

KING'S BENCH, DUBLIN.—SATURDAY.

Before Mr. Justice Crampton, and the following jury—

Richard Robinson, Henry Cochran, James Burnside, Joseph Woods, James Hinchey, Thomas Peile, John Harding, Thomas Walker, Bernard Mullins, George Smith, Edward Connor, and Joseph Henry.

The King, at the prosecution of Henry Lambert, &c. P. v. John Green, the proprietor of the Waterford Independent.

Mr. Brewster opened the pleadings. This was an indictment against the defendant for a libel of a gross and malicious nature upon Mr. Lambert, in his capacity as member for the county of Waterford. The indictment contained several counts, and the defendant pleaded not guilty.

Mr. Pigott stated that he was instructed to offer an apology on the part of Mr. Green, for the admission of the libel into the columns of his journal. He was ready also to give up the author, who would at once avow himself responsible for it.

Mr. Jackson, K.C., said that his client could not accede to the proposal unless it was accompanied by an offer to pay the costs.

Mr. Pigott said that he was not instructed to go so far. He understood that Mr. Green was not able to pay the costs that had been incurred.

Mr. Jackson then proceeded to state the case. Gentlemen of the jury—This indictment has been preferred by Mr. Lambert, the member for Waterford, against the proprietor of the Waterford Independent, a paper which has an extensive circulation in that county, for a gross and malicious libel which appeared in it on the 5th of February, 1834.

Gentlemen of the jury, it will not be necessary for me, in stating the case for the prosecution to occupy much of your time. I cannot conceive a case which is more simple and brief in its nature. You will have three questions to consider in coming to a conclusion upon the facts which I shall submit to you, and I am much mistaken if any one of them detain you long.

You will first have to consider whether Green published the libel complained of or not? I think that you will be able to satisfy you on this point by the evidence of the witness of the stamp office, who received a copy of the newspaper from Green, which was signed by him.

Secondly, does the libel refer to Mr. Lambert, and refer to him as a member of parliament for the county of Waterford? You will have no doubt upon the subject, when I read to you the publication in question. The third is a question of mixed law and fact as to its being a libel or not.

Gentlemen, I assert that it is a malicious libel as was ever brought forward in a court of justice. It is unnecessary for me to tell you who are in the habit of serving upon juries, that our law holds that to be a libel which holds up a person to public contempt or detestation. I shall show you when I come to read this publication, that it was intended to bring upon Mr. Lambert the hatred and contempt of his constituents. I suppose, because he was independent enough to think for himself, and would not suffer himself to be made the tool of any individual or party, that he has been thus dragged before the public.

This publication, gentlemen, charges Mr. Lambert with having betrayed and sold his country. It purports to be the part of a speech made by a country orator, and is a most eloquent and dour piece of declamation as ever appeared in the columns of a newspaper. Nothing can be more moving or stirring than the effect of it, as you shall judge when I read it for you. It is headed "Grand Report and anti-Tithing meeting at Newtoothary, specially reported for the Waterford Independent." After stating that on the 26th ultimo, a most numerous and respectable meeting was held in the new and spacious chapel of that place in a house of worship, on the Sabbath day, being selected for the purpose, and that David McGarry was called to the chair, "A Mr. Terence O'Brien opens the business of the meeting, and then comes Mr. Joseph Kennedy, who makes a speech, from which the following is an extract, and constitutes the libel complained of—It runs thus—

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out

abuse upon him; yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and, after his demise, all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero, and the people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans for Lambert.)

It is unnecessary for me, gentlemen, I feel, to dwell further upon that publication. It is perfectly obvious that it relates to Mr. Lambert in his capacity as member of parliament, and I shall abstain from commenting upon the time and place selected for vilifying and traducing him. Some notable defence will doubtless be set up. You will be told of the liberty of the press, and you will be asked will you destroy it by finding a verdict for my client. The liberty of the press is doubtless a great blessing, when the press is conducted by educated and enlightened men, but when in the hands of an ambitious individual, or a factious party, there are few greater curses—it is then used for base and vile purposes we are not called upon to view its transgressions lightly.

Gentlemen of the jury, this is not a solitary instance of an attack made upon my client by this newspaper. In another part of the same copy, you will find a leading article, which is strong proof of the malignant feeling entertained towards Mr. Lambert by the defendant; it is headed "New Police Station." We understand that the once respectable mansion of Carragh, the seat of our popular and dearly-beloved representative, Mr. Lambert, has lately been converted into a police barrack. Much as we respect this very well conducted body in the county of Waterford, we cannot avoid heaving a sigh to the departed greatness of this illustrious house—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

We are also pained to add that its wreck and benighted lord, on taking his departure for St. Stephen's, do fill the important duties of attacking O'Connell and betraying his country, felt it necessary to bring an armed guard of honor to escort him to the place of embarkation. "Consentance avant, tout en avant, tout en avant." This will be made to furnish a fine pretext for another blood-stained banditti expedition. Gentlemen of the jury, if there is any truth in that statement, what a picture it affords us of the state of the country. If it is false, what do you say to the malignant spirit of the man who was compelled to pen it? I believe that the origin of these attacks on Mr. Lambert was a vote given by him in the House of Commons against repeal, in 1806, in or out of parliament without being held up to public odium and hatred, as an enemy of his country, *totius gentis*, as often as it may suit the views and inclinations of a particular party; he must suppress the expression his honest sentiments. Is it to be insinuated that because men give utterance to their opinions, of that they are paid for it. Individuals may be paid, and no doubt are well paid, for their conduct on the subject matter of accusation in this libel against Mr. Lambert; but that gentlemen could not condescend to become one of them. This libel, as I have before intimated to you, is a sort of speech; it is, I understand, dressed up for publication, and has been copied into all the liberal papers. It may have been delivered in the chapel, and it may not; but I say that there is not the slightest palliation for it. Gentlemen of the jury, I have occupied more of your time than I had intended, and I shall conclude by putting the case of my client confidently in your hands.

Two gentlemen from the stamp-office in Waterford proved the delivery of a copy of the Independent, which was produced in evidence, signed by the defendant.

John Hart, the deputy clerk of the crown, proved, from the parliamentary roll, that Mr. Lambert was member for Waterford.

Mr. O'Connell then called on Mr. Bush to read the libel slowly through, which was done.

Mr. O'Connell—Gentlemen of the jury, I had this publication read for you in the hope, perhaps a vain one, but on my part a confident one, that by calling your particular attention to the whole of it, that you will come to the conclusion that it is a libel. It is your duty—I say it emphatically, your duty to pronounce whether it is libellous or not, and I thus assist you by bringing it as distinctly as possible before you. His lordship will naturally your province to decide this question. This, gentlemen, was the common law of the land, and is the statute law. It is your duty to decide whether this heap of trash—this ridiculous mass of absurdities—this marble slab—(laughter)—be the guilty and libellous publication which the indictment describes it to be, or whether it ought to be laughed out of court, and treated with scorn and contempt. Gentlemen, I shall not speak to you of the liberty of the press. The prosecuting counsel, in every case of the sort, generally alludes to it, and extols it in the manner of the college tutor, who directed his pupils not to nail the bullfinch's ear to the pump. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Jackson did dwell a little freely upon the subject, but I shall not follow him through his panegyric. I shall show you, gentlemen, that as far as common sense is concerned (and I confess that it will be hard for you to decide as to the common sense of it) that this publication is not a libel; and if I am able to establish to your satisfaction that it is totally devoid of common sense, will Mr. Lambert be justified in calling upon you for a verdict? I will show you that it is a species of political ribaldry which is common in political life, with which the conduct of public men is treated, and which, I will go so far as to say, is, perhaps, necessary and useful. Mr. Jackson, in his statement to you, has resorted to a comical expedient, and rather an extraordinary one, for a counsel to generally direct, prudent, and skillful in his profession. He must have felt that his case was weak when he found himself compelled to resort to this device. He read for you, gentlemen, a paragraph headed "Police Station" for the purpose of showing the malignant feeling which actuated the defendant. This paragraph, you will perceive, contains the entire essence of the libel set forth in the indictment, and in it are summed up the whole of its malicious ingredients. You will be astonished now to hear that two counts for that paragraph were sent up in the indictment to the grand jury, and that they ignored them both. It was not for want of evidence, for the same newspaper that was before them, in which the speech of Kennedy appears, also contained that paragraph. Thus I have the evidence of twenty-three men on their oaths, or at least of twelve out of twenty-three, that that

paragraph was not a libel; and yet, as I before said, it contained all the ingredients and malicious contents of the other briefly summed up. This paragraph was written by Green himself. He alone was responsible for it; and the grand jury, in their anxiety for the accomplishment of justice, would have visited him with the consequences if they conscientiously believed that it was libellous. I therefore say that some weight ought to be attached to the evidence of the grand jury; and if you believe it, gentlemen, you cannot pronounce this a libel, of which the other was a close and compact essence. My Lord, Mr. Jackson was pleased to say that this article was copied into all the liberal papers. He has not produced the slightest evidence to show that it was. I therefore deny it, and I am entitled to the full benefit of that denial. I ask you now, gentlemen, was it fair then to drag Mr. Green, at great personal expense, to Dublin, to try this question between the representative of Waterford and his constituents. Why did not Mr. Lambert try that question in Waterford? Surely, if he sustained this grievous wrong in Waterford, that would have been the proper place to have vindicated himself. There is one very remarkable feature in this case—Mr. Jackson did not say one word upon the subject matter of the charges made against Mr. Lambert. The prosecutor had not even the satisfaction of being praised by his own counsel. If he had remained in Waterford, he would probably have got a laudation there; but he shrunk from it. I have told you, gentlemen, that this "Police Station" paragraph was an abstract of the libel charged. The latter contains many a justifiable clause, for it is a reply to certain charges and accusations made by the prosecutor against a person named O'Connell. Who he is I am sure I can't tell in this big and gown. (Laughter.) But, I am informed he is a person who cuts a figure in the political world, and, I believe, tolerably well availed. (Loud laughter.) That person, notwithstanding, has not the turpitude or baseness to indict his assailant for libel, and he would deserve the strongest reprobation if he did. He, gentlemen of the jury, does not endeavour to get discussion upon the conduct of public men. He has a number of friends and enemies, whom he pulls the one against the other, and consoles himself with the balance. (Laughter.) The libel charged in the indictment purports to be a reply to certain charges made against him by the prosecutor, not from O'Connell, who appears to have treated them as they deserved, but upon the part of a friend of his. I expected that Mr. Lambert would not have instructed his counsel to justify his conduct, that he would have attempted to show that, while he complained of attacks upon himself, he was not guilty of attacks upon others. That he was the assailed, and not the assailant. This, Mr. Jackson did not touch upon; and, gentlemen, the nature of the prosecution is such that we are excluded from the proof of it. I say, then, that it is immaterial whether or not the publication be a libel. Read it, and take for granted that which I have assumed, and which the nature of the libel law excludes me from the proof of. I ask you, gentlemen, will you suffer the libeller of another, the circulator of the falsest and foulest envenomed, to go ununpunished? Is he to be allowed to shriek from a reply? What does he say here with respect to the Catholic clergy; he designates the people as a rebel banditti, and their priests as village despots. I don't know what may be Mr. Jackson's opinion as to political subjects. (A laugh.) He spoke of incendiaries setting the country in flames. I certainly agree with him that persons acting as he described are incendiaries—(a laugh)—but he did not venture to tell you that these phrases have not been applied to his constituents and to the Catholic clergy by Mr. Lambert. It simply amounts to this—the prosecutor is charged with what he cannot deny, the dissemination of utter falsehoods and slanders upon the people, their priests, and O'Connell. If, instead of this criminal proceeding, he had brought his action for damages, thereby here accused would have pleaded, in justification, the truth of his assertions. In that case Mr. Lambert would have been prepared to prove what, for the purposes of this trial cannot be controverted, the facts of the case as I have stated them to you. In what capacity, gentlemen, would Mr. Lambert then come before you? In that of a libeller, who, not originally assailed, quarrels with a reply to his calumnious assertions. If a man gets into a wordy warfare, he must expect to get himself scolded in return. I ask you, if he disseminates a libel hurtful to the feelings of another, ought he to complain of that which wounds his own; and now I put this to you—you have heard passages read with respect to a person named O'Connell. I believe that the prosecutor has no great personal regard for him. (Laughter.) May not this be another mode of circulating the falsehoods which he has uttered with respect to him, through the medium of the newspapers. Gentlemen, I put the case on these points—that the counts for the paragraph headed "Police Station," which is an abstract of Kennedy's speech, and which contains all its ingredients, have been ignored by the grand jury—next that the paragraph imputes to Mr. Lambert libels upon others, which have not been denied; and, again, that the article in question is a piece of ribaldry too contemptible to notice, were it not raised to dignity by a man like Mr. Lambert pressing and daring to muzzle the press as to his parliamentary conduct. The libel charged, purports to be a speech delivered by Mr. Joseph Kennedy before the freeholders of the county of Waterford. Mark that, gentlemen; he is their representative, and he indicts his constituents for quarrelling with his parliamentary conduct. Mr. Justice Crampton—Are they designated freeholders in the indictment, Mr. O'Connell?

Mr. Jackson—No, my Lord, they are not. The indictment states merely that the speech was delivered at a certain public meeting.

Mr. O'Connell—I thank you for the variance, for the amendment is, that the speech was delivered before divers freeholders of the county. I now call upon your lordships to decide the point which arises upon it.

Mr. Brewster—The objection is met by the second count.

Mr. O'Connell—The second will not avail you anything, for it merely says, "in the manner aforesaid."

Mr. Justice Crampton—You had better proceed, Mr. O'Connell. I will not now pronounce any opinion upon it.

Mr. O'Connell—There is no doubt that this meeting was a meeting of the freeholders of the county. I say that every man who offers himself for the representation of a county must submit to have his conduct canvassed by his constituents.

This article was not directed against Mr. Lambert on the relations of private life, neither on his capacity of a magistrate (I presume he is one), neither as a country gentleman, neither as a son, a brother, or a parent. There was no intrusion into private life; people, who do not take a part in politics, naturally enough do not wish to be dragged before the public through the medium of the newspapers. This is quite a different question for your consideration. Both Mr. Lambert and Mr. O'Connell, that he has calumniated, are members of parliament, and I'll engage that they will both allege that they are anxious for the prosperity and happiness of their people. (A laugh.) It is no idle thing to say, that upon the legislators, to which they both belong, depends the lives and properties of the King's subjects. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the trust which they place in their hands. Will any man tell me, then, that a representative ought not to be called to an account for his conduct by his constituents? Suppose, gentlemen of the jury, that any of you were appointed trustees to a bankruptcy, or any other situation of trust, would you attempt to gag the mouths of those who had an interest in the faithful discharge of your duties. What, then, am I to be told that if this be the case in a more matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, that when the happiness of the greatest empire in the world, the fate of more than twenty millions of human beings is at stake, and of one hundred, and fifty millions, including her dependences in the East, are depending upon a legislature, that the conduct of its members shall not become a subject of discussion? Shall the acts of a man holding a situation of such importance not be subject to investigation?—shall the mouths of his constituents be gagged, although they disapprove of his conduct? Gentlemen, I will call upon you to put your hands to your breasts and say, whether you have a right to interfere between them? The manner in which they express that disapprobation may be rude—I will own admit that it is vulgar; but I say again that the conduct of public men ought to be the free subject of discussion. If the representative be ignorant in the conscientiousness of his own integrity, in the honesty of his acts, and that you say he will be rendered less efficient, or less trustworthy by free discussion, you tell me what is not true. Is he the less influential or respected? I say that he is not. Why does Mr. Lambert, a man of fortune and of family, come before you thus? Why does he stand upon the sword of the law, and of all laws, the law of libel—a law, which a late Chancellor of England designated an atrocious one. Why does he not attach the same value to the ecology of his constituents, as their censure? Did you ever hear of a man affecting another for praising him? (Laughter and cheers.) Oh no! although he may not have deserved it. If a man is guilty of misconduct, I don't know any greater moral crime than that of praising him. Such, gentlemen, is the libel law, although you praise the greatest scoundrel that can be found, you will not be indicted for it. (Laughter.) If the medicine, however, be bitter and corrosive, then the gallic dose will be and is required upon you with the libel law. In coming to a conclusion in this case, recollect that Mr. Lambert is in a situation which excludes the proof of our charges against him. He sits with the left hand—there are many men who are dexterous with the left hand—he cuts close and jabs with the libel law—he does not come to you with the open right hand to vindicate his character—to demand from you an investigation into his conduct, and to ask you for damages for the injuries which his character has sustained. I will now go through this libel, paragraph by paragraph, and if there is any thing charged against Mr. Lambert which he will not avow, and which he can shrink from I am much mistaken. The article commences thus—"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed, but by whom I will briefly tell you, an aristocrat of the deepest dye. No matter what color Mr. Lambert may be most attached to, I do not see anything libellous in the word aristocrat. An enemy to your amiable and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy, Luttrell Lambert? (Then comes the parenthesis, "Horrible groans.") A man that has sold his country to the base Whigs. The base Whigs. (Laughter.) Mr. Jackson, in reading the article to you, convinced me by the manner in which he raised his voice, when he came to this sentence, and by the peculiar emphasis, which a skilful advocate always lays upon that which he always conceives to be the sore point, that this is the portion of the article which most nearly affects his client—"The base Whigs," says Mr. Jackson, "The base Whigs." See what a libel is here—"He has sold himself." Not for money certainly, for the Whigs have no purse open for expectants. They promote those that support them, and they often promote those that do not support them. (Laughter.) Mr. Lambert has been accused of supporting the Whigs; I appeal to every one in this court, from your lordship to the erior, is that a crime? Is it criminal to deserve elevation? (Loud laughter.) Is it a libel to say that a member of parliament has supported the base Whigs? Can Mr. Lambert deny that he supported the Whigs? "Oh, thou base traitor." Your lordship will perceive that the words traitor and traitorous does not here apply to treason against the King or against the law. It is merely treason against O'Connell. (Laughter.) "Was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance in which you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess, is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust which you have so traitorously betrayed into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency?" Have not every constituency the right to demand back the trust which they have placed in the hands of a representative who insults or betrays them?—and, as to the word traitor, is not one of the most amiable and virtuous of Irishmen, the son of Brownlow, of 1783, daily taunted as a traitor by a particular faction?—yet, he does not resort to an indictment for libel; he finds a safety and security in the honesty of his intentions and the purity of his conscience, and their vile epithets fall harmless upon him.—Why is it that Mr. Lambert does not pursue a similar course?—In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box? Did your lordships ever hear the phrase in Irish. "The half of it would not be bad." (Laughter.) Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though obsolete, would not be inapplicable here—namely, that he (Mr.

Lambert) ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Cheers.) Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in this imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which appertains only to such characters, and speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. We, therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out abuse upon him. Yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and after his demise all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero. Are we satisfied with a libel? How could such a hypocrite really express the feelings of Mr. Lambert? I stretch of a purple imagination of a piece of the rhyme—

If all the earth were paper—
If all the men were ink—
If all the matter were bread and cheese,
What would we do for thee? (Loud laughter.)

"The people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans were made, and a great deal of noise was made in the court.)

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out

abuse upon him; yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and, after his demise, all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero. Are we satisfied with a libel? How could such a hypocrite really express the feelings of Mr. Lambert? I stretch of a purple imagination of a piece of the rhyme—

If all the earth were paper—
If all the men were ink—
If all the matter were bread and cheese,
What would we do for thee? (Loud laughter.)

"The people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans were made, and a great deal of noise was made in the court.)

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out

abuse upon him; yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and, after his demise, all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero. Are we satisfied with a libel? How could such a hypocrite really express the feelings of Mr. Lambert? I stretch of a purple imagination of a piece of the rhyme—

If all the earth were paper—
If all the men were ink—
If all the matter were bread and cheese,
What would we do for thee? (Loud laughter.)

"The people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans were made, and a great deal of noise was made in the court.)

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out

abuse upon him; yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and, after his demise, all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero. Are we satisfied with a libel? How could such a hypocrite really express the feelings of Mr. Lambert? I stretch of a purple imagination of a piece of the rhyme—

If all the earth were paper—
If all the men were ink—
If all the matter were bread and cheese,
What would we do for thee? (Loud laughter.)

"The people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans were made, and a great deal of noise was made in the court.)

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that has sold his country for a mess of pottage. So, he said, Luttrell, you cannot traduce O'Connell's character; you only enhance him still more to the people, as we are all well aware that a profitable vocation you are engaged in when pouring out

abuse upon him; yes, O'Connell will be eternally enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and, after his demise, all Hibernia will appear as one immense slab of marble to the memory of its deceased hero. Are we satisfied with a libel? How could such a hypocrite really express the feelings of Mr. Lambert? I stretch of a purple imagination of a piece of the rhyme—

If all the earth were paper—
If all the men were ink—
If all the matter were bread and cheese,
What would we do for thee? (Loud laughter.)

"The people of future generations shall give ardent and glowing utterance to his immortal name; whilst the admirers of Luttrell Lambert will not find a stone whereby to trace the grave in which are deposited his traitorous remains." (Groans were made, and a great deal of noise was made in the court.)

"Yet this is the invaluable hero that is assailed—but by whom? I will briefly tell you—an aristocrat of the deepest dye; an enemy to you and an enemy to your noble and pious guardians, the Catholic clergy—Luttrell Lambert—(horrible groans)—a man that has sold his country to the base Whigs, and we all exclaimingly judge from his recent correspondence with that apostate Cassie lake, the Evening Post, that he is making rapid strides on the road to promotion. This is the Luttrell that in his place in parliament designated you as a rebel bandit, and your priests as village despots, and thought to dislodge Ireland's unparagonable champion from the affections of his countrymen. Alas! how base a traitor, was it not O'Connell that raised you to the importance you now feel yourself? Would you not still behold yourself mourning under the chains of oppression, had he not emancipated you, and the quantum of talent which you now possess is levelled against him and his unfortunate country. (Cheers.) Why do you not appear here this day and resign the trust, which you have so traitorously betrayed, into the hands of an insulted and ill-treated constituency—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) In Mr. Lambert's celebrated attack upon the liberator, at Cashinowan, he was pleased to speak of the begging-box—Well, in my opinion, the old adage, though nearly obsolete, would not be misplaced here, namely, that he ought not to halloo until out of danger. (Hear, hear, and cheers.)—Let him recall to his recollection the box that went round for himself through Waterford, Ross, and Ennisclorthy, by which means he was seated twice, free of expense, in an imperial parliament, and he now comes forward with all that audacity, which, appertaining only to such characters, speaks of a begging-box to a man that sacrifices from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds per annum of a professional fortune, health, and, I may say also, social happiness, and transports himself two or three hundred miles from his native land, to combat for the rights of his country, and to secure her independence. Therefore, behold him in the Hall of St. Stephen's, with only a small band of invincible patriots to support him there, subject to Saxon lies and material scoffs; but, look at him arise in gigantic attitude; his opponents appear as nought to him. His logic confounds them, and his philosophy astonishes even his most inveterate enemies. (Cheers.) This is the modern Demosthenes that Luttrell seeks to traduce. But, I hope an election will soon take place, and the only consolation his injured constituency can partake of is to see him from the beggary-box as being that

