

Hear Him! Hear Him!

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

RIGHT HON. JOHN FOSTER.

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BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Esq.

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Cognatasque urbes olim, populosque propinquos,  
Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,  
Atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque  
Trojam animis : maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.

VIRG. ÆN. 3.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento :  
Hæ tibi erunt artes ; pacisque imponere mores,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

ÆN. 6.

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1799.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTOS.

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Kindred states and neighbouring nations, formerly connected, having the same common founder with the same attendant fortunes, these we will consolidate, making them one and the same people in heart and mind ; let this union be transmitted to posterity.

Remember to govern the people *imperially*: let these be your politics ; to establish peace and order, to spare those who have submitted, and to pull down the proud.

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## P R E F A C E.

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AFTER the discussion of a subject that has employed the pens of so many distinguished writers, I cannot flatter myself that I have been able to produce much novelty. The same ideas, I am sensible, may have been anticipated by others; I may have mistaken memory for originality, and treated the question with an asperity not calculated, perhaps, to ensure admirers: but it never was my custom to give up the expression of intelligible truth, for the dealing out of a thousand fine sentences, framed only to impose by their speciousness, and seduce by parade. Such arts I treat as I do a falsehood, and would consign them to the same contempt. Of all politicians, the flattering and sophistical

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cal are the most to be despised, and at the same time the most to be guarded against. I respect the man who shall speak out, regardless of danger, and fearing only that he doth not utter a language strong enough to be heard and attended to. Such I consider as true *Independence*, not that other which assumes its name, and artfully and arrogantly passes for it.

For the Speaker, as well in his individual as in his political character, I entertain a great respect: but infallibility belongs to no man. The work of so able a writer had required a fuller answer than the limits of these sheets would have allowed, and one far more copious and systematic yet lies on my table. Should the present work be favourably received, it is possible I may gather up my papers, and arrange them into another publication: and in that event I request the public will consider such work as but a concatenation of the general argument. One thing should be observed: while the purity of  
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the British Constitution is respected and admired by all men, to a full understanding of the question of Union, that Constitution, *as administered in Ireland*, must be severely and unflatteringly viewed. To enable us to correct it, we must view it both as it stands and as it ought to stand; not partially and by piece-meal, but undetached and entire: *the whole should be taken together*. The existing state of the people should be compared with the constitution, and that again compared with the existing state of the people. The times themselves, with all their bearings and circumstances, must be taken into the account. In morals, and still more in politics, a thing may abstractedly be wrong, yet in its relative application may be right; and offered as a mean of preventing a real evil, it then becomes a duty to perform. Pride, being a passion, and the most delusive of all passions, is an intruder, and therefore should have no voice: wisdom alone is competent to decide whether Ireland shall be disenchantèd of the spectre,  
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that like a night-mare has oppressed her virtue. That wisdom has not yet been resorted to; and the grand question yet remains for the talents and the integrity of the country to determine.

The Speaker's name appears to his Book, and I have fairly put mine to this: the coward only fights in a mask; and should these Papers receive an anonymous Answer, I certainly shall not vouchsafe to notice it.

A LETTER,

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## LETTER, &c.

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SIR,

AMONG the hecatomb of pamphlets lately offered to the genius of Union, the Speech of the Right Hon. John Foster has not been the least worthy or deserving of acceptance. This is all that I think necessary to observe by way of apology for obtruding myself on the public notice, after the subject has been so amply and so ably treated by others. You, Sir, stand on high ground; nothing that you speak, nothing that you write, comes with indifference to the world. I claim no such pre-eminence: but the very distinction you possess, and the esteem you are held in, are powerful motives with me for not allowing your pamphlet to pass unnoticed: at the same time I should not think I deserved well of my country, were I to sit down a silent spectator of the mischiefs which I frankly own your well-written, and, I trust, well-intended speech seems calculated to produce.

One gentleman, indeed, whose talents are as superior to mine, as yours, Sir, are superior to those of common men, has in a strain of excellent eloquence and acuteness, combated the whole of your book. With that gentleman I enter into no competition, and even hesitate to glean after him the leafings of the harvest he has reaped, having no hope

to ensure attention but from the consequence of the character I have the honor to address, and the great importance of the subject before us. How you will be able to set aside the arguments employed by the learned author of the "Review" of your speech, I know not; though should you condescend to notice so obscure a writer as myself, I have not the vanity to suppose that you may not repel with ease any observations that I, Sir, am capable of making. For notwithstanding Mr. Smith has anticipated me in most of the points in your speech that immediately required refutation, something he has left for others to observe on, or touched them only with a light hand, as thinking them perhaps of inferior regard.

It may be said, in the language of the turf, that I come at the heel of the hunt: I do not deny it: I respected the talents of others more than I did my own, and the magnitude of the subject, I confess, deterred me from an undertaking to which I felt myself unequal. *Late* as it is, even now I should not appear in the field, had Mr. Smith not stood alone in the combat with so experienced an adversary, or had any other gentleman \* seconded his very able and patriotic efforts. I waited in silent hope that some writer more competent than myself, would break a lance with you: And if I am late in entering the lists, the delay can be injurious to none so much as to myself.

The grand mistake you seem to have led your readers into is, that the removal of the Irish Parliament to London would be a surrender of its independence, as established in the year 1782. If your position were allowed you, there would be an end of

\* After I had written the above, Doctor Clarke's admirable pamphlet on the Union was put into my hand. Whether it was composed with an eye to the Speaker's pamphlet, I will not determine: but I should suppose not: by a close attention to that excellent work, it looks as if it had been written before Mr Foster's speech had been published, and was afterwards adapted to answer his commercial statements.

of the argument, and the *expedience* of its removal would be the only question between us. On that expedience, however, I shall certainly say a few words in their proper place. In the mean while I cannot allow your position, that the removal of the Irish Parliament to London would be a surrender of its independence. *Δος μοι την σπονιν*, said the philosopher, give me room to stand on, and I will move the world: but the philosopher failed; the room he wanted he could not find, and the world has not yet been moved. Neither the premises you have laid down, nor the conclusions you have drawn, have convinced me that Ireland would lose the smallest portion of her independence, were her Legislature at this moment incorporated with that of Great Britain. On the contrary, Sir, the very arguments you employ to shew the extinction and annihilation of her independence in the United Parliament, are to me so many proofs that she enjoys no present independence whatever, and that an Union will give her that complete independence she now wants to make her great and respectable. I shall proceed to examine the question.

In treating this subject, two things, I apprehend, and two only, are at present necessary to be considered. First, and principally, whether Ireland *is* an independent nation? Secondly, supposing her to be that independent nation, whether such her independence would be destroyed by an Union? On these I conceive much of the present question will be found to turn: for, as I said before, I am not now speaking to the *expedience* of the measure.

To the first, notwithstanding the parchment-roll of eighty-two, I take upon me to say in the most unqualified terms, that Ireland is *not* independent, or that she is independent in *form* only. *Substantially* she is, and ever must be, dependent on England: An Union only, or a total disjunction, can at any time make

her otherwise. I care not whom I startle, or whom I offend by such language. These are not times to disguise truth, or compliment the great, still less to flatter nations into a dangerous security. Perhaps it is not one of the worst evils that afflict Ireland, that while she possesses the ceremony of independence, she mistakes the pageant for the triumph, and proudly imagines that she enjoys supremacy. It is that pride which at once deceives and destroys her;—an enemy the more dangerous because delusive, and inspiring a false confidence. As a nation capable of exercising the functions of sovereign government, and arbitrating for herself independent of England, Ireland is just as dependent at this day as she was at any one period previous to the year 1782. In my opinion, Sir, Ireland may date her complete dependence on Great Britain, the very day she set up for herself: the expences of her acquired constitution, to which she ought to have known that she was unequal; the inconsistencies of her new heterogeneous government, that stared her in the face, had she been willing to look at them; and above all, an encreased aristocracy of influence and corruption, which she ought to have foreseen, having rendered her at this moment the most dependent and subservient nation in the world. And as if nothing should be wanting to make that dependence sure, an English Parliament—perhaps necessarily so—elected by Englishmen, and forming as it were a pale of its own, to the exclusion of the original inheritors of the land, sits *constitutionally* in Dublin, to deliberate and determine on the general interests of England. Sir, it is England sitting in Ireland, as after Union it will be Ireland sitting in England. IRELAND has no Parliament: it is impossible she should: Ireland is the only nation in the universe that has not a *people*. She has a parcelled, disunited populace, but she has no *people*. Her multitude are a compound of Saffinaghs and Meri Hibernici,

Hebernici, of Anglo-Irish and Ierno-English, of a champignon Protestant aristocracy, and an ab-origi-  
 nal Catholic poor, tamed, trampled, crushed. This, Sir, is the constitution that you call *independent*, but  
 which a philosopher contemplates with very different eyes. As Ireland has no people, so she can have no Par-  
 liament, much less an *independent* one. The multi-  
 tude know it, they do not want to be told it: they  
 know it by the best test in the world; they know it  
 by their *feelings*, which cannot deceive them. They  
 feel they are at this moment just as dependent on an  
 English Parliament sitting in Ireland, the Parliament  
 that deceived them into independence, as they were on  
 the will of their first master, Henry, to whom they  
 submitted. The people—if a people they be—do  
 not acknowledge your Parliament, neither can they  
 acknowledge it, so long as they are excluded from its  
 pale and participation. Call it by what name you  
 please, the dependence of Ireland is not changed; it  
 remains the very same, as well because the native is  
 neither represented, nor sits in what he is told is his  
 own Parliament, as because that native *depends* on the  
 very Parliament which excludes him; which Parlia-  
 ment again depends on the country that had ravished  
 his territory from him—his dependence *in eodem tertio*,  
 thus sticking to him, like a burning shirt, century after  
 century,—as because that “Glorious Independence”  
 creates ascendancy, and enriches his oppressors by mak-  
 ing him *poor indeed!* Impoverished and made the pro-  
 perty of every new master, and transferred like the other  
 live-stock of his country—he hath no interest in an  
 airy unsubstantial independence, or substantial only to  
 those whom it furnishes with the means of the basest  
 ambition and foulest intrigues, not less destructive of  
 morals and good Government, than inconsistent with  
 the pride and the dignity of an *Independent* nation.

Were Ireland independent in any thing but in name,  
 she might do many things she is now incapable of  
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performing. For instance, she might sanction her own bills, without *modifying* the matter, or beseeching England to become the arbiters of her laws, by clapping her own Great Seal to the back of them.— This sealing, indeed, of Irish dependence you stile a mere “ theoretic difference in the two constitutions;” p. 24. which you explain by saying, that it “ renders our constitution inferior.” But then, conscious that you had disclosed a severe truth, this inferiority you affirm, “ is not injurious to us, but necessary, and one we are content with.” *Ibid.*— Thus, Sir, by your own account of the matter, your free, your glorious independence begins in theory and ends in inferiority; as your inferiority concludes in necessity. Pray, Sir, what is this but saying, that Irish Independence partakes more of theory than of practice, of inferiority than of equality, of subordination than of sovereignty, and in addition to this, that humiliation is *necessary* to independence: and again, that with this humiliation high-minded Ireland is *content*? I confess my total inability to put any other meaning on your words; and excepting the “ content” you so graciously give us, your argument, it is presumed, has made a full surrender of the question. So far, however, from Ireland being *content* with her pseudo-independence, (though perhaps her *Parliament* is, because it may find its account in it) it appears that her weak and abasing dependence is the true and only source of her *discontent*, which it is now the object of Great Britain to remove. This discontent must either continue and encrease under her independence, or by an union of affection and interest, more than of legislatures, be extinguished in a perfect equality of rights and power.

Sir, you know very well that under your favourite settlement of 1782, the minister of Ireland is cast into the back ground, and blotted as it were from your code, while the minister of England assumes the whole respon-

responsibility, not a very enviable one I will allow, of your laws; thus throwing you at once into the arms of England, on whom your independence is made to depend for the legalization of its legislative acts. Not a bill issues from your two Houses of Parliament that the British minister may not arrest in its progress to the throne, and in the Alderman's phrase, *cushion* it altogether. He has only to say that he does not like it, that he deems it injurious, or dangerous, or that it may affect his own life, of which you may be sure he will take very good care. This power, I shall be told, will never be improperly exercised: but that, Sir, is a begging of the question, and proves your dependence just as much as if it were exercised never so injuriously. Yet this controlling power in the *British* minister, by the operation of a little state-logic "confirms the freedom and independence of the *Irish* Parliament." p. 24. Your argument, I apprehend, would have come with a better grace, had you stated it thus: "It is not probable the British minister will ever bring the question to the cushion; for as the constitution has made him the responsible, so will he take care to make himself the political father of Irish bills: to reject, therefore, or cast them off when they are brought home, would be a virtual illegitimizing of his own offspring, or at least the denying to his *infants* (for as yet, Sir, you see they cannot speak) the benefit of parental protection." Had you put your argument somewhat in this shape, you might have shown that it was not very likely the British Minister would bastardise his Irish bantlings.

In the next page indeed you change your note, and there your argument borrows the very inconsistencies it defends. This *veto*, or if you will, this responsibility of the British Minister, you entitle, for you could not avoid allowing it, "the power of the British Parliament extending to the controul of the Irish Parliament."

liament." Now, your *final adjustment*, we were taught to believe, had destroyed the controlling power of the British Parliament over the Irish Parliament: but here you tell us that it had not. It "extends," you say, "to the controul of the third estate of the Irish Parliament;" that is, as you chuse to phrase it, "a controul on the King's naked power of assent only."—No matter: it *is* a controul: it is *British* controul over *Irish* independence, and that is all I contend for: and whether the British Minister individually, or the British Parliament collectively, or the King as one branch of that Parliament, exercises this discretionary controul, is immaterial to the question. Where there is controul, there must be dependence: it is the natural order of things, which no political circumstances can alter or evade. Dependent you are: and it is ridiculous to say you are independent, while you cannot give life to your own laws, but depend on your neighbour to animate their dead letter.

Nor is this all. Every circumstance attending your constitution, speaks the dependence of Ireland more forcibly than language can express it. Do you not at this moment depend on Great Britain for resources, for revenue, for troops? No: such dependence you will perhaps tell me is Ireland's "security and effectual pledge, confirming," as you said of the Great Seal of England, her "freedom and independence." p. 24 and 25. But let me ask you, Sir, What armies of her own can Ireland lead into the field? much less, where, I beseech you, resides her power to controul or direct them? Is that a confirmation of Irish Independence? What navies can she launch, either to conquer or to defend? She has harbours, but where are her ships of war to fill them? Go seek them in the East and in the West, from the Equator to the Pole, and you shall not find them. She has a Court  
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of Admiralty, but where is her maritime dominion? She has spirit, but where are her sinews? What ambassadors has she, or what ambassadors ever had she? or what ambassadors can she have, or *ought* she to have, independent of England? What country either does acknowledge, or would acknowledge her ambassadors? What state sends any to "Independent Ireland"? or if any one could be found, in what manner shall they be received? I venture to assert, that were your Parliament either to send out, or to entertain an ambassador, in a diplomatic character, independent of Great Britain, it would be guilty of High-treason, although perhaps no law might be able to reach it. *Under her present constitution*, what power does she possess either to form new alliances, or to preserve old ones? And what treaties offensive or defensive, of war or of peace, can she either make or maintain? Must she not go to war, when England chuses to go to war? Must she not make peace when England chuses to make peace? And yet by a fatality doomed to cross her "Glorious Independence" at every turn, and expose her to national absurdity—Ireland

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\* The "act for regulating the high Court of Admiralty in this kingdom," 23 Geo. III. chap. 14. assumes an odd sort of power. This act declares, "That all treasons, felonies, robberies, murders and confederacies thereafter to be committed in or upon the sea, or in any river, creek, or place, where the Admiral or Admirals have or pretend to have power, authority, or jurisdiction," &c. So conscious was Ireland when she framed this act, that she possessed no maritime jurisdiction of her own, that she could not have mentioned *Irish* Admirals without legalizing a lye, and making an act of Parliament to assert a falshood: nor could she have mentioned *British* Admirals, without acknowledging the independence she had just been shaking off. Of the two evils she chose neither, but adopted a blunder, as she had before adopted independence. As the act stands, her maritime jurisdiction, under the loose and general words *Admiral* and *Admirals*, extends neither to British Admirals nor to Irish Admirals, but to certain amphibious Admirals between both and neither, and just as likely to be French Admirals, or Spanish Admirals, as British or Irish: and then the sea and the river, the creek and the place, may be the seas, rivers, creeks and places of France, or of Spain, countries with which England, but not Ireland, is at war; or they may be the seas, rivers, creeks and places of Great Britain herself, of whom indeed Ireland is independent, but whose jurisdiction by this act she has usurped and assumed to herself. There is indeed one qualifying word in the act sufficiently modest, to relict the jurisdiction to Ireland; I mean the word *pretend*, as her Admirals it seems only *pretend* to have power.

land can make neither peace nor war, ready enough as she is, without contributing her quatum, to avail herself of imperial advantages, and then attribute those advantages to the independence she affects; as if she disdained or was not indebted to the wealth and the protection of that country which at once enriches and defends her. Tell me not, Sir, that peace and war are regal prerogatives, and that the King of England is the King of Ireland.\* I know it: but if you use that

\* But the converse is not true, that the King of Ireland is the King of England. It is in virtue of his being King of England, that the Elector of Hanover is King of Ireland: and so true is this, that the Parliament of England *only* is competent to alter or to settle the succession: Ireland possesses no power of the sort: and well for the two countries, that she does not.— Were this power inherent in her, she might give a King to England; and thus absurdity multiplies on absurdity, and each rises higher than that which went before. Such is the nature of Irish Independence! This argument again applies to the case of the regency, with which Ireland has no concern whatever, and therefore it had been as inconsistent in her to make an act that should appoint one of her own authority, as to make an act to adopt that which the British Legislature might give her. She must *accept* the British regent whether she makes, or does not make, an act for that purpose, or even makes one to reject such regent altogether. In a word, the King of England is independent of the King of Ireland, but the King of Ireland is not therefore independent of the King of England. The King of Ireland cannot make war or peace: The *Jus Gladii*, the power of war and peace, does not belong to him; it is unknown to the Irish Constitution: it is not found in the list of *Irish prerogatives*: no Irish statute that I know has conferred it, nor yet the *final adjustment*: neither could any statute or adjustment confer prerogative, which is a *præ-rogave*, that precedes all law, and therefore no law can give it; and for the same reason no law can diminish or take it away: Nor would it be for the interest of the subject that it could; for every diminution of the regal power in war or peace is an infringement on the real liberties of the people. The *Jus Gladii* is constitutionally lodged in the King of England, nor could the King of England delegate that power to the King of Ireland: the imperiality cannot pass over, or abate. By the 24th of Hen. 8th, the supreme power is lodged in the Kings of *England*, not the Kings of *Ireland*, though the act of annexation hath appended this kingdom to the Crown of England, but no act has appended the kingdom of England to the Crown of Ireland. And by various acts the Crown of England has been declared an *imperial* Crown, without condescending to notice this unfortunate country; proving that this imperial right, and others of the same nature, belong to the Kings of England *only*: and this right is very properly lodged in the Crown, uncontroled by Parliament, even by an Irish one. The King by statute (8th Hen. 7th) is the guardian and conservator of the laws: and if the power of war and peace, which best maintain the laws and secure the subject, belonged exclusively to the two Houses of Parliament, how could the King protect the subject, whom it is his duty, as formerly it was his oath, to defend? For this reason, were the people to make war without the King, it would be treason, because such war might lead to the subversion of the Crown: but the Crown may make war without the People, because the end of war is peace,  
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argument, I shall answer you with your own pen, "Unfortunate would it be for us, if Ireland was held by a connexion of the *King only*." p. 26. Let us, then, hear no more of Ireland's independence: shew it me, if you can, in any thing but in name, and I will give up the question.

My ideas of independence seem to be very different from yours. That nation only I consider independent, which is not accountable to any other for its conduct; which has the power not only of administering uncontrouled its own concerns, be they never so hostile to the interests, or treaties, or alliances of other nations; but of acting for itself in all imperial matters whatever in every court in every corner of the world, of punishing the breach of engagements, and chastising too any power that shall presume to interfere with its public or its private measures. Any independence short of this I hold in contempt. It is an impotent independence, a mockery that misleads, and insults, and betrays the unhappy nation that ambition and cabal have made the instrument of their lusts and corruptions.

The second thing to be considered is, whether an Union would destroy the independence of Ireland? If the independence of Ireland be such as I have described

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and these relations may best secure the public safety. And indeed Parliaments have been extremely cautious now they meddled with this truly royal prerogative, though to the power of an Irish Parliament what presumptuous hand shall prescribe the bound? In the circumstance of peace, where Parliaments have confirmed leagues and alliances, they were not leagues and alliances because they were confirmed, but were confirmed because they were leagues and alliances. Where statutes have encroached on the King's prerogative, such acts have often been repealed by Parliament itself, and by the very Parliament that made them, as was the case with the 15th of Edward 3d. The King of Ireland, like independent Ireland, is unknown to the law of Europe; no such person, no such nation is recognised in any court or cabinet whatever. Ireland is merged, absorbed, and swallowed up in the British name and power. Ireland must be new modelled, I was going to say new *modified*, before she can be received as a state. In what then consist her dignity? and where shall we find her independence, if that independence be unacknowledged by the powers that surround her? From what has been said, it appears, as indeed it should, that the King of England, and not the King of Ireland, is the arbiter of war and peace; and the same reasoning will apply to all the other prerogatives. Ireland is a conquest, and her children a colony.

scribed it, the question I presume answers itself, and we shall have no difference on the subject. But for the sake of argument, I am ready to take the word *independence* in its most unlimited sense, and then I answer, an Union would *not* destroy it. Ireland, after such Union, would be just as independent as she is now. She would still be represented by her own Parliament, returned by herself, and legislating for her; not “merging” (p. 61.) as you call it, or *drowning* in the British Parliament, but sitting in the United Parliament of the Empire, and forming, according to her extent and population, her wealth and her importance, a portion of the grand Imperial Legislature. None, I apprehend, would *merge* but needy adventurers and empty expectants: the respectable and the wealthy would find their level: they would make the interest of the nation *theirs*, not their own the interest of the nation. The British constitution, as now administered in Ireland, is not fitted for this ill-conditioned country, where the intercourse between the representative and the represented is almost none at all, and of course their reciprocal interests but few. In England, indeed, where a community of intercourse makes the necessities of the nation better understood, where the representation is more mixed and generally extensive, and where every man has an interest in the state, the representative will more zealously guard that interest, as well because it is his own, as because he can have no views different from his constituents. Thus after incorporation, you will in reality be more independent, because your representation, which should be your best independence, will approach nearer to the perfection of the British constitution, whose *vital* administration in Ireland six centuries have shown to be impossible; neither the people, whose interests are at discord with themselves, nor their political relations and habits, nor yet the craving corruption of the representative, who,

who regards his constituents in proportion only as he finds his account in them, \* permitting a better order of things. In fact, Sir, the causes of your national misfortunes are deep and many, and as long as these causes continue, the very same effects will flow from them. Ambition and cabal, with all their attendant mischiefs of trucking intrigues, bribes, jobbs, &c. must be extinguished. It is time they were put an end to. The evil *must* be removed; one convulsion has not been able to effect it: another effort, not of the people, but of the crown, whose care extends to every part of the empire, may accomplish this great and desirable object, and England at last may do that for Ireland, which Ireland has proved she cannot do for herself.

Had I not shown it would be for the real interest of Ireland, that her Parliament should be thrown open to men very different from those that usually compose it, I should say it is of little moment *where* it resides. In the event of a Union, its place of assembling will certainly be changed; and the difference then will be this, instead of sitting on the West side of the channel, it will sit on the East. And trust me, Sir, the people of Ireland, whatever you may think of the matter, will not lament the removal of their *virtuous* Parliament. I have had frequent opportunities of learning the opinion of the lower orders on this subject: and the result is, that by all I can learn either from my own knowledge, or from the information of others, honest Paddy cares not a potatoe whether your bauble be deposited in Palace yard or in College-green, if we except an *excited* clamor in the county of Louth, and the *fomented* bigotry of the Cavan ascendancy.

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\* This is no exaggerated picture of Irish representation: it resembles the state of planter and slave, the former of whom has about as much regard for the latter as he has for his cattle, whose labor rewards him in the very moment that he *drives* and *scourges* them.

Many causes might be assigned for this political apathy in the people : but I know of none so true as the oppression they have suffered under your “ glorious independence.” Of these oppressions I shall say a little more in another place. But you and I, Sir, do not contemplate the object *independence* through the same medium. You who are in Parliament, where you enjoy vast emolument, vast influence, and vast patronage, consider the independence of *Parliament* as the independence of the *nation*. I, Sir, who am not in Parliament, who have neither place nor employment, nor ever asked for either, nor have expectations to be answered, whose fortunes are humble, whose influence of course but little, and whose patronage nothing, do not narrow my ideas to my own interest or my own convenience, but consider independence on a more enlarged and extended scale. I do not limit my notions of independence to a seat in Parliament, where I may speak for the good of my country, and the good of myself. That Parliament, be assured cannot be independent where the nation it represents is dependent : no verity is more true : but for this reason among others, whenever the Irish Parliament shall unite itself with the British, Ireland will be found just as independent as she is now. Her Union with a stronger power can neither depress nor degrade her ; nor do I know that any circumstance or change can render her condition worse than it is at this moment, or make her more dependent than her own constitution has done. Possibly indeed, after this “ accursed Union,” p. 34, she may take a new spring ; in the language of the law, she may *suffer a recovery*, and by one great effort shake off her wretchedness and dependence. Your *Parliament*, I grant, like the brass of Corinth, in the fusion of whose metals consisted its value, may be melted in the imperial : but *Ireland*, for it is Ireland alone I am now considering, cannot lose what she

she never possessed, though possibly she may gain something by the change. Neither should your Parliament regret its mutation any more than the Chrysalis, when it shuffles off the coil that kept it to the earth, and takes wing, laments that it has become a *Soul*, the *Psyche* of the air, and expatiates and rejoices in the fields of freedom and light.

A wise man disregards forms: he will respect them only so far as they preserve the substance of something that he values. To place his value on the form, without possessing the substance he would preserve, argues no great token of wisdom. I should not expect to find much profundity of politics in such a man. What sensible or well-informed person will say that Ireland has been governed at any period of her history, and least of all since the establishment of her new constitution, without British influence, by which I mean a *preponderant but necessary controul*? Look back to the year 1767, and you will find that the corrupt intrigues and aspiring ambition of the Irish aristocracy of *that day*—a knot that was to be broken, or the business of government must have stood still—had so embarrassed the executive, that it was found necessary to send a Vice-roy into Ireland, who should *reside* among you, and by an exertion of a new fort destroy the hydra:—As another hydra yet more formidable, because more corrupt and more ambitious, now stands between the people and their common father, that stretches out his parental hand to snatch them from the jaws of this devouring beast, whose totality of heads

*Ense rescidendum est, ne pars sincera trabatur,*

must be lopped, not one by one, that the first may grow again, before the last shall be cut away; but severed at a blow, with the sword of Hercules.

*Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?*

*Hinc illæ lachrymæ,* hence the tears and lamentations  
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of aristocracy, of that virtuous knot who have been both the remote and the immediate authors of the "accursed Union," which their own wickedness has brought down on their own heads. But be this as it may, it is to England that Ireland owes her strength; to independence, her weakness; her strength as connected, her weakness as a separate state acted upon, but unable to act for itself. Influence is at once the essence of her existence and bane of her constitution; like strong liquors to some men, whose stimulus preserves life while it debilitates the body. It is influence that permits her to live, that animates her counsels, that invigorates her laws; that gives shape to her independence, "if shape it may be called," that has no body, *Magni nominis umbra!* No man knows better than yourself, for no man has had more experience of its truth, that to secure the connection, and even the independence you assert, British counsels *must* predominate. But if they predominate, you cannot be independent. After Union, British predominance will continue to controul; but it cannot controul Ireland more than it has always, but necessarily done, neither would it be for the interest of the empire that it should. To say, therefore, that Union would destroy independence, is to say, that the closer the connection, the less secure and independent you will be; and that British influence will destroy you in London, but cannot destroy you in Dublin, like certain poisons, that lose their effects by transplantation. I believe, Sir, though you and I differ in some points, there is one thing in which we shall both agree, that British influence has always been necessary to the sustaining the government of Ireland; and our only difference on the subject will be to settle the *quantum* of this article, necessary for conducting the future government of the united kingdoms.

The bill of regency that gave occasion to the speech on which I have the honour to comment, I do sincerely think,

think, and I trust I shall prove it too, was as unlucky an instance of Irish independence as could well have been chosen for the purpose. In my opinion that bill furnished the most irrefragable arguments to prove the complete dependence of this country on Great Britain; and at the same time to show not only the necessity that your Parliament should be removed, but that its removal would not change the nature of Irish independence. I say nothing of the ill-timing of such bill, which could answer no good purpose whatever either to its introducers or to the country. It was evidently brought forward to embarrass the Minister, and as such gave birth to the debate that furnished you with an opportunity of speaking in committee against the question of Union, your office of Speaker being a sort of political Anti-phrasis, by which a man is called *Speaker*, *à non loquendo*, because he never speaks at all, but is condemned to hear what others speak—

Like sad Prometheus, fasten'd to the rock,  
In vain he looks with pity at the clock.

Like Atlas, you found a Hercules that relieved you for a day from the *world* of fatigue your place gives you: but the able, and masterly, and very eloquent arguments of Lord Castlereagh against the principle of your bill, have not yet, I understand, received an answer; and I do presume never will, for the best reason in the world. I shall follow them, however, at an humble distance, with some general observations of my own; but which coming as a sort of reply to your speech, may not be improper in this place.

No man can foresee the moment that the appointment of a Regent may become necessary. Were the present that moment, who will say, in the humor that some men are in, what would be the consequence? And yet should such necessity arise, the interposition

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of the Irish Parliament would create an evil for which there existed no cure; or if any, your *Nostrum*, (I beg pardon for so indecorous a word, but you, Sir, have taught me the use of it) your preventative, your *pillula salutaria* would have been found worse than the disease it affected to remove. If we must be dosed, let the executioner do his office behind the scenes: Medea should not murder her children on the stage: make not that a tragedy, which was only a farce: your whole final settlement is a farce:—keep it out of sight: the less you touch, the less you tamper with it, the better. In the language of an eloquent writer, you have “wantonly and foolishly” (p. 17) provoked a discussion that could not serve you, and revived a question on which *true* patriotism had observed a becoming silence. That bill has proved what I believe it never intended to prove; that *one* empire with *two* Legislatures is a political absurdity, which like other absurdities, may have its day, but assuredly will correct itself. The wisest act of Parliament, though framed by the collective genius and legal talents of the whole kingdom, with Mr. Fitzgerald himself at its head, could not reach the evil. The bill lately brought into the House of Commons, had it passed into law, would have exposed both its framers to derision and the country to danger. Here is Ireland clamorously asserting independence, and as a proof of such asserted independence, and in order to establish it on a foundation that may not be shaken, this same Ireland, always consistent, passes an act that renounces for ever the independence for which she contends! Sir, such act had it passed, would have been the deliberate surrender of her independence to the supremacy of the British Parliament, whose right it acknowledged to legislate for her in one of her dearest privileges, a privilege one would think that a proud nation would not have parted with but with its last blood. It would have been a violation of the ad-  
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justment you had said was final; it would have proved that the arrangement of 1782 was not the *conclusive* settlement you were then asserting it to be, but that it required some *further* adjustment. In the very opinion of those very men who resist the Union on the perfection of the present establishment, it would have proved *that* constitution to be weak and incomplete; it would have substantiated the plea of your dependence, it would have *recorded* that dependence, and furnished the friends of Union with the fullest argument against your immutable settlement. It would have been to Ireland the total renunciation of her own free agency, the extinction of her right and capacity either to chuse for herself, or to regulate the choice of others: it would have proved out of her own mouth, *ex ore suo*, that she had not the virtue in herself, but that she depends on the very authority she denies, and whose Union she terms usurpation, for that executive which she truly tells you she is incapable of giving to her farraginous government. Independent Ireland had not only bound herself not to have a King of her own choice, nor to retain him that should be chosen for her longer than the people of another country shall think proper, but by this bill she was transmitting and perpetuating her dependence as far as it could go. A Regent, like a King, was not only to be given her at discretion, but liable to be resumed at the will of the donor, England still determining for her, with Ireland's bill of Regency in one hand, and her own *Durante bene placito* in the other.

And while this bill could not give an executive, it would have taken from it the first perhaps of its prerogatives, and eclipsed a jewel as fair and valuable as any that beam in the diadem of majesty. Sir, you know very well that the prerogatives of the Crown are acknowledged and defined: no act of Parliament, not even an Irish act of Parliament, nor yet an English

lish act of Parliament, no, Sir, not the King himself, hath the power to alter, or impair, or alienate any part of them. Yet the act we were threatened with would have wrested from the sovereign with one violent wrench the power vested in him by the constitution of nominating his own regent for this suffering and dependent country—suffering *because* she is dependent, because she turns—like the humble flower that imitates and moves with the parent sun from whence it draws its name and its nurture—turns for support—*must* turn to that power to which she owes her existence and her glory—a glory I had nearly said, that but lives out its season, and perishes. The King, Sir, for it is only an Irish bill that will dispute his authority, might see good and sufficient reasons to appoint the Prince of Wales his Regent of England, and Mr. Fitzgerald his Regent of Ireland, and *è converso*, or each alternately, as circumstances might suit, the Parliament of England, *not of Ireland*, limiting or enlarging the respective functions of either. But Mr. Fitzgerald's bill cut the matter short; for as the bill stood, or rather as the act *would* have stood, that gentleman might have said to the King, “ Sir, your Majesty shall not appoint me, James Fitzgerald, Regent of your kingdom of Ireland, though no other man possesses talents so well fitted to lead or to rule the storm. I defy you: I hold in my hand an *Irish act of Parliament* that bounds your prerogative, for it is the Regent of England I have made Regent of Ireland, and the Prince your son is the Regent of *both* kingdoms. I have tied you up: you cannot stir; you have put it out of your own power to appoint me; the Regent of England *shall* be Regent of Ireland. You have put your own great seal to your own disqualification; and though you have done wrong, this is neither the time nor the place to discuss that point, nor to reinstate you in the fundamental power you have renounced. I *will* not be your Regent of Ireland: I deny

deny your power to constitute me the Regent of Ireland, unless you will make the Prince give way, and constitute me also the Regent of England." The situation to be sure is ludicrous, but not impossible, though mortifying and humiliating to the country that is made the foot-ball of ambition and folly. Fortunately for England, fortunately for Ireland, the celebrated bill of this able statesman and lawyer did not pass the two Irish Houses. Had it passed, it would have reduced the British Minister to this bitter alternative: either he must have cushioned the bill, and thereby have silenced the Legislative authority of Ireland in the moment that she bellowed final adjustment and glorious independence, and thus have endangered the connection of the two kingdoms, held as they are at this perilous moment by a slight and precarious thread;—or, by affixing the great seal of England to the bill, have exposed himself to the danger of an impeachment, for suffering the regal prerogative to be invaded: and in either case, Ireland would have made herself to be "laughed to scorn, and had in derision of them that are round about her." At all events, wiser had it been in Ireland, particularly at a crisis like the present, had she not officiously stirred the question. While it remained dormant, it could do no mischief; and certainly the country owes very little to the agitators and disturbers of it. The result is, that the discussion of the subject has but rendered your dependence more familiar to the many than it was before, for thinking men did not require Mr. Fitzgerald to tell them you have independence without capacities, and power without the means of exertion. And at the same time it has proved, that an incorporation of the two Legislatures, which before the debate might have been deemed expedient merely or desirable, is now become a matter not of choice, but of necessity. I shall only add, that had the present bill of Regency been introduced in the year

1789, inconsistent as it would have been with the first adjustment, supposing that adjustment to have been final, and trenching too on the regal prerogative, I should have attributed more patriotism to the authors and framers of it. It comes with an ill grace, and in a most questionable shape indeed, when unnecessarily obtruded in the hour of jealousy and anger. The question naturally occurs, how came the patriotism of these men to sleep for *ten* years? and now that they are broad awake, is it patriotism or is it party that inflames their virtue?

It is scarcely necessary to go on proving what is now generally admitted: mankind, I think, are pretty much agreed, that Ireland possesses no direct or substantive independence; and none, I believe, but the stupid and the obstinate, persist in alledging that she does.— You, Sir, I am very certain, have long in your own mind given up the point, though I confess it requires no little fortitude to abjure the principles of the book we have once avowed. It is a sort of recantation of a man's political creed, which some men adhere to more devoutly than to the most religious system of faith. A wise man, however, will throw off his prejudices as he would other rusty habits, knowing as he does, that wilful perseverance in error “argues no great candor in reasoning.” p. 45. Wisdom is progressive; every day adds something to the stock of human knowledge; and he who revokes an error, only says I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday. Why men should be ashamed of wisdom and knowledge, I cannot tell; unless it be that pride sometimes gets the better of our understandings, and that, dreading the imputation of inconsistency, we are loth to acknowledge the impressions of truth. This reasoning, I am very certain cannot apply to you; and therefore, Sir, I take it for granted, that wishing to acquire every possible information on a subject that has engaged the passions and the interests of so many men, you have not  
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omitted to read two most invaluable pamphlets lately published on the Union, one entitled "Dean Tucker's Arguments," &c. ; The other, "The political and Commercial State of Ireland," &c. ; and both edited by the very learned Doctor Clarke. These pamphlets are well worth the serious attention of the followers of the house of Foster, because they overthrow *in toto* every single word you have written on the subject of Irish Commerce. I am not able to follow these admirable writers, one of whom I had the honor to know, as I should be proud of the acquaintance of the other ; but were I as complete master of the subject as either of these gentlemen, and as competent to discuss it, and were the advantages of commerce ten times more valuable than I believe them to be, I should still say that commerce in my opinion, forms no part of the question one way or the other, which, independent of every relative consideration, is simply this, "Is a Union necessary, or not?" That, Sir, is the whole of the question. The public mind should not be distracted by factions either against or in favour of this or of that kingdom : for the question is not, "What will Ireland gain, or what will she lose?" But, "Shall Ireland be saved by Union?" I am astonished to see a man of your unquestionable talents descending to counting-house calculations, that have just as much to do with the question as whether you rode an-airsing this morning on your black, or your grey horse. You have very properly told us, that as the final adjustment was *constitutional*, the propositions of 1785 were *commercial* only. You draw the line very judiciously ; but "it argues no great candor in reasoning," that you did not observe the same strict rule yourself. Commerce and Constitution are indeed distinct things, and you who knew the distinction so well, should not have confounded them.—Important, however, as commerce may be as an abstract proposition—and I desire you will not suppose that I under-  
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rate its value, it is not the question before us, and those who resort to it, *travel out of the record*. Commerce, Sir, is lost in the vastness and magnitude of Union! When the vessel is sinking, what man sits down to count the number of bales on board, or to calculate their worth at market? Were a man at such a moment to come to you, and say, "I'll prove to you by this paper in my hand, and as plain as two and two make four, that sink or swim, the balance of trade is in your favour," would you not suppose that the sense of danger had taken away his understanding? Or suppose a man's house were on fire, should he sit down in the midst of the flames, and think that the fittest moment to adjust his steward's accounts, what would be your opinion of such a man? But I beg pardon, if the last conflagration were at hand, and the whole world should burst in an earthquake of fire about the good and virtuous man, *justum et tenacem propositi virum*, his calmness would not forsake him, his justice and tenacity of purpose would carry him through every danger.

You had your free trade before you had your independence. Your independence most certainly did not give it you. You owe your unrestricted commerce less to your own exertions, though you tell us you *demand* it (a good encouraging word) than to the policy and protection of England, without any compact whatever, and your whole colonial trade, as I am informed, is entirely of her indulgence and bounty. If you have increased in commerce, you have but kept pace, or rather have *not* kept pace with the commerce of other nations, and with the unparalleled prosperity of Britain herself, who gives you those advantages, and permits them to you to her own great loss and injury. *From* her, and *through* her you acquired your commerce; *by* her you retain it; and *with* her you will not lose it, but will enjoy it in the same full extent with herself, when she shall make you  
*herself.*

*herself*. But in the present distractions which arm individuals with new pride and new power of subjugation, where splendor insults misery, and the haughty castle looks down with scorn on the wretched hut without its park-wall, and above that government which it at once embarrasses and overawes, the means of wealth, so far as they may be employed to create an invidious and barbarous distinction, will be cherished in proportion as they contribute to preserve the immense distance between the rich and the poor of this bleeding country, whose wounds commerce, in the hands of some men, but serves to blister and inflame. Where there is no middle class of men to continue the link of society, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the laws; where an arrogating power absorbs the wealth which commerce pours into the common stock—that wealth which should feed the indigent and reward the industrious—and afterward sets itself above the laws of its own creation, those who have an interest independent of the people, will not very readily surrender the advantages they enjoy, nor like to be put on an equality of rights and laws with those whom they have been long in the habit of abusing.— They will very naturally cling to the honey they have been gathering for themselves, (*sic vos, non nobis melificatis apes*) and preserve their sting for those who would disturb their security, or divide the spoil with them.— Better than such things should not have an end, that your whole commerce on the day of Union, were swept from the face of the ocean!—"Perish, Commerce!" so that we save Ireland—save her from her worst enemy—save her from *herself*!

"What!" I hear you say, "would you destroy our trade? would you destroy our Parliament?" No, Sir, but I would destroy the *trade of Parliament*.—Your trade I would retain; but your Parliament I would export: and when it shall be expatriated, should "the nation call on Almighty God to receive their  
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solemn thanks," p. 19, few, I apprehend, would agree with you that they were either "wanton or foolish." *Ibid.* God forbid I should say there was no virtue in your Parliament! I do not think so uncharitably of it. If any man suspects that I entertain a sentiment of this nature, he does me great wrong. I have the honor to know a great number in the assembly over which you preside, whose virtues I regard as I admire their talents, though it is my misfortune to differ from some of them on the present occasion. As individuals they have separately my respect, and not a few my particular esteem, which I should not bestow did I think them undeserving of it. When the poor Curate had repeatedly solicited preferment of his Dean and Chapter, and as repeatedly been promised it, but never obtained any; he invited his patrons to dine with him. His ability to entertain so many worthy friends not being very large, each sent before him a dish for his own dinner of what he liked best: one provided a calf's head, another a tithe-pig, a third the first fruits of an apple-pie, a fourth a dish of calipash, a fifth a carp stewed in claret, a sixth a green goose, &c. and the Dean not to be outdone, furnished an orange-pudding. These the curate tossed up into a hotch-potch, and then causing the Olla to be served in one great tureen, laid it on the middle of the table. One took a bit, another took a bit, a third took a bit, and they all took a bit, but none relished the entertainment. "Hey-day, Mr. Say-grace," says one of them, "What have we got here? Here's fish, and flesh, and soup, and roast, and boiled, and baked, and fried, and the Lord knows what, all cooked together!"—"It's a very good dish," returned the curate, isn't the dinner your own?" "Why, you impious, impudent heretic," cried one and all—"Where's my calf's head?—where's my calipash?—where's my stewed carp?—where's my green goose?—and where's my orange-pudding?" roared the Dean from the top of  
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the table. "In truth," replied the honest Curate, "there they are:—an exact emblem of yourselves: separately you are very good fellows, but the devil all together."

The legislators of my country I respect: I should not be a good member of the state, if I did not: but as a House of Commons speaking the legitimate voice of Ireland, or representing the entire body of the people, whose organ it ought to be, and embracing the unqualified interests of the whole, with a power equal to its disposition to serve that whole:—as a branch of the Legislature competent to manage the local and separate interests of this kingdom, and at the same time to unite those interests with the more general and enlarged interests of the empire;—in fact, as a Parliament capable of guiding the state-machine with a steady hand, and in perfect consent with the Legislature of Great Britain—I do most explicitly declare my thorough doubts of its sufficiency. And, Sir, I do farther say, that were their sufficiency as perfect and capable as it ought, it would be an absolute impossibility to work the two machines in separate accord and independent unison. I deliver not this in the spirit of party: I write it with concern that things *cannot* be better managed. The fault lies deeper than your Parliament: they cannot help it: they would make it better if they could: but while your constitution continues in its present form, as sure as causes produce their effects, things will continue the very same. Your present constitution did not rise out of the revolution of 1688: the benefits of that constitution never flowed to Ireland. The revolution of that day, as it affected this country, was a constitution of exclusions and proscriptions: what has since been accomplished for the relief of the country, has been grudgingly done, effected with difficulty, and jealously performed, while its narrow success only proves the necessity that nothing should be left unfinished.

ed. I do not believe it possible, *under the present order of things*, you could have a better Parliament: it has therefore my praise and my thanks: but still it is imperfect, because your constitution is imperfect. When you shall possess the complete benefits of the revolution of 1688, which as yet you have not enjoyed, those benefits by becoming general will extend their influence to the whole; and the whole of course will gain by it. It will not then be, as Blackman in the novel says to lady Paragon, "I should be very happy to oblige your ladyship—and were it my own case—but as Sir Gilbert is my particular friend, my conscience won't let me do it under double price." The language would be changed with the occasion: if a measure was to be carried, it would not carry with it its jobb; and as no tax would then be imposed but by necessity, that necessity would recommend it: no man would be quartered on a bargain, and no man could take huff that his demands were not satisfied. Things, Sir, would wear another aspect; and the very commerce of the country, on which the question is improperly made to turn, would be applied to the enriching not of this man or that man, but of the whole community. Your Parliament, I say again, has my respect, because it makes the laws which sustain the state, and secure the individual; but its perfection, or its incapacity to become better, no man who is not a slave and a flatterer will subscribe to.

But lest malevolence should impute to me a disregard for the interests of commerce, I beg leave to observe that I consider Union as the best and only means of securing it to Ireland: Separation would be its instant extinction. Union would break up a Constitution whose weakness has deterred capitalists from settling among us, and alarmed domestic adventurers, that will not hazard their properties where there is no moral certainty they shall be secured. They know  
enough

enough of Irish independence, not to trust it. In all this controversy, much as has been said on the subject of commerce, and its prodigious advantages to Ireland, I have not read one single syllable that applies to the *people* of Ireland, or that states what *they* would gain or lose by a Union. The *people* are as much excluded from the argument as if they had no concern in it, or were born to work for their *bettors*, and enable Colossal aristocracy to bestride them.

Under the auspices of the British Government, that has regulated its own commerce to such astonishing advantage, Ireland would soon become as rich as England herself; nay, if we consider her position on the Globe, and the great superiority of her physical advantages, rich beyond England. By drawing the people from idleness, and teaching them habits of industry, they would be induced to work for something more than a miserable subsistence. The diffusion of wealth would be the diffusion of joy into their dark and cheerless habitations: better fed, and better taught, and better cloathed, they would become a better people, worthy of the Union that offers them happiness, and worthy of the Monarch that brings them under the shadow of the Throne. The philosophic poet has finely expressed my idea.

—“ Not apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast approaching danger warms,  
 But, when contending chiefs blockade the Throne,  
 Contracting regal power, to stretch their own;  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom, when themselves are free;  
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,  
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;  
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
 I fly from *petty tyrants*—to the *Throne*.”

That commerce which is nursed by the jealousies and separate interests of separate legislatures, will necessarily be contracted. Cramped and crippled in its efforts,

efforts, it can never fairly launch into the ocean of wealth and splendor. But throw open the ports of prosperity to Ireland, and you close the door for ever against rebellion; for no man will say, that those who are rich and happy prefer insurrection to security; or that the late convulsion rose out of the *wealth* of the people. Sir, it may be traced to the poverty and wretchedness of the discontented, whom the gripe of the hundred-handed Briareus had nearly squeezed to death. It is not what you call her independence, that has given commerce to Ireland: but it is the want of Union that has kept her so much behind England. While the latter has increased her capital in a four-fold ratio since the year 1782, notwithstanding the long and expensive war she has been engaged in, the increase of Irish capital has been almost as nothing; and it is idle to say, that at any period, and least of all at the present, it would be for the benefit of England to injure Ireland; or that with a separation staring her in the face, she would commit an act of treachery and violence, that would infallibly end in her own ruin. That pride and perverseness may argue after this foolish manner, I have no doubt, for such arguments are abroad; but none but the proud and perverse will use them. When Britain shall put your commerce on the very same footing with her own, when she shall turn that commerce to the same useful account, when she shall guard it from internal shocks, the adventurer will be very little anxious to which country he brings his capital. Enjoying equal security, with equal political and civil rights, should he consult the quickest return of his profits, Ireland most probably he will make his choice, as well because her geographic situation opens to him a speedier market, as because the price of labour will be found considerably cheaper. With the rising wealth of the nation, the wages of the work-man will indeed increase; for industry brings its value, and wealth can afford

afford to reward it. Of Irish commerce I shall then be the sincere friend; and I shall love it the more, because it will remove the *necessity* of corrupting the *necessitous*, and feeding the avarice of indigent ambition. Commerce thus circumstanced and rendered valuable, should be cherished: and if that of Ireland be so super-abundant and prosperous as you affirm it is, that super-abundance, that prosperity, are the very reasons why it should not be lost by separation, but that Union should preserve and secure it. Yet all this is nothing to the purpose: it is not a question of commerce we are considering, but a *measure of necessity*; and in that light only it deserves to be treated. Commerce is a *future* consideration.

For the same reason too, when I hear so much argument wasted on *final adjustment*, more than one-third of your book having been employed in the parade of proving it, as if it signified whether it was proved or not; I strongly suspect the validity of your case: and when I find it to fail in such able hands as yours, I have still a farther right to doubt its sufficiency. It is scarcely worth observing, that you have not been successful in your attempt to prove the arrangement of 1782 interdictory of Union: but one thing I cannot forbear to notice, because it shows the case of that writer to be extremely desperate, who was unable to set up a more candid defence. Could you have found an argument more conducive to your purpose, I am unwilling to suppose you would have taken refuge in one that cannot advance your credit either as a politician or a writer. In as solemn a manner as if you had been able to accomplish the thing you had promised to perform, you undertake to produce "a strong record to prove the sense of the nation as to the *final* accomplishment of the settlement." p. 16. This strong record you transcribe at length, and then triumphantly add, "Thus did the nation call on Almighty God to receive their solemn thanks for

for his blessings to both kingdoms in the accomplishment of this final adjustment." p. 17. Upon my word, Sir, from you I did not expect so much pious pomp founded on so little candour of argument. This address of the two Houses, which you tell us is "a stronger record" (and I take you at your word) "than any you have produced," notwithstanding the solemn assurance you had given us, does not say one single word from the beginning to the end about *final adjustment*, or any thing like it. All the ~~wishing~~ <sup>twisting</sup> and torturing you give it, all the pomp and swell of words your piety employs both to usher it in and to set it off, has not been able to make it speak either the spirit or the language of *final adjustment*. But it speaks a language of another sort; and it proves by a strong record indeed, that your famous settlement was nothing more than an accommodation of your differences with Great Britain. What does the address say? I give it in your own words," Particularly for that union, harmony, and cordial affection, which now happily subsists between his two kingdoms" p. 16. These words forming part of the address, you quote in *Italics*, and of course would have us lay particular stress on them. I have read the quoted words and the whole address more than nineteen times, and am so stupid that I cannot discover in either the smallest trace of *final adjustment*. And if we may judge by the address itself, it should seem that the thanks of the nation are returned to Almighty God as much "for the signal success of his Majesty's arms in the East and West Indies," as for any settlement final or not final. To have inserted the words *final adjustment*, by way of bar or exclusion to Union, had been both impertinent and impolitic; impertinent as to the matter at issue, and impolitic as *unnecessarily* shutting out the consideration of a great constitutional measure. Whatever might have been the dream of Ireland, England was not quite so visionary. And

indeed

indeed so little was the exclusion of Union then in the contemplation of Great Britain, that very soon after your final adjustment, I heard Lord North himself in the British House of Commons recommend the propriety of incorporating the two kingdoms: but he added, the Irish Parliament was not then in a humour to like it; though he had no doubt the time was not far off, when their good sense would discover its expedience.

But to the point. "That harmony," says the address, "which now happily subsists," proves, or it proves nothing, that such harmony had not *always* existed. What reference, I would ask, has this to the question of Union? Or how does it preclude a closer connection of the two kingdoms? Or where have we in these words the *final adjustment* you had promised us?

Good God! will you tell me that the making up of your differences with Great Britain, is a compact of the two countries which forbids Union? Will you tell me that an accommodation, in which nothing *final* is either expressed or implied, and still less "strongly recorded," is an actual, conclusive, and immutable adjustment of constitution? Will you tell me that the arrangement has so completely bound Great Britain, for she is one of the *two* kingdoms, that like the pinioned Andromeda, she must wait till some Perseus shall arrive to deliver her? Or will you argue that the finality attaches to Ireland only, for that Ireland had a difference with *herself*? Or will you say, that the harmony subsisting between the *two* kingdoms is the final adjustment of *one* of them? Will you, Sir, "call Heaven to witness" p. 33. that your differences with England were not then in contemplation, and that this address had no relation to those differences? Can you say, will you say, that whoever does not read the words "*final adjustment*" where they are not to be found, is an impious parricide?

cide? In what school of science, of morals, or of religion was that man educated, who can argue after this "wanton and foolish" manner? Excuse me, Sir, but really I feel indignant at such "speculative theory and idle declamation" in a man of your superlative talents. In one of inferior esteem, I should have termed it something more than a lapse of the pen.

And I am still more astonished, that conscious your quotation contained nothing about *final adjustment*, you should re-quote the very same passage, and steal the words *final adjustment* into it, at the distance of SEVENTEEN PAGES, thus altered to your purpose, "that union, harmony, and cordial affection, which the final adjustment of 1782 secured to both kingdoms." These words you also give us in *Italics*, as a faithful transcript, and as if the words *final adjustment* had actually constituted a part of the address. This, I confess, does not bespeak all the candour of which it was capable. And when you have thus dressed out the passage, in order to prove its fidelity, you impeach Mr. Pitt *instantly* of impiety for having "called Heaven to witness in vain, there was no *final adjustment*." p. 33. Though you accuse Mr. Pitt of such rash and ill-timed misconduct, I Sir, shall not follow your example, but leave you to your own reflections, observing that neither your final adjustment nor your abuse of the Minister, supposing them both to be well-founded, bear at all upon the question; which is not, "Is the adjustment final against Union, or has England broke her faith with Ireland, or has Mr. Pitt, like Typhæus, defied the throne of Jupiter"? But the question, like that of commerce, stands thus, "Is Union necessary"? Things cannot remain as they are: you had once said so yourself. Neither can they: a change has become indispensable; and if it were not, a new order of things is rising on the world: *Novus jam nascitur ordo*: And shall Ireland, weak, dependent, unsettled Ireland, think to sit down with her *final adjustment*?

I do

I do not love to charge others with wilful misquotations, that may be only the errors of haste, knowing that the most attentive writers will sometimes fall into mistakes they would be happy to correct: I shall therefore, Sir, leave another lach of your pen to your better castigation. In page 21, you have these words, "Ireland therein [*address of the Commons, May 28, 1782*] declares that the adjustment is *final*, by assuring his Majesty "that no constitutional question can ever hereafter exist between the kingdoms to interrupt their harmony." Here the words *can ever hereafter* are substituted in the place of *will any longer*, as they stand in the original address. Had the words "no constitutional question *can ever hereafter* exist," formed a part of the address, I should have thought them very strong indeed: and while I took it on your authority, I confess I was staggered: but the words of the address are, "*will any longer exist*" — "TO INTERRUPT THEIR HARMONY." — Pray, Sir, mind those words. Here is no adjustment preclusive of *Union*; but a removal of certain differences that had "INTERRUPTED THE HARMONY of the [*two*] kingdoms;" and that now those differences being done away, they "*no longer exist.*" The question before the Commons was not that of *Union*, but of *Regulation*; as it is not now a question of *Regulation*, but a question of *Union*. And, Sir, I do think you yourself thought the same of it, when you supported Mr. Fitzgerald's bill of Regency, that impiously endeavoured to infringe this holy compact. And let me ask, how happened it, good Sir, that tearing this compact up by the roots, and profaning it with unhallowed touch, you should defend, in a long speech, the inviolability of the Constitution of 1782, yet support at one and the same time a bill which more violently broke in on that settlement? A bill which violated that very Constitution you had been labouring for several hours to prove ought not

to be touched on any pretence; blowing, like Æsop's traveller, hot and cold with the self-same breath? If the Constitution was immoveably settled in 1782, you should not have endeavored to stir it in 1799; unless indeed you invert the proverb and say, that the humble man may steal the sheep, but the great man must not look over the hedge, and argue that to be a virtue in a Prime Serjeant, which you tell us is rank blasphemy in a Prime Minister. But it is odd enough, you should justify an infringement of your boasted Constitution, so inviolate and perfect in all its parts, yet solemnly assure us, that no question of Constitution "could ever *hereafter* exist"!

In a political sense, Ireland at this moment stands as a blank among the nations, a *terra incognita* on their maps. Europe little troubles herself about our squabbles for power, and I believe never yet enquired by what sort of tenure this out-lying corner is held to England, whether by grand or petty serjeantry. She knows that the deepest counsels of Ireland cannot influence the meanest transaction in the humblest of the European States. But make Irish independence complete, and you make it formidable: while it retained over its own affairs the very same dominion it now possesses, it would have a voice also in the affairs of the empire. At present that voice is not heard beyond its own shores; but let its thunder become vertical, let it burst over the heads of those on whom it may fall with effect, let it roll in a Senate where a Burke and a Sheridan have interested, and illumined, and astonished the world, who will say that Ireland loses her independence the moment she makes herself heard, dreaded, and admired? Even the fine speech lately delivered by the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, would be lost to posterity, had not Great Britain herself made so conspicuous a figure in it, and curiosity preserved it as one of those precious

ous morsels of eloquence that prove what genius and talents mis applied are capable of performing.

I have heard it said, that Ireland might retain her Parliament independent of England, and yet be admitted into the full counsels of the empire. A moment's reflection will expose the absurdity of such a notion. Little as Ireland enjoys of sovereign independence, more would be its own dissolution, like an excess of blood that destroys the body. As it is, what embarrassments and difficulties does your present meager independence throw in the way of Great Britain! The very opposition you are now giving her, whether effectual or seasonable to the public affairs, I shall not here enquire, proves more than the Regency had done, that you should not be trusted with power—a power you are so capable of misusing. What distractions, independent of subaltern considerations, would ensue, if Great Britain should madly take the Parliament of Ireland into her counsels, *under the arrangement of 1782!* The meanest of her inconveniences would be the confusion of two independent states acting metaphysically for their common and separate good, distinct but united, yet neither distinct nor united, but something betwixt both and neither, and neither and both, incomprehensibly comprehending, with a *Quicunque vult* of political salvation. Were the insanity of England to encrease the sphere of your independence, otherwise than by Union, what would become of her creating and confirming powers, that in the *Quicunque* language must *without doubt perish everlastingly*, or go hand in hand with capricious and sturdy Ireland, to the certainty of delay, and the vast probability of dissention and defeat in some of her most decisive counsels and conclusive acts, demanding prompt and vigorous dispatch? All treaties now on foot with foreign nations must be disclosed, suspended, modified, old ones perhaps opened and arranged, and the other powers of Europe, in this difficult and  
perilous

perilous situation of the Empire, and of Europe itself, be brought to entertain a new and unheard-of state, as well in their present as in all their future negotiations with Great Britain, and perhaps too in some unfortunate hour with Ireland herself, independent of England. Imagination is bewildered in the perplexities of a more enlarged independence permitted to Ireland; but which very independence would be supplied by an incorporation of the two kingdoms, that would then act and treat as one, indivisible and integral in all its component parts. So that, Sir, without meaning to impeach or insubstantiate the independence you do enjoy, I have no difficulty to say, that I but wrestle with a shadow, when I combat the empty phantom you set up.

After what has been written, the independence of Ireland, it is apprehended, will be found to be merely of a civil, intra-judicial nature; little more than municipal, and powerful in its own bailiwick only. As for *external* authority, I have not heard that Ireland possesses any, unless her Admiralty-act may have ensured to her the dominion of the seas. Too long indeed has she commanded in the *Red-sea*; it is time the *Union-flag* were hoisted in the *Pacific*. But what part of her independence would Ireland lose by uniting with the most powerful nation in the world? *Singleness* she would lose in the *double* Legislature, but whatever she might gain, she could lose no more. She would exchange discord for harmony, jealousy for kindness, strife for confidence, weakness for strength. a name for rank, subordination for equality, and separate danger for mutual security. Yet Ireland is not satisfied: She had rather retain the empty honor of high-sounding independence, than possess the solid advantages of imperial connection; and we are threatened with a second civil war, before the embers of the last have slept, should England presume to raise her  
from

from her humble and worst *humbled* condition! Is this her wisdom? I am sure it is not her *gratitude*.

But admitting Irish independence to be as sovereign and uncontroled as you contend it is, would Union be the "extinction" of that independence? Did the Spanish Pentarchy lose their independence when they settled in the Monarchy of the Empire? Do five shillings lose their value when consolidated into one *crown*? The proud Castilian would draw his rapier on the man who should tell him that he was not independent. And are those co-federated states less powerful to-day than they were before Union? Sure I am, let their present weakness result from what it may, their strength has not been impaired by Union; and I should have little difficulty to prove, that *but for Union*, the proud kingdom of Spain would not at this day have a name as an independent nation. The numerous provinces of France, Guienne, Franche Compté, &c. whether acquired by conquest or by cession, and above all the late accession of Belgium, now incorporated with France herself, have they not by their consolidation formed that empire which at present shakes the world, (whether happily or unhappily for mankind, is not here the question) and even presumes to defy the *disunion* of the British states? Suppose, Sir, that Russia and Great Britain were at this moment to incorporate, would they lose their independence in the accrescence of their united strength? Those who confound distinctness with independence will argue that they would: but distinctness, I shall presently show, is not independence, though Union sometimes is. After Union, Great Britain and Ireland would still be independent, and more independent too than either of them is as disunited members of the same empire: their consolidation would communicate new vigour each to the other, as in chymistry two colourless liquors will produce a colour by *Union*: more power and more respect would follow them, their  
present

present distinctness being the immediate weakness of one of them, and consequently the relative imbecility of the other. Independence, I mean Sir, that sort of independence ascribed to Ireland, carries in its very bosom the seeds of separation. In private life we see that distinct authorities always create distinct interests, which again lay the foundation of concealed jealousies, that first shew themselves in discontent, then rise into hostility, and *finally adjust* themselves in separation. It is the natural course of human affairs, and no wisdom of man can stop this progress of cause and effect. *Union* alone, in making that power which is divided and distinct, ONE, by consolidating the interests of both, each conceding and each embracing, can substantiate the power of either; resembling two flames, that by meeting become one, and burn the stronger and the brighter from their union. Such, Sir, would be the marriage of Great Britain and Ireland, who would then form one family living in one house, and having but one interest, with that interest directed to their common advantage. Though I presume nothing, and certainly lay no claim to inspiration, this will be found just as true as that other of divine authority, "If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand; and if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand."

Mark. Chap 3d.

Having mentioned *Belgium*, I shall embrace this opportunity of stating an observation I had reserved for another place. The Kings of France, and particularly Lewis the Fourteenth, had for a long time been endeavouring to possess themselves of Belgium, knowing it would be of invaluable importance to their influence in the scale of Europe. Undoubtedly its possession was an object of the first magnitude; but the balance of power, that artificial magnet which poises the continent, always resisting this accession of strength to monarchical France, her new Republic, nor over-

apt

apt to stand much on ceremony with her neighbours, has at length made it her own. I have not before me the State-paper given to the public by Lord Malmesbury in the year 1796, but as near as I can recollect, Lord Malmesbury required of the French commissioners the restoration of this new acquisition. I forget whether it appears by the paper, but I believe it to be true, that this requisition of the British Ambassador was resisted on the ground that Belgium was not a single member of the French state, or a mere accession of new acquired territory, but that having been *united* to the empire, it formed and constituted an integral part of the empire itself. The answer was so conclusive that it required all the coolness and address of the British Ambassador to get over it, and he made this fine observation; [*I write, Sir, from memory.*] "That in a late conference, they had insisted much on the superior energy of France as a Republic; but if under the Monarchy, when France by their own account was so much weaker than she is now, the powers of Europe had judged it expedient not to allow this annexation of territory to France, there was the more reason that France should not now be permitted to retain it." The answer, to be sure, was conceived in the true spirit of the old system, that had long been the hobby-horse of John Bull, and obtained for him through Europe the appellation of *Monsieur Balance*: but it was addressed to Republicans, who ride a hobby-horse of another sort: Belgium is still incorporated; and France, they said, could not separate the integrity of her Empire.

Now, if the French commissioners did require of the British ambassador, as an article of negotiation, that the federal connection between Great Britain and Ireland should be dissolved, Lord M. had not that advantage in the argument, prompt and excellent as his answer was, of which the commissioners availed themselves in respect to Belgium; and the commis-

sioners might have reasonably argued from the slender and doubtful tenure of an appended state with a separate legislature. But let Ireland be *united* with Great Britain, look how strong would be the argument when it should return upon the French: their own words would be found to bear with additional force upon themselves, when Ireland should be thrown into the opposite scale as a measure of Balance. After incorporation, England might affect a disposition to make peace, and send her ambassador a third time into France. Should no peace be concluded, and very probably none would, as neither side discovers much inclination to lay down its arms, nor did discover any in either of the former negotiations, particularly in the last, which seems to have been nothing more than an embassy of difficulties and obstructions on both sides;—I say, should no peace follow a third embassy, the British minister might come forward to the people and say to them in triumph, “I have complied with your desires: I offered them peace: it was rejected: they wanted me to sever Ireland from the empire, but would not dissolve their own union with Belgium. The union was to be all on their side, the distraction on ours. I should lose my head, and would deserve to lose it, had I consented. Britons, is it your wish that the price of peace should be the detraction of the empire, and the dissolution of your unity, so formidable to France, and obtained with such immense difficulty and danger? Will you break your imperial integrity? You *must*: France will not make peace, if you do not. Put down that haughty nation! United we are, and let us unite with one heart and one hand to preserve unbroken the sacred compact of the empire.” Such, Sir, I presume, or something much better, would be the argument of Mr. Pitt; and who would say that he was not a consummate politician?

Were

Were the terms of your book properly defined, a few pages would serve to give it an answer. I do not recollect that you have used the express word *distinctness* in the sense of *independence*, but you certainly use its primary *distinct* to denote *independent*; and the whole strain of your book considers separateness of legislature the same with independence of empire. *Distinctness*, Sir, is not independence: if it were, the Isle of Man would be independent of Great Britain, from which it is as distinct to the full as independent Ireland, and just as independent too (I beg pardon) as Ireland is now that she has founded her claim to sovereignty on distinctness. You seem not to have understood the difference between distinctness of power and distinctness of place; but in your zeal for Irish independence, have rested its stability on the waves of the Channel. That which is independent of another, is certainly distinct from that other: but that which is distinct is not therefore independent. The British colonies are distinct from the mother country; but what would you say to the man who should argue from thence that they were independent? To confound then distinctness with independence, is just as absurd as if I were to call the horse that you ride independent, because he is an animal distinct from his master. *Distinctness* is its own proof that it is not the thing to which it is compared, just as a deplumed cock is not a man, though sophistry, we know, had once attempted to prove them the same, or at least twin-brothers like Castor and Pollux, *ovo prognatos eodem*. And how again, I beseech you, will you prove union to be "extinction"? Were the stream of the Liffey turned into the *Royal Canal*, would that be the drying-up of its channel? What cements and binds things that are separate, cannot possibly be extinction: I would not argue with the man, who should maintain that it was. For the same reason, the identification of two bodies cannot be

be the destruction of one of them, still less of both; but should identity destroy, then both must perish together; and then your position would stand thus, "The moment England and Ireland identify their legislatures, the empire of Great Britain is at an end." You see, Sir, into what absurdity your argument leads you. Would the infusion of the same wine from two different bottles into a third, annihilate the claret that was in them? Their *distinctness* would undoubtedly be destroyed, but the liquor would continue the very same; unless indeed some men should think the *dregs* the best part of the bottle. You send to your grocer for a pound of tea: he has divided it into two equal parcels: you return the teas from the papers they came in, into a canister. Is not that the very tea your grocer sent you? Is the tea thereby destroyed? Perhaps you will answer yes, for that the tea being *imperial*, it was bad for the *constitution*. The junction of two distinct legislatures, like the junction of the teas, no perversion of language can torture into their destruction. Union might destroy distinctness, as it would produce identity; but after an incorporation of the two kingdoms, Irish independence will remain unimpaired:—What act of parliament can annihilate a *shadow*?

The very distinctness of the two countries, possessing distinctness of legislatures, (I really want words to give your *airy nothing*

"A local habitation and a name")

I consider as a cause of distrust, and consequently as a source of weakness: and I much question whether the invidious residence of the crown itself, never visible to Ireland but in its functionary capacity, jealously and darkly exercised, as it creates *distinctness*, be not a strong though silent cause of dissatisfaction. Nor again am I sure, that the very *delegation* of the crown does not contribute to convince the people

people daily, that something is wanting to complete their independence. Much as they respect the present worthy and excellent representative of Majesty, (and most ungrateful they would be, if they did not) but much as they respect this friend to Ireland and the *people*, their consciousness that the crown is but shadowed out to them, while the substance is kept out of sight, excites a suspicion that they have not the entire benefit of the (British) constitution. The people of Ireland, those I mean of the old stock, whatever may be the opinion of the power that stands between them and the crown, and however interested some men may be in provoking the lower orders, are naturally attached to kings: and the more loyal they are, the more they estimate prerogative, and demand the perfection of their constitution. They are not ignorant that the best intentions of the sovereign are sometimes intercepted and frustrated by a dark and exclusive government, independent both of king and people. That branch of the legislature which they desire the most, is capriciously denied them; while those parts which they least regard, are retained, and retained too in the most ungracious manner, by telling them that the residence of *these* branches, with the absence of the *other*, is true independence. But surely, Sir, if one branch of the parliament, and that too the head, may with safety and even with propriety be dispensed with, the other branches may with equal convenience be dispensed with also. Out of this argument rises another, that the independence, now incomplete by the absence of the crown, will find its completion when the two houses shall move with the executive in the proper sphere of its attraction. Either the crown should be resident with your two houses of parliament, or your two houses of parliament should be resident with the crown: nothing so reasonable, so regular, so orderly; and nothing would conduce more to establish the quiet of the country

country in the people's good opinion of their governors; for it is only *in* the constitution that we can trace the cause of the evils that grow *out* of it: Whoever looks for it in any other place, will spend his time to very little purpose.

The more you talk about the "vigour" of your parliament, which you pathetically lament was not "followed up," p. 113; and the more you contend that Ireland is strong to defend herself, the more you but convince me of her impotence. It is in proof, that not all your yeomen, all your militia, all your regulars, all your ascendant aristocracy, trained and disciplined as they were, and enflamed with as much zeal and religious fury as ever fired men to battle, could resist the brutum fulmen of a few pikes arrayed against them: and that great and powerful as those armies and associations were, yet neither their numbers, nor their strength, nor their enthusiasm, could avail them in the day of battle, unassisted from *without*. Those pikes in those hands of those very men that ascendancy had so often insulted, provoked, and despised, compelled the armed force of Ireland to hide its head in the bosom of England, like a scared child clinging to the maternal breast, and caused its "vigor" to turn at last to the *empire* for protection. Let it be a lesson to Ireland! And such was the "vigor" of your parliament, that when a certain great man returned last summer into the county of Louth, report says, he was forced to travel ten miles out of his road, lest that vigor should be *followed up*; while a humane and merciful general, not quite so alert and vigorous, not only rode with a single groom through an oppressed and insurgent people, but in the heat of battle had his life spared him, and even his person secured from danger by the very men whom he was fighting against. That man, we all know, was only not censured by "vigor." But when we look at your lamentation, we find you date the stoppage put to your career of vigor

vigor from the month of "*June*", the auspicious æra of the present popular Lord Lieutenant's coming into power, and interposing his mild but firm authority to extinguish that rebellion, which vigor had excited, and vigor, it seems, was unable to assuage. The country must not owe its tranquility to any power but your own, or to any measure short of coercion; as the savages of the Southern Ocean cure their disorders, not by emollient sanatives, but with incisions and caustics, with the hot iron and the knife. Sir, you are *weak*; you are no more a nation, if by Union you do not make yourselves *strong*. From hating the people, and proclaiming war with their poverty and their prejudices, you must learn to love them, and teach them to love you: by administering to their necessities and rendering them content, you must draw them to virtue; and when you have made them moral, industrious, and happy—but not till then—you will ensure their obedience in their affection. It is to union, Sir, and to UNION ONLY, that you can look either for repose or security. How long is this systematic warfare, this inland trade of fratricide, to last? Is it never to have an end? But is vigor to go on scourging and burning, till all the blood-vessels of the state shall be emptied? Insensible as you seem to these things, and unwilling to allow them at all, there is little hope they will change for the better, till the great change shall correct them. Nor can you suppose that England will be always feeding and pampering your independence to her own inconvenience, to the making of you powerful against herself, and the furnishing you with the means of rising, or affecting to rise above your present connection with her. Mr. Pitt is no fool; and if he was, the British cabinet are too wise to be "cajoled, duped, and threatened" (p. 31) by an *ascendancy*, which like that of another sort, the higher it climbs, the more it exposes its foulness and deformity.

A minister I must always suppose intends well, that he regards the public safety above all other considerations, and that the whole of his ministerial conduct keeps this great object constantly in view. I consider him, then, as one who thinks the interests of the crown and the people to be best served when each has its full and proper share of power, and that power again is directed to the good of the whole. When the energies of the country require to be called forth, he will consolidate the physical strength of the one with the constitutional influence of the other, whose momentum he will employ to give impulse and direction to the machine, animating it with the master-hand, like the tripod of the divine artist. Should dust and rubbish impede its motions, he will remove the cause, and repair the defects that embarrass, or altogether suspend the action of the work. If this be a proper duty in a minister, and perhaps it is his first, he who calls the exercise of such duty a "project" (*passim*) has an opinion very different from mine. I do not see how the crown and the people can act in concert, while a third power stands as an isthmus to prevent their constitutional junction. Had the minister wished to precipitate a union, he could not have devised a surer or a speedier mode of bringing it about, than by permitting independence to Ireland. That cannot well be a project which the wisest men in the two kingdoms had long and often recommended; and which at the time you *volunteered* yourselves into independence, was foreseen by all considerate persons as a necessary and early consequence. Your *independence* was the project, as those who now resist union, have projects of another sort. But if union be a project, then the union of Wales was a project, and the union of Scotland was a project, and all the benefits that have resulted from those unions, are projects: but I know of no project, no union so disgraceful or so injurious to Ireland

land, as the union of nominal sovereignty with practical subjection; as I know of no union so monstrous and unconstitutional, or so opposite to independence, as the union of boroughs. This borough-union, which thrusts itself between the crown and the people, and intercepting the royal favor darkens the splendor of majesty, is well described in the Greek fable.—The moon being under an eclipse, complained to the sun that he had withdrawn his light from her. You accuse me wrongfully, said the sun, do I ever cease to pour my rays on you?—I beg pardon, quoth the moon, it is not your fault, but that dirty planet the earth, which has got between us.

I sometimes picture to myself the meeting of aristocracy with the minister, when the business of the session is to be settled. To be sure, the man who has to manage the many-headed beast is to be pitied. He must pat it, and stroak it, and keep it in humor; and the great danger is, should he stroak it awkwardly, that the animal, like the poet's horse *undique tutus*, will recalcitrate. The minister proposes, corruption hesitates—"Really, gentlemen, this business must be carried; it is absolutely necessary."—What will you give us? "You are provided for already."—If we be, yourself had the benefit of it: we can't do it now.—"Name your terms." Why, says one more facetious than the rest, I have read in one of my children's story-books, that when the city was in danger, the aldermen met to consult on the public safety: the carpenter proposed a wooden paling to the bridges, and deal gates to the stable-lanes: they were good against fire. The patriotic draper recommended a number of linen bales to be hung out of the windows, like Archimedes's wool-sacks over the wall; they were good for trade. The honest haberdasher advised thread-paper soldiers; but for my own part, said the currier, *there's nothing like leather*.—"Sure you wouldn't have a leather-tax!"

tax! those who wear no shoes, cannot pay it."—But those who presume to season their miserable morsel, shall: Give us a salt-tax.—It is thus, Sir, that a minister is forced to give way, to prevent the public affairs from standing still; and it is no wonder this lord of the lion heart, this wolf independence, whose appetite becomes voracious in proportion as you feed it, should set its face against union, knowing that union sets its face against him, as some men quarrel with religion, because religion is at war with them. What amazing expence will be saved to the country, when the devouring *Polycephalus* shall be destroyed, and *one* government shall serve for the two kingdoms! In fact, Sir, as we bring with us into the world our own principle of death,

(The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength)

so your independence brought with it its own destruction. The hour of its dissolution is come: its constitution is worn out at seventeen years of age, as the debauched youth falls into an early consumption, and descends to an immature grave. His friends, to be sure, raise many a dismal ditty, but Death whose *adjustment* alone is *final*, steps in and settles the account. When union shall have destroyed the only venomous animal that can exist in Ireland, posterity will scarce believe that ascendant aristocracy could have so long poisoned public happiness, or stung the land, that had fed and nurtured it in its bosom.

While the lights of philosophy are breaking in on the rest of mankind, Ireland alone continues in original darkness. The real interests of the country either are not understood, or are wilfully perverted. Two factions distract the state, and he that pretends to the most illumination, as is generally the case, is the less informed of the two. "Union," says the  
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Irish Catholic, "is a good, saving, wise, and salutary measure."—"For that single reason," quoth the Orange-man, "and because *you* say so, I will resist it." Says the first, "Majesty that proposes, and his Vice-roy that recommends this healing balm to our wounds, I respect, I honor, and I embrace, and the measure shall have my fullest support."—"Do you approve it?" says the *loyal* Orange-man, "then you vile Irish Papist, because *you* like it, I'll oppose it, in the house, and out of the house, with my voice, with my pen, with my sword, *unguibus et rostro*."—"But the venerable representative of Majesty I love," says the Catholic, "he does not pursue me; he holds out amnesty, and sooths me into order and obedience." "On that very account, you bare-legged rascal," says the burning loyalist, "I'm his enemy. Pardon a rebel! I never can forgive that. In the house decorum and prescribed forms may restrain my rancour: but out of it, not the virtues nor the laurels of the veteran shall secure him from my calumnies.—What? Respect a *Croppy*!"

It is thus, Sir, that Ireland has no people, and never can have a people under the present order of things, nor until kindred shall embrace kindred, and in the words of my motto,

*Cognatasque urbes olim, populosque propinques,  
Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,  
Atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque  
Trojam animis: maneat nestros ea cura nepotes.*

VIRG. ÆN. 3.

This rancour in the belligerent parties will resolve that phœnomenon in politics, a *Popish Republic*. Were it a republic of choice, it would be a phœnomenon indeed! But being a republic of necessity, the Catholic, whose principles naturally lead him to monarchy and even to hierarchy, but worried and pursued by his Orange brother, finds himself *compelled*

to take refuge in republicanism. Had, however, the loyalty of the Orange-man not been quite so *hot*, be assured, Sir, we should never have heard the words *Papish Republic*. Fortunately indeed the Orange loyalist has not been able to prevail on the Catholic republican to unite with him against his King. The Catholic will not trust him: he has bled enough already; and he knows that had it not been for him who now invites him to take up arms, the blood of his country had not flowed. Besides, the Catholic is constitutionally loyal: his passive patience for a century under all the odium and oppression he had endured, and with the open invitation of two rebellions, in which he *took no share whatever*, has evinced his attachment to regal government far more strongly than the *flaming* zeal of the ireful Orange-man proves *his* loyalty. No, Sir, the Catholic will not stir: I have great reason both to think and to hope that he will not: he will not oblige the loyal Orange-man, who at this very moment (August 17) if the Wexford expresses may be credited, with a badge of sedition at his breast and a corps of blood-hounds at his back, lights his path to power with the torch of religious discord. Yet he cannot provoke the peaceful Catholic either to resist, or to join him in arms. Sir, I say again the Catholic will not oblige him: most ungrateful would he be, were he to move one single step against the crown, after all that the crown has been doing for *him*, and more that it is now offering to do. I am no Catholic, and have even (I take shame to myself) drawn my pen against that injured body: but were they to join the Orange-men against their King and benefactor, I should cease to be their advocate, as I should be the first to condemn them as men, as christians, and as deserving subjects: neither would I now offer a word in their favor, did I not believe the Irish Catholic to be as loyal and meritorious as the best Orange-man of them all. I have but one wish

wish in this stupendous establishment, viz. That instead of beholding the scene renewed that I witnessed the other day at the Castle-gate, where, because it happened to be the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, a number of Orange heroes in uniform valiantly assaulted the person of an unprotected lady, that criminally wore a bit of green ribband in her hat,— I may see the Orange-lilly and Green-shamrock uniting to banish all party distinctions whatever, in the joyful celebration of one anniversary only, “ The anniversary of the GREAT UNION OF THE TWO KINGDOMS” !!

The yellow-fever and green-sickness are the death of public virtue: their ravages have destroyed more than the unsparing sword. In a moral sense, they canker social happiness, and blight the just hopes and expectations of all; in a political, they relax the energies of the state, impair its health and vigor, and render exertion heartless. At the same time the monopolist of loyalty assumes more than he is entitled to, and has fewer claims on the state than the injured and calumniated, but deserving Catholic, whose moderation becomes a virtue when he finds his services disdained, and his person reviled and buffeted. A man thus patient under his oppression, though his claim be silent, has certainly a better title to public favor than his noisy and boastful brother, who would engross not only all authority, but all allegiance and worth to himself. The Orange-lilly stands like the deadly Upas, that bears itself no fruit, nor suffers any to grow within its influence. *Lilia nec laborant, neque nent.* Sir, the corrupt Orange has squeezed the last drop of its unwholesome juice into the cup of independence: the poison has reached the heart, and the patient must die if something be not done for his relief: the state-physician has been called in: and howsoever you may dislike or disparage his *nostrum,*

*trum*, it is your duty either to adopt it at once, or to prescribe some other medicine in its stead. While men do nothing but shake their heads and take their fees, the corpse is at your door.

But while I stand up for the loyalty of the Catholic, it will be objected to me that I argue against matter of fact, for that the late rebellion was a *Popish plot*. Thousands have said it, and thousands believe it, *because it has been said*. Vain and contemptible assumption! Sir, there is no proof of it: it is all assertion, an imposture propagated by knaves, and swallowed by fools, that always form the larger number in every community. *Qui vult decipi, said Ganganelli, decipiatur*: I say so too, but let the knaves be marked. You will tell me that three parts in four of those concerned in the rebellion, were Catholics: admitted; but this does not prove that it was a *Popish plot*. It only proves that in a country, three parts of whose inhabitants are Catholic, and one-fourth only Protestant, with a rebellion *general*, three parts in four of those concerned must necessarily be Catholic. It is as numerically plain as that three and one make four. You will reply, the rebellion was not general, for that the North, which was almost wholly Protestant, did not rise at all. To this I answer, that this same Popish plot, on the authority of yourselves, was hatched and matured in the Protestant province of Ulster; where, on yet better authority, Orange first began the work of blood, and *provoked* that province to associate in its own defence. "To Hell or to Connaught" was the counter-sign; and it gives some token of returning grace, that Orange itself now disowns and is ashamed of it. This was your Popish plot, begun by Orange-men, and afterwards resisted by *Protestants*. Had the Protestants formed one half of the people, and the Catholics the other half, then the rebellion that was general,

neral must necessarily have consisted of an equal number of the two religions; and then too, I suppose, it would have been a *Popish* plot! Or take it the other way; had the people been only one-fourth Catholic, and the other three Protestant, and the rebellion just as general as it was, then the Protestants must have formed the larger number by three parts in four, and consequently there would have been another political phenomenon, a Protestant plot to erect a Popish Republic! No, says the bigot Orangeman, it would still be a *Popish* plot! And yet, Sir, I could prove your Orange-men to be just as guilty of a Protestant plot to extinguish the Government by their oaths and their lodges, which were just as illegal and treasonable, and just as dangerous too, as the oaths and clubs of United Irishmen, as were the Catholics, *quoad Catholics*, guilty of any plot. The truth Sir is, religion was but an *accident* in the business, as the schoolmen call it, till the dogs of discord made it a *property*. Still I say it was but a political distinction, of which religion was made the *sign*, a mere pretence, a *nomme-de-guerre*, to serve the few through the injury of the many. I repeat, Sir, that religion had nothing to do in the business either on one side or the other. There is no religion stirring: if there were, we should not have witnessed so much want of charity with such abundance of spiritual rancour, nor yet such scenes of carnage as have choaked all description. Neither should we behold such infidelity, and atheism, and deism, and profaneness pervade every class of men, whether Catholic or Protestant; who if we may judge by the number of their murders, acknowledge no other God but Moloch, whose temples have resounded with the shrieks of pain and the howlings of despair, whose altars have reeked and smoked with human blood, or groaned with the victims of immolated age, and at whose feet, as at the altar of the Spartan Diana, in-

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fancy has been scourged by the rods of Ascendancy. —“ Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” But Ascendancy whips the little children, that they may rebel both against *Nature*, and the God of *Nature*;—that they may become parricides, and perjured accusers of their innocent parents, to prove the existence of a **POPISSH PLOT!**

That it was not a *Popish* plot, let us turn our eyes on the unhappy gentlemen, now state-prisoners, and supposed to be leaders in the late rebellion. Are the majority of *them* Catholics? And if they be not, the argument applies in the progressive ratio of that majority to prove, that it was not a Popish plot, but a Union of the *whole people*, not to establish a Popish democracy, but to disencumber themselves of that very power from which the proposed measure of Union is designed to relieve them. Had it been a Popish plot, it is somewhat singular, and unlucky too for those who maintain the affirmative, that by far the greater part of the leaders who suffered, should have been Protestants. Was the property that has been confiscated, the property of Catholics? You will not say that it was. The plot could neither have been concerted nor conducted by the lower orders; and it is well known, that the upper orders of the Catholics had little or no concern in the rebellion. Mr. Orr himself was a Northern, and a rigid Calvinist. It cannot be supposed that *he* would aid and abet a *Popish plot!* And indeed when we reflect that the King himself had for twenty years before been straining every nerve to emancipate his faithful and loving subjects the Catholics of Ireland; and that his best services had always been intercepted and resisted, and afterwards *frittered* by the ascendant aristocracy of the country, it will not be very easy to account why the Catholics, *as* Catholics, should have contrived a plot against the crown of *him* who was doing

ing them all the kindness in his power. If they did not plot against him *before* they received these favors, it is against all rule to suppose they would plot against him, while they were in the course of having those favors conferred. The plot was not against *him*: Whatever *constructive* treason, therefore, may have been imputed to those of them who have suffered, of an intent to take away the King's life, it was *but* constructive. The people were discontented: the majority *happened* to be Catholics; the Crown they loved, but the Orange they abhorred. The aristocracy for obvious reasons clung to the crown, but the crown no farther adhered to the aristocracy than it was forced to do: I say *forced*, for the situation of affairs obliged the crown to temporise. Under this aristocracy the people groaned; they could not shake it off, but by revolt: they revolted against aristocracy, but constructively against the King. They were not revolters because they were Catholics, but were Catholics because they were the majority of the people: ergo, says Mr. Ascendancy, it was a *Popish plot!* Such is the logic of these men, and certainly it is of a piece with their charity.

O, but it must have been a Popish plot, for a number of their clergy took part in it, and some of them died in the field and others on the scaffold. *Conceditur.* But still this does not prove it a Popish plot. Jackson, the first convicted of treason, was a Protestant clergyman: and many other Protestant clergymen acted secularly also. Some of them stepped beyond their duty and beyond the laws, and those that did (several of them at least) died violent and untimely deaths. I speak it with horror; my blood freezes while I write it: both the age and the country have been stained by it: but all this does not justify the established clergy. The zeal of the reformed church, according to modern notions, may have been commendable: but certainly it was not of

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the apostolic cast; and its forwardness no more proves it to have been from God, than it proves it was not a Protestant plot, as much as a Popish plot.

You must indulge me, Sir, with a few observations, not irrelevant to the present point. And first, let infidels scoff and rail as they may, I hold it as a maxim equally foolish and unchristian, that two people professing the religion of the same divine master, citizens and neighbours, friends and families, should at the very close of the eighteenth century, cut one another's throats for their difference of opinion in speculative matters. If *you* chuse to go to Heaven in a balloon, and *I* chuse to ride Clavilino, why should we quarrel about our mode of travelling? The christian religion enjoins us to have no strife either in spiritual or in secular matters; and sure I am, that when man has joined these together, the nature of the precept is not changed. The all-seeing Judge does not allow us to shuffle with him in this manner. With much more reason might the Lutheran quarrel with the Calvinist for pulling and tearing all the lace from his coat, than with the Catholic for continuing his embroidery. Does not the Lutheran himself follow the example of the Catholic in retaining a *little* of the fringe? What at this moment are your *Cathedrals*? Translate the word *Cathedra* into Protestant prose, and it means neither more nor less than the *Pope's Chair*? and what are your dispensations, but Papal indulgences granted *ex Cathedra*? If you do not pray to saints in form, do you not dedicate your churches to them, thus hoping to bribe them to your prayers and propitiate their intercession? Or when you consecrate any new church, if you but *continue* such dedication, do you not in and by that very consecration connive with your consciences? If you have taken down the Cross from your altars, have you not erected the *Tetragrammaton* in its place? Shall it be holy reverence only,

only, to express the ineffable Creator, and rank idolatry, to exalt the symbol of the Redeemer? Is not the Protestant infant initiated and received into the bosom of its church *by the sign of the Cross*? Shall the same thing be a virtue in London, and a crime at Rome? If you are right in your respect for the Cross *once*, the Catholic cannot be wrong in his respect for it *always*: and if the Catholic be wrong in his respect for it *always*, you cannot be right in your respect for it *once*. Why therefore the Anglican church, which retains so many of the Papal ceremonies, with so much of the pomp and power of Rome as well in temporals as in spirituals, should go to loggerheads with her sister, for loving a little gold fringe as well as herself, I should be glad some learned Orange-man would inform me. You will not answer, I am sure, that the church is made for the clergy, not the clergy for the church. Jack and Martin do not quarrel; yet Jack differs more from Martin than Martin differs from Peter. And why don't *they* break one anothers heads? Because, Sir, they do not find it their *political* interest, for as I said before, *religion* constitutes no part of the question. Sir, I will hazard a strong assertion, not at all afraid that I shall not be able to defend it;—that there does not at this day exist one *Papist* in the world. *Roman Catholics* there are many: but a *Papist* I do not believe is to be found in all Christendom. I shall have no objection to enter the lists upon the question with any learned gentleman: his talents at arguing may be far superior to mine, as his erudition, I am certain, will be found much greater, but of the fact I entertain no doubt, nor of my ability to prove it.—A *Popish plot*! Sir, you know, and the *government* knows it was not a *Popish plot*: Ascendancy provoked, and Ascendancy has felt, and Ascendancy will be humbled: but its humiliation will be just as much a *Popish plot* as its own

provocations are one. "Oh, the horrid dogs"! says aristocracy, "sure they believe in Transubstantiation! Was there ever any thing so monstrous"? Yes, gentlemen, your own Hocus-pocus (*Hoc est corpus*) of incomprehensibilities; your *Popish* Athanasian creed is just as monstrous. Yet that same creed of contradictions formerly (thank God *that* persecution is over) occasioned oceans of Christian blood to be spilt; as did another orthodox dispute, equally to the honor of religion and the salvation of souls, "Whether Easter should be kept at the new or the full of the moon"? Thank God that persecution too is over, for in Ireland the moon is *always* at full. These, gentlemen, are as monstrous as Transubstantiation, or the monster Aristocracy itself. If any crime attaches to the poor Catholic for believing in the conversion of the bread, (alas! it is but little of it that falls to his share; hard and bitter is the crust that he eats, and would you deprive him of the consolation that his God is in it?) Why, good gentlemen, do *you* just as *Popishly* believe in mysteries? If he suppose the blood of his Savior to be in the cup that his Priest denies him, but drinks himself with *benefit of clergy*, will you take upon you to say that the blood of the Catholic is not in every cup of the Protestant? Is the chalice of ascendant luxury so pure, so unpolled, that not one drop of *Popish* blood is ever known to enter it? Friend as I am to the Reformation, and well as I know the vast advantages that have resulted from it, I am free to say, that the *Irish* Catholic was born under an unlucky planet, when Protestantism became Lord of the Ascendant. Shall you condemn the church of Rome for her Anathemata, while your own church thirteen times in every year, once a moon, fulminates her thunders against all those without the pale of her belief,—*party per pale*, as the heralds say,—cursing them to everlasting damnation with a

*Whosoever*

*Whosoever will be saved?* Surely those who boast their reformation, yet keep in chains both the mind and the body of those who have not received its benefits, are not quite so blameless as the poor unlettered peasant, from whom they criminally withhold the means of knowledge, and then have the charity to reproach and even to punish him for his ignorance. And again, gentlemen, with all your charitable abhorrence and persecution of the Roman religion, you have yet perhaps to learn that you retain in your form of worship the very Missal of Rome herself, your ascendant liturgy being neither more nor less than an accommodation of the *Litania B. M. Virg.* and a garble of *Litania Sanctorum*, with other *Litaniæ* of the Roman church. The whole liturgy of the Anglican church, its state-prayers and other local services excepted, is no other than a translation from the ancient liturgies of Rome, and still in part used by that communion. If this be a fact, then is the triumphant Orange-man at this moment standing as much on the threshold of damnation, (don't start, gentlemen) as the humble Catholic, and purgatory itself cannot save his *ascending* soul from *descending* to visit the Pope! Good God! will this religious phrenzy never have an end? And shall the nineteenth century of our salvation open with the persecution of our unoffending brethren? Or shall union, and oblivion of injuries put an end to this impious and forbidden warfare?

I have dwelt the longer on this point to shew, that the religion of a Roman Catholic does not necessarily render him a bad subject, or should exclude him from the full benefits of the State; that he is equally entitled to protection with those that now bruise and tread him to the earth; and sure I am, that were I mistaken, it would be the interest of the country to make him so; that the benevolence of the King (for it can never be too often repeated, that it is to the  
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King, and to the King *only* and his Vice-roys, the Catholic owes his present privileges) has not been misplaced by any thing that has lately happened; that the Catholic is still deserving, and that he will receive with gratitude that union which endears itself to him, coming from his King, whom in his *heart* he has not offended. In the Crown alone he has either hope for further indulgences, or refuge from the barbarous policy that pursues him: neither can he manifest his perfect duty to the State, till his capacities shall be made perfect. If we deny him common rights, we must expect imperfect obedience: if we have found any deficiency of duty in the Catholic, we have to thank our own erroneous policy; and instead of our resentments keeping pace with the King's kindness, or having our passions enflamed against our fellow-subject and fellow-christian, in proportion as he has been relieved and rendered useful to the State, it becomes us to embrace with humility, but with confidence, that union which alone can rivet us to one another or to the empire.

I shall dismiss these observations with remarking, that I was not unwarranted in saying that the government knew the late rebellion was not a Popish plot: they knew the source of it, and they knew the *foregone conclusion* of it too. It does not become me to say more: but had they thought it a Popish plot, it was not possible they should have granted so many commissions of the peace to Roman Catholics, or allowed such numbers of them to sit on the grand Inquest of their respective counties. Would they also have given so many commissions in the army to gentlemen of that persuasion, which disaffection might have turned against the State? Had they not been well assured that Popery had nothing to say to it, they could not have done these things. The whole almost of the militia were Catholics; vast numbers of the regulars were Catholics; and an amazing ma-  
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jority of the yeomen were Catholics; and yet we do not find that *they* plotted against the State. What regiment ever fought with more loyal gallantry than the Limeric militia, composed entirely of Roman Catholics? Would government have trusted all these men with arms, which might have been so easily diverted another way, had they not *known* that a Popish plot existed no where but in the heated brains of ascendancy? Those Catholics who are now calling aloud for union, are they also meditating a Popish plot? If so, Mr. Pitt and the whole English government, and the Irish government, and the established churches of both kingdoms, are at this moment leagued in a plot to set up the Pope!

Had there been a plot of the sort, it could not have escaped the vigilance and activity of the government: they must have provided against it; they could not have run into the danger, to avoid the apprehension of it; and without meaning the smallest disrespect to the *legitimate* administration of the country, it was just as improbable that it should employ the Catholics themselves to break up their own plot, as that the thief who runs from justice, should rush for security into the arms of his pursuers. If a Popish plot it was, why did not the armed force of the country, composed as I have shown almost wholly of Catholics, execute that very plot, while the means were so amply in their power? Surely there never could have been a time more convenient to their purpose! Yet the Catholics are charged as bad and dangerous subjects, undeserving of protection; and charged too by those very men who most loyally would draw them from their allegiance, and delude them into a new rebellion. No, Sir; the Catholic will neither be seduced nor intimidated by such loyalty; he will not present one pike in their service. He will give a proof of his virtue, and his gratitude, and his allegiance in supporting the House of Brunswick,

wick, leaving Ascendancy to mount by the House of Foster. If I am not much mistaken, we shall soon behold clamorous ascendancy settle in unresisting impotence.

*Quod est causa causæ*, says the axiom, *est causa causati*. Not Popery, Sir, but your Independence, that produced ascendancy, which produced corruption and violence, is the *cause* of all our national misfortunes, of all the blood that has flowed;

*Ab hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

HOR.

“Who’d have thought it”? says some state *Old-boy*; “I didn’t think it was *my* daughter I advised him to run away with: I thought it was *another* gentleman’s daughter.” No, no Sir, your own fair daughter Ireland, who, as *Old-boy* again says, “seemed so well contented in my house, and in the very moment when I was best contented with her,” has been run away with, has been *ruined*, and all your silver eloquence about blessings, and affluence, and honor, and peace, so delightfully showered down upon her, will no more avail you now than the stampings and ravings of *Old-boy* could give him back his daughter whose flight himself had assisted.

Sir, withdraw the union, and you would find these patriots, these *champions of independence*, just as dependant as they had ever been. They know there are not in England so many good sops to throw to Cerberus, and for this reason they bark so loud in Ireland. The English government has none of those snug things to give away that Irish independence has, neither does it bestow them in the snug mode. In England you have no *jobocracy*, no sop-establishment: but withdraw the union, and show a patriot a job,

“The creature’s at his dirty work again;”

how will they swarm and buzz about it, and cohere and conglob and suck it to its last drop! But show them

them

them the interests of *Ireland*, they tell you they are *independent*, and have nothing to do with any interest but their own. And they do well; they see their power going, and by appearing the friends of *Ireland*, they seize a momentary popularity, knowing they will never have such another opportunity. Opposition makes them talked of who were never talked of before, and conscious that they possess no real importance, they catch the meteor of imputed patriotism, and *subscribe* to their own immortality.—If we may judge by some of their taxes, a pillar of *salt* would best record their virtue, and Lot's wife may live out another season.

Yet these are the men for whose sakes, and for whose sakes only, a parliament should be preserved to *Ireland*! “Let all join in cherishing the parliament—it is a good one, and has *done its duty*—preserve it; join all hands and hearts together—tell the bold minister who wants to take away your constitution, that he shall not have it, that you will not be his dupes.” p. 112, and 113.

Did I not think it high time to draw to a conclusion, though more than two-thirds of my papers lie untranscribed on my table, I should pass some comments on this *encouraging exhortation*, so immediately after the pike-work, which your “vigor,” you tell us, could easily have put down, and your “vigor”, it seems, can as easily *put up*. I have been accounted an ardent man, and perhaps these pages may be a proof of it, yet I do not admire such combustible language at a moment like the present. Whatever indulgence the impetuosity of genius, or the torrent of eloquence, may claim in the *delivery* of a speech, the same apology does not extend to the unimpassioned reporter: and if, Sir, you would have us believe you sincere, a per-oration less inflammatory had been more decorous in a statesman. I intend you no offence in this remark, and I sincerely hope I have

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given you none in the progress of these papers: I respect your talents, I applaud your zeal, I admire your knowledge, and I esteem your impartiality as Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. But usurped domination I abhor, as I honor legitimate government administered by wisdom, and enforced by the vigor of wholesome laws. A government thus dispensed, I call the *best*; as an invisible authority controuling such government, I term *mistrule*; because while it counteracts the real government, it sets up a spurious one of its own, thereby creating two administrative powers in the state, where there should be but one: like double independence, or the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay. Aristocracy, "the beast with seven heads," shall have my parting valediction, which I thus deliver fresh and fervid from my heart:—"I had rather submit to the uncontrouled conditions of the most barbarous conqueror, of an Alaric, a Jenghizchan, or a Timur-bec, than become the willing slave of ascendant authority. Ireland, I trust, is not yet so lost as to love baseness for its own sake.—I had rather have a Muscovite shake his whiskers in my beard, and compel me to eat off the same plate with him, than crouch to contiguous tyranny, or be rubbed and elbowed by assumed superiority. "It was not an enemy that did me this wrong," says he who was both a statesman and a king, "but mine own familiar friend." The man who makes slavery his choice, and dances to the music of his chains, him I do not envy either his private feelings or his public virtue."

I have the honor to be,

Sir, &c.

THEOPHILUS SWIFT.

Drumcondra, August 27, 1799.