



Letter of Daniel O'Connell to the Protestants of Ireland.

Mr. P. J. Coyle, K.C., has handed us for publication the subjoined interesting letter of Daniel O'Connell. He is the fortunate possessor of several volumes of the "Truth Teller," published in the interest of Ireland in New York 76 years ago, from the tenth volume of which this letter is taken.

To the Protestants of Ireland. Merrion Square, 14th December, 1833.

"Oh! union how social, oh! union how rare! All sects and religions may equally share! Unites in one cause, Both the rich and the poor—Makes the fate of our tyrants Denied and sure!"

Fellow Countrymen—Such were the strains which, sung to an old Irish air, beguiled the labor of the sturdy Presbyterian weaver, ruminating upon what his native land might be, if well governed. It was before the criminal and secret union of traitorous import had plunged the country into confusion and blood, to leave behind long-continued discord and ungodly rancor.

This declaration was re-echoed by the Protestants of the county of Cavan, of Tyrone, of Londonderry, of Armagh, of Down—in short, of all Ireland. I would fatigue you were I to repeat one-fifth part of the resolutions, in tone and import similar, which were adopted in every district in Ireland. I will confine myself for the present to one more voluntary resolution, and will select it because the Earl of Charlemont was in the Chair. It runs in these words—

"That we will not acknowledge the jurisdiction of any Parliament, save only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; and that we will, in every capacity support them with our lives and fortunes in asserting our rights against any pretended authority of the British Parliament."

Such were the terms in which Irish Protestants were accustomed to speak in by-gone times, and when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. Where is that spirit that fled? Are you not Irishmen? Protestants, are you not, I repeat, Irishmen? Is not Ireland your country? Is not this fertile and luxurious soil—is not this beautiful, this lovely island, the land of your birth, and of your affections? Think you was she destined by nature to be a pigmy province; or, rather, does she not disclose before you all the features of a great and an independent nation? Shall any man presume to address the Protestants of Ireland in the words of the poet,

Lives there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself has said— This is my own—my native land?

I disclaim the thought, that the same pulse which beats in my heart at the name of Ireland does not throb with equal violence in the breast of my Protestant fellow-countrymen.

Protestants of Ireland, I do, therefore, address you with confidence. It is not a favor or a courtesy which I require; I want nothing from you as a kindness to any party to which I have been attached, or to any religious persuasion to which I be-

long. My present object is altogether devoid of any partisan feeling, or sectarian advantage. I want nothing from you personally. The Catholics have nothing to ask of you. Placed on the same political level as yourselves—having attained political equality—they desire no more, as Catholics. We only call on you, as Irishmen, to assist to restore the legislative independence of Ireland.

I will be quite candid with you. I do at once acknowledge that much as I desire the repeal of the Union, I would not at present consent to that repeal unless a large majority of the Irish Protestants joined in the desire to restore our native Parliament. Without such a combination of Repealers, much, very much, of the result of legislative independence would be lost. The object—my object, to give to all the people a country—to augment the comforts of all—to promote and cherish industry—to increase the security of every Irishman from personal injury—to enhance the value of the property of every Irishman. Now, these advantages can be gained only by a peaceable and nearly unanimous alteration of the present system, for a better. They cannot be procured by force and violence, and, above all, it is utterly impossible to procure them by bloodshed.

It is, therefore, in the interest of all, the working classes especially, that we should avoid all violent and forcible change in our political system. How is this desirable end to be obtained? Is it by submitting to the evils and oppressions which are so numerous and so grievously inflicted on the land? By no means. It is true that some may covet to submit, from what has been called philosophic motives, and several from the impulse of refined religion; but the multitude cannot continue to submit to continued wrong and contumely—individuals may submit, but the nation cannot, and the postponement of the proper remedy only insures a little later a violent and sanguinary struggle—a guilty, an ensanguined, and a totally destructive social revolution.

Protestants of Ireland, your duty is—the duty of us all—to obviate the frightful approach of convulsion and crime, and whilst there is yet time, to arrange and nurture that tranquil, peaceable, legal, and constitutional plan of alteration which will ameliorate the condition of all without injury to the person or property of any one individual.

Protestants of Ireland, it is to participate in such an alteration—in precisely such a revolution as was effected in 1782—that I now invoke you to combine with your fellow-countrymen who differ with you in religious opinions. It is to make your native land and ours once again an independent kingdom, connected with England by the golden link of the crown, but sustained and ordered by a resident and native legislature.

Is there one man amongst you that does not admire and venerate the memory of the glorious Volunteers of 1782? Had you a father, an uncle, an ancestor in the ranks? Oh, do you not boast of him in your private and domestic circles, as the pride and ornament of your family? Give, then, to your children, to your descendants, an equal cause to be proud of, and to vaunt your patriotism.

Is there one amongst you who does not know and feel that Ireland would be better attended to by a Parliament of her own than she can possibly be by a British Parliament? Would not Irish trade, Irish industry, Irish manufactures, Irish agriculture, be more safe under the protection of Irishmen than under that of any other country? Is it not repugnant to common sense and common experience, to imagine that others would take better care of our domestic affairs than we should ourselves?

But I mock you and myself by wasting my time in asking such questions. The answers are of obvious truth, and, indeed, of palpable necessity. Still there are so many and such irresistible reasons in support of "the Repeal," that I will, in my next letter, enter into some details of the principal motives which should induce all of us to insist, peaceably, legally, and constitutionally, on the restoration of a domestic parliament. It is a matter of supererogation to enter into lengthened arguments to prove that which is as clear as the noon-day. He who requires it to be proved to him that his native land ought not to be subject to any other, has not the faculties necessary to comprehend reasoning—neither is he of the class of beings who are worth the labor of conviction.

Protestants, are you not Irishmen? Is not Ireland your native land as well as mine? Are you not friends of liberty? Are you not insensible to the prosperity of Ireland?

Why should Protestants neglect, desert, or hate the land of their birth? Is not the love of freedom and of national independence, a Protestant virtue? Alas! alas! did you Protestants but stand by Ireland as we Catholics are ready to do, there would be an end to our national degradation, and Ireland would once more spring forward in the career of prosperity, really emancipated and disenthralled.

Protestants of Ireland! Shall we be told that there is in England, or in Scotland, a race exalted above us? But I will not pursue the degrading topic. Submit to this reflection if you can—I would almost say, if you dare—and then, Irishmen, go to your homes, and tell the sweet and chaste sharers of your most secret thoughts, that there are human beings before whom you veil your heads and acknowledge your paltry inferiority. All gentle as these partners be, I leave you to the punishment of their scorn.

This is, however, too painful a subject to be dwelt upon—yet the Union—the Union—speaks in trumpet tongue—and had you witnessed the scenes I have beheld, and heard the cheers and the shouts of derision and their Irish vassals.—But it drives me mad, and I desire to be considerate and cool.

Something must be done for Ireland, else we go on from bad to worse, until the calamities of the people become unendurable, and, in despite of all the influence of present popular leaders, and of humanity and religion, some violent convulsion will scatter the elements of social order, and leave behind crime and devastation, bloodshed and ruin.

Hitherto we have been divided. The people of Ireland have been divided. Dissension and discord prevailed. It was useless to argue—reasoning would not be heard. The passions, stimulated by adverse interests, kept us asunder, and prevented the possibility of a reconciliation. There was a substantial and solid motive to prevent conciliation. Our contest was about solid and substantial interests. The Protestants possessed a valuable monopoly. The power and emoluments of all offices were theirs, by law and practice. The legislature was exclusively Protestant. A Catholic lord was only a gentleman with a nickname. No Catholic could be a member of the House of Commons. They were all Protestants. The judges were all Protestants—the law officers of the Crown and the King's council were all Protestants. The sheriffs were all Protestants. The law required all this. The corporations were essentially Protestant—none but Protestants could hold any of the offices in the corporations. I need not proceed further. See what a body of power, authority, wealth, and influence was concentrated in the comparatively smaller class of Protestants.

In general the Protestants clung

with clasps of steel to their valuable monopoly. It gratified their pride as well as their avarice and ambition. They, therefore, naturally clung to the monopoly with desperate tenacity. It is true there were some Protestants who, actuated by the noblest feelings of patriotism, and by the most cherished principles of Christian benevolence, joined the ranks of their excluded countrymen, and sought with us to substitute equalization of civil rights for political exclusions.

On the other hand, the Catholics—and I was one of their leaders—insisted on breaking up that monopoly or repealing the laws which sanctioned and maintained it, and obtaining a perfect equality of civil rights and franchises.

Whilst this contest continued, it was impossible to conciliate the jarring interests with each other. But the contest is over—the controversy is at an end. We Catholics have gained the prize—you, Protestants, have lost the monopoly. We have attained all we desired—political equality—you have nothing more to withhold from us. We have nothing that is yours, no matter on what title, to require or to desire.

The contest is over—the march of practical equalization is still on its progress. The last remaining of the Protestant monopolies is about to disappear—the corporations are about to be reformed.

We have nothing more to contend among ourselves. Why, then, will you not join us for our common country? The heat, the resentment, or defeat, is gradually diminishing and dying away. Why should they be continued? Let us tread out together and extinguish for ever the last sparks to be still found amongst the dying embers of our former dissensions.

I propose—if I get time, to canvas with you my plan of a restored domestic parliament, and to discuss, more at length, the leading reasons which should impel every Irishman to be a "Repealer."

But there is one subject of vital importance upon which it is necessary we should first understand each other. I mean the Protestant Episcopal establishment. I may dispense you, Protestants, or at least many of you; but I will not conceal from you my opinions or plans. There shall be no charge of delusion or deceit.

The principle I go on is this, that no Christian should be compelled to contribute to the support of any religion which he believes not to be true—that is, in other words, that no person of one sect or persuasion should be compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the ministers of any sect or religion. The Catholics should not be compelled to maintain the clergy of the Presbyterians, nor the Presbyterians the clergy of either of the other two religions.

This is explicit. It goes to the very root of the temporalities of the Protestant establishment. I am decidedly for taking away these temporalities, for extinguishing a great part of them, such as tithes, and for employing the remainder to other public purposes. These are changes which will certainly take place—perhaps before the "Repeal"—beyond a doubt soon after.

If, therefore, this view of the result of the Repeal deters any portion of the Protestants from joining the struggle for that measure, I cannot help it. I would rather lose "the Repeal" for ever than obtain it by deceiving or deluding any of my countrymen. I will not do it. One of my great objects for the good of Ireland is depriving the established church, by legal enactments, of its enormous and oppressive temporalities.

Let that be distinctly understood between us. And now, shall this basis on which I seek Protestant support, prevent them from joining in "the Repeal"? Why should it alienate the Episcopalians? Will not their Protestantism be as pure, as persuasive, without its generous temporalities as with them? It may not to the selfish, the interested, the worldly-minded; but it assuredly will to every Episcopalian Protestant who is so in conscientious belief.

Again—why should it alienate the Presbyterians from seeking "Repeal," which would certainly and for ever, free them from the payment of tithes to a clergy from whom they derive no spiritual assistance—

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tance—I mean the clergy of the law-established church.

One word more on this subject. I am decidedly in favor of respecting the vested rights of individual clergymen. I will not turn any living Protestant clergyman adrift on the world without adequate support and maintenance. But I would give that support at and from the public treasury.

For the present I close. Protestant fellow-countrymen, you see the basis on which I solicit your co-operation to restore to our common country a domestic legislature. I ask not the co-operation as a favor or as a kindness—above all, I ask it not as a boon to the Catholics. No such thing—I seek it for our own sakes—for your own benefit and to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

Accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is given—the spirit of Christian benevolence and universal charity—of conciliation—of peace—of perpetual harmony.

Even should you refuse, the Union will be repealed. The Catholics alone are seven millions at the least. It will be possible—that this nation should consent to leave its rights, liberties, and prosperity, in the hands and under the control of any save Irishmen. If you, Protestants, do not join, still—the Union will be repealed!—not so soon, I admit, as if you aided—not so well or satisfactorily. I do avow and proclaim, as if you co-operated, but with unerring certainty notwithstanding.

Protestants, if you think fit to co-operate with us for "the repeal" generously and speedily, before twelve months we may, without difficulty, have the Irish parliament in College Green once again.

I have the honor to be, Your faithful and obedient servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

"MASTER, SAVE US!" Primeval Cry of a Suffering World (By Henry F. Copé)

It is the question of every soul in sorrow or testing, "Does God care anything about me?" It is more than a speculative inquiry then. Theologians may have drawn up their specifications of the Most High and, in the peaceful ways of their lives, they may be satisfied with their handiwork. But when, even into their cloistered walks, some great sorrow or grim death has come stalking, then, with dry lips and moist brow they cry, "Master, are You asleep? Do You not care?"

What is there at the helm of this great ship of life? Is there any one, or is it steered automatically, blindly holding its way and heeding neither waves nor rocks nor other craft? Has this universe a heart or only an engine at its center? The inquiry becomes pressing and pertinent, indeed, when inexplicable distress and anguish that seem all unnecessary break down all the man's strength and courage.

Is there any answer to the great question: does any greater one care for our lives? If we are looking for an answer as susceptible to de-

monstration as a mathematical proposition we are doomed to disappointment. It is possible to believe in providence without being able either to prove or fully comprehend it. The child must become the parent before he can understand the ways of the father or mother with him; yet he can know their love before he can comprehend their ways.

Nothing could do more harm than to have the absolute assurance that an Almighty Friend would fly to our aid and protection in every time of danger and need. A friend whose power relieved us from the necessity of prudence or courage or endeavor would be a foe indeed. The All Wise loves man too well and too wisely to make plain always His ways of caring for him and His purposes of protection.

The furrowed faces and whitened heads of men may be the will of love as truly as the smooth ways of ease and complacency. There is One at the helm, but His concern is more for the making; of strong sailors than for the securing of smooth sailing. The best evidence of the care of the Most High for all the sons of men is not in the immediate unarming of His arm for their protection, but rather in the manner in which He causes the wind and the waves, the struggle with the tempest, the need for the nerving of the soul in the hour of peril all to work out his will, the will of great love, the bringing of the marines to His likeness in character and soul.

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Why a Teetotaler

Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, gives the following among other reasons for having never tasted liquor:

"Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men, dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year occupying positions which hundreds would strive a life-time to obtain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me for any position I could offer him, one of the brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who years ago readily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand."

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