

**PAT'S APOLOGY; OR,  
"ENGLAND THE  
WICKEDEST PLACE  
IN THE WORLD!"**

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Pat's Apology; Or, "England the Wickedest Place in the World!" by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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LONDON:

WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

RICHARDSON, ST. ALBANS.

1850.



## PREFACE.

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“ Yes, a preface would look much better than a blank leaf,” I thought, when the idea was suggested to me; but then what was to be done? The manuscript was in the hands of the printers, and contained so many *little* prefaces, I felt afraid I should say the same things again in *advance*, and thus set out with a blunder which would surely gain the name of “ Irish.” While pondering on this subject, my eye rested on an old-looking book; its cover was unknown to me, and *of course* I was curious to see the contents. By what is *called* the “ *merest accident*,” I opened it at a part which rivetted my attention. I had found a “ preface !” The volume was composed of a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of things; but it

was a "Sermon preached in Ramsgate Chapel, in May, 1822," which saved me from all further perplexity as to whether a blank page or a preface should follow the title-page of "Pat's Apology."

"In relieving the necessities of Ireland, I need not, my brethren, remind you that you are lending aid to a people who want neither feeling, sense, nor gratitude; I need not remind you that we have to do with an intelligent and generous nation, however their spirit may now be partially broken by extraordinary suffering and calamities." I am sure I could write nothing more to my taste than are these few words; and I hope my dear Irish correspondents will like them, and that the kind English friends who have hitherto helped in their poor neighbours' cause may feel an increased zeal in their favour.

*January, 1850.*



## PAT'S APOLOGY.

My first interest in Ireland and the Irish was excited by the works of the late Charlotte Elizabeth, that zealous advocate for a people so loved and pitied by her who once as much disliked and despised them. My first letter to Ireland was to the Rev. Charles Gayer at Dingle, and the first money I sent was for the Mission at that place. Though I was formerly quite indifferent to the state of Ireland, knowing nothing of the character of her people nor of the history of her wrongs, I had not the rooted aversion of the talented authoress, whose own words, from her "Personal Recollections," shall speak for themselves.

"I was bound for Ireland! what English

young lady had ever studied the history of that remote, half-civilized settlement called Ireland? Not I, certainly, nor any of my acquaintances; but I took it for granted that Ireland had no antiquities, nothing to distinguish her from other barbarous lands, except that her people ate potatoes, made blunders, and went to mass. I felt it a sort of degradation to have an Irish name, and to go there as a resident; but comforted myself by resolving never in any particular to give into any Irish mode of living, speaking, or thinking, and to associate only with such who had been at least educated in England."

Many letters have followed that first one to Dingle; and if, from the intercourse thus established, as strong a revulsion of feeling has not taken place in my mind as personal intercourse caused in that of Charlotte Elizabeth, I am sure it is not less decided; and I find myself, I believe, almost as anxious as she was, to place the Irish character in a favorable point of

view. Having shewn how thoroughly she could dislike, I must from the same volume borrow her own affectionate words to prove her love. "I had now been in Ireland five years and three months, and with what different feelings did I prepare to leave its green shores from those with which I had first pressed them! unfounded prejudice was succeeded by an attachment founded on close acquaintance with those among whom I had dwelt, contempt by respect, and dislike by the warmest, most grateful affection. I had scorned her poverty, and hated her turbulence. The first I now knew to be no poverty of soil, of natural resources; of mind, talent or energy, but the effect of a blight permitted to rest alike on the land and people, through the selfishness of an unjust, crooked policy that made their welfare of no account in its calculations, nor would stretch forth a hand to deliver them from the dark dominion of Popery. Their turbulence was the natural fruit of such poverty, and of their being wholly left