

Third Edition.

A

SHORT APPENDIX

TO THE

SECOND LETTER

OF

A YEOMAN,

TO THE

RT. HON. MR. WICKHAM.

BY THEOBALD M'KENNA, ESQ.
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—Et quisquam numen Junonis adoret
Præterea, aut supplex aris imponat honorem?

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Houses of the Oireachtas

A

SHORT APPENDIX,

&c. &c.

THE writer of a defence or panegyric of Mr. Baron Smith, under the title of a "*A Yeoman*," having thought proper to make an allusion to my name, and to assert that I was the author of, or concerned in, "Mr. Scully's Preface," I think it right to declare in the most public manner, that I had not the honor to suggest a single line or sentence of that publication.

The duty I owe to truth, having led me to this explanation, I may be expected to advert to the manner in which my name is introduced, and the epithets that accompany it. Never was aggression more unprovoked; I have not by any act of my life molested the man who made it; I have not

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expressed, for some time, an opinion upon any public topic; no circumstance brought me in contact with him; and I can aver with veracity, that there is not on earth a being, with whom my thoughts have been less occupied. He terms me "*a dunce,*" and "*fluent.*" In the former designation he may very possibly be correct; but I entertain that sense of the gentleman's judgment, that be he right or wrong in either instance, I have no wish to undeceive him. I am perfectly reconciled to be considered in the light he chuses to represent me, by those, if any such there be, to whom this candidate for a squabble*, appears worthy of respect or sober estimation. I answer his charge of having written, or assisted in writing against him, without much periphrase, by his own favorite monosyllable, and leave him in possession of the accompaniments. If the praise of the praise-worthy, *laudari a laudato viro*, be an object

* Those who are conversant with the economy of an Irish Fair, will recollect the prize-fighter, who draws his coat on the ground, crying, who dare tread on it.

ject of honourable research, I cannot hesitate to claim gratification from the direct contrary. A few years since, a laboured essay issued from the same quarter, intending to prove that I was an ugly man and a bad christian. I received that splenetic effusion, with the same temper which I do the present: it amused me, and I laughed at it. With a vast progeny of the same prolific parent, that lubrication passed, as will probably this before me, to the silent oblivion of the snuff shop *. Neither should I notice it at this moment, but to mark the pertinacity with which this person has so long appeared ambitious of an altercation with me. When there was no protection opposed to me, and that the vigour of my health rendered the chastisement easy, I left unmolested an arrogant and vapid coxcomb, who sought in vain to draw my attention to his frivolous existence. With full as little provocation, but with much greater certainty of success, he attacks me *now*, from the double safe-guard

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guard

* Where they all are embalmed, in Mr. Lundy Foote's
 "thus et odores."

guard of his, and of my situation. Let him write on ; *I have no public duties to discharge* ; but I set a value on my time, and will not lavish it upon such wretched thoughts, as fill the mind of that peevish egotist. Justice to a third person, whose means and motives are respectable, and who stands not in need of my co-operation, has led me to these observations ; but my assailant may rest assured, that scarcely any consideration, personal to him or to me, shall ever influence me to gratify him further. He may croud together, in his vain-glorious boasts, the alliance of Mr. Emmet, Lord Castlereagh *, and

* Never was a man more near than Lord Castlereagh to be excluded from this association. It happened that, during the recess preceding the Union,—that honey-moon of legislation, the like of which, Irish members of parliament never saw before, and never will see again,—one of our Senators sojourned, to strut and enjoy his consequence in London. He was, of course the *bosom friend* of Lord Castlereagh. It was the season of *conditions*, and our Irish member made one of a whimsical nature—that he should be presented to Mr. Pitt. Now the Premier's leisure was perhaps the only good thing Lord Castlereagh could not dispose of. Mr. Pitt was not to be teased with a childish trifle, and he who was so weak

and Mr. Wickham with a train of inferior satellites *. Unheeded by me, even although he should endeavour to make me a party, he may still load his bookfeller with reams of captious quibble, without matter, mind, or information. My attention is, I am aware, of but little price, but such as it is,

as to set his mind upon this condescension, was to be kept from revolting (whilst votes were valuable) to the enemy; Lord Castlereagh detained him in expectation, until he knew he must leave town, and when he was sure that the wished for event had taken place, he dispatched a letter to acquaint the ambitious politician, that the next day was fixed for the interview.

* Dr. Duigenan, &c &c. Mr. Wickham indeed makes but a sorry figure in this second letter. Mr. Yeoman tells us that he merely addresses his letter to this gentleman, in order to preserve himself from "the contact of his adversary." Thus he makes Mr. Wickham a sand-bag, from behind which the soi-disant Yeoman pops, to fire a safe shot at his adversary; or a screen; or a pair of gloves; or a pair of tongs; or a squeamish lady's fan; or a bottle of perfume; or a pot of essence; or a cambric handkerchief. In the name of decency, when this fastidious gallant thought proper to approach what he did not like, could he find nothing with which to stop his nostrils, besides his majesty's secretary of state, and a privy counsellor?

If it be Mr. Wickham's future destination, to keep this his alleged friend and would-be correspondent, out of the dirt, I must say, that he does not, after the usage of his predecessors, and as I sincerely wish him, retire on a snug sinecure.

is, the author who arrests it must be somewhat more than a feeble amateur of books and languages ; a smattering pedant with a subordinate understanding, who deals gibes for wit, and shallow truisms for wisdom ; fancying himself luminous, because he happens to be loquacious ; profound, because he is verbose ; and able, because he is indefatigable ; whose diligence, dull, undimmed, and persevering, sends volumes upon volumes to the press ; whence, tried and rejected, they pass in funereal succession, to those general receptacles, by which literature is relieved from uninteresting trumpery * ; volumes, in which no subject was ever yet enlightened, in which no improvement ever was proposed in manners, science, legislation or jurisprudence. I only ask of him that he shall withdraw no portion of his cen-
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* I do not here allude to the "Rights of Citizens," the "Rights of Waters," the rights of cockle-shells or *id genus omne*, as quoted by my author ; which may, for aught I know, be pieces of ante-diluvian politics, or Scandinavian mythology. To treat of these, I should have an averment from some credible individual, that he has, in his proper person, seen the book, and can vouch its existence, at some not very remote period.

sure, that he should not, as in a recent instance, after he had exhausted his powers of malignity, and his capability for mischief, come with a lame apology * to extenuate his outrage.

* "I will lay this *Troy* in ashes," says the blustering bully ; (first letter to Mr. Wickham) but as *Troy* was not defended by Priam, the would-be Achilles sneaked off with an apology.

I shall really marvel much, if that *profound statesman, even tempered magistrate, and wise man*, Mr. Baron Smith, shall omit to bring *scandalum magnatum* against this pretended friend, but disguised enemy. To what vile purposes do not his quotations of that eminent writer tend ? Describing himself as a friend, it is natural that he should cite the very best specimens from his favourite author ; and yet he has given copious extracts, which go round the subject, and round the subject, without ever touching the subject ; and which neither draw a conclusion, nor evince the least capacity to do so.

The Yeoman might have learned some better lessons from the dignified personage to whom he professes friendship. To be sure he may allege, that his friend having written on both sides of the Catholic question, and spoken so, as not to interfere with either (*unintentionally, I am confident*) he has still his right of election, which side he will abide by ; he may say that he himself keeps the balance even, for that he has fairly proved his heart to lie one way, and his active agency to incline to the other ; he may say that it is not a bad thing for a man, who, imagining that he followed fashion, finds himself at the wrong side of the post, (from a mistaken calculation,) to have a little magazine, in a dry corner, where nobody ever heard of it, of loose, general, unmeaning, sentimental,

outrage. Any impressiion he has made on me will be effaced before these lines pass from my hands, and more than atoned for by the pastime they afford me.

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sentimental sentences, in order to keep in with one party, while the present tenor of his arguments stimulates and gratifies the passions of the other; all this he might say and a great deal more. But I shall interfere no farther, leaving, after this hint, the Yeoman and the Baron to settle their affairs together.

If our politico-theological Yeoman, and Cardinal Baronius, his friend or assessor, be unable at this day to ascertain, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland constitute a *mis-arranged* relation of the British empire; if they cannot see that the penalties in law, and jealousy in practice, are impotent to *secure*, and only effectual to divide and to irritate; that whilst any advantage is more than problematical, the mischief is pressing and indisputable; if the combined ingenuity of these luminaries cannot see its way upon these subjects, without the aid of an "invasion," then I shall venture to pronounce, that they never were designed to discover the longitude.

I have used the word *secure*, in compliance with certain imaginary apprehensions entertained in Ireland. But, against what is security to be given or taken? Is the British empire insufficient security? The Catholic property of Ireland is not turbulent, enterprising, or innovating; more than any great body of men on earth, they, who compose it, are devoid of political views or combination. All the precaution and vigilance manifested upon this occasion recall to mind the French arrest, *upon suspicion of being suspected*.

If the Catholics are loyal, they ought to be encouraged; if disaffected they should be reclaimed. In either case a people

My pretension to the character imposed upon me, rests, it seems, on the resemblance of my name to one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*. Brilliant discovery! Admirable witticism! I shall offer a few more certain evidences, by which either I, or the person to whom they are justly attributable, may claim, in direct succession, the honors of the leaden crown*, and by which these honors shall

be so numerous ought to be led by their feelings, and governed in a congenial spirit and temper. This is, I apprehend, the solution of the knotty problem, at which Mr. Yeoman and others make so much bustle. The tenacity upon this subject, where in truth, so little is to be conceded, recalls to me an epigram of Dean Swift on one of our public buildings:—

Lo here's a proof of Irish sense ;
 Here Irish wit is seen ;
 When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

I really never knew an instance in which good humour failed to manage the lower Irish. It goes much further than pecuniary bounty.

Look to Scotland, where common sense and rational condescension (a small portion of which would suffice in Ireland) have converted a people of captious disputants, into citizens and subjects of the most commendable and valuable usefulness. What would be the temper of the Highlanders, if there were at Inverness, an annual commemoration of the battle of Culloden?

* My author entertained, I presume, a presentiment of his elevation to the *Dunciad* throne, when he proceeded to correspond through the medium of the secretary.

be fixed upon some brow, more steadily than ever they adhered to the "poet of the hollow tree," or "high born Howard." Let me suppose it my fortune, in a general scramble, and through pure accident, to have glided into a station of dignity, to which I never, before or after my advancement, displayed any legitimate pretension; I should then, indeed, be an egregious dunce, if I knew so little how to use the advantage, that I rendered myself, my station, and the patron who recommended me, ridiculous, by becoming, for the amusement of this city, a literary gladiator upon paltry and school boy topics:— If, abandoning the situation and career which was opened to me for honorable renown, I sought fame and notoriety in the pamphlet shops; if mute on points of law, I affected to expound theology, and was convicted of ignorance and presumption; if, in requital of my Sovereign's munificence, I endeavoured to shake his throne, by alienating and irritating his people, almost in the face of an invasion, and on the eve of great, though necessary taxation. If, when an enemy hovered on the coast of that country, from
which

which I draw a splendid appointment, God knows how earned, I endeavoured to fet by the ears in controversial and factious squabbles, a people, able and willing if they were not teased by such trash, to retort upon Bonaparte * his own coat of Iron. If, I displayed my little hot-bed pruriency, the puny knack at sophism acquired during a laboured education, in figuring as L'avocat du diable †; in straining with the petty quibbles of a clerk in a special pleader's office, to pick flaws in the upright and well-meaning efforts of worthy men ‖, whom the impulse of duty and honor, led to pour forth their native feeling in loyal exertions without hope or remuneration: exertions which it was peculiarly my province to promote, and which I encouraged, by levelling my sarcasms at
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* I have heard of a great public character, and "dignified functionary," who projected to associate Bonaparte to the constellation of his acquaintances, (see page 7) but a less dignified functionary, to wit, either his taylor or laundry maid, made default, and marred the ambitious project, by not bringing home his breeches.

† The devil's advocate is an officer in a certain Roman tribunal, whose province it is to make out, that actions, apparently good, have originated in bad motives.

‖ See the Yeoman's remarks on the Pastoral Instruction of the Connaught bishops.

the love of order, where it raises its head, unbidden and unrewarded. Wretched driveller, could your venom find no issue, without inviting the contrast of your* service and recompence with those of the hierarchy you libelled.

A few words more, and in pity or in perfect lassitude, I will release the suffering culprit, with a sincere wish that presumptuous insolence may not exact from me a further chastisement. I am so much ashamed of an appeal to the public upon a matter personal and trifling, that I trust those only will trouble themselves to read it, who take
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* Hilary Term sat for business the 23d of January, and the pamphlet before me bears date the 28th, of course the pamphlet could not have been written by any person connected with the administration of justice, and no part of this portrait can be descriptive of any such person. A judge should be in his place from ten o'Clock to four, and should extend his knowledge in the intervals of business; then where could he find leisure, in the midst of a busy Term, to write a flimsy pamphlet unconnected with his functions. Moreover, although this country pays, with the highest satisfaction, an ample tribute to its dignified magistrates, it would murmur at hiring a mere pamphleteer at a judge's stipend: as the empress Catherine complained of an Italian singer, who demanded appointments equal to a field marshal; then, please your majesty, replied the singer, be so good as to order your marshals to sing for you.

some interest in mine or my assailant's character. I have left him in the garb of folly, with the cap and bells his appropriate emblems. My temper and my infirmities equally prompt me to be at peace with every man and with every party; from the unambitious retirement to which the latter have consigned me, I never should have thought of fallying forth in quest of this species of adventure; but unaccustomed to receive indignities, I have been at the pains to shew that they are not to be offered with impunity; and I have disdained the subterfuge of writing in the third person. I trust I shall not be reputed harsh, because I have been provoked, as the passenger is surely not cruel or contumelious, if a pig, that grovels in the kennel, and whom he would never have stopped to contemplate, growls and rolls, and invites the kick, which the consciousness of its own demerits anticipated. Having now soundly applied the rod, I will give my advice, pursuant to the usual course of discipline, and with a very sincere wish that the one and the other may be of some avail in reclaiming a froward spirit. Let my assailant, if he happens to be

be incumbered with duties, attend to them. Should he feel himself incompetent, let him yield to some wiser, abler, and better man, and seek an asylum in one of those receptacles for moody melancholy, which, in the environs of this metropolis, a morning's ride will readily present to his selection.

In reviewing this little piece, I have become apprehensive, that I have not been judicious in the selection of a title; those who are of the same opinion, will, perhaps, consider the "*Taming of a Shrew*," to be not a bad substitute.

FINIS.

