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ENGLAND'S WESTERN,  
OR  
AMERICA'S EASTERN SHORE?  
OLD IRELAND A NEW STATE?

WITH THEIR VARIOUS  
COMPLEXITIES AND PERPLEXITIES DISCUSSED.

BY  
AN OLD AND ALMOST OBSOLETE LOYALIST.

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I DARE  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

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DUBLIN:  
Printed at the Patent Platen Steam-Press  
BY JOHN FALCONER, 32, MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

1851.



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## ENGLAND'S WESTERN?

OR

## AMERICA'S EASTERN SHORE?

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ON Friday, the 31st of January, 1851, an important meeting was held at the Royal Exchange of Dublin, for the purpose of adopting a petition to Parliament, with the view of insuring the establishment of a packet station for the purposes of communication and transit between these countries and America, at some port in Ireland, and to devise measures for the speedy and effectual accomplishment of that object.

At this meeting, a letter of uncommon interest was read. It is under the respectable signature of David Charles Latouche, a wealthy and eminent banker, and head of that highly influential family, which has contributed to the welfare and prosperity of Ireland during the many years which have elapsed since the revocation of the Edict of Nantz deprived France of those blessings they would have conferred upon their own country, and happily transferred them to ours. Few state papers possess the value of this simple and singular letter. It is word for word as follows. It would be an egregious injustice to omit a syllable of this impressive document:—

“I regret being unable to attend the meeting to-day, for I feel it to be the duty of every man in Ireland to lend his aid, however feeble, to the great object of securing to her those advantages which her geographical position entitles her to. Placed near to, and yet apart from England, she is necessarily

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subject to many disadvantages from that circumstance. This, however, gives her a paramount claim to have those few advantages which her position gives her, improved to the uttermost. I will not dwell on the advantages which her mild climate, her luxuriant herbage, and undulatory surface, give her, for breeding, rearing, and fattening sheep and cattle for the good of her manufacturing and wheat-producing neighbour. I trust that we are only temporarily deprived of the benefit which we ought to derive from those circumstances by an experimental school of legislation; but I pass on to those advantages which Ireland possesses, not only over England, but all the rest of Europe, in her westerly position and excellent natural harbours, many of which require but slight assistance from the hand of man to fit them for the western terminus of the high road of nations, connecting the old and new worlds. Our present object is not to determine which of these ports shall first be chosen—no, our object is to assert for our common country that henceforward she shall not be debarred from the use of those advantages that the Creator has conferred on her, and to secure for her that the mischievous tendency of centralisation shall be counteracted by bringing into play her local superiorities. I will not enter into calculation how many hours or days can be gained, or what are the advantages derivable to the linen manufacture of Ulster, or the waterpower of Connaught and Munster, by the establishment of a western port of departure in Ireland—others are more competent for those details; but I would desire to impress on England the necessity of giving due consideration to the just claims of Ireland before it be too late. By education, habits, and principle, I am attached to monarchical institutions. I had rather be a Briton than an American; but I cannot conceal from myself that if England delays much longer to recognise our claims to the advantages which our geographical position entitles us to—if when constrained to pay some attention to the demands for inquiry which American enterprise has forced upon her notice, she declares that Wales, not Ireland, shall be the western coast of Europe—there is a danger that she may perceive her mistake when she finds that Ireland has become the eastern shore of America. Do not let

me be misunderstood—I detest and abhor vain-boasting, or what might be mistaken for threatenings; but when I recollect what is the origin and birthplace of many of the American population—when I consider what feelings they have brought out with them—how those feelings may be reciprocated by those who remain—it constrains me, who am sincerely attached to British connection, and who dread any convulsion to disturb our country, to urge England not to lose precious moments, but by occupying the place which duty and wise policy calls her to take, prevent her place from being occupied by America. It appears as certain as that the sun shines that if England does not speedily select and occupy in Ireland a western port of departure, America will soon establish there her port of arrival.”

Independently of its effects on the meeting, there are few family circles which have not felt the force of these awakening words. Not men only, but delicate women are startled into sympathy with them—and the women of Ireland are peculiarly sensitive and astute. The philosophic observation of one of the most intelligent among them flashed on her hearers like the lightning of prophecy, while she exclaimed, “If Ireland shall ever become the eastern shore of America, America may find a still more eastern shore in England herself.” It was an appalling announcement. The recollection of revolution after revolution along the stream of Time—mighty kingdoms, mighty empires, mighty republics, fulfilling their allotted periods, and then vanishing into nothingness, makes us tremble for the destiny of England—and we fearfully ask “Can her days be numbered? Can she deserve annihilation? Can she submit to the fate of Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome? Her resplendent constitution seems fitted for eternity. Her monuments are not monuments of stone—colossal bulls and lions fantastically winged—sphinxes of enormous dimensions—columns or temples—amphitheatres or pyramids. When she is doomed to perish, the proofs of her past existence will be little similar to the bequests of Nineveh and Babylon, Persepolis and Athens, Heliopolis and Rome. Of a different nature will be the remnant of her glories in the eye of future

generations. Mere prose can not do them justice. The muse alone is qualified to express them :—

“ Let others boast of conquest—of far extended sway,  
 But empires fall to ruin, and ancient states decay ;  
 But England's is a prouder boast, the realms of earth to bind,  
 In higher, nobler sovereignty—the empire of the mind !  
 And when her isle is desolate, her homes in ruin laid,  
 Her spirit still will flourish in empires she has made,  
 And many a new-born nation own her ancient Saxon tongue,  
 And olden lays of English bards in every clime be sung,  
 And where are seen the cities of the fearless and the free,  
 There, there was England's sovereignty—and will for ever be !”<sup>a</sup>

Of all the nations of the fearless and the free founded by the sovereignty of England, the Republic of America will occupy, in future ages, the most prominent and prevailing position. Composed of numerous states, her grand and peculiar excellence is, that each of these states is self-governed—enjoys its own legislature, its own courts, its own laws, its own revenue, its own expenditure, its own ways and means of improvement, physical, moral, and religious—to adopt the sentiments of one of the profoundest philosophers of the present age, who has recently visited their shores—“ their's is a noble destiny—Providence has assigned to them the duty of proving by experiment, whether man be, or be not, a rational and moral being, capable of working out his own way to virtue and enjoyment, under the guidance of reason and scripture, unfettered by despotic power and unchained by law-enacted creeds. Their institutions and physical condition call all their faculties into vivid action ; and they leave those faculties free to find their own way to happiness as they best are able. They have no hereditary or artificial aristocracy to mould their opinions according to erroneous standards, nor to misdirect their ambition ; they have no Established Church to chain up their moral and religious sentiments in the trammels of antiquated articles of belief. They have no self-constituted executive to take out of their hands the administration of their own affairs, and no legislatures formed of privileged classes to restrain their industry by

<sup>a</sup> Stanza in the poem of “The Polar Navigators,” by Bridges C. Hooke, S.T.C.D., which obtained one of the Vice-Chancellor's prizes in June, 1849.

obnoxious laws, or to repress their mental energy by prescribing boundaries to their exertions. Their government leaves all their faculties free, presents to them the highest and best fields for their exercise, and leaves every individual to reap the natural reward or punishment of his own conduct. If the first and most important condition of happiness be the activity of all the faculties, their government complies with it in the most ample manner.”<sup>a</sup>

This is the sunny portion of the painting from a master hand. We shall, by and by, examine the shadows of its darker parts, as portrayed by the same faithful and uncompromising pencil. But in these refreshing tints are many points of attraction for the philosophic politician. In dwelling on them he cannot close his eyes on Mr. Latouche's reluctant but patriotic suggestion; and his tremulous mind is carried back to the never-to-be-forgotten times when Ireland was independent, though a province; and prosperous, though appendant to a richer and more powerful nation. For eighteen eventful years she was, to all essential purposes, the counterpart of a free self-governed thriving American state. It is sad to reflect that this life of happiness endured but for eighteen years. Busy trades, energetic manufactures, successful commerce, grand undertakings, magnificent edifices, marked those prosperous days; and the richest specimens of a pompous architecture still remain, a useless record of the life that is departed. The same unrivalled orator, whose eloquence and wisdom established the proud independence of Ireland, outlived his work; and a land of strangers felt the anguish of his lamentation:—“I sat by her cradle—I followed her hearse.”

What a sense of desolation is now impressed upon *us* whose infancy and manhood enjoyed the triumphs that surrounded us—and who have lived to grieve over the hopeless contrast. We can recollect our childish admiration of the brilliant illumination of 1782, which celebrated the birth of Freedom—the military pageantry of the old volunteers, composed of Irishmen of every creed and every shade of politics, united in honouring the now only partially honoured William of Nassau—the still

<sup>a</sup> See “Notes on the United States of North America during a Phrenological Visit, by George Combe,” III., 411, 399.

more resplendent pageantry of the opening of our parliaments by the representative of England's sovereign majesty, surrounded by pages and aide-de-camps, heralds at arms, and the antiquated soldiery that again renewed the ostentatious times of Henry the Eighth—enlivened by the clangour of trumpets and the thunder of cannon—and—unhappy reminiscence!—when in the last day of the last of those parliaments we heard the title of **THE ACT OF UNION** announced to the assembled Peers and Commons of Ireland, who hearkened as to a sentence of death, when the barbarous phraseology of Normandy—the tyrannical language of the times of the Curfew proclaimed “**LE ROY LE VEUT.**” Tears then streamed down many a manly cheek—and, after the lapse of half a century, the dimmed eyeballs of three score years and ten are again bedewed at the recollection of that humiliating scene.

But was Ireland sensible of the blessings she enjoyed during these singular years of independence? Was she forbearing in her triumphs? Was she grateful to Providence for her overflowing cup of felicity? Far from it! A dozen years had scarcely elapsed when malcontents entered into a wide-extended conspiracy, which burst into open rebellion at the notorious epoch of 1798. It was not confined to the ignorant and rapacious. Men of understanding (if the epithet be not grossly misapplied) engaged in the adventure—eminent lawyers, physicians, and merchants, subjected themselves to the pains and penalties of high treason. The Shearses, the Emmets, the M'Nevins, the Bonds, the Keoughs, encountered death or banishment—and what was the amount of their ambition? It was (to use the language of their published manifesto), comprised in the magic circle of four words—**CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION AND PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.** That these were reasonable demands is evinced by the fact that they have been since granted to their fullest extent by the Imperial Parliament. They were fit subjects for agitation, but not for treason and rebellion. If O'Connell had been then an actor on the stage of politics, he would have taught them a safe and legitimate mode to obtain their ends—prudent, crafty, and profound, he was, in his day, a successful, but, it must be acknowledged, an insatiable patriot.

But even so early as 1788, Ireland was guilty of another folly, engendered by her wisest men—her Charlemonts and her Ponsonbys—who led the wisdom of the nation—her majorities in either House of Parliament. On occasion of the mental illness of George III., these majorities voted that George, Prince of Wales, should be Regent for Ireland, at the moment when the British Parliament had made a different selection for Great Britain; thus dividing the power of the executive: and, if the King had not happily recovered, implicating an arbitrary separation of Ireland from the sister kingdom, and thus rending asunder the integrity of the empire.

To these two causes—the Irish Regency Bill of 1788, and the Irish Rebellion of 1798—Ireland owes the loss of her independence, and all the evils of a political character under which she now lies prostrate.

The earliest and most permanent of those evils was the unavoidable and necessary increase of absenteeism. Our Lords Spiritual and Temporal, our Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, half-yearly in Parliament assembled, now deserted, and for ever, their splendid mansions, which were suddenly transformed into cabinet and carriage repositories—auction marts—vast show rooms of haberdashery and millinery—monasteries and nunneries—and, most facile of all these transitions—stately hotels. A little pamphlet in rhyme, which made some noise under the title of “The Metropolis,” thus records the fact, in the reply of a citizen to an inquiring traveller, just arrived from the country:—

“Friend! where’s the best hotel? Faith every where,  
 In every street, perhaps in every square;  
 Make no inquiries, but employ your eyes,  
 The stateliest seek where stateliest fabrics rise;  
 If *there* high rank and grandeur best might dwell,  
 Enter at once—that mansion’s the hotel.  
 The land’s proud nobles—nay the aced squire,  
 Disdaining home, to foreign fields retire;  
 But, now and then, on some election job,  
 Or bent our harvest from our soil to rob,  
 My lord, *en passant*, seeks his quondam door,  
 And hires the sumptuous bed he own’d before;  
 But while our blood those flying Bedouins drain,  
 Soft pomp must sooth the moments they remain.”

To reconcile us in some degree to our untoward lot, England, with a good-natured policy, left us for some few years our various Boards of Commissioners, who received their salaries from our revenue and expended them amongst us. They have been since, for the most part, swept away, and their place supplied, where a supply was necessary, by a single collector, comptroller, or secretary, the humble subordinate of English Commissioners, on the principle of centralization long since commenced, and still in active progress. The loss to Ireland may be calculated by the number of Commissions, averaging at least £1,000 per annum for each of the members of the following Boards:—*Seven* Commissioners of Customs and Port Duties; *seven* Commissioners of Inland Excise and Taxes; *five* Commissioners of Appeals in Revenue cases; *five* Commissioners of Stamps; *four* Commissioners for Auditing Public Accounts; a War Office, a Treasury, with their various establishments of deputies, first, second, third, assistant and junior clerks, cashiers, computers, and comptrollers, affording respectable incomes to many of our countrymen, and respectable profits to various branches of trade, encouraged by the expenditure of those incomes. As long as these means lasted the prosperity was proportionate—but it has gradually faded away, and we are now arrived at an era of general despondency; yet there are no painful heart-burnings, no resentful regrets, no discordant murmurs, no loud and turbulent complaints. Economy was accomplished to a considerable extent, and an opportunity of jobbing, at the expense of the public, was, in the same degree, extinguished; but the Irish are not in the habit of complaining if they can discover, even in the measures under which they suffer, an appearance of justice.

England seems to have limited the exercise of her sisterly kindness to *twenty* years, determined not to commence the work of spoliation and depression before the completion of that period. The last substantial act of her affection, previous to its close, was the permission to ornament our city and benefit its citizens with a portion of our revenue in the erection of our handsome, useful, and most convenient Post Office. Its date is marked on the vane that regulates the wind-clock, and we read with gratitude 1818 on the diminutive flag of Great Britain, which surmounts the highest portion of the building.

In the *next twenty* years, Board after Board, office after office, with all their emoluments, were gradually transferred to England. But we did not suffer from privations only. Before the close of that period an infliction was conferred upon us—and one of the most unjust and impolitic that selfishness and ignorance ever imposed on a helpless and reluctant nation. What infatuation, what blindness, not to perceive that the Poor Laws of England and Ireland are dragging down both countries into the self-same gulf of ruin. Adam Smith, near a century ago, arraigned them as incompatible with liberty and prosperity. Half a century afterwards, Malthus maintained that they were more likely to subvert the British empire than even the national debt; and suggested a plan for their gradual and final abolition. In our own more recent days, Archbishop Whately exerted all the powers of his enlightened and profound understanding to prevent the extension to Ireland of a curse so enormous; yet in spite of his predictions, since so amply accomplished—in spite of the adverse opinions of every political economist of note, and of every individual of plain common sense who considered the subject, England, instead of withdrawing her own neck from the overwhelming incumbrance, thought it right to fling a similar millstone over the neck of her sister. Ireland is perishing under the weight that oppresses her—England will perish under the weight of both millstones. If that of Ireland be not speedily, and that of England gradually removed, this empire, so long thought immortal, may at once relinquish her proud hopes of immortality—her days are numbered.

Before our Poor Laws were established, we supported our poor without them as well as England ever supported hers by the galling infliction. Our poor in a great measure supported each other, considering the exercise of charity a passport to Heaven. But this virtue and its practice the Poor Laws have extinguished. These voluntary contributions were not neglected by the rich; and hospitals, dispensaries, almshouses, and asylums of every description, overspread every part of the country. England has ruined us. We are ruined, not by the famine, but the Poor Laws.

There never was a more mischievous sophism than that the

poor of a country have a *right* to be fed from its soil. They have a claim upon compassion, but no right to insist on being fed, unless they earn their food. But commiseration and policy, a sense of duty to God and to man, will afford to the poor all the succour designed by a wise and benevolent Providence. If we attempt more than this, we increase the very evils we mean to remove; we actually create them, if they were not before in existence, and promote their indefinite multiplication to such an extent as at length to exceed the powers of any nation to endure or bear up against them.

To the religious and philosophic mind, the question of destitution resolves itself into three categories, each naturally suggesting its obvious and effective mode of treatment.

1. The *destitute* widow and orphan, the blind, the dumb, the disabled, the insane, must all be supported at the public expense, either national or local. The amount, before the enactment of our Poor Laws, was contributed by presentments of County Grand Juries, or grants from the Legislature, or the donations of private benefactors. The Irish Parliament maintained many hospitals and asylums of great public utility: the Imperial Parliament judiciously continued their maintenance; but their abolition, at this moment, is threatened, and in some instances effected, in furtherance of a policy at once heartless, cruel, and dishonest. These grants ought to be continued for objects so useful and necessary, and supplied from the produce of Irish taxation *before* it reaches the Imperial Exchequer. Whether *before* or *after*, would be mere matter of taste, but for the necessity of convincing cavillers that we are not indebted to English *charity* for the boon.

2. The poor who owe their destitution to their own vices, or to inevitable casualties and calamities, must be left to the voluntary succour of the charitable. To support the able-bodied poor of a nation would soon be found labour in vain. To attempt it would be to assume the office of the Deity, and to fail in the assumption—disarranging and perplexing the natural but complex machinery by which his people would otherwise be fed. He intended that man should be charitable. Here are objects of charity. If you feed them on compulsion, where is there even a shadow of this virtue? Charity cannot

go beyond a certain rational boundary. Compulsion will stop at no boundary but absolute ruin; and such is now the condition of Ireland.

3. Earthquake, pestilence, and famine may occasion destructive havoc in some part of a mighty empire—havoc so extensive, that no local means will suffice to encounter the evil: for such an infliction the empire at large must afford the remedy, because the empire alone can possibly afford it. Were England or Scotland in a famishing state, Ireland must contribute the utmost of her means to relieve them. These duties are reciprocal; they are compulsory on every part of the empire. Beyond the empire, *charity* comes into operation; and the world at large is not dilatory in bestowing its voluntary offerings in such a calamity.

The *succeeding ten years* closed the first half of the nineteenth century—the first half of the first century of the Union. It has been distinguished by a doubtful measure—the abolition of the Corn Laws, and a free trade in food. The landlords and farmers of England are clamoring for the restoration of *Protection*, and complain aloud that they are ruined; but their labourers and workmen, and the wide-extended classes of manufacturers, artisans, and traders rejoice in the change that has brought them bread *ad libitum*, and meat to mouths but little accustomed to it. The measure, however, has brought no change to Ireland but increased distress. It has reduced the price of her staple produce, corn—it has diminished the landlord's rents—it has conferred neither bread nor meat on the peasantry; they must restrict their appetites to the precarious *potato*, with the occasional seasoning and sauce of unsatisfied hunger, and unmitigated starvation.

This is our present condition. It is said that when things are *at the worst* they will mend—but they are not yet at the worst. We are still governed by a Viceroy. The majesty of England is still represented in this country—we have still the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a court, the shadow, if not the substance, of royalty. The nation has not altogether abdicated its national dignity as long as this remnant of her delapidated honours continues. But unnecessarily and recklessly, without any economy obtained, without any ministerial

advantage, but with increased expense, and diminished knowledge of ministerial duties, it has been determined to deprive us of this genial sun that has for so many centuries "risen" upon Ireland, but now "looks through the horizontal misty air shorn of its beams"—yet, shorn as it is, cannot be regarded without reverence and respect by our people, nor the "twilight" of its "eclipse" be considered otherwise than as "disastrous," and ominous of increasing evils impending over our darksome future.

One of the proudest boasts of Ireland, still existing in the midst of her humiliations, is the character of her Schools of Medicine and Surgery, Anatomy and Physiology. There is not a quarter of the globe in which the physicians and surgeons she has educated are not appreciated among the foremost of their highly distinguished profession. And those who resort, as students, to our schools confer on our citizens the advantages which the subsistence and necessaries of life required by incalculable numbers naturally shed upon us. These schools, and their results, depend wholly and solely on the hospitals where the sick and the maimed furnish the means of acquiring this useful and exalted branch of human knowledge. Yet the ungenerous—the unjustifiable menace has been already announced that the public grants which have hitherto supported these hospitals, and which *our own revenues* supply, are to be withdrawn; and that all these benefits which the Irish Parliament lavished on so many maladies and miseries, converting them into blessings for mankind, shall be extinguished by the Imperial Parliament, after so wisely favoring these indispensable establishments for so many years.

But this is not the most appalling menace which frowns upon us. It is whispered that our Courts of Justice are to be transported to Westminster; and that we must cross the stormy channel, and the whole champaign of England to seek for the redress of wrong or injury. What suitor could bear the expense of bringing his witnesses such a voyage and journey—and waiting all the twists and turnings of the law's delay in a foreign land. Such a project would be a direct breach of Magna Charta itself. "NULLI VENDEMUS, NULLI NEGABIMUS, AUT DIFFEREMUS RECTUM AUT JUSTITIAM." Would it not

be selling right and justice at a dear rate to compell us to purchase them in the metropolis of England? Would it not be a denial of these common blessings, that ought to be at every man's door. Is it not to defer right and justice thus to defer them for ever? A nation labouring under this threatened oppression would be in a state of slavery—a slave in chains.

It is rumoured that all these evils are to be inflicted, with a view to deprive Ireland of her gentry, and reduce her whole population to the abject condition of peasants and serfs—not knowing when they are trampled on, and easily controlled. But this rumour must be a falsehood. Our far-famed University remains unassailed—and three new Colleges have been added to enlighten our people. Surely it cannot be intended to give a clearer vision to a people whom it is intended to enslave. It cannot be intended to prevent the generation of such ornaments of Literature, as our Roscommon, our Swift, our Parnell, our Goldsmith, our Moore, our Farquar, our Murphy, or our Sheridan—such votaries of Science as our Boyle, our Berkley, our M'Cullagh, our Hamilton, our Robinson, and our Lloyd—or such Patriots and Politicians as our Burke, our Grattan, our Flood, our Burgh, our Yelverton, our Burston, our Borrowes, our Curran, our Ponsonby, our Ball, our Joy, our Jebb, our Smith, our Saurin, our Bushe, and our Plunket—such a Warrior, an army in himself, as our Wellington! It could never enter the mind of England to render sterile the soil that has borne such a harvest—to disafforest the woodlands where have grown those mighty oaks, those majestic elms, those Plantains of Paradise.

If such is her intention—if she carries into execution such a mass of iniquity, she will deserve to fall from her high estate among the nations of the world—she will be arraigned by Posterity at the Bar of eternal justice, and merit, as her retribution, to be dragged, in all her aristocratic pride, at the plebeian chariot wheels of her republican Daughter.

But is America more immaculate than England? Is she entitled by her virtues to that favour of Providence that would promote her to the domination of the freest of nations and widest of empires? The portraiture of that accurate and

philosophic mind, already cited, is, in its dark and shadowy portions, adverse to the flattering proposition. We learn from his observations, that so far from education supplying the knowledge requisite to those who enjoy an universal suffrage, a vast proportion of the people have not yet obtained a glimpse of what should constitute the real greatness and glory of their country. The ambition of many individuals is directed towards raising the United States to the rank of the richest and most powerful nation of the world. They bend their whole minds to the increase of her commercial, agricultural, naval, and military grandeur. This is not wrong, but it is not *all*. Thousands of their young men pant for war in order to wreath the laurels of victory round the brow of their native country. And they call this patriotism. If her annals be destined to record the contests only of faction against faction, of party against party, or of the nation against foreign nations, the friend of human improvement must turn from her in despair. But there are other aberrations from the dictates of morality of smaller or greater dimensions. The "colonizing" of a ward in which they do not reside, and falsely swearing at the election that they are residents in that ward—the practice of betting at elections—their mobs—their Lynch-laws—their wild speculations—their bank suspensions—their Negro slavery—their treatment of the Indians—the incessant abuse which the one of their political parties heaps on the distinguished men of the other—the elopements of persons placed in situations of trust with the funds of the nation, or of their constituents—the excessive number of bankruptcies—the very imperfect police for the prevention of crime—the enormous and calamitous conflagrations, the results either of recklessness or incendiarism—the great self-complacency of the mass of their people, who, although very imperfectly educated, are persuaded by political orators, that they know every thing, and can decide wisely on every question—the general absence of reverence for authority or superior wisdom, displayed first in childhood, and afterwards in the general progress of life, and the regardlessness of the obligations of contracts and agreements in trade, commerce, and personal service.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Combe's Notes on the United States of North America, III., 412, 414, 415.

But the blackest item in this faithful but unfavorable catalogue, is the system of slavery not only permitted but enforced in this self-called Land of Freedom, in direct contradiction and hostility to their declaration of independence—the grand charter of their liberties.

“Nothing,” says the philosophic philanthropist already so largely cited, “has surprised me so much as the general tone of the public mind and the press on the subject of slavery. The institutions of America professed to be based on justice, and certainly an all-pervading justice is indispensable to their permanence and success; yet the most cruel injustice is perpetrated on the negro race, and defended as if it were justice, by persons whose character and intelligence render them, in every other respect, amiable and estimable. This is a canker in the moral constitution of the country, that must produce evil continually until it is removed. The deep-toned voice of man’s noblest powers will peal from every quarter of the civilized world, and startle the ears, and rouse the consciences of the Americans, till they set the negroes free. Their own institutions proclaim either destruction to themselves, or freedom to all; and this not on parchment merely, but through the irresistible power of God. If they nourish in the bosom of their country a system of open enmity with benevolence and justice, and if they harden their higher feelings in such a way as to become blind to its cruelty and injustice, it is morally impossible that minds thus perverted in their perceptions, can esteem and practise justice in all the other relations of life; and as soon as justice is generally abandoned as the polar star of the Union, its strength is gone. It may continue to adhere together while no strong conflicting interests arise among its members to tear it asunder; but whenever such appear—when the sentiment of justice is prostrate in the minds of the people, the end is not far distant.”<sup>a</sup>

If the American Republic be in this precarious and tottering predicament, she can scarcely flatter herself with the hope of emulating her Roman prototype in becoming “the richest and most powerful nation of the world,” and, in her progress to

<sup>a</sup> Combe’s Notes on the United States of North America, II., 254, 257.

that achievement, establishing her eastern shores on this side of the Atlantic. Ireland can find no very strong temptation to enter into a federal compact with her. But if she repents and amends; and with returning virtue becomes powerful in herself and efficient in the protection she can extend to the weak and the oppressed, Ireland may discover enticing allurements in the guardianship of her shield. As *a state* of America she would, while represented with all the other states in Congress, possess her own independent laws, her own self-government, her own long-pined-for Parliament—her accumulating revenue—her free disposal of it—her unrestricted improvements of her soil—her establishments of railroads in every direction—and harbours on every coast—and particularly that western harbour which would render her area the high road of Europe to America—she would elect her own President, equal in dignity to her present Lord Lieutenant—she would preserve her courts of justice, the nursery of lawyers and statesmen, eminent in past times, and still to continue eminent—she would cherish her wide-extended institutions of charity—and particularly those hospitals which educate and accomplish surgeons and physicians, not for home service only, but for the benefit of the world at large—and she would rid herself of that intolerable infliction, that extinguisher of every charitable feeling and christian exertion—that curse which pretends to succour the impoverished, but impoverishes a thousand times more than it succours—the unjustifiable, execrable, universally repudiated POOR LAW OF IRELAND.

With Mr. Latouche I detest and abhor vain-boasting, or what might be mistaken for threatening; but, with him, I recollect what is the origin and birthplace of many of the American population, and consider what feelings they have brought out with them, and how those feelings may be reciprocated by those who remain—but my fears suggest still more than Mr. Latouche has suggested—there is still a more gigantic and menacing source of danger than occurred to his thoughtful mind—one which has brought destruction on many a powerful empire, and which in the empire under which we live, wears an aspect peculiarly portentous—but I shall not name it. It will readily occur to the Politician and the

Philosopher—but I am unwilling to open the eyes of the ignorant and dull to a perception of the hidden combustibles around us, and which rashness or malice might convert with a spark into conflagration or explosion.

But if a federal Union with America were practicable at this moment—if every barrier were removed, and England itself assented to the measure, Ireland would not be unanimous in adopting it. Two millions of Protestants would naturally reflect on the awful consequences—they would consider what would be the constitution of their newly restored Parliament—they must be aware that in the present state of the electoral constituency of the country, the majority of the members would be returned through the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. The House of Commons would be, to all intents and purposes, Popish—liberty of thinking—perhaps liberty of acting—would be smothered through the land—the Catholic would be no more spared than the Protestant. The country would, after long and painful endurance, shake off her spiritual chains—but in the interval the American province would be an appanage of the Pope. But even now England ought to be aware that there is a reciprocity in the question, and if, as she sometimes meditates, she makes Ireland an appanage of the Pope, she eventually makes her a province of America.

“ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE,” to nations as well as to individuals; and Ireland has exhibited a strange melodrama to successive generations of spectators. If “one man in his time plays many parts,” the moralizing Jaques would find, in the study of her tragi-comedy, that *she* has played as many, “*her acts being seven ages.*”

The first of her ages was the age of Fables. The age of Parthelanus, the Scythian, Milesius the Spaniard and his sons, Heber and Heremon—the Brehon legislator Ollamh Fodhla—Rugharuidhe the Great, Neadhah the silver handed, and Labhradh, whose ears were the ears of a horse.

The second was the age of Glory, the age of Conn of the hundred battles, Niall of the nine hostages, Fin Maccumhal,

refined by Macpherson into Fingal, his son and grandson, Ossian and Oscar, succeeded by the Cathoir O'Mores and MacMorrough Cavenaghs, the O'Tools and O'Byrnes, Clancarthy Mores and O'Sullivans, who amused themselves cutting each other's throats, and burning each other's palaces of timber—while the Knights of Tara, the Champions of the Red Branch, anticipated the renown of the Knights of the Round Table and the Knights of the Garter, and eclipsed altogether our own Knights—the Knights of Saint Patrick.

The third was the age of Learning and Piety, which succeeded the conversion of the Irish to Christianity by Oriental Missionaries, who established, at an early period—perhaps in the second, but not later than the third century, a faith more nearly corresponding with the primitive Gospels than that which now pervades Christendom. This Faith is stigmatized by Jocelyn as *Pelagian* heresy and *Arian* faithlessness; and he describes Saint Patrick as instilling the doctrine of the Trinity on all occasions as the sole and prime object of his mission. He did not attempt to establish the supremacy of Rome. He lived a century too early for even the thought of such an attempt. It was not engrafted on the Irish Church until near the close of the twelfth century with Peterpence, and every other Papal observance long established in England. To England Ireland owes her Popery. Sedulius, Claudius Scotus, and Johannes Scotus Erigena, have left writings still subsisting, which demonstrate beyond a doubt the learning and piety of that remarkable age, when the schools of Ireland were frequented by students from various parts of the world.

The fourth was the age of Barbarism, when the Danes overwhelmed learning and the learned, subverted the schools and libraries, and restored the reign of ignorance throughout the land, in despite of the struggles of Omelaghlan of Meath, and the final triumph of Bryan Boru in the battle of Clontarf.

The fifth was the age of Invasion and Resistance, when Strongbow and his companions and followers, Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, Reimond and Montmorency, Decourcy and Lacie,

Barry and Meiler, overran the land, and by the aid of Irishman banded against Irishman, the adulterous MacMorroughs against the injured O'Rourks, made a partial and imperfect conquest of the island, annexing it to the Crown of England, and conferring on her kings the hesitating title of *Lords of Ireland*.

The sixth was the age of Military Oppression, and speedily followed the age of the Invasion. It continued in an uninterrupted progression throughout the unsparing dynasties of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts; Lords Lieutenant, Lords Deputy, Lords of the Pale, and Lords of the Marches, Knights and Esquires, Adventurers and Settlers, united their ingenuity, their covetousness, and their courage, to despoil every corner of the land; and by means of conquest of the Irish enemy, or of attainder of the Irish rebel, every productive or picturesque spot of this luxuriant and beautiful island was wrested from the Irish proprietor, and transferred to an English possessor. But attainders were not confined to the mere Celts—it was extended to the Saxon population by the last of the Stuarts, and in his Parliament of the Sessions of 1689, he attainted upwards of two thousand Protestants,<sup>a</sup> and chiefly of the higher classes of society in Ireland; but the signal triumphs of William of Nassau speedily reversed these attainders.

We are now arrived at the seventh age, the age of CIVIL OPPRESSION. “Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history.” It is with regret that we begin this painful portion of our drama with the exalted name which closed with éclat the preceding act. But in the oppressions to which William assented, and lent even his open authority, he was not master of his conduct. The traders of England controlled him as they still control every eminent and enlightened Statesman who would benefit the empire at large by contributing to the prosperity of all its appendages and dependencies. But it is a

<sup>a</sup> See Archbishop King's State of the Protestants of Ireland, pages xiv., 232, and 308 to 368.

remarkable, a melancholy fact, that the freest, happiest, and most powerful nations that ever predominated on this globe, were always the most reckless in trampling on the rights, the fortunes, and the welfare of their subject and subordinate dominions. The English tradesmen, so far as they were constituents of the House of Commons, governed the Parliament, the Parliament governed the King, and the King, at their prayers, consented to extinguish the flourishing woollen trade of Ireland. The same selfish, blind, and ignorant policy still exists. The wisest Cabinet bows its neck to the tyrannical influence without a struggle; and because London has tailors who make court dresses for men, and milliners and haberdashers and manufacturers of silks and satins, who provide gay and splendid attire for women, we must be despoiled of our Vice-regal Court—Because Westminster has, beside her high-minded and illustrious bar, a jealous combination of traders in justice, we must resign our Courts of Law, those nurseries of so many generations, of bold, skilful, and honest Advocates and Judges, Legislators and Statesmen—Because England has a compact and wide-extended association of traders in medicine and surgery, our hospitals and their appendant schools, so renowned in character, so profitable to our country, so beneficial to mankind, are to be annihilated, and their very memory expunged—and all this to satiate the jealousy of a body of traders. In England medicine is, for the most part, a trade, in Ireland it is, in the same proportion, a profession—and lastly, because Great Britain has, in every quarter, manufactories of cotton, and cutlery, and glass, our gentry must be impoverished and swept away, as if they could be swept away to England. But the project is as vain and absurd as it is selfish and tyrannical. The manufacturers of Britain would find more profit in the preservation of our gentry to purchase their productions than in their extinction. We have no manufactures to compete with *theirs*—they have none to compete with *ours*:—the only two that remain to us, our unrivalled damasks for the table—our tabinets so prized in every part of the world. This unjust, impolitic, unwise propensity to carry on a work of destruction can only be accounted for by its having grown into a system; and the habit can not

be abandoned until the fatal consequences reign paramount. Ireland sinks under her miseries—she is but a shadow of her former self—she is in truth a second Greece:—

“ He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled ;  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress ;  
 (Before decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air—  
 The rapture of repose that's there—  
 So fair—so calm—so softly sealed  
 The first—last look—by death revealed !  
 Such is the aspect of this shore—  
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Her's is the loveliness of death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty, with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth.”

In these philosophic, moral, and sanctimonious days, it is strange that England has not evinced any remorse or compunction for the tyranny and crimes of seven hundred years ; but seems determined to persist in a course of persecution and oppression against her weak, helpless, and (unless outraged by injustice) affectionate sister. It is not too enthusiastic to believe that this world is governed by a paternal Providence—at once just and merciful—merciful to the broken-hearted—just to the breaker of hearts. Poets have feigned a dispensation that they call POETICAL JUSTICE, and are contented to suppose that it is only to be found in their fancies, and is altogether fictitious ; but let us look around us and observe the working of the laws of God, physical, moral, intellectual, and divine, upon the condition of individuals, let us look back and study the destinies of nations—some perished from the

face of the earth—some scattered to and fro, existing proofs of the guilt that infected them, and the punishment that avenged it, and we shall be satisfied that the epithet of “*fictitious*” does not accurately belong to it. The dispensations of Heaven seem almost uniformly characterized by the very POETRY OF JUSTICE. We have been too long in the habit of admiring and loving all that is grand and exalted in mighty England, not anxiously to wish that she would, ere too late, open her eyes to the truth, and piously acknowledge that the justice of God is not fictitious.

America is herself stained with criminality; but God does not wait for perfection in the instruments he employs. He was contented with the rude and stern virtues of the barbarians of the north, when he poured them over the wide expanse of the Roman empire—when, with characters not very dissimilar, he commissioned the Romans to absorb the Grecian nations—when he empowered the Greeks of Macedonia to subvert the domination of Persia, and entrusted the Persians with the subjugation of Assyria, crowned as she was with cities surpassing in population the gigantic Metropolis of England—Nineveh and Babylon still magnificent in their mighty ruins.

Far distant be the day, if ever that day is to come, when the modern Republic will attempt to establish her eastern confines on the shores of Ireland. Without the permission of Heaven she can not come. Has England earned her coming, armed with the justice of Heaven? Does she deserve to fall before her? Pale, emaciated, shrunk, and withered, the once happy, hearty, vigorous Ireland lies, her victim, a frigid form on the bed of death—how like the fair and faded Daughter of Jairus. What a thrill would vibrate through the nations at beholding the outstretched arm, and hearing the voice missioned from above: SHE IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH—MAID ARISE!

Should she arise,—and her rising be accompanied by an assemblage of votaries and friends, protectors and vindicators, or, which is not improbable, by such mischievous patriots, such egotistical, headstrong, magnanimous madmen as Mitchell, Meagher, and Smith O'Brien, who, however, must be allowed the sagacity of observing what others failed to observe, and of

foreseeing what others did not foresee, the prostrate condition, and daily increasing, hopeless, and irremediable abasement of their country, should she thus arise and thus be accompanied, who can tell what may follow. Hostile arrays—hosts armed against hosts—insurrections, rebellions, wars civil and national—battles without number, bloodshed without end. Who can conjecture the final result—and in a conflict combining so many dangerous and deadly ingredients, predict which powerful party shall triumph, which nation be the conqueror. No human sagacity can divine the impending future. The Omniscient alone knows—the Omnipotent, who holds the scales of eternal justice, alone can decide the destiny of the contending belligerents, obstinate, inveterate, and equally esteemed invincible by their fellow mortals.

England must recoil from such a conflict—she has learned to detest the criminality of warfare—and, even if she were assured of success, she would cling to the blessings of peace rather than provoke the expenditure of incalculable treasures and incalculable bloodshed. But of success she cannot be assured. What is then her remedy ? How can she equal, how surpass the daily increasing power of America ? The means are simple, but they require great self-denial, great virtues, and a new spirit of moral philosophy, a new infusion of political wisdom. The sacrifice of all those worldly prejudices which are at war with that divine precept which commands not only individuals, but nations, to LOVE ONE ANOTHER. America is a sample, but not yet a perfect sample ; yet, with all her imperfections, deserving to be imitated by every powerful nation ambitious of permanence, aspiring after earthly immortality. It is in the power of England, still retaining inviolate her well-balanced and admirable constitution, *monarchical, aristocratical* and *democratic*, to establish a federative form like that of her rival. Many and various are her subordinate and dependant dominions. Let her confer on each the privilege of self-government, and the enjoyment of an independent legislature, the framer of their own laws, disposer of their own revenues, and arbiter of their own improvements and prosperity. It will not even be necessary to convert the British Parliament

into a Congress, unless it shall be considered, that as a Congress, it would bind more closely and permanently together, the various states of the federal Monarchy. But should it be otherwise determined, the provinces and colonies may be contented with controlling themselves without a wish to arrogate the prerogative of sharing in the government of England or of the empire ; and England may be contented with her own self-government, her own rich revenues, her own means of domestic improvement, welfare, and happiness—her colonies and provinces contributing to her strength and stability ; and deriving from that strength and stability the protection she can afford them, in defiance of the world at large. For that protection they must be willing to allocate to her Exchequer an adequate portion of their local Revenues—and to her forces by sea and land the aid of their sinews and their spirit, should any ambitious despot dare to assail their supreme and inviolable Protector.

It may be objected that many of England's subordinate dominions are unfit for self-government—and that the Asiatic and African tribes neither desire a parliament, nor would know how to derive any advantage from such an institution. This may be ; but surely the means of discovering what form of government will most contribute to their enjoyments and satisfy their wants and wishes cannot be denied to the inhabitants of the vast and ancient empire of India—and in a fainter degree to the less civilized inhabitants of the African peninsula. But if it is necessary to subject them to the discipline of children, then to that discipline it will be right and reasonable to subject them. But these observations cannot apply to the robust minds of the Saxon and Celtic races, which are distributed over Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the West Indies, and other districts of the globe, large and small, near and remote, each and all of whom are capable of self-government, and enjoying all the rights, privileges, and immunities of freemen in a federative constitution—and seeking and finding for themselves the means of advancing their own welfare and felicity.

Years, tedious years, may elapse before mankind can rejoice in a consummation so desirable to mankind at large. At that

day the federal dominions in either hemisphere would ensure the peace of the world, and, with peace, the blessings of universal prosperity and happiness. America and England, of the same blood, of the same nerve, of the same spirit, would repress every evil and encourage every good as far as such repression and encouragement are attainable by political power inspired by political virtue. From the armoury of God their spears would everywhere resist tyranny—their shields cover and protect the oppressed. They would cast into shade the far-famed pillars of Hercules on either coast of the Mediterranean, and be, on the opposite shores of the mighty Atlantic the everlasting pillars of UNIVERSAL LIBERTY.

What a glorious vision! Will it ever be realized? A mountainous barrier of Alpine dimensions stands in the way, an almost insurmountable obstacle. As long as the Church of Rome domineers over so large a portion of Christendom, pervading and permeating not only with her spiritual, but her political, influence every hole and corner of every land, it will be impracticable to grant to provinces and dependencies, the powers of self-government. Liberty of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting must be, to a vast extent, in a state of abeyance, wherever the Priesthood assume a control over the consciences and understandings of men, and every Priesthood barbarian or erudite, Pagan or Christian, is ambitious to arrogate this control. Legislation under clerical trammels would be an abortion—parliaments a nullity. A parliament in Ireland, at this moment, would not represent the property or intellect of the country—would not represent the Protestants or the Catholics; it would merely represent the Clergy of Rome, and, at their bidding, support the interest and the sway of the sovereign Pontiff. If England is not energetically on her guard, the attempt to inflict this slavery upon her, wearing, as it now does, so menacing an aspect, may, to a certain extent, prove troublesome and vexatious, but never successful.

The papal tyranny has trampled upon Christendom upwards of twelve hundred years, ever since Boniface III., in the year 607, assumed the title of Universal Bishop. It struggled with England for political domination at various intervals

during the nine hundred and sixty years which elapsed from the mission of Augustine, in the year 597, to the permanent establishment of the half-perfect but still glorious reformation at the accession of Elizabeth, in the year 1558; and it has been a mill-stone crushing the intelligence, the morals, and the energies of Ireland, ever since Henry II. forced it on her neck, at the Synod of Cashel, in the year 1172, now approaching a period of seven hundred years.

To be emancipated for ever from this mill-stone, these struggles, and this tyranny, would be a benefit beyond price. It would constitute a store of happiness for the community of which every individual would be a participator, a possession, rich as an inheritance to all future generations. It is the business of every man to make an exertion to seize and engross this invaluable blessing; but what is every body's business is nobody's business; and Protestants and Catholics are doggedly contented to live without that peace, prosperity, and happiness which rightfully belong to them.

The first step in advance towards the completion of our splendid hopes seems to fall to the lot of the Roman Catholic Laity. It lies with them to remove the principal obstacle that stands in the way of all improvement, moral, intellectual, and political—that mockery of purity, that snare of chastity, that delusion of unsuspecting piety, the celibacy of the clergy. The first commandment of God to man after his creation was, “Be fruitful and multiply;” and to ensure a willing conformity to this gracious behest he interwove in his mental constitution a strong, an energetic, an almost irresistible propensity, through means of which the Divine will is accomplished in the replenishment of the earth.

It is a vain attempt to combat with nature. The laws of God are all-powerful. They cannot be evaded—and to seek their evasion is but to establish a system of vice and hypocrisy in their place. It is strange that husbands and fathers will entrust their wives and daughters to the temptations and corruptions of the Confessional. Happily for this country, thousands of Protestant eyes surround the Roman Catholic Priesthood, and even, without casting upon them a reluctant glance, they preserve to a great and almost general extent their

propriety and purity, and the undoubted chastity of the women of Ireland—women allowed to be the most chaste on the surface of the globe, the morals of the nation remain unperverted.

What a different tale is told in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Austria, in every Catholic state of Germany—but not in every Catholic state in Switzerland ; for there, according to Father Gavazzi, the Clergy are compelled to keep concubines, because their religion will not allow them to have wives. But wherever uncompromising celibacy prevails, *there* prevail the most gross and degrading voluptuousness and immorality. At the confessional the maid is corrupted in mind—the matron not in mind only—domestic happiness has no existence ; and the business of every man is to make himself at home in his neighbour's household, while his neighbour most punctually returns his civility, both compliments being paid at the risk of encountering stiletos or daggers.

Surely the Clergy themselves cannot be blind to the efficient cause of all this depravity and crime—they cannot be ignorant of its rational remedy—they cannot be deaf to the voice of nature in their own bosoms, inviting them to what they themselves call the holy sacrament of marriage—nor to the voice of God invoking them to the duty of instructing their flocks in the precepts of Religion, and improving them in the practice of virtue and morality. Their enemies aver that they are too much devoted to the liberties and licentiousness of celibacy willingly to resign its enjoyments—that they are, in habit and principle, irreclaimable voluptuaries ; and even, if permitted by the Bishop of Rome, they would one and all decline the boon ; but this is a foul libel—an unfounded slander. Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, and all the first leaders of the Reformation were divines, either Monks or Priests. Ronge and Czerski, the recent promoters of the new reformation in Germany, are both of them Priests ; and Gavazzi and Achilli are of the same sacred profession, and are at this moment, arraigning its corruptions before their Italian countrymen in London, and exposing all the vices which Celibacy has inflicted on the Clergy of every grade, in the very dominions of the supreme Pontiff himself.

The next step in promotion of the grand project of rendering England a federal Monarchy, equipollent with America, the federal republic, must fall to the lot of the Protestant Laity as the first step was assigned to the Roman Catholic Laity. This now contemplated step is of indispensable importance to the realization of these magnificent views, and is of no less moment than the restoration of the Religion of Christ to its primitive purity as it flowed from the Lips of its divine Author. This hallowed restoration must depend for its accomplishment on the Protestant Laity, for these reasons : They hold the sufficiency of holy Scripture for salvation—their Clergy profess the same belief ; but they are under peculiar trammels ; and the Laity are under none. Numbers of this distinguished Clergy, learned, pious, and high minded, are desirous, nay anxious, to re-establish the purity of their Religion ; but their aspirations are stifled and suppressed by the majority of their brethren—and the majority of every collective mass of men, whether religious or political, rude or refined, is blinded by interest or prejudice, indifferent to the cause of Truth, and careless of the welfare of mankind.

This weighty task, then, rests in a great measure on the exertions of the Protestant Laity ; but perhaps the Roman Catholic Laity may find it of advantage to unite with them in those exertions, and the blessing of Heaven would not be wanting to crown them with success. Unexpected aid has been furnished to that most exalted of human objects the Cause of Religious truth—and from auxiliaries who meant to impede, and not to favour its progress. These auxiliaries are the Puseyite Clergy—the Oxford tractarians—neither Protestants nor Catholics ; but so identified with both that they may be classified with either ; and the reluctant tribute of their labours and their learning may well be received with gratitude and triumph by the rational and religious of every creed.

Mr. Palmer in his work on the Church, Mr. Newman, on Romanism, Mr. Keble on Tradition, and all of them in the Oxford Tracts, maintain that Tradition is on a perfect level with Scripture : “ Scripture and Tradition taken together are

the joint rule of Faith.”<sup>a</sup> Both have *equal* claims on our devotion.”<sup>b</sup> We also learn from these communicative divines, that “the very Nicene creed itself, to which perhaps of all *formulæ*, we are most indebted for our sound belief in THE PROPER DIVINITY OF THE SON OF GOD—even this creed had its origin, *not from Scripture*, but from TRADITION.”<sup>c</sup>

Equally important is their admission that several of the orthodox doctrines, such as those of THE TRINITY, and THE DEITY OF CHRIST, are not plainly taught in the Scriptures. “The early Church did herself conceal these same church doctrines. Viewing that early period as a whole, there is on the whole *a great secresy* observed in it concerning such doctrines as THE TRINITY and the Eucharist ; that is, *the early Church* did the very thing which I have been supposing Scripture does, CONCEAL *these high Truths* ! !<sup>d</sup>

The Traditions on which the Tractarians so strongly rely, they adduce from the Fathers ; yet even from the Fathers they might have learned that they were not universally received by the early Christians. “There can be no doubt that both Ebionites and Nazarenes denied the doctrine of Christ’s supreme divinity. Origen states positively that *all the Jewish Christians* rejected it, and in this he is joined by Epiphanius, Eusebius, and others,”<sup>e</sup> and Tertullian observes that simple persons, not to call them ignorant and idiots, take it for granted that the number and disposition of the Trinity is a division of the Unity. They pretend that *two* or even *three* are preached *by us*, and imagine that *they themselves* are worshippers of ONE GOD.”<sup>f</sup>

These paragraphs are sufficient to satisfy Catholics and Protestants how little foundation there is in Scripture for the doctrines of the Deity of Christ and the Trinity, and that they must be exhumed from the mass of extravagance, mysticism, and fiction, in which they lie buried in the voluminous

<sup>a</sup> Madge’s Lectures on Puseyism—page 135, with citation from Oxford Tracts, No. 78, page 2.

<sup>b</sup> Idem 136, with citation from Palmer on the Church—I. 180.

<sup>c</sup> Idem 138, with citation from Keble on Tradition—34.


<sup>d</sup> Id. 168, with citation from Tracts, No. 85, p. 68.

<sup>e</sup> Id. 163.

<sup>f</sup> Id. 170, with citation from Tertullian.

writings of the Fathers. The following observations, worthy of a Christian minister, will give us a clear insight into the true character of these primitive divines, and the exact value at which we should estimate the records they have left behind them.

“The great advantage to be derived from the Fathers is, that they give us in their writings a picture of the times in which they lived—that they make us acquainted with the state and condition of the primitive Christian Church; that they tell us of the opinions and practices that prevailed in the early ages, and above all that they furnish us with the most satisfactory evidence of the existence of the books of the New Testament at such a period of the Christian Era as to render it almost impossible for them, widely diffused as they were, to have been forged and palmed upon the world, in so short a time, as the genuine writings of apostles and apostolic men. This view of the subject accords with that of the present learned Bishop of Lincoln. He says ‘the principle value of the writings of the Fathers consists perhaps in the testimony which they bear to the authenticity of the books of the New Testament.’ As to anything more than this, I believe that they are not only without value, but oftentimes positively pernicious. By their ‘vain babbling’, their spiritualizing and allegorizing perversions of Scripture, they so perplex and bewilder the understandings of those who give themselves up to the study of their writings, that reason and good sense lose all their just authority and control, and feeling and fancy alone bear sway. Hence, we see in the works of the Puseyite and Oxford divines the same want of judgment and discrimination, the same love of the marvellous and the mystical, the same fondness for extravagance and conceits, which characterize those to whom they so reverentially look up as their leaders and guides. If with singleness of mind, and casting off the yoke of creeds and systems of man’s device, they would direct their attention more to the words of Christ and his Apostles, and less to those of Councils and Fathers, their learning and accomplishments would, I humbly conceive, redound more to their own honour and credit, as



well as to the instruction and improvement of their fellow men.”<sup>a</sup>

There is no rational, unprejudiced, and competent student of the New Testament, who will not agree with the Tractarians, that the deification of Christ has, in strictness, no place in that sacred volume, and must actually depend for its reception, upon Tradition; or, in other words, on the invention of the Fathers. This was the first and most mischievous of the heresies which disgraced the pure and holy religion of the Messiah. From it flowed, as from a copious well-spring, all the other corruptions which now deluge Christendom. The Omnipotent Being who called all nature into existence, was degraded on his very throne, and Jesus of Nazareth installed beside him, and, perhaps unintentionally, above him, as the Creator of this vast Universe, consisting of thousands of universes, each equal to that which overspreads the heavens, and dazzles our visions on a starlight night—and yet this Creator appears on humbler occasions in the form of a wafer, when the priest pronounces certain mystical words at the altar, and, man as he is, creates his Creator. But the deification of Jesus led to another apotheosis. His mother has been deified, and more than deified, invested, as Mother of God and Queen of Heaven, if not directly, at least indirectly, with all the power of the Father and the Son. The Son, as a dutiful son, must obey all the commands of his Mother; and the Lord of Heaven and Earth must listen with conjugal kindness to the prayers of Mary of Nazareth; and thus by means of privileged prayers or maternal commands the humble wife of Joseph the carpenter, governs the universe. Nor was this the only deification engendered by the deification of Christ. The attribute of Holiness, that spirit of purity, that hallowed characteristic of God, and also of his Messiah, was converted into a person said to proceed from both, and was elevated to the same rank of Godship, and is now worshipped with both as the holy and undivided Trinity—three persons, each of them God, yet not three Gods but one. Numerically both

<sup>a</sup> Madge's Lectures on Puseyism—pages 194 and 196.

three and one. All this is a plain, simple, just, honest, unvarnished statement; yet it appears as if it was exaggerated and caricatured—there is not a word of contumely or ridicule in this detail. It is such as the functionaries of religion now embrace in all its circumstances, and present to their flocks and to the world. And now, in the middle of the learned, intelligent, and rational nineteenth century, has made an inroad into Protestant England, under the auspices of Pius the Ninth, Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Ullathorne, Father Ignatius, and Mr. Bennett.

Surely, surely Catholics as well as Protestants, may well stand amazed at this unaggravated, uncoloured, unvarnished, portraiture! If we desire to obtain the favour of God, if we expect that his providence will watch over us, and promote our welfare and felicity, individually or nationally, we will endeavour to bring back the religion of Christ to its original purity, such as it appears in his hallowed Gospel, uncontaminated by tradition and the fictions of the Fathers. We must abandon the Popery of Gregory the Seventh and Leo the Tenth, and the Councils of Nice and Trent—and the still earlier heresies retained in the Popery of Luther and Calvin, the Diet of Worms, and the Assembly of Westminster. We must render our religion worthy of the God we worship, if we hope that he will hearken to our prayers, and be to us a God of mercy.

This would be a great change, and great efforts would be necessary to accomplish it; and we naturally wish to form some rational conjecture as to its possibility or probability; and the probable or possible time when we may rationally look for a reform upon which so much of the happiness of futurity depends—happiness the most momentous, whose ingredients are piety, peace, and prosperity, self-reliance, liberty, self-government, and a federal monarchy, including every land and people of our mighty empire.

I never was a studier of the Prophecies, and never was much enlightened by any of the thousand expositors who have ventured on the hopeless task of their elucidation—yet amidst the

mystical confusion and perplexing obscurities which involve THE APOCALYPSE, there are striking circumstances which start into prominence, and astound us with their apparent and almost absolute identification with facts notorious for many ages, and still clinging to existence in a weary and nauseated world. The spiritual and temporal domination of Rome is accurately and graphically displayed in that powerful illustration the Woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness, upon whose forehead is written mystery, *Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth*, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, and sitting upon seven mountains, like that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth.

But under another aspect she is represented as sitting upon a *scarlet coloured* beast, full of names of blasphemy, and in continuance of these strange, but most apposite illustrations, we find that they that dwell upon the earth have made an **IMAGE OF THE BEAST**, and that both the beast and his image are equally worshipped by the earth and them that dwell therein. But it is plainly announced, that if any man *worship the Beast and his Image*, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation. This decree is finally carried into execution, by a figurative anticipation; for in the typical war waged between the armies of heaven and the armies of the kings of the earth, the Beast is taken, and with him the false prophet, that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the **BEAST** and them that *worshipped* his **IMAGE**. These both are cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Language, which can mean no more than the complete annihilation of these corruptions of religion and the unauthorized worship which they involve. The catastrophe thus predicted is immediately succeeded by that long cherished hope of the zealous and enthusiastic—**THE MILLENIUM**—those who have suffered for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God, and who have not worshipped the

BEAST, neither his IMAGE, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands, shall live and reign with Christ a THOUSAND YEARS.<sup>a</sup>

Among the various sects of Christianity there is little controversy with respect to the class of sinners indicated by the worshippers of THE BEAST—that class alone which is disparaged by the imputation, entertaining a doubt or advancing an objection on the subject. That class of sinners which is indicated as worshippers of the IMAGE OF THE BEAST, has not been so generally decided—but that Church which is most disparaged by the charge will be most anxious to dispute its justice. Let us then, with all that humility becoming in so dubious and difficult an investigation—with all that charity which respects the conscientious opinions of others, yet with all that boldness which the cause of Truth demands, and that confidence in the favour of God which is inspired by the consciousness of performing a duty well pleasing to him, humbly, charitably, boldly, and confidently enter upon an inquiry momentous in itself—but doubly momentous as regarding the splendid prospects and hopes discussed in the present adventurous essay.

Do the HALF-REFORMED CHURCHES OF CHRISTENDOM resemble THE CHURCH OF ROME in placing *the man* Christ Jesus, the Mediator between God and man beside that Omnipotent, Omniscient, eternal, and infinite God upon his very throne, and worship him as co-infinite, co-eternal, co-omniscient, and co-omnipotent, with the great Creator of this stupendous universe? Do they place on the same hallowed and inviolable Throne a mere abstraction, an attribute, a disposition, a characteristic, under the appalling denomination of the Holy Ghost? Do they worship a Tri-une God, unnoticed and unknown in the sacred Scriptures, a Trinity in Unity—a Unity in Trinity—involving inconsistencies, contradictions, and absurdities, degrading to the glory of God, disgraceful to the intellect of man.

<sup>a</sup> Revelations, chapters xiv., xvii., xix., xx., *passim*.

So much for their worship—now for their Christian faith. Do they believe not only in the somewhat reasonable formula, honoured with the title of the Apostle's Creed, but in the gross and unscriptural Creeds denominated the *Nicene*, and the *Athanasian*. Do they believe in original sin, and that the guilt of Adam, in eating the forbidden fruit, has expanded over all his descendants, and rendered them, in addition to their exclusion from Paradise and the tree of life, worthy of the most awful punishments that can be inflicted by A GOD OF VENGEANCE, forgetting that he is a GOD OF JUSTICE AND A GOD OF MERCY? Do they believe in the doctrine of Atonement, and the system of vicarious reward and punishment? The guilt of the sinner and its merited punishment transferred from his responsibility, and inflicted on the most pure and righteous of created beings, as if God must be necessarily *unmerciful* in his *mercies* and *unjust* in his *justice*. It is true they do not believe that the bread and wine in the Eucharist are actually transubstantiated into the body and blood of Christ; but do they not teach their children and believe themselves a tenet scarcely different, that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper; and while they pretend to advocate the right of private judgment, do they not exclude that right unless in unison with their own judgment, and arrogate to themselves the very infallibility of the Pope?

Let us now turn to the assumptions and practice of the clergy. It is true they have no permanent confessionals for the exaction of auricular confessions or the ministration of absolution—but do they never, at the bedside of the sick, move the sinner to make a special confession of his sins, and assume the power of absolving him after this sort:—"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences, and, *by his authority, committed to me*, I ABSOLVE THEE FROM ALL THY SINS, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen"? Is not their liturgy, with its litanies and repetition of prayers and supplications, borrowed from still more ancient formularies; and although the chant of "Ora pro

nobis" is not heard in their churches, are not imitative responses daily said or sung, more rational, it is true, in their object, but closely imaging their antique prototype? It cannot be denied that their cathedral service is a grand, imposing, attractive imitation—an imitation perhaps commendable, but beyond a doubt impressive and influential.

With respect to their hierarchy, are not the orders of the clergy not only similar but identical: Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Precentors, Chancellors, Treasurers, Archdeacons, Deacons, Prebendaries, Priests, Rectors, Vicars, and Curates? Have they not their convocations, now somewhat obsolete, and their flourishing chapters? Are not their hoods, surplices, and robes, an humble copy of far superior magnificence? And of late do they not dispute with the rival Church their long monopolized appellation of CATHOLIC, as if to render themselves more and more metaphysically, as well as physically, *an Image of the Beast?*

Modern connoisseurs may well be contented with so many points of resemblance. But the Puseyite portion of the clergy are not satisfied without exciting, to a still higher pitch, the admiration of adepts in the imitative arts. They have but little pleasure in being a mere unsubstantial reflection—a glassy image. Less than the embodied character of the Beast himself, will not satiate the ravening of their Papal appetites. They call their communion-table an altar—they place on it lighted candles at mid-day—they again elevate the cross as an object of devotion—they prostrate themselves before it with various genuflexions and fantastical postures and bowings. They repeat with their fingers the sign of the cross, and mumble their prayers as if they would induct their congregations into a belief that they supplicated God in Latin, as a language better understood than English in Heaven. They renew the honours paid to saints, and have laid a promising expectancy of a revival of the old fashioned confessional, auricular confession, the vice-engendering absolution, and all the other vain and ostentatious pomp and formalities of an impure and meretricious religion. But, above all, they have absolutely and unreservedly renounced the high Protestant

principle—the right of private judgment, and the sufficiency to salvation of the holy Scriptures, and hold as the foundation of their religious faith, and in perfect equality with the Gospel itself, the traditions and fancies of the Fathers. This is more than the Image of Popery—it is Popery itself.

There is a popular opinion impressed on religious minds, and grounded on the expositions of prophecy, that the darkest corruptions of the religion of Christ must overspread the whole of Christendom before it can recover its pristine purity, and confer on mankind the benefits and blessings which were contemplated and announced by its divine Author, and which must naturally follow from the universal reception of his precepts and doctrines, divested of the human inventions which have disguised and debased them.

If there be any reason in this opinion—if it be fact—if it be truth—the evolution they expected has actually occurred—the era for which they looked has arrived. The corruptions of Christianity involve the whole Christian world, Popery and semi-Popery are every where in the ascendant—the Beast and the Image of the Beast are universally worshipped throughout Christendom !

But when will the purification commence ? It is; rue a small portion of leaven is at this moment fermenting the mass which is to spread itself abroad into a likeness of the kingdom of Heaven ; but that consummation may be far distant. Is there any hope for us in a rational consideration of things as they are—or as they appear in our future prospects ? There is another prevalent opinion of much influence among religious persons, which may throw some light upon this obscure but interesting subject, grounded on that remarkable text that informs us “that one day is, with the Lord, as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.” They maintain that six of those days, occupied like those of our earthly week by labour, pain, and worldly affairs, will be succeeded by the seventh thousand years as a day of rest, a grand Sabbath, a festival of innocence, purity, and righteousness, corresponding with the Millenium, when Christ is expected to reign, if not

in person, at least by his laws, over a more perfect, god-like, and happy race of men, than has yet found means to establish a kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

It would be puerile in the extreme to attempt any calculation as to the termination of the six thousand years of the week, and the commencement of the thousand years of the Sabbath, while we are aware that no fewer than one hundred and forty different dates are assigned to the creation of Adam ; and that the science of Chronology, for its earlier dates, contains not one that is certain. For instance, the creation of Adam—assigned by the English authorized version agreeing with the common Hebrew text is B. C. 4004. Therefore this date fixes the termination of the six thousand years, in the year A. D. 1996, which will not occur for one hundred and forty-five years from the present year 1851. The Samaritan Pentateuch assigns the era of creation to B. C. 4700—according to which the six thousand years must have terminated A. D. 1300—and leaves us to regret that the six thousand years expired 550 years ago, and the Millenium has not yet commenced. Truth may lie between these two chronological conjectures, but it would be childish to pursue the subject farther, or endeavour from such premises to ascertain when the Theology of Christendom is likely to become as generally pure, as it is, at present, generally corrupt.

Wherefore, without looking back to the past or forward to the future, let us look to the facts which, at this moment, stare us in the face, and, with regard to the fulfilment of our most sacred duties to God, to man, and to ourselves, attend to that wisest of ancient remarks, now arrived at the dignity of a maxim: **THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.** In our exertions to fulfil those duties we may confidently rest on the favour of God ; and hope, as far as it is granted in the *common course* of his moral government, for his divine assistance. But will it be arraigned as presumptuous to inquire what is that common course? We are acquainted with various instances of unusual and extraordinary interference ; as when he employs a missioned prophet to instruct and to guide, and to carry out his will. Extraordinary and unusual are also those providen-

tial interpositions which we sometimes witness, and reluctantly admit to be an occasional intervention of divine goodness, and endeavour, and perhaps with reason, to confine within the character of natural results. But to ascertain with precision the common course of God's moral government is a more difficult task, but worthy of an effort, although, in such high enterprize, any human effort may well, in its too certain failure, be excused.

It is due to a proper sense of humility to begin with an illustration : an ingenious human artist designs an automaton which will engage in a game of chess, play a tune on a piano, pronounce all the letters of the alphabet or perform various other evolutions that may excite surprise and pleasure. He arranges his wheels, his springs and his pipes, and regards his finished work with curiosity and interest, while it executes the various purposes for which he provided. So perhaps *with* the great Creator—He plans the human automaton—He arranges his more effective wheels and springs, and pipes—the muscles and sinews, the veins, arteries, and air vessels—the lungs and the heart, the nerves and the brain—that wonderful brain which eliminates thought, feeling, and affection—the warmest emotions of affection, the finest feelings of devotion, of conscience and benevolence, the loftiest elevations of intellect, aspiring to the study not only of the Creation but the Creator himself—and containing a harmonizing or conflicting congeries of organs all beneficial in their use, all injurious in their abuse—promoting, according as they are exercised, a proper pride or unbecoming haughtiness—a wish for the approval of others, or a degenerate vanity—a laudable firmness or revolting obstinacy—a courage and fortitude necessary to self-protection, or a thirst for blood and war, pernicious to mankind—all to be kept within their legitimate boundaries if governed by the intellectual and moral faculties—and all, the very noblest among them, Instincts, so far as they are propensities—the very propensities to observe and enjoy the varied phenomena of nature—the very propensities to compare them, and to reason upon cause and effect, and aspire to a recondite knowledge of the manifold works of God, though far superior to

simple propensities in their action, are still but Instincts as far as they are propensities.

Education improves the intellectual—exercise increases the capaciousness of the moral faculties—man has the power of opposing one organ to another—and controlling his too active propensities by the authority of his conscience and understanding—and this simple view perhaps may serve to untie the gordian-knot that has fastened so much obscurity and difficulty on the questions of *Liberty and necessity*. Man is the slave of NECESSITY so far as his material organs and their influences operate singly and severally without submitting to reciprocal collision and the control of the superior over those of less dignity. He is master of FREE WILL so far as his organs have fair play in their action, and that his nobler faculties exert the full force of their authority in restraining the more ignoble.

May we not, then, presume that God is well pleased in observing the mutual action on each other of these his wheels, and springs, and pipes—the reciprocal action of individuals on each other—the mutual and reciprocal action of sects and parties, communities, and nations? Is it not an ingredient in his happiness to behold the success of his exquisite machinery, and the *progress* of his free-minded, free-acting, free-willed automaton towards the goal of human perfection and human felicity? Will he not invite the natives and denizens of his celestial kingdom to participate with him in the enjoyment of this ever-varying spectacle—the various dramas presented in every region of this globe—so many comic, so many tragic scenes in daily, nightly, perpetual performance—in which

“ Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.”

Comedy is the favourite spectacle of all civilized nations—and we have never to complain of a deficiency of experienced

and highly-accomplished performers—mock-patriots, mock-statesmen, mock-generals, mock-doctors, mock-lawyers, mock-orators, mock-divines, and mock-philosophers. Performers too of either sex shine in the exhibition of mock-modesty, mock-honour, mock-benevolence, and mock-piety. This drama is everlasting—the curtain never drops—Angels may honour these Thespian triumphs with a smile, but how far can God take pleasure in the finest displays of this low comedy?

Tragi-comedy has also its attractions and has also a long run—that of Ireland as already noticed, has lasted for seven hundred years.—The Irish Enemy is out of date—the Irish Rebel comes occasionally on the stage, but the Irish Assassin continues in full play. He is peculiarly fitted for this hybrid exhibition. He murders for the love of murder, for sake of justice, through a patriotic devotion to his country, and a singular regard for religion—and he unites with all his less sanguinary countrymen in warm affections for his family, charitable feelings for his poorer neighbour, and hospitality to strangers even beyond his means; but above all, in a passion for innocent mischief, frolic, and fun, which Irishmen indulge in the midst of the severest trials of misery and hardship, under the pressure of famine and the approach of death—an event which they frequently meet with a jest; and their great consolation in every kind of misfortune is the ready wit they employ to render it light and ridiculous. They would never have endured the oppressions of seven hundred years if it were not for their wit.

The next Drama is strictly a Tragedy—the first act is in pagan Africa the last in christian America—and the intermediate scenes pollute the pure Ocean.—War ambuscades and treachery are employed to enslave the Negro. He is chained to a gang of his countrymen, and thousands of gangs are conveyed yearly to the coast under the impulse of the lash. They are packed, as so much merchandize, in the holds of the slave-ships. Through the influence of foul air and the pestilential contact of human bodies without space to turn or to move, the merchandize is, to a great extent, deteriorated and wasted, and when it is good for nothing but to rot, it is

flung, without compunction, overboard. The miserable remnant of such a voyage is transferred to the hopeless labours of the sugar plantation and the gentle mercies of the Planter and his scourge, under the broiling heat of an almost torrid sun, or of fires still more broiling. The wretched human being is bought and sold—he is but a chattel ; yet he can boast like the Irishman an ample intellect to appreciate his misfortunes ; but he has not the wit of the Irishman to alleviate and reduce them. The Irish Tragi-comedy, the Negro-tragedy may well be regarded with “ tears such as angels weep ;” but how does the Almighty Mechanist behold the disorder and perversion of his noble machinery ?

Another genuine Tragedy has lately been in possession of the stage ; and was distinguished by the true tragic characteristics, terror, pity, and magnanimous feeling. It began with the barbarous sacrifice of the royal Louis of France, and terminated its bloody career with the great day of Waterloo. Sanguinary wars crimsoned every plain of the European Continent—armies of countless numbers encountered each other with various success, and a soldier of fortune, elevated by the force of his genius to the oldest and most powerful throne of Europe, proved himself more than an Alexander, more than a Cæsar, more than a Gregory the seventh, or a Celestine the third, in withering armies, spurning crowns, and trampling upon Kings ; yet while he subjugated Holland, Prussia, Germany, and Italy, the most skilful of his marshals of France, with their veteran soldiery, shrunk in the vallies of Spain before the eagle glance of the Field-marshal of England. The angelic spectators of these tremendous scenes might well rejoice that God had interwoven in the constitution of Man the powerful organs of combativeness and destructiveness, now so worthily employed in defending the liberties of mankind, and defeating the ambitious tyranny that would have enslaved the world. Is it presumptuous to imagine that God himself must have enjoyed the admirable working of such rare and elevated specimens of his mental machinery when the two great commanders, the proud and powerful offspring of two abject Islands, were, for the first time, personally opposed

to each other, and the dark Genius of Corsica vanished before the bright-glowing Spirit of Ireland! This, the most glorious of the wars that have desolated the Earth, may well close the series, crowned, as it has been, with the most beneficial of battles—may we not hope, as Philanthropists and Christians, that there is now and for ever an end to the warfare of civilized nations !

But, disparaging contrast!—this magnificent Tragedy has been succeeded by an extravagant Farce. The various Potentates of Europe, when suffering under the galling oppression of their arrogant conqueror, allured their prostrate and apathetic subjects to embark in a struggle for liberty and independence under a solemn promise of privileges, immunities, and free constitutions, if they should be successful in the conflict. They were successful ; and these honest and honorable Potentates, in grateful return for their services, in fulfilment of their sacred engagements, assumed a Cervantic gravity, the finest specification of the *ridiculous*, and with humorous solemnity, suitable to this farcical Burletta, again placed their royal feet upon the necks of their serfs.—Such was the organization of their princely brains.—Conscientiousness and Benevolence were defective.—They suffered their Intellectual powers to sleep—and *necessity* governed the result.

But this result is not the end. Subjects have an organization from God as well as Sovereigns, and we cannot at this day look around us without perceiving how much that organization is in active play. In Prussia, in Austria, in every part of Germany, in every part of Italy, the down-trodden serfs are lifting up their heads aspiring to be Freemen—and as sure as that there is a God, and that they derive their organization from Him, the day will come when they will be free, and the Despots of the world learn that the first of their sovereign duties is to render their subjects prosperous and happy, which they cannot be unless they have a will of their own—a degree of liberty which does not amount to a licentiousness that would be inconsistent with the rights of all their brethren of mankind.

Among those despots who now stand in this awful relation with their subjects, not one is more prominent in the face of heaven than the Roman Pontiff—and his consistory of Cardinals. *They* must be considered together with him, for judging from the auspicious commencement of his Pontificate, we must be aware that Pius the Ninth has since fallen under their absolute control, and (if without offence we may use an expression derived from *catholic* narrative and *scriptural* imagery) that in the Halls of Scarlet Harlotry, he has not a voice. He is a mere pageant, and they are in fact the Court of Rome. That abandoned Court has wearied out the patience of their intelligent and high-minded people, and this POWER, once so terrific and appalling in every region of Christendom, is evidently tottering to its fall. France and England ought everywhere to countenance the rational liberties of the people, and abstain from an undue intervention in favour of their oppressors, or an apathy that permits such intervention. France has incurred the guilt of this intervention, England the guilt of this apathy. What punishment France may suffer, we know not as yet ; but England is already suffering under the infliction of Roman gratitude. Protestant England, after the tranquillity of three hundred years, has been invaded by a Roman Hierarchy, and her very soil seized as the possession of twelve territorial Bishops—a scarlet-robed Cardinal at their head. Bold and consummate stroke of ecclesiastical policy ! The drooping, dying papacy, rises with transient vigour to an expiring effort ; and, with a view to affright her rebellious subjects, and astonish a woudering world, she enters upon an enterprise absurd, insane, and ludicrous—once more to enslave the free minds of Englishmen, and compel the various churches and congregations of England—boasting of the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free—to submit to the insult and degradation inflicted by a foreign Priesthood on her hitherto-deemed inviolable soil.

In this weak and wicked adventure, and its obvious results, an illustration, almost identical with the matter illustrated, intrudes itself upon us. A strong Bull of Bashan, long the terror of all that encompassed his pasture, is at length destined to the sacrifice, and his doom approaches. His ominous

roar is heard in the courts of the temple, and he receives his death blow before the altar of Jehovah. He rears, he plunges, and in his struggle breaks an unexpected way through an astonished populace. He endeavours once again to trample and to gore—but these desperate efforts are but the last throes and agonies of the dying BEAST.

If the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland were convinced that these observations and reflections are founded on reason and truth, if they could open their eyes to their duties as Irishmen, as Christians, as peculiarly the servants of God, they would lend their powerful aid to the restoration of the Religion of Christ, to its original purity, and no longer stand in the way of those blissful changes which would, to all appearance, render their countrymen the freest, their country the happiest on the surface of the globe. If they would but exercise their common sense, and awake to their true interests, they would shake off those irrational prejudices which enchain them to the most vicious and abandoned of sovereignties, the Pontificate of Rome. I would say to them, if I had a voice of any weight or influence amongst men, “ You must be familiar with the representations of so many eminent divines of your Church, and know, as they knew, that *Rome* is nothing better than an antiquated Bagnio of carnal depravity ; you must acknowledge, with all mankind, that it is an outstanding bulwark of spiritual despotism, and admit, with the noblest and wisest of your religious persuasion, that it has recently become a daring bedlam of fanatic lunacy. If you possess the candour of men, who are at once learned, and liberal, and pious—and I am not personally acquainted with any of your body who are not deserving of these epithets—you must be satisfied that the traditions of the Fathers, ‘ their vain babbling, their spiritualizing and allegorizing perversions of Scripture’ cannot, with any show of reason, be placed on the same elevated pedestal with those hallowed scriptures which they so pervert. It is true there are many among you who firmly believe in all the inconsistent and contradictory mysteries which they profess ; but these are not the most pious, the most liberal, and the most learned among you ; yet, it is equally true, that many

who are entitled to these several marks of distinction are reluctant to encounter the responsibility of abandoning a system of errors which they consider useful to their ignorant flocks, whom they unjustly regard as incapable of receiving the plain truths of the Gospel, that Gospel which, in its ethereal purity, was first preached to the poor and the ignorant—and was accepted by them as a blessing, long before it was corrupted by the wisdom of Philosophers, Theologians, and Councils—the guilty fabricators of incredible creeds and unchristian ordinances.

Under your earnest instructions your flocks would not be tardy in discarding every error and abandoning every corruption which you discarded and abandoned—and if you assumed the glorious position of being foremost in restoring the Christianity of Christendom to the Christianity of Christ, you might look with confidence to the approbation of mankind, and to a boon of more value, the favour of God. You would stand highest among the ministers of that God, and look down with compassion on the clergy of the Reformation, and *their Popery*, as they now look down with disdain upon your *Popery* and upon yourselves.

But it is their sacred duty, as well as yours, to abandon their Creeds and Decretals, Articles and Confessions of Faith, and all the corruptions, impieties, and impurities they have engendered, and preach only the simple, but exalted, doctrine of the Gospel, which its divine Author commanded his disciples to preach to all nations; and which, in its exalted simplicity, was competent to fulfil all the promises of God to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that **IN THEIR SEED SHOULD ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH BE BLESSED.** Were all the Clergy of Christendom to rise superior to their selfish but mistaken interests, and unite their most energetic exertions in the performance of this the most imperative, most holy of their duties, the whole surface of the earth would gradually become a renovated Paradise, and the great multitude of its happy inhabitants raise their voices in unison, deep-toned as the voice of many waters, as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto

the Lord our God : for true and righteous are all his judgments. Praise him, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. With one accord, let us be glad and rejoice, for **THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.**<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> See Revelation xix. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7.

**THE END.**



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