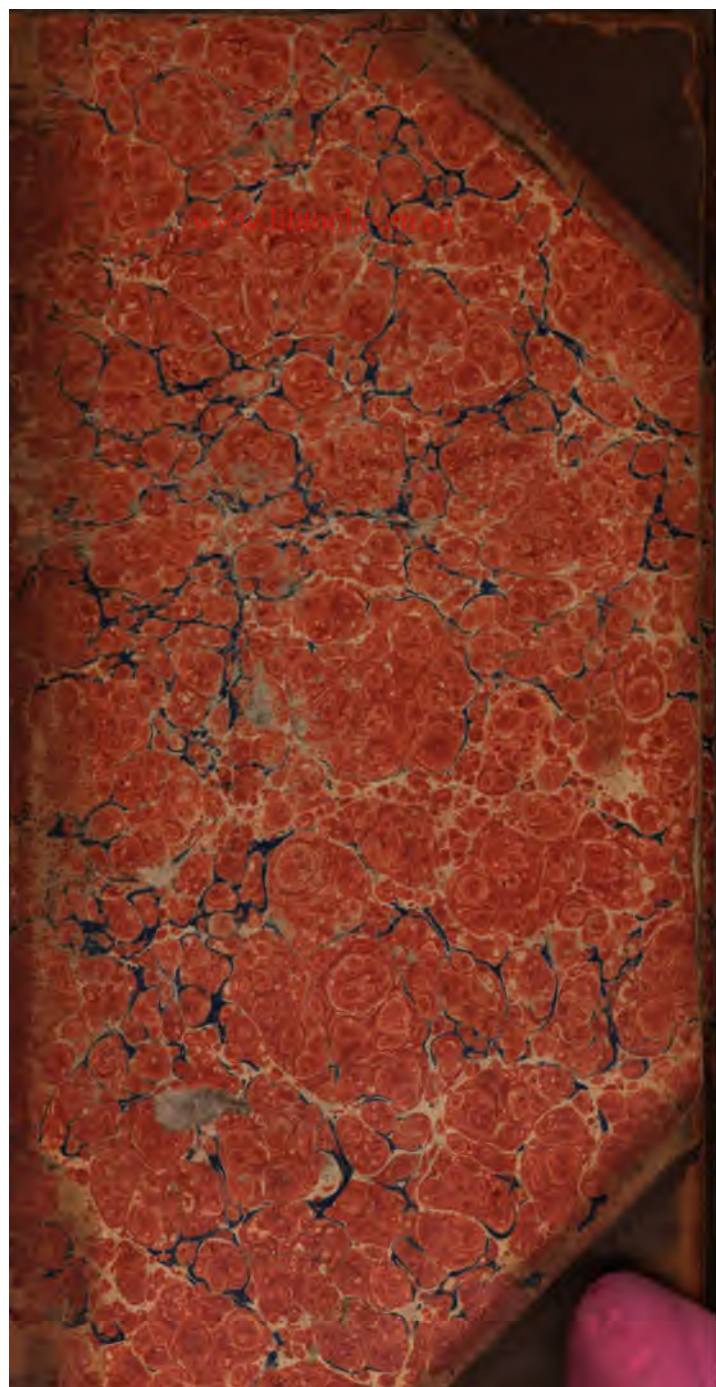


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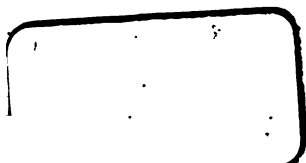




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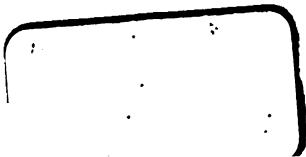
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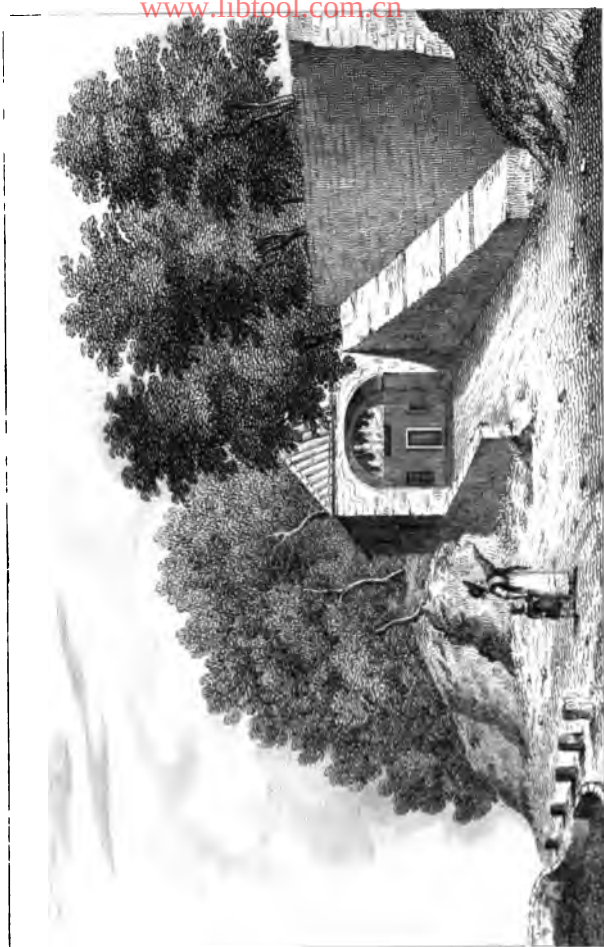


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To face the Tide

CHAPEL OF ST. JACQUES.

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CRY TO IRELAND

AND

THE EMPIRE.

BY AN IRISHMAN,

FORMERLY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH.

Cause have I none, in sooth, of cancred will
To quit them ill, that me demean'd so well;
But self-regard, of private good or ill,
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell.

SPENSER.

LONDON :

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY ;

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE ;

AND MILLIKEN, DUBLIN.

1833.

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sion, at this moment in England, from alluding to the country in any way.

There is actually a sort of *ban* as applicable to the name of Ireland, under which numerous lovers of that land are pining, and if one of them presumes to give humble utterance to his feelings, it is not for the purpose of speaking of persons, but of things of the extremest importance to us Irishmen.

The mere inspection of his title page will secure the author, he thinks, some indulgence amongst his countrymen, but it will, at the same time, afford such slender grounds of hope for anything excellent or effective from such a nursery, that he must rest himself almost totally by *truth* and *reason*, the two great essentials of the social fabric, but which in our country are reduced to a state of beggary. Like that class are they contemned, and hence is society there in a disjointed, rotten state, unlike any thing of the kind in the world.

Truth and reason mainly compose that *Light Tower* that has guided England into the haven of her greatness; clothed in their livery alone, and under their protection, the author will appeal to the public for a little of their patience to lead them through his honest exposure in the following sheets, in the words of him who was indeed a Roman!

“ Countrymen and lovers! hear me for my cause
 censure me in your wisdom, but
 awake your senses that you may the better judge.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Curiosity may inquire who or what the author may be. In satisfaction he begs to declare, that he has not the most distant acquaintance with any person named in the book, nor with any person in the Government, nor in any former one, which will go far to gain for him an acquittal of any feelings of private hostility, and of transferring to public grounds alone any censure that may appear to have forced itself into the work.

Some liberality may be entertained towards a member of that *ancient family*, the Irish, who were probably the great patrons of what is called, in *Don Quixote*, the *Milesian Fables*, a name supposed to be purely patronimic, which tended all to pleasure and no instruction; but more especially when he is so degenerate from the old stock as to denounce this love of ours for *fiction* as most hostile to our repose and our best interests, and as almost intolerable, except in the cases where it assimilates so nearly to *nature and truth*, as to be advantageously made their substitute.

In this family *penchant* of ours. for *fiction* or *rhodomontade*, have been bottomed many efforts at great objects in past and present times. It gives

its chief existence at the present moment to the repeal of the Union, which, though base and baseless, is too important to be left unexposed, or without sufficient data to guide even children in judging of its worthlessness, if they will not remain willingly blind in the dark.

It is this passion, in some of its shapes, that has lured thousands of Ireland's children to their ruin, like some young ladies who were brought to London, a few years ago, to their early graves, under its influence. Like them, the innocent victims of the *repeal quacks* are rubbing-in and inhaling, persuaded, *as were* the dear young ladies alluded to, that *their evident hoyden health* is but an index of a lurking and rapid decline; and that to guard against the galloping consumption not yet arrived at the *paulo-post-futurum*, they must submit to inhalation, infriktion, irritation, sickness, sloughing—death.

Far is the author from intending to disparage the gentleman, or his peculiar system, supposed here to be alluded to. The rich alone could be its objects, who can well protect themselves, and when they do not, we may attribute it to that compensation observable to close inspection throughout, which, on a fair balance of account, perhaps leaves little in their favour. He has likely done some good in reducing some of the *proud flesh*. But

there the poor are in no danger, but from *other empirics* of the great family *Es-cheaters of Munster*, as some great gentlemen used to be called, who go about the country exhibiting to the people their mountebankism, in regard to repeal, against which they cannot guard, but, nothing loth, they swallow the medicines with the marvellous.

As an anchorite, the author has observed for years from his nook, with grateful astonishment, the generosity and liberality with which his country has been treated, encouraged, emboldened, endowed, by England; more especially within the last few years, when she seems to have left to herself nothing more to give away, and that *the Creator* seems to have drawn largely upon his benefits in her favour. But that she should be still, still *distracted Ireland*, fills his bosom with grief and with shame at the recklessness and apparent ingratitude of his countrymen, affording too much reason to think them restless, incapable, perhaps unconscious, of solid political enjoyment of freedom for any length of time, and that they would be the better to be used like the spaniel, who the more he is beat is the more loving slave.

The conduct of Irishmen on the present occasion is qualified to excite a feeling of hostility to them through the rest of the empire, which may not be soon allayed, arising from a conviction that

there is a *malus animus*, an essentially foreign or treacherous quality, innate in the Irish Catholics, almost incompatible with their fitness for the British Constitution. The services rendered to the cause of *reform* have been fairly appreciated, but their recollection will not outlast the *unholy agitation* of the *repeal* in which they are now engaged, with strong appearances of the malediction of Heaven being yet attached to that land.

The *Union* is irrevocable: a divorce is not to be had. No power on earth can sever the two countries while England continues unwilling: and if she gave her consent, it would only ensure the ruin of Ireland. The latter would become a wide wilderness, as unknown to the civilized world as she was to the Roman Empire eighteen hundred years ago, which constituting that world, rejected Ireland as too barbarous to be admitted among its members. To this state do we appear willing to return, as, surely we cannot be weak, vain, or mad enough to think that England would ever allow us, in a state of *separation*, what she now does in a state of *Union* with her. Gentlemen amongst us may be led by their passions of ambition, jealousy, personal hatred, and others to think of France, Spain, or America, as a new and preferable associate for Ireland, for she could not stand alone: but the people of Ireland surely will show or declare, that they hold no com-

munity of feeling with such capriciousness and recklessness, and that nothing, after all, can seduce them from their attachment to honest England.

The author has issued from his obscurity to point out to his countrymen a gathering storm which seems impending over them, but which he devoutly prays may pass away, and not burst upon them; brought down perhaps by those *Conductors*, of which there are too many in the land, it has almost grown into a nuisance, that must be abated or it will place us in peril some day of being blasted by the lightning; it being now found too dangerous an abode for any one that can quit.

Well! the professed object of the *repealers of the Union*, is to re-create, to revive, *parliaments* in Ireland. Could such a body exist twelve months unlike the old stock of parliaments? This subject is examined in the following sheets, in which the author unceremoniously exposes a long course of political and other criminality in those *pseudo-parliaments of Ireland*, exceeding in enormity that of any known legislature in the world.

Ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoque potiti.

VIRG.

They dared prodigious crimes, and realized their daring.

This is a character which has never been disputed. All persons who knew those parliaments,

even their own members, spoke of their doings in the most vituperative manner. But it is not the author's way nor intention to take or give anything for granted in such a case, but to detail a few proofs taken from scores, to leave no doubt as to the truth of the character of iniquity they maintained.

With this view, 1st. *Two instances are given out of hundreds, of their bigoted and cruel conduct to their Catholic countrymen.*

2. *Two more are offered of their nefarious treatment to their countrymen in general, of every religious denomination.*

3. The objects, principles, but especially the practices, of those parliaments are unfolded in several of their *Acts*.

4. An historical outline is attempted of the connexion between the two countries from its early formation, from the usual facts and documents given in every history of Ireland, but from which prejudice alone could scarcely have deduced the foul inferences and false conclusions that generally pervade them. Their facts are misrepresented, and carry an evidence of their inconsistency, so that a principal object in every history of Ireland seems to be the *defamation* of the fair character of the English people and their government. They have imputed to them domination, avarice, cruelty,

bigotry, plunder, injustice, and all sorts of crimes, though it is plain, that but for the protecting intervention of both, the natives of Ireland would have had often to endure greater cruelties, on many occasions, than they were subjected to, even to extermination ; for, as will be seen, this was determined at one time, pending the Stuarts, like that of Carthage and Numantia, their implacable enemies, by the Romans.

It is lamentable that those historians, some of them learned too, should have been such poor followers of each other in their successive works of misrepresentation, instructing the young Irish reader in an exhibition of meagre, distorted facts, to look at England as his country's foe and oppressor. There is, however, reason to hope that the human mind, disembarrassed as it each successive day becomes from prejudice and ignorance, and somewhat experienced in the investigation of truth and light, will arrive finally at the safe mode of expounding all these things, many of which, particularly the political events connected with Ireland in times past, it will be apt and able to explain by the single word *Bribe*.

After the exhibition of the selfishness and worthlessness of Irish parliaments, and the apparent malice with which their mal-government has been attributed by historians to the *commanding autho-*

rity of *England*, the author enters more unrestrainedly on the question of *repeal*, and some other subjects, which occupy the Irish mind injuriously, to the exclusion of others to which the eyes of all good men are turned, and ours ought to be so beyond all others; that is, to a *legal provision for the poor*; to *education* of the useful and suitable sort; without both of which, every country will contain the materials of constantly recurring convulsion, ever exposed to rebellion, through that worst of all rebellions, that of the belly—starvation.

These two measures are proved to be indispensable to the amelioration of Ireland, but notwithstanding the obviousness of the former is acknowledged by every man having a heart and head at the English side of the water, yet their consideration is kept so estranged from, or presented so entangled to, the public mind, that it seems as if some *evil spirit* had been at work, *some spirit walking in darkness, or noon-day devil*, worse than the *ignis fatuus* that lures the traveller from the right road. Did Irishmen become agitators for those two measures, they would have almost every good man in Great Britain support them, and lend them such assistance as would soon swamp their own *shallow-water pilots* in their creeks and crookednesses.

A very requisite *item* in our regimen is noticed, a *state provision for the Catholic clergy*, and akin to this are introduced observations and sentiments that will be called strong, but it is hoped they will be considered respectful. Indeed violent and dangerous diseases require strong medicines and treatment, and the professional man who, in such case, would delude his patient by twaddle or mystery, instead of explaining to him, in strong language, the danger and nature of his disorder, and the remedies applicable, however drastic they may be, would forfeit the right to respect, as friend, citizen, or physician.

So much freedom is taken in the remainder of the work with subjects supposed to impose silence upon us, on the pretence of their being sacred, as is compatible with a *free mind*, teeming with respectful veneration of the subject it thinks on, while it trusts for acquittal to its own integrity and purity of intention. There is an illiberal, unchristian way of applying the epithet *freethinker*, in an odious, vituperative way to any one who presumes to think or speak about religion, except in a certain way; that is, we must ever stick, like a horse in a mill, or a traveller with his eyes shut, in the same path, and never open them to the beauties of the surrounding country, nor so much as look into other beautiful walks in the

neighbouring fields. How long will such irrational nonsense be endurable?

Has *God* told us to keep our eyes open while we can, and dare *poor man* order us to shut them?—so it is. But the wonder only diminishes in comparison with that which should be felt at his *presumption in attempting to enslave our thoughts too*, over which we have no controul ourselves. Our bodies may be dungeoned, our eyes torn out, but our thoughts are more free than even *light or air*, which may be barred out from where *divine thought* is still a triumphant visitor, intended as his last great solace, in his calamities, to man, which yet his fellow-man endeavours to extinguish, mutilate, or strangle.

It is by his freethinking that man ascends in astronomy through the clouds, surveys and delineates the starry concavity, and returns with *the code of laws* by which the Creator regulates the host of heaven, and carries on their government and existence. After travelling, *thought-free*, through the regions of the Most High, he descends, as if inspired, and communicates his acquirements to his fellow-men; takes his course across the trackless ocean in navigation, pointing out its safest roads and by-ways, and lighting his fellows in security over its vast deserts. In geology, he dissects the earth; examines its viscera; unfolds and ex-

plains their contents, and thus leads man to greater love, founded in astonishment, for his Maker.

This freedom of thinking and speaking, the very essence and glory of a free man in a free country, may expose the author to suspicion amongst his ever esteemed countrymen with whose habits, prejudices, feelings, aye, and failings, his earliest recollections are associated, that he is a renegade, a hack, a hireling, a spy : no ; nothing of the sort. He is totally unknown to any man in power, so as not to be reached by such imputations,

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet,
At nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

OVID.

A mind of rectitude sets lies at nought ;
And we are credulous unto a fault.

No master nor dictator has he ; nor guide nor leader, save *truth*, on whom alone he relies, as one who has never deceived her worshippers. She is the divine emanation, giving us her guardian voice in our darkness and difficulties, for our escape from their labyrinth, if we are her loyal liegemen. Truth and reason will prepare us for the political changes in progress—changes as wonderful as unexpected, though some of them, already arrived, have given the note of their coming in their shadows, cast long before them ; and others un-

dreamt, despaired of, are in advance, and are sure to arrive, as the brightness of the sun in its glory of next June. Amongst these will be our emancipation from beggary and famine, folly, credulity, and chimera, and the *wild ways of the West, and our union with the other men* of the empire, let us hope, in their active endeavours to lessen the *miseries of man in every part of the world*. England does not despair of bringing you into the right way, and she will succeed. To England are turned the eyes of all in slavery, peril, misery, or affliction, for her protecting aid, each people counting its happiness in the smallest approach to a *union* with her; whilst we Irishmen, as if opposing and deriding the general voice of man, suffering man, think of relaxing our connexion, of *revealing the Union* with her.

Self-love and social at nature's birth began,
Union, the bond of all things and of man,
His safety must his liberty restrain.
All join to guard what *each* desires to gain;
Forced into virtue thus by self defence,
Ev'n *kings* learn'd justice and benevolence;
Party forsook the path *he* first pursued,
He found *his private* in the *public good*.

Of no party is the author, but of that of *truth*,
which is the party that will triumph at last.

Magna est veritas et provalebit.

Great is truth and it will triumph.

It is under her conduct alone he presumes to point his reader's attention to the facts stated, with all fairness, in the following pages. In knowledge and tact he may exhibit his weakness, but it is no time for weakness even to slumber or be silent when wickedness is abroad. He may at least watch and give warning to those likely to be victims, and to accumulate fresh miseries for themselves. Our movements of this sort must be met by new enactments, multiplying the penal code already cruelly voluminous for the simple and innocent but which wily leaders can evade, while they see the former, set on by them, caught in its springes. They will also multiply numerous mercenaries, as will be shown, and gangs of *anthropophagi*, who are ready to pounce upon you, and which a government, however benign, can more easily set in motion than restrain, when once let loose.

The penal code of Ireland is already cruelly large, but it was left us as a *relic* by *our own dear parliament*, which we are now thinking of setting up anew. Though many of its odious enactments are erased or abrogated, the code stands as a monument of Irish legislation, which felt no shame,

. ubi non est pudor
Nec cura juris sanctitas, pietas, fides
Instabile regnum est

SENECA.

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where's found no shame,
Nor care for justice, sanctity, nor truth's bright name,
That kingdom must be in a tottering frame.

The spirit of that *code* is shown to be sanguinary, selfish, and mercenary, making now slaves of the millions of their fellow-men, and then chains and cords to bind and whip them in their bondage. Can Irishmen think of restoring such a monster to re-devour them? It is a most reckless ambition of despotism over them that can bring any man to presume such a proposition to them. May such presumption meet, even from them, its defeat!

Et perisse à jamais l'affreuse politique
Qui pretend sur les cœurs un pouvoir despotique.

Perish that politician who by frightful arts,
Holds power despotic over human hearts.

A CRY TO IRELAND

AND

THE EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

Repeal Question an Epidemy—Those infected conscious of their uncleanness—Cry for Repeal proof of a return to Barbarism—Apologies for many Repealers—Their Contemplations—No distinguished Proprietor a Repealer—Trades of Dublin— May have their rich Countrymen—Not as Legislators—True mode of having back the Absentees—Ireland the Right Hand of the Empire—In danger of being turned against the body, and committing Suicide—Independence of 1782 a delusion and impossibility—A mode of money-getting—Parliaments omnipotent—Two Omnipotents in the Empire—Opposeable and opposed to each other—No Constitutional Connexion—Ireland still actually subject—Their Parliament, characteristics of—Bigotry and cruelty to the Catholics—Iniquity to all—Act to prevent the further growth of Popery—Duke of Ormond Lieutenant—Thanked by Parliament for his Anti-Popery—Brings over a Papist to be King—Reward offered for his head by the same—Attainder and Confiscation—Persecution of the Catholics—Protecting mitigation by the

English government—Rewards to discoverers of Papist Soldiers—College of Maynooth—Catholics bear his Majesty's Commission—Act to Castrate the Catholic Clergy—Rejected with horror by the English Government—Dean Swift—Tythe of agistment—Consequences—Hearth-money—Character, and working—Tythe and Soot profit, produce a motto—Slandorous imputations against England—Irresponsibility of Parliament—Cause of Political Crimes—Factions—White Feet—Beagles—Ormond takes his Papist Prince to Scotland.

The human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

POPE.

THE "Repeal" mania actually in Ireland, may be looked on as resembling some of those *epidemics* of periodical visitation, which are pestilential and appalling to us, who have always a predisposition to infection. It is pretty certain, that those who have taken the disorder, are conscious of their own uncleanness, in trying to avoid the haunts of men, and creep to their own lazaretto of the west. The *cry* is not a proof of infection alone, but, if joined in by any considerable number approaching to a moiety of the people, would plainly indicate such a retro-gradation, as would constitute a rapid retreat towards *barbarism*. We can easily account for many gentlemen, for whose benefit their places and patronages were sold out to the British government, or who in their own persons sold them and

themselves too, many years ago; and who on mere selfish ground, would like to have an opportunity of doing the like again. There are also other grounds appertaining to our character, restlessness, faction, improvidence, avarice, vanity, wildness, meanness, and profusion, with others, all leading to embarrassment, to be relieved by the old system of "bribery." All these, and many more, have their motives, which are palpable enough; but that the benefit of the "people of Ireland" forms any part of the contemplation or concern of such men, or of any of the "repeal" conductors, no one can believe, save those desirous of being deluded. No man of property, rank, or character appears in the phalanx; could declare himself by joining its "bunting standard," willing to return from the refinements of the society, the temple of liberty and learning, to old Irish slave keeping and barbarism.

The honest men of the liberties of Dublin, the weavers, smiths, and other trades of that metropolis, all most excellent men, are of course excepted; and so far from being culpable, are praiseworthy, perhaps, for extending their views of service to the neighbourhood of that city, without thinking much about the other people and places of Ireland. How should they concern themselves, taught as they are, about the interests of the

English government—Rewards to discoverers of Papist Soldiers—College of Maynooth—Catholics bear his Majesty's Commission—Act to Castrate the Catholic Clergy—Rejected with horror by the English Government—Dean Swift—Tythe of agistment—Consequences—Hearth-money—Character, and working—Tythe and Soot profit, produce a motto—Slandorous imputations against England—Irresponsibility of Parliament—Cause of Political Crimes—Factions—White Feet—Beagles—Ormond takes his Papist Prince to Scotland.

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great family "*Man*," who have hopes, claims, and need of each others assistance in every part of Europe? Their concern is to have back their rich people again. Nobody wants to keep them. England knows them not, and London never set the least value on them. England says, have them, and her blessing, in any way but as legislators: as such they disgraced her, debased her Irish fellow subjects; but they could be no longer allowed, had they been better men, to be a "Colonial Parliament," or "jobbing junto" over a free people, deserving to be a portion of this proud empire.

I am not alluding here, of course, to the great proprietary absentees, who never have been much, or not at all, in Ireland; to the others only, whom you or anybody may have, whom England would wish you to have, and whom to have restored to you and their homes, the true and only remedy is given further on in these pages, that is, the "Poor Laws."

But contrary to the philosophy of my *top scrip*, the *human soul* amongst us seems to be sinking instead of rising; we appear to be looking straight before us, though it is doubtful whether many of us see much further than our nose, and we seem not to look back at all. But this is necessary, if we would derive any benefit from knowledge, and

I will ensure you the presence of "truth" throughout. Let us therefore look back, silent upon "Repeal" at present, to the period within your contemplation, the time when you had your own Parliament. In our retrograde movement, let us take a light review of the considerations at the time of, and the causes for and against, the "Union."

Ireland was called a "member," a limb of the empire before the Union; if it was, it must have been worse than if amputated. She was called England's right-hand, but that hand was not under the control of the head, and was thus sometimes in danger, out of jealousy or spite to the head, of committing *suicide*. The bloody and expensive armour was stripped off; the dagger, as dangerous to friends as to enemies, taken away; and the right-hand was restored to apparel and appearance of a private and peaceful gentleman.

The connexion between the two countries had been much weakened and undermined, and it required repair, improvement, and maintenance. This weakness was essentially growing out of the *independence*, as it was called, gained in the year 1782, which was, virtually, the power of opposing England in every thing, till that *opposition should be bought off*.

Of two free states in such relation to each other,

either must have the right to make any new and separate connexions without even consulting the other, and we know what this right cost us in the years 1797 and 1798, and for some years before, and the loss of blood and treasure also to England. 'Tis very true, all this was very profitable to some hundreds of Irish gentlemen, but to the millions in Ireland, and in England too, it was a horrible expense, laid out as it was upon the butchering and enslaving of their respective fellow countrymen.

Parliaments call themselves *omnipotent*. Here, then, were two *omnipotents* in the same family, that is, under the same King and head, which would have been worse than absurd, but that the smaller *was paid*, and at most exorbitant prices, too, for its submission to the greater. This was the evil that prevented greater ones. Beyond this, there was no connexion between the two parliaments; constitutionally it was null. Ireland was actually still as subject as before, only at a greater expense, because every step and point now became a matter for market and great prices. Had the king been a despot, he could have ruled both and kept up the connexion; but as a constitutional king he must have submitted to both parliaments, that is, *to two masters*, each giving opposite orders, and about the same thing too.

But I stand pledged in my introduction, to give some historical facts of these Irish Parliaments, forming a little exhibition of their conduct for our eyes, and wonderment at the devices of these deceivers, who have the assurance of naming the "thing" to us again—that thing 'yclept Parliament, which was, according to the declarations of some of its own members, the most bigotted, cruel, rapacious, nefarious, corrupt, and venal body of men that were ever assembled as legislators. The safest warning men can have for the future, is a competent knowledge of the past; if they should be led astray a second time, they must blame themselves.

Ὅστις δις ναυαγήσῃ, μετὴν μεμφομέναι Ποσειδῶνα.

He who is *twice* shipwrecked, will unfairly accuse Neptune, or as our northern neighbours translate it more naively;—

You have deceived me *once*, may you be d——d;

If you deceive me *twice*, may I be d——d.

I shall further on resume the above arguments, broken off, that I might redeem my promise to you, of showing up Irish parliaments to you, in their primitive deformity, who might have been well intended when it was asserted

Omnes scelurum comprehendere formas.

I shall take leave to commence with their bi-

gotry, and cruelty, and wanton wickedness to us poor Catholics.

1st. It was in 1703, in the second year of Anne, that our "Parliament" passed the "Act" *For preventing the further growth of Property*. It was unanimous, not a single hand, nor "No," being raised against it in either House.

Thus was the Law of Primogeniture (of which I am no idolater), replaced "*quoad* the Catholics" by that of gavelkind; thus breaking up the slender relics of our property, by dividing it share and share alike between the children, unless any one of them should choose to come forth and declare himself a Protestant, which enabled him to march in and turn out his father or elder brother, and take possession of the estate without being liable for any of the incumbrances or settlements upon it, which became void. The rest of the odious "Act" I will not disgust my readers with. It was managed by James, Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant, who, for his inveteracy against the Catholics, received the thanks of parliament, but soon after turned traitor to his Sovereign, and ran away into France to join a *Popish prince*, and bring him as monarch to these realms. The same parliament set his name in the "Hue and Cry," setting a reward of 10,000*l.* on his head—but he knew his men too well. He did

not come near them, but they consoled themselves with passing against him a *Bill of Attainder*, and thus taking unto themselves his immense property.

The English government, unable to restrain the malignity above alluded to, or the Act, had power enough by bribe and stratagem to get a clause tacked to it—"That no person in Ireland should in future hold any place under the crown, nor fill any corporate magistracy, who did not previously take the sacrament according to the usages of the church of Ireland." Here were those men sent to the *communion table*, with the view, we must hope, of softening their souls and chastening their severity; but in vain—their illiberality was increased—they and their Duke (before he deserted) issued a *proclamation*, offering a large reward to any one "who will discover any Papist enlisted in his majesty's service, or who shall *hereafter* enlist in it, in order to their being turned out and punished with the utmost severity of the law."

But mark the *hereafter*, too. But however devils they might be, they were neither conjurors nor prophets. They could not conceive that the *hereafter* contained the *College of Maynooth*, liberally raised and supported by government, nor that Papists, as they were then called, should be subsequently entrusted with the *king's commission*

in every part of the empire, and that without test, oath, or question of any sort, touching religion.

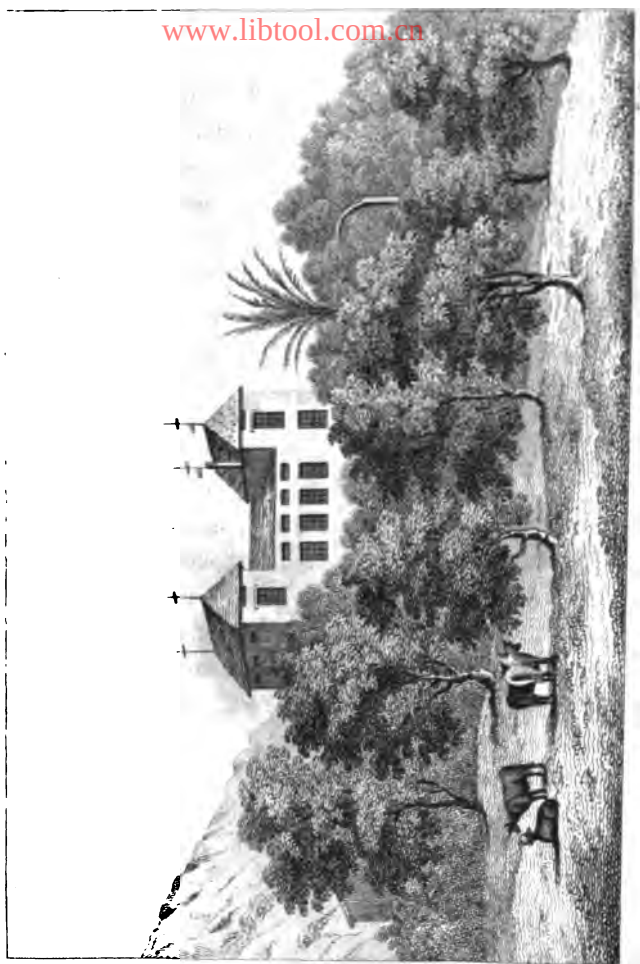
At the time of passing the "Act," the Queen was interceding with the Emperor of Germany, in favour of the Protestants of his dominions, then complaining of persecution, and her majesty and ministers found how injurious and inconvenient this Irish affair was to their exertions, as the Emperor might tell them to look at home. They did what they could for poor suffering humanity in both cases, but with little success amongst us in Ireland,

. heu! cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

2d Act.—In the year 1723, and the 10th of Geo. I., our *Irish Parliament* passed eight violent resolutions against us: one would have supposed that nothing further remained to us, to cause them the slightest further apprehension, and will perhaps attribute, not inaptly, to the very wantonness of wickedness the following "Act," grounded on the said resolutions—can you, can I, can any body believe it now? it is monstrous, but it is very true! There it is at large in the page of history, in the annals of Irish legislation! The "Act" was passed, "To *castrate* every Catholic clergyman found in the realm."

This "Act," assimilating its contrivances in



MR. ROSEBURY'S HOUSE.

barbarity to that of the Red Men of the Woods, the Creeks and Cherokees, the men of the tomahawk and scalping knife, was presented "on the 15th of November, 1723, to the Lord Lieutenant," the "Commons," requesting his excellency, "to recommend the same in the most effectual manner to his majesty, humbly hoping, from his majesty's goodness and his excellency's zeal for his services and the Protestant interest of the kingdom, that the same might be passed into a *law*."

His excellency despatched the "Herod Act" to London, to obtain the sanction of the English parliament, indispensable to its being *law*; but by them was it rejected with the horror and indignation it deserved. This "Act" appears so atrocious, that some doubt may be had in some minds of its corruptness, upon the ground also that the Catholic clergy would have fled the country upon its passing even in Ireland. It is not intended to answer this by stating gravely, that as the *Act* aimed at a matter of mere inutility, they were thus the more ready for incipient martyrdom—no, they knew better. They knew they could trust English humanity, but that at the worst they could easily accommodate with the avarice of their own parliament, whose *bill* was aimed more at their pockets than their fobs. Thus prudently did they save themselves from the perils of foreign

voyages and ways, and their bag and baggage to boot, the comforts of which are always appreciated, though not always used, by all the militant upon earth. This proposal equalling anything that emanated from the darkest periods of persecution, ignorance, and fanaticism, would have been resented as an insult to the British Parliament, by their putting an extinguisher after that on Irish legislation; but its existence was saved by *Dean Swift*, whose talents and authority were successfully exerted in mitigating the rancor of these "colonial legislators," and thus protracting the arrangements then made for superseding this frightful state of things in wretched Ireland, by introducing the liberal government of England on the annihilation of too long existing *Irish parliaments*.

. verbum non amplius addam.

Having treated the "Catholics" to *these two precious relics of Irish legislation* towards them, out of scores of others, I shall now indulge my countrymen, of *all denominations*, with the iniquities enacted against them.

1st. *The tythe of agistment*.—Here was an "Act" of rapacity and iniquity in its cause, and cruelty in its consequences. By this "Act" the established clergy were turned quite out of the

luxuriant and extensive pastures of Ireland, to seek their pittance from the poor and puny tillage spots.

These peers and parliament men now became graziers, turned out their own clergy from their lawful right, to collect—no ! to rob the tiller of his slender store ; being obliged to pay *all* now, instead of the *small part* to which his spot was before liable, in comparison to the *green fields* and *goodly flocks of Ireland*. But the joint robbery of the *clergymen* and of the *tiller* exhibits only a small fraction of the evil thus created. Every patch of ground, that could be by any possibility, was now converted into pasture—the poor were deprived of their commons—the room for corn, potatoes and the like, became too narrow—their prices increased, and the peoples' means diminished—several thousands were soon carried off by famine, and about 3,500 a year, for some years, by emigration across the Atlantic, from *Ulster alone*, as is related by “Archbishop Boulter,” and these then Ireland's bold, intelligent, industrious, best sons, the Protestant dissenters.

Now mark ; when our Parliament passed this *honest vote*, not a *fortieth part of the land of Ireland was in tillage*. There were then thirty-nine parts out of forty grazing lands, in the hands of Aristocrats of Parliament, or their connexions,

who thus waylaid the clergy, out of thirty-nine parts out of forty of their property, and declared "any lawyer an enemy to his country who would get up or assist in any action or prosecution for *tythe of agistment*."

It was now evidently unavoidable for the clergyman, in order to be enabled to live, to throw off his liberality and generosity, his best becoming garb, and the nakedness and ugliness of crippled human nature thus appeared together. Necessity now threw him upon modes of getting, which he would have before rejected, though his claim thereto might have been settled by *law* made by his present plunderers. I am alluding, of course, to the "tythe of potatoes," then heard of for the first time in the province of Munster, and generously given to the parson, by parliament interpretation, in lieu of their own extensive pastures.

Another tragical result of this vote, comprising a period of above fifty years, from the year 1735 to 1790, was a series of riots, insurrections, murders, burnings, robberies, famines, hangings, &c. &c. of White Boys, Right Boys, Oak Boys, Steel Boys, Peep-o'-day Boys, Defenders,—all, all directly and naturally growing out of that one grievance, the iniquity of sending the clergy to strip the poor alone.

2d. *Hearth-money*.—Here was an impost, infa-

mous and iniquitous for Irishmen. It was an "Ormond measure;" not of that weathercock we have seen, but of his grandfather, who was the great political Proteus under the two Charleses, the Protector, and the Commonwealth, and at whom we shall have a peep before parting. Meanness and depravity were herein displayed; there was a sort of levelling to baseness itself. The parliament had the modesty to *charge themselves two shillings a fire*, the same as they, in their condescension, charged to, and forced from the *pauper*, who, often unable to accomplish its payment, saw his *pot and blanket seized* and "canted" for the amount. And this odious *pot* or *poll-tax*, unmatchable between Cork and Constantinople, they had the audacity to nickname a *tax*, after the English word, by which the peer and the sweep paid their two shillings each alike as hearth tax. Now, had it been a chimney tax, the *poor cabin men* would have had a chance of having chimneys built for them, at the public expense, with a hob, to bring them within the "Act;" but as it was, they got neither chimney nor hob, but often had the pot taken from their *little wigwam*.

Shades of "Wat Tyler," hail! Is it congenial spirits to thine, that would raise all England in a month to oppose so unjust an impost, and trample its proposers in the mire? Alas! in Ireland the

feebleness of the slave was felt by his tyrants, as a security for placing any additional grievance he might still be suspected capable of bearing upon him, and thus trampling upon him and the rights of humanity together.

It must have been the profit arising from this murky, sooty source, together with that coming from the abasement of the church, as in "the potato case" above alluded to, that about this time introduced among the said *Parliament people* the motto, in such general use, of

Pro aris et focis.

Thus Englished by themselves—

*Pro-ud airs! l-et poor folks slave and writhe,
They shall alone pay cess and tythe.*

A judgment would seem to have fallen upon these workers of iniquity at this time, and in a *two-fold way*. While they were losing thousands of their best people by famine and self-expatriation beyond the western main, they were also losing thousands of their cattle by a baleful distemper, or rot, which affected the north of Europe generally, but our unfortunate country particularly. How, indeed, could such works escape the Divine indignation?

Those four items of *Irish legislation* are given,

I believe, in all the histories of Ireland. Perhaps amongst the bewildering numbers of those much a-kin, the *squatting-spawn of our Parliaments*, you have not noticed them. But do, pray, get any history—no matter whose—read it, or get it read to you; but though you use a reader's eyes to see it for you, use your own judgment, and examine each point in every way you are capable. Our reason is as much our own as our precious souls, and it was given by the Creator as a peculiar lamp and guide to its soul, as the hands and feet were given to be the helpers and porters of the body; we have the sole right ourselves to use any of them while they are in our service and possession.

Let us, then, not forget the protection we received from the British government against our domestic tyrants, on two of those occasions, at least; and that they discountenanced the other two, which, however, they were not in a situation always to prevent, is conclusive, from their never countenancing any thing of the sort at home. Little as this is, if I were to close my case with it, it would be no less demonstrative of what I intended to unfold, than an answer to that shallow slander which we are for ever witnessing in persons, both above and below us, in charging England and her governments with all sorts of crimes

committed against us. Before you have done with this book, I think you will be so thoroughly convinced of the falsehood and baseness of such assertions, that you will for ever after have a hatred of the calumniators.

It will be proper, before I advance farther, that we should have a precise understanding about persons as well as things; and that our allusions are, and shall be, to corporations, not individuals—to “parliaments,” not to persons. God forbid that we should vituperate the character, much less the motives of any of those men, long gone to their account—heavy, we may presume—but let us hope passed with that mercy, they seem to have so little felt for others.

“That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

Universal Prayer.

They have, however, all to answer for themselves as individuals, not as parliaments, of which there is an eternal dissolution “*quoad* them” in the country of their actual abode. As individuals, we may believe they can make satisfactory answers—that not one of them did, or would perpetrate, as individuals, what they did in their corporate capacity, where individual responsibility being excluded, and the respect or dread of public opinion never entering, the parties keep each

other in countenance, whilst the worst passions and unworthy actions are put into operation. The want of public opinion, always despised if it dare raise its head at all in a land of slavery as ours was, gives life to this, and vigour beyond what it can have in free countries such as England ; but it was a hotbed for numerous crimes, of which public profligacy is the centre, but you must find out a circumference to it yourselves.

The so-called *Parliament of Ireland* was indeed no parliament, constitutionally speaking. It had no sympathy with the people : it was no way representative, till a short time before its annihilation. It declared itself so, that is, unrepresentative, as we shall see in another place ; nor did it much need this self-condemnation, when we remember it was coëval with the monarch—that is, the same parliament continued during the whole reign, however long, till that of George III. made a little alteration. Those gentlemen, therefore, who had no constituents they cared about, to call them to account, nor any period for it, perhaps, during a long life, nor any controul or anxiety from feelings out of doors, were naturally occupied *for themselves*. There was no fear of public exposure nor execration : were there any whisperings outside about blame or delinquency, each member could easily explain away that from him-

self to some one else; indeed, the temptation was so great, the crime was inevitable—that of political profligacy.

We know well what we every day and night commit in bodies—our wickedness and crimes as factions at fairs—though many of us the day before, as individuals, were as meek, mild, soft, and inoffensive as a girl, yet in a few short hours, we get together and form that frightful monster called a “faction.” The darkness of the night makes it still more hideous, even so to the parties themselves, many of whom have gone out a *White-footing* through kindness to some soliciting acquaintance, but never again returned home, afraid of being there haunted by the horrors which they witnessed, and in which they might have been an unwilling, weeping, but a guilty party.

The Beagle we all know—it is an animal beautiful, clean, kind, faithful, loving, and beloved, inoffensive about a house, as the very children it plays with. Call, and pack, and whistle; some wretched animal called game is pursued, taken, and instantly torn to pieces; and the beagles return to their individual, harmless playfulness, from this horrible deed of mangling, apparently satisfied that they have discharged but a duty.

Excuses may be made for our parliaments, under the management, as they were for many

years, of such an extreme bigot as the Duke of Ormond. They might have been more cruel ; and we see, in his case, what has been often observed, "that extremes are much nearer to each other than most people often could suppose." This man, from being the hunter of Papists, yet we may suppose so fond of the breed, that he goes to fetch a royal one at the risk of his life from a foreign country ; and he did fetch him, but not to us—we would not have him, (I am talking of the first Pretender in 1715,) but he took him to Scotland, who thus lost, through Ormond's instrumentality, much of her best blood, many of her good and amiable men, sacrificed to his restless intrigue and boundless ambition.

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CHAPTER II.

Truth taken as an insult to Ireland by Irishmen—Duelling—Knowledge is Strength—Genius and Discretion—Gold and Genius—Independence—Liberty—Treachery in gaining them—American War—Parliament cowardice and compulsion—Accession of Geo. III.—Declaration from the Throne—Revival of Liberty—Royal Promise and White Boys—The Pope and Pretender—Subornation—Dr. Butler, titular Archbishop of Cashel, Commissary-in-Chief—Association of the names of His Grace, James Butler, Archbishop, and of His Grace, James Butler, Duke of Ormond—Bad Kings and good Subjects—Butler's Catechism—1773—Bribery and Benevolence of Parliament—Success—Papist-money on Mortgages—Modern Legislators—Public trust for private benefit—Omnipotence of Parliament includes injustice—Mr. Stanley's deception—Landowners' hopes therefrom, by right, to pocket the Tythes with their Rents—Their notion of annihilation—A shakehands at parting with the Parsons—Catholic interference in Protestant affairs—Honourable Mr. Petre—Cry of murder, a remedy for death—Convention Act—Meetings illegal and criminal—An object for abrogation—Sophistry nonsense—Law a Lady—Abolition of Tythes—Protestantising Ireland—Protestant Clergy, their character—Colonels entrusted with regiments to plunder, for themselves, a section

of the people—Lord Lieutenant Harcourt's repeated orders—His efforts and success—Oath of Allegiance—Volunteers—Dungannon and Delphi—Congress—Voice of one hundred and forty-three Delegates in two Resolutions—Forgotten—Gratitude—Virtue—Vapouring and Rent—Mr. Gardiner's Three Bills—Limerick and Galway—Privateering—Horses valued at 5*l.* 1*s.*—Converts—A Requiem—Provincials recommended by the Pope—Draco's bloody Code—Dublin Parliaments bloodier.

AFTER posting hither through these pages, of my readers who are Irish, many will at once discover an attack on our country's honour, who never discovered any great desire to promote her substantial advantages, and who will declare this an insolent and intolerable, if not libellous, exposure, on the principle perhaps on which a lover and teller of truth is summoned to the end of a pistol; but if he declines being put in a position to be shot by a liar perhaps, he will be posted as a coward, and the mob, as they lose their pleasures through the coward, will be likely to think more unfavourably of him than of the former. But we value not such postings, nor boastings, nor bouncings. In my love of Ireland, I am enthusiastic too; but I think she cannot assume her proper dignity till she knows herself, and gets out of her *leading-strings*. This is the object in view; to dissipate delusions and point out defects; and how are we to arrive at it without referring to the

parties ~~who exhibited them?~~ Are we, or, are we not, to rise from our weakness, and try to acquire strength? if we are, how can we do it without knowledge, when *knowledge is strength*?

In our generous admiration of genius and wit, of which no one will say there was at any time any lack in our country, we will not see the want of discretion, nor often of honesty. There is seldom any necessity for genius for the happiness or security of a people, though honesty and discretion are every hour indispensable. In our admiration we make utility a correlative idea with genius, when, perhaps, mischief would be more so. Genius is like gold, often the slave of the worthless, as well as the friend of the good, and tends rather to impoverish and injure its native neighbours in the mine, while it enriches those who can purchase it when brought to them for sale, as in the case of England, and all the gold countries in the world—could native genius have availed us, we had been, indeed, a great people.

You will here stop me, and in your anxiety for the dead, and resting on that false and mischievous apothegm, "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum,*" which should be *verum*, you will, with the authority of *your leaders*, for you must be always under authority and leaders, ask rather confidently, "were not the faults and crimes of those defunct

parliaments stoned for and indemnified by the
last, who gained us independence from England,
gave liberty to the Catholics, and a general diffu-
sion of benefits to the whole people?

I say No, emphatically; nothing more false in all
 its parts, and *it is somewhat to our honour that it*
is false. The *independence* gained has been
 already shown sufficiently for our purpose here to
 be *visionary.* But had it been real, what honest
 man could have enjoyed it under the disgraceful,
 treacherous manner it was effected?

Behold it, my countrymen; but let us blush
 for our then leaders, who had sufficient genius,
 indeed, but a sad want of sincerity.

England became engaged in a war with her
 American colonies. The right or the wrong of it
 is no part of our inquiry now. She calls on her
 sister, of Irish nursing, naturally to assist her.
 There had been bickerings between the sisters, no
 doubt; but instead of generously forgetting them,
 and clinging closer in the moment of danger, the
 little one, who had been clandestinely favouring
 the revolvers, now took advantage of her sister's
 difficulties, turns tail and sets up for herself. The
 elder, sooner than break the family connexion alto-
 gether, submits, not without some indignation at so
 unworthy a way, but still in hopes that the younger
 would proceed in future with some decency, dis-

cretion, and liberality; and in the case of her failing so to do, the charter would be withdrawn as soon as the head of the family should get evolved from her difficulties.

Here was then a base way of gaining an object, of which we should and would have been always ashamed upon due consideration. But we had nothing to do with it; it was intended to benefit a few at the expense of the many, and as a safe mode of extortion against England. Let us silence the ignorance or effrontery that would allude to it in our presence, and take some horror to ourselves, that the thing, if true, would be base, but as it is, it is both false and base.

That parliament gave any liberty to the Catholics, except upon compulsion and cowardice, or that they ever intended to do so, is as unfounded; but to understand this thoroughly, it will be necessary to examine the preserves somewhat widely and scrupulously.

The first revival of freedom after her long sleep in slavery and apathy, occurred with the accession of George III. in 1760, the father of his present majesty. From the throne, his first declaration was, "That being born in the country, *he gloried in the name of Briton*; that it would be his peculiar happiness to promote the welfare, and *maintain the civil and religious rights of his loving sub-*

jects ; and that as the best means to draw down the Divine favour on his reign, he was determined to encourage the practice of true religion and virtue."

Here was a light to us in our darkness ; a cheering sound of trumpet to us in our bondage. His majesty's first declaration that he would *maintain the civil and religious rights* of his subjects ; made us look up indeed ; but we were too weak and feverish to comprehend or enjoy so much. There could be no doubt, however, of our now having the royal promise to support us in seeking our rights and liberties in a proper way, and this alone was giving us a great advantage against our domestic oppressors.

Was it any wonder then that we, in our want of skill and moderation in our first enlargement, should have commenced by turning White Boys where we were most oppressed, and wreak our revenge, as we thought, on our enemies ? The poor starveling relics of the people, after years of famine, rose up principally to seek and secure a little food, which they found impossible, against the *agistment, hearth-money*, and other harpy-taxes. The people, still destitute, were growing desperate, but their effervescence was artfully turned by the "parliament," and satellites, to poor proctors, surveyors, and such like, as if they were to blame ;

and thus they as artfully impressed our friends in Britain with the belief that we were leagued in a general conspiracy against Englishmen and Protestantism, and that we were about to bring in *the Pope or the Pretender*, it was doubtful which ; giving the name of Dr. James Butler, titular Archbishop of Cashel, as commissary or agent for the Papist Propagandism. They made these declarations upon several suborned oaths, and by other contrivances, they not only removed the odium attached to their own character in the bosoms of honest Englishmen, but succeeded in undermining the sympathy of our best friends from us, and in regaining from them some portion of their former power of trampling upon us. The name of his grace James Butler, who was a virtuous, loyal, and enlightened prelate, had an unfortunate association in the minds of Englishmen, with that of his grace James Butler, Duke of Ormond, whose ambition was to make bad kings, though that of the former was to make good subjects. His character may rest on his Catechism, still generally used.

“Q. How must we love our neighbours ?

“A. As ourselves.

“Q. Who is our neighbour ?

“A. All mankind ; even those who injure us, or differ from us in religion.”

England continued still shocked at the atrocities every day committed amongst us, and saw that, for any great amelioration, legislation for us must pass out of the hand that held it.

It was so late as the year 1778, when legal relaxation began. Lord Harcourt, then Lieutenant of Ireland, received instructions from home (the British government) *to relax the penal code*. He commenced by paying off an arrear of 255,000*l.* due for majorities in parliament, and 100,000*l.* more as *retaining fees* to its members to vote by *Castle-clock*. His lordship thought, by paying so liberally, he had removed all impediments, and might enter successfully on accomplishing his orders.

The heads of *two bills* were now introduced under the auspices of Mr. Langrishe, Sir Lucius O'Bryen, and Mr. Morton, gentlemen of great weight in parliament, and at the castle. One of the bills was, to enable Catholics *to take leases for lives*, they being before limited to *thirty-one years*. The second bill was, *to secure to them the repayment of money, lent by them on mortgage to Protestants*.

Heavens! can any person believe that it was necessary for the government to carry such a bill as this through parliament? It was—and it failed in being able to carry it or the other either. It is

to be inferred that the Papists (as we were then called) had been lending their money, which they could not invest in land, to the Protestants, upon mortgage and *upon honour*. Whether it was that the money was ultimately considered Papist, and was not returnable through religious scruple or want of principle, may be a perplexing question to some at this day; but what a disgrace, what a proof of unprincipled profligacy, that the British government should be obliged to interfere in such a matter, and ineffectually too!

Our "parliament" took and pocketed the 365,000*l.* for fees (bribes) and arrears, and boldly refused to pass such a bill, to compel themselves to repay Papist money! Thus did our parliament swindle both ourselves and the British government.

There appears to have been a spirit of *selfish legislation amongst us*, which could never be subdued, and perhaps you will suspect that *that* spirit is playing about the affections of *our legislators* at this day in the imperial parliament—innocently and partially of course. But some of them have been making use of their *legislative powers* here (powers entrusted to them by the constitution, for *the public*, and not for *their own benefit*) to *annihilate tythes*, that is, in plain language, to put their amount into their own pockets.

Now is this right, my countrymen; is it even decent? I hope we would ourselves abstain from such a selfish course; but this omnipotency of parliament must raise queer notions, it appears, in some of its members' minds: if you can uphold it, especially in Catholic members, you must do it under some delusion, as you, at least, have no interest in it—at least you working farmers.

Our worthy legislators, simple souls! declare themselves deceived by Mr. Stanley. That he promised them he would *annihilate tythes*—why so he did, but not quite in their sense of the word. O horrible! he only made the thing worse for the legislators! He removed the odious name and impost *from the poor who ought not to pay them, to the rich who ought*: and behold he is resisted, abused, insulted, because he did not perform his promise in the old Irish parliament way. The legislators expected from him at least to be allowed to make the small addition of the parson's 100*l.* a year, to their own 900*l.*, and thus prettily make up the four digits of 1,000*l.* a year.

Mr. Stanley has not, perhaps, pleased any of the parties; but he has conferred upon us a great boon, and it must be in some degree mortifying to him, that we are so little sensible of it; but our feelings and senses are yet in other hands;

that is, the strings by which they are held in play are in the hands of our leaders, not long to continue, I believe, for I suspect Mr. S. is the man at last who will cut the strings, and scare and scatter the keepers.

Herein is nothing offered in favour of *tythes*, as an annoyance to the industrious farmer, but merely against that spirit of rapacity (and that is its name) which would plunder a large class of the community, of their yet lawful property, to put it in their own pockets, without serving in the smallest degree the farmer, who is yet dupe enough to be made the instrument of resistance to the laws, to have his character and his life blasted away together.

Mr. Stanley has abolished tythes in the equitable and English sense of the word, like an honest man. He has blotted out the name and the annoyance to us. They no longer *belong to the clergy, but to the government*; and the landowners are in future to pay a commuted sum in money for them. And, good God! what business has the farmer to interfere, if it be so—when he should sing a “jubilate” for the government,—thus to turn round like an idiot or maniac, and make it imperative upon poor soldiers with sad hearts to charge upon him?

Tythes are in future extinct for us, except the

~~errors~~—no ~~proctor~~ nor ~~parson~~ can legally call upon us again. Now the very word ~~error~~ implies an ~~indulgence~~, which ought to have been felt, and in honesty discharged. But, my countrymen, it was to have been the last act—why did you not do it with generosity and a shake of the hand at parting with the clergyman? This circumstance, depend upon it, is more disreputable to our character, than most past occurrences; we have had more hollow friends than the parsons, believe me, and many of us will find it out after the connexion is dissolved. The impolicy as well as the iniquity of this conduct ought to have been guarded against.

My friends, what business have we, new-comers of the other day into the constitution, to take or meddle with Protestant church affairs at all? is it not most ungenerous, ungrateful, even if it was just? There was the conduct of a man of honour, sense, delicacy, and true religion, for our member's imitation—I mean the Honourable Mr. Petre, who declared in his place in parliament, that he did not come, nor was he sent there, to meddle with Protestant vested rights, with which he would have nothing to do.

O! but our legislators, who some of them have not a tythe of his interest in the question, must bring disgrace upon us, and death to many, new

hostility to our religion, and a pretty general feeling that we are never to be satisfied, but must likely be put like beasts into harness again.

Well, but those gentlemen have a little interest, and that must account for the absence of principle. But how to account for our resistance, except through our love for leadership and agitation, is somewhat inexplicable. We had no interest in it beyond the *bit of arrear*, and yet we go out to be shot like coots, while our leaders, whose concern it is, are too shy to show their faces. O ! but they'll prove murder, rank murder, they tell you !—what a remedy, what a consolation to the widow, the mother, or the orphan !—what a promising prospect of revenge ! The best point in which is the pretty pickings of gentlemen who will get up the prosecutions.

If those gentlemen had explained to you that there is such an “Act” in existence in Ireland, as the “*Convention Act*,” they might have intended you some good. This “Act” makes *criminal* any meeting under pretext even of petitioning parliament, if there has been any *previous consultation* on the subject ; now had we met to petition against this “Act,” we should have deserved and had leniency, and perhaps support, from the government. But instead of this we meet in defiance of the “Act,” of honesty, of the

government, oppose the law of the land, and we get shot for our pains; and then our lawyers and leaders cry out murder! upon a scrap of sophistry;—nonsense! you know better than that—you know the law, like a lady, must resist any *attempt at violation*; and she is expected to go further often by her best friends, and punish the violators. But if she should not resist them, at least, why what is she?—what abominable artifice and delusion!

One remark upon this most lamentable tythe affair, and 'tis here at end. The government has done more now, by abolishing tythes, to *Protestantize Ireland*, than all the efforts combined of former governments—one step more on their part, and it would be completed in the present generation. That step would be to transfer the tythes to *our clergy*, and our chapels then would be less crowded, and would be left by a fresh generation to the tythe-eaters alone, with plenty of room in the chapels to stow away all the tythes. Tythes, and the heavy exactions of the court of Rome, banished the Catholic religion (except a handful) from Britain. Tythes alone have been sufficient to keep the Protestants out of Ireland, and those who are opposing tythes are supporting Protestantism; for it is well known that where the *two creeds, Protestant and Catholic*, are left alike to

their own exertions, the former gains wonderfully in number on the latter, as in Maryland, and other states of America. But by the new arrangement the Protestant clergyman of Ireland, who was always a good neighbour, a kind and indulgent master, and sincere friend, under many most provoking circumstances too, will be relieved from his worst enemy; his virtues will assume their due brightness in their course, and will be as duly appreciated.

But this affair of *public legislators for private and selfish purposes*, has led me, as it has yourselves, astray. It is so monstrous in principle, that I am haunted by its evil consequences. Think, my countrymen, of the colonel of a regiment, *intrusted with its command for public good*; think of his using it to rob a portion of the king's subjects, for *his own* benefit, and exposing his poor men into the crime too, by persuading them, *upon his honour*, that it will be for their own benefit, though he would still allow them but their usual subsistence.

I was going to inform you, that after the failure of the two bills in our parliament, the latter of which was *the Papist Money-loan Repayment Bill*, this British government, recognizant of the services we had rendered in the American war, without any vapouring, were determined to do something

for us, and gave orders to Lord Harcourt to that effect. His excellency was now, by new bribes, pensions, and peerages, enabled to carry a *bill* in our favour—what? for a ducat! Why it would puzzle OEdipus himself, the prince of riddlers, to unfold this, if it was not quite large enough for reading in the Irish parliamentary debates—why, *the bill* was to enable or permit us, just “to take the oath of allegiance.”

———— Risum teneatis Amici?

This was, however, a boon, and unlike the late ones, it was received so!—It made us subjects, which we were not before, but our subjection was still bordering on slavery.

The exertions of England in our favour were, against our domestic enemy, only thus far successful, and she was too dangerously engaged beyond the Atlantic to press the affair, which continued without much variation to the year 1782. On the 15th of February, our hopes were raised and brightened by a class of our own countrymen, from whom too we could have expected no favour, had not their prejudices and recollections vanished before their gallantry and generosity. The volunteers were the prophets, and Dungannon was the Delphos.

These, the representatives (worthy of the name)

of one hundred and forty-three corps, assembled—a proud congress for the people: several resolutions were solemnly passed, Colonel William Irvine in the chair, of which the two last may well be given to you again, and they should never be forgotten.

1. Resolved, That we hold the right of private judgment in religion, to be equally sacred in others, as in ourselves.

2. Resolved, That, as Irishmen, Christians, and Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against *our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects*, and that we conceive the measures to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.

Now these two resolutions ought to be re-perused before asking yourselves, how has it been that those men are forgotten; that such services rendered to us in the days of our affliction have slept our memories, if they ever possessed them? That they whose names deserve commemoration in our kalendar, are in their children and descendants maligned, insulted, and reviled as Orangemen, and so forth. Have we really no *gratitude*, and confirm the assertion of some gentleman, who declared there is no word for it in our language—it would appear, indeed, as if such a word were useless. These were the men who, when we were

loaded with chains, boldly essayed and effected our deliverance, without vapouring, bribe, fee, rent, or reward.

When these resolutions were passed, the whole of the boons conferred upon us was limited to the *oath of allegiance*. A few days previously, it is true, Mr. Gardiner gave notice of his *intention to bring in a bill*, founded indubitably upon the fore-known determination of this liberal and liberating assembly. The bills he brought in a few days after the above meeting. They were three in number: one was negatived; the other two were fiercely resisted, notwithstanding liberty's grand field-day at Dungannon. However our parliament, now griped and growling, submitted at last.

The bills embraced no grant of graces, but merely a repeal of grievances, such as—

1. A heavy penalty on any Catholic who should have a house in Limerick, Galway, or their suburbs.

2. Re-imbursement of any plunder by *privateers*, out of the properties of the next neighbouring Catholics to such coast.

3. Taking away from us any horse or horses that a valuator chose to put up as worth 5*l.* 1*s.*, the shilling having the charm of making the animal a convert.

There were others, but over the whole let us

sing a *requiem* now. We would not raise the winding sheet, except to exhibit the workers of iniquity—The man of all work in their time; the *Irish parliament*, a mere provincial jobbing junto.

Beware then of listening to any proposal for any thing more of the sort, if it come even from the Pope—Draco's laws punished all crimes alike, and is called the "Bloody Code." Much more bloody the *Irish parliament code*, which punished with famine, deportation, exile, and death, *those* *guiltless of any crime*, but their *submission* to such tyranny and slavery. Take care—wahawk ! warloch !

Ne temeré facias, neque tu haud dicas tibi non prædictum.—CAVE.

CHAPTER III.

French Revolution—Catholic Delegates—Aristocrats and Democrats—A Split—Langrishe's Propositions—Mr. Secretary Hobart—Wolfe Tone and Todd Jones—*Spolia opima* and Corinthian Catholic Parliament—Gloria in Excelsis—Toddling—Foreign Universities—Declarations—Souls kept at Salamanca—Sans-culottes—Grand Juries—Robespierre's neighbours—Hopes in Earl Grey—Friends of the People—Delegates go to London—Introduced to his Majesty—King's Promise, and despatch in redeeming it—Elective Franchise—Intentions of the British Government—Convention Act, not of English parentage—Education in 1793—Papist Schools and Masters—Colleges in France—Barracks—Convents—Hospitals—Sisters of Charity—Trinity College—Admits Catholics; not to its honours or emoluments—Proposed department for Catholic Clergy—Opposed, why—Catholic University—Edmund Burke—Grant of Money—Feeling towards Parliament—Treatment of Students at Maynooth—Last Act of Irish Parliament Suicide bribed—Difficulty at the Union—Men most honourable in Irish Parliament—Lord Plunket—His recantation of Errors—Hocusing—Term "Parliament" libelled—No Representatives of the People—Marquis of Buckingham—Open Embezzlement—Profligacy—George III., Prince of Wales and Regency—Conduct to the Viceroy—A few days make a strange alteration in the omnipotent

showing what ~~Catholic~~ *parliaments* were in their exclusive days—it might be that they possessed more duplicity and caution, than ingenuousness and sincerity. No one could have been betrayed or deceived by the open, candid hostility of the Protestant parliament, and that is not a little. In other respects, parliamentary and corporate rapacity and oppression, in our country at least, would be much alike from either, both perhaps tolerable legislators or slave-drivers for colonies, but not for free men, as we, thanks be to God, now are.

For this we should sing a weekly “Gloria in Excelsis,” and the next clause, “Et in terrâ pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis” will be a *memento* of our best friends, the English, the friends of the world in all difficulties and afflictions.

With the bill of the baronet (Sir Hercules) above alluded to, our honest ancestors were not satisfied; especially when they ascertained from their friends in the British legislature, that *much more had been intended for them*; but that it was abandoned through the intrigues of some false friends, countenanced by the expressed alarms of some credulous toddlers—suspicion will not carry you higher than the Corinthians. At the board there was neither toddling nor twaddling.

They got their true friends in the British legislature to procure them documents, now for

the first time demanded, to allay the affected apprehensions of their oppressors. Those documents were—what do you think? Why *the declaration of the universities of Douay, Louvain, Alcala, Salamanca, and Valladolid, of the opinions of Irishmen!* Yes, verily! of our *sentiments and principles!* as if the latter had been kept at Douay and our souls at Salamanca! Well! those foreign luminaries replied according to their knowledge, *that we would not cut heretics throats, nor murder, nor depose kings;* which was certainly saying more for us than they dared for their own people. But what an insult to us, to be thus sent to foreigners for character, who knew nothing about us! But I shall be told, they were to give us a Roman-Catholic-religion character. This makes it not better; for were we to be measured by the standard of the religion as it existed then in the above countries, we should have been more *sans-culottes than saints*, worshippers of the *guillotine* than of the *blessed Virgin*.

However, like outcasts from house and home and country, were we sent to the countries of the guillotine and the inquisition for a character, and we got it—and for enacting this farce were we the more insulted, as we deserved.

The spirit of the parliament was now infusing itself into the grand juries. Those of Louth,

Meath, Mayo, and Fermanagh, were conspicuous—some of them denounced us as rebellious, and well they might, after our going to Robespierre's neighbours for our character. Others declared *we had no grievances at all, and that we were impudent rascals for calling them so*—a Papist congress! a Popish convention.

Our exertions, however, were unabated, indefatigable; increased with the hostility of our parliament and its clique, and little hope at this side the grave, and none at this side the channel, seemed to remain to us, if our English honest friends did not stand by us now.

Earl Grey, with a bright band, Erskine, Lauderdale, Whitbread, Macintosh, Lambton, &c. were then of a society called "*The Friends of the People*"—they were ours. By their advice, aye, and by Mr. Pitt's too, five of our delegates, Messrs Devereux, French, Byrne, Bellew, and Keogh, set out for London as deputies, to present a petition to *the king*. They proceeded through Belfast, where *they were greatly honoured by the Protestant inhabitants*—think of that—passed through Scotland where they met unusual sympathy and kindness—arrived in London—attended the king's levee with their petition—were introduced to his majesty by Mr. Secretary Dundas, and received very graciously. His majesty promised his atten-

tion to their cause, and he commenced it incessantly.

This proud introduction took place only on the 2d of January, 1793, and in eight days after, that is, on the 10th, *the Irish parliament were favoured with his majesty's recommendation, that they should take into their immediate consideration the said petition.*

Mr. Secretary Hobart introduced a bill. It gave us the *elective franchise*—in short, it admitted us into the constitution equally with our fellow subjects, with the reservation of about *thirty classes of places*, viz., parliament, privy council, governor of county, sheriff, &c. The right honourable gentleman declared it the intention of the British government to open the army and navy to the honest ambition of Catholics, therein to enjoy any rank ; but it was no fault of that, nor of the succeeding governments, that this promise or intimation was not redeemed for thirty years after. The “bill” was passed by the growlers, and it was known to have mortified most grievously some of *those that voted for it*. But we shall understand how this difficulty was encountered, in remembering, that out of something about, or less than three hundred members, one hundred and sixteen of them were pensioners, or placemen.

Their terrors of the *Catholics* now began to be

superseded by those of the *convention*. It brought to their imaginations innumerable headless trunks of *Catholic aristocrats in church and state*, on a crimson ground with a guillotine at work, in, but not by, steam. Thus far they liked the execution, but were afraid the *convention* would *import*, and make it a *genuine article of consumption*. They would now compromise with us, and give us a fair part of the monopoly; but bold men in Ireland felt *civil*, as heavily as we did both *civil and religious*, grievances, and their rank, talent, and persevering industry in the cause, could be only arrested by enacting the *Convention Bill*.

Having alluded to this *bill* before, it is but fair to remark that it would be *one of our thousand and one* errors, to affiliate this ugly bantling to the British government. They had no such cross-grained nursling at home, nor in Scotland, though it would appear quite as necessary in both countries. No! it was altogether of Irish breed and blood, which the British government was obliged to countenance on many grounds besides that of the previous bill just obtained.

The session of parliament closed on the 16th of August, when his excellency declared in his speech, that the "wisdom and liberality with which parliament had attended to his majesty's

recommendation in favour of his Catholic subjects, were highly pleasing to *the King*."

In this year, (1793,) the subject of education, which had been, for a few years previously, a subject of great solicitude, became pressing. Before 1782, we were disabled, by law, from keeping a school. One of Mr. Gardiner's two bills passed in that year was, "*An Act to allow people professing the Popish Religion, to teach schools in this kingdom, and for regulating the education of Papists, and also to repeal parts of certain laws relative to the guardianship of their children.*"

The "Act" which repealed this galling and gothic grievance, furnished not the smallest means, and served and restored education very little. It continued in a desponding state till the French Revolution.

The seminaries for education in France, to which we much resorted, both clergy and laymen, as students, were now cleared out, many of them of teachers of passive obedience, non-resistance, divine right, and so forth, and converted into barracks and hospitals, for the public service. The convents became also untenanted of their fair inmates, except where the abbesses chose to charge themselves with the care of the other sex, and sell their grand coaches and massy croziers, for medicines

which they were to administer with their own hands, as *real sisters of charity*, to the wounded and afflicted soldiers and citizens, nursing them within those walls which, but a few months before, the breath of a male would have contaminated.

Thus from our studies in France were we released: some of us considerable proficient in the extra-collegiate education of the time; which laid the foundation of the *sacred edifice of education at home*.

Trinity College, Dublin, now for the first time, (1793) admitted Catholics to its learning, but excluding them from its honours, and all other advantages. Our number at this college might have touched fifty; where, in harmony with our fellow-students, we drank at the same divine fountain, returning, after some four years, to cultivate at home those lasting friendships which wept over the rancours of mis-called religion. A beginning so auspicious was hailed by the wise and virtuous of all parties, who now contemplated extending the college, so as to contain a department exclusively for *our clergy*. The alarmists went to their occupations of setting the scrupulous and timid a trembling. It was contended, that the college was founded for Protestants only; that it was a Protestant garrison in a Papist—an enemy's country.

In fact, an old charter parchment, not the most pressing wants of a great people, was to be considered.

The heads of this college, full of liberality, offered no opposition to the plans, with that spirit which kept them aloof from those religious polemics, then maintained with much learning, but a modicum of Christianity. This unfortunate failure gave origin to the *College of Maynooth*.

The *Catholics*, many of whom were not blameless in those intrigues, now boldly petitioned for permission to found an *university of their own*; with a *charter of incorporation* to secure the funds they might find for its support. They acted under great and good guides herein—of Edmund Burke and the British Government; and it was no part of their plan to exclude Protestants from their institution. But, "*Dis aliter visum*" the petition got a *traverse*, and a grant of this little concern at Maynooth for about two hundred; equal nearly to the number of clergy excluded from France.

With the view of making us dependent on themselves, and of securing our gratitude, which, however it might have affected the heads, never reached the body of the students, I can aver, during the six or seven first years of its bold infancy, parliament voted 40,000*l.* for the building, and 8,000*l.* for its annual support.

I recollect our feeling of hostility to the government that had thus built a wall of separation between us and our *quondam Protestant school-fellows at Trinity College*, subjecting us to foreigners—professors, as they were styled—with their anti-English, aye, and anti-Irish antipathies; but that, such as it was, we were indebted for it to English liberality. Was it fair, at this period of mortal hostility between Great Britain and France? Young persons are great imitators, and sometimes not of the best qualities. Had they imitated the best in this case, how could it lead, or be expected to lead, to any thing British? It will be said that those gentlemen ran away from their own wicked government. They at least did so, from their own flocks, to their spiritual duties to whom, had they confined themselves, they need not, probably, have deserted. But to give such gentlemen to us for precept, and imitation, of course would appear an act of *treacherous friendship*. Our young minds were strengthened in such consideration, by the frequent rumours we had of its being about to be converted into *barracks*. In such rumours, the wishes of parliament were fairly conveyed, but were never allowed by the enlightened English Government to extend farther; though such was the degree of passive obedience required by the foreigners, principally teachers there, that some-

times it was in danger of being abandoned voluntarily by the students altogether, to the government and governors; and this would have happened more than once, but for the esteem entertained for two or three amiable Irishmen in the domestic management: however, it was too much to endure. The honest students, with the minds and acquirements of men, were treated like mere children. They were willing to remonstrate, and in any way accommodate with their oppressors, unwilling, like children, to complain to the visiting judges, by which they might excite sneers and disgrace to their little college and their religion; but nothing would do but *passive obedience*. Some of our own bishops sent one of their coadjutors as a peacemaker. His knowledge of the affair in dispute was gained, probably, at the professor's table. He invited the students to chapel, to a *Mass of Peace*: but in the middle of it, at the *Consecration*, when the students would be dumb, and unresisting, as dead bodies, through religious awe, he takes his advantage, somewhat in the Iscariot style, and pronounces expulsion, a sort of excommunication, against men, who were never heard, no, nor asked a word in explanation. The whole college was all but emptied by a voluntary march-out of the students from such oppression in 1803; and though they returned, after remonstrances, several quitted

in disgust, and some went over to the Protestant side, for no other cause, without other motive; though, of course, more unworthy ones were made out for them.

The author's title page will be a proof that he was not mixed in these affairs; that he lived in and left the college with some credit, but determined not to endure such unreasonable and insolent treatment.

It has been a great national misfortune, and will continue so, that the original plan of having one or two mixed universities was not carried. Irishmen, at such a thing as Maynooth, never can, nor will be, satisfied. They pant for learning, and its honours; not for the prayers and occupations of a confraternity of an old priory. Fallacy has ascribed it, such as it is, to the parliament of Ireland, with about as much truth as the lord lieutenancy. England was the noble parent, but Ireland the crippling foster-mother.

We will pass over the intervening period, "Insurrection Act," of 1796, and all, to that time of our parliament's grand struggle, in its last agonies, at the *Union, against the power and money of England*.

Soon must, and sooner may, the light of truth, with its full force upon your patient, thinking, and honestly-searching souls, dispel those endless, but

all-withering errors, as to England, and all its governments. Many of them, I hope, will be detected and detested, before you leave this little volume.

What honest man can calmly contemplate, without execration, the parliament that could have thus committed suicide for bribe? Its last act completed *the climax of their corruption, venality, and rapacity*. Here was at stake a measure, beyond all others since the Conquest, the most important to Ireland. It was for her advantage or not. This, which should have constituted the whole difficulty, formed really no part of it. The monopoly of places, pensions, powers, and advantages, to a few, was the impediment; and expensive was its removal. The prices of their political profligacy were reduced to a rate by them; first dividing between them the sum of 1,260,000*l.*—One million, two hundred and sixty thousand pounds!—at the rate of 15,000*l.* each, for eighty-four disfranchised boroughs; numerous other bribes, places, pensions, promotions, and promises, besides twenty-seven new promotions in our peerage. The cash was all extracted from your own pockets.

Now, had England incurred any of the expense connected with the job, she might have been chargeable, perhaps, with some immorality; but when the *traitors* offer to surrender the fortress for

a bribe, which they pray leave to levy off their own people, what should she do, but take it for the people's benefit out of such hands, and interpose between the pillagers and pillaged.

There were, undoubtedly, many most honourable men in the last and preceding parliaments of Ireland,—men, whose opposition could not be bought off. The most distinguished of these, such as Lord Plunket, have lived to pronounce their *own recantation of their errors*, in regard to the *Union*, he long before he was lorded. When such men confess, and humbly too, their errors, inveterately cherished, till a mixed residence in both countries, accurate observation, and corrected information, on a wider field, had dispelled them; well may we be astonished at the assurance of a pack of pretenders, who have not advanced farther towards political knowledge than Prester-John to St. Patrick's purgatory. Leave them on the road; pass them by in apprehension *and contempt: they want to hocus you.*

In this outline, I have fairly exhibited the character and conduct of the so-styled *parliaments* of Ireland to you, for almost a century. Indeed, the word is libelled in its application to such, as clubs at least, before the year 1782. In that year, a motion was made, declaring “the House of Commons the representatives of the people;” which

was rejected. The inference is plain: they had no sympathy; nothing in common; no connexion with the people as constituents. Rapacity was their business, and numerous did they make its sources as the springs of Ireland.

When the late Marquis of Buckingham was Viceroy in 1788, he strove, but in vain, except among the subordinates, to curb this voracious spirit. Under his own observation, arms, ammunition, and public stores, of all sorts, were openly and impudently condemned as useless, carried out as such through the castle gate, and were shortly after brought back again, *purchased as new ones*. Peculation and embezzlement on the broadest scale was the plan. Clerks at 100*l.* a year, did it in splendid style at the rate of 500*l.* or 600*l.* Even hearth-collectors and gaugers in the country towns, would sneer at the poverty of captains of his Majesty's army. *As to Parliament, no measure of utility to the country, nor even to themselves, at last, could be got through it, but by a bribed majority!*

In the year 1788, George III. became of unsound mind. The Prince of Wales, since George IV., was appointed Regent, by the British Government, but with prudent restrictions, as they were considered. The same were, of course, proposed in our parliament, *but they were rejected.*

This may be explained by what we have seen of the Marquis, trying to arrest the career of corruption, it being now counted certain that he and his colleagues would be ousted for a new cabinet. There was, in course, (5th of February, 1789,) an address voted, offering the *regency without any restrictions*, from both Houses. But as his Excellency refused to transmit it, two lords and four commoners were to proceed to London, to present it to his Royal Highness. They were accordingly introduced to the Prince, at Carlton House, where they assured him *they were willing to waive all constitutional propriety in his favour, and invite him to be regent unrestricted*, though he had no more *lawful right* than any other gentleman to be regent, from his having the *lawful right to the throne* upon the death of his father.

During the commissioners' absence on this mission, several patriotic bills were in progress, (some carried,) proposed by Mr. Grattan, the great bill-broker; and the most noble Marquis found all his exertions frustrated in that parliament that had taken millions of the public treasure to be his tools, and, in the anticipation of his being recalled, he was abused, hooted, lampooned,—*parliament passing upon him a bill of censure!*

But alack! whilst the commissioners were in the very act of presenting the said address, news was

brought to Carlton Palace, that *his Majesty was himself again*. As Cæsar would say of his *Legati infectâ re revertuntur*. The old cabinet was to continue. The caitiffs of corruption crept out, cringed too, but were contemned by the Viceroy, and poor Grattan was left with *his bills*, to whistle lillabullero, in solo, by way of keeping up his patriotism in his break-down.

It is presumed, that the pledges given in commencing this sketch, of proving our parliament the most bigoted, cruel, rapacious, nefarious, corrupt, and venal body that perhaps ever assembled as legislators, is now redeemed. In the confined space allowable for this part of the exhibition, are grouped a few facts, taken almost at random, without malice, in the spirit of truth, in proof of our position. Indeed, its certainty could gain no addition, though its credibility might, even though declared by a prophet to you, despatched for that purpose from the *dead*.

When a question is at stake of a measure of the very first importance, not only to ourselves, but to the other parts of the empire, is it fair to you—is it right to justice and truth to drench you with arguments drawn from the future, of which they know nothing, instead of the past, of which they ought to know something? They know enough of the old charnel-house of corruption to employ

your attention from peeping into it; and thus they think they can delude you into granting them another for their own benefit, quite a monopoly. They may be deluded themselves, and think it generally beneficial; but were this true, it would only establish the truth of an asserted part of our national character, that our intelligence much exceeds our judgment. In the east, it is a very popular opinion, that those born idiots are often the best doctors, and that learning would only spoil them—reduce their inspired skill to the mere scale of humanity.

It is odd, that we in the west should have a sort of analogous opinion, in thinking the best politicians those who are cracked, as we call it, or moon-struck; and if they should be so since their childhood, all still in their favour. The medical practitioner in the east, wants neither experiments nor dissecting knife. The public find out, and multiply cases of cure, but no one contemplates the wide-spreading mischief, except to think, where it meets their eye, that it was incurable, inevitable.

Fix'd like a plant in his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

POPE.

CHAPTER IV.

Confidential and able Men—The Cry—Repeal, Bases of—
Powl-a-Phoooca—The Prop—Roads and Seas—Forte of
Irish legislators—Pining—For Poor Laws—Sassenaghs—
Delusion—Spitalfields—Confession—A Catholic Comfort—
Cheap modes of Popularity—Cant—Catholic Parliament—
Cromwell—Colonel Jones—Gone to Connaught—Property
and Propriety—Neighbours, injury to—A Judgment—Pil-
grimage—Poors' Appeal—Dr. Doyle—Levellers—Duty for
Catholic Clergy—Absenteeism—Motion to finish, lost, why
—Irish affairs in Imperial Parliament—Sittings of Irish
Parliaments—Objections—A Country's wants and wishes
consulted—Common lands of Ireland restored—Scotland's
Legislators—Lord Bexley—Trade and Commerce—Free—
Protected—Staple Manufactures—Jews—Gipsies—Royal
Dock-yards—Ratio of Taxation—Emperor Peter the Great
—Ship-building—Vice-regal Establishment—Military—
People not told, what—Expensive Job—Expected to be
repeated—Briton's knowledge—Religions' workings—Ap-
pointments—Ireland's share—Pat-agonian Chiefs—Not to
be satisfied—Atlantic—Buffoonery—Mr. Stanley—Marquis
of Anglesey—Lord Althorpe—Cardinal Spencer—Pope—
Lord Brougham—Habeas Corpus—Protection to public
Men.

THE gentlemen to whom we gave much of our
confidence, are, some of them, able men; very

clever at law, and all that sort of fine and valuable learning, to the professors of it. They would not lead us astray wilfully ; and yet, when there is a plain, visible pathway, from which they turn us, we ought to suspect them, if not under the influence of the mere love of mischief, and it appears the probable passion of some, at least under that of ambition or vanity, always with a little dash of selfishness.

They cry, *the Union must be repealed ; tithes must be resisted ; law must be defied, except what suits our views.* We shall see the success of those cries, and some of us with a vengeance, for our pains in attending to them, when we are perhaps deaf to the cries of dying distress, or to those of our families.

The union, say they, must be repealed—1st. because Ireland wants a domestic legislature and government, that she may be taken out of the hands of foreigners, (English,) who care little and know less about her, and that she may be consigned to Irishmen, who alone understand her wants and wishes.

2. To stop absenteeism.

3. To diminish taxation.

4. To increase trade, manufactures, and commerce, and to obtain numerous other advantages, now denied through the jealousy and domination of

England, or the "*Sassenagh*," according to the new reading.

As to the preamble, viz. the *Union must be repealed*, it is as likely to be carried as Cape Pleaskin is to Powl-a-Phooca. If it could be fixed, as Archimedes talked of a prop for his lever to raise globes, it would then fail of its effect. But this will be, when England gets covered with sea water like the Goodwin Sands, or Ireland takes a cruize across the Atlantic. And even in this latter case, it is problematical if the repealers would succeed, if England wished to keep up the connexion, which I am sure she would not, the locality being the only inducement to it now.

In years not long gone by, when roads were rarities, and seas, for want of skill, were impassable for long portions of the year, these separate establishments for governments were unavoidable. But now that the seas are reduced to the certainty of a turnpike road, this multiplying of expensive and clashing entities, all masters, the least, most intolerable, is inexpedient. Honest England, be assured, though she listen to, will not allow, it. She knows how to smile good-humouredly at a little vapouring and calumny; she can afford even to forget much more in her amplitude in those she would esteem; but the British Lion cannot be roused with impunity.

But let it be granted we gain the preamble, for argument: first comes our *domestic legislature*, who understand the *wants and wishes of the people*.

Now, we take it to be abundantly shown already, that a legislature may thoroughly understand both one and the other, without satisfying either. Although there is much talent, confessedly, in the Irish part of the legislature, with some splendid exceptions it is confined to local squabbles and religious disputes.

On either side with ready hearts and hands,
The chosen guard of bold believers stands.

LALLA ROOKE.

Upon most of the great questions that makes students and statesmen of Englishmen, as the monetary, manufacturing, commercial, foreign, East and West Indian, colonial, European, and free trade, navigation laws, slavery, &c., what knowledge or desire for it have they displayed? Some of them have shown ready alacrity in attending to the wishes of the people, where their interests are identified with their own, as in reform, in which they have rendered good service, and exciting their wishes, where the interest is all nearly on the other side, and the danger on that of the people, as in opposing the law for the abolition of tithes.

But those remedies, for want of which poor Ireland lies stretched, pining and withering on a wad of straw, convulsed from cold and hunger, are neglected by her domestic legislature, such as it is, or opposed, if proposed by others. The first, second, and third ingredients in these remedies, is the *English poor laws*; education another, and a state provision for our clergy, though not a fashionable, is a sound and composing medicine,—of each in its proper place,—but the first three indispensable ones are bespoke, may be said to be on the road, hastened by *that Sassenagh*, who has always a heart in his breast, and a hand in his pocket for unfortunate Ireland's famishing children.

It will not be denied that some of you have honest grounds in asking for a domestic legislature, such, I mean, as the trades and unions of Dublin. They may count on much good from the re-installing of a parliament, judging from their comparatively much greater comforts thirty or forty years ago. But what a delusion! Manchester, Birmingham, and Spitalfields, were surely as well off for wages, at the time spoken of, as Dublin. What are they now? Reduced, as some say, to half; others, to a quarter; from thirty to fifteen shillings; and, in many places, these extremes are farther apart, if reports of gentlemen are to be relied on. But those who will, may rely on interested

a bribe, which they pray leave to levy off their own people, what should she do, but take it for the people's benefit out of such hands, and interpose between the pillagers and pillaged.

There were, undoubtedly, many most honourable men in the last and preceding parliaments of Ireland,—men, whose opposition could not be bought off. The most distinguished of these, such as Lord Plunket, have lived to pronounce their *own recantation of their errors*, in regard to the *Union*, he long before he was lorded. When such men confess, and humbly too, their errors, inveterately cherished, till a mixed residence in both countries, accurate observation, and corrected information, on a wider field, had dispelled them; well may we be astonished at the assurance of a pack of pretenders, who have not advanced farther towards political knowledge than Prester-John to St. Patrick's purgatory. Leave them on the road; pass them by in apprehension *and contempt: they want to hocus you.*

In this outline, I have fairly exhibited the character and conduct of the so-styled *parliaments* of Ireland to you, for almost a century. Indeed, the word is libelled in its application to such, as clubs at least, before the year 1782. In that year, a motion was made, declaring “the House of Commons the representatives of the people;” which

was rejected. The inference is plain : they had no sympathy ; nothing in common ; no connexion with the people as constituents. Rapacity was their business, and numerous did they make its sources as the springs of Ireland.

When the late Marquis of Buckingham was Viceroy in 1788, he strove, but in vain, except among the subordinates, to curb this voracious spirit. Under his own observation, arms, ammunition, and public stores, of all sorts, were openly and impudently condemned as useless, carried out as such through the castle gate, and were shortly after brought back again, *purchased as new ones*. Peculation and embezzlement on the broadest scale was the plan. Clerks at 100*l.* a year, did it in splendid style at the rate of 500*l.* or 600*l.* Even hearth-collectors and gaugers in the country towns, would sneer at the poverty of captains of his Majesty's army. *As to Parliament, no measure of utility to the country, nor even to themselves, at last, could be got through it, but by a bribed majority !*

In the year 1788, George III. became of unsound mind. The Prince of Wales, since George IV., was appointed Regent, by the British Government, but with prudent restrictions, as they were considered. The same were, of course, proposed in our parliament, *but they were rejected.*

reports or baseless assertions; but it is to be lamented that sensible men, like the *trades and unions of Dublin*, can be the dupes of such delusion, when they recollect that Spitalfields, within hearing of the *Imperial Parliament itself*, has died of consumption within some few years; was absolutely starved out.

But were they to succeed in restoring a corps of public plunderers, for the sake of picking up a little of their offal, is there no feeling of philanthropy to save the rest of the country from marauders?

In truth, there is more here than meets the eye: I will take leave to confess it. It is a fond and foolish feeling, which, if spoken out, would be, perhaps, less condemnable than creditable. The fact is, we expect to have a good parliament, as it would contain *many gentlemen of our own religion*. Is this, then, the cause of the crooked policy pursued by some of your confidential friends? Unknown is the comfort, except to ourselves, imparted to poor Catholics, by a man of rank or riches, kneeling amongst them at the same chapel. It makes at once and for ever an acquaintance. By that fact of kneeling, he has purchased an invaluable attachment at an expense below a shilling, which a little cant, with less charity, are sufficient to keep alive.

If the protestant gentlemen of Ireland were to

do the same sort of thing, that is, mix with us at our chapels, and come down liberally at each collection for the clergyman and the chapel, there would be little further required on their part to be invested with more than a fair portion of our affections. Neophytes of that sort, who would never be questioned about conversion, would be dear to us.

But as to such a parliament, let us suppose it altogether Catholic in Ireland, and we should then find no good from it, according to the pages of Irish history, which are almost silent as to such an effect. When it became mixed, in nearly equal parts, as in Cromwell's time, it became the centre of discord and disorder; and though they had large armies of fifty or sixty thousand men in the field, a few thousands of English, under him and Colonel Jones, made them, in the course of a few months, a most mutilated body, with scarcely the power of crawling across the Shannon, where he ordered them to go, and not return; to weep, and cure themselves. Their extensive domains and possessions, of every sort, in Leinster and Munster, remained to the victors, and all this from their insolence, obstinacy, pretended loyalty to a tyrant, who despised them, instead of the laws, which would have protected them, and a disregard to all advice, except that of their own quack chiefs.

In our insolence and disrespect for the law, there is some similitude to the present day, and well would apply to divine advice, "Brethren, be sober, and watch for your adversary," &c. &c. We know the rest. We are possessed of some property now, even, at length, of some of that from which our ancestors were then chased away, gained under innumerable difficulties, with credit to ourselves. That property is as well worth taking away from us, as the church property is from the church. There are people in Ireland, and, believe me, there are in England and Scotland too, who think the time, and propriety, coming fast, if not already arrived, of putting us down, and parting us and our property, taking the latter into their care. We have made ourselves lately the promoters and supporters of lawlessness and plunder of other people's property; and, if we consider, as we are justified in doing, that there is an atonement required in this world for every crime we commit, we may feel much dismay at the probable consequences of what we have done. The most valuable word to man, is that of *neighbour*; and the greatest crime he can commit, is injuring his neighbour in property or person, in attempting to do which, he lays the ground of retaliation or reprisal against himself, which we would do well in praying to be averted from us, in consequence of

our ungracious, ungenerous, and illegal opposition to tithes, as settled by the law. We ought to consider that all the good men in the three kingdoms consider us yet in a state of probation; and if we shall continue to disturb our neighbours and the empire through the means of the great political favour lately conferred upon us, we must be repressed; and our religion disliked as leading to slavery by the other portions of the empire, will be judged the cause of all, must be put down, even at the pain of putting ourselves down with it. It is impossible our late inroads upon the rights of others can be allowed, without putting our rights more recently acquired in danger, which, if realized, would lead our enemies to say with a sneer,

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis Apes.

It is confessed no crime now, but rather a virtue, to rob the church, by some of our leaders; and who will say, that the members of that church, with all their virtue, learning, and other estimable qualities which they possess in a high degree, have not drawn down upon themselves, in this, a divine judgment for their recklessness, at all times, to the horrible state of poverty by which they were surrounded, when they had it in their power to do much in removing it, and ought to have gloried in coming as pilgrims, if necessary, once a year to the

Imperial Parliament, to pray for a provision for the poor; that is, *one single law in favour of the poor*, as a little set-off against the scores by which they are oppressed.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind; and the rank mists they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

MILTON.

Honest Maynooth men, who profess yourselves servants of the Lord, look well to the poor, for they are his people; seek, insist upon, a legal provision for them; swear fealty to this subject till it be carried, for it is his and yours. Release yourselves from all dispensable duties, and join Dr. Doyle in his endeavours for accomplishing this, who has thereby made himself esteemed all over the empire. Throw the whole country, from Colerain to Cape Clear, into noise and agitation, if you will, for this blessed purpose. Force it on the garrisoned mansions through the land, and guarantee their owners that they may level their outworks and embrasures, if they admit the "Poor Laws." Put yourselves on the road to petition, and gain this object, without scrip or staff; and should you come here to forward it, you may count on a kind and favouring reception, and thus will you do more good for Ireland and for religion than all the Popes have ever done in these countries. This do, at the risk of neglect-

ing your spiritual duties, which Heaven can afford to suspend, while you are engaged in the cause of *charity*, the greatest of all. Thus write your worth in the recollections of Englishmen, and against your arrival above, there may you find it registered.

2. As to *Absenteeism*, it is no new complaint. In the year 1773, Mr. Flood moved in *the house* in Dublin, that a tax of two shillings in the pound on the net rents and profits of all land belonging to those persons who did not reside in Ireland for the space of six months in each year, be levied off such owners annually. It originated with, and was strongly supported by, the Viceroy, Lord Harcourt, and, of course, by the British Government. But his lordship and his government were beaten by the absentees, the great proprietors of Ireland, who did successfully oppose it by bribery; and they were justified, as such a measure was most unconstitutional.

They, such absentees, almost English noblemen, could have beaten any government on this question, in an Irish parliament, while it would not be now entertained in the Imperial; its spirit is so opposed to the liberty of the subject. But were the said tax laid on *all land*, and houses too, for support of the poor, it would not be opposed

much by the said proprietors, who know well that this is the only remedy against absenteeism.

It is objected that Irish affairs are not attended to; that there is not time to attend fairly to them, from the press of other business in parliament. Now, we will not talk of the time mis-spent by its members, in detailing Protestant and Catholic quarrels, processions, law processes, party feuds and local complaints, to the exclusion of business of utility; but let us look and discover the working-time of the Irish parliaments.

Down to the year 1768, when the *Octennial Bill* passed, and for years afterwards, the parliament used to have only *one session in two years*; and in most cases, as may be seen by reference, for not above two or three months; being at the rate of *one month*, or six weeks, a year. Now, will any one pretend to assert, that Ireland does not get so much time allowed her during the session? The impression in England is, that she gets much more, more than her fair share.

It is complained, that English and Scotchmen legislate for you, who know nothing about you. If you think a moment, you must be convinced that such gentlemen have at least no selfish motives to consult, and are the more likely to do fair justice, giving their greater sympathy to the weaker

parties. It is not necessary to particularize, but it is felt that the interests of the representatives and of the represented are often in opposition. Let us put a case hypothetically: suppose some member would move, that the *common lands*, which at the beginning of last century belonged to the towns, villages, parishes, and places for the benefit of the poor of Ireland, and which were most unrighteously seized upon and appropriated to their own use by the parliament and its satellites, without shame or consideration, at the time they robbed the clergy too of their tithe of agistment, sending the latter to strip the cotter, and deprive the peasant of his potato. I say, if such a motion were put, we see not how or why British members would oppose so just a proposal; but we know what chance or fair play it would have from the Irish.

This used to be a complaint with Scotland, in the infancy of her Union; but with her forty-five members only, in later years, and these no representatives, in the popular sense of the word, we never heard of a complaint of want of fair justice being done, but, on the contrary, we find it the *best conditioned country* in Europe, without Viceroy, or immense army of military and police, all kept up to draw English money into the land, which is, after all, only one great lazzaretto.

3. Diminution of taxation. The great diminu-

tion made in our taxes many years ago, by the present Lord Bexley, with the most benevolent intentions, was, we must allow, an act of injustice to the other parts of the empire, and particularly to Scotland, from which there never came a complaint. But, on the part of the heavily taxed English people, taxed too for the support of vast numbers of Irish poor, there is a jealousy against this unfair advantage given to Ireland, when she appears to use it for *agitation purposes*, disturbing the peace, and adding to the expense of the empire, as a return for the indulgence.

If taxes are laid on to pay public expenses, we must expect rather an increase than a diminution ; or expect, perhaps, Scotland to assist us, who goes on paying into the treasury, from which she takes little or nothing out.

4. As to trade and commerce. Gracious Heaven ! are *they not as free by law to fix themselves in Ireland*, as they are in Scotland or England ? Who or what law prevents the natives of either or of any country to fix them there, or even the natives of the country itself from leaving it ? The same answer will do for all. The nation must create, the government cannot give, trade and commerce ; it can only give facilities and protection, and all these are abundantly given to Ireland by the *useless favour* of Heaven, as well as the

law of the land. Our taste for trade and commerce runs too much upon those of agitation and mischief, and this with *our staple manufacture of beggars*, are all well calculated to leave us therein a complete monopoly. The Jews have made a home in every country of Europe but ours. If, therefore, they are a retained people of the Lord, for some special purpose, why does it seem prohibited that they should have any intercourse with us, though there are many points of resemblance between the two nations. The gypsies even, a class even below the paupers in England, would, in the case of transportation, prefer going to Botany Bay before Ireland. If then all, even the lowest class in this country of Great Britain, have a horror of—not Ireland, but—Irish morality, habits, recklessness, lawlessness, and crimes, away with dreaming of such residents as trade and commerce, which can only abide in tranquillity, like their own ships, that may be lost in violent storms, or by pirates, or other misfortune.

As we are upon this subject, we may as well notice one apparently fair cause of complaint on our part.

Why should there be seven royal dock-yards in England, (one at Pembroke, in South Wales,) while we are not allowed one in our great waters?

The basis of respective taxation, settled at the Union, that is, : 15 : 2 :: or : $7\frac{1}{2}$: 1, would give us one of them within a fraction, or one-fifteenth part, while the advantages of such an establishment, great as they may be to Sheerness or Chatham, would be incalculably greater to us. The building of a line-of-battle-ship would be a grand elevation of the human mind in such a place as Cork to study and steadiness. Peter the Great, who descended from his imperial throne, to put himself apprentice to ship-building, enlightened and served his people more by that art, in a few years, than they had been for a thousand before.

This is a *prima facie* complaint, which the justice of the English nation, upon proper remonstrance or explanation, would gladly see rectified ; but government must be guided by principles fair and equal for all.

Perhaps the expenses of a vice-regal court, considerable in its ramifications, left as a boon to Ireland, may be judged a fair set-off against a royal dock-yard ; and to this we might also add, perhaps, its vast military establishments. Perhaps there may be also a just apprehension of the jealousies that would be excited against the place fortunate enough to be selected. We dont know. It looks like injustice at first sight, yet it may be

proved to demonstration nearly, that it is not so : it ought to be satisfactorily explained away from a proper authority.

Other arguments may have been used by those gentlemen who are taking so much trouble to possess their incautious countrymen with their own patriotism, in trying, as they term it, *to restore the independence of their country*, already alluded to in Chapter I. Wonderful, but tedious, is what the people have been told, to combine them on this occasion, something like the goodly mobs of Dublin at the time of the Union. They, the people have been, in fact, told everything but the truth—that is, *they want to restore for themselves that monopoly of extensive power and place that existed, coeval the Irish parliament, in the hands of a host of little people, for the aggrandizement of themselves upon the impoverishment and slavery of millions.* There were, indubitably, honest men that opposed the Union at its enactment, but who could do it now ? It is a different thing to oppose the raising of a building, and its continuance when completed with a view to its demolition. To be sure, there was a great expenditure of money upon the building, and it might be a capital job to demolish it, in the hope of having a like outlay over again, which would do the people no good, as it would be kept in the hands of the few monopolists.

If also, in addition to this, some people are so silly as to think they might raise a pretty fabric out of the materials for the *Roman Catholic religion in Ireland*, they are under delusion indeed. The British people, from their vast commercial and other pursuits, have so extensive and thorough a knowledge of the religion, as *it works practically* in the different parts of the world, that they are exceedingly averse to having it at all in this empire, and will not allow it any thing more than a sort of alien existence. It may suit the beggars, banditti; and slaves of Southern Europe, Naples, or Italy, but Britain will have none of these.

It will be obvious that almost all the high appointments in church and state in Ireland, are now, and have been since the Union, more completely in the hands of Irishmen, than they ever were perhaps before. They have a fair, if not much more than a fair, proportion of rank in the army. The government offices, and places in London, through England, through the colonies, are much occupied by them. India, especially its army, entertains a great many.

Indeed it is astonishing how Ireland, with her supposed limited patronage, has so greatly succeeded in occupying so large a share of public place over John Bull, in his own garrisons and territories—yet so it is; and he does not complain,

though he cannot help considering sometimes, and jealousy he has none. His broad brow has no room for it; it is all occupied with plans for benefiting his family, and all mankind.

We are yet the complainants, at least our leaders, our Patagonian chiefs say so, and that we have a right—certainly it is our right—as free men, to complain, but yet we may have no just cause, and in the case before us, it is probable that no man amongst us understands, or knows precisely, what he now wants or wishes for, except the chiefs, whose notions and motives are less doubtful. In short, England will not believe, the thinking people and lovers of liberty throughout the empire and Christendom, that you, the active, and industrious, and intelligent classes through Ireland, can ever give any countenance to repealers, unless you wish them to conclude that it is impossible to satisfy you; and to such conclusion their minds are turned by our conduct, and it is doubtful how soon they may adopt them. That we are as little to be kept from tempest and turbulence as the Atlantic waves, which unintelligibly and incessantly roar on our island, beating it without object, without end.

It is a general opinion, that the principal repealers have put themselves out of society by their bullying, bluster, and buffoonery against public men.

Mr. Stanley may be no place-maker, nor candidate for their adulation, and he and the marquis at the head of the government, ought to bear, for obvious reasons, some good-humoured raillery, or badgering, perhaps, but we must not countenance any spiteful slaver aimed at them. What has honest Lord Althorp done to be so be-slabbered? He was thought, in England, virtuous enough to be a Pope, and there might have been, on that ground, some suspicion of it, had not his brother taken that start of him which will most likely place him in the pontifical chair. And should that happen, why, I say, God help us! What! another Englishman, *sassenagh* Pope!—And Lord Brougham too!

But in sober seriousness, all this is in bad taste. If a physician point out to you a latent ulcer, which endangers your lives, is he not hailed as a friend, and lauded as a professor? What has his lordship done unlike, in drawing your attention to the *Habeas Corpus Act*? and who can say it was not with the view of embodying you as petitioners to have it cancelled from the statute-book? Is it not painful to witness such heartless conduct, or such apparent ill breeding on the part of those so lately introduced, and that too, against their introducers?

This conduct and language of diatribe, fit for

the level, perhaps, of a London tap-room, indicates much weakness in the quarter where used, it shows a malice that never could be felt on *public grounds*. We must, we ought to disclaim such connexion, and reflect on the truth of that saying, "The Lord defend us from our friends! for we can defend ourselves against our enemies."

We wish to be treated with forbearance and respect ourselves. Go then, and do likewise, more especially to those invested by the laws with authority; and when they appear unwilling to use those weapons the law have put in their hands for their own protection, they ought to be protected from insult by every honest man.

CHAPTER V.

Antiquaries—High descent—Cæsarea—Antediluvian Ireland—Partholan Cossacks—Gathelus or Gaelus—Pharaoh's Daughter—Similarity to the Jews—Milesians—Strabo—reports the Irish given to Cannibalism and Incest—Melu—his account—Tacitus—Agricola—Pontifical Legate under Vespasian—Irish Kingling—A Legion—Galgacus, the noble Caledonian—Ireland's State compared with England's—Cæsar and his crack Corps—Juvenal—Erin, derivation always doubted—Settled—Brehon—Devils and Agitators same thing in the Greek—Kyrie eleison—Another Kingling—Strongbow—A beautiful Princess—Henry II.—Zealous—goes to Ireland—with a Bull—Adrian IV.—St. Peter's Rights—Barbarians—Peter-Pence—Schismatics—Tithes—Pope orders Subjugation and Submission—Irish Heptarchy—Tithes first established—Henry's Right—An Alternative—Conscience not relievable from Tithes but by rejecting Rome's authority—Lord and King differ—English Code offered—The Royal Osier Palace in Dublin—His Majesty's Adoption and Baptism—New Euphony—Conquest sans blood—King John—Visits Ireland in 1210—Affection and Justice—Magna Charta sent—Principal Settlers always defied the Government—English always wished to aid the Natives—Edward II.—Robert Bruce—A Bull—frightens the Irish into Cowards—Bruce's Bravery and Death—Intention of Edward II. to settle in Ireland—Edward III.—Continued Attachment—raises

an Army—orders a Parliament—Convention one in defiance at Kilkenny—Statutes—A Bull—The Roses—The Palers—Henry VII. and Kildare—Reformation—Popular in England—Irish poverty kept her out of it—Conduct to Persecuted—Queen Elizabeth—Friend to the People—Hated by the Aristocrats—Desmonds, Kildares, &c.—Coalition of the two Bloods—Potatoes—Sir Walter Raleigh—James I.—Justice—Desires to serve—Brehon Laws—His distribution of Land—First National Parliament—Very Catholic—Pope's Supremacy—A Folly—A Favourite—Always beat.

BEFORE entering on the connexion between England and Ireland, it is a temptation almost irresistible, as well as indispensable to the interests of *truth*, to give an outline previously of the history of the latter country.

Now, as to the Irish historians of antiquity, they are modest enough to derive us from no higher a stock than Noah's granddaughter—she (*Cæsarea*) came and inhabited Ireland *before the flood*; but as they then lose sight of her, it is possible she and the history perished together, not having the protection of the Ark. They tell us then of Partholan and Nemeth, the Cossacks, (classically Scythians,) about three hundred years after; and then Gathelus with his wife Scotsa, Pharaoh's daughter, a gipsey, who left us the passion for fortune-telling, but no great skill in improving our own. Authors give us nakedly the lady's name, leaving us to enigma as to the rest. They do not tell us

whether she was that sweet princess spoken of in the "Acts," (chap. vii. 21,) who preserved Moses when cast out among the bulrushes, and brought him up for her own; nor whether her father Pharaoh was the celebrated dreamer. In the interest she took for Moses and ourselves, may be traced the similarity or identity many have seen between ourselves and the Jewish people. He (Gathelus) was a school-master most likely, brought us letters, still called from him, it is said, Gaelgha; next come Heber and Heremon, the founders of the *Milesians*, their father being Milesius, King of Spain—from all which it is to be inferred, that all other nations are mere infants in age to us.

As an authority somewhat better known, there was a celebrated geographer about thirty years before Christ, called *Strabo*, the Pinkerton of his day. Now, after our supposed learning and refinement from so distinguished a stock, enduring so many centuries, hear what *Strabo* says of us, b. 4. "The inhabitants of Ireland are *barbarous*, feed on human flesh, and eat the corpses of their parents. They lie not even with strange women, but with their sisters and mothers." *Pomponius Melu*, an authority of esteem and celebrity, about forty-five years after Christ, says, "The Irish are *barbarous*, and have no sense either of virtue or religion."

We will now peep into *Tacitus*, who writes the

life of his father-in-law, Agricola, the Emperor Vespasian's commander-in-chief, or *legate*, as also *Pontifex Maximus*, or *Pope in England*.

In the fourth year of his command, A.D. 82, he is stated by Tacitus to have received a visit from one of the Irish kinglings, (unum ex regulis,) who sought his assistance for some such purpose as Dermot did 1,100 years after. He assured the pontifical legate Agricola, that it could be taken and subdued by a single legion, (from three to 5,000 men,) and a few reliefs. (Legime una et modicis auxiliis debellari obtinerique Hiberniam posse.)

Agricola had entertained this project, not then for the first time, wishing to annex it as an entrepôt to the most valuable part of the empire, viz., Britain, Spain, and France, (valentissimam imperii partem magnis invicem usibus miscuerit :) but the accounts of the Caledonians, of their attack and defeat of the 9th legion, and of the successful and extensive operations of Galgacus, provided him probably with sufficient troublesome work with his 50,000, without attending then to Ireland. Was this Galgacus, the glorious opponent of Roman domination, the name taken by admiring nations, to his honour, one of them our own? Was not this Galgacus, the chastiser of Roman domination, the name deservedly immortal

to his countrymen, from whom that admiring people as well as our own afterwards, called themselves Galgac'hs? But my antiquarian countrymen will not have their wild goose flights in those venerable but invisible courses disturbed; so we will leave the name to some obscure slave or adventurer. But Britons would all call themselves by his name this day, if they could study for fifteen minutes his speech on *the Grampians*, given by *Tacitus* in ch. xxx. of *Agricola's Life*: my limits I regret will not allow it. The improvement of the human condition was evidently amongst *Agricola's* passions, and it was unfortunate for both countries that he was soon removed by a tyrant, (*Domitian*,) especially for Ireland, which might have been by him rescued from that long oblivious sleep of barbarism into which it subsequently dropped, so as not to have been considered worth resuscitation, or at least, of being added to the empire, and her insignificance (I mean as an opposing people) is proved by the above application to *Agricola*.

Here then is proved the wretched weakness of Ireland even at that time, as compared with England, which required a force of above 50,000 men to keep her in awe, and which offered, one hundred and thirty years before, such a horrible resistance to the great *Julius Cæsar* himself, at the head of his crack corps, the 10th legion, with two others,

that he could not, he thought, safely stand against them, and stopped only three weeks.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat,
Cæsar himself will answer, he was beat.

POPE.

But he returned the next year from France, and he found them even dangerous customers to all his forces.

Our antediluvian greatness had certainly diminished greatly, so that we seem not to have been at all recognized as existing at that time by a single distinguished man except Julius himself in his few words. Those authors so familiar to our youth, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Terence, Lucian, Sallust, Xenophon, Homer, &c., though some of them, especially the three first, mention Britain frequently, they are silent about us. *Juvenal* mentions the island once as being passed by the Roman power proceeding to the Orkneys, but frequently *Britain*, and even *Thule* (Shetland.)

Gallia cauidicos docreit facunda *Britannos*
De conducendo loquitur jam rhetora *Thule*.

JUVENAL.

Gaul eloquent has taught the lawyer Britons,
And Thule talks of taking masters, fit ones.

ANON.

It may be not so easy or pleasant to account for poor exile Ireland from the pale of society, because *Strabo* will not vouch for the truth of our

being *anthropophagi*. It might also have occurred, from the uncertainty of our name, as well as its variety, about which there appears to have been endless doubts and disputes, not settled even to this day, our favourite name of *Erin* has given birth to much rhodomontade as to its derivation; but every schoolboy will see it in his Greek Grammar; (at page 10 of the Eton—and no mistake). *Erin* (*Εριν*) is the word there for contention, quarrel; it is in the accusative case, certainly, but heavens! what other case applied to Ireland but that of accusation?

The Greeks, in their extensive commerce with the Cornish mines, had frequent occasion, no doubt, to stop at Ireland. They were excellent at names, and probably thought *Εριν* a very suitable one—the one that peculiarly suits us at this day.

Our ancient code of laws, which we call *Brehon*, has been also thus called by them, who appear to have defined it, not from any thing internal, but from its externals altogether. Their word *Βρεχων*, wetting, boggy, is expressive, indeed, and so extensive as to take in either mountain or bog law, tempered, in any degree, from water to the mountain dew.

The Greeks gave us their *Διαβολος*, translated by us “Devil.” Thus they call the *evil spirit* in the Testament, *disturber*, *agitator*. We do not stick to these holy writers, in calling such persons

devils, though they are the *same thing in the Greek*, and we avail ourselves of the *charm* left us against them, the *Κυρια ελεεισον*, *Kyrie eleison*, Lord have mercy on us!

Having had a faint glimpse in the above, especially through honest Tacitus, at the feebleness of our country, let us pass over 1,100 years to the time that England took to manage it.

An Irish kingling as before, fled, for no good reason, I guess, to seek protection from Henry II. His majesty, engaged in France, recommends him to two English gentlemen, Mr. Fitzstephen and Mr. Strongbow. The former wanted a fortune without a wife, the latter both. They agreed to assist Dermot in recovering his losses, and in the bond there was a *valuable consideration* assigned, a beautiful Irish Princess, *Eva*, a bride for the Strongbow, with reversion of her royal father Dermot's dominions.

Silent as to the other conditions and duties, implied in the bond to the gallant Earl of Pembroke, Strongbow, he performed the fighting part well with his regiment of *Ancient Britons*, and, liberal as successful, he desired his companions to go and carve out principalities, and choose princesses for themselves, which they did, nothing loth.

Henry II. considered this sovereign authority too much rather for subjects, and finding himself

now somewhat disembarrassed, he proceeded to Ireland, in 1172, with a *bull of the pope*, Adrian IV., investing him with the sovereignty of that country, on the ground that it was *one of the rights of St. Peter*—that we were *barbarous and ignorant*—that he, the king, was empowered by *the holy father, in this bull, to subject us also*, to root out vice, which has long flourished with us, upon condition of securing to the holy see, the *Peter's pence* from every house, and maintain the rights of the church without the least detriment; in the bull our immorality and irreligion are pointed out to the king, and we are charged to obey him, schismatics as we are pointed out to him, almost in rebellion against the jurisdiction of Rome. This, too, was soon after the king's imputed murder of Thomas á Becket in Canterbury cathedral, that he was authorized by our holy father to effect the pious purpose of our subjection.

On his arrival at Waterford, all the native kings of the country, of which there was then a heptarchy, as well as his own proud subjects, waited on him and did homage. He advanced in the step of peace, and in the midst of esteem, to Cashel, where he opened *his bull* to a convocation of the clergy, and granted them and the church "tithes," upon its authority, they rendering homage and fealty.

Surely, then, if the *pope* had a right to give, the king had as much right to accept the dominion; and on the faith of a king, he could not relieve the Irish from paying *tithes* and the Peter-pence, because such was the condition of the *sacred bull*. Now it is pretty clear that any evils resulting from *tithes*, were caused by that *pope*: that that bull was never revoked nor abrogated, and that our choice in regard to it, down to this day, was limited to either of two alternatives; *vis.* 1. *Either to reject the papal authority that first put them on*; or, 2. *to continue to pay them submissively.*

The other denominations of Christians in Ireland have rejected the papal authority, and have thus relieved themselves, spiritually and conscientiously, from the impost. But a Catholic never can be *spiritually or religiously relieved*, though he may be, and now is legally: such is evidently the legal and logical view of the case, and which I should feel myself bound to adopt, if a Catholic resident in the country.

Henry II. was now generally saluted as monarch of Ireland. He is stated "*Dominus*" only in the bull, which we will translate *Lord*, with the puny idea of our own times attached to it; but the pope's "*Dominus*" was then far superior to the people's *Rex*, and he was thus denominated that

he might not be mistaken for one of those poor wretches.

He proceeded to Dublin, surrounded by a host of friends, offered to the whole island the *code and all the advantages* equally with England; passed several laws there with that view; appointed Hugh Lacy *his grand justiciary*, the title he gave his viceroy, and remained some months in Dublin in his *osier palace*, there being no stone building nor place to accommodate him, but this *hurdle habitation*, which himself constructed for the purpose. Dublin is named in our language "*Balla Cliach*," *Hurdle Town*. But his majesty would give some suitable name in his own language, (French,) to this spot of his adoption, and that probably of his choice, to which he stood sponsor, was *Du-bilan—of the accountor exchequer*, that city being then made for the first time, the place of *national accounts*—or, those who will, may have it from *Du-billant*, *faggoting or walling* for the *above palace*. Thus will it be still *Hurdle Town*, as it is in the Irish. Our name for Waterford, *Portlarcha*, is also French, *Port-larguer*, that is, the port for dropping anchor, or putting into. It was nicknamed *Gater-fort*, *Waterford*, that is, spoiled-fort, by Henry's proud barons after his departure. *Wexford* is *Vieux-fort*, the old fort. *Wicklow* is *Vieux-clos*, *the old close*, or

shut up port. Time will account for the small alterations in such words committed even to barbarous mouths, but what can account for the want of that knowledge of them, which would convey plain and precise notions to the minds even of children?

It is indubitably French; and it is not likely that that accomplished gentleman, the first of the Plantagenets, and the pride of chivalry, the son of another Geoffry, or *Groffry*, according to the *new Irish euphony*, would be satisfied till he had given his newly adopted city a name of his own to obviate its barbarous one. The *pope*, in his *bull*, declares our island of saints, a pack of ignorants and barbarians: he was severe, but he might well have called us a little visionary in our derivations, in which we follow each other since, *wild-goose-wise*.

The conquest of that great, but unfortune man, cost not a drop of blood: he appears to have been the delight of every one that saw him. He conquered the country in a few weeks, remained with us in Dublin a few more, where he gave evident marks of his affection for us, but the troubles in France and in Scotland, the intrigues of his queen and of his son (afterwards Richard I.) against him, left him little time to devote to us or our interests. He left us Mr. Lacy for governor,

cordially by us, he was checked in his eventful career, by the English under two Fitzthomases, now enobled as Lords Desmond and Kildare, and Lord Edmund Butler created Earl of Carrick. For nearly two years after the excommunication Bruce gave most flattering grounds of hope that the English power could not be saved from annihilation, but in 1318, the third year of his Irish reign, he and his victories were levelled in a desperate battle at Dundalk. And there were buried our hopes.

The consequences of this failure were horrible to the natives. The roots of mutual hatred were those only whose cultivation was attended to. It was, however, abated as much as was possible for him by the king, (Edward II.) who took a deep interest in our affairs. Apprehensive for his personal safety at home, he looked to us in cordial confidence, as neighbours to his future asylum, which he intended to fix amongst us; but his barons at both sides of the water were too strong for him and the people too, and on both they proudly trampled.

Edward III., his successor, so distinguished, was intended by his haughty barons for their tool, but he tamed them. His enlightened, affable, and indomitable mind were in vain applied to the subjection of the Irish lords; with those aristocrats

he was obliged to compromise, after doing every thing he could for the natives, who petitioned him for protection. He raised an army, which he intended to lead against them, but he could not surmount the impediments they caused in England to be thrown in his way, so that he was obliged to disband it again. He instructed his lieutenant to hold a parliament in Dublin, to entertain the prayer of the petition; but his rebellious Anglo-Irish subjects, the heartless oppressors of the old stock, assembled in defiance a convention parliament at Kilkenny, where were passed the *infamous statutes* known by that name.

We had another excommunication in this reign, dated 1331, against the *lawless Irish*, as we are therein called; the last one being in 1316, terrified us more than the *present Bull*, as we were now gaining an acquaintance with them. We made a rush, maugre the bull, into a great English nursery, near Wexford, where we made sad havoc, as was our object.

Several subsequent reigns passed in which England was too much engaged with her *family jars* at home, that is, the wars of the *White and Red Roses*, to afford any of her attention to Ireland, whose old blood was almost drawn away in and since, the late wars of the Bruces. The limited share of friendship and confidence between us and

The credit and quiet we now possessed were to be of short duration.

Queen Elizabeth appeared with all the English people except the aristocracy, for subjects and lovers too. The majority of the nobles in both countries were her enemies. She had given room for suspicion at an early period of her reign that she loved the people, and that she intended to make *at least one law for them*, that was a *compulsory provision*. This was quite enough to cause her being called usurper, bastard, aye, and worse ; but she chastised her domestic and foreign foes by the love of that people for whom she gained at last that *real Magna Charta, the poor laws*, which have made England what it is, the favoured of heaven, and the greatest on earth.

This was an opportunity for our soi-disant princes of both bloods, English and Irish, to exhibit their pride and vanity. The Desmonds Tyrones, Kildares, and their clique, who had been coquetting with the king of France during her father's reign, for no good to Henry, had been for their pains, some of them, nearly exterminated by him. Their revived relics now resolved to go farther, to Spain, for a monarch, with just hopes that, if they succeeded, they should be the monarchs themselves in every thing but the name, that they should be, as Tacitus has it, *ex Regulis*.

The chieftains of Connaught and Ulster, now united with the old English blood, for the first time, and brought such an accession of strength as to make the *pale itself* doubtful, but cautious subjects of the queen. They now openly renounced all allegiance to her in favour of *Philip of Spain*, in doing which they drew the sword against the whole English people, her lovers, who now for the first time since the conquest made the quarrel, and the punishment of it, their own. They came and bruised this coalition, and combination, foreign and domestic, against her; and, when they had done, many of them remained, rewarded with the forfeited estates of the prostrate rebels, who thus fell through their pride and avarice, the latter creating their apprehension that the queen intended to do as much for her Irish, as she did for her English people. And such an intention at any time since on the part of the monarch, would have a some such effect upon the Irish aristocracy. But the time of accomplishing her intentions for us had not arrived, when death transferred her sceptre to weaker hands.

In proof of the love entertained for her, read a concluding stanza in a declaration of the virtuous Edmund Spenser, of Kilesleman, Co. Cork, the divine poet and half countryman.

Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;
And when as death these vital bands shall break,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.

SPENSER.

One of our settlers in this reign, may be called the creature and creator too of malediction. I am alluding to the *potato*, which, when carried like other virtues, beyond proper bounds, as with us, becomes a great evil—an efficient barbarian maker.

The English child, the loaf eater, watches the wheat in its seed and growth, in its cutting, saving, threshing, cleaning, grinding, or bolting, leavening, working, portioning, shaping, and baking, all before eating it ; and the juvenile mind is often full of the tedious process and cost of arriving at this sweet reward of industry. But were he left, like us, to fumble a few potatoes out of the ground with our fingers, as easily stuck in there, after boiling or roasting which, we had our whole meal, got without knowledge or mechanical skill, in a barbarous way, he would be as idle and reckless as we are represented ; and if he chose to confine himself to potatoes, his masters would soon confine him to just wages enough to buy them, and no more. The potato is a charming auxiliary as a foreign, and should be always kept subsidiary

to our native force, *the bread*. Sir Walter Raleigh, the importer to us, who was afterwards decapitated, may have suffered a part of that dreadful penalty for bringing us this national calamity, which must and will be abated, by the *poor laws*.

James I., Elizabeth's successor, did all he could for the gentlemen, little for *the Plebeians*; the old blood of Milesius, Phenius Pharsa, or Pharaoh, *by the mother's side*. He took the forfeited estates, especially the province of Ulster, which had been since the time of Edward II. the terror of the English power, from its supporting hostile adventurers from Scotland, and parcelled it out principally to Scotchmen, by whom it was appreciated. He was not generous to us, nor was he unjust; for in his distribution of the land he appointed us to be (in the open country) farmers and proprietors too, in a manner so secure as we never were before, by the *acts of oblivion and protection he then passed*.

By this *last "Act"* he threw the royal protection round those of us who still chose to cling to our chieftains, in hopes we would consider and abandon the barbarous *Brehon code*, which discharged every crime, however heinous, by a fine, (which was in fact *discharging the rich delinquent who could pay, and hanging the poor one who could not,*) for the written, intelligible, and just

English code, which, like the divine, is no respecter of persons.

Of the half million acres in Ulster he gave us a large portion at a small crown rent, and excused us *taking the oath of supremacy*. He gave us our first national parliament, containing many Catholics, and from these data we were sure he must be a Catholic, as his ill-fated and not well-principled mother was. What fatuity! to think that any British or any other monarch, once having got rid of *the pope's supremacy*, would ever willingly submit to it again. Such was our folly, or rather our leader's, which might have been excusable had it been purely for religion; but when the object was evidently to establish the *two distinct classes of tyrants and slaves* in Ireland, which England was always endeavouring to prevent, and the popedom could not if it would, it followed that the popedom was always the favourite with us, who looked to our religion, having little else left us, though it was about as strong against England, as our reasoning was in its favour.

CHAPTER VI.

Charles I—Plantation and Growth—Smuggling—King's Hatred and Cause—Offers and Denials—Strafford—Elizabeth and Charles compared—Connaught—Galway Jury—Strafford's character—Leaders—Golgotha—Hume—Scots—Plowden's History—Compliment to Charles I—Charles II—Marquis of Ormond—King's feelings—Slave-market—Patriotism in Ireland—Barefoot and Breadless Bairns—Earl Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Brougham, Mr. Hume—Schedule A—Swift—Ancient and Modern Aristocracy—Buccleuch—Vulgar notion—English obstinate—King Proclaimed—Confederates—Colonel Jones—King comes to Scotland—Covenant—His Declaration—Cromwell—His Reply—Arrives in Dublin—His Request, but no Bribes—His Orders—His Farewell—Battle of Dunbar—Cause—Saved the Catholics—Earl of Clanricarde—Duke of Lorraine offered the Crown of Ireland for a sum—His deposit on the Purchase Money—Commissioners—One hanged—Executions, Transportations, Escapes, Forfeitures, Gifts, good Advice and a Calm—Robbery—And Reward—To Dukes of York, Albemarle, Ormond, Earls Montrath and Inchiquin—Parliament—Hereditary Revenue—A Soot-tax—King's Profligacy—For a Bribe—For what purpose—James II—His Toleration—Moderate Request of Englishmen—Reply—Bull to be Muzzled—Short

Royal Visit—Louis XIV—French and Irish conversation—William III—Articles of Limerick—Kidnapping 25,000 men for Foreign Sale and Slaughter—Parliament—Brass Money—King James a Dealer—Woollen Manufactures—Export Trade of Live and Dead Stock to the French—Marlborough—Linen Manufacture—Battle of Fontenoy—Chieftains—A Vampire—Three Periods—Royal Lovers and Haters—Advices—Shout.

CHARLES I, by his notions and marriage connexions, gave great hopes to the cause of agitation. They were felt in England, as subversive of true liberty, now well understood, so far that the people roared out, *subversion to a tyrant, but safety to liberty.*

The contrary of these notions were planted, and carefully cultivated, in our country—grew luxuriantly, and the harvest was so abundant, that a good deal was smuggled into England, and hawked about on speculation, but it was a failure. We saw, however, in all this, but the re-establishment of our religion in its ancient splendor. We were ready to support the king in this view; but it included bringing the pope in again, as his majesty's superior, for which he heartily hated and despised us, having a great antipathy to be a slave himself, though he was prodigiously partial to it, for every body else in his dominions.

However, his difficulties were pressing, and he offered us his patronage to our cultivation of *Divine rights, passive obedience, &c.*, besides

other handsome conditions; but the correspondence having broken loose somewhere, through our drunkenness of joy at being selected the *Prætorian guards* for his service, he denied having any thing to do with such people, when charged by his honest people at home with the treachery. The perfidy between him and us—that is, our leaders—was fully understood, duly appreciated in England, where, whatever hopes might be entertained of drawing us mildly to our duty, were superseded by despair at such perfidy and despotism.

Yet he endeavoured to blind their eyes for years, to his apparent passion for arbitrary power, by ordering his Lord Lieutenant Strafford to *use great severities against the Catholics*—in fact, such as were unparalleled in the days of Elizabeth. Her captains had the right of conquest of rebels at least, but my Lord Strafford had no right, except the arbitrary will of despotism, to seize the *whole province of Connaught to the king's title*, and after committing several acts of oppression, to fine a jury of the county of Galway 4,000*l.* each, with imprisonment till paid, and begging his pardon on their knees, for disobeying his, Strafford's, order of finding.

This nobleman was a distinguished promoter of learning, manufactures, and commerce, amongst us, and it was, perhaps, the intolerable insolence

of our leaders that brought down his severities upon them and upon us too. We had no redress, but they had their revenge in bringing him to the block, who deserved it not much more than they did. He was a faithful friend to a faithless monarch, who afterwards found that many of his Irish nobility exceeded himself in faithlessness. His principles—Strafford's—were subversive of liberty; it was not, however, for that, but his opposition to the licentiousness and despotism of Irish leaders, or nobles as they were styled, over their own poorer countrymen, that excited against him that hatred of theirs which they extended beyond the grave. Our leaders, not satiated with his blood, now in their success contemplated the extermination of every heretic, root and branch, from the land, *for the love of God*, as they said, *and the blessed Virgin!* But into it they led us blindfolded.

Ciel ! faut-il voir ainsi les maîtres des humins
Du crime à leurs sujets applanir les chemins.

But woe betide all civil leaderships, except the public press and the government; here was brought upon us the shame and crime of being journeymen in the greatest human *slaughter-house* of modern times, where we coolly entered on changing the country into such a *Golgotha*, as

was always considered in the rest of Europe too horrible to be credible !

There is the appalling narration in the pages of Hume, who was no religionist, though a lover and promoter of all that is good, that is serviceable to the cause of mankind. He is generously charged with a bias in favour of *the Stuarts*, and would have been naturally our apologist for anything short of those crimes, those foul and uncounted murders committed in the massacres of 1641, upon our friendly and confiding neighbours, involving women, children, and even the *heretic cattle*, in a universal deluge of blood. Hume believed that Charles's execution was, in a great degree, a penalty for his supposed participation in this horrible affair, of which he was, in that historian's opinion, innocent, while the facility with which our leaders entered into it, left a strong public impression, that they must have been guided by some very high, if not royal influence.

Although, after such atrocities, if we were allowed to live at all, our characters might be considered irretrievable, at least for an age, yet, when the great delinquent passed under the scaffold, there seemed to grow a generous oblivion in our favour, in the bosoms of Englishmen, pitying us as the tools and dupes of despots of some sort, and expecting that we would now open our

eyes and take a lesson from the prudent, cautious conduct of our esteemed neighbours, the Scotch. This unfortunate monarch's family they had the honour of giving to England, but in their concurrent esteem for his talents and amiability, they could not support his principles, and they left him to his fate.

What an insult to us, to any people of any understanding, is the praise intended for us by the good Mr. Plowden in his book, in reference to this period. He says, *It is no small unequivocal mark of the eminent loyalty and fidelity of the Irish Catholics, that at Charles's execution they formed the only compact national body throughout the extent of the British empire, who had preserved, untainted and unshaken, their faith and attachment to the royal cause, although they had been throughout his reign, more oppressed, persecuted, and aggrieved by their sovereign, than any other description of his subjects whatever.*

Such is Mr. P., who appears unconsciously to insult the wretched sufferer, Charles himself, more even than us. But such adulation, perhaps to sell a book, is inexcusable, even at the long interval when it may be thought perfectly innocent.

Charles II. was now proclaimed at Youghal, by the Marquis of Ormond, who expected to have the honours and *advantages*—oh! what a word!—

of setting up a new monarch. This nobleman had been his father's lord lieutenant a few years before, (1646,) when he delivered up his sword and Dublin Castle to the parliament commissioners from London, and the king's authority, for a *bribe of 5,000*l.* in hand, 2,000*l.* a year for ten years, and release from all incumbrances on his estates, which were very heavy. He might have had in his eye the gibbet of poor Lord Strafford, more than the money; but however his ambition conquered his apprehensions, and he evidently wished to get into the castle again, with no view, we hope, of again betraying it for a bit of money. However, to him we trusted, which was not more wonderful than our attachment to the new monarch as well as to his father, without knowing anything of either. They had both of them such a contempt, bordering on hatred for us, that nothing could induce them to come near us in their greatest distresses and dangers, afraid, perhaps, of being delivered up for a bribe into the hands of their enemies. In Scotland and England, their own countries, these two monarchs were well, too well known, to get any material support from the always thinking and upright people of either; but we, utter strangers to them—we who were despised by them—that we should have quarrelled with our fellow subjects—that we should have*

volunteered the butchery!—no, no; we did not.; we were cheated, hocused by our leaders, our agitators.

But behold the source of all. Here came forward again our chief nobleman—a prince with us—after pocketing his base bribe, and is received as if nothing had happened. Bribery becomes fashionable, and the national morals are debased for ages. Our country has been a large market of slave-dealers. It is a sad reflection, but no less true, that the foundation, aye, and the mortar of all our self-styled Irish patriotism, has been the bribe, the bribe still. This Grattan gratitude of 50,000/.; the O'Connell rent paid by us, when we are looking at our poor bairns barefoot and breadless, aye, and breechesless too. O! shame upon us, yet trying to be smugglers or contrabandists of some kind, or beggars, to be relieved from paying our fair share of the taxes—We had even our Union patriots at 15,000/ per borough disfranchised, pocketed by them, besides pensions, places, peerages, &c.: such is Irish patriotism.

Let us compare with this, the Greys, the Burdets, the Broughams, the Humes, and hundreds more patriot names of pride to England, (even the owners of Schedule A,) all of whom, as far as we can see, appear to be pursuers of the public good for the love of that good and the public, not for

payment or bribe; when we consider, and honestly compare such a state of things, well may we sneer with contempt at such patriotism, thinking with our shrewd countryman, the incorruptible Dean, (Swift,) that an *Irish Patriot is a Pat-riot*.

Many people may imagine that animadversions on the crimes of the ancient aristocracy, are affronts towards the modern: ridiculous! it would indeed be an affront to the modern nobility to say that their whole class could produce so worthless a villain as Ormond was, in fifty years. But what is there common between the modern nobility and that of the early Tudors, save title and domain? Those were illiterate boors, only distinguished from the lesser ones around them by their feudal authority of pride, mainly maintained through despotism over ignorance like their own. Scott introduces the patriarch of the *Buccleuchs*, and father of five sons, returning thanks for the ignorance of all of them except one, an archbishop.

Thanks be to God, no son of mine
Save Gaw'n, could ever pen a line.

(QUOTED FROM MEMORY.)

The priests and the lawyers were then the exclusively learned; the nobility take the lead now. It is a foolish, false, but vulgar notion, that the other classes of the community are equally learned:—impossible! What chance can any class of

before the Lord, believing the misfortunes of my father have arisen from marrying into an *idolatrous family*, and that any peace made with the *Irish Catholics*, is void, as being made with bloody and *idolatrous rebels*!”

Well now, was there ever such pitch-black perfidy as this on the part of a king, or such wretched infatuation among a people? Why, here was a man aiming at a crown, through the basest hypocrisy, when, had he boldly put himself at our head, he might have had better terms. He would have decidedly had more honour and esteem, in introducing himself to his cautious northern countrymen.

Our English friends, ever our best and most faithful, were alarmed afresh at the exertions we were making, the injuries we were preparing for them and for ourselves, in supporting the cause of such a man as this. Oliver Cromwell, in their name addressed us on our fatal folly, and gave us one chance more, to join the sacred cause of our British countrymen, and help to establish on an immoveable basis, their liberties and our own. The address was in vain, and it was then debated in the “*council*” of our friends in London, and asked, “What are we to do with those poor deluded friends of ours, the Irish?”

Cromwell replied, “They are out of their wits,

mad, mischievously mad; must have a straight-waistcoat put on, and let blood copiously, to make the case *other* than hopeless." He was authorized to go, but to avoid as much as possible this prescription, in favour of the *soothing system*. That system, on his arrival in Dublin with a suitable force, on the 15th of August 1649, he declared it his wish to adopt. He besought us to think seriously on what we were about, instead of letting our *leaders* think for us, and to let him rather go and draw his sword upon those whom he desired to chastise, meaning the Scots. All in vain! there were no bribes offered to our leaders now; we of course *let them think for us*; 'tis a wonder we did not allow them to eat and drink for us too; and indeed so they always appear to have done. 'Twas in vain! Oliver was pressed for time, and he soon passed the edge of his sword over us, desiring the rest of us, in our crippled condition, to hobble behind the Shannon. Our chief leader, the marquis, escaped, and gave up the ghost—of his departed authority, finding it now a more perilous than profitable speculation.

Well, here ended poor Charles's chance, *pro hac vice*; and Cromwell now fled to another part of the empire, to chastise the Scots, which he did sorely in the *battle of Dunbar*, for setting up Charles II. for king. This they did through the

to have been universally esteemed, at least as much as any of his predecessors; and after remaining in the midst of us for four years, he left us with more love than money, for of this, 'tis said, he had not enough to pay his expenses to London. This was the time, 1658, when our friend *the Protector* died, leaving the stage for the leaders of the three kingdoms; and through their finesse and manœuvres, we again got

Charles II., who being brought now, without consulting *the Covenanters*, showed no inclination to take the trouble of shedding any blood, even Papist, or his father's exeeutioners. He let us go on in our own way as much as he could; all the easier for sending him a little cash. He, however, passed, or consented to some severe, unjust, and persecuting laws against us, which *Cromwell* never would allow, except against those whose guilt was proved.

Of the property left us by Cromwell, viz. Connaught and Clare county, the king allowed *our own parliament* to rob us. He, however, provided for his favourites to an immense extent out of these estates; viz. for General Monk, now created Duke of Albemarle and lord lieutenant of Ireland; for Ormond also, now *duked* and restored to all his estates; for Lord Inchiquin, who had now chopped about two or three times, and had, as a

parliamentary general, given up the people of Cashel to execution, because they could not pay him some thousands for which he made a requisition upon them ; however, notwithstanding this wholesale butchery, including many of their clergy, he found his way to the right side at last ; for General Coote, now made Earl of Mountrath ; for his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II. ; and for others.

There was ample provision for all out of 7,800,000, nearly eight millions of statute acres, now taken into the king's hands by the *Act of Settlement*. A good part was given to Cromwell's soldiers and undertakers, (money-lenders,) already in possession ; a little was given also to a few favourite Catholics ; but above three thousand claimants were stripped of everything.

The chief part of this immense property was given by the king to the *Irish parliament*, to be divided between them ; for which *they handsomely voted to his majesty a hereditary revenue for the crown*, for a fund for which they laid on the *hearth tax* already spoken of ; which, with the two acts of *settlement* and *explanation*, were understood to be the work of the aforesaid Ormond.

This all-accomplished, but unprincipled monarch, after thus plundering us of the British parliament's and Cromwell's kindness to us, leagued

himself with the tyrant Louis XIV. against the liberty and independence of our ancient ally Holland, which gave to him an asylum a few years before, when it was dangerous to harbour him. He now joined Louis in invading and conquering three out of the seven provinces, involved England, Germany, France, &c. in a war, and all for what, think ye? Why, for a *bribe* from that *splendid despot*, to enable him, *Charles*, to strangle liberty in England, and change London into a Constantinople, with its seraglio, janissaries, and slaves. Yet was this man well supported by us, the poor *Helots* of *Hireland*, as it is *Cockneyally* but significantly called.

However, his affability, cheerfulness, and good-nature were gaining their conquests and bringing over friends, who, upon his sudden death, were still disposed to continue that friendship to his brother, but found it impossible. Upon us, alas! came these renewed, but apparently anticipated, yet unregarded misfortunes, with

James II. who, like his father, got almost immediately into an odious quarrel with his honest, sincere subjects, who saw plainly that he was perfidiously employing his so-called *toleration in favour of Catholicism*, to construct a royal *dock-yard for passive obedience, divine right, &c.*, by those very acts of his, so agreeable to us. His Eng-

lish subjects wanted and prayed only to have that freedom of thought which God has given them: James intimated, that such liberty was too great a luxury for any one but a king, but certainly for less than a peer. Well, our leaders—for the past tranquil fifteen years brought us a plentiful supply of them—and how should we do without them?—our leaders, behold, were of the king's opinion, and of course against honest John Bull, who was denounced a *free-thinker*, a *heretic*, an *obstinate* animal, for not submitting to be muzzled.

But the royal slave-driver in anticipation soon was scared away by John's determined countenance, with his notions, a prevailing one among which was probably that of his poor father's fate, which he fancied he had almost gone far enough to have repeated on himself; and in good time—oh! what a time!—he fairly came to visit us, the first of his family. . . Whether he liked us or not, he proved in his treatment and short stay; but the desolation we suffered thereby, left it incontrovertible that the favour of Heaven did not follow him. This poor exile now came to us from the *grande monarque*, but came with plenty of money. Our leaders of course required our *loyalty* to this good man, who first broke the laws himself in his own country, which he had solemnly sworn to preserve, and then ran away in the pal-

pitiation of a *polltroon*, leaving the country convulsed between respect for the man and his claims, and its horror of his principles, which he had been so treacherously promoting.

Here, again, our never-failing friends, the English people, advised us in time to discountenance this man, who was supported by their deadliest foe, the lover of slavery, human blood, and Bastiles, *Louis XIV.*, who would have all slaves but himself, and to mind our affairs and families. This advice we rejected ; listened to our leaders ; joined the fugitive coward, now another tyrant's tool, and his French mercenary slaves, without our understanding a sentence they spoke, or knowing what they or ourselves were about, and we met that fate that always hovers round an unrighteous cause.

William III. and law conquered for us as much as for his own party. Our leaders got the *articles of Limerick* for the protection of their persons. They were accommodated, at their own solicitations, with transportation for themselves and some 25,000 of us, whom they carried to more profitable slaughter-houses in France, Spain, &c. ; and after a million or two more of forfeitures, a good deal of snivelling and praying pardon, our true friends re-admitted us to their confidence ; but there was now more caution and reserve.

A parliament assembled in Dublin, by king James, had passed some acts of crying injustice ; one was, that a pound weight of brass or copper should, when coined, pass for 5*l.*, that is, that a shopkeeper, for instance, must take four pennyworth of this brass or copper money for five pound worth of his cloth, flour, groceries, &c., or anything else demanded of him. The king himself, and our leaders, with all the partizans, laid out immense sums of this brass money with us, took in this way our commodities, which they exported to France, from which they drew in return good gold, and thus most villanously enriched themselves by robbing us, both Protestants and Catholics.

When tranquillity was restored, a considerable manufacture of woollens grew up, especially in the south of Ireland, and the trade and exportation grew great and valuable in the country. It was found, however, that the trade was wonderfully increased by the export of provisions, great draughts of men, &c., all for the French, the enemies of England. Now, as the English themselves did not afford their enemies war necessities of this sort, they were not disposed to allow us to do it, but to view it rather as an act of great perfidy. Heavens! how else could they look at it! At that very time, they were making the greatest

sacrifices of men and money to support their great Marlborough against *Louis XIV.* at the head of a combination of tyrants, leagued against the rights of mankind—and we use the trade and facilities allowed us by the liberality of England to support the tyrants. Was it possible to endure it? Could you?—could a father bear it from his own sons without trying to prevent it, supposing he could restrain his just wrath against the lives of such miscreant relations?

This trade, enabling our enemies to cut our friends' throats, was prohibited, stopped, and replaced by the linen manufacture, established at the other end of the kingdom, a little more removed from intercourse with the French, who continued till lately the destructive enemies of England. Our linen, according to promise, found its best and safest market in England.

Surely it is not intended to be said, that the Catholics alone were concerned in this nefarious business? No! the degenerate descendants of Englishmen; calling themselves Irish—men who possessed none of the good national qualities of either country—mules, as it were—these were they who trafficked too in this way; and when they were stopped, they complained loudly in and out of their parliament, that their trade was destroyed by England's *jealousy*. Mind what a pretty word

for their own baseness and treason ! They offered as much safe resistance as they could to England's equitable mode of abating this nuisance of their mercenary and heartless conduct ; but they continued the traffic in the levies and lives of men, which were sent in masses, by their connivance, to shed England's blood in foreign fields, such as Fontenoy, &c. 'Tis true, our parliamentarians did not command them. No, they had the monopoly of all the commands and places at home, which were much more profitable and less perilous. But they allowed our leaders to take and chop, or command them, under the pretence of our being obliged to go fight abroad, as we could not do it by *law* at home, our leaders not being entrusted with commissions.

No, that would not do : they were told by the government they were not wanted for fighting at all ; that by the *articles of Limerick*, they might go and enjoy their religion at home, and protect, as became honest and peaceable men, their families and friends. These endearing duties were despised, the poor families and friends were left to protect themselves as well as they could, while these men, foreigners to all well-directed feeling, joined the enemies of England wherever they could gain employment.

Similar traitorous conduct, which they nick-

named independence, was pursued by the Anglo-Irish parliamentarians whenever they were able to succeed in it, down to the American war, when it was evident to all honest men at both sides of the water, that there was no way of managing this *anomaly* of Irish Parliament—this half-an-half—this domestico-alien junto, but by a *close and indissoluble union*.

This subject I quit most willingly ; grieved that we have been forced into it. It is as disagreeable almost as a visit to a lazar or dead house ; but Repealers make the thing unavoidable. However, the rest of the subject is recent, and can be soon disentangled from the sophistry and artifice with which it has been bedizened to deceive. But if ever any considerable number were again to call for such a *vampire as an Irish parliament*, may they be haunted by the wailing ghosts of the millions of victims sacrificed by it to its bigotry, cruelty, and iniquity, till their souls shall recoil with horror from reviewing the past.

Sat funera fusi
Vidimus, ingentes et desolavimus agros.
VIRG.

The disinterested sympathy, and numerous efforts to serve us, evident always, though never for display, in the conduct of England and all her govern-

ments, with almost all her monarchs, since her first conquest without a drop of blood of Ireland, are for truth beyond all doubt. She knew well the oppressions and crimes of her sons who settled amongst us, principally for domination and rapacity, for which she never made us, though she often strove to make them, answerable ; but whenever she interfered for our good, she was always unfortunate enough to be misrepresented and misunderstood.

Our conduct at three periods only she felt and agreed to chastise ; viz. our unworthy insults and treatment to Elizabeth, her darling ; our perverseness in the time of Cromwell ; and perfidy in the time of James II. But in the bright list of England's monarchs, while there were many, and those of the first order for mental endowment, that esteemed us, and it is doubtful if there was any one that esteemed us, or intended better for us, than that very Elizabeth, there were certainly the Stuarts, who all, except the first, despised, if not heartily hated us—these very men, for whom we sacrificed property, life, and character. For when we were charged and tried for our inhuman massacres in 1641, we pleaded the king's (Charles I.) commission, authorizing us to the butchery. It is not to be believed that he was such a monster, but it is true, that we were ready to do, and did

do this, on what we supposed to be his wish ; and such were the men for whom we forfeited all ; left ourselves beggars in every thing, in the face of the world, without hope of being white-washed, when behold England allowed us to take the benefit of the act, and it was cast into a mouldering cave of oblivion.

Let us then smile at, but not be cajoled by, Repealers, whose cautious manœuvres in seducing us into their selfish service, to fight us against the *laws* of the land, are already approximating a suitable chastisement from those laws which will generously pity and protect us. Let us take agitation into our own hands, in the last days of its existence, for one effort at least to raise from Cape Pleaskin to Cape Clear the deafening shout of *truth, honour, liberty, union, and Old England for ever !*

CHAPTER VI.

A Reflection—A Remedy—Mr. O'Connell—Declaration in Parliament of his Opinion—opposed to that of all the States of Europe, except Ireland, and of America—Irish modes of Provision—Mr. Sadler—his Motion for Poor Laws—Objections in and out of Parliament—Answers—Mr. John Smith—Edinburgh and Cork Foundlings—Mr. Callaghan—Ballyporeen Parish—Con-Acre and Quartermen—Appeal to England—for Pledges—America—Comparative Mortality—Morality—A Problem—Answer—A Cause of Poverty—Mathematical Lines—Irish Towns—in Consumption—Jails, &c.—Preventive of Barbarism—State of Warfare—Mr. Stanley first passes a Law for Relief—A Proof of almost a total Failure of voluntary Charity.

THE amelioration of our condition is so weighty, so comprehensive a consideration, that we would seem scared from the undertaking, in doubt of its possibility, while we are in the midst of nations who have had more to contend with, but by their good will, perseverance, and religious devotion to *man*, the true object of religion, have succeeded,

and all think themselves now disgraced by the state of Ireland. It is recklessly asked amongst us, why does not England do this, that, and the other? Good God! what can she do? People often give all the means of being happy to their children; but if they will not be so, what is to be done?

The remedies for us are in our own power, even at hand. But they are at first view of so costly a kind, though they really are not so, that they are always resisted by the generality of Irish landholders; I do not say proprietors, because those, at least the great English ones, are too abounding in justice and goodness, not to give their cordial support to any generous plan sanctioned by the laws. But how can we expect justice or generosity in a country where all was so recently corruption, selfishness, and slavery? Bah!

There are innumerable splendid exceptions in our favour, in Ireland; but when we find the majority of a country confiding in a great law oracle, like Mr. O'Connell, who declares publicly, though he has changed that opinion more than once, *that the poor have no equitable right to support from the rich*, a principle, the affirmative of which is now admitted in every country of Europe, *except Ireland*;—why, we must apprehend, unless honest England interpose, that this *unprincipled treatment* of

the poor will continue, who being a large body in our country, will always present a strong re-action, till at last we shall have the benefit of another famine or plague, which will secure a provision more consenaneous to the holders of such principles. This is the sort of relief that poor Ireland has received from her leaders, her salesmen, often before,

.... Macies et nova febrium,
Terris incubuit cohors
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

HORACE.

If, however, these gentlemen could get us into a state of rebellion, in which half of us should be destroyed, the other half might have a better chance in struggling against starvation, for some time at least, leaving also a fair chance to the salesmen to make their profit upon us. 'Tis vain; nothing will do but the *English system of poor laws*; and as John Bull says, we shall have them *complete, and no gammon*.

There was no great opposition openly to the measure, when brought forward in the late session of parliament by Mr. Sadler, who has well earned the appellation of *a friend to Ireland*, deserving well to be enrolled among her representatives: but anti-reformer as he may be, he may well point to

his services for Ireland, and thereby redeem and recommend himself to any British constituency.

Here is our remedy then, *the English poor laws*, the 43rd of good Queen Bess. As to any, or all the rest, they are all nostrums, quackery, cant,

Leather and prunello.

Our confidential chieftain, conspicuous as the commissioner or *member for all Ireland*, opposes a *provision by law* for the poor, his objections being, if fairly reported, as follows:—

1. He denies that the poor, as such, have any right to be relieved by others.

Ans. It will be enough, it is presumed, to place this assertion, *high as is its authority*, in juxtaposition with that of the immortal *Locke*. That great man, and he was a rate-payer when he stated it, states in his "*Essay on Government*," that *no man has such a right in his property, as to exclude his fellow-creatures from subsistence: God has given no such right of surplusage of property to its proprietor, as to let his neighbours starve.*

But though this was the philanthropic and divine doctrine of *Mr. Locke*, after all his *human understanding*, he was but a *sassenagh*, a *heretic*. We will therefore take nothing from his authority, but proceed.

2. He says, a provision for the poor is opposed to revealed religion.

Ans. Alas! for the revealed religion! on which a libel is often piquant and captivating, but in this case, at least, *the truth of the libel cannot be pleaded.* Though revelation be thus calumniated generally, no part nor passages are singled out, to give colour or countenance to this cruelty of starving the poor.

Now, on the other hand, let us take a passage or two, and those uttered by the Divine lips.

The 12th of St. Matthew represents Christ as passing with his disciples, through corn; they were hungered, and began to pluck the corn and eat, on which the Pharisees complained, when he said: "Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests?"

Here then is a provision made by Christ as far as he could enforce it, grounded on the conduct of King David, who made a provision for his people, and out of property too, considered sacred.

In the 19th chapter of the same Evangelist, we are told of a person coming to the *Saviour*, to ask how he was to attain eternal life. Christ desires him to keep the commandments, repeating them. The

person answers: "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?" "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor," &c.

Now is this not a poor law, as far as the Divine lips could enforce it? Did he not even make it a *penal act*; for it is stated, that upon this person's, who had large possessions, going away sorrowful, Christ said, "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven," &c.

These two passages, taken at random out of scores of others, but in that part of Scripture most familiar to us, will be sufficient perhaps to discharge the above defamation, levelled against them and their heavenly hero, by persons who are to them either foreigners or libellers at least. However, against the authorities of Locke, King David, and of Christ, we have that of our great *Irish renter*, who declares in the house of the imperial parliament, *that his followers have no right but to starve.*

3. He formerly thought the absence of poor laws the cause of all our wretchedness, but thinks now that a legal provision for the poor would make their condition much worse.

Here, indeed, is a clincher, if not a bouncer, to be answered. The universal opinion and declaration of all practical men, always placed us in the

lowest grade of human wretchedness. Our leaders, however, have discovered a *grade lower* than that, which will arrive too, when the wretchedness shall be abolished by law.

4. It will perpetuate the estrangement between the rich and the poor.

Ans. On the contrary, it will bring the two classes together, as it does in England. When our absentees find their properties touched in this way, it will bring them home in crowds with their skill and capital, to discover and establish other modes of enabling the people to provide for themselves, instead of encumbering their estates.

They will contrive to keep the population on a par with employment, when they will have *the penalty* to pay, instead of an *actual premium*, as they have now, upon breeding paupers.

Many paupers have many mouths.

Many mouths want much victuals.

Much victuals want much land.

Much land wanted, makes much competition.

Much competition makes high rents.

Ergo.—Many paupers make high rents.

At the time of our last great starvation, when the English collected and sent us over 240,000*l.*, that man, *John Smith, Esq.*, the friend indeed of man, declared to the House of Commons, that in his capacity of chairman, he applied to a great

Co. Mayo proprietor for his contribution, but received not a shilling, though there was more distress perhaps on and near his estates, than in any other part of Ireland.

5. It is objected that the poor now hate the rich, because they have never considered nor attended to their miseries. But if the rich should be now compelled to attend and provide for the poor, they will also hate them, and thus widen the breach!

Ans. Here indeed is logic, or sophistry at least. Why according to this, the rich English must be rank hypocrites and haters of the poor! with whom they are every day mixing in the most open manner, with feelings of sympathy, acquaintance, and even of friendship in some cases.

6. It is asserted that it controls that sweet charity, the key-stone of Christianity.

Ans. Now, by the same reasoning that a law to support the poor will break up charity, the law to go to mass—for it is a law—ought to have broken up mass going long ago. The law is not for a willing supporter of a parent, a child, a wife, or a neighbour, but for those who will not do it unless compelled. This support is a matter of life or death, it ought to be fixed by law, and not left to the caprice of anybody.

In the course of twenty-seven years intercourse with England, and I have been above half of it a

rate-payer, I recollect only one case of legal proceeding against a man to compel him to maintain a parent. Process for support of wives and children are more general, but more so still for illegitimate children. Apropos! of the poor illegitimates! It appears to be looked on among Irish gentlemen as a *moral disgrace to provide for them at all*; though it is none to get them. Now in England, the moral degradation is to leave them thus unsupported to parish, or to perish.

Edinburgh and Cork have each a Foundling Hospital: the former city has 140,000, the latter 100,000 inhabitants. Edinburgh is disgraced by the exposure of about four children a year, while humanity shudders at the exposure in Cork of above 200! Horrible! such a horrible state could not co-exist in Cork with a *legal provision* for the poor wretch, who is in numerous instances disposed of *in ways more sanguinary* than even that of exposure.

As to sweet charities, the fixed ones of Ireland are so inaccessible to those who might properly be their objects, that they are of little advantage to the distressed peasantry, while the public, or almsgiving, from door to door, is but the gleaning of a field to the poor of a parish, not sufficient to keep many of them from famishing. But every one knows, who knows England, that the towns, vil-

lages, hamlets, country, in almost every part, abound in charities, besides the *poor's rates*; almshouses, hospitals, institutions, schools, refuges, asylums, dispensaries, &c., to such an extent as were never before known in the world: but for sweet charities, here indeed hold they their homes; the parent is loved till the last; the children are idolized; England is to them a paradise—Ireland a purgatory.

7. It is objected that it tends to make the poor, *slaves*: is opposed to the independence of the national character.

Ans. An English poor person comes upright like a *human being*, charter in hand, and *demand*s a lawful right. The Irish poor comes crawling, and begs an alms, more lowly than a slave, if not a hypocrite. The obligation to pay in England keeps both parties on good and amicable terms, the want of it in Ireland keeps both parties in a state of mutual hatred, abhorrence, and abomination. The Irish pauper is the worst of all slaves, pining in rags, vermin, and loathsomeness of many kinds, upon a few snatches of the lowest and worst of human food. Always obliged to affect piety, when often a sorry knave; to whine and kneel, and scratch, and lie, to obtain a morsel; he conceals, with a mouthful of gratitude, a heart that feels no such thing. Baseness and hy-

pocrisy are thus attached to the national character—at least we cannot prevail upon strangers to come and stay with us and make the trial.

8. Again it is declared by him, that the *poor law* is neither more nor less than a system of infidelity! to be scouted by every man, like himself, deeply impressed with the truths of revelation!

Ans. We have looked into revelation already; it is the code of laws which every one may consult without a fee for information or advice. And as for *infidelity*, as insinuated, the characteristic of England, it can only tempt a smile of pity. Hear it, ye countrymen, between the Atlantic and German Ocean! the Irish correlative ideas of *poor laws and infidelity*. England! the most moral nation in the world!—and how could such morality exist or be produced, but by the purest practices of religion in its revelation? without morality, religion would be a deception, a farce, a pick-pocketing of the public for a few showmen. Here, however, is their religion and morality, on account of the most glorious part of it too, the *poor man's charter*, pronounced *infidelity*, almost merry-Andrew-wise.

The above are the objections *offered* by our great leader, to *one law* in our favour. His great and leading one, however, is founded on a *vulgar maxim* in England, which, like all such,

have their exceptions. It is, "that no man has a right to put his hand in another's pocket for support." While these silly people are saying so, they find the government doing it for various public purposes, even sometimes for those who do not want it; and it would be absurd surely, if they could not do it for those who do want it indeed. A gentleman, however, who is reported to put his hands so frequently into other people's pockets, and those of the poorer sort too, is the last, one would suppose, who would offer such objection. It would appear, he has a licence to say anything, but he may live to find it recalled.

Others of our Catholic members do not carry their logic so far; indeed they declared themselves, in parliament, *ready to entertain the question of a legal provision for the poor, after tithes should be abolished*, or as they then opined, after the Protestant clergy should be plundered of their property. How modest! Well! tithes are now abolished, and without robbing the clergy, or any one else; and we thus hope those gentlemen will redeem their promises: should they, however, be *unwilling*, depend upon it the English people have as much fortitude as morality, to save them the trouble, and do it for them.

There was, however, a single exception—*Mr. Callaghan* of Cork—who, on that occasion ex-

pressed himself like a man of feeling and honesty too. He reprobated the heartlessness of others who are nameless. We would not allude to these, who, emancipated so lately *by liberality*, appear to act as if released from *it* themselves, ready to starve the poor and rob a great section of their fellow subjects at the same time ; the former, in defiance of the divine laws, and the latter, of the law of the land.

Other objections are pertinaciously pressed forward by other gentlemen, who are supported by self-interest in their hostility. We may as well pass them in review, with a few remarks as charitable at least as the motives of all their opposition ; and we will continue them as of the series.

9. They say, England has not been without her distress.

Ans. To be sure she has not ; but such distress has been always relieved and redressed without convulsion. It has never produced the assassination of magistrates, the burning of houses, for the sake of burning the inmates, women, children and all : no ; none of the savage and barbarous system, which causes our country to be shunned, even by those of her own children that can afford it, though their affection for her is, in most cases, as lasting as their lives. Should, however, great distress again visit unfortunate Ireland before she shall

have the *poor laws* extended to her, she must prepare herself for horrible sufferings—she must not rely on any more relief from English pockets.

10. What right have the poor, say they, to a legal support ?

Ans. Why just this; that they are obliged to obey the laws made for the protection of property—to *protect that which gives them no protection*: and they are punished for any infraction, as if it were a duty when it is no duty at all, but a great defect of legislation, rendered thereby intolerably unjust.

11. The people of the whole country will not be able to support the poor !

Ans. We do not say nor expect they will, but the *property* will. A crying evil is, that while the property is relieved from the burthen, the people have to support the mass of beggary, often in its extreme wretchedness, not much worse off than those who divide with it their hovel and few potatoes.

Our starvers always deal in generalities; but let us suppose a case. Let, then, the acres of any parish, say *Ballyporeen*, be 10,000, which at 2*l.* per acre—a moderate rent for an *Irish acre*, which is equal to nearly two English acres, or at least to above one and a half—will bring the proprietors 20,000*l.* a year. Now, suppose a two shilling

rate each half year laid on, it will keep in the said parish of Ballypooreen 4,000*l.* a year, which we presume would be no hurt to the said parish ; and, besides, so much money might be saved a jaunt to England—where it is always the complaint it is coming, and which yet cares not a fig about it. Now the shopkeepers in the said parish may have two or three pounds to pay in rates, but they may touch 10*l.* out of the 4,000*l.*, which would all find its way into the parish tills and farmers' fobs, for necessities furnished to the parish poor. The farmer would have a home market *pro tanto* at least, and though they would have to pay the rates, it would be only as agents for their landlords, out of whose *next gale* they would deduct it. And the poorer ones, the *con-acre and quarter-men* would cease *boarding and lodging* with their pigs, to the taste of whose flesh, however, they are as arrant strangers as to that of man : no ; poor fellows, they nurse the pigs for the English poor, who, without troubling themselves at all with the slavery thereof, eat up their pigs for them, their wheat, their butter, leaving them surely the milk, if they can possibly bring that and a few potatoes together. Horrible ! The poor fellows will find out the secret of getting better terms from the parish proprietors, without any murder or burning either, and all will be better off. But we,

poor creatures, *emancipated forsooth*, must submit to it still. Will you? Ye upright and compassionate men of England, will ye submit to it? Will you suffer any longer Irishmen to be your fellow-subjects, but always a disgrace to you, a stigma to your empire and your Christianity?—No! you will not, it is fondly hoped—you will take pledges for this at least, for carrying into Ireland the 43d of Elizabeth. Nothing less of this sort will do for them than for you, unless you will allow them still to go on pauperizing your country. Pledge every candidate who presents himself at a British hustings to this, and you will accomplish a vast national benefit. The *Union with Ireland* will then be carried, but not before. We shall be then one people, but never till then, till the poor man's charter, the asylum of the orphan and widow, the law of God, becomes common to both countries.

12. It will injure our independence, say they.

Ans. A few years ago the *United States of America* used to be a great darling with our leaders. Now there is a *poor-law code*, similar to England, by which the sums raised for support of the poor at *New York*, and some other neighbourhoods, have been larger, lately, than those raised in equally peopled districts in England. In all the states of Europe, except our own, is the principle admitted; and what are the consequences where it

is not in operation, as in France? With all her *liberty*, she is ever convulsed with some insurrection, riot, or revolution, created and fed by hunger, perhaps: a consummation which never does, nor may it ever occur in dear England, the land of the good, the fair, and the brave!

England wrapped round in her own bright mantle of *man's rights*, looks majestically on, but with affliction, when it is the "jejunum odium," hunger's hatred; but in any case, without outbreak or convulsion herself.

13. Poor laws will increase population.

Ans. Fudge!—behold England and Ireland; look on this picture, and on that. If those born in Ireland were to live as little subject to mortality as English people are, it would reach the population of England in twenty years. It is true, the frightful famines, plagues, &c., such frequent visitors, carry off immense masses, but the poor laws, which would keep out these horrible sojourners, would keep the population also at a steady number of about five millions, suitable to the country and the rest of the empire. The average duration of human life in England is now admitted to be about thirty-three years; in Ireland, it does not exceed fifteen—that is, the deaths in Ireland are to those in England, in an equal population, *as two to one*, and more too!

14. It is objected that poor laws will injure mortgages, and other claimants on Irish estates.

Ans. Is the legislating for a few scores of persons to prevent legislating for millions? The spirit of English law is, *de minimis non curat lex*; but our legislation confines this *minimis* entirely to poor persons in Ireland. We will ask, however, where, or who are the mortgagees or lenders upon Irish estates? An Irish proprietor, with a rent-roll of 1,000*l.* a year, could not borrow 1,000*l.* on it in London. If the said rent roll had the protection of the English *poor laws*, he could obtain 10,000*l.* upon it. Thus is there a retribution to the unjust. The Irish proprietor's acres are blown upon as if they were barren or stolen property, a part of which properly belongs to starving slaves.

15. The Irish, say they, already too lazy, will do nothing at all, if they have the poor rate to go to. They will be infinitely worse than the English who now fill the workhouses and devour the rates; even able-bodied men are quite idle in England.

Ans. Yes! it is very true; many able-bodied men are out of employ in England, but how much Ireland is the cause of it, is too little considered among a generous, compassionate people. In that respect England has got the *lumbago* from Ireland, and she must look to it. Thousands of

England's people are made paupers by the constant irruption of Irish, who come and take the bread out of their mouths, work for half their wages, throwing them out of their labour thus idle on the rates, and into the workhouses; and so far is England burthened with the Irish poor, along with her own. In this argument the Irish are always deuced lazy, but the moment it suits the logicians, the *leaders*, they are the most active, industrious creatures in the world. In truth, the Irish working people, in England at least, allow no room for thinking them fonder of the *parish payable* or *workhouse* than the English, many thousand of which latter might well put themselves on their parishes, if they were not of too proud and manly minds.

The journals are constantly exhibiting most distressing accounts of the lowness of wages at Manchester, Birmingham, the potteries, collieries, &c. &c., stating them at prices varying from four to thirty shillings a week. And the worthy weaver, perhaps, of Glasgow or Leeds, working twelve out of the twenty-four hours, contrives to exist on less than twelve shillings a week and his independent principle, sooner than go to the parish table; while at a gambling table in London or Paris, an Irish profligate proprietor will cast away thousands, with as little regard of the thousands of

human beings he is starving at home, as those who know him when he breaks down, have of him, he often finishing as a pauper himself.

It is ungenerous thus to insult the industrious poor of both countries, by libelling them as lazy, idle, &c., when they at least show such inclination, not even to do, but to exceed their duty, often beyond their power and their fair share too.

16. O! the moral degradation they (the poor laws) will drag us to! say *our guardians*!

Ans. Now, in regard to this said morality of ours, I should rather be silent for fear of offending, though *Tacitus* defends it in *Agricola*,

“Honestius putabat offendere quam odisse.”

But really it is very injurious to nations, as it is to persons, to be too self-conceited. I know we think ourselves a moral people, but what does it signify, if nobody else thinks so? Strangers have a horror of our morality, of our murders, conflagrations, and of the general lawlessness pervading all classes; so much so, that an Irishman, even in England, must be well recommended, and very fortunate, to get into a confidential appointment. However, this *morality* is a subject of which there are given more *lectures* than examples, and each lecturer talks as a master on the subject, like a college lecturer on money, each, perhaps, having

about an equal stock of their respective subjects. However, whether it is that its knowledge is obscured amongst us, by having so many masters giving their confused, and often opposite, notions upon it, or that the numbers of the learners or scholars are, by the *great draughts* of the masters, thereby diminished, cannot now be answered very satisfactorily, but it may be useful to know that *this drawing of moral degradation upon us*, has caused many a good-humoured smile throughout the rest of our empire.

All the above objections are only a sort of jargon, made use of to puzzle, and frighten, and decoy the honest man from the right path. When a nation is to be withdrawn from crime and shame, it is no time for chaffering. This leprosy of the land must be cured. Some of these objections are falsities, some puerilities, some pedantries; for it is almost evident—to every one, at least, who knows England pretty well—that by the introduction of the *poor laws* into Ireland, *every class* in it would be served; the only one about whom there can be any doubt would be the *landed proprietors*. But it is pretty certain that the *English portion of those, who form their most important section*, would not object, as they never have.

A curious and popular problem in politics, would be the cause of the non-introduction of the

~~poor-laws code into Ireland, and~~ which has existed in this portion of the empire for about two hundred and fifty years. The answers with such data as I have, would bring it to an indefinite proposition. Some people, and sensible too, think that *popery and poverty are inseparable*. Now, as a Catholic, I deny it. I am sure the heads, and chiefs of our church, in all ages and nations, have given in themselves rich proofs of its falsehood. If Catholics took example as well as instruction from their upper clergy, who call themselves, humbly, ministers—of the people, of course, who pay them, and it is their own fault if they do not—they would not be poor. This, however, appears a popular opinion, and accounting cause for the absence of a law provision for the poor amongst us, who, as we volunteer to fast a portion of the week, are to starve the rest of it, allowed to be the fittest men for the forlorn hope.

Should this opinion be founded in truth, and that the respective religions of the two countries are fixed, Ireland is likely to be to England as the “two lines in conic sections,” *which are always approaching, but never can meet*.

It is wonderful that our upper classes, connected as they have been with similar ranks in England, could yet endure existence in the midst of such beggary, barbarism, and destitution, passing, and

pressing, and defiling the very air and earth over which they passed. It is a greater wonder—for we will not believe that they closed their pockets through courtesy to the Catholic religion, after their statutory exertions to strangle it—that if they did not see the justice of making a law provision, they could not see the utility of it: at least, it appears as if it would relieve them from a load of expense, as well as a nation's imprecations. In every town, though a decent traveller cannot sometimes find suitable accommodations, there is sure to be one tremendous building—a jail, which seems to terrify all the houses in the town into a galloping consumption, except the barracks and the police station. These must be supported at a great expense; but then, perhaps, the patronage of appointing to the jails, police, spies, informers, pettifoggers, executioners, and especially the power and privilege of cutting out work for all these, is a good set-off, particularly as it keeps up so large a military expenditure of English money exclusively.

It is not as a provision exclusively for the poor, that this statute of the 43d of Elizabeth is wanted; but as the only preventive against crime, barbarity, and the most savage acts. Who can contemplate without horror the burning of the *Sheas*, and numerous houses filled with human beings, all

about a patch of land to grow potatoes? There is certainly a choice of two ways of dealing with these famishing people, either feeding or killing them off. They may be tied up certainly; but if they should break loose in their hunger, woe be-tide those that may stand in their way!—they will be torn, as by wolves, after hunger is allayed.

A state of society in such eternal apprehension, with such a scene surrounding, must be always in a state of warfare or preparation for it, so as to withdraw all minds and attention from the great occupations of trade, manufactures, commerce; in fact, from every thing but what may be required for mere animal existence.

Mr. Stanley, however, has done something for us in the last session; but contrived thereby to breed a nest of hornets about his head. It was doing much, under all the circumstances, when we consider how the government and the English people were then employed. He passed a bill to enable *boards of health* throughout the kingdom to borrow money from the *Exchequer*, to be repaid by *vestry assessments*, which is to support fever hospitals, lunatic asylums, infirmaries, and give private relief in case of sickness, &c.

Now, if any misfortune would seem to call forth sufficient private charity and benevolence, it would be this last; where even relatives and neighbours

are usually ready to relieve. Mr. Stanley, however, even in this case, proves a failure of suitable relief, by bringing in *a law* to supply the want ; from which may be inferred the total inadequacy of private charity to the wants of the poor. He has begun well ; and, with exception of this part, ensuring sympathy from almost all. May he proceed and succeed in this work, peculiarly suitable to the philosopher, the Christian, and the statesman—

Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well-mix'd state.

POPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Education—Morality, what — Learning — Data—Jesuits—Catholicism—Legal Provision for Clergy—Roman, what —Ghosts of Brutus and Cato—Pope Pius VII., his principles—Bonaparte and British Government—Prince Regent—Splendid Munificence—Quarantotti's Rescript—Veto—Protestant Pope—Dilemma—Pagan Emperors and Allegiance—Cardinal Weld—Hon. Mr. Spencer—"Times Journal," 10 Nov. 1832—British Exertions in favour of the Subjects of the Pontifical government—Employing foreign Cut-throats—Two just Propositions refused by the Holy Father—Despot, a Head for Irish Catholics—Unpropitious to a Provision—Wallstown, &c.—Priests—Excuse—Elasticity of the Constitution—Canada Clergy—Right Boys—Correct Priests' fees—A Jaunt on a White Horse—Priests, excellent Men—Too much Family Influence—Sacramental Magazines—Hunting Mass—Debts of Honour, Irish Children ignorant of—People too much lawyered, &c.—An Excellence in the Establishment—Stations of Confession—Christmas and Easter Terms—Communion Offerings—Travelling Altars—Day's Occupation, and Conclusion—Effects—Claims of Government on Priests—Would be Gentlemen and Supporters of the Laws—Trenchermen to Demagogues—No Success for good Education, without the "Regium Donum," to the Catholic Clergy—School

Classics—A Taste—its Cause—Eight Questions touching the Pope—Dutch Catholics—Janus Subjection—All Denominations—Toleration—Religion a Fortress—Rewards—Faithful Auxiliaries—State Provision for all Pastors of Congregations who served in the old Campaigns for Liberty.

EDUCATION is the next great want of our country; but here we ought to come to an understanding about this word, which seems to be much misunderstood; at least, among us, there is as narrow an extent of its meaning as of the word morality. We have a very general notion amongst us—I admit it is now perhaps more traditional than taught openly—that *morality consists in a life of celibacy, or separation; keeping strictly the commands of our church, which are six*. Now, it is evident that a person may be most punctual in observing all this, and yet he may get hanged for being immoral; for certainly the laws of England will not hang a man for anything less.

We are in as much error in regard to education, restricting it entirely to *book learning*, which is only a part, but not the most important. Education is, in my view, an *exodus*, a *leading out* under a good guide from a state of slavery of body or mind to a state of *freedom*, and co-operation for its security. This idea will pre-suppose two parties besides the guides: the party to be emancipated, and the larger one by whose wish, exertions,

and expense, they are to be emancipated. There is an implied contract that the emancipated shall adhere strictly not only to the laws given them by the guides for themselves, but to those regulating the whole body of the emancipators upon joining them.

One law is evidently indispensable throughout, viz. *thou shalt not do injury*; because without adhering to this, there could not be co-operation. Book-learning becomes a desirable attribute for the emancipated, as a means of endowing their minds, and securing their respect for the laws common to the whole body. If the learning be subsidiary to this, it is good; if not, however advantageous it may be individually, it is doubtful if, nationally, it deserves the name of education.

A good scholar may be badly educated, as he often finds out in being scouted by his acquaintances and comrades when he joins the general body. In learning, he carries with him a blessing, a jewel, which may be of great value to him; but he often fails through not knowing how to use them even subserviently to his own pleasures or utility, without incommoding in some way the pleasures or interests of others. The management of the passions, the unfolding of choice principles, has been neglected, and learning thus loses its most valuable associates.

Amongst us, there is no comparative scarcity of book-learning, but there is a lack of its associates, which has probably arisen from the *guides in the leading out* not having anything like suitable support from the great body. They attempted the emancipation in the best way they could: in the operation there were numerous failures. Knowledge gave no respect, beyond that of the poor guides, but generated a mind charged with hostility to the general body, that left them all to starve on the way.

Government has now provided the guides, and has provided them with their confidence and excellent plans; but is the starvation guarded against? Without this, much of the teaching will at last resolve itself into a *jejunum odium*. The hungry and barefoot scholar will not be unlearned of the hatred he breeds against somebody for the sufferings and shame he endures, unless justice and good management mark his mind.

Defective education has not been confined amongst us to the lower classes; in the higher it was restricted to book-learning also, with a love of the law, so far as it was to be an instrument of oppression, and a system of ethics embracing every immorality. How could respect be expected of such people, who were in the constant violation of it to all below them? All this was altered for the

better at the Union ; but still we were always left to learn from assize reports, and all other sources, that *wealth alone could be a sufferer—alone wanted protection* ; while those who were weakest and most ignorant, for any small infraction were punished as culprits of the greatest enormity.

In favour of mere learning, the poor Catholics of Ireland have made prodigious exertions, such as would not pass for credible, were not the facts attested by those who were unwilling witnesses. By data furnished in 1827, we have, in round numbers, the following

SCHOLARS IN IRELAND.

	Paid for their Schooling.	Free.
Protestants, 90,000 . .	46,000 . .	44,000
Catholics, 400,000 . .	320,000 . .	80,000

It is hence obvious, that about half the Protestant children are free, while not above one-fifth of the Catholics are so. Here, however, is the willingness proved, notwithstanding their well-known comparative weakness in means, which should have ensured them fairness, if not indulgence, in the distribution of the public funds for education.

The cause of good education is now progressing ; pity it is that so much sectarianism and sourness

have been mixed up with it, as nearly to taint the whole. But the government has given education, in a few weeks a hundred years advance at once, in their vindication of the majesty of the law, by punishing the rich, who had the smallest, if any excuse for its violation, but without noticing the poor and weak, who could make no defence. This is noble—this is education. This is like the divine law, which, being no respecter of persons, is therefore, for its impartiality, respected of all.

That this education should exist so much amongst us is wonderful, but when the disadvantages we labour under are considered, it is altogether inexplicable by most people. We are very poor—we are almost always a great camp; and we have no elementary books for learning, compared with the English children. Here are three monstrous difficulties, all of which we have topped in our love for the pursuit.

The enemies of the Catholic church must be filled with forbearance, if not esteem, for the exertions she has made for learning. England abounds with their testimonies, and the world is obliged to admit that the section of that church, the most maligned and obnoxious, the Jesuits, deserves the eternal estimation of mankind as the rescuers of learning from perdition. Approving nations made them its guardians and teachers, and

they thus became rich by industry, and attracted the jealousy of governments and princes, who yearned for their properties and palaces, as their colleges might well be called, and under the pretext that they were meddlers too, exclusively in politics, they (the princes) got the approbation of the people, aye, and of the pope too, to the disgrace of both, to rob the order, though it is clear the people got no part of the plunder. The charge, of attachment to ignorance, against Catholicism could not be borne out. At least it always maintained a splendid and extensive aristocracy of learning, to which, perhaps, it might have appropriated its benefits, too exclusively for the cause of general justice, and of itself; though, perhaps, the only restriction it ever laid, was that of never giving its formal sanction to *any translation* of the Scriptures into any living language, and thus, of course, impeding their general reading or use.

Poor laws must precede a successful national education; that moral valuable one which attaches the mind by examples as well as precepts of justice and protection of all, to domestic peace, good will, respect for each other, and a holy respect for the laws. It may be said, the classes for whom education is intended and provided are comfortable, and capable of taking all its benefits. They are not so generally; it is well known, that

our middle classes, as they are called—that is our farmers, shopkeepers, and the like, by whom a whole nation of beggars are supported—are themselves constantly in a state of destitution; that in their food, raiment, furniture, household comforts, and in every necessary, even of fire and water, they are as much below the corresponding classes in England as the Irish beggar is beneath the British pauper. With the assimilation of principles in the smaller to those in the larger country, these differences will disappear, and simplicity will be so restored to the political machine that any future defect in its working will be more immediately observed and corrected.

Another want to us, but of great importance to the empire, is a legal provision for the *Catholic clergy*. I will not insult them nor *common sense*, by using the epithet *Roman*, which was originally adopted for extensive, indeed universal subjugation, but more lately retained for no reasonable cause; many well-wishers would say, and joined too, by many of our own clergy, that it is for *absurdity's sake*. There is no honour in being a Roman now; the “*ultimus Romanorum*,” *last of the Romans*, has been for ages proverbial. The ghosts of the *Brutuses* and *Catos* long haunted their lovers, inhabitants of the eternal city, till they at length loathed the base aspect of sleepy slavery,

and have forsaken them for long ages. Has a Roman any right to call himself a British or Irish Catholic? He has; as much as an Irishman has to call himself *Roman*. Absurd! offensive, no less to common sense, than to our more sensible fellow subjects, who, if they thought *we believed ourselves what we say*, never would nor could make us any concessions. The Italian singers, the image and monkey people, by whom England is now deluged, may be *Roman Catholics*. We might be satisfied with being British or Irish, and not submit to such offending, unmeaning folly.

We once had, but rejected a happy opportunity of ridding ourselves of such follies, which, entirely out of the pale of common sense and decency, are propped up a little upon *anciency* alone, which was a prop to all the great abuses and evils that ever existed.

Pope Pius VII. exhibited to the crowned heads of Europe a new example of fidelity and perseverance in the paths of justice and truth. His being outcast and dragged a prisoner six hundred miles from his home, and cast into a French dungeon, seemed but to fix those his principles immoveably. His benefactor, Bonaparte, was the author of all this, asking the good man, on the eve of every new insult, "Will you yield now?"—"No, never," was his reply—"never will I consent to shut

the ports in the states of the church against England, without shutting them at the same time against France ! They shall be alike open to all, or shut against all !”

The consciousness of right, the love of freedom, supported his noble mind in his cell, and we know who conquered at last.

George, prince regent, being then the only other sceptered power of Europe who had maintained the same principles, was filled with generous esteem for the martyr to the cause of justice and freedom, and of England, of which he was not even an acquaintance, against a bosom friend, who turned a tyrant. It is well known a close friendship existed long between Bonaparte and Cardinal Chiaramonte, afterwards Pius VII., but the former was then in the panoply of the true knight and lover of liberty.

His royal highness sent his representative to the holy emancipate, with his congratulations and offers of friendship, and an autograph, as was reported, in addition to large sums, “cartes blanche,” for money, to any extent, on the banks in Italy, to enable him to repossess himself of his states and of the Vatican with suitable splendor ; and no one could doubt its truth who knew the character of the sender. Such friendship could not be refused ; his holiness used a part, some thirty

or forty thousand pounds, which, it was said, he insisted on repaying afterwards, having accepted as a loan, what was intended as a gift.

Here, then, was a man of virtue, learning, and religion—a model, safe surely to imitate for this or any other world. He sent no excommunications, knowing from experience that poor mortals had loads of misery to endure without any factitious fulminations. No ! but he sent us a letter, celebrated as *Quarantotti's Rescript*.

It was a letter of friendship and advice. He counselled, he besought us, in our then disputes with the British government, on *the veto*, to submit, as was our duty. For lovers of order and harmony, this would have seemed sound and safe advice ; but we rejected it, thus making ourselves *more papist than the pope*.

Now here was a solemn act of surrender and conveyance of whatever authority might be supposed to be possessed by the Holy See over Irish Catholics, to the British government and monarch, fully authorising the latter, George IV., to be pope, or head of the church. In doing so, his holiness was right, or wrong ; if right, (and no doubt he was,) what right had we to oppose him, and what were all his predecessor popes, long gone to their accounts, in all of which Ireland will be a heavy item against them ? If he was wrong,

why should we have kept union with him or the bishoprick of Rome? if he was in error, we were bound to separate and set ourselves up a pope, or father, at Cork or York, or anywhere at home, having as good authority for it, as the French had in their most Catholic days, in setting themselves up popes at Avignon.

It may be answered that the head of our church must be a monarch, not a subject, and of course a foreigner. It is certain that St. Peter never assumed any thing of the sort, nor his successors for hundreds of years, but were most humble subjects to the pagan emperors, extolling the Trajans, Nervas, Antonines, and lauding those who refrained from persecuting them.

Pius VII. seemed to have foreseen the inconsistency and difficulties into which we are likely to fall. Let us suppose, what is almost certain to take place, that Cardinal Weld, or the Hon. Mr. Spencer becomes pope. Here are English subjects; nor can they be otherwise, as popes or not, without incurring something like treason. Will these gentlemen be monarchs and subjects at the same time, like monarchs of the sock? And if English subjects, will the king of England have a right to seize Rome and the Ecclesiastical States as property and chattel, forfeited to the British crown by a subject with his allegiance. Any part of this

will be awkward, and we must *submit to a sasse-nagh* for a pope *and a subject too*, when we might have George IV. or William IV., in taking our best pope's advice. The time is not too late now to do what is right in this matter; what the bishops of Rome did in their best days, in submission to and support of pagan governments, might well be imitated now towards Christian princes, who do not persecute, but indulge.

In the "*Times Journal*," there appeared, a day or two ago, the 10th November 1832, a correspondence official, touching the progress for eighteen months, and success of the efforts of England, through her employé, Mr. Seymour, to obtain some mitigation of the *severities of the pontifical government against its own subjects*, for asking for their right. Now here can be no mistake, no error, no libel. The mitigating and propitiatory propositions were made by the Hon. Mr. Lamb, our ambassador, and answered by Count Metternich on the part of the pope, that his holiness agreed to all the propositions of England in favour of his Roman subjects, *except two*, viz. 1st. *The pope refused to admit the principle of popular election, as the basis of the communal (parish) and provincial councils.* 2ndly. *He refuses a council of state of lay persons*, besides the sacred college. While the pope is refusing those just

rights, he is employing Austrian and Swiss troops to cut down his unfortunate subjects ! And so this is the sort of despotism to which Irishmen bow ! Bah ! what is called decency on such a subject, is but a species of hypocrisy ; nevertheless, we have done with the whole subject just now.

It is a time, probably, very unpropitious to offer to the British public any suggestion for further favour to the Irish Catholics, who seem to have taken with so much ingratitude, and returned so much insolence for, the immense favours already conferred. It might however be asserted with much truth, that it is but a poor minority of our people that is in this fatuity, though they are the principal of them ; by some crookedness of nature, the very persons who gained by the concessions ; and that we have been crimped into the barbarous and buccaneering service in which we have been lately engaged at Wallstown, Carrigeen, &c. ; that our leaders are responsible for those cruel and heart-sickening proceedings that ensued, in which, as we had no interest, save such a beneficial one as would have induced us to support the government, had we understood the matter, we could not have been found in them, unless we had been led astray.

Whatever we may have done to draw upon us the disapprobation of our British friends, would

be also a cause of drawing their attention to any measure likely to prevent, in future, its recurrence. That there were many priests mixed up in this business, in every part, is indubitable; but while such circumstances offer great embarrassment to the government and to the due course of law, the poor priest may offer an excuse or two. Why is he driven to work bits of land for his support, and thus naturally into all the combinations of his neighbours perhaps? Whatever may be said to the contrary, he will be found perhaps the most important man in the parish, if commanding be important; and it is clear he should be made somewhat of an independent gentleman, which would relieve him from a good deal of this command, often thrust upon him unwillingly.

The greatest men in this country have, some of them, so ably advocated a provision for the Catholic clergy, that the propriety of it amounts to a demonstration, though it appears itself inconsistent with the constitution of the country. But the British constitution is elastic, and easily accommodates itself to measures apparently more incongruous. The slave trade, actual colonial slavery, cruelties to the Jews and Catholics, &c., have been a part of it, however abhorrent. Necessity was pleaded as the cause, but of the propriety of a provision for the Catholic clergy, amounting to a

necessity, the public would be convinced, did they know the bearings of this subject, as they did of the others.

We do not say the Irish priest has any right, though he may not very clearly see why the Canadian should be provided for, when Ireland appears to him to have claims beyond Canada. However, it is for the people's benefit that this measure should be adopted, and not for the priest's, though he appears the party served.

That the expense of supporting our clergy is very burdensome on the people, will not be doubted. In the time of the *Right Boys*, the *dues*, as they were called, of the priests, were among the causes of complaint, as well as *the tithes*. The doggrels of the day gave note to the priest thus :

If you do not your fees recant,
You on the white horse must take a jaunt.

Those *Right Boys* mounted the pertinacious priest, naked "in Posterioribus," upon the white horse, fixing them in a saddle composed of furze bushes. He soon cried out "miserere," and the list of fees were thus settled. But they were soon exceeded, and have continued to be paid without any public remonstrance. Cases of hardship have been submitted to. What individual, indeed, dare remonstrate, even in such case, in Ireland ?

Our Catholic clergy are, however, excellent men, full of charity, sympathy, and benevolence, so that a long life amongst them seldom saves a few hundred pounds. Left as other men, they do the same in pursuit of their fees, and many people think their zeal is increased in attending their religious duties, to most of which fees are attached.

This we will not admit, though it appears contrary to experience and human nature to deny it altogether : but it appears to have the effect of inducing the clergy to mind families more and their chapels less, having more knowledge of, and influence in, the families often, than the masters themselves. This is no doubt a comfort to the pious as well as a source of pride to all, that their houses should be thus distinguished as the headquarters of the priest, and the magazine of the sacraments. Under different circumstances the priest would excite the scoff of some, and the disapproval of all, to his thus hawking about the sacraments from house to house, as it would be termed, from their proper place, the chapel, where he and they would appear in their suitable dignity ; but when his existence and comforts are left to depend upon this very much, by which he may also raise his religious reputation, he is least to be blamed. With the cold chapels the poor may be neglected, but they are attended to at least once

a week. With *a mass celebrated*, as it is called, in a hunting fashion and rapidity, with boots and spurs on, and so forth, his reverence reading his latin against time, that after the last word the benediction and the holy-water, which all may receive plentifully, he may gallop off two or three miles to baptize a child in danger, or anoint an old woman *in articulo*, or something of the sort.

Why, he has not time to take his meals in comfort, employed about these duties, without thinking of the dues through a widely extending population; how then can he be reasonably expected to be a friend to education, which may interfere with his professional pursuits? Besides, it requires books, stationery, fire, a little payment to the master, all which might trench materially on the little stock sacred to religious purposes. Yes! the poor boys, aye, and the girls too, may go hungry, bare foot, half clothed in rags, and in tears: the priest must be paid:—that is beyond all dispute—'tis a point of honour, a debt of honour; but there is no such debt, no, nor of honesty neither, felt or admitted towards the poor children. I say so before the world, and I know it well!

But do I blame the poor priests? God forbid: they are objects of pity, men of fine, proud principles, as they generally are, to be thus consigned to modes of beggary and baseness to live by.

People may be too much lawyered, too much doctored, and too much pastored too. One of the greatest excellences of the Church of England, perhaps, is the independence and non-interference of the clergy in the affairs and families of their parishioners. Many most excellent people, no doubt, think otherwise; but the clergy will thus have more time to devote to their own and the general parochial improvement and education.

A priest in Ireland was expected to go completely through his parishes twice, or at least once a year, to hold *a station of confession* at some respectable house, in a circle of ten or twenty families, each week day, during several months, till all are confessed. There are two terms for these assizes, Christmas and Easter. The communion is administered; the *offering* is laid on the travelling altar by each, except children and servants, the former of whom are often the subject of praise and wonderment, for boldly approaching the altars themselves upon those occasions. The famishing and exhausted priest sits down at last to a tolerable breakfast, gets through the time with his *breviary* and snatches of parish chat, if there is nothing to be done out of doors very pressing, till dinner, often rather an expensive concern, with a party asked to meet him; and finishes rather a pleasant though very laborious day by giving the

house and company his warm blessing, and God thanks with a fervent prayer, joined in by all, that he may be able to resume similar labours on the morrow, at some near neighbour's, thus bringing a holiday to the young, a feast day to the more mature, and a blessing to all, every day during eight months of the year, though it is all accomplished at such labour and trouble to the priest.

The evil consequences of all this cannot be easily appreciated. The government treats these things as foreign customs, the parties concerned think and treat the government as foreign. Why should an Irish priest esteem the government? except for Maynooth alone, where, however, the government allows him to be oppressed and debarred from the best part of education; in being prohibited, if allowed to attend the college library at all, from reading the works of Gibbon, Voltaire, and others of a liberal and philosophical sort. The student resents this as an insult and injury, but he will not, he dare not complain, as he would be thereby debarred from fire and salt, if allowed to live at all; but he blames the government for all, and it has decidedly no claim upon his gratitude or respect.

Make a provision for us at the rate of from four to twenty shillings a day in classes, according to our parishes or congregations, you make us gentle-

men of independence, liberality, education, and attachment to you, supporters of the law, lovers of the country and of the empire, and of neighbours of every denomination, and good pastors for all useful and decent purposes; and feeling in ourselves a considerable degree of independence of our flocks, we leave them in possession of just as much of us.

A priest will not be compelled, as he has been, to be a subaltern to demagogism, nor carry a trencher through his chapel to collect rent for agitation, himself even dealing occasionally in diatribe. He will be in a condition to resist all such empiricism, even when argued by the *Juris Consults of the Corn Exchange*, and will have some influence in advising his poor neighbour to keep his sixpence in his pocket, and leave such *rent in arrear*.

In short, without this measure, education, (reading and writing only is not meant,) it is evident, can make little or no progress, though money be most generously voted and given to it. Good will be done, perhaps worth the expense; but though learning may progress, the great object of education would be more certainly arrived at by engaging the priest, the pilot, as our friend. As to our learning-education, when it is completed, we are pretty well acquainted with *Moll Flanders*, *Fau- blas*, *Irish Rogues*, *Franey*, *Fanny Meadows*,

Lydia, the Monk, Pastorini's Prophecy, Art of Love, Books of Ballads, &c. But to be sure, we have as a foil to these, *Think well on't, Fifty Reasons, Ward's Cantos, Hocus Pocus, &c.* If these are, and they were without doubt, lately the books in general use as school and family reading books, it does not rise to a doubt whether such rubbish does not constitute a libel or perversion of the word education in the minds of many most excellent persons. How such vile taste was engendered is a matter of easy solution, though of melancholy reflection. A bigotted, barbarous parliament, insulted, trampled the people, particularly in their religious feelings: they in their turn abhorred those of the said parliament, not only hating the sight of a Protestant Bible or Testament, but of any book common to the reading classes of England.

The priests, made gentlemen by a *regium donum*, can, and will remedy all this and scores of other evils at once: no injustice nor indiscretion would have been committed by having had it in the duke's great measure; had it been thirty years old, it would have saved England many of the vexations and griefs she has endured for the blood shed during that time in Ireland.

A few plain questions will present themselves to the mind of every reasonable man, and they

may as well be put at once. 1st. Are the subjects of the present pope, Gregory XVI., in insurrection against him, and justly? 2ndly. Is he employing foreign mercenaries in cutting them down, or is it murdering them? 3rdly. Is the British government engaged, and during the last eighteen months in trying to *mitigate the cruelties of the holy father's government*? 4thly. Are these things true? 5thly. If so, is the *pope a despot*? 6thly. Shall we continue to hold any *unity or community* with such a person? 7thly. If we do, are we in contumacy or rebellion against the British government and people? And 8thly. Do we thus present a fair cause to any gentleman to move in the legislature for *our expulsion from out the pale of the constitution*? Will the spirited parochial clergy hesitate to assemble immediately for discussing and disclaiming so foul a fief or fatherhood? They may enter on the consideration also, of the wisdom and advice of the late excellent Pius VII., in recommending a perfect submission and unity with the British crown, and on the propriety of conferring upon it now not even the *veto*, but the *volo*, as was the custom of the best Christian times, when subjects did not travel from home for *foreign heads*, to make themselves *monsters*, but for *faithful* members. There are the Dutch Catholics, who have their director general, appointed by their

Protestant king—from whom he receives his orders. Will the Irish do something of the sort, and disown this Janus, bi-faced, monstrous subjection? The time for reform of all abuses is arrived, let them look to it, and pass for something in the state, leaving Rome to its Vandals.

Do we confine ourselves to a provision for the Catholic clergy? No; we wish all clergy to be paid, of every Christian denomination, having regular congregations, and, of course, claims on the public purse, they all belonging to the great family who read and *own the book*, but who, like smaller, may have little differences though much love between their different members. Sectarian asperities of pastors and people would be softened, and a good will growing out of such liberality, would leave little even to the national establishment to wish for. Had these been the order already, the outcry against the church through the country would not now be alarming its sincere and best solicitous friends.

Toleration was a great boon, while England's liberties, in the fortress of her religion, were in danger; but now that all of them are secured with other great advantages, this toleration should be succeeded by liberality and reward to all, who, though not within the fortress, were within the firing range of the danger, doing excellent service

as auxiliaries. Let the pastors of all denominations, whose brethren bore a name in the days of danger, be paid from the public ; but for the sake of Ireland's hope, her education, extend to her this boon of generosity.

. This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part.

MILTON.

CHAPTER IX.

Public Men—Confusion—Armour of Man—Late Marquis of Londonderry—Charges false and base—Anecdote—Militia—Duke of Wellington—Massanissa—Syphax—Catholic Emancipation—Manœuvre—Misconceived—Most Rev. Dr. Curtis—The Duke's Mode—Thomas Moore, Esq.—Captain Rock—Fire-Worshippers—Daniel O'Connell, Esq.—Right Rev. Dr. Doyle—Lord's Prayer—Doubts for Christians—St. Patrick—Probable Origin of the Connexion with Rome—Illustration—Divine Liberator—Emperor Titus—Despots of Russia and Rome—Mass in Latin or Greek—Neighbours—Exchange—Orangemen—their character, by Sir Francis Burdett—Repeal, generates a Dysentery—Advice, in pathetic Stanzas, by Spenser the Poet, in 1591.

ANOTHER subject extremely important to Ireland, is her mode of estimating the characters of public men, in reference to their conduct to herself. *Prejudice* appears to be so much the *rule*, and *passion* the *measure*, in such *estimates*, that no great man will engage *twice* to serve her, sure of being misunderstood, impeded, perhaps ill-used.

We seem as irregular as our own ocean's storms, and alike capricious, and judgment is a quality which we appear without, having probably lost it in the whirlwinds.

Ireland has had, also, much fair weather ; but that has done hurt ; the quiet and peace it should produce, is changed by some elves or jugglers into tempests, of which Belzebub seems the controller—every thing is confounded ; friends are called foes, and *vice versa* ; gifts are gyves, and hearsay, without any consideration, determines all questions in honesty, humanity, philosophy, and even heresy itself. The understanding and reason which God has given us for our own lamp we do not light, but follow in the borrowed light of others, and, as was intended, we are ever stumbling and going astray. While there is such a taste for error, such a distaste for any trouble of examining or comparing facts or causes dispassionately, truth cannot prevail, nor reason conquer. We must depend for our conquests upon brute force—trusting to claws, clubs, or teeth, like the depredators of the desert or forest, instead of reason, which is the best armour and arms of man, truth being his never failing directress.

In this absence, extinguishment of truth and reason, the services of some of Ireland's best friends and lovers, have been not only unseen, but

they themselves have been abused, calumniated, maligned. It is thus we must account for the groundless and ungenerous obloquy heaped on the character of that man, who was most likely the best, and sincerest friend to Ireland, of any of her sons, perhaps, yet born, the late

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

If what is already stated in reference to Irish parliaments be incontrovertible, it follows, that that man who grappled with, and crushed *that monster*, whose sole unvarying principle of legislating was, *for the few against the many*, making gods and tyrants of themselves and their handful of idolaters; and slaves of the millions, with the infliction of the principal physical evils incident to man. To annihilate such a hydra, one would naturally suppose, would be a safe path to a nation's heart and calendar; but instead of its being the subject of a nation's approbation and thanksgiving with Ireland, he was left to die in the consciousness of its ingratitude.

Regardless of the inveterate hostility he raised against himself, *Lord Castlereagh* proceeded boldly to produce the *summum bonum* of political capacity to Ireland. *He at once united, indissolubly, the poorest people in Europe to the richest; the most obscure to the most distinguished; the most barbarous to the most refined.*

It is not for us to inquire here, what share of praise or thanks he might have been entitled to from *Englishmen for this union of his, of this family alliance*, of the benefits of which many of them have very serious doubts, even to this day. But yet they relied upon his ingenuousness and honour, allowed him to introduce us, his colony of slaves; while we raise so senseless, so vile a cry against our political redeemer, as was, perhaps, never heard before; he was a traitor, a salesman of his country! He committed unusual cruelties, &c. &c.

Alas! that the cruelties were committed is true enough, but that poor Castlereagh had, as then secretary, any more to do with them, than Lord Goderich has to do now with flogging the Blacks in the West Indies, is as true. *Martial law* was then the *law*, and took them completely out of his hands, out of his power.

An anecdote, the truth of which may be relied on, will serve to guide us a little here. A gentleman, subsequently a much esteemed friend of the author, had an appointment of great responsibility thrust upon him in the rebellion of 1798, in the county of Wexford; upon General Lake taking possession of the town, he opened his *black list*, in which was the name of the above, but by the immediate interference of a few influential persons,

among them some ladies, who had been saved by the above gentleman from destruction, the general hardly consented to spare his life, but on condition that he should transport himself out of the king's dominions for a certain number of years, and quit the town in an hour, before the numerous executions of his comrades should commence. He quitted instantly, and proceeded to England, thence to America, as by order, where he continued several months.

After the lapse of above a year, he returned to Dublin, and knocked at Lord Castlereagh's door, soon after, about six o'clock one morning. The porter told him his lordship went late to bed, and could not be disturbed; but, however, he was persuaded to go up, with Mr. ——'s card, and pressing entreaty to see his lordship. Having examined the card, in some doubt and astonishment, he said to the porter, "*Send him up.*" He ascended in a trembling and distracted state, entered the bed-chamber where he found the lord seated on his bed-side, wrapped in a dressing-gown. "Good God! can I believe it you? How did you get—how could you think of venturing here?" "My lord, I cannot, any longer, endure an absence from my wife and children, and am ready to risk death to join them," was his reply. "I pity you, poor fellow! what can I do for you?" said his

lordship, ~~www.Ilibet.com~~ "I want nothing but your *written protection*, and permission to go to Wexford."

"These you may have with all my heart, but you must not depend your life on my *protection*; you know, man, you may be shot like a dog without its being even asked for. Be advised, and wait awhile, and let us consider what may best be done."

"Thank you, my lord, I'm weary of life and thinking, and go I will, at all hazards." "Well, if you will do it, I can only write to the general commanding there to give you *his protection*, which will be *better than mine*—go in peace—shall be always glad to serve you or any unfortunate countryman!"

The gentleman returned, received suitable protection from the general commanding, and became a valuable and esteemed member of society for several years, till his death.

Comment upon this is waste of words; cruelty could be charged against this man, only for absurdity sake. To the last moment of his life was he loved, almost beyond any other man, by those who were about him, and all who knew him best.

As to the charge that he sold his country—Jesu! where was the price? We know of prices, and pensions, and bribes, but who could ever discover a track of any such thing towards him? Why the man married an heiress, had no family,

had no habits of expense, save such as were suited to add lustre to the country; he was in office almost all his life, but yet I could never hear he died rich; for that, he had better been *Bishop of Derry* than its marquis, even though united to London. No, no! he was not the man! for shame, Irishmen! shed a tear to the memory of unfortunate Castlereagh, the true friend and lover of his poor country.

One of his *Acts*—his own it was—Irishmen will yet remember it—was the *Interchange of Militia Bill*, under which large bodies of steady, orderly, quiet English militia, were conveyed into the most remote parts of Ireland, where will be yet well recollected the mutual kindness, harmony, and confidence that continued to subsist between them and the natives; neither party could have their pipe, or drop of whiskey, apart from the other. Most of the detachments were placed entirely in quarters, that is, lodging about with the natives. After parade, the arms, accoutrements, cartridge-box, &c. were taken into charge by Paddy, and John, having thrown them off, took to nursing and giving some advice, in a detailed way, as to the mode of cottage and garden-keeping in England, until explanation, and attention, and wonderment, brought the night and the pipe to the cheerful

parties, seated often on *sods of turf* round their turf-fire, exhibiting indeed the *Union* complete.

This we know cannot be done now, and pity it is it cannot, as great is the loss to the Irish poor; they have lost thereby that better advice and influence in the present circumstances which would have kept them out of such affairs as *Carrickschaugh*, *Carrigeen*, *Wallstown*, and many others, which are as little creditable to their heads as to their hearts. The troops actually in the country are most excellent and compassionate; but any corps of them is but a mixture, unlike a regiment of English militia, every man of whom, perhaps, came from one county, and filled with astonishment, interest, and sympathy for their new Irish friends, beyond any thing likely to be felt by a corps containing many, if not a moiety Irish, who are too familiar with, to be much affected by, such feelings and privations. Of the Irish militia in Ireland, some regiments were endured, some detested; but in every case and place the English militia corps was always esteemed.

In the transfer of the Irish regiments of militia to England, the advantages were as great though not so extensive, for here they were confined to the men in the regiments alone, whereas, in the above case, they were extended to the people out of

the regiments; of wide-extending districts, in perhaps the wildest parts of Ireland, where peace and confidence invariably prevailed, at fair, and market, and all meetings. The Irish militia in England appear to have been confined principally to the maritime towns; whether this arose from a quarrelsome, pugnacious disposition on their part, or the mere apprehension of it after some small trials, or from whatever other cause, but so it was: they were not allowed to mix among the natives in the interior, as the English were in Leitrim, Longford, Roscommon, Sligo, &c., which latter must have produced the best effects, had it been continued some few years, as practical, peaceable, and moral English education, was really much on the march in the most retired parts of the island at the time alluded to.

Such were the objects nearest the heart of Lord Castlereagh. He sell! Why this is the crime in the punishment for which Virgil shows up one of his infernal culprits,

. Vendidit hic auro patriam.

Base slander! He was not one of the salesmen, believe it. In later times, when he would have been naturally approaching the "*old gentlemanly vice*," Europe was open to him to pick and choose

for bribes. He was not the man. Honour and glory were his objects.

We are silent upon the quarrels and their causes between him and Englishmen. His love for Ireland is our affair, and its sincerity is beyond doubt; and that love, there is great reason to think, drove him into great difficulties and evils, in trying to redeem promises of doing services to many of his countrymen, which he found it subsequently impossible to perform. He did much in that way, perhaps more than he ought, and it produced him, with the disappointed, a host of hornets in both countries. He left, however, the *Union* incomplete, in not carrying the *Poor Laws into Ireland*. This was an omission amounting almost to a crime, for which he was perhaps amerced in a heavy penalty in the last act of his life; but Ireland yet, for the infinite advantages he put in her possession by the *Union*, owes him her commemoration eternal.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

is the unsurpassed yet unpretending friend of Ireland. He worked its good without valuing its gratitude. Of his services the world is in possession, enjoyment, and conversation. To Ireland he was no promiser, nor professor. No! a per-

former, who, as it were by magic, loosed the gordian knot of ages, which more than Alexander, he might, like him, have cut with his sword. He may have been, like *Massinissa*, first the foe, then the friend of the *Romans*, sacrificing to that friendship innumerable attachments through an admiring empire, but with a disinterestedness that never belonged to that prudent monarch. It were to be lamented, were he at last obliged to admit the correctness of his friends' prognostics, and take the course of that other king, Syphax, the final foe, though former friend of the Romans, in which he would certainly have a success different from, and a better cause than, that unfortunate monarch.

The blur he effaced from the British constitution, to which it was perhaps more discreditable than injurious to the Catholics: it is certain, however, it would have been much more advantageous had it been taken as it was given, as a measure and muniment of general tranquillization.

We were in fetters, tied up; but in their generosity Englishmen would not allow us to be ill-used further than what was necessary to keep us restrained properly; we complained and prayed to be loosed, and the cry on the wind reached the ear of our immortal countryman, who in a moment burst the chains, by many considered everlasting, and silenced, as he might well suppose, all com-

plaint from the released. But, lo ! we hurrah that it was the act of a fellow-prisoner—it was a victory, a conquest forced from the Duke ! It was, in fact, dressed up to be palatable to us, the more so as it was a rescue, a breaking prison, or something in the lawless way. But we seem to forget in our glory that we make ourselves liable, aye, and perhaps likely to be tied up again, with the concurrence now of honest John Bull, who begins to think that a *little punishment to us* has pretty much the same effect as a *little water thrown on fire*, which increases the blaze, while a little more applied to the principal coals would get it completely under.

The gallantry of Irishmen is very great, but one can see no great use for it here ; it is, however, more like the gasconade for which the French used to be proverbial ; but it was not to be expected that modern Irishmen would have approximated such vanity.

His Grace had a grand manœuvre to perform ; some masking was required by him to obtain the consent of *his allies*, of which no man born had the least chance but himself. He had all the confidence of the aristocracy, *his high allied powers*, but to give their consent to this, he was obliged to use the innocent expedient of popping a microscope between their eyes and Mr. O'Connell. Many of them, to be sure, declared he did not appear so large

to them ; others that they could not distinctly see through it. But the duke assured them the object was gigantic almost, the most tremendous part being behind a huge back, with a tail stretching across the waters of the alligators.

With true faith and credulity of Catholics, we believed, and declared that we, without his Grace's microscope, but upon his mere *bit of badinage*, could see plainly that the object indicated was a giant indeed, and more, that he was to the duke a real phantasmagoria, more terrific to him than the spectre at Philippi to Brutus. I'll have no civil war, said the Duke.

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.

CICERO.

"By the powers he's afraid of us!" was reiterated through the whole tribe of Dan.

His Grace, in a letter addressed some time before to an old Peninsular acquaintance, the good Dr. Curtis, stated, "that as to that question" (Catholic emancipation), "*he would set it to rest ;*" or words of that sort. Now the pious Bishop, and all the right believers saw immediately, in interpreting this through his and their infallible eyes, that they were left to sing a *requiem* over it, and even the noble marquis at the head of the Government allowed himself to be so worked upon, as to become

a believer himself in their opinion, and came to London to fling up his staff, which caused the duke, no doubt, a hearty laugh. However, though they published the secret, which mayhap they had a right to do, as it was not imparted through a confessional, and though it was as plain as a pike-staff, yet, like the same staff half plunged in water, they made it quite crooked through their own medium. The duke marvelled at the ill credulity and gullibility, but declared that no more of his plain phrases should be thus enigmatized in the same quarter.

. . . . Sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc Virtutis opus. . . .

VIRGIL.

What incorrigible vanity ! vanity itself the most heartless of all the passions, of course most likely to mistake the duke ! To point at his personal fears too. He was frightened ! yes, at the possibility of losing the opportunity of doing that for his countrymen, which he well knew no other man could accomplish. Had he had any *penchant* for opposing us he would have put us down, reduced us to half a tribe in half a quarter, and at the close of the second half, the remnant of us would not be easily discernible.

Indeed the Duke of Wellington's immortal achievements would not have been complete with-

out this, which was a monument of national approbation of Ireland's sons, whom he had so many years led in the paths of honour and danger; but, as frequently happens, the rewards were not enjoyed by those who deserved them, and it was no wonder that those to whom they fell could not very well account for the causes of their coming, and should thus abuse them.

Seriously, it is imperative upon us to consider, and be just to others as to ourselves. If honest Englishmen would not allow us to be ill-used or insulted when we were in bondage, even by the duke himself, had he been inclined thatward, they will not allow us, now enlarged, to insult with impunity others, among them some of our best friends, or ascribe, even jeeringly, to a fellow-prisoner, as a rescue, what was legally obtained from the friendship of some, the reluctance of many, the liberality of numbers, and the good-wishes of all, by that *leader indeed*, who never led but to victory.

With Ireland's immortal general, comes naturally her immortal bard,

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Whose magic lyre and lute seem unknown to, unheard by, his countrymen. Had Pope lived to have modulated through the *Melodies*, looking at

the ever-perturbed state of Ireland, he would have erased from his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* that enchanting passage,

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

This is false, of us at least. Before Mr. Moore's day, Ireland was recollected in the rural parts of England as a semi-barbarous colony, somewhere between England and Jamaica, the latter, much more important, and better known for its productions, rum and sugar, while the former was known only to import hordes of beggars.

Her bard appeared inspired, as it were, by the waked spirits of her long-sleeping music and poetry, but in their new existence, they seemed recreated in fresh fairy feature, in which he led Ireland weeping into every drawing-room in Great Britain. She held forth her plaint, set in his sweet numbers, in her own melting and pensive strain. It was irresistible. The British fair, the daughters of Beauty, and sisters of Sympathy, were enchanted, bewitched—the men soon followed—the “Melodies” raised sighs of concession, and a fashionable concurrence, as to the rights of so fine a people after their wrongs and sufferings of ages. Her *captain* led her sons to realize her

bard's dreams of glory, his vaticinations were left behind by the duke's exploits. *The poet was yet made a prophet by the duke*, and by both is Ireland made indeed immortal.

Happy had it been, perhaps, even for the bard, had he not quitted those beautiful parterres, to become the annalist, the biographer of a different hero, Captain Rock and family, who, through the fascinations here thrown round them, have gained a station in our affections which could be only ephemeral because unfounded. Their griefs are most affectingly, perhaps fairly unfolded, their heart-melting complaints, and their riots, routs, battles, conflagrations, dancings in chains, even at the foot of the *fatal tree*, and all the wild eccentricities of maddened exacerbation that raise unconscious convulsive laughter, are conveyed to fix and fasten the human feelings, beyond what justice could allow. Never was there exhibited, under all its captivations, so much misrepresentation. It is a tissue of calumny throughout against the party charged by the *Rocks*, and that party is England. The poor Rocks are presented and guided all through, as calling and deeming them their enemies, tyrants, plunderers, executioners, &c. The slander is most false and foul, by h——n! and the Rocks ought to have been led by the (herein false) prophet, to seek them and set them

down much nearer home, and been taught that, bad as their condition was; they were often saved from utter extermination by England and her governments. The Rocks' errors and prejudices are propagated and invigorated, unfortunately, by this magic hand of such a biographer, who, in a still more beautiful work of his, ran the hazard of throwing his country once more into a fanatic rebellion. Who can read the *Fire Worshippers in Lalla Rookh*, without emotion unfelt before, if an Irishman, whose country is so strikingly portrayed in that poem so far, as to come within that character left us by the Roman poet in the line,

. . . . Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur

HOR.

“ Change but the name, the story suits thee quite.”

But even in the names there are visible traces of affinity, viz. in *Irun* is seen *Erin*. *Ghebers*, *Heber's* generation, from whom the *Milesian Irish* pretend to be descended; place the *g* at the end—*Al Hassan*, the governor; place the *h* at the end, and put in its place an *s* from the middle, and we have *Sasanh*, the Irish word for an *English Protestant*. *Hinda*, the heroine, gives *Dinah*, an ancient familiar British female Christian name. *Sea of Oman*, gives *Mona*, the Irish Sea, containing the Islands of *Man and Anglesey*, each called *Mona*

by the Romans. *Arabia*, gives *Bria*, an abbreviation of Britannia. *Kernas*, *Kerns*, ancient Irish soldiers. *Kerman*, *Kerryman*, of that part of Ireland attached to foreign connexion. *Hafed*, the *f. e. d.* being the initials of *Fitzthomas*, *Earl of Desmond*, a name distinguished in Ireland from the beginning of Edward III. to the last years of Elizabeth, a period of two hundred and seventy years, &c. for their rebellions, principally in Kerry. But doubt dies away when such names are set to a witching spell in such lines as the following ;—

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab sleeps,
Calm, while a nation round him weeps,
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumbered sheaths,
Are starting to avenge the shame,
His race hath brought on Iran's name, &c.

Yet happier so than if he trod
His own belov'd, but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod !
O ! he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead ;
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed !
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever ? &c.

Is it for the progress of such polity and precept as those with which this enchanting production is prodigiously abundant, that so much of the divine spirit of poesy has been here bestowed ? Were he

to read those pages with but the understanding of a common person, he would not say his countrymen, in their cause, could be served by any fanatic instruction it contains. The moral, leading to true independence and utility, does not anywhere show itself under such exquisite millinery. However, these, like gilded pills, carry their antidotes with them. The bard has made them too expensive to fall into the hands of his countrymen.

Would to God this lyrical prodigy had not meddled with the briary breaks of politics, but confined himself to his delightful flower-gardens of music and song, which afforded more delicious fruit than the fabled gardens of the Hesperides, with all their golden growth. The world has enjoyed his sweets, England admires her inspired acquaintance, and Ireland is proud of her own, no less affectionate than a heaven-favoured son.

Gratitude has long entitled Mr. Moore to a distinguished place, perhaps the most distinguished in the power of the people of Ireland to bestow. They have agitators at home, but he has agitated the rank and beauty and talent of England, and of the world, in her favour, while the domestic declaimers take all the rewards. He might, most likely, have been in the senate many years, but it is still more likely that he would have declined it as any other but one of Ireland's representatives, to

which every body thought him entitled; but in this, also, Ireland would seem to have differed with them in opinion: let us hope soon to do justice to him and to all.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.

Will have a conspicuous niche in Ireland's temple of fame. He is confessedly a man of great ability, greatly diversified, having indubitably gained, beyond any other man, the confidence of his countrymen. He is their own representative—a powerful advocate of their prejudices and passions, appearing ready and willing at all times, to give or gain them legal existence, by means that are often illegal, but generally arbitrary.

His powers of detail have been greatly stretched for the benefit of his country, of which he must pass for an ardent and sincere lover,—but like other lovers, he is inconsistent. The shadow of his inconsistency and arbitrary passion appears to have fallen like an infection upon his poor countrymen. It has, perhaps, led many madly to scatter and sacrifice their lives to the inexpressible grief and alarm of the whole empire, while some will have leisure to learn, in their respective prisons, to respect the opinions and interests of others, espe-

cially in the hands of those responsible to the empire at large for their protection. He has,

Quatuor hic invectus equies et lampada quassans
Ibat ovans, devûneque sibi poscebat honorem ;
Demens !

Yet has he done much for the public as a legislator ; little for self-legislation, which is, perhaps, the cause of his great efforts being reduced to neutralization. His bunting banner of *repeal*, and his opposition to a *legal provision for the poor*, are probably in his mind cause and effect ; indeed he has so declared—so are they in the mind of England, who so far from separating, will soon sink the former in the latter, leaving its advocates to resolve themselves into some new paths,—to ambition or personal aggrandisement, at the expense of the blood and money of their dupes.

England has attended to his cry of *blood and murder* as coming from the lips of a special pleader, but feels her generosity invoked in a manner insulting to her dignity and discrimination ; she, however, wishes good to all, even to the sparing of evil-doers, though deeply affected at the blasting of her dearest hopes for Ireland. Mr. O'Connell is undoubtedly his country's lover, who would die for her honour,

though he may be ignorant or reckless of the road to the attainment of her true interests. The Desmonds were great leaders in their days, but led chiefly to their own undoing and that of numberless other clans.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona

Multi.

HOR.

All these men were lovers of their country, whose co-operation, it is pretty clear, they expected as a return, in their projects of ambition. Ambition has been the great object, and love of country the great route, of these men. How tenderly affecting Shakspeare draws this from the lips of a great, proud, but then tottering prelate of our church, *Cardinal Wolsey*.

Cromwell! I charge thee fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

SHAKSPEARE.

Of Mr. O'Connell's great talents, perseverance, indefatigable application, and diversified ability, none will doubt: his sincerity is problematical with some; his discretion with most, out of Ireland of course. There we cannot be good judges, where our passions and prejudices disqualify us from being judges at all. But we might easily collect, in distrust of ourselves, the feelings and

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opinions of the English Catholics, a shrewd body, with regard to him, which might put in our possession an estimate more to be depended upon than our own. They, at least, will not deceive, as they could have no motive not connected with honour, which is always their guide.

On those two all-important measures, the *poor laws* and the *repeal*, it is unfortunate for Mr. O'Connell's character that he has been a *waverer*. Their sameness of appearance, during the last two or three years, affords no causes for mutability in any steady, sound, well-sorted mind. There is here a versatility which gives a fleeting character to his public conduct, which, perhaps, it does not deserve. But, however, this is a question which has been mooted and gravely animadverted on by him, with whom all the parties concerned may be left to discuss it.

THE RIGHT REV. DOCTOR DOYLE,

Indubitably a lover of Ireland; he is able, active, and indefatigable at the engine that alone can materially serve Ireland and the whole empire, the *poor laws*. His unanswerable advocacy of that measure, and of education, leaves one almost to regret that, through his sacred profession, heaven's calls may too much detach him from the earthly concerns of his countrymen, in which he

is much more wanted, and to which may heaven spare him as long as he thus proceeds !

He charges his fellow-labourer, Mr. O'Connell, with being a renegado ; and when a man of his reputation offers, and proves his public charge of inconstancy, inconsistency, and infirmity of principle, we ought to be on our guard. While the *poor laws* remain a part of England's code, (and their abrogation would soon reduce her to Ireland's level,) no opponent of the poor laws can be other than *an enemy to the Union* and to both countries. The opposition to them there, resolves itself, except a small residuum, into selfishness, and an endeavour to keep up beggary, slavery, and convulsion, with a view of taking advantage of any serious embarrassment of England, to form some other, even transatlantic connexion.

It is vain to talk of Christianity without this test ; " Go ye hypocrites ; when I was hungry, ye fed me not ; when I was naked, ye clothed me not ; sick, and in prison, ye visited me not ; forasmuch as ye did it not unto the poor, ye did it not unto me." The support of it, besides, is a test of every gentleman's sincerity and patriotism, and that he is without any gallimaufry, a good subject to both his earthly and heavenly Sovereigns.

The advocates of *repeal* are more obnoxious to the suspicion of sincerity : in charity we must not

suppose they are sincere, except in using it as a screw to press government into the acceleration and adaptation of means to mend the condition of their country. It must be in this view that the excellent Bishop Doyle will appear a *repealer*. But, however laudable the object, the honour, safety, or morality of thus arriving at it are doubtful and dangerous.

A double evil is evolved ;—an increasing disturbance from agitating the question, and an increasing embarrassment for the government, called on to find still additional remedies for the increasing surplusage of evil. This *force* on the government will, by the laws of reaction, be returned by *force*, for which such gentlemen as the Doctor would not like to be made physically, though they be morally and socially, accountable. This is not a subject to be played with, because, if it were seriously raised, it would probably affect the general peace of the empire. All who embark in such enterprises should always be ready, not even with their liberties, but with their lives in hand, to surrender for the cause for which, being its parents, they ought naturally expect to die before their offspring.

Greatly is it to be lamented that Doctor Doyle's endeavours are not exclusively directed to the *poor laws* and *education*, so much his duty and his

forte. This ~~dereliction of~~ ~~bright~~ duties for *unholy repeal* and return to barbarism, is the only way he could have taken to blemish his fair fame with Englishmen, who are endeavouring to share their blessings and liberties with the Negroes of the West, while the good bishop and his coadjutors in repeal, would carry their country, as a protection against all liberties and blessings, except such empty ones as they may be enabled or disposed to bestow upon it, beyond the Passamaquoddy. Till this the Doctor's character stood high for integrity in England, where character for a public man always relieves him from more than a moiety of his labours. By his conduct herein alone could it be affected.

Hæc via sola fuit, quâ perdere posses.

In truth, innumerable are the lovers and friends of Ireland, and yet with all this professed love and sincere friendship, she is most miserable, always in a state of horrible destitution. Whether it is to be accounted for by the lovers always in a state of intoxication or phrenzy, engaging and deluding her, to the exclusion of her friends who cannot get her out of their clutches, she herself being an empty losel, is not decided. But it is somewhat paradoxical that some of those great lovers are, at the same time, the greatest haters, in the world—

of each other. Ireland's children, brethren, and doubly brethren, through Christianity, of which we are always talking, we are at eternal enmity with each other. We are for ever repeating the Lord's Prayer, but never, perhaps, consider even the two first words of it, *Our Father*. Here has he devised to us, with his own divine lips, as all children alike; yet one part of us go to deprive and deny our brethren their inheritance, under *the will*, because they presume to differ with us in opinion.

Members of the best families will differ on points, though they may be all right; but were it not so, they may live in harmony and mutual esteem for social and moral purposes. But we, as if strangers, enemies to such purposes, call religion our only purpose, which we drag in as a purpose, to break the peace and the heads of the whole family.

This would lead one to doubt seriously, whether, after all, we are any thing more than *self-called Christians*: whether we have any right to the name at all; whether we ever had any part, or sign of a part, of the *divine legacy*—" *My peace I leave you, my peace I give you.*" Surely we never had any part in *this legacy*, which would go far to establish the doubt of its being intended to apply to us at all. Where was the mission or commission

to us? All Europe, except Ireland, taken into the Roman empire, benefited by its instruction, a part of which was the light of Christianity; while Ireland was left in its heathen and barbarous state by St. Peter and his successors, so grossly ignorant of the Trinity, even in St. Patrick's time, that our familiar legend introduces him, trying to make us Trinitarians, through his exhibiting to us the *shamrock* or *trefoil* (*trifolium*). It is now believed by most thinkers on that subject, that there was no such person as St. Patrick at all—such a person appears unspoken of and unknown to any of the ecclesiastical historians during four hundred years after his supposed death. The *Venerable Bede*, *Adamnan*, &c. would have surely recognized so distinguished a man; yet no such person is alluded to by any writer from 432, the year of his supposed mission into Ireland by Pope Celestine, to the ninth century, when calendar-making commenced, and his name appeared for the first time: the whole thing appears apocryphal.

It is undoubted that our country abounded with learned and religious men and institutions at this time, but it is as much so that they were almost all foreigners, especially Britons, who found a remote asylum with us from Saxon and Danish rudeness and domination. Had Irishmen been mixed up with

those institutions or men, Ireland could not have been the blank that it appears at that time in the history of the world. When quiet was somewhat restored in England, about the reign of Alfred, we were abandoned to our ancient barbarism by those said learned and holy men, leaving us under the domination of the popes, with whom a connexion had been formed by the learned men alluded to, and which left us eventually as an appendage to the see of Rome, though, according to *Camden*, we were previously, in our prelacy at least, subject and suffragan to the Archbishops of Canterbury, during the Saxon dominion in England.

It would appear, therefore, as if we were intruders into the great family of Christianity, or, perhaps, sold to some of the dealers in it, (for there were then such pretenders to the connexion, who raised their head very high,) who disposed of us afterwards, as Pope Adrian IV. did to a neighbouring monarch, for a *valuable consideration*, as serfs, or sheep, upon an estate. And yet we presume to disturb the whole branch of the family with the word religion ! religion ! repeated *usque ad nauseam* in our mouths. Let us inquire the value of religion by a familiar illustration.

Religion is to morality, perhaps, what a Latin Grammar is to the Latin language ; the former being the divine rule, the latter the human, but

approaching to divine. The grammar knowledge is of little use, beyond a matter of profit to the teachers and booksellers, unless the scholars advance in the language, which is the supposed great object, the success of which will not be at all advanced by a grammar richly bound, or gilt, in royal or imperial—and very little will be gained by finishing even with a good knowledge of the grammar itself. Now the great object, *the language*, may be well learned through many of the grammars in use, as may morality through any of the religions. Perhaps in grammars, *old Lilly* is not exceeded, though it has probably too much Latin, like our church, for a tyro. The Eton is simple, beautiful, and sufficient for the end. And even the northern, the Scotch, is most excellent; the syntactic, and other rules, being in plain English that cannot be misunderstood.

Shall we say, then, that he who has not learned the same grammar as ourselves, is not, cannot be, a scholar? Presumption! no man of sense or reason would say or think so.

The same cause, therefore, have we to find with people's language or their morality, either of which, as injurious to us, we may condemn and abuse; but why should the faultless grammars, in either case, be punished, and hooted, and reviled?—we have no business to find fault with others' religion. In

the last chapter of the gospel of St. John, St. Peter himself is introduced as speaking to Christ with some jealousy of John. The saint appears reprobated by the divine moralist in these words, of verse 22, *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?* Here is meddling and assumed prerogative in his affairs on the part even of the after bishop of Rome, scouted by himself!!

What right have we, then, to condemn, or much less to find fault with, the heaven-ward opinions of others? We have got our own religion to attend to, which we should study as men to whom the Creator has given freedom of thought, which we cannot repress if we would. This freedom we use very liberally in looking into other people's religion, but we must not peep into our own!!

Did we this, numberless interesting and curious points in our history would strike and much instruct us. How did we ever allow ourselves to be called Romans and Christians at the same time? Christ was no Roman, nor were we: English, French, &c., might have been Roman subjects, but we never. Christ was an Anti-Roman, a reformer, a liberator, who aimed at freeing his country from Roman domination and oppression. The Roman government treated him and his friends in the most ignominious and sanguinary

manner. Their governor, Herod, beheaded his cousin, *the Baptist*,—for what? for making some animadversions on the dancing of a damsel, the governor's niece, who expressed her taste for the man's head in a dish; but most probably it was for his denouncing the incest of the governor with his brother's wife—horrible treatment for an innocent and free man!

Through the Roman colouring given to Christ's life, we can discover his aversion to the Romans, and they knew it. They found his doctrine of equity, education and provision for the poor, subversive of their sway and religion, and they appear to have laid traps for him, having had spies about him to tempt him into the commission of some overt act, in order legally to murder him as they did his cousin. He was obliged to fly into a desert and out of the country, passing with his friends over the *Lake of Gennesareth*. He found himself surrounded by traitors, entrapping him with such questions as, *Is it lawful to pay tribute?* He does not answer *that it is*; no, he could not be induced to countenance *Roman domination* over his countrymen. They seized him, through bribery too, a free man, and after some mock trial, flogged him, and afterwards crucified him with felons in the most horrible and ignominious manner, he being evidently guiltless of any offence, except

his aversion to Roman subjugation, and a determination to undermine it. "The spirit of resistance existing in Christ's time, continued increasing after his death, till his countrymen were buried under the ruins of their temple seventy years afterward, by the Emperor *Titus Vespasian*, to the number of above *one million of human beings*.

Christ never sent nor commissioned Peter,

The pilot of the Gallilean Lake,

MILTON.

nor any of his people, to go to Rome, much less to assume from that hateful spot, that subjugation over distant states, in opposition to which himself died. Neither he nor his successors assumed any such thing, till Rome was abandoned, first by Dioclesian for Nicomede, and finally by Constantine, appalled from the scene of the still smoking blood of all the members of his family. The imperial seat, now for ever deserted and defiled, was assumed, usurped by the bishops, with even the *Heathen title of pontifex maximus!* How beautifully and truly has Lucan expressed

. exeat Aulâ

Qui volet esse pius; virtus et summa potestas

Non coeunt

And these were the people to whom Ireland sub-

mitted! The rump of the Pagan emperors, the murderers of Christ and his innocent people!

The Greek church, the foundations of which were laid by the divine person himself with his assistants, cut itself off from Rome. Surely it never had so much cause, justification, or opportunity as Ireland, who, for the love of Christ, if for no other, ought to have maintained her independence, and not be in connexion at this day with such a despot as Gregory XVI., who, besides hiring foreign assassins at his subjects' expense, against their lives and liberties, lends his assistance to the Kalmuc sabre against the poor Poles, and to rivetting their chains, in a letter which he addressed some time in the summer to the cardinal archbishop, bishops, &c. in Poland, directing, ordering their submission to the northern despot, who was then dragging them to Siberia in droves tied together, and treated with less tenderness than the beasts brought to Smithfield for next day's slaughter! Is this any thing like the doctrine or sentiments of the divine bosom?—quite the reverse: surely some shuffling and mischievous salesmen must have sold us, betrayed us originally, into this inconsistency and slavery. They brought us the *mass in Latin*, and called it *Christian*. Where did Christ ever speak, or teach, or preach in Latin;

or in any language but that understood by the multitude of his countrymen? His self-styled successors, as if in contempt of him and his patriotic feelings, set up a language to pray in that *nobody understood*, not even some of themselves, and which they continue to this day, as if to establish the acmé of absurdity, although they would be less unreasonable if they adopted the Greek, as having been more proximate to the mission and mind of the Saviour. It is offered in excuse—for there can be no defence—that this is a proof of unity and simplicity in the church! an assertion that might make a good-humoured soul smile. It is, however, a very ancient affair, and of course very venerable; but if things venerable were to be kept up merely because they are old, no reform or improvement could ever take place. Old age, when vicious or criminal, deserves contempt instead of veneration.

Here is sufficient cause for the innumerable evils we have endured for 1,400 years, for adopting this religion of slavery and darkness, and mis-calling it Christ's, which was one of freedom and light, to quell brute violence all over the world, and put down imperious power, to establish truth and restore equity by winning words addressed to the willing hearts and understandings of men, and not by tyrants' chains directed to their fears. To

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this religion, the author owes a debt of gratitude, but he is not so unreasonable as to infer that it can serve the public.

Religion is an affair of private account between the conscience and the Creator, with the keeping of which no other person has a right to interfere, but all such private affairs ought to be subordinate to, and supporting of, the general good, that is, the general constitution, which by reason supersedes any thing in which an individual may have a mere self-interest.

And so we are the people that pretend to pray for such a creature as this pope. As an independent Catholic, I should, with the poor Poles and Italians, detest the walls, if not lips, that gave utterance to such abomination.

Are we the people, then, finding fault with our neighbours and their religion ! Pray whom does Christ point out as our neighbour : the Samaritan, of a different religion, who preserves, cures, and comforts us ; or the unfeeling priest or Levite of our own religion, who passes, seeing us perishing on the road ? Read and mark who are the neighbours,—such men as Mr. Brownlow, &c., even numerous Orangemen, ready to give up a portion of their property to the famishing poor ; or Mr. O'Connell, who declares openly that the poor have *no right, but to starve* ; asserting blasphemously,

that Christ was of the same opinion; and Messrs. Wyse, Shiel, &c., who have no objection to *think of providing for the poor on a future occasion, out of other people's property!* What matchless effrontery! Such people as these last are no neighbours, according to Christ's gospel at least, though they may be, according to our *religious code*, quite the dandies! We could well afford to change them away for any three Orangemen: would to heaven it were for Lords Enniskillen, Blayney, and the good-natured baronet, Sir Harcourt; we shrewdly suspect who would have the best of the bargain.

The Orangemen of Ireland are generally most excellent men. Remember what Sir Francis Burdett—and who ever suspected him to be other than a shining star of honour and truth?—recollect what he said of them in the House of Commons many years ago, upon his return from a visit to Ireland, where he had gone to see the thing with his own eyes: no Orangeman could have spoken more favourably of their character for good nature, generosity, ingenuousness, and popular virtues, after he had mixed with them pretty extensively. Through him was the author's own conviction settled, after a personal acquaintance with many of those excellent hearts even about Newtown-Barry, late so marked in story. Those honest men dis-

tinguish as we do; they love us as Irishmen, while they hate us as *Romans*. As we allow ourselves to be falsely and libellously called foreigners, how can we reasonably blame them for that which we ourselves force upon them?

Do we blame them, also, for being angry? Jesu! how can the people, how can human nature be otherwise? Their fathers came and settled in Ireland on public faith, as soldiers, undertakers, or purchasers paying cash for their lands, with the guarantee of corporate and other privileges annexed. Are the people to be deprived, without complaint or even anger, of their vested rights, in favour of us their declared enemies too, as we are represented? and are we to call them for this, ill-tempered, illiberal, and so forth?

Let us not be so unreasonable, so unjust! They have cause to complain, and we would act with some generosity, if we let them do so with our silence and esteem. Much that *we* have got has not been taken from them certainly; but for all the *liberty* in the land—and mind there can be none where there is not *religious liberty*—are we indebted to them and their fathers, who preserved to us this inestimable jewel, though almost against our own will.

Mr. O'Connell is blamed for giving some electioneering assistance to Mr. Shawe and some other

gentlemen of that class, or coalescing with Orangemen. This would be amiable and auspicious, if it be not intended as a means for the destructive dysentery of *repeal*, which will end in a *bloody-flux*, if continued. Nothing could be more advantageous than Mr. O'Connell's setting such an example, who seems to be a licensed man to do any thing. Thousands of liberal Catholics would have done so years ago, had they had the impunity of this gentleman; but they dare not do it in a country of all licentiousness but no liberty.

We have sufficient boldness and manliness, however, amongst us, if we would try to concentrate it, to crush at last this foreign connexion with Rome, our bane, without which we have the evidence of 1,400 years against our doing any good. It is the hotbed for the growth of repeal, and other esculents, poisonous to the peace and health of the empire. Every priest in Ireland could and ought to demonstrate this to his congregation, who, in return, would support him against any bishop attempting to crush him.

In short, our duties, and they are our advantages obviously, lie straight before us. We must cease being children, and act as men, and with their experience and generosity, in paying the greatest respect to the religious opinions of our neighbours of every denomination, recollecting

they are all the emanations of that divine spirit, *liberty*.

We must dismiss all narrow and selfish policy, of having any great advantages above the rest of our fellow-subjects of the empire; whilst those which God has given, appear thrown away upon us, though time may develop the purposes for which they were given, in the mass of those immense maritime, commercial, local, and other stations denoting empire, the seat of which may, in the revolution of time, be transferred to us in the West, opposite the new world, and contiguous to the best part of the old, for the very reason that it was formerly fixed opposite the old world alone, in the east of England on the Thames.

It is alone by the strictest unity, a perfect identification with England, that this can ever come to pass: we should thence condemn and reprobate every movement or idea having for its object to unsettle the mind of a single man or child on this subject, which is calculated to be so prejudicial to them; or to restore a colonial or provincial parliament in Ireland, like that in Jamaica over the blacks, but infinitely more of a jobbing junta, who would exist by doing any work however wicked, of any government however vicious. They would, for bribes, take the responsibility of any act off the shoulders of any government,

which, according to the present plan, every government must bear themselves, and without any expense to us either. Thus would we raise into our masters and plundering tyrants, those gentlemen who are now politically our equals, and as such, perhaps, deserve our esteem. Heaven protect us from such madness !

We should, above all things, consider, that *loyalty* means respect for the laws, and their best supporters are the best supporters of the king, or of any good king, who is as much the subject of the laws himself, as any of us ; such are the truly loyal. A thorough identification of ourselves and our interests with those of our other fellow subjects of this Empire, without lurking ideas of separate advantages and interests, exclusive dealings even in our own narrow neighbourhoods, and other objectionable social exceptions, which would go a good way towards proving our Eastern, perhaps Phenician, origin, from which stock came also that *Punica fides*, with which, please Heaven, we may never again be said to have a relationship.

There is no one, perhaps, that cannot observe a retribution close upon crime committed, whether by individuals, families, or nations ; and if such, as it appears to be, is a divine retribution, we may in our national, family, and individual punishments and frightful sufferings, infer the committal

and continuation of series of heavy crimes by ourselves. Let us erect two grand columns in Ireland as a covenant of our regeneration, *the Poor Laws and Education*, to protect the extremes of age, the exiles from worldly comforts in their wants, providing what may be necessary for the bodies and minds of God's people, thus ensuring the return of the absentees, and of the blessing of God upon the country.

The best work that could be produced for the amelioration of Ireland, must be based and terminate, for the best effect, in a comparison with the state of England; and that was perhaps never more beautifully nor concisely expressed, nor was any thing ever more demonstratively or divinely left evident, than the *necessity of the union with England* was 211 years ago by Edmund Spenser, at Kilcolman, the 27th of December, 1591, in the following affecting lines, which appear as suitable to the present time as to that day. Of England he says:—

“ Both Heaven and heavenly graces do much more,
Quoth he, abound in that same land than this;
For there all-happy peace and plenteous store,
Conspire in one, to make contented bliss;
No wailing there, nor wretchedness is heard,
No bloody issues, nor no leprosies,
No grievously famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly Bodrags, nor no hue-and-cries:

The shepherds there abroad may safely lie
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger;
No rav'nous wolves the good man's hope destroy,
Nor outlaws fell affray the forest-ranger :
There learned arts do flourish in great honour,
And poet's wits are had in peerless price,
Religion hath lay-powre to rest upon her,
Advancing virtue and suppressing vice;
For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
Had people grace, it gratefully to use ;
For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
Though graceless men them greatly do abuse,
But say no further

SPENSER.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page iv, line 17, for o read of.

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|------|---|-----|---|--|
| 3, | — | 17, | — | <i>the society read society.</i> |
| 11, | — | 17, | — | <i>corruptness read correctness.</i> |
| 26, | — | 12, | — | <i>horror read honour.</i> |
| 36, | — | 18, | — | <i>exposing read entrapping.</i> |
| 40, | — | 3, | — | <i>man read men.</i> |
| 51, | — | 18, | — | <i>risum read visum.</i> |
| 79, | — | 15, | — | <i>after Christendom, insert will not believe.</i> |
| 80, | — | 25, | — | <i>breeding read breeding.</i> |
| 85, | — | 11, | — | <i>legime read legione.</i> |
| 87, | — | 20, | — | <i>decreit read docuit.</i> |
| 88, | — | 21, | — | <i>rhetora read rhetore.</i> |
| 96, | — | 16, | — | <i>him read us.</i> |
| 98, | — | 10, | — | <i>Henry VIII read Henry VII.</i> |
| 101, | — | 20, | — | <i>Kileskeman read Kilcolman.</i> |
| 108, | — | 20, | — | <i>humins read humains.</i> |
| 112, | — | 11, | — | <i>morter read mortar.</i> |
| 113, | — | 10, | — | <i>of read or</i> |
| 122, | — | 5, | — | <i>coqunering read conquering.</i> |
| 133, | — | 5, | — | <i>consenaneous read consentaneous.</i> |
| 196, | — | 14, | — | <i>import read export.</i> |
| 202, | — | 3, | — | <i>equies read equis.</i> |
| —, | — | 4, | — | <i>Devemque read Divâmque.</i> |

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