

# The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

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## Poetry.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?  
—We strew thy pathway to the tomb.  
Stars! wherefore do ye rise?  
—To light thy spirit to the skies.  
Fair moon! why dost thou wane?  
—That I may wax again.  
O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?  
—The word that said "Let there be light."  
Planets! what guides you in your course?  
—Unseen, unfelt, unfilling source.  
Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?  
—My Maker called me and I came.  
O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?  
—Ask not; for all things but myself I show.  
What is yon arch which every where I see?  
—The sign of omnipresent Deity.  
Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?  
—Where earth God's footstool touches heaven his throne.  
Ye Clouds! what bring ye in your train?  
—God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain.  
Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?  
—Thou must be born again to know.  
Bow in the cloud! what token dost thou bear?  
—That Justice still cries "strike," and Mercy "spare."  
Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?  
—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.  
Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble! tell me why?  
—To show the course of all beneath the sky.  
Stay Meteor! stay thy falling fire!  
—No; thus shall all the host of heaven expire.  
Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confine?  
—That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.  
Time! whither dost thou flee?  
—I travel to Eternity.  
Eternity! what art thou?—say.  
—Time past, time present, time to come, to-day.  
Ye Dead! where can your dwelling be?  
—The house for all the living;—come and see.  
O life! what is this breath?  
—A vapour lost in death.  
O Death! how ends thy strife?  
—In everlasting life.  
O Ark! where is thy victory?  
—Ask Him who rose again for me.

### CAMOENS.\*

Little as the literature of the peninsula is known in England, there are yet no poets whose fame is more extended than Camoens: together with Cervantes, he enjoys the benefit of being read and appreciated. Now and then we hear of a scholar who has made himself acquainted with Garcilaso, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, or Eschilla; but, generally speaking, Camoens and Cervantes are the only Spanish and Portuguese authors studied in England. It is a very remarkable, and, at the same time, a highly interesting fact, that the Portuguese poets were but ill satisfied with their works, unless those works expressed and embodied the joys and sorrows of their lives. Luis de Camoens was born at Lisbon in the year 1524, of noble, but not rich, parents: his father was a naval captain, in a period when naval adventure was of the most stirring and exciting character. The discoveries, some of which had been made, and others were on the point of being made, presented scope not only to the valour of the warrior and the enterprise of the navigator, but to the speculations of the merchant and the genius of the poet. It was, perhaps, touched with the wonders of his father's profession, that young Camoens first wished to make the adventures of navigators the subject of his song. After a regular education at the University of Coimbra, Camoens established himself at Lisbon, from whence, however, he was, not long after, banished. The cause of this banishment was his attachment to a young lady, who was a maid of honour at the court: her name was Catharina de Atayda, and it is supposed that some other circumstances must have operated unfavourably upon the poet's fate—as, from his family and position, it would seem that Camoens was by no means an unequal match for her. At Santarem, which was his place of retirement, he occupied himself with writing odes and elegies without number in praise of the lady of his love, and in mournful reflections on his own unhappy fate. During this period he worked himself up to a high pitch of chivalric and poetic excitement, and concluded by volunteering his services as a soldier against the Moors. The Mediterranean was infested by the Corsairs, and at Ceuta the poet lost an eye in a naval engagement. He now returned to Lisbon, but was ill received, and all his endeavours to obtain employment were vain. Stung with these repeated failures, he determined to leave for ever a country so dear, yet so ungrateful; and in the year 1553 he embarked, at the age of twenty-nine, for India, exclaiming in the words of Scipio—  
"Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess even my bones."  
In India, where he arrived safely (though three out of the four ships which sailed together were lost), Camoens was as unfortunate as he had been at home. He sought in vain for employment, and, in default of that, he accompanied, as a volunteer, several military expeditions. He contrived, however, to offend the viceroy of Goa by a satire on his government, for which he was banished to the island of Macao. It was here, in a cave by the sea-side, that he first conceived the idea of "the Lusiad;" or if not, at least, it was here that he formed the plan, and completed the execution of that admirable poem. He collected fresh materials for his rich poetical descriptions in a voyage which he was permitted to make to the Molucca islands, and was fortunate enough to obtain a civil office which afforded him the means of subsistence. On the arrival of a new viceroy at Goa, he was permitted to return to that city; and it was during the passage that he was shipwrecked in the Gulf of Cambago, and saved his life with difficulty; "swimming," as Diez says, "with one hand, while he held in the other the manuscript of his poem."

possible, still more unpropitious than Europe, Camoens returned to his native country, and, after an absence of sixteen years, he landed at Lisbon in a state of the most abject poverty. The plague was still raging at the time of Camoens' arrival, and the court was occupied by the ill-starred Sebastian's preparations for his unfortunate Morocco expedition. Such a time was but ill adapted for poetry or patronage: the projected expedition did, however, please Camoens, and the poem pleased Sebastian to whom it was dedicated. A small pension was awarded to the author; but it is said that a faithful slave who had accompanied the poet from India, begged during the night in the streets of Lisbon in order that Camoens might appear decently during the day. When the Morocco expedition failed, and the king was missing, Camoens lost all hope; he withdrew from the world, and in the year 1579, he ended his life in an hospital, at the age of fifty-five. Sixteen years after his death a monument was erected over his grave, and he was universally allowed to have been the greatest poet that the peninsula ever produced.

"The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."  
From contemplating the life of this great man, we turn to the more delightful task of considering his poem. "The Lusiad" is a poem not epic, but heroic. It is a grand narrative of Portuguese splendid deeds; and Vasco de Gama, the naval commander and discoverer, is not properly the hero, any more than Albuquerque or Nuna Alvarez Pereira. This narrative is adorned with one, and only one, episode—that of the giant Adamastor; for all the rest, though sometimes called so, are not episodes, but integral portions of the poem. It is a grouping of great events—not the narrative of a particular exploit—and is no more bound by the unities than "the History of the World." Bouterwek seems to have over refined in his remarks on the title, which is not "Os Lusitadas," but "As Lusitadas;" besides, the former does not mean the Lusitanians—this would be Os Lusitano; and the words As Lusitadas simply mean "the Lusitads," each book being "huma Lusitada" (a Lusitad), just as each book of Homer's epic is sometimes called an Iliad, and each book of Virgil's epic an Æneid. The poem is decorated with a mythology not taken from any modern source, but borrowed directly from Greece. The incongruity appears now positively ludicrous between the history and the mythology of the poem. The gods hold a council upon Olympus, to ascertain whether it will be advisable to allow the introduction of the Portuguese, and of Christianity, into India.—The seamen cry out in a storm for help to the Virgin, but Venus comes and saves them.—They find Thetis and her sea-nymphs in a distant isle, and they avow their christianity. But in the spirit of that age, this incongruity was not felt; the gods of Greece were but allegorical personages—as much so, as the giants of Spencer. "This compromise once made, the whole poem," remarks Bouterwek, "becomes not only singular, but even wonderful in its singularity; and the historical material begins, as if suddenly ennobled by magic, to shine in the full light of poetry." Such is the design of "the Lusiad," and the execution is very superior. Here and there, when he attempts to copy a celebrated passage of antiquity, Camoens fails; but where he draws only on his own genius he is wonderfully sublime. He commences—  
"As Armas, os Baroes assinalhados;"  
and the whole opening stanza (the metre throughout the poem is the Italian ottava-rima) is a mingled copy of the commencement of the "Æneid."

"Armas virum que cano,"  
and the more beautiful and romantic opening of the "Orlando Furioso"—  
"Le donne i cavalier, l'arme, gl'amori  
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto—"  
an opening which strikes upon the ear like the clear burst of a silver trumpet, and which heralds in such a strain of chivalry and magic, that the world has never heard the like before or since.

The invocation of Camoens is, perhaps, the most beautifully exquisite ever penned; it has all the magnificence of the epic, and yet a certain tenderness, both in the thought and the expression, which makes us believe that the lips of the poet still murmured the name of Catharina de Atayda:—

"Nymphs of the Tagus, ye who in my soul  
Have kindled up the sacred fire of song,  
If strain of mine, where your bright waters roll,  
Tuned to their praise, was ever poured along,  
Now be my verse, like your own current strong,  
Sweet, full, and clear; and o'er the heroic tale  
Scatter what splendours to the theme belong:  
Then, even Castalia's sacred fount shall fall  
O'er your fair brows to cause one envious cloud to sail.  
"Four forth the sounding fury—not the lay  
Of idle pipe or lover's gentle lute—  
But the loud trumpet blast that in the day  
Of battle, in the fierce and hot pursuit,  
Doth the tired arm and warrior heart recruit,  
Oh, for an equal ardour, that the strain,  
Deeds even like yours, ye Lusian chiefs, might suit,  
Till the isles echo them beyond the main,  
If e'er my simple muse such glorious fate obtain."

Byron, speaking of Tasso says:—  
"And thou that once didst deign  
To embalm, with thy celestial flattery,  
As mean a thing as e'er was spawned to reign."

Camoens sung to a noble prince, and right nobly did he address him:—  
"And thou, oh Prince on whom our hopes are founded  
Of Lusitania's ancient greatness—thou  
Whose arm shall burst the barriers that have bounded  
Christ's flock on earth for ages—even now,  
Africa's swart Moor before thy lance doth bow!  
Pride of our age! to thee—to thee I sing:  
Lo, God hath wreathed the laurels round thy brow,  
His arm is with thy sword, that thou shouldst bring  
The wandering tribes of earth to earth's Eternal King.  
"Branch of a stately stem—new, fair, and tender—  
Young scion of a race far dearer care  
Of heaven than all the imperial pomp and splendour  
That the broad bosom of the west doth bear:  
See thine own warlike shield,† for present there  
Gleams the dread sign of ancient victory—  
Symbol that once Heaven's Monarch deigned to wear  
The form of man, and died on earth that we  
Might from the bondage die of sin and hell be free."

Alas! for the fulfilment of the patriotic prophecy: the army was defeated and destroyed, and the king lost. Several pretenders to his name and rights appeared in Portugal; but it would seem that the unfortunate monarch himself was never more heard of.

Some of those passages in which Camoens speaks of

the gods of Greece are exceedingly sublime. Homer himself never described Zeus with more majesty than does the Portuguese bard:—

"There sat the everlasting sire, whose land  
Hurled the hot bolt and bids the lightnings glow;  
Circling whose sapphire throne with brightness stand  
The stars in their fixed orbs for ever!—Lo,  
Beneath his feet celestial breezes blow,  
Such as would raise even man to bliss divine;  
And radiant, more than suns that blaze below  
That set August, doth his dread sceptre shine;  
And the eternal ray that round his brow entwines."  
Nor is his description of Mars less magnificent:—  
"Up proudly from his adamantine casque  
The lord of war his burnished spear threw;  
With stately step, and voice serene to ask  
Attention, near the Eternal throne he drew,  
And on the soil of heaven's ethereal blue  
Smote, with the thunder's sound, his iron lance,  
Till the undying spirits pale grew,  
And the bright sun turned his resplendent glance,  
As if alarmed away, or struck with sudden trance."

We can only afford space for one more quotation, and it shall be to compare the moonlight painting of Camoens with that of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, and Tasso:—

"Now, from the cloudless sky, the moon's soft ray  
Danced on the ripple of the silver sea;  
A thousand stars attend her on her way,  
Like young white flowers, shining all tenderly:  
The howling blasts, the furious tempests, flee  
To their far homes; where, hushed in slumber deep,  
All silent in their uncessant caves they lie."

The other poems of Camoens are of a very inferior order; and it is using no harsh criticism to say, "the Lusiad" has never yet been fairly translated into English. Mickle, with all his merit, is neither equal to the magnificence of the original nor is he even faithful in meaning. Many hundred lines, with their events and machinery, are there introduced which have no existence in the original; while, on the other hand, as much is omitted to make room for these alterations. In Portugal, Camoens has been dignified with the title of "O Grande," and it has become as permanently attached to his name as that of "Divino" to the name of Dante, or "Judicious" to that of Hooker.

### THE MODERATION OF THE ENGLISH REFORMERS.

From the Rev. J. J. Blunt's History of the English Reformation.

The true key to the right understanding of the articles of the Church of England, is not so much the doctrine of Calvin as of the schoolmen;—the controversy lying chiefly between the Protestant and Romanist, and in its paramount interest and importance, absorbing for a season every other. Thus considered, they will be scarcely thought to determine, or to be intended to determine, the peculiar points of Calvinistic controversy either way; they will be rather thought to be composed simply for the purpose assigned in the title prefixed to the original articles, "For the avoiding of controversy in opinions, and the establishment of a godly concord in certain matters of religion," an object which was not likely to be obtained by the decided adoption of any party views, be that party what it might; and therefore King James, according to his declaration, prefixed to the articles—"took comfort that all clergymen within his realm had always most willingly subscribed to the articles established, which is an argument (he adds) that they all agree in the true usual meaning of the said articles, and that even in those various points in which the present differences lie, men of all sets take the articles of the Church of England to be for them." Yet nothing can be more certain than that in the time of James, the divisions of opinions upon speculative points of theology, were both wide and numerous; high and low Church principles (as they are called) never having been more violently opposed to each other than then. Here, therefore, as in all other of their measures, did the Reformers make their "moderation known unto all men," not hoping or desiring to confine religious opinion so close; as thereby to prejudice religious sincerity, nor expecting that the pyramid of a national Church would stand firm when set upon an apex instead of a base.

On a review of the several works, by which the Church of England was restored, it can scarcely fail to beza matter of admiration and wonder, that so fair a fabric should have risen under the hands of the Reformers out of such disorder, almost at once; that in the very agony of a first attempt they should have thrown off a comprehensive scheme of doctrine and doctrine which scarcely called for any subsequent revision; that they should not only have hewn out such admirable materials, but have brought them too, in so short a season, to so excellent a work. In this our day, (overcast and troubled as it is,) we can, perhaps, scarcely transfer ourselves, even in imagination, to the tumultuous age of a Cranmer and a Ridley, or fully appreciate the sagacity which, under God's blessing, conducted them through such conflicting elements with such signal triumph. Yet so it was; and with the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church, they had grown up in soliciting their senses on the one hand, endeared to by all the holy recollections of their youth and even manhood; and contempt for all display of apparel and ritual, the natural reaction of former abuses, assailing them on the other; these judicious men yielding themselves to neither extreme, but adopting the middle way, left as a Church alike removed from ostentation and meanness, from admiration of ornament and disdain of it; a Church retaining so much reverence for ancient customs and ancient forms, as not rashly to abolish them, and only so much as not to adopt them blindly. Under the guidance of this principle, it was brought to pass that though this same Church was not made to discover the material flesh and blood of our Lord in the communion, it was taught to discover more than mere commemorative emblems;—that while she does not presume to limit the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost to the single mode of baptism, and exclude from all possible admission into heaven every soul of man which has not partaken of that rite, for "the Spirit which works by means may not be tied to means," she declares it generally necessary to salvation;—that whilst she teaches the absolute need of a Saviour and of a Spirit, to restore in us that image of God which was grievously defaced by the fall, and imputes such restoration to the merits of a Saviour, she thinks it of inferior consequence to determine how far gone from original righteousness we may be, resting satisfied with the assertion (to the truth of which every one who knows his own heart must subscribe) that we are, at any rate, "very far gone"—"quam longissime"—as far as it is possible, consistently with the possession of a moral nature at all, and responsibility for our actions;—that whilst she does not allow marriage to be a sacrament, as remembering that it is no ratified means of grace, still less does she regard it as a civil contract, as remembering, also, that in it is signified the spiritual marriage and unity of Christ and his Church,—and that male and female God joined together;—that whilst she does not enforce, on pain of damnation, confession to the priest, or hold the act to be essential to the forgiveness of sin, she, nevertheless, solemnly exhorts such persons as have a troubled conscience, and know not how to quiet it, to go to a Minister of God, and open to him their grief, that they may receive from him the benefit of "ghostly counsel and advice." With such discretion did our Reformers retain the good which was in the Church of Rome, whilst they rejected the evil—putting the one in vessels

to be kept, and casting the other away; with such temper did they refuse to be seized by the abuses of past times, or the scrupulosities of their own, into harrowing needless that ground on which they invited a nation to take its stand, and which they well knew must be broad to admit of it:—and so it came about that a form of faith and worship was conceived, which recommended itself to the piety and good sense of the people; to which they reverted with gladness of heart, when evil times afterwards compelled them to abjure it for a season; towards which, those who have since dissented and withdrawn from it, have so often seen occasion (or if not they, their children after them) to retrace their steps, and tacitly to acknowledge that whilst they sought meat for their lust, they had rejected angels' food. God grant that a Church which has now for nearly three centuries, amidst every extravagance of doctrine and discipline which has spent itself around her, still carried herself as the mediator, chastening the zeal by words of soberness, and animating the lukewarm by words that burn;—that a Church which has been found on experience to have successfully promoted a quiet and unobtrusive practical piety amongst the people, such as comes not of observation, but is seen in the conscientious discharge of all those duties of imperfect obligation which are the bonds of peace, but which laws cannot reach—that such a Church may live through these troubled times to train up her children in the fear of God, when we are in our graves; and that no strong delusion sent amongst us may prevail to her overthrow, and to the eventual disfigurement (as they would find too late to their cost) of many who have thoughtlessly and ungratefully lifted up their heel against her.

### PROGRESS OF SCRIPTURE CIRCULATION, AND ITS PROMOTION BY THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

From the year 1449 (when printing was invented) to 1800: a period of three centuries and a half, and comprising the time of the revival of learning, of the agitation produced by the Reformation from Popery: the number of languages and dialects in which translations of the scriptures, or of any portion of them, had been printed was only sixty. \* \* \* \* The British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804, and since that time has reprinted forty-three of these translations, and the Danish Bible Society one other (Creolean). But the former of these Societies has printed the Scriptures, in whole or in part, in ninety-three languages or dialects, in none of which had the word of God previously appeared: whilst the Danish Bible Society has published them in one other language, and the American Bible Society in three yet additional. So that the entire number of languages in which translations of the Scriptures have appeared for the first time since 1804 (a period of thirty-six years), is ninety-seven. Whilst the whole christian world had, during a period of 350 years previous, produced only sixty-seven. \* \* \* \* Further, the translations made of the scriptures previous to 1805, might, by the multiplication of copies, have rendered them accessible perhaps, to 250 millions of mankind. Whilst the translations since printed will, if sufficiently circulated, render the Scriptures accessible to 500 millions in addition to the above. According to the common computation, the Scriptures may now be offered to three fourths of the family of man. \* \* \* \* Again, we would remark, that the various Bible Societies throughout the world have been enabled to put in circulation since 1804, above twenty millions of copies of the Scriptures, or portions of them: and the whole number of copies issued [comprising those of the Christian Knowledge Society and other institutions circulating the Scriptures] cannot be less than twenty-five millions—a number five times greater than the whole amount of copies existing in the world in 1804, and probably far more than double the number of copies which had ever been previously given to it. This circulation, however, great and marvellous as it is, has in no respect satisfied the cravings of men, with respect to the possession of the Word of God—it has only served to discover their destitution, and excite their desire of obtaining it.—Notes to a Sermon on the "Sacrifice of the Mass" by the Rev. E. T. M. Phillips.

### "IT IS CORBAN."

The Jews had a legal feint, which they derived from their traditions, and often perverted to the vilest purposes. We find our Lord charging them with this in the most indignant terms. Mark, vii. 9—12. "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, whose curseth father or mother, let him die the death: But ye say, if a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; he shall be free. And ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or mother." The meaning of all this seems to be as follows. A man was bound, not only by the law of nature, but by the law of Moses rightly understood, to provide, if able, for the comfortable maintenance of his parents. But those who wished to evade this righteous obligation had found a summary mode of doing so. It was held by the Scribes that all property consecrated to the Temple service was discharged thereby from every claim. Nay, they went so far as to say that whatever a man vowed that he would so devote was released as if the vow were actually performed. When his parent then demanded of him what God and nature both required, he had a ready method of escape. He could say, "It is Corban, it is consecrated; I have vowed and devoted it to pious uses;—and all claims were barred thereby. He was free; and no longer bound, according to the tradition, "to do ought for his father or mother."—Rev. H. Woodward's Sequel to the Shammaite.

That the crime of using towards parents injurious and even imprecatory language, is by our Lord imputed to the Pharisees, I would thus establish: when they wished to evade the duty of affording relief to their parents, they made a pretence, or, at best, an eventual dedication of their property to the sacred treasury; or rather, a dedication of all that could or might have been given by them to their parents; saying, be it corban, be it a gift, be it a consecrated or devoted thing: from that moment, though at liberty to expend such property on any selfish purpose, they were prohibited from bestowing it on their parents; to themselves, if they gave, and to their parents if they received, any part of this devoted property, it was accounted sacrilege; and, as such, would draw down malediction both on the receiver and the giver. To say, therefore, to a parent, be it a gift, was an aggravated breach of the 5th commandment: it was not only to revile, but to curse.—Jebb's Sacred Literature.

### ASSAULT UPON LOUIS XVI. AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AT VERSAILLES.

From Alison's History of the French Revolution.

Symptoms of insurrection speedily manifested themselves, the crowds continued to accumulate in the streets [of Paris] in an alarming manner, until at length on the morning of the 5th [of October, 1789] the revolt openly broke out. A young woman seized a drum, and traversed the street, exclaiming, "Bread! bread!" She was speedily followed by a crowd, chiefly composed of females and boys, which rolled on until it reached the Hôtel de Ville, which was broken open, and pillaged of its arms. It was even with difficulty that the infuriated rabble were prevented from setting it on fire. In spite of all opposition, they broke into the

belfry, and sounded the tocsin, which soon assembled the ardent and formidable bands of the Faubourgs. The cry immediately arose, raised by the agents of the Duke of Orleans, "To Versailles!" and a motley multitude of drunken women and tumultuous men, armed and unarmed, set out in that direction. The national guard, which had assembled on the first appearance of disorder, impatiently demanded to follow; and although their commander, La Fayette, exerted his utmost influence to retain them, he was at length compelled to yield, and at seven o'clock, the whole armed force of Paris set out for Versailles. \* \* \* \*

The King was out at a hunting party, and the Assembly just breaking up, when the forerunners of the disorderly multitude began to appear in the streets. At the first intelligence of the disturbance, the monarch returned with expedition to the town, where the appearance of things exhibited the most ludicrous features of a Revolution. The rails in front of the court-yard of the palace were closed, and the regiment of Flanders, the body guards, and the national guard of Versailles, drawn up within, facing the multitude; while, without, an immense crowd of armed men, national guards, and furious women, uttering seditious cries, and clamouring for bread, were assembled. The ferocious looks of the insurgents, their haggard countenances and uplifted arms, bespoke too plainly their savage intentions. \* \* \* \* The court were in consternation, and the horses already harnessed to the carriages, to convey the royal family from the scene of danger; but the King, who was apprehensive that if he fled, the Duke of Orleans would be immediately declared lieutenant general of the kingdom, refused to move. The mob soon penetrated into the royal apartments, as the guards were prohibited from offering any resistance, and were received with so much condescension and dignity by the King and Queen, that they forgot the purpose of their visit, and left the royal presence, exclaiming *Vive le Roi!*; a heavy rain, which began to fall in the evening, cooled the ardour of the multitude, and before night-fall, the arrival of La Fayette, with the national guard of Paris, restored some degree of order to the environs of the palace. \* \* \* \*

La Fayette had an interview with the Royal family, and assured them of the security of the palace. He added, that he was so well convinced of the pacific disposition of his army, and had so much confidence in the preservation of the public tranquillity, that he was resolved to retire to rest. Misled by these assurances, the assembly dispersed and repaired to their several homes; and the King and Queen, overcome with fatigue, retired to their apartments. The external posts were entrusted to the troops commanded by La Fayette; the interior was still in the hands of the body guard of the King. Unfortunately for his reputation, and for the honour of France, General La Fayette followed their example, and repaired, for the remainder of the night, to a chateau at some distance from the palace, where he soon after fell asleep.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the public tranquillity from three till five in the morning; but the aspect of the populace presaged an approaching storm. Large groups of savage men and intoxicated women were seated round the watch fires in all the streets of Versailles, and relieved the tedium of a rainy night by singing revolutionary songs. In one of these circles their exasperation was such, that, seated on the corpse of one of the body guard, they devoured the flesh of his horse half-roasted in the flames, while a ring of frantic cannibals danced round the group. Every thing announced that they were determined to assuage their thirst for blood by some indiscriminate massacre. At six o'clock a furious mob surrounded the barracks of the body guard, broke them open, and pursued the flying inmates to the gates of the palace, where fifteen were seized and doomed to immediate execution. At the same time, another body besieged the avenues to the palace, and, finding a gate open, rushed in and speedily filled the staircases and vestibules of the royal apartments. Two of the body guard, posted at the head of the stair, made the most heroic resistance, and by their efforts gave time to the Queen to escape into the apartments of the King. The assassins rushed into her room a few minutes after she had left it, and engaged at finding their victim escaped, pierced her bed with their bayonets. The whole interior of the palace was ransacked by the savage multitude; the splendour of ages was suddenly exposed to the indiscriminate gaze of the lowest of the people.

Appareil domus intus, et arua longa patebant:  
Apparent priami et veterum penetralia regum;  
Armatus que videt stantes in limine primo.

But for the intrepid defence of the body guard, and the exertions of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who succeeded in reviving in the French guards some sparks of their ancient loyalty, the King himself, and the whole royal family, would have fallen a prey to the assassins. They dragged the bodies of two of the body guard, who had been massacred, below the windows of the King, beheaded them, and carried their bloody heads in triumph upon the point of their pikes through the streets of Versailles. \* \* \* \*

The conduct of the Queen during these moments of alarm was worthy of the highest admiration. Notwithstanding the shots which were fired at the windows, she persisted in appearing at the balcony, to endeavour to obtain the pardon of the body guards, who were in peril from the exasperated multitude: when M. Luzerne endeavoured to place himself between her and the danger, she gently removed him, alleging that that was her post, and that the King could not afford to lose so faithful a servant. Shortly after the crowd vociferously demanded that she should appear at the window; she came forth accompanied by her children; twenty thousand voices immediately exclaimed, "Away with the children," and the Queen sending them in, reappeared alone, in presence of a mob from whom she expected instant death. The generous contempt of personal danger overcame the fury of the populace, and universal shouts of applause testified their sense of the reality of the peril which she had braved.

The leaders of the tumult now resolved to derive some advantage from their success, by removing the King and royal family to Paris, where they would be entirely subjected to their control. Immediately the cry was raised among the populace, "Let us bring the King to Paris! it is the only way of securing bread to our children." La Fayette persuaded the King, as the only means of appeasing the tumult, to accede to the wishes of the people, and, accompanied by the King and Queen, appeared at the balcony of the palace, and gave that assurance to the multitude. \* \* \* \*

At noon the royal party set out for Paris; a hundred deputies of the Assembly accompanied their carriage. All their exertions, all the authority of M. La Fayette, were unable to prevent the people from carrying in the front of the procession two heads of the privates of the body guard who had been decapitated under the windows of the palace. The remains of that gallant band, almost all wounded, and in the deepest dejection, followed the carriage; around it were cannon, dragged by the populace, bedroste by frantic women; from every side arose shouts of triumph, mingled with revolutionary songs. "Here is the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice!" exclaimed the women in derision at the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin. Loaves of bread, borne on the point of lances, every where appeared, to indicate the plenty which the return of the sovereign was expected to confer upon the capital. The monarch, after a painful journey of seven hours, during which he was compelled to drink drop by drop, the bitterest drops in the cup of humiliation, entered Paris, a captive among his own subjects, and adorning the triumph of the most inveterate of his enemies. He was conducted to the Hotel de Ville, and thence to the Tuileries, which thenceforward became his palace and his prison.

\* Specimens of a new translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M. A., F. S. A. London; Fraser, 1835.

† The Arms of Portugal bear a cross with the motto—"In hoc signo vinces."

\* By the Rev. Henry Christmas.

THE CHURCH.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

We do not often see the Monthly Review, and our leisure less often permits us to read the articles of which it is composed. They are not of that lively and popular cast which arrests the attention of such as can spare an hour or two occasionally for fugitive reading; and whatever may be the reputation of this periodical hereafter, the time has not yet arrived in which, for depth of erudition or nicety of criticism, it is likely to be leisurely or carefully perused by those who really desire to add to their stock of general knowledge. From a hasty glance at its articles, we are, however, free to say that they are indited generally in good temper; and though with a bias to what we may term moderate Radicalism, they are not such as very grievously to shock the honest prejudices of those who hold Conservative principles. So far it is not an undesirable addition to our periodical literature; and if men of more scholar-like attainment and purer classical taste could be induced to aid in building up its literary reputation, it might, ere long, with some needful improvement in its general organization and arrangement, assume a very prominent place amongst our Colonial journals.

Our attention has been directed to an article in the number last published, purporting to be a "Letter of a Conservative, on the propriety and reason of supporting the present Administration." The arguments of this writer are characterised less by force than good meaning, and Conservatives will rise from a perusal of his Letter with the conviction that its author possesses a very meagre acquaintance with those great principles, from the conscientious and hearty maintenance of which they take their designation. The individual who would separate a deep religious influence from his political creed, may call himself a Conservative; but we are constrained to say that he is ignorant of the grand and leading principle by which the body of which he professes himself a member, are, or ought to be, guided. No real Conservative can so quietly submit to the doctrine, as the author of this Letter appears to do, that the existence of a National Church Establishment is not as essential to Colonial well-being as it is admitted to be to the real glory and happiness of the Parent State. And we are astonished that this writer, in contemplating the tempest that was raised upon the question of Church dominancy, did not discover its utter futility and absurdity from the fact, that never could that be an oppressive pre-eminence in the National Church which tithed or taxed no man's property, but which simply afforded to the people at large the means of religious instruction in perpetuity, without demanding of them in return a shilling of their worldly substance. We wonder, too, that it should have escaped the philosophical sagacity of this writer, that the real transcript of the British Constitution, so much contended for, is not communicated to a Colony without the annexation of its brightest and holiest attribute, a National Church. Posterity will lament the infatuation which deprived the land of this boon; and if, a century hence, men shall here "see no venerable Church, holy in the lustre of ages of sanctity—sacred in the eyes of nine-tenths of the people as the high place of their existing Religion,—the watcher over the graves of the ancestor of the noble—the children of the poor—and the rude forefathers of the hamlet;" if they shall discern here "not even the shadow or pretence of unanimity on religious points," but shall "find themselves apparently in the very hot-bed of dissent, in the midst of a thousand motley sects—a thousand antagonist pilots over the perplexed ocean of theology;" they will grieve for the dogged obstinacy, and the irreligious evil temper of their forefathers, who, for the shadowy grievance of a name, chose to sacrifice substantial and permanent blessings. And then to speak thus of the people of a land scarcely nine-tenths inhabited,—nine-tenths perhaps of its broad acres as yet covered with the primeval forest, and destined no doubt to be mainly filled up with the sons of England and Protestant Ireland, who look here for the priceless privileges of their faith which came down to them, in their father-land, from immemorial years,—to speak thus of the whims and caprices of a Colony just emerging, as it were, from the wilderness, argues as little of statesmanlike sagacity as of the sanctifying and ennobling principle of religion which must ever animate true British Conservatives.

But to the main object of his Letter: on what authority, we might ask, does he assume that the Conservatives were opposed to Lord Sydenham? on the contrary, could any thing, in the language of the Albion quoted in our last number, "have been more prompt, honourable, or generous, than the conduct of the Conservatives towards Lord Sydenham, when they were called on to support his government?" Could any thing have been more frank and patriotic than their conduct, as a body, was upon learning that the Union Bill—so long resisted—had become the law of the land? Yet, in return for this spontaneous and generous support, is it not, unhappily, notorious that there is, on his Lordship's part, a desire to crush, and, if possible, as a public body, to annihilate them? We do not pretend to lay very great stress upon the disclosures contained in Mr. Lafontaine's Address to the Electors of Terrebonne, abstractedly considered; yet while we yield it our partial respect, for the same cause that we do so in the Monthly Review, because it is a temperate document, it cannot be denied that the policy thus said to be avowed by Lord Sydenham in regard to the Conservatives of Upper Canada, has received not a little confirmation from his Lordship's acts. Still, Conservatives do not need the counsel of their professed ally in the Monthly Review, to explain to them the distinction between factious opposition and an honest maintenance of settled and independent opinion. The former is not to be apprehended from a body who have ever proved the safeguard of their country; and the latter is not inconsistent with the fullest amount of that support which a virtuous and enlightened statesman can ask for.

Upon the political sins of the Conservatives, it would be invidious in us to dwell; yet shall we allude to one,—not because it can be corrected now, but because its fatal effects may be materially averted by timely, vigorous, and concentrated effort. We allude to that—we must call it—fatal step, the alienation of the property of the Church in this fair Colony. That, as the Romish Emancipation Bill did in Great Britain, has well nigh cut the chords of Conservative vitality; and it were marvellous,—it were a sign indeed that we were left to our recklessness and our folly,—should no chastisement from heaven overtake the land for this grievous instance of public injustice and of sacrilegious spoliation. But if we cannot recall this infatuated act of suicidal legislation, they must endeavour, as we have said, to lighten its pernicious results. Let Conservatism more than ever assume a religious basis; and on the ensign which heads them to the political contest let there be stamped more legibly than ever the injunction, "FEAR GOD," as well as "HONOUR THE QUEEN." Let the force which they train up to fight our country's battles be imbued more and more with the principles of evangelical truth; that they may never go in comparative nakedness to the contest, but ensure the protection and blessing of the God of the faithful. Without that cementing and vivifying principle, Conservatism itself must dwindle away and

perish: it must be founded upon the rock of truth, or the gaudiest superstructure it may exhibit to the world will prove but the wonder or the attraction of a day. It is from the absence of this actuating principle that so many of its professed adherents have, in the day of trial, proved renegades to its cause: they were conservatives of their own worldly interests merely; not a thought could be spared for the welfare of the unseen and immaterial part,—not a sacrifice could be yielded for the benefit of generations to come. Build up your temporal fortunes, and it matters not who guides the helm of the administration,—whether Christianity or atheism is the directing principle of our civil rule!

To turn to a more refreshing contemplation, how has the Conservative body in England,—since its almost prostration in 1831 and 1832,—been revived to a fullness of strength and power worthy of the palmist days of our Protestant Constitution? It was by imparting strength and holiness to the inherent excellence of its cause through the influence of our national Christianity. It is a religious influence,—testified in the rapid increase of churches and a corresponding increase of religious ministrations, proved too in the circulation of Christian knowledge in a form adapted to the taste and comprehension of every class,—such an influence it is which has given that power and energy to the Conservative cause in the mother country which are raising it fast to the political ascendancy which it constitutionally claims. Its advocates here have, as we have said, cut away the great strength of their cause; but let them supply by individual exertion, as far as possible, the melancholy loss which they have thus voluntarily incurred. Let renewed efforts be employed in the erection of churches, and funds accumulated for a more extensive dissemination of the principles of our national Protestant faith. Let schools be established and conducted on a Christian basis; that the rising generation may be imbued with those feelings which alone render them good subjects and good men. Let parochial Libraries be formed for the use both of children and adults,—composed of publications characterised by sound principles both of religion and politics,—something to win over all to the endearments of social peace, and to bind to the altar and the throne by holier and stronger sanctions than the brittle tie of a selfish expediency. Let such publications be widely circulated, so as to counteract the moral and political poison so extensively diffused by many of our colonial journals,—the only literature, unhappily, to which a large number have access; let this be heartily and promptly done, and we shall soon perceive the Conservative body joined by many a conscientious ally who had hitherto been estranged by a wrong education, and a seditious perversion of right feeling by the wicked and designing: we shall see it growing and extending till the democratical minority shall dwindle down into a band too contemptible to excite apprehension; and when,—the genuine principle of Scriptural obedience pervading all the body politic,—it will be safe to "conduct the government according to the well-understood wishes of the people."

The Bishops of the Church of England will ever, we feel assured, be found at the post of duty, as well when the morals of the community are endangered by private irregularities, as when the altars of the land are assailed by public commotion. We have seen a gratifying instance of this in the manly exposure by the bishop of London of the complicated indecencies of a Masked Ball held not long ago in Drury Lane Theatre. Of the outrage upon the national morality manifested upon this occasion, the Bishop of London read the following account from the Morning Post:

"There were all kinds of dresses, splendid and fantastical, Turks, Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, Hindoos, and even the 'ecclesiastical,' which Byron tells us was prohibited at Venice, when Beppo ogled his wife. But the one thing wanting was the joyous spirit of raillery and repartee, which are only to be met with in the foyer of the bal de l'Opera. There was nothing either of the humour, but much of the objectionable, to revive our reminiscences of the bal Chicard; and an improper and injudicious attempt made by some French canaille to introduce the Cancan was very improperly nipped in the bud by loud and long-continued expressions of disapprobation from all sides of the house. In fact, the gestures were such as the Charivari says are défendus par la charité et la décence, and would not even be tolerated at the Charivari; but these ill-advised denizens of Paris, not having the fear of the gendarmes before their eyes, fell into the error of taking liberty for license, and conducted themselves in such a manner as to elicit the public expression of disapprobation to which we have referred."

The replies of the Earls of Usbridge and Glangall were not unsatisfactory, as they evinced a disposition to abate, if they could not extirpate, the nuisance of which the Bishop of London complained. England is scarcely justified in borrowing her code of morals from France, after an observation of the misfortunes both to herself and to the world which her moral degeneracy had been the main instrument of producing; for the surest way to relax the vigour of British Christianity, is by admitting and fostering the licentious practices of the capital of that infidel country.

School attached to that charge. A liberal grant of books and tracts has also been made by the Society for the use of the convicts in the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, at the request of the Rev. W. M. Herchmer, Chaplain to that Institution.

It is with great satisfaction we notice a donation of Books and Tracts from this Society to the two Princes of Ashantee, for some time detained as hostages in England, but now about to return to their native country. These princes are represented as "most exemplary young men, and highly intelligent. They are members of the Church of England, having been baptized and confirmed; the elder is a communicant, the younger about to become one. They are very fond of reading, especially of religious literature. They wish too to maintain public worship in their country, according to the rites of our revered worship." Through the instrumentality of these princes we may reasonably hope that a door will be opened in the remote and barbarous country of Ashantee for the effectual spread of the Gospel,—a spiritual achievement more glorious to England than the conquest of that kingdom by her powerful arms.

At an Ordination held in the Cathedral Church of this city, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the following gentlemen were admitted to the holy order of Priests: Rev. John Flood, Rector of Richmond, Bathurst District.

Rev. Arthur Mortimer, Rector of Warwick, Western District.

Rev. John Flanagan, Missionary at Barton, Gore District.

Rev. Adam Townley, Assistant Minister at Thornhill.

These gentlemen return to their respective stations.

To the order of Deacons were admitted:

Mr. William Henry Hobson, late a Theological Student under the protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The destination of this gentleman is not yet fixed.

Mr. Hannibal Mulkins, Theological Student, appointed to the Mission of Pakenham and Fitzroy, in the Bathurst District.

Mr. John McIntyre, Theological Student, appointed to the Mission of Orillia and parts adjacent, in the District of Simcoe.

These two gentlemen were formerly Preachers in the Canadian Wesleyan Methodist connexion.

We regret that the very excellent Despatch from the Governor-General to Lord John Russell, on the absorbing subject of Emigration, has been excluded this week by the long speech of Dr. Cooke. We shall, however, have much pleasure in giving publicity to this gratifying document in our next number.

The interesting account of the laying of the cornerstone of a new church at Niagara, is unavoidably postponed. Other communications are likewise deferred, owing to the imperative demands made on our limited space.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Church. THE JESUITS—POPEY UNMASKED—AND THE DUTY OF PROTESTANTS.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In the Church of February 20th, I was much interested by a very striking and most opportune article relating to the Jesuits, who, it appears, are re-organised, and, under the Pope, are industriously plotting and working again. It is high time that we, on this side of the Atlantic, should be apprised, more fully, of the doings of these wily and subtle enemies of Christ and our Protestant Christian religion, both in England and in her Colonies! It is high time that Protestants should be awakened up from the deadly and ominous delusion as to the actual system of Popery and its present undisguised intentions towards Protestant "Heretics," in which thousands and tens of thousands of the degenerated descendants of our nobly faithful and consistent forefathers are slumbering!

Well were it for us all, high and low, in whatever station of responsibility the Almighty has placed us with "talents" to lay out in his service, for the furtherance of his Son's spiritual kingdom throughout "all sorts and conditions of men," if we kept more practically in mind the truth so ably set forth by the talented author of the "Essays on the Church," namely, that "there is but one true religion; and there has never been, nor ever will be, any other. All the rest are false, rancious, and opposed to the honour of God. This cannot be too often or too strongly stated, or too constantly kept in view" (—P. 36, Edn. 1836).

"Our Church," I am quoting from a powerful and lucid article on "Religious Liberalism," in the Church, vol. I, p. 74), since her emancipation from the Romish yoke, has always regarded the corruption of Popery as of fearful magnitude. In the thirty-first Article we are told that "the sacrifices of masses, in which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and dead, to have remission of pain of guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Now, after this, it is possible that any conscientious Churchman can deem Popery and Protestantism two forms, nearly upon a par, of common Christianity? I shall merely quote the admirable reply to the question: "What are the differences of opinion in matters of science, are eagerly investigated, no matter how unimportant to be tested, no fact too trivial to be maintained;" and that as the philosopher's "object is not concession, nor reconciliation, but truth," ("Is he blamed for this? Is he not rather lauded and honoured?") "why should (the theologian, whose object is similar) be denounced for defining accurately, and maintaining resolutely, that TRUTH on which, not a science, but the salvation of innumerable souls, depends?"

"It will be said, you are encouraging bitterness and acrimony; but I reply, there may be in the mind the fullest persuasion that it has grasped the truth, the most resolute determination to hold and to diffuse it, the most vivid perception of another's error, and yet the kindest affection towards him." "The apostles, though their enemies denounced them as turning the world upside down, were surely actuated by no bitter spirit, when they went forth in spite of opposition, to preach to the nations, who were lying in wickedness, the love of the crucified Jesus. They were gentle and tender to those who idolatry and sin they rebuked."

In No. XCIX of the Bristol "Church of England Tract Society's" invaluable tracts, after quoting from the "Life of Ridley, by Ridley," is the following eloquent and strikingly impressive passage:—"Ignorant of the servitude under which our fathers groaned, we know not how to relish our own deliverance; the deformities of a superstition two hundred years ago, are so far out of sight as to make us less attentive to the beauties of a reasonable service. By these means we not only reap less pleasure than we might, and produce less fruit than we ought, but we grow less apprehensive of the tyranny that watches to enslave us, and less zealous to maintain that liberty which our ancestors sacrificed their lives to purchase for us."

This same valuable tract, after quoting from "Den's Complete Body of Theology," (the standard guide for the Roman Catholic Priesthood of Ireland), the following abominably anti-social tenets, namely, that "if any one be asked whether he be a priest, a monk, or a bishop, he is bound to confess?"

"The general answer in opposition to Pawels, is—no—because such titles are certain accidents of religion, and therefore, by concealing them, a man is not thought to conceal any thing essential to the faith, wherefore he who should deny himself to be a priest (for example) when he really is one, only tells a mere official lie."—Vol. II, p. 65.

dence in the oaths and declarations of individuals which cannot bind the Church of Rome, and from which that church, when expedient, absolves its members."

Excellent and deserving of the utmost practical attention by us Protestants, whether clergy or laity, are the following observations:—"Do we make these statements in a harsh and uncharitable spirit towards our Roman Catholic brethren? By no means. Our controversy is with the SYSTEM, and the agents of the system by which they are enthralled, and we are endangered. We pity their delusion, and earnestly long for their deliverance from error. But above all, we would sound the ALARM to our Protestant brethren. There is good reason to believe, that the funds and the agents of the propaganda, at Rome, are employed in spreading Popery in Great Britain, as its most promising field. Hence the numerous Roman Catholic chapels and seminaries which are arising every where around us; while from their pulpits, the doctrines of Rome are accommodated to the prejudices of Englishmen, Popery hides her native intolerance, and, in the very 'spirit of the age,' affects the liberality by which she is fostered. She thus hopes to lull our slumbering Protestantism into a deeper repose, that the locks of our strength may be securely shorn."

In the words of the tract let us add, in faithful accordance with the sixth Article of our Church, and the voice of all real Protestants: "Let them (the Roman Catholics) give up their claim to infallibility, and exalt the BIBLE, and the Bible only, as the standard of their religion, and then we shall know 'what, and whom, to believe.'" In the meantime let us remember, practically, that there is such a thing, in these days of mis-nomers, as an erroneous "Charity," (falsely so called), as well as a false and treacherous "Liberality;" and let us beware lest we follow the example of those sinful men of our truly "perilous times," who, in various ways, are, in plausible terms, either corrupting truth, or sacrificing it in toto at the altar of expediency; forgetting, to their fearful ruin, (unless they repent, and flee to Christ for pardon and conversion by the Holy Spirit), that "it shall profit a man" nothing, though he should "gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Let us beware, also, how far we be guilty of the sins of God's once "peculiar people," in their spiritual declension, wicked idolatry, and ungrateful unfaithfulness towards their Saviour and his Truth; and lest we, also, "have the wrath of God kindled against us," and our "enemies" be permitted to "oppress us, and we be brought under subjection under their hand."—Psalm vi.

In Tract No. c. (which, I hope, will be given at length in the Church, by and bye), it is observed, "We are aware that Dr. Murray, the Romish Archbishop of Dublin, has denied that Dens' book is the text-book of the Popish priesthood, though he himself authorised its use as such in his own diocese, and though the last edition was dedicated to him." But in this denial, we find another instance of the aforesaid Popish maxim, that the end sanctifies the means.—It is unsafe to trust a Papist, even when he attests the truth of his statement on his oath, if the interests of his infallible church be concerned in the statements he makes, as it is a maxim of his church that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." This Popish doctrine was exemplified by the conduct of the Council of Constance, in the murder of John Huss, to whom a safe conduct to and from the council had been granted, in violation of which he was imprisoned and put to death. And this is brought home to the Papists of our own day by the use which is made of this infamous fact by Mr. Dens, who maintains as a justified cause of excommunication, the death of those whom she considers as heretics. Such, in the view of the Papal Church, are all Protestants, as Dens expressly states, whether they be "Lutherans or Calvinists," under which latter name he includes all English Protestants, whether Churchmen or Dissenters.

Keeping the above facts in view, together with the "oath of secrecy of the Jesuits," which I enclose, let us earnestly implore Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, to grant us "a right judgment in all things," and "a sound mind;" and let us implore the Lord Jesus to send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to enlighten us perfectly, and teach us not only to know the one only gospel of salvation from all iniquity, through faith in the one only and all-sufficient and infinitely meritorious atonement offered up by the Lamb of God—Christ Jesus—our Lord and our God, and the sanctification of our heart by the union of the Holy Ghost—but also to enable us to live up, faithfully, to all the duties of our Christian calling, and our profession of adherence to him who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

Let me conclude my letter with the following startling facts, established by the Rev. Robert McGhee, (and other Protestant speakers,) at a public meeting held on Saturday, the 30th of June, 1835, at the great room, at Exeter Hall, London: which facts were proved in the presence of that great public meeting, held in the capital of the Empire, and by extracts from "Dens' complete Body of Theology," and contained in tract No. xcix, viz.—

1st. "That Protestants of all denominations are accounted as heretics by the Church of Rome, and worse than Jews or Pagans."

2d. "That we are all by baptism placed under the power of her domination."

3d. "That so far from granting us toleration, it is her duty to exterminate the rites of our religion."

4th. "That it is her duty to compel us, by corporal punishments, to submit to her faith."

5th. "That the punishments she decrees, are confiscation of property, transportation, imprisonment, and death."

Lastly, "That the only restraint (on the application of her doctrines) is a mere question of expediency, when it may suit the convenience of the Papal power."

Awake, then, Protestants awake! Stop the spreading delusion. The plague is begun. Now is the time to prevent the awful judgment, which may fall on your children if not on yourselves. Can you think, without bitter anguish of spirit, that the only gospel of salvation from all iniquity, through faith in the one only and all-sufficient and infinitely meritorious atonement offered up by the Lamb of God—Christ Jesus—our Lord and our God, and the sanctification of our heart by the union of the Holy Ghost—but also to enable us to live up, faithfully, to all the duties of our Christian calling, and our profession of adherence to him who is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

Let us earnestly entreat Him who alone can "cleanse and defend his Church," to save it from the threatening danger of Popish tyranny. To do this is our duty and our interest. The alarming increase of Popery in our own island, should excite us to daily intercession for ourselves, our children, and our country. May our prayers be heard and answered, for Christ's sake!

I remain,  
Rev. and dear Sir,  
Yours in Christian sincerity,  
ALPHA.

THE OATH OF SECRECY OF THE JESUITS.

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John Baptist, the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the saints and secret host of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that his holiness is Christ's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the catholic or universal church throughout the earth; and that by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed: therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authorities and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the catholic or universal church throughout the earth; and that by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed: therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authorities and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the catholic or universal church throughout the earth; and that by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed: therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; 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cheers and laughter.) But I have more heroic comfort still in store for you. The better to carry those instructions into effect, an act, in the following year, reviving three statutes for the punishment of heresy—of the preamble—a true *capere hereticum*—runs as follows:—"For the prescribing and avoiding of errors and heresies, which, of late, have risen, grown, and mouche increased within this realm; for that the ordinarys have wanted authority to proceed against those that were infected therewith; be it therefore ordered, enacted, and given by the authority of this present parliament, that the statute made, &c. Now, Mr. O'Connell, please chew and these two legal mouthfuls. (A laugh.) Yes, chew them well, and I will venture to affirm, that never was there a more bitter drench, by mistake, a mouthful of rue, that chewed a more "bitter cud of disappointment" than will Daniel chew when he has swallowed the two bitter pills I have now administered. (Loud cheers.) But, passing from crabbed law, I shall now select for Mr. O'Connell's historic study, a leaf out of my Lord Plunket's "old almanac"—historic. And this shall bring us to period the second of Popish power in Ireland, subsequent to the Reformation—the never-to-be-forgotten year 1641. (Hear.) In that year the Romanists again assumed political power—acting, as they then asserted, and as it is now certain they did, under the commission and order of the unfortunate King Charles the First. Who has not heard of Phelim Roe? (Hear, and a laugh.) Aye, "of Phelim Roe, and his slaughter?" (Hear, hear.) Who has not heard of his march upon Belfast, and who was compelled to call a halt, by the gallant men of Lisburn? (Hear, hear.) And surely this great meeting will permit me to indulge an honest joy, when I mention the historic fact, that the first effective resistance to his invasion, was headed by the gallant Lawson, of Derry, who was a Presbyterian—(loud cheers)—a Presbyterian, not actuated by the miserable prejudices of a repulsive sectarianism, but bound to his duty as a patriot, and as a man of God, by the attractive and uniting impulses of common principles, and of common danger. (Loud cheers.) The Romanists, as I have said, had their royal authority and political power—and gently and tenderly did Phelim employ it! But Mr. O'Connell, in his hurry in consulting authorities, must have skipped over this page of Irish history, or, perhaps, some one had cut out the page, and so Daniel could say, like an unprepared schoolboy, "that's not in my book,"—(a laugh)—or perhaps, for there is no end to possibilities where Daniel is concerned—perhaps some printer's familiar, had parted the leaves together; or, certainly, as he cannot distinguish between *Johanna* and *Henry*, his eyesight is failing—(a laugh)—and to that cause we must attribute his short coming; and, undoubtedly, his memory is gone—and no living man has need of a better—(a laugh)—for he cannot "recollect" a *liar* in my own person, although the files were courteously offered to be laid on his table, and we might expect had leisure enough during four long nights, and three short days, in the *lock up house*, Donegal-place, to have made the important discovery. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, in more seriousness than the subject seems to warrant, that, in this your northern tour, like Madam Pizzoni's old man, "you've had your three sufficient whistles; first, your memory; gone; secondly, your eyesight; thirdly, your hearing; fourthly, your popularity; fifthly, your bullying; for though the House of Commons were roused when you called them ruffians, they quailed beneath an apology, that doubted the insult; still, your skulking from a personal encounter, through your "gentle talent of invention," will not only encourage others to assail you, but will furnish them a weapon from which even "triple brass," will not be sufficient to defend you. (Loud cheering.) With these warnings, Mr. O'Connell, it is full time you should prepare for your change. As to your natural life, I pray, it may be long and happy. I pray that you may have grace to see all your errors; and in good time, to arrange this scene of turbulence, for the rest and peace. But, in the full time, I call you to another change—put off that painted mountebank coat, in which you gear your poor countrymen to buy and swallow your nostrums. (Hear, hear.) Put off that false profession of mercenary patriotism in which you utter alike for shouts and for halloo—above all, put that visor of hypocrisy off, beneath which, while you profess religion, you practise untruth—(hear, hear)—and put away that lip-loyalty by which you would flatter a Queen while you would rend her empire—(loud cheers)—and stand forth, what you are, a venal disturber of your country, a traitor to your Queen, and a liar to your God. (Vehement cheering.) Yes, Mr. O'Connell, I call you by your proper name; and I take the brand of unquenchable history to stamp it deep upon your forehead. (Hear, hear.) You say the Ireland, during the reign of Charles the First, invited to their shores, and fostered and protected the Protestants. Now, lest you should hold parley with me about 1641, I shall return to 1559, the era of your beloved Mary, in whose auspicious reign Taylor's seventy-three apostrophal houses were opened by the Romanists in Dublin for the reception of the British Protestants. In June of that memorable year Mary ascended the throne, and in the following month she died, either commended or was completed the persecution of Bale, bishop of Ossory, one of the brightest ornaments for learning, piety, and zeal, that ever adorned the Established Church of Ireland. Five of his servants were murdered in one night, and he was forced to fly for protection of his life to Kilkenny. Here he remained for some time, in the faithful attendance of his testimony, but being in daily danger of his life, he obeyed his Lord's injunction, and "being persecuted in one city, he fled to another;" and, after many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in reaching the continent. And never, Mr. O'Connell, did the Established Church, or any other Church in Ireland, possess a nobler son, a brighter ornament, than Bale; and, as once I did travel a pilgrimage of some miles, that I might stand by the tomb of Bedel of Kilmore, as many, you would think, would stand by the tomb of Bale of Ossory—the man justly characterised as *the prince among the martyrs* of the Reformers, and ranked above Luther, Platina, and Vergerius, in his faithful exposure of the heresies and usurpations of Rome. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) There, Mr. O'Connell, is an example for you of the manner in which the Romanists treated an Irish Protestant Bishop in the reign of the mild and tolerant Queen Mary—(hear, hear)—and if you wish to know on what authority it is founded, I refer you to Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, pages 40 and 41. We now revert, Mr. O'Connell, more particularly to the second period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, 1641. (Hear, hear, and cheering.) Yes, you do well to cry "Hear, hear," and let Ireland, in all her provinces, hear, and let the Court and the people, hear, hear, while, contradicted by the testimony of unquestioned history, Mr. O'Connell stands elevated on the pillory of public condemnation—"the bad, bad eminence" from which he will never descend, unless he break off his sin by repentance, and fly to the mercy of an offended God. (Cries of hear, hear.) And here, Mr. O'Connell, allow me a word of apology for the heavy sentence and portentous denunciation I have just uttered against you. You have often delighted to call yourself "the abused man in the kingdom," but you have always forgot to tell you were yourself the most abusive man in the universe. (Hear, hear.) I state not this oversight of yours to vindicate myself for any severity of language I may have applied, or intended to apply to you. No, I remind you of it, that I may comply with the feeling of sentimentality, that will not distinguish between abusing the man and denouncing his sins. (Hear, hear.) As a sinner I speak, knowing the grace of God in his Son—and I speak of your sins but as I desire to speak of my own. I abuse you not as a man, but I do denounce you as a sinner—a man whose very "trade" is sin—sin, the first that beclouded Paradise—sin, the meanest practised on earth—sin, the last condemned in the lake that burneth—where is every thing that "loveth or maketh a lie" (Hear, hear.) I lead you back, accordingly, not in anger but in pity, to your speech in Dublin, where you twice denounced me as a liar. Have you apologised for the injury you have repented for the first time? I know you have not done the first, and till that plea you cannot have attained the other. (Hear, hear.) I have led you to the reign of Queen Mary, and exhibited you, by irrefragable documents, as a willful perverter of the history of that reign, and now I offer, through you to the public, some means of further testing your truth when you assert that toleration, nay, kindness, was extended to Protestants during every post-Reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland. And here, my Lord, I shall read to the meeting a few brief extracts from Dr. Reid's History, as specimens of the mercy, toleration, and kindness enjoyed by the Irish Protestants, during that disastrous period of their history—a period which, I solemnly believe, Mr. O'Connell is either intentionally or practically labouring to reproduce—(hear, hear)—and from which my God in his infinite mercy protect this meeting from being a second time a witness to the same scenes of blood and traited had! (Hear, hear.) The extracts will now be read in brief, I have noted on the margin of the books before me, and shall afterwards furnish to the newspapers in full detail. Now this being the second post-Reformation period of Popish ascendancy in Ireland, it must be the second period, during which, Mr. O'Connell says, Protestants were not persecuted. Lest it should, however, be called ill manners, I will not accuse Mr. O'Connell of telling an historic lie: but I must say with the good-natured Scotsman—"He's a great consumer of truth!" (Cheers and laughter.)

The constitutional administration of the lords justices were universally popular; and a new era of national improvement and civilization appeared to be opening on this long distracted country. "But these anticipations were awfully disappointed. 'The hopes conceived from a peace of forty years, from the gradual improvement of the nation, from the activity of its parliament, from the favourable disposition of the king, from the temper of the English parties, were in an instant confounded; and the calamities of former times revived in all their bitterness.'"

"In Ulster, the rebellion broke out at the appointed time; and, owing to the defenceless state of the Protestants, and their consternation at so sudden and simultaneous an attack, it met, for a time, with no effectual resistance."

"On the 23rd of October, 1641, and within a few days after, the Irish rebels made slaughter of all men, women, and children, which they could lay hands on, within the county of Antrim, that were Protestants, burning their houses and corn."

"Sir Con Magennis took possession of Drogheda, and treated with wanton and unprovoked cruelty the few Protestants who had ventured to remain. Having burned the town, he fell back to Newry, where he effected a junction with Sir Phelim O'Neill, who, finding himself placed, without control, at the head of a much more formidable force than he had ever anticipated, immediately abandoned what may be called the royal, and prosecuted the original, scheme of the insurrection; and henceforth openly aimed at the extirpation of the entire Protestant population, whether of English or Scottish descent. He therefore, encouraged his infuriated followers to give vent to the direful passions of hatred and revenge, which the Roman priesthood had for years been fostering in the breasts of their people, against their Protestant neighbours. The insurrection was speedily converted into a religious war, carried on with a vindictive fury and a savage ferocity, which have seldom exceeded. Through the enterprise was now formally discovered by Charles, and though Sir Phelim, by his brutal excesses, had disgusted some of the more ardent of his original associates, yet urged on by Ever Mahon, Romanist bishop of Down, he plunged into the deepest atrocities."

"The shocking tale of the cruelties perpetrated by the undisciplined and blood-thirsty levies of O'Neill, during several months, has been often told; by none more effectually than by the female historian of England (Mrs. Macaulay). An universal massacre ensued; no age, no sex, no infancy were spared; all conditions were involved in the general ruin. In vain did the unhappy family appeal to the sacred ties of humanity, hospitality, family affection, and the tender obligations of social commerce; companions, friends, relatives, not only denied protection, but dealt with their own hands, the fatal blow. In vain did the pious son plead his devoted parent; himself was doomed to suffer a more premature mortality. In vain did the tender mother attempt to soften the obdurate heart of the assassin in behalf of her helpless children; she was reserved to see them cruelly butchered, and then to undergo a like fate. The weeping wife lamenting over the mangled corpse of her husband, experienced a death no less horrid than that which she deplored. This scene of blood received yet a deeper stain, from the wanton exercise of more execrable cruelty than had ever yet occurred to the warm and fertile imagination of Eastern barbarians. Women, whose feeble minds received a yet stronger impression of religious phrenzy, were more ferocious than the men; and, children, excited by the example and exhortation of their parents, stained their innocent age with the blackest deeds of human butchery."

"The persons of the English were not the only victims to the general rage: their commodious houses and magnificent buildings were either consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. Their cattle, though now part of the possession of their murderers, because they had belonged to abhorred heretics, were either killed outright, or covered with wounds, were turned loose into the woods and deserts, to abide a lingering, painful end. This bitter, unexpected scene of horror, was yet heightened by a *hater* *revenge*, *impressions*, *threats*, and *insults* which everywhere resounded in the ears of the astonished English. Their sighs, groans, shrieks, cries, and bitter lamentations, were answered with—"Spare neither man, woman, nor child; the English are meat for dogs; there shall not be one drop of English blood left within the kingdom." Nor did there want the most barbarous insults and evolutions on beholding those expressions of agonizing pain which a variety of torments extracted."

"Nor was the rage of the rebels confined to the unoffending Protestant clergy. Every thing which could be considered in any way identified with Protestantism was wantonly destroyed. The Bible, in a particular manner, was an object on which the Romanists vented their detestable rage. They have torn in pieces the Bibles of the Protestants, and remonstrated, presented by the agent of the Irish clergy, to the English Commons, scarcely four months after the breaking out of the rebellion, 'they have kicked it up and down, treading it under foot, with leaping thereon, causing a bag-pipe to play while: laying also the leaves in the kennel, leaping and trampling thereupon; saying 'a plague on it, this book hath had all the quarrel, hosed within three weeks, all the Bibles in Ireland should be so used or worse, and that none should be left in the kingdom: and while two Bibles were burning, saying that it was hell-fire that was burning, and wishing that they had all the Bibles in Christendom, that they might use them so.'"

"The devastations committed during this second period of 'tender mercies' is now impossible, accurately, to ascertain, but the following are some of the various calculations which the writers nearest the melancholy period have left upon record:—

"The following is a brief summary of the calculations of the more eminent Protestant writers. May (p. 81) estimates the number slain at 200,000 in the first month. Temple makes it 150,000 in the first two months, or 300,000 in two years. Rapin (i. 343) gives 150,000 in about four months. Lord Clarendon (i. 299) says, that above 40,000 were murdered at the first outbreak before any danger was apprehended, and he is followed by Hume. Sir William Petty, a very expert and accurate calculator, computes that 37,000 perished within the first year."

I come now to what I suppose Mr. O'Connell's third period—that of the ill-fated James II. I doubt not I am addressing the descendants of some who were driven under the walls of Derry. I know I hold the card of one honoured individual whose ancestor acted a conspicuous part in its defence. And I wot of another who had no name to be either honoured or recorded; but, at the first outbreak of the rebellion, all his family was murdered, but one little child, driving from a distant part of the county, was the only survivor of the Protestant, he carried his child in his arms to Derry; but when he mounted guard at night he had no nurse for his little one, so carried it with him to the wall, and placing it between the embrasures, where the cannon frowned defiance on James and slavery;—(cheers)—Providence protected him in the midst of famine and death—and when, in after years, he was questioned how he fared at night for shelter, "Well enough," was the reply, "I had the shelter of my father's gun." (Cheers.) Yes, God protected that motherless and helpless boy, and he'll now address you as that boy's humble descendant. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Repulsed from the walls of Derry, James hastened to meet his mock parliament in Dublin, and then proceeded to military, but in Mr. O'Connell's true and legal title, the third specimen of Popish ascendancy tolerating and fostering Protestants. But how? Why, by the most barefaced act of wholesale robbery ever put on record; and what renders the robbery still more execrable, under the royal hypocritical mask of liberty of conscience, and respect for property. (Hear, hear, hear.) By one dash of the royal pen, the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were repealed,—(hear, and a laugh)—and all Protestants who held their estates under these acts, whether as original grantees, purchasers, or by mortgage, were deprived of them in the style of O'Connell's slap-dash. (Hear, hear.) Yes, O'Connell is the boy for a slap-dash. (A laugh.) He promised to breakfast in Newry, and at seven o'clock, 50,000 strong, and to give an hour and a half, to deploy and march, "the green flag waving in the wind." But he passed through at a slap-dash,—(loud laughter)—and silence smiled at sleeping echo, in Trainor's lonely hayloft. (Loud laughter.) By slap-dash he was spirited through Hillsborough, and looked sadly askance upon the valley, where the army of William reposed, on their glorious march to the Boyne. (Great cheering.) Through Lisburn, another slap-dash, with colours flying. (A laugh.) It is true; but they were the colours of his rosy face, for a danger that existed but in his own heart. (Hear, hear.) And by a final slap-dash, he "invaded" his hotel, and speedily bivouacked in his bed-room. (Laughter and cheers.) And there he lay *perdu*, like a hare in her form, without one ray of comfort, even from the ghostly consolations of Donegal-street. (Cheers.) Now I shall not have to trouble you with this "tedious brief history."—(a laugh)—of Mr. O'Connell's talent for slap-dash or *coup de main*, were it not that every article of his Repeal project, is borrowed from the slap-dash Parliament of King James. (Hear, and cheers.) In that Parliament, Protestant property was—what shall I call it? Annihilated? No, no, that cannot be. During Popish ascendancy in Ireland, Protestants were always fostered! Bravo, Daniel—(cheers)—when you say it, it must have been so; aye, and it was so, with a witness; for witness the king's hand, the Protestants were so cherished, that they were delivered from the intolerable trouble of managing their estates—(cheers and laughter)—and the labour both of recovering and spending their rents, most generously undertaken by the ascendancy. (Laughter and cheers.) And this doubtless, is what Daniel calls fostering the Protestants. Had James prevailed, we should not to-day have been surrounded by the Hills, the Chichesters, the Needhams, the Loftuses, and the Watsons; they would have been foster-nursed with a vengeance (cheers) *ala Dandini*; and the next time he sits to H. B. for his picture, I trust he will consent to be represented in the character of an Irish nurse, with Protestantism as baby, which he is rocking with his own hand, while stealing his pinafore and frock with the other. (Roars of laughter, and cheers.) Mr. O'Connell has given us three periods of Popish ascendancy, and he can say—himself—with the benevolent Uncle Toby, "I'll treat him to a fourth—the very days we live in—*A voice, you forget Scullabogue*." Oh! I thank you;

I had indeed thought of that period, but it would have escaped me but for this refresher. Yes, yes; there was a time when the people of Ulster were nearly ruled between the Scylla and Charybdis of disaffection and rebellion, and the genius of Popery was the siren that sung them amidst the breakers, the whirlpools, and the rocks. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But the time will never come when the Presbyterian of Ulster will be found at the head of a rebellion. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He tells of 73 houses charitably provided in Dublin by Romanists for the persecuted Protestants of Bristol. I would his antiquarian search would tell where they were situated. He knows what house was provided for them at Scullabogue! (Hear, hear, hear.) The burning roof above, and the bristling pikes without—(hear, hear)—where the helpless infant, whose cries might have moved some pity, was cast back into the flames it had escaped, a victim to the Moloch of a fiendish and perennial intolerance. (Hear, hear, hear.) And does he know the house prepared for them at Wexford? the heavens their only covering, the bridge their kneeling-place, the demi-savage and his pike their only judge and executioner. (Hear, hear, hear.) Why, Mr. O'Connell, do you force us, self-defence against you, fabrications of history, to revert to those evil days? Already we have forgiven: why will you not permit us to forget? I tell you, Mr. O'Connell, the unhappy men and women who fell victims at Scullabogue and Wexford Bridge have been the political saviours of their country. (Loud cheers.) Though they perished, they live. They live in our remembrance—their deaths opened the political eyes of the many thousands of Ulster; and the names of Wexford and Scullabogue form an answer to all your arguments for Repeal. We have heard some days ago from Dublin, that the Presbyterians are great Reformers. With this I agree, for they wish to reform Mr. O'Connell; but that they are reformers in any other sense, I prove by the fact, that they lately assembled in Belfast, and who, in the genuine spirit of a precursor society of reformers.

Resolved, we'll resolve again.—[Laughter.] No, no. The time will never come when the mass of Presbyterians, now united in the General Assembly, will become sharers in any department of the present conspiracy against the Queen, the country, and the constitution. (Cheers.) I come now to the fifth period of Popish ascendancy—for two more have grown out of Daniel's three—(a laugh); and the fifth period is, the reign of King Daniel himself—(cheers and a laugh.)—and I lately crowned in "King Daniel's own method of cherishing Protestants." Now, Mr. O'Connell, your own method of cherishing Protestants, I can say no more than that he takes great pleasure in starving them—(hear, hear); but that, I may presume, is merely to initiate them in his own art of "fasting." (Cheers and a laugh.) But of the manner in which his loving subjects cherish them, I can speak more distinctly. They, when they can, just kill them for kindness. (Hear, hear.) I recollect once, in an argument on establishments of religion, I was taunted with the assertion, that no established Church had ever produced a martyr. I immediately retorted upon my antagonist by a list of many recently produced by the Established Church in Ireland; and when I now repeat to Mr. O'Connell the names of a Ferguson, a Houston, or a Whitey, who died in the arms of the murdered ministers of Protestantism, under his arrantly ashamed of the assertion, that ascendant Popery has always been mild and tolerant? Yes, Mr. O'Connell; and it ought to render you more than ashamed—for, no matter by whose hands these victims fell, upon your soul rests the original guilt, for you planned and fostered the agitation from which these murders sprung—(hear)—and if ever there comes a time when your darkened eyes shall be enlightened, and your hard heart softened, the phantoms of the sheeted dead, whom your agitations consigned to early and bloody tombs, will fit before you, whether in walking or in sleeping hours, and become the means, in mercy, of leading you to repentance, or the means, in judgment, of plunging you in despair. (Hear, hear.) By this, Mr. O'Connell, that Protestants can ever forget, that to you they are indebted for the cherishing project of extinguishing some hundreds of their churches in Ireland? I lent my feeble aid to extinguish that most wicked proposal; and look back with grateful satisfaction to the day when our combined efforts in Exeter Hall expunged the disgraceful record from the journals of the House of Commons. (Cheers.) I rejoice in recollecting the scathing ridicule—ridicule, never a test of truth, but an inexhaustible consumer of imposture and hypocrisy—what ridicule Providence enabled me to cast upon the guilty project and the enslaved projector. My proposal was, to institute a Society for the extinction of Lighthouses, and an estimate of the boundless judgment of merchants and sailors, and widows and orphans. Never was I apparently so unable to speak; but God strengthened me mightily; and I was one of those who were privileged to give a death-blow to your cherishing kindness, and to deliver the country from the guilt of extinguishing the light in the dark places just where it was most needed. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I can pardon you, Mr. O'Connell, when you call Usher *superficial*, and I, I think, you will pardon me, when I pronounce you *profound*. (Cheers.) Usher superficial! Mr. O'Connell being the judge! Usher superficial! The man whose historic memory embraced all time—the man whose research no record could escape—the man who had digged into every darkest mine of learning, and returned to upper air, not merely like him that returns with precious ores, but like him that ascends with the gems that lend ornature to beauty, or splendour to crowns!—Above all, the man whose mildness won every heart to cling to him, and to love him—the man whose eye of faith, and wing of devotion, looked and soared—yes, lived in heaven—*he superficial!* I can only answer, Daniel, you are certainly profound, and "in your lowest depth, a lower still." (Cheers and laughter.) Another of Mr. O'Connell's Repeal propositions must be understood to declare, that his efforts are not "sectarian," and that a man without "tolerance" cannot be a Christian, nor a good man. (A laugh.) But, if so, Mr. O'Connell, what will become of the Pope? (Hear, hear.) Gregory XVI (I am scarcely sure of the name, but I pledge myself to the fact), in his famous Encyclical letter, denounces conscience and the liberty of the press as a "most pestiferous error," "as never to be sufficiently execrated and detested." Now, is not your Pope infallible? Perhaps, Mr. O'Connell, like the House of Lords in London, the Pope is but another old woman in petticoats. (Laughter and cheers.) But had he power according to his will, where were human liberty, when conscience was fettered and the press annihilated? (Hear, hear.) And how could that happy regime the veracious *Vindicator* that will "forgive no man's sins," and "will not hold in his hand a Jack bull" (a laugh)—could it be necessary to look more narrowly to his words, else a misfire from Rome might furnish a new "distribution" to his types, and a new employment for his black-bill. (Cheers and laughter.) Daniel, if you are a judge, the Pope's no Christian;—(cheers)—and I will pay you an annual rent the longest day I live, if you just go to Rome and honestly tell him so. (Cheers.) And I really think you should go, and let your very Rome be a good place for the study of painting; and as you have lately turned portrait-painter, and have exhibited great precocity of genius for the art, I think a little Roman finish would render you a Parliamentary Vandyke. (Cheers and laughter.) I have myself lately had the honour of your pencil, and, with the true dignity of a Milesian gentleman, you have given me as "a pale-faced, blank-looking, cunning-eyed cleric—with a countenance in which there is very little worth borrowing."—Well, believe me, Daniel, I'm glad of that last touch of your pencil, for it's little you would leave me that was at all worthy your "appropriation." (Roars of laughter.) You paint me "pale-faced;" I am glad you didn't draw me "white-livered." No, that I suspect is too much your own colour—(cheers and laughter)—a tinge in which you have greatly improved since your late jaunt to Belfast. (Loud cheers.) Daniel, I have such a pale face as God was pleased to give me—but thanks be to Him, it has never yet had cause to blush for my saying behind any man's back what I dared not utter to his face. (Tremendous cheering.) But to relieve this *tedium*, I shall tell you a story of Mr. O'Connell's mild and tolerant Queen Mary. (Hear, hear.) It was in her insidious reign that Calais was taken by France;—and when she was dying, she said to her attendants, "If you open me when I am dead, you will find 'Calais' written on my heart." Now, while I heartily wish Daniel O'Connell long life and good health, yet Daniel at last will die; and, when entombed in the appropriate retreat of "Bully's-acre," Michael Cullen, if yet you tread the puriens of Channel-row, you owe me an ancient kindness—and, when "clothed are the skies in black, and the winds howl horrible round the mausoleums of the dead," grab up the body of the defunct Daniel, and bear it for my sake, gently, to the Richmond Theatre of Anatomy; and let some curious hand, with a silver scalpel and hook, and tenaculum, carefully dissect Daniel's larger and smaller intestines, and you will, I will, witness, displayed the image of a "pale-faced" man—(cheers)—whose picture follows the charlatan, like the shadowy visions of the hypochondriac, pointing with steady finger to an unopened file of the *Ulster Times*, and repeating in the ear a convulsive conscience—"where, Daniel, where?" (Loud cheers.) My lord, I owe to your lordship, and to this vast and splendid assembly, a most profound apology, not merely for the length of this address, but for the pervading *egotism* with which it has been so largely occupied. [No, no,—go on.] And yet, I may not conclude, without a few words more relative to myself, and explanatory of the too prominent position, I felt it my duty to take. [No, you are in the right position.] My lord, I am thankful for the kindness that justifies so, but I am no less sensible, that the kindness is partiality. Now, my lord, I will say that, in common with many, I have been an attentive student of Mr. Daniel O'Connell. He is a mighty man. But long before he entered Parliament, as the wooden horse entered the walls of Troy, Mr. O'Connell had laid open to me the secret powers upon which he depended. The one I learned when, in the streets of Ennis, he knelt to a Papist Bishop—the other I learned when he registered a vow against two English Barons—which, if he don't remember, I have not forgot. The first I did not dread, for Babylon is doomed to fall—the second I did not fear, simply because God had shown it me; and I therefore have waited till opportunity and duty should meet

in leading me to the encounter, and which, I very believed, not I but God and truth would utterly cast her down—[cheers]—I believed in the fact—I, in some degree, mistook the means. Mr. O'Connell has been unseated by me—but he has fallen an intellectual and political suicide by the blow of his own hand.—[Loud cheering, and cries of "Hear, hear!"] The moment, my Lord, my daughter's visit was threatened against the fact, my duty on the occasion became matter of solemn prayer to Him who can employ the "weak to confound the mighty." And though the world was pleased to congratulate, my secret purpose rested in my own breast, breathed to none but to God; and it was not till I saw my duty in what I judged the leadings of Providence, terminating with the expressed men of God, that I finally determined to meet the giant, who has so often and so loudly defied the armies of the living God. [Cheers.] I did believe, my Lord, whatever others may say, I did believe that in 1841, I saw the fearful shadow of 1641. [Hear, hear, hear.] I saw the circumstances merely so far changed, that in 1641 physical force marched in the van of rebellion and massacre; but, in 1841, intellect and eloquence, enlisted in argument, passion, advanced in the front to mark and to cover the rest, the physical force that fearfully gathered behind. (Hear, hear, hear.) I judged that the terrible movement to lie in pretended appeals to reason, interests, and facts. And I said, in my heart, shall we see the "sword coming," and will no man give warning, and "grapple with it ere it come too nigh?" (Hear, hear, hear.) I did believe, my lord, and I do still believe, that this mighty conspiracy may, under Providence, be met, and averted—therefore did I, all unworthily, take one step in advance to meet it. My fellow-protestants will pardon my presumption, for I know my own heart, it proceeded not from vanity, but from love. (Hear, hear, and loud cheering.) I did not miscalculate when I counted on Mr. O'Connell's abuse—may, as God is my judge, I did know I was "taking my life in my hand," but I did also calculate that my life was in the hands of Him that gave it, and that if one hair of my head was molested, or one drop of my blood spilled—were my children left fatherless, and my wife a widow—yet would the event be overruled to unite more closely all true Protestant hearts, and that the loss of one humble and worthless man might still be the salvation of our church and our country. (Loud and vehement cheering.) I may not, my lord, overlook the newspaper statement, that Mr. O'Connell has challenged me to twenty-six hours of a discussion upon civil and religious liberty. I take him at his word. (Tremendous cheers.) The time, the place I leave to himself, but London and Exeter Hall I take to be the best—(loud cries of hear, hear)—and I claim but one condition—the issue of half the tickets. (Cheers.) And never, by the blessing of God, since truth tore the cloak of hypocrisy, did man stand for such a stripping as awaits you, Daniel O'Connell. (Vehement cheering.) This is no bragadocio, my lord; it is the certainty of the aid of Heaven against the doomed apostasy; it is the consciousness of the truth that lies enshrined within our Bibles and our Churches—(hear, hear, hear, and loud cheers)—it is the knowledge of the falsehoods and the tyrannies that lie enshrined in the tomes of the Vatican, from which we are preserved in our Protestant liberties, only as we are preserved in the presence of the forerunner of the just, as he passed before us, and measures us, behind the iron of his cage, and in time and inoffensive, simply, because he is imprisoned. (Vehement cheering.) Oh! for these wanted twenty-six hours, in which his deluded followers are beginning to boast—that Heaven might, in mercy, permit me to exhibit O'Connell as he is in heart—the genius of knavery, and the apostle of rebellion. (Hear, hear, hear, and tremendous cheering.) There is another gentleman who has figured here, and whom I should have left "alone in his glory;" but that, like other cast-off habiliments "being of no use to the owner," Mr. O'Connell has been pleased to make him a present to Belfast. This gentleman rejoices in the name of Mr. Dillon Brown. (Cheers and laughter.) I know Daniel can well start with him—let him, however, first take the opinion of some folks about the lobby, a knowing laugh from the M.P.'s. Mr. O'Connell comprehends me. Yes, and let Mr. O'Connell send him to one of David Hone's admirable training-schools in Galway, where they "teast" something more than letters and manners, where—Mr. O'Connell understands me—they go one step higher, and then we shall consider of accepting or rejecting his present. (Loud cheers.) There is another aspirant for reforming fame, whom it were the grossest injustice to pass over unnoticed. Mr. Henry Grattan, who cut so great a figure in the "great" demonstration lately enacted in Dublin. (Hear, hear, hear.) For one act, on this solemn occasion, one shadow he owes to the furnish of the march of "coming events," I know Daniel can well start with him—let him, however, first take the opinion of some folks about the lobby, a knowing laugh from the M.P.'s. Mr. O'Connell comprehends me. 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