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THE IRISH REVOLUTION, &c.



Houses of the Oireachtas

THE IRISH REVOLUTION;

OR,

WHAT CAN THE REPEALERS DO?

AND

WHAT SHALL BE THE NEW CONSTITUTION?

BEING

A REFUTATION OF THE ARGUMENTS OF THE REV. DR. MARTYN, AND OF THE FAMOUS
OBJECTION OF MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD:

WITH

A WORD ON CIVIL WAR, CONCILIATION, AND
A THIRD COURSE.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, Esq.

“Παίε μεν—Ἀκούσον δε!”

“Strike; but hear me!”—THEMISTOCLES.

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THE IRISH REVOLUTION, &c.

The morning of the nineteenth century (for a century is but the day of nations,) arose to the busy bee-like hum of mechanic invention, as well as to the clang of general war; its noon now shines down upon a sort of European hush; but there are some who whisper that a terrible concert, of which the preamble is beginning to be indistinctly heard, will be surely played at the going-down, and that its sun will set to the sound of an iron music! God may hush that music, or may prevent it, but I don't think that Sir Robert Peel will.

Previously, however, to answering the question of "what can the Repealers do?" and previously to entering on the momentous considerations now inextricably blended with that question, I will say three words about the Rev. Dr. Martyn, Rector of Killeshandra. That gentleman, to prove the unconstitutional nature of the Repeal meetings, has written in the newspapers a long and laboured

letter most easy of refutation, and to which I should have taken on myself to reply two days after its appearance, but for the merest accident. At present I will do so in a very few words, and yet so as, I will undertake to predict, shall satisfy and convince even the Rev. gentleman himself.

Before coming to his main argument for proving the unconstitutional nature of the Repeal demonstration, take this specimen of the perspicacity of Mr. Martyn's mind ; I'm afraid it will show that his powers of reasoning have not been properly exercised. He advocates the introduction into this country of a certain provision in a statute now operative in Great Britain alone, which provision enacts, that no meeting to petition Parliament shall be deemed lawful, that has not the sanction of twenty justices of the peace. Now whose fault is it if the Repealers have not this magisterial sanction ? Is it the fault of the people, whose existing and natural magistrates did actually come forward to second them, or of the Government who dismissed those magistrates for doing so, and then packed the magistracy with men deprived of their political freedom ? I ask Mr. Martyn pointedly, how he could presume to show his face, if there were ever introduced into this country a provision requiring such magisterial sanction,—he having extolled and the government which he favours having adopted the arrangement, by which it is actually made incompetent for magistrates to show any countenance whatever

to the repeal agitation? What! does the Rev. Mr. Martyn require that the Repealers shall obtain magisterial sanction, and does he at one and the same moment take care that it shall be impossible for them to do so? Shall it be, at one and the same moment, I ask, necessary that this magisterial sanction should be given, and penal to give it? Shall the government adopt, and shall he advise the insulting and preposterous scheme, a scheme which surpasses at once in its mockery and in its imbecility, all that the most drivelling, and, at that same time, unprincipled tyrants of barbarous antiquity have ever devised,—the scheme, I say, by which, *while they enjoin*, they in the same breath, of set purpose, *make it impossible to execute the injunction?* Was ever anything so laughably ridiculous?—To order a man whom you see chained hand and foot, to jump a five-bar gate, would be more sensible; to chain him down with your left hand and motion him to the leap with your right, or (which is the same thing,) to call on others to obtain that exploit from him, while you are binding on the fetters, is a case more accurately parallel. I therefore indignantly fling back on Mr. Martyn, and on the government which he favours, the responsibility of anything unconstitutional that might arise under his proposed system, from the absence of magisterial authority. I charge on him and on the government whatever of unconstitutional may result from the absence of magisterial sanction. I tell him it

is *they* who are to blame for such absence, on account of that conditional "expurgation" of the magistracy which he extols, and it is *they*, therefore, and not the Repealers, who are entirely accusable of the results.

I now come to Mr. Martyn's main argument, which I shall still more briefly dispose of. It is this—that the regal and the parliamentary powers are to be constitutionally regarded as in the same predicament ; and that as it would be high treason to petition for any fundamental modification of the *regal*, so it is equally high treason to petition for any fundamental modification of the parliamentary authority. Now I suspect Mr. Martyn is no great constitutional lawyer ; and my suspicion is strengthened by the fact, that he actually expresses surprise at Sir Edward Sugden's legal ignorance (!) because that personage disclaims, in his letter to Mr. Smith O'Brien, all intention to interfere with the right to petition ! Is it not laughable ? I will tell Mr. Martyn the reason why there is no parity, in this constitutional point of view, and as far as the right to petition is concerned, between the regal and the parliamentary powers. It does by no means follow, then, because it may be granted to be high treason to petition for a curtailment or even a modification of the regal prerogative, that it must be equally high treason to petition for a modification of the parliamentary authority ; for, be it observed, that if petitions operate at all, it must be through the houses of

parliament : they are mere dead letters—they are mere *bruta fulmina*, until they have been laid on the tables of parliament, where, for the first time, they acquire, constitutionally, any, the slightest operative force ! Now, it may be very fitting to guard the regal power from the encroachments of its great rival the parliamentary power, and, indeed, to constitute it high treason, in either the people or their representatives, to agitate for a diminution of the sovereign prerogative ; this may be very fitting and very intelligible, I say, without its following that it should be, at the same time, and by virtue of this provision, constituted high treason in the people to agitate concerning modifications of their *own* authority. Who, for instance, will be mad enough to argue that the queen could commit high treason against herself ? Who will contend, I ask, that it would be high treason in the queen to petition for an abridgment or a modification of her prerogative ?—and yet precisely such is the case of the people petitioning for modifications of the parliamentary authority : their petitions are zero, are mere inoperative sounds, signifying nothing, until they enter the walls of parliament ; and there what do they become ? Why, then, it is the parliament dealing with its *own* power, as, in the former case, it was the queen dealing with hers. Can the queen be a traitor against herself ? Can there be high treason in the parliament *against* the parliament ? What now becomes of Mr. Martyn's argument to show the unconstitutional

nature of the Repeal petitions? Shall I oppress the rev. gentleman still further, and, calling in the overwhelming support which practice here affords to theory, shall I point to the cases of agitation for the triennial and septennial parliaments,—for the amputation of the rotten boroughs,—for the repeal of the Scottish union, concerning which last I accuse Mr. Martyn of the most flagrant ignorance of British history, since he asserts that no agitation ever existed for the repeal of that union; shall I point, I say, to these cases, universally recognized by the venerable sages of our law, the Mansfields, the Blackstones, the Sugdens, as undoubted constitutional precedents, and thus close my brief but unanswerable argument, to show the fallacy of the rev. gentleman's attempted demonstrations? As for the incoherent protestations that the Repeal meetings (no matter how proper their object) are in themselves unlawful, because they scare and frighten this rev. personage, let me beg *her* to bear in mind, that it is only by a case of "REASONABLE terror and alarm," in the words of the law, that she can establish the illegality of those assemblages; and that there can be no *reasonable* terror lest men should break the peace, who are noted all over the world for the unprecedented decency and sobriety of their conduct,—or lest the Repeal meetings should be attended by outrage, when it is notorious that more orderly or decorous assemblies never were collected throughout the universe. A man might be afraid lest the Hill of Howth should

throw forth volcanic fires. And why, pray, should that fear be laughed at? Because all experience speaks of Howth as *a quiet hill*. I appeal then to the same experience against Mr. Martyn's hypocritical alarm concerning the mountain-like demonstrations for Repeal. They are green hills, suited to the dear old flag which waves above them; the orange tint of flame never issues from their peaceful summits. Order, and patriotism, and dignity are their vernal blossom. Shall not prosperity, and plenty, and renown be their autumnal bloom?

I would impress these things on Mrs. Martyn's mind, and I would have that reverend person also to remember, that slight indeed is the consistency between alarms so groundless and the heroic defiance which, in the same letter, is hurled against the Repealers, the loud gasconnade that a few such as the rev. person could war down the rest of Ireland! Filled, I say, with the terrors natural to her sex, and giving vent to them as she does, in this letter, where she vehemently argues for the subject's undoubted right not to be frightened, she might, at least, have had the decency to abstain from a transition so theatrical into an air of dauntless and fiery resolution! I have now done with Mrs. Martyn, unless *she* again write in the newspapers, and exhibit fresh stores of constitutional law, acquired, no doubt, by a persevering course of study in the *outer temple*.

As for Dr. Martyn's recommendations of physical coercion, I turn to Sir Robert Peel, and I take the

freedom to remind him of what no man ought better to understand, how vain, how idle, how utterly preposterous it is to raise a physical obstruction against the impassive and spiritual march of opinion! Can he cannonade an argument—can he shoot conviction? The very fairy tale (as I have, I believe, elsewhere written,) beautifully illustrates this truth of beauty. You raise the sword—it glitters—it falls; and you behold still before you, unwounded, impassive, erect, sublime, the portentous and formidable phantom of intellectual conviction. There it stands, and through its form, as through the spirit in Ossian, shine the stars, and among them, in this instance, one beautiful and brightening star, that just trembles above the horizon which it is leaving, the morning star of the nation, “whose sun is but rising when others have set,” the star, I say, of Ireland!

Now, a word with Mr. Sharman Crawford, who, of all the opponents to Repeal, has certainly been the ablest, on account of his one famous and, I believe, hitherto unanswered argument. It is this, that were there a parliament in Ireland, which might feel disposed to exert its privilege of recommending advisers to the Crown, and which should so recommend the very men whom the English Parliament proscribed from their Sovereign’s confidence, where could such a clash between the two parliaments terminate except in civil war? And in order to prove that his supposition is in nowise visionary, he alleges the well-known instance of the

regency question, of which I, for one, admit the full force. Now I beg Mr. Sharman Crawford, who, though I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, is I am sure candid and frank, and to argument ever impressionable, to give me his attention while I answer this his pithy and able, but, I think, fallacious objection. My answer is simply this, that the horrid event, which, as he alleges, must ever be liable to arise in the manner he has mentioned, from a Repeal, is not a necessary consequence of Repeal, even as to liability ; and that there are, indeed, two supposable methods of Repeal, in which that event could not by possibility arise, so far from its being always necessarily liable. Now, if I prove this, I think Mr. Sharman Crawford will concede that I have answered his very able and statesman-like objection.

I prove it thus : one case in which such an alleged clash between the Irish and English Parliaments could not arise is that of a purely local and dependent Irish Legislature, which, nevertheless, would of course constitute a Repeal. A second case in which such a clash could not possibly arise, is that of an independent and imperial Irish Legislature, *with this arrangement*, that on all questions of public and common legislation, dealt with by both parliaments, the total votes of the two parliaments, acting separately, but told and counted conjointly, should decide. For if the decision of the Irish Parliament, by a majority, we will say, of the entire of its two houses, were to be accounted of equal

weight with a decision on the same point by the entire of the English Parliament, this monstrous consequence would arise ; that one Irish member's vote would actually have the value of more than one English member's vote, as his country's houses would, of course, be numerically inferior to the English houses ; and thus, instead of *less* he would obtain far *more* than his due share of imperial legislation. But if the total English and Irish votes were estimated, then England would still retain precisely her natural preponderance ; that preponderance to which she is entitled by her more numerous representatives, proportioned as they are to her superior population and resources.

And if it be objected that, under such an arrangement, the Repeal would be virtually a nullity, since the same method would then prevail of taking the general legislative sense of the three kingdoms, as really prevails at present ; many satisfactory answers occur to that objection. In the first place, what becomes of the cry of "separation," and of the cry against Irish rapacity ? They can not blow hot and cold at once. They cannot, in the same breath, cry out that Repeal is too much, and that it is nothing. In the next place, if we had no other benefit, we should at least have the residence in Ireland of the parliament, and the speedy extinction of the real and terrible curse of general absenteeism. Is this nothing ? In the third place, there would really be an accession of authority and power to the Irish represent-

atives, in at least their *local* capacity, in that useful domestic capacity, I say, in which they could attend to Irish railways, to Irish trade, to Irish private taxation ! Is this, too, nothing ? Again, in point of dignity, of appearance, of the pomp, the show, the circumstance of power, even in their imperial and general character, they would exhibit a spectacle to soothe the feelings, and, if you will, the vanity of the country ; and poor Ireland would experience the healthy and invigorating consciousness, that at length she was every inch a nation ! Is this nothing ? Again, her representatives, by residing on the spot would have a more direct information concerning the matters for the sake of which they had received their mission. Is this nothing ? Besides all this, they could not be so reasonably suspected of corrupt motives in a national point of view, since all the places to which they could aspire would be Irish places, places more or less in the gift of Ireland, and to be given, not as at present, for services which she might deem pernicious to her interests, but for such services alone as she should herself approve. Is this nothing ? Is it nothing that her parliament should act in unison and in system, having, for the most part, its attention fixed on matters of a domestic, and not of a general and distracting nature ? Again, it is to be supposed that the Irish representatives would, of course, be somewhat more numerous ; especially in the now almost extinct upper Irish House. Is that, I ask nothing ? And, finally, out

of the reach, as taught by experience, they would take care to be—out of the reach of undue ministerial influence, they would present a far more formidable front than now to the English nation, who would be sure to treat Ireland fairly, lest in some well-balanced contest among themselves, they should find the Irish majority throwing their weight into the scale of a just retaliation. Now be it remembered all this while, that the simple arrangement which I describe, and of which I believe I am the very first suggestor, is such as must necessarily leave to England for ever her just and natural preponderance; that it is such as will soothe the feelings of Ireland; that it will minister to her most pressing wants,—abate some of her most urgent evils, absenteeism for one,—and cut, at the same time, the Gordian knot of Sir Robert Peel's really terrible and most complicated difficulty. In addition to all this, it answers, I think, Sharman Crawford's able and almost blinding difficulty. Is this, I triumphantly ask,—is this nothing?

I now turn to the Catholics of England, for whom, as a class, I have not merely respect, but the sincerest, the warmest affection. I have been bred amongst them. I do not forget old associations. Dear indeed to me is the remembrance of the golden time, not long passed away, when "Old Stonyhurst," as the fond phrase runs, endeavoured to mould the whimsical raptures of my Irish imagination into classic grace

and academical refinement. I beg the Catholics of England to give me, at least, a hearing ; and to be convinced, that what would injure them will ever be detested and detestable in my sight.

Splendid, then, is their present position, take it all in all ! brighter and brighter are their hopes from day to day becoming. And to whom do they owe that position ? Can they, with their hands on their hearts, deny that they owe it to their Irish brethren in religion ? What star, I ask, heralded in their sunny prospects ! Not from the east, but from the west that star arose. I call on them, then, by all the motives of gratitude and of *union*—yes, of *union*,—the union of the heart and of the spirit, not to strike down their Irish brethren in their hard effort to be free ; not to “break the bruised reed,” nor “quench the smoking taper ;” but to remember how that reed and that taper were once support to their steps, and effulgence to their paths. Let us try on which side argument stands.

On what principle, I ask, are the Irish to be refused the right of governing themselves ? Is it on that of *incompetency* ? Now who will solve me the problem which here presents itself,—how it is that while the Irish are deemed incompetent to manage Ireland, they are deemed competent to manage Great Britain and Ireland ? That while *local* legislation is too difficult for them, *imperial* legislation is perfectly within their capacity ? Who will solve me another problem ? Division of

labour is reckoned so useful in the entire social state, that it is pretty generally a recognized truth, that if all the families in the three kingdoms were to form a committee, and agree to manage each other's and their own affairs, promiscuously and indiscriminately, those affairs would soon be in a pretty state ! If ten families were to do this, the absurdity and the mischief would be proportionably decreased. If *three*, the confusion and incompetency of the business and of its managers, would be, of course, still less ; but if all the families in one corporation managed each its own private concerns, still recognizing their corporate union, then the affairs of that corporation, *united in results, divided in labour*, would have some chance of holding the paths of order and prosperity. And why, pray, shall not the three families which constitute our great imperial corporation, adhere in the most important affairs to a principle, from which, even in trifling concerns, when brought home to their business and their understandings, they would tremble and shudder to depart ? Why not substitute a union of hearts, a union which no physical instrument can reach, nor material shock dissolve, for a union which the moths are eating ; and with this new union, a division of labor, proper, and natural, and requisite,—in the place of operations which are confused, incompetent, and ill-advised, because conducted by too many hands, because not each conducted by the

right hand, because jumbled, and indiscriminate, and promiscuous!

Besides, I utterly deny that Ireland is incompetent for any task which a nation was ever adequate to perform. Intellectually, morally, physically, Ireland is at present, if not the first, at least among the first nations in the world. Superior in every point of view, in power and in resources, in character and in merit, to many an independent state, Ireland has been, over and over again, statistically demonstrated to be. Intellectually considered; the English critical journals, of all parties and of all kinds, have admitted that Ireland has given even more than her fair share of general intellectual manifestation.

Morally considered; thank God, in our worst days, the social morals were ever admitted to be pre-eminent and almost miraculous in Ireland, but at present, when the Irish have done that for which no country ever furnished them a precedent, when they have consecrated themselves a nation sworn to temperance and order,—who shall tell me, that my generous, enthusiastic, and *single-hearted* countrymen are not equal, are not superior to any besotted population, dead to every more airy and *spirituel* impulse, however loaded that population may be with rude prosperity and physical abundance?

Physically considered; an impartial authority, not an Irish, but a Scottish judge, has pronounced

the Irish, *in the finest country, the finest people throughout the world.* These truths have entered deeply into my soul. Who can keep our Parliament away from us? The Catholics of England *cannot*; but they have it in their power to do for us, in justice, and with substantial reason, not merely that which they would wish *us* to do for *them*, but that which we *have* done for them,—they have it in their power to assist us in a great and equitable enterprise!

Let the Catholics of England point me out, on the part of the present government, a single manifestation of an intention to treat the Catholics with impartiality, or to carry out the principles of the act of 1829. Against the letter, as against the spirit of the law, Sir Robert Peel now dares to do that which, when it was done with all the sanction of prescription, with all the weight and authority of the constitution, was scouted, was condemned, was flung aside with indignation, with abhorrence, and with a solemn constitutional vow, never to recur to a system 'unworthy of the age, which brought its own punishment with it,' and which was a political abomination! The Protestants feel this; ay, the *Protestants*, and they can be repealers, even from indignation at the marked neglect of Catholics by the Tory government; *and I know some that are.* And if Protestants can feel this, how shall Catholics feel?

Indignation, I confess, is the sentiment I experience when I think of Sir Robert Peel's declaration that Ireland is his difficulty. Does he not wish it to be his difficulty? Has he tried, even by the simple plan of an impartial and properly chosen executive, to allay the jealousy and well-founded irritation of the Irish, arising out of the knowledge that Catholics in a Catholic country were not, in any instance, to be placed in posts influential on the destinies of a Catholic population: that in this country not merely there was not to be a due proportion of those professing the ancient faith of the people, placed in offices influencing the destinies of that people, but *that there was not to be one*? Has he not laboured, I ask, to make Ireland his difficulty? Is it not a mockery in him to pretend to regret it? Where was the necessity for so systematic a departure in this Catholic nation, from the spirit of the act of Emancipation? Gratuitous, has been this galling and most insulting course! Tell me not that he regrets that Ireland is his difficulty. He does *not* regret it. For some dark end or other, he would so have it. Is it not clear, is it not palpable? Does not the very sunshine through his inclination? Let no one say what needs not to be said, that a government cannot be expected to give appointments to their political opponents. What I urge is, that this government will not give appointments to their political supporters, if only they be Catholics; no—no matter what their abilities, their character, their

station, their past services, or their consequent present humiliation, let them be but Catholics and they are proscribed. Look at Mr. Lambert; he ought to be a lesson and a warning to all Irishmen. He is perhaps the instance of all others most apposite to my argument; most conclusive that the religion of Ireland is to be in Ireland a ground for utter proscription with the Tory ministers. When such a man as Mr. Lambert is suffered to remain the object of laughter and derision, as notoriously he is to the great body of his countrymen, for this substantial reason, that they naturally laugh to find so excellent an instance of the truth of the doctrine which they are constantly preaching, and in which I entirely believe, that Catholics should rally round O'Connell with double ardor, since men are in power who hate their religion, and since misfortune and derision will be their richly merited fate if they join the enemies of their country, and of their altars; when such a man, I say, as Mr. Lambert, with abilities so preeminent, of conservatism so daring, and who has actually borne deep wounds, so to speak, in the political fight, is abandoned to the merciless ridicule which credulity like his must ever deserve; who will presume to tell me that Sir Robert Peel intends to treat the Catholics fairly, and regrets that the land whose religion he proscribes should be his difficulty? No, no, *let me see his charity begin at home*, before I believe his promise of *general and impartial* benevolence. To the end of the scene will he persevere in his infatuated

policy, and I can assure each Catholic Conservative in Ireland, that *never* will he receive from the Tory Ministers any, the least countenance whatever. Let them join the Repeal Association—let them throw themselves into the parental embraces of their country. Among the considerations which have influenced me to give my humble adhesion to the Repeal cause, the first and most powerful, as I have already publicly avowed, has been the despair of fair treatment from this government towards the Catholics of Ireland. That a Catholic nation like ours should dissolve the union with England, under circumstances of exclusive and anti-popish treatment on the part of the existing government—under circumstances, I say, of what might be justly termed a negative religious persecution, practised, in the teeth of treaties, systematically against us, is one thing : it would be quite another thing to relinquish England, at a moment when her executive administration testified towards the religion of our country a sedulous and honourable impartiality. This consideration has had its weight with many ; and I trust that Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, one of the ablest men of our time, will, ere long, furnish in his own person a new example of its efficacy. But I turn to other topics.

Civil war is becoming a fashionable phrase, and a fashionable threat ! While O'Connell lives, obtrusive indeed must be the zeal for quarrel which shall force that evil upon us : I, for one, should deeply lament the occurrence of a civil war,—not

from love towards Ireland, the country I of course best love, but from love towards England, where I have been bred, and where I have many dear associations. I would here remind the English, if they cherish the *delusion* that they are now, and under present circumstances, the stronger nation—if they imagine, I say, that they would possess the *odds* in the jumble and complexity of any contingent civil war, I would here remind them of the words of Holy Writ, that “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;” and if they answer that it is *generally* so; I reply that they *have* drawn, already, their chances out of the bank of fate—that, generally, it *has* been so; and that now, *now in altered times*, it is not superstition to believe, it is not folly to anticipate, that in the event of one more collision, a retributive hour for the unjust and the oppressive, and an hour of reward for the regenerated, the awakened, the aroused, the *moralized*, and (let them not deny it) the SUPERIOR nation, will surely come!

As for the subject of conciliation, are not the words of that best written of all the journals, the *Examiner*, most appropriate amidst present events? most appropriate now that the Arms Bill, with its midnight visitations, is to come, like a troubled dream, into the heart of the country; now that denunciations of perjury are hurled by the Home Secretary against the whole body of the Irish Catholics; now that declarations that concession has reached its utmost, and that civil war were pre-

ferable to Repeal, are made by all the ministers ; what more appropriate on the subject of conciliation than the beautiful words of the *Examiner* ? “ *after alienating them by the force of injustice, they seek to retain them by force of arms !*” I quote from memory, and perhaps not *au pied de la lettre*. They think to put down Repeal, but O’Connell, like the ancient Titan, struck back into his native land, revives at the touch of mother earth, arises, dilates, and stands once more the giant ! Or rather, he resembles (for victory is before him) Addison’s hero, who rides in the whirlwind and conducts the storm !

The great popular tide in Ireland is surging and swelling upwards ; it has covered the old landmarks, it has reached the spots which had heretofore been deemed beyond the range of its mightiest inundation ; and in the same ratio the opposition to Repeal has shrunk backwards and backwards into high places, trying where it may avoid the inevitable deluge. It is now placed solely in lofty quarters—is that opposition ; and it reminds me of that portentous figure in the dream of the King in Holy Writ, which was gold to the waist, iron to the knees, and clay to the feet ; for this figure, stands aloft, with a forehead of brass, and a heart of iron, and a brain that is of clay ! but its forehead of brass shall not protect its brain of clay, nor its brain of clay devise means to save its iron heart from the pangs of prostrate and utter dissolution ! The Irish revolution of 1800 was a bad design, executed infamously, and now we are at

length approaching the termination of the ill-omened national union, which was the result—we are in “*the beginning of the end*,” quod felix faustumque sit.

I will here make public a singular and important fact, which will throw a ghastly light,—ghastly but most clear,—on the state of England at this moment,—on the awful position in which England is placed, and on the ultimate certainty of Repeal. Such is the present state, and such the present *temper* of affairs, that in France, Belgium, and Piedmont, the call has only to be sounded—the signal made—the word given, and in the course of twelve months, a subsidy of 100,000*l.*—of *one hundred thousand pounds*, I say—shall swell the coffers of the Irish Repeal Association ! I have it from authority the most unsuspectable,—from one who knows those countries well, and who, studiously avoiding all interference with our domestic politics, is an unexceptionable witness for his own nation, to the boiling ferment which the relative position of England and Ireland has excited in every portion of the civilized world, where injustice can find a detester, or suffering loyalty a friend. Whether the genius of O’Connell—a genius that would have suited a throne in arduous times—a genius altogether *imperial*, may see fit to accept this sympathy, which one look from him of invitation would transform from words into acts, is a matter for *his*, not *our* consideration. As the Napoleon of *Peace* and of *Loyalty*, he may, perhaps, admit under his banner these “*silver spears*.”

Now if 5,000 *dollars* from America,—from distant America,—have struck a great fear into the heart of England,—if a few thousand pounds, altogether, coming rather from the Irish in America than from the Americans,—proceeding in fact from where it was natural to expect them, have constituted a great event, what are the bearings, tell me, of this momentous fact, that the *French*, the jealous, the powerful, the contiguous, are ready to raise suddenly, at the call of a single influential man, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FOR THE IRISH REPEAL ASSOCIATION! Oh! let not the English delude themselves with the vain and mocking hope that it is a simple and easy task to crush the gigantic movement for Repeal. We love the British connexion, and we will adhere to it, if the British themselves will only let us! Yes, in spite of tyranny and insult, in spite of artful provocation and of insidious indignity, we will go calmly on, unbetrayed out of the path of peace,—not to be scared, and not to be robbed either of our patience or of the victory. Were the Repealers to do otherwise, I, for one, would leave them. I am prepared to fight and to die for the British connexion, against any foreign or any domestic traitor; but as surely as England obtrudes a civil war upon Ireland, so surely will the British connexion be snapped violently and for ever; so surely will England be, I do not say *worsted*, but ruined utterly. As yet we have done our duty nobly, and we present a splendid spectacle to

the world. In vain have ministers adopted measures calculated to gall, to sere, and to inflame us out of our best and noblest feelings,—our loyalty, our patriotism, and our love of order: they have raised the persecuting flames around us; but, *through the fierce and rabid conflagration, the Law, Honor and Religion of the land walk unharmed, for, with them, I am proud to say, is the Angel of the Constitution!*

Such are my sentiments on the subject of Repeal.