

thority on which it rests, is proved an unquestionable one. The nature of this authority is therefore more the object of our disquisition, than the truths it propounds; and which though never contrary, are often impenetrable to our limited reason.—In proof of the infallible nature of this authority, all might be adduced, that has ever been urged in defence of *Revelation*.

Selected.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Evening Post* :—

Merrion-square, 5th Oct. 1829.

My Dear Sir,—I read without surprise, but with some small indignation, the anonymous letter which you published in your paper of the 3rd inst. I imagine I detect the writer in the style of his thinking, and especially in the *dishonesty*, which I believe to be one of his political characteristics. If I be right, he did well to conceal his name, for it is one little known indeed in Catholic affairs, and of that little, less of good could with truth be predicated.

To pass from the man to the matter—I hastily take up his three charges against me, and will as hastily dismiss them.

His three charges are those :—

First—that I am a *liberal* and a Catholic.

Second—that I have inflicted a deep injury on the Catholic cause in Ireland!! in two ways—the one, that when I was touched I *roared* aloud and visited with indignant reproach Ministers and the Legislature—and

Third and last—that I hoisted the standard of radicalism.

With respect to the first charge, the one half is true, and I am happy at it. I certainly am a Catholic in the most thorough conviction of the sole truth and superior morality of Catholicity: a conviction which, whilst it proclaims itself, thus with alacrity, does not interfere with the opinions or religion of any one who differs from me on that subject, leaving every man to his own individual and awful responsibility, as I stand upon mine. I am also a most sincere and active friend of civil liberty in every clime and country, and for every sect, cast and colour—but it is false, that I am a *liberal*.

The liberals are a party in France—a party which once called themselves Jacobins, and have now (for times are changed) softened their denomination into the more seducing cognomen of liberals. I know that party well—they are not friends to liberty—they have crouched already beneath the iron hoof of military despotism. They are quite ready to crouch again before the throne of the first gilded military adventurer, who will join with them in their one great passion—their hatred of Christianity. I know the liberal party well—they do not desire any other liberty save that of crushing religion, and once again embracing their hands in the blood of the Clergy.

These are serious charges, but they are borne out by the evidence of facts. One of the newspa-

pers most supported by the French liberals, did, the other day, discant on the discovery which has enabled pictures to be preserved, although the substance on which they were originally painted had been destroyed; and it continued thus, “so that by these means, this really immortal painting, (speaking of a particular picture) is certain of living through all ages of man, and of *surviving Christianity itself!*!”

Yes, these are the genuine sentiments of the French liberals. Their attacks on the Catholic Clergy of France are incessant; ninety-nine out of one hundred of these attacks are gross calumnies, devoid of any foundation of fact. The falsehood is detected and exposed. What of that? The liberal journal never retracts. His only apology is a fresh lie—a new calumny. His only contrition an infidel sneer.

Recollect that the precursors of the liberals, the Jacobins of 1792, incarcerated as many Catholic Priests and Bishops as they could lay hold off; and on the ever memorable 2d and 3d of September, 1792, they broke into the prisons and massacred in cold blood eight or twelve Bishops and upwards of three hundred Priests. Souls of the martyred Clergy of France! it is not profane to swear in your names, eternal opposition, hatred, and contempt towards those false friends of liberty, whether they call themselves liberals or jacobins, who claim for themselves the license of infidelity and immorality, whilst they at the point of the bayonet, and with the assassin's dagger, refuse their fellow men the privilege of believing in divine revelation and keeping the commandments of God, and the observances of his Church.

It is not only as an humble, though sincere advocate of divine truth, but as a devoted and enthusiastic admirer of civil liberty, that I war with the “liberals.” Alas, they have been the most bitter enemies of civil liberty—I pass over the story of blood, anarchy, and military despotism, called the French Revolution. Look to the Spanish Cortes, and read their history truly. You will there find that the young hope of freedom was blasted in Spain by the Spanish liberals, who, forsooth, took religion into their keeping, and commenced by the subversion of the Catholic Church. So in Portugal the liberals lost the support of the people, and deserved to lose it, because they too assailed the rock of ages, and sought to legislate for, or rather against, the faith of the Portuguese.

The people of Spain and Portugal were too simple to understand how that could be liberty which deprived them of the right of following the faith of their fathers, as those fathers had believed. The original Cortes at Cadiz, three fourths of whom were Priests, abolished the inquisition. The Pope successfully interfered to prevent Ferdinand from restoring that abominable tribunal. The people joyfully acquiesced in that change, but they revolted against the destructive projects of the new liberals, and fled to the cruel resource of temporal tyranny to avoid the more odious oppressions of spiritual despots.

Now, if the liberals of France, for example,

were honestly disposed to human freedom, would they not admit this truth, that a man has as good a right to be a Jesuit as a Deist—that he has as good a right to be a Capuchin as an Atheist—that in short human laws should not interfere with opinions, but with actions—that crimes, not creeds, should be the subjects of human tribunals.

It would be idle too, to allow men to believe what they pleased if they were to be prevented or obstructed in the exercise of those observances and religious ceremonies which, whilst they were commanded or sanctioned by religious tenets, did not interfere with others, or impede others, in either a similar liberty or in any of the transactions of business. But no! The French liberals are ready to allow Atheism and Deism, and every vice and error, whether ending in ism or otherwise; but they hunt down with blood-hound cry, all the practices of piety—all the decencies and solemnities of worship and all the faith and doctrines of revealed religion.

Imagine to yourself the lying *Mail*, the atrocious *Warder*, the foul-mouthed *Star of Brunswick*, with however considerably more of talent, and what those papers are never enlightened by—some traits of genius. Imagine all that, and you will have some notion of the liberal press of France.

I a liberal!—No. I despise the French liberals—I consider them the enemies, not only of religion, but of liberty; and. I am thoroughly convinced that religion is the only secure basis of human freedom, as religion, pure and unadulterated by the admixture of party zeal and personal interests, is the first, the most powerful, the most noble, and the most rewarding incitement to labor for the melioration of human laws—the extension of human rights—the establishment of impartial justice, and the security of property, life, and individual liberty.

The second charge alludes to my “roaring,” as the writer facetiously calls it, when a gross act of injustice was perpetrated, in violation of law, as I shall prove next session to the House of Commons. I do not value the calumniator's charge on this subject a single bull-rush. I did speak out as any man ought when in his person injustice is committed. Was it to be expected that I should tamely set the example of acquiescing in wrong. If I might be permitted, without intending to suggest any comparison between the mighty dead and the little living. I should point to the case of Hampden—if he had submitted to the wrong of paying three shillings and four pence without “roaring,” the consequence might be, that at this moment there would be as little of civil liberty in England as there is in Protestant Prussia or Protestant Denmark, and your pen would be probably guided by the uncouth hand of a licensing censor of the Press.

But I scorn to defend myself against the charge made by a man who does not feel how important it was that I should rouse Clare, and through Clare, all Ireland, to prevent the Constituency of Ireland from lapsing into the hands of the Oligarchy, as it was intended that they should do—in that I have succeeded. The £10 freeholders are, and will