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THE SKYLARK.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

This poem, if it cannot be compared, in felicity of language, to Shelley's lines, under the same title, conveys more depth of meaning and a finer moral.]

How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair  
That leans through cloudy gates from heaven to earth,  
And, all alone in the empyreal air,  
Fills it with jubilant sweet sounds of mirth:  
'How far he seems, how far,  
With the light upon his wings!  
Is it a bird or star  
That shines and sings!

What matter if the days be dark and frore,  
That sunbeam tells of other days to be,  
And singing in the light that floods him o'er,  
In joy he overtakes futurity;  
Under cloud-arches vast  
He peeps, and sees behind  
Great summer coming fast  
Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,  
In streams of gold and purple he is drowned;  
Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,  
As though the stormy drops were turned to sound;  
And now he issues through,  
He scales a cloudy tower,  
Faintly, like falling dew,  
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hushed, that I may hear  
The wondrous things he tells the world below;  
Things that we dream of he is watching near;  
Hopes that we never dream'd he would bestow.  
Alas! the storm hath roll'd  
Back the gold gates again,  
Or surely he hath told  
All heaven to men!

So the victorious poet sings alone,  
And fills with light his solitary home,  
And though that glory sees new worlds foreshown,  
And hears high songs and triumphs yet to come;  
He wooes the air of time,  
With thrills of golden chords,  
And makes the world to climb  
On linked words.

What if his hair be gray, his eyes be dim,  
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold?  
Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him;  
Truth never fails, nor beauty waxeth old;  
More than he tells, his eyes  
Behold, his spirit hears—  
Of grief, and joy, and sighs,  
'Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who, with the sound of song,  
Can charm away the heartache, and forget  
The frost of penury, and the stings of wrong,  
And down the fatal whisper of regret!  
Darker are the abodes  
Of kings, though his be poor,  
While fancies, like the gods,  
Pass through his door.

Singing, thou scalest heaven upon thy wings,  
Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies;  
He maketh his own sunrise while he sings,  
And turns the dusty earth to paradise;—  
I see thee sail along,  
Far up the sunny streams;  
Unseen I hear his song,  
I see his dreams.

MORALS OF POPES.

According to popish historians, and even by the testimony of the ablest popish writers, no pagan throne, was ever filled with such monsters of immorality as the papal chair; monsters most detestably wicked in themselves, and the constant authors of universal wickedness, imposture, delusion, oppression, robbery, tyranny, murder and massacre; pestilent enemies to all good men, and to whatever was good in the world.

We have seen popes giving testimony against one another. Stephen VII. thought his predecessor, Formosus, so horrid a criminal that he had him pulled out of his grave, and his body thrown into the Tiber. Stephen, in his turn, was strangled as a criminal equally horrible.

Pope Sergius lived in a brothel, particularly with two celebrated harlots, mother and daughter, who governed his holiness and the Holy Catholic Church. By one of these women he had a son who came to be pope by the name of John XI, and sanctified his dignity of Vicar of Christ by living in incest with his own mother.

John XII. worshipped Venus and Jupiter; he debauched ladies on the steps of the altar.

Boniface VII. murdered Benedict VI. in order to succeed him. Gregory VII. filled all Germany with blood, and fire and famine, and carried every curse of human tyranny, and diabolical pride, as far as they could go.

Innocent III. was called a lion in cruelty, and a blood sucker in avarice.

Benedict XII. purchased a lady of condition and beauty from her family, for so much money.

Alexander VI. had for his mistress his own daughter Lucretia.

Innocent VIII. left sixteen children, all spurious, because Popes can not, according to the Church, legally marry.

Leo X. boasted "what treasure the Papal Church had derived from the fables of Christ!"

Paul III. in order to have his daughter all to himself, poisoned her husband.

If we descend from the heads of that Church to her great champions and supports, the schoolmen, the extravagances and fooleries of the latter are incredible. They are the metaphysics of the heated philosopher Aristotle, prostituted to maintain the lying claims of churchmen; what is incredible, is explained by what is impossible and what is impossible, is maintained by what is unintelligible; ignorance is founded upon subtleties; nonsense defended by sophistry; contradiction by names and authority; and a monstrous theology is recommended under barbarous terms. Here follow a few of the important points there discussed. Whether it be possible for the Deity to become feminine? Whether the foreskin of our Savior (cut off in circumcision) be yet taken in the Eucharist, where he is supposed to be swallowed whole? "Whether the body of Christ comes into the elements of bread and wine, by the way of deduction, or of reproduction; or if his body had been made of flint, how it could have been crucified?"

The Catholic canons are of a piece with Catholic theology—shameless, immoral and extravagant. It is a system of chimeras, extracted from the authority and writings of old Popes and doctors;—the dreams and distinctions of pedants, and the decretals of designing pontiffs, acting against the

civil law, reason or morality. They assert, for instance, that *Moses* and *Tamm*, and the acquiring of property, was introduced by injustice and violence, and that according to the wisest of all the ancient sages all things are common amongst friends, especially women, that the crimes and failings of the Pope are as excusable as the robberies committed by the Hebrews upon the Egyptians. By the same ecclesiastical laws, and for the sake of ecclesiastical men, lewdness and adultery are treated rather as levities than crimes, and styled lucky adventures.—*Ecce peccatum, et quot Galli vocant bonam fortunam-gallantries.*

The miracles of Rome are so numerous and impudent, so ridiculous, and so impossible, that Protestants, as well as sensible Turks and heathens, would think they were invented to disgrace the Roman Church, did not the Roman Church avow and affirm them: none of them performed before heretics, who only want them, but only before Romanists, who want them not; never worked in public to render them uncontested, but in corners and chapels, as if on purpose to raise suspicion about them.

In the lives of popish saints, all published by authority, are found the following miracles gravely asserted, with a thousand others equally ridiculous: the blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ, visiting fat, dirty, popish friars, in the night: Jesus Christ playing at cards with a nun in her cell after midnight, courting nuns and marrying nuns, his Virgin Mother being the match-maker: beasts and birds adoring the host: the devil bearing testimony for the Church against heretics: an oven heated with snow by St. Patrick, protector of Ireland, and a pound of honey converted into a pound of butter, to please St. Patrick's nurse: St. Anthony preaching to pigs; St. Francis Xavier to the fishes; and neither fashionable congregation willing to depart, till the Saints had blessed them; the wet cows of friars hung upon sunbeams; the monks entertained in heaven under the blessed Virgin's robes and petticoats: a nun sweetening a vessel of sour wine, and her image upon an empty tub filling it with oil, and continuing it full for some months, for the use of the convent: St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, forcing the devil into the shape of a monkey, to hold his candle till Mr. Satan's fingers were burnt to the bone: St. Francis of Paola, sailing on his mantle over the sea, having no money to pay his passage on board a vessel: a ship carrying a dead Saint, piloted by a raven for many leagues: the blessed Virgin's successful dispute with some devils in behalf of a lewd priest, who had been assiduous in his devotions to her.

These strange dreams, full of nonsense and blasphemy are the great proofs that the Roman Church is the true Church of Christ! But these fooleries are frauds, however, subversive of religion, and the genuine marks of imposture are pardonable, in comparison with her bloody and persecuting spirit, the consequence of her cruel want of charity, the most signal Christian virtue. She damns all who are not of her horrid communion, and murders, or would murder, all she damns; witness her massacres in France, the Valleys of Piedmont, and Ireland.—*New York Gazetteer.*

LAWYERS—THEIR PATRIOTISM.

Many are the taunts and jeers thrown out against lawyers, for their alleged selfishness and want of patriotism. History, however, affords the

strongest evidence to disprove this slander. Rome's greatest patriots were lawyers such as Cicero. Greece had her great patriots in Solon, Socrates, Demosthenes—lawyers. Sparta hers in Lycurgus. Moses was the great Jewish lawyer. Brougham and Peel have been England's best friends. Then in the United States, their greatest and best men were lawyers. It is true there are bad men among them, yet, as a class, they are patriotic. Look at the following account of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and see how many lawyers by it risked their all in that great crisis.—*Editor's Sox.*

THEIR BIRTH AND PROFESSIONS.

- Josiah Bartlett, born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, November, 1729.—Physician.
- William Whipple, born at Kittery, Maine.—Sailor.
- Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland, 1741.—Physician.
- John Hancock, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1737.—Merchant.
- Samuel Adams, born in Boston, 1722.—Merchant.
- John Adams, born at Quincy, Massachusetts, 1735.—Lawyer.
- Robert Treat Paice, born in Boston, 1732.—Lawyer.
- Elbridge Gerry, born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, 1744.—Merchant.
- Stephen Hopkins, born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1707.—Farmer.
- William Ellery, born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1727.—Lawyer.
- Roger Sherman, born at Newton, Massachusetts, 1621.—Shoemaker.
- William Williams, born in Connecticut, 1731.—Gentleman.
- Oliver Wolcott, born in Connecticut, 1726.—Physician.
- William Floyd, born at Long Island, New York, 1724.—Farmer.
- Philip Livingston, born at Albany, New York, 1716.—Merchant.
- Francis Lewis, born at Llandaff, Wales, 1713.—Gentleman.
- Lewis Morris, born at Harlem, New York, 1726.—Farmer.
- Richard Stockton, born at Princeton, New Jersey, 1730.—Lawyer.
- John Witherspoon, born at Edinburgh, Scotland, 1722.—Minister.
- Francis Hopkinson, born in Philadelphia, 1734.—Lawyer.
- John Hart, born in Huntington county, Pennsylvania.—Farmer.
- Abraham Clark, born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, 1730.—Lawyer.
- Robert Morris, born in England, 1734.—Merchant.
- Benjamin Rush, born in Hybury, Pennsylvania, 1733.—Physician.
- Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston, 1705.—Printer.
- John Morton, born in Ridley, Pennsylvania, 1724.—Surveyor.
- George Clymer, born in Philadelphia, 1739.—Merchant.
- James Smith, born in Ireland, 1715.—Lawyer.
- George Taylor, born in Ireland, 1716.—Physician.
- James Wilson, born in Scotland.—Gentleman.

Mario and Madame Grist have arrived in New York, and were received in a most enthusiastic way by the LONG-EARED fools of that corrupt city.