrated by his countrymen.

But who are you, Sir, who thus stand forth as the head and champion of all the disaffected and dissensions—of all the evil and ignoble spirits in the Country? By what right of inheritance have you thus become at once the advocate of sedition and the calumniator of all men in legitimate authority? If you have any other titles but those of a cowardly heart and a malevolent disposition, produce them I entreat of you. But conscience whispers to you, that you cannot. She also tells you, that, with the exception of a few acres of ground, and a dish of British government and superiority, you have no other inheritance. You will not, of course, and the public is not bound, to take my word for this. I am therefore bound to prove it. In doing so, I shall adduce as my first witness a gentleman whom I dare say you venerate very much, and whose veracity I presume you

will not be disposed to call in question. All I know of this gentleman myself, is, that he is reported to be a rank democrat, and to have taught you the elements of your politics. He was himself, too, in his time a noted politician, and for some time held a seat in that branch of the legislature of which you say yourself—for I deny the fact—that you are SPEAKER. In that capacity the venerable gentleman in question said something rude and insulting to a brother representative. This representative was not to be overdone in acts of benevolence of this kind, & accordingly sent a civil message to the venerable & non-mem. begging his company at a certain place next morning to meet one or two friends. It is a very extraordinary circumstance, and has never yet been accounted for, though this affair took place many years since, that the venerable member, if I may interpose with the characteristic politeness of his countryman, neither availed himself of the invitation of his friend nor sent any apology for his absence. It is sagely presumed that some family concerns called him away rather hurriedly. Be that as it may, he was never again seen in his place in the Assembly; and his seat is now occupied by a descendant every way worthy of the sire.

What relation you, Sir, bear to this venerable man of the people, I will leave yourself and others to determine. Let me only add, that if you do not inherit his lying propensities, you are fully his equal as well in giving as in receiving invitations of honour. The whole province laughed at you when Mr. M. pulled you by the nose in the lobby of the House of Assembly, and you had the courage to tell him that you would prosecute him! You may think the personal. But do you really think that any thing can be more personal, than telling a man that he is deaf to every sentiment but pride, prejudice and despotism. Do you mean in effect and in fact to call such a man a coward? Do you not designate him as a man destitute of every sentiment of honour and principle of justice? And what man of honour or courage would take taunt or insult from you, who insert neither by birth, and upon whose heart no example or custom can make any impression through life.

Without doors, to use a parliamentary phrase, the province has yet to learn the grounds of your pretensions to the vicious office of public censor, and still more infamous profession of general calumniator. Whence, tell us, this singular assumption of precedence? Whence this robe—these emblems of authority with which you have invested yourself; for that authority must, indeed, be great which gives you a censoring and condemning power over the highest and gravest officers of government. What new dignity is this which you have exclusively appropriated to yourself. Produce your patent, I beg of you; for it was hitherto eluded all our senses of touch and vision. From which of the great and virtuous actions of your life has it emanated? I have known you for many years, and to none of those can I trace it. I know not what you esteem as acts of virtue and humanity, but I will tell you one or two that I do not consider in that light. I do not esteem it either virtuous, generous, or humane in you to have shut your heart and your purse against the claims of the sufferers from the New-Kruswick contagion at a time when every other heart averse in the province and in the empire was thrown open to their necessities, and when, as Speaker, you had pocketed many thousand pounds of the public moneys. Their solicitations, though made by gentlemen every way your superiors, were received with the cold inhuman remark that the sufferers were but *des Anglois*, undergoing the pains of a venereal venereal poisoning, an infernal one! Deeds of charity ought to be done in private; nor will I insult the leading object of your malice by contrasting his conduct on this occasion with yours. It will be sufficient to say, that were I to do so, the public would be at no loss upon whom to fix the stigma of pride, prejudice, and despotism. Lord Dalhousie's charity has ever been munificent. Yours has always been confined to a vote in the House of Assembly. He always gave away his own in alms; yours were contented and gratified by disposing of the property of others. Do you remember—But why should I insult the public with a catalogue of your crimes? Are they not already well-known? Do we not find ample proofs of them in every countenance at the bare mention of your name? Is not the name of PAPINEAU a by-word and a proverb? Is it not held in derision by all who wish well to the country? Is it not synonymous not only with pride, prejudice, and despotism, but with every thing that is ridiculous, bigotted and obstinate? Are not the very *cahots* now called *Papineau*? But let us behold you in another character; let us behold you within doors, as the phrase has it.

You were brought up to the law; a most noble and respectable profession in which, * In a letter from Pope to Arbutnot, dated 26th July, 1731, he says:—"To reform, and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons may be safe fighting, indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. My greatest comfort and encouragement to proceed has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires."