

In the *Tuam Herald*—a paper supposed, we know not how truly, to be under the more immediate control of Dr. M'Hale—a paper, however, which certainly speaks the sentiments of the Connaught priesthood—we find, under the head of "female patriotism," the following paragraph, to which we beg the earnest attention of our readers:—

"The following instance of female patriotism is one among the many instances of the kind which occurred in this county previous to the last election:—A girl in a village called Russeltown, in the union

of Liskivy and Adregool, who was for some time attached to a young man in the village, happened, on the very eve of the election, to be led to the hymeneal altar by the object of her affections. Just at the moment when the indissoluble knot was about to be tied, she recollected that her lover had a vote, and dreading that this vote might have been given to the enemy of her country (he being a tenant to a zealous supporter of Mr. Daly,) she immediately 'forbid the bans,' and declared that much as she loved him, 'she loved her country more,' and that she

never would marry him, unless he promised before God that he would vote for Bodkin and Martin—the lovesick swain did not hesitate to comply with her wishes, and the happy union immediately followed. Such facts as these prove to a demonstration what Voltaire said some years ago in alluding to France, "that no country could remain long enslaved, once the women of that country became patriots." Should enthusiasm like this be allowed to rise to a higher pitch of intensity by the further denial of Ireland's rights, nothing but their high sense of religion and virtue can prevent the females from imitating the example of Charlotte Corday, who, with her own hand, laid one whom she thought was an enemy to the liberties of France, in the dust."

We have no right, of course, to question the perfect propriety of the motives which governed the choice of the high-minded maiden of Russeltown in her matrimonial speculations—we have no right, perhaps, to comment on the genius of that religion which thus permits its solemn sacrament to be de-secrated by political intrigue—we have no right to complain that the romantic genius of the enthusiast of the *Tuam* broadsheet, should form out of such unpromising materials, so very beautiful a scene—but we have a right very seriously to complain of the manner in which this admirer of female virtue holds up his heroine to the imitation of his countrywomen. Voltaire—the French Revolution—and Charlotte Corday, are the associations which the mention of female patriotism recalls—infidelity, licentiousness, and murder, are the virtues of this new school of revolutionary heroines.

Some light may be thrown on the paragraph in the Connaught priest's

moniac frenzy which seems to actuate them—they do not conceal that it is the presence of a strong military force alone, which prevents them from slaking their fiendish propensities in blood. They seem under the influence of a political intoxication, which deprives them of all control over their actions. I had read accounts of the scenes which were enacted at Paris during the French Revolution—but I could never realize to my mind these in which fiends in female shape are described, until I saw the streets of Cork, during this election. *I can now understand them all.* Patriotism has been said to be the last refuge of the scoundrel—I can now understand how revolutionary fanaticism can become the hellish religion of women who have no other.

"I cannot, of course, attempt to convey to you any more definite notion of the wild and unrestrained orgies in which these beings celebrate the triumph of the cause of reform. Dancing through the streets, tearing off their clothes—and screaming in the most hideous manner, they leave on the mind an impression of something worse than human.

"I have been credibly informed in several quarters—that a lady whose husband professes radical principles, had the folly to drive out in her carriage dressed in green—a mob attended her in triumph, the enthusiasm of one of these patriot bacchanals carried her so far, that in the intoxication of her patriotism, she disdained the incumbrance of garments, and disrobing herself with the most frantic gestures led the orgies of her companions. I have heard this story repeatedly—it may perhaps be exaggerated, as such stories often are, but certainly from what I have seen myself, it is not improbable.

"The Southern Reporter, the priests' paper in this city, dwells with delight on the patriotism of the females of Cork. Complaints having been made that the

instructor, by the following communication, relative to the recent Cork election, which has been kindly sent to us by a gentleman who was an eyewitness of the scenes he so graphically describes :—

“ The riots which disturbed this city during the election, have been marked by a feature which I believe is new even in the wildest excesses to which popular fury has risen in Ireland. The patriot mobs have been, to a great extent, comprised of women—whose characters may be guessed without difficulty from their manners and appearance. Troops of these wretches parade the streets with green boughs in their hands, indulging in the most licentious expressions and gestures—and shouting for “ould Ireland,” no words can convey any idea of the de-

military were not active enough in quelling the riots. The priests' paper boasted that the reason was, that the mobs were mostly women, and many of them were young and handsome women—the soldiers were gallant fellows, and a hiss to a young fellow in the lines was a wonderful peacemaker.”

This, we repeat, may throw light upon the meaning of the writer in the Tuam Herald—we understand the female patriotism which it seems desirable to the priests and their party to excite. Strange that the admiration of the writer in the Connaught paper for female patriotism, and the horror which our Cork correspondent entertains for it—should excite in the minds of each reminiscences of the French revolution.