

Mr. O'LEARY's
D E F E N C E;
CONTAINING A
VINDICATION
OF HIS
CONDUCT AND WRITINGS
DURING THE
LATE DISTURBANCES IN MUNSTER;
WITH A
FULL JUSTIFICATION of the CATHOLICS,
AND
AN ACCOUNT of the Risings of the WHITE-BOYS.
IN ANSWER TO THE
FALSE ACCUSATIONS OF THEOPHILUS,
AND THE
ILL-GROUNDED INSINUATIONS
OF THE
RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WOODWARD,
LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

D U B L I N :

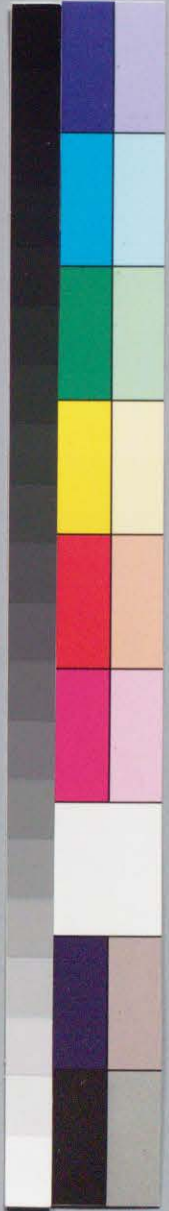
PRINTED BY P. BYRNE, No. 108, GRAFTON-STREET;

M.DCC.LXXX VII.





Hiroshi & Tamae
— Mizuta —



Mr. O'LEARY'S
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ERRATA.

Page	Line
39,	11, for feditio which the mad malevolence has upbraided me, read feditio <i>with</i> which mad malevolence has upbraided me.
53,	18, dele the word <i>and</i> .
57,	11, after the words <i>1l. 25. 6d.</i> read whereas in the year 1786, they were increased to <i>2l. 0s. 6d.</i> in some places.
58,	12, read <i>Apaga nugæ</i> .
63,	5, for <i>if</i> , read <i>of</i> .
130,	for <i>wounds</i> , read <i>mounds</i> .

INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER attempts to give an account of public transactions should be above the reach and power of hope and fear, and all kinds of INTEREST; that he may always dare to speak the truth, and write of all without *prejudice*, religiously observing never to abuse the public faith, but to guard against the bias and affections of those who would endeavour to impose on him by false or exaggerated reports. He should not confine himself to a bare recital of the actions of men, but to lay open the motives and principles from which they took their rise, and upon which they proceeded to their final issues. When in public transactions in which all parties are concerned, some persons make themselves more conspicuous than others, it is not barely sufficient to mention their names. The hearts of such actors must be laid open. The reader must be let into their most important motives and designs, and favoured with a sight of those secret springs which moved them to the enterprise whether it succeeded or miscarried. He

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should be *disinterested* himself, and attribute no *bad motives* to persons whose actions could bear a favourable construction; when he is convinced that they had *no interest* in interfering in those scenes of disorder and tumult which he chuses for the subject of his narrative.

Upon those principles Doctor Woodward should have proceeded when he introduces me on the stage after *his account* of the disturbances in the south of Ireland; disturbances which disgraced the nation, by the manner in which they were heightened in the foreign prints, painting us in a state of barbarism and rebellion, and which however unjustifiable, yet borrow (in the county of Cork at least) their importance more from the colourings of exaggerating writers, than from any signal or singular event which would suit the dignity of the historian's pencil, whose office it is to pronounce the destiny of the *great ones* of the earth; to fix their character with posterity, to do justice to virtue and worth, and to admit no figures into his historical groupe but the figures of the great and illustrious. It is true that public transactions should be recorded, though the characters which appeared on the scene are far from being illustrious. The Roman historians have transmitted to posterity

posterity the war of the *slaves*: And the Right Reverend Bishop of Cloyne has favoured the public with a *general account* of the operations of the Munster *rabble*. But he differs widely from the patterns after whom he should have copied. For however unworthy of the historian's pen the exploits of *shabby heroes* may appear, yet when he hands their achievements down to posterity, he should paint them in their *proper colours*, and range them under their *respective banners*. When Tacitus describes the revolt of the Pannonian legions, incited to *sedition* by Perennius, a common soldier, and the *Captain Right* of his time, he informs his readers of that incendiary's *profession*. But when the Bishop of Cloyne promises, in his title-page, *A general Account of the Insurrections of the South of Ireland, with their rise and progress*, he leads all his warriors into the field in the same *uniform*. They are all a *popish mob* disarming Protestants to overthrow the established religion. In this assertion I shall take the liberty of differing in opinion from the Bishop, with the same freedom that Lesley, a dissenting minister, contradicted Archbishop King, when that prelate wrote his History of the State of the Protestants in Ireland under James the Second; and as Beverley Higgins, a gentleman of the established religion, differed widely in opinion from

from Bishop Burnet, when he wrote *the History of his own Times*.

Happy! if I could discover nothing reprehensible in the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet, but historical inaccuracy! It would affect me no more than some of the stories of Herodotus, who was so liable to misinformation. For a *mob* is a *mob*, whether they be *Protestants* or *Papists*. A *popish mob* may crop horses and burn ricks of corn in Ireland; and a *Protestant mob* may burn houses and attempt to plunder the bank in London. It is the crime, not the religion of the criminal, which disturbs the peace of society, and is punished by the judge.

But when in the Bishop's pamphlet I see myself personally attacked, and (what concerns me more than any personal injury) my religion glanced at as inconsistent with the security of the state. When I see Catholic prelates, who are an ornament to the age, wounded by an intimation that their allegiance to their King in temporals is a prevarication of their obedience to their supreme pastor in spirituals. For here, according to Doctor Woodward's innuendo, perjury must be the alternative. If they swear allegiance to the Pope, they cannot
 swear

swear allegiance to the King. If they swear allegiance to the King, they cannot swear allegiance to the Pope—still they swore allegiance to both. Perjury then is inevitable. A dreadful dilemma arising from a consecration-oath, translated into English for the purpose of perplexing the ignorant, and left unexplained for the purpose of rendering venerable prelates obnoxious to the public. —When I see Doctor Woodward one of the pilots of the vessels of the establish'd religion hanging out the signal of distress, and crying aloud on the deck, "THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMMINENT DANGER OF SUBVERSION." From whom? From the *Dissenters ready to pull down an ecclesiastical establishment, and the Catholics ready to set up their own*. That is to say, from two classes of subjects more interested in improving *thirty-nine* acres of ground for the support of their families, than in abolishing the *thirty-nine articles* of Bishop Woodward's profession of faith, which (however founded in the Scriptures) thousands of Protestant Divines all over Europe would not subscribe. When I now see the three great classes of High-churchmen, Dissenters and Catholics, whom I have formerly seen to drown their religious distinctions in the noise of the alarm drum, and march under

der the same banners to protect the beds of their wives, and the cradles of their children against the common foe. When I see them now disunited, (if they were mad enough to be disunited by the croaking of controversy, and in speculative points which puzzle the mind, to forget social friendship which cheers and warms the heart.)* When I see them disunited, or on the eve of a rupture in consequence of this alarming proclamation, *truths which at other times should be kept in silence for the preservation of harmony, must now be brought to public notice*, I am at a loss what to say. By such a declaration the Bishop acknowledges that his pamphlet is not *calculated to preserve harmony*, otherwise he would have been silent; or his words are a riddle which must be unravelled by a greater Ædipus than Mr. O'Leary.

However, as the unhappy disturbances in the South of Ireland have afforded a pretext for the

* Mr. O'Leary hopes that none will cavil at these words, as if uttered by a latitudinarian. He is a steadfast Catholic; but is no more inclined to quarrel with any person on account of his religion, than to quarrel with him on account of the colour of his clothes.

dissolution

dissolution of this harmony which reign'd amongst the natives of this kingdom a few years before; and as the Catholics in general as well as Mr. O'Leary in particular have been misrepresented, the following defence, in which the Insurrections are mentioned, is humbly submitted to the judgment of the public. If Mr. O'Leary speaks of himself, it is because he is personally attack'd.—Every man who is put on his defence, must do the same. In the course of his defence he will hold up the historical mirror.

If it reflects any specks on the faces of some who may behold it, let them attribute their deformity to themselves.—Truths shall guide my pen, and the historian must be impartial.

If I enter more deeply into the subject than I first intended, it is in order to shew by every proof which moral evidence can afford, that the Catholics of this kingdom could not form any design against either church or state, as has been maliciously insinuated in several Pamphlets. The Bishop of Cloyne has given the profile. I shall draw the face in full.

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Mr. O'LEARY'S

D E F E N C E.

THE unprovok'd attack made on my character was for a long time a mystery to others as well as to myself. The perusal of several pamphlets at length enabled me to unfold it. The murmurs of the lower orders against proctors and tithe-canvassers induced the authors of several publications (some of them were beneficed clergymen) to wish for some other mode of supporting the clergy, less oppressive to the poor than the collection of tithes attended with continual litigations, but equally advantageous to the clerical profession, and more honourable, as it would remove every occasion of dispute between pastors and their parishioners. This plan, however countenanced by the ablest men in England, and by many sensible men of the established church in Ireland, made Theophilus mad, and the Bishop of Cloyne somewhat angry. The alarm bell was rung by Theophilus,

B 2

and

and the presses began to teem with the Bishop's pamphlets. Some batteriés were to be erected to defend the usual mode of collecting tithes. And on the walls of the church was planted the *rusty* cannon of popery to *fire*, and give notice of the approach of the enemy. It was laid down as a maxim, that in the Catholic church the clergy enforce the payment of tithes *jura divino**; and that the clergy of the church of Rome would resume the tithes with the *assistance of foreign powers*. This masterpiece of *generalsbip* (if I may use a word which I cannot find in Johnson's Dictionary) succeeded. What Lord Clarendon said of the reign of Charles the First was verified in eighty-seven. *The Papiſts were the most common place, and the butt against which all the arrows were directed.* Ghilinis's letter and the Bishop's consecration-oath were roused from their dusty pillows, and stripped of their long Roman dress were introduced into every circle in an English garb. The arrival of those foreigners alarmed several on their *first appearance* as much (*and with as much reason*) as the tidings of the arrival of eight hundred Jesuits mounted on dromedaries, alarmed the citizens of London in the reign of Charles the Second, though the messenger who frightened others knew that he was secure from the danger.

It happened that in order to reclaim by reason people who had shaken off the yoke of authority, I told the white-boys that *if they had grievances to complain of, the legislature alone was competent to redress them; informing them at the same time that no power on earth would permit any set of men to overturn established laws by private authority* †. The word griev-

* See Theophilus.

† The letters may be seen in the Appendix.

ances alarmed the Bishop, for reasons unknown to me, but best known to himself. This was the signal for war, as if my conduct and writings had been incentives to *sedition*. Every advantage was taken of me. But it is now time to repel force by force, and to recover the ground of which my aggressors have taken possession during my careless inactivity.

Pray, then, my Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and you Theophilus, whose mouth, like that of Palinurus, is better qualified for *blowing that trumpet* which you have thrust into mine, *tuba ciere viros martemque accendere cantu*. On what ground can you bring the charge against Mr. O'Leary? Can you ground it on my writings? You have garbled them; you have mangled them; you had models to copy after. And imitation is no bad help. A man attempted once to deny the resurrection by the same texts that establish the belief of it. He succeeded by adding a monosyllable, and placing a point of interrogation in the room of a full stop, and transposing a word. The text runs thus:—*Surrexit. Non est hic. He is risen. He is not here.* The literary magician got rid of the difficulty by punctuating and transposing the words in the following manner:—*Surrexit ne? Non. Est hic. Is he risen? No. He is here.* There is ingenuity. And by his skill in *mangling phrases* the Bishop of Cloyne changes *the way of the cross is the road to the crown*, into *SEDITION*.

When I come to the vindication of my writings, I shall shew more of the Bishop's ingenuity in scattering limbs, which I shall restore to their proper places. Doctor Woodward and I live in the same county. Can he stand forth, and arraign my conduct?

The disturbances took their rise in the diocese of Cloyne, about the month of September, 1785. I never had been in that diocese but twice on a visit to Mr. Roche of Trabulgan, who, about two years before the disturbances had retired to Naples for the benefit of his health. I had no acquaintances in the diocese of Cloyne, except the Protestant and Catholic gentlemen of consequence. And however great my esteem for, and the confidence I repose in them, I am not so divested of common sense as to put myself in their power; it would be the means of losing their esteem.—Want of prudence, says Lord Littleton, is oftentimes want of virtue. And I would forfeit my claim to both, if I urged a deluded multitude to their destruction by encouraging them to fly in the face of established laws, and to deprive any person of the property secured to him by the state. For whom does the Bishop of Cloyne take me then, when, in his Postscript, interlarded with the garbled passages of my addresses, he throws out insinuations so injurious to my character, and attempts to palliate and extenuate those insinuations under the thin gauze of a salvo; I do not say that *the reverend author intends to sow sedition, but if such were his design?* * Will any man of sense be satisfied with the excuse of a monosyllable *but* or *if*? I am not acquainted with the lower classes in his diocese, though they know me from character, as a man more inclined to lead them into the path of subordination and peace, than to goad them to madness.

I have renounced every claim to tithes by my sacred vows. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne then may rest satisfied that I never intended to sow sedi-

* Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, p. 106.

tion

tion from a rapacious view to his ecclesiastical revenues, and that I can frankly say with parson Adams to his brother Trulliber, in Fielding's Joseph Andrews, *Nil habeo cum porcis. I have no call to your tithe Pigs.*

The Bishop and the public must then acknowledge that I was in no manner whatever interested in tithes, much less in fomenting riots and disorders. But common sense and prudence must acknowledge, that a person in my situation could not with propriety stand by as an indifferent spectator of tumults and disorders which threaten'd the peace of the community, and which I well foresaw would be construed by malevolence into a *Popish confederacy* against the state, as Theophilus has since construed it. Neither does the Bishop of Cloyne contradict him in the short and partial account he has given in his pamphlet of risings which he attributes to a *Popish mob*.

From one parish in the diocese of Cloyne, the disturbances began to spread to another, and as bad example seldom ends where it first began, the contagion at last reach'd the borders of the diocese of Cork; and as a gangrene that eats its way from the extremities of the body to the very vitals.—Captain Right's proclamations made their way to the very heart of the city, about five months after they had been published in the diocese of Cloyne. On a Sunday morning a seditious notice was posted (and breathing nothing but a downright disrespect to the clergy) on the gate of the parish chapel, inviting such as found themselves oppress'd by *pamper'd Theologians, whose God was their belly, and whose religion was a hog'shead of wine,* (the very words of the notice) to meet at an appointed hour in order to regulate their *pittance according to the Gospel rule.*
That

That very day I was going on business to the country, when to my surprise I met with numbers of common people reading a similar notice passed up against the gate of my own chapel.—*Was it meddling with the politics of this Protestant country, as the Bishop of Cloyne's favourite Theophilus upbraids me, to make war upon disorder and licentiousness? Or is it because the Bishop of Cloyne was silent and passive during the tumults which had changed his diocese into a scene of disorder and anarchy, that I should be silenced by the clamour of sedition sounding the trumpet at the threshold of my chapel? I deserv'd my excursion, and at every congregation from eight to one o'clock, I enlarg'd upon the scandal and impropriety of such proceedings, pointed out to the common people the danger to which they expos'd themselves, the confusion in which they were involving the community; and made use of the most persuasive arguments in my power to reclaim them to their duty. If I deserv'd to be compar'd to any illustrious character, it is not to Mark Antony working upon the passions of the multitude, in order to arm against Brutus and his confederates, that the Bishop of Cloyne should have compar'd me. If he intended a compliment, and wish'd to tempt my vanity, of becoming a boaster, he should have compar'd me rather to Junius Blefus appealing the Pannonian legions, who had been urg'd to revolt against their officers by a common soldier call'd Perennius, the Captain Right of his days.*

I thought it my duty both as a loyal subject, a clergy-man, and a member of civil society, to contribute to the preservation of publick order, and to guard deluded multitudes against destruction, to the utmost of my power.

The

The honour and interest of the Catholic body, often misrepresented, and become the theme of scurrilous or fanatical writers, were further incentives to my zeal. I recollected the unmerited abuse given for a long time in the papers to the Catholics, because seventeen house-keepers in Dublin had unguardedly signed a requisition to the High-Sheriff for the purpose of convening an aggregate meeting relative to a parliamentary reform: tho' I am confident the seventeen knew as little about the impropriety of their signing that requisition, and foresaw as little the offence it would give, as the High Sheriff himself foresaw that he would be attached by the Court of King's-Bench. And as to the Catholics, in their disqualified situation, they could not with either prudence or propriety follow any other line but that of a strict neutrality in a political question, on which neither the friends nor opponents of a parliamentary reform would acknowledge them competent to determine. I had moreover in my very recent recollection, the false alarm rung all over Ireland and Great-Britain, on the occasion of Mr. O'Connor, whose lineal descent from Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of the Milesian race, in the reign of Henry the Second, was published in the papers; the formidable forces of that claimant to the royalties of his ancestors; forces which a member in the House of Commons affirm'd to amount to a thousand, but which, soon after, in the English papers, were increased to eighteen thousand well disciplined men; another member's declaration in the Senate, that the Protestant interest was *now at stake*, and that he would stand forth its champion; and the consequent challenge made on the Minister of State to know if government had march'd the army against King O'Connor.

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When I recollected a private gentleman, at the head of a few servants armed with spades and clubs, keeping possession of a litigated spot of land, confirmed to him afterwards by a decree of the Courts of Justice: when I recollected this gentleman *enlarged* into a mighty monarch, through the magnifying glass of misrepresentation, I had every room to apprehend that the enemies of the Catholics would misrepresent them to government, according to their *usual custom*, and that the *quarrel* between the peasant and the proctor for a basket of potatoes, would be misconstrued into a struggle between the king and the subject, for the jewels of the crown. The nobility and gentry of Ireland are now convinced that my conjectures and apprehensions were not groundless, when they read the slanders of Theophilus, and the pamphlet published by Doctor Woodward.

If I were allowed the liberty of using a metaphor, wild and extravagant indeed as to the manner of the expression, but natural enough as far as it may convey my meaning, I could say, that my apprehensions on similar occasions were not the fruit of fancy. They are the natural growth of the county of Cork, and vegetate in *that very soil*.— In that county Machiavel's maxim, *divide and govern*, has been followed for many years, and the plan for changing the pretended dangers of *Popery* into so many steps of the political ladder whereby to ascend to power and consequence, had been for many years invariably pursued. The Catholics, excluded from the senate and councils of the nation, could not be known to every English nobleman who came here to manage the reins of administration, during a temporary residence. Chance may bring him acquainted with some individuals, but he must be a stranger to the real state and principles

ples of the body at large. The Catholics then could not be known to government but in the colours in which those persons painted them. And from such political limners, a just resemblance between the picture and the original could not be expected.

Hence in the county of Cork scarce could Catholics breathe until the administration of the Earl of Halifax and Lord Townshend, who upon a closer investigation into their case, removed the film with which the misrepresentations of interested men had overspread the eyes of former rulers. I had then just grounds to apprehend that the disorders of a motley groupe of insurgents would be made out a *Popish confederacy*; and I know that the silence of a man who stood forth for his country, in the fight I may say of the enemy, and who has as much influence as any individual in his station, would give a colourable sanction to the accusation. Nor (however plain and simple in other respects) was I so unexperienced in life, or ignorant of the events which had happened in this kingdom, as to put myself in the power of my enemies, or expose myself to the rigour of the law, by a seditious conduct. I learned wisdom from the folly of others; and if I were inclined to be seditious, I knew that it was not my interest to give my inclinations their exertion or energy. In foreign countries I had read much about the Whiteboys in Ireland, and on my arrival in the kingdom, I collected every information in my power, in order to be acquainted with the history of my country.

The first paper I read after landing in Cork, was the dying speech of Buck Sheehy and others, who had been executed for Whiteboyism at Cloheen. In their speech they declared that their lives

were offered them on condition that they would swear against several Catholic gentlemen as confederates and abettors of Whiteboys. And who would not pass for a Whiteboy at that time, when one of the most inoffensive men on earth, Doctor Mc. Kenna, the present Titular Bishop of Cloyne, was escorted under a strong guard, on a pretended suspicion of being an insurgent. I read of Nicholas Sheehy's fate, with which the illiberal Theophilus threatens me, and learned that a Catholic clergyman in all places, but especially here, should confine himself to the line of his duty, by enforcing morality and subordination to the laws. That unfortunate man was tried before the Court of King's Bench, for Whiteboyism, and was acquitted. Sheehy, whose blood his enemies thirsted for, is at last indicted for the murder of one Bridges, a man of no good character, whose *dead body* could not be found, but whose *living body* (if report be true) was afterwards seen in Newfoundland. The dead bodies of rogues who had been murdered in one kingdom, had been afterwards seen *living bodies* in another, as so many enchanted dragons, watching the Hesperian Gardens of the temple of Venus, alias *bullies to a brothel*. That this was Bridges's case I cannot affirm, but for the rest, the history of the kingdom is my voucher.* Sheehy, on hearing that a proclamation was issued against, and a reward offered for apprehending him, wrote to the Secretary of the Chief Governor, that to spare government the expences he would give himself up on condition that he would not be tried in Clonmel, where he said his enemies were too powerful: a promise founded on justice was made,

* See the Continuation of Curry's Memoirs of the Civil Wars of Ireland.

though

though it was never performed. He was sent to take his trial at Clonmel, where he was found guilty upon the evidence of the same identical witnesses whose testimony had been rejected before by the Court of King's-Bench, *viz.* a naughty boy, a lewd woman, and an impeached thief, taken out of Clonmel jail. Hence Sheehy's jury is become as proverbial in Ireland as the ancient justiciaries of Donfront, in Normandy, who used to hang regularly at the hour of one every prisoner who had been tried at twelve,

Allez a Donfront, juste ville de malheur,
Où bon est accusé a midi, et pendu à une heure.

Under the impressions which such singular events must make on the mind, and in the delicacy of the clerical situation, who could suspect that any Catholic clergyman would blow the trumpet of sedition in the ears of a deluded peasantry? Or has the Bishop, like Socrates, a similar spirit to give him information which no mortal besides himself can pretend to? But reserving the discussion of such an accusation for its proper place, I must proceed in the course of my narrative.

The associations were now extending, and a notice posted up against the gates of parish churches and chapels was a kind of standard to which all parties, without distinction of religion, flocked, and entered into a general confederacy. For the public are not to form their judgment of the disturbances from the mad declamation of a Theophilus, nor the imperfect one given by the Bishop of Cloyne. The first is a bare-faced slanderer. The Bishop gives the profile of the picture, in entirely shadowing the other side of the face, by making out the insurgents a *popish mob, connived at by some Protestants*, without mentioning the effectual and active

active concurrence of any. The unprovoked and unmerited attack made on Mr. O'Leary, by the right reverend prelate and his left reverend confederate, has forced the pencil into his hand, and now compels him to draw the picture with a full face. The notice alluded to is to the following purport. " You are hereby cautioned not to pay ministers tithes, only in the following manner, viz. potatoes 4s. per acre; wheat and barley 1s. 6d. per acre; oats and meadows 1s. per acre. Roman Catholic clergy to receive for marriage 5s. for baptism 1s. 6d. for anointing and visiting the sick 1s. for mass 1s. for confession 6d. You are hereby warned not to pay parish-priests clerks money, nor any other dues concerning marriages. Be all sure not to go to any expenses at your confession terms, but let them partake of your own fare."

This notice, which I censured, as may be seen in my letters, seemed moderate however to many acquainted with the distresses of the poor. In vain has the Bishop of Cloyne attempted to justify *proctors, tithe-caniers, tithe-jobbers*, &c. by declaring them to be *agents to the clergy, equally necessary as receivers to lay-gentlemen*. The general voice is against them. Moreover, the comparison does not hold. The gentleman's agent only collects the rent at the expence of his employer; the tenants pay the determined sum agreed on by the lease, and if his farm should produce a hundred fold every year, he pays neither more nor less until his lease expires. But these *ecclesiastical agents*, of whom the Bishop becomes the apologist, are so many locusts, that eat up the peasant's green herbage without feeding the wind that wafts them. Several instances could be produced to prove that they gain more than their employers, whilst they distress the
cottager,

cottager. When the potatoe-stalk begins to shoot to a certain distance above the surface of the earth, the sharp-eyed lynx surveys it in the *name of God and of our holy mother the church*. On the spot where the stalks crowd together *thick and threefold*, in order to *discriminate the ranks* and to *avoid confusion*, the proctor's hand rears a land-mark. *Doctor Woodward* thinks it a duty of a *head pastor* to appoint *agents well qualified for preserving order*. The hungry peasant whose teeth water for the vegetable he had sown and reared up from its *infant state*, wishes to try its quality; but if he approaches within a certain distance of the fatal land-mark, he is sure to share the fate of the benighted mariner, who approaches those hostile shores, when allured by the false lights held out to decoy him to the rock, on which he is to be shipwrecked. The Bishop's-court is the strand on which the proctor gathers the spoils. It is not, I acknowledge, the fault of the institution, nor of the gentlemen who preside in the courts; but it is the misfortune of the peasant, who has neither means nor skill to cope with those *agents*, who are adepts in their professions. From many instances of the abuse made of the authority of those courts by crafty *agents*, I shall select one. In the province where *Doctor Woodward* and I reside, and now the theatre of *pamphlets and politics*, there lived a poor peasant; his poverty had not deprived him of those qualities which constituted a husband and a father; to him a child was born, who did not live long enough to enjoy his father's estate; he died; and for want of a shilling to purchase the hallowed ground wherein to deposit the *defunct* heir of an opulent fortune, the father rolled him up in a bundle of straw, and smuggled him into the church-yard in the dead of night. Happy! thrice happy! had he met on
that

that fatal night with a custom-house officer. He would have escaped with the contraband goods. But alas! his destiny was to meet with one of those officers who have recourse to what the *moderator* calls the *Court Christian*. A decree (whether real or fictitious I cannot tell) from the Bishop's-court was produced by the carrion-hunter and another, who were hurrying away the peasant, fainting after a violent resistance. Luckily he was met by an intimate friend of mine, who released him by paying the *charnel-house fees*.

These anecdotes I relate to shew that, notwithstanding Doctor Woodward's zeal in defence of what he writes in favour of ecclesiastical agents, they are oppressive, and impose both on Bishops-courts and their employers. I do not say, that they do it with their consent. Far be it from me. It was against the Prophet's will that his servant received presents from Naaman the Assyrian officer. And it is against the clergy's consent that their *agents* are vexatious to the poor. But there is this difference between the Bishop and the Prophet: The latter struck his *agent* with the leprosy: the Bishop of Cloyne spins out a chapter of his pamphlet to shew that his *agents* are *immaculate*. I shall then join the *moderator* in his litany, *From such agents good Lord deliver us!* In parishes where the rectors took the tithes into their own hands, it is acknowledged that the clergyman has received much more than ever he did through the mediation of such *agents*, besides the additional comfort of seeing peace, harmony and confidence restored to his district. It is not my business to make calculations, nor is it a part of my duty to run over parishes in order to know how far a wretched peasant may be relieved by the removal of a relentless *agent*, who, like a dense cloud, intercepts the rays

of

of benignity, which would certainly cheer him by a more immediate communication with a clergyman, whose ministry is peace, and whose duty is charity. I only glance at such matters as far as they are interwoven with a subject which it is my duty to illustrate, in order to vindicate both the Catholic body and myself from the false and groundless imputation of attempting the overthrow of the established religion, by encroaching upon the rights of its clergy.

The *supineness* with which the Bishop of Cloyne upbraids the Protestant gentlemen, shews that the lower classes were truly miserable, and that their table of rates was only proportioned to their circumstances. That they are miserable all parties agree. This *supineness* also shews that the Protestant nobility and gentry were under no apprehension of the constitution, either in church or state. Neither was the Bishop of Cloyne; otherwise he, who is one of the pilots, would not have slept for the space of fifteen months at the helm, if he really foresaw that the ship was in danger of going to the bottom; though he now alarms three kingdoms with the danger to the established church from Catholics and Dissenters, *pulling down and raising up*. But the Catholic nobility and gentry foresaw, from the reasons I have already alledged, that they would be misrepresented to Government, and that the old game of *popish plots and confederacies* would be renewed. They had moreover their properties to defend, and their character to support. As men and subjects they were as much interested as others in the preservation of the peace of society. And the history of a country where their ancestors swayed for ages the sceptre of authority, informed them that, in the successive revolutions occasioned either by brave and fortunate aspirers, or by

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#mid

timid, ductile and unfortunate kings, the Catholics have been invariably the losers. The Bishop of Cloyne then must be a stranger to the passions of the heart, of which *interest* has so strong a hold; or unacquainted with the history of the kingdom; or under a very strong bias; or prepossessed with a strange notion of their stupidity—if he supposes they had any thing to expect by the commotions of a rabble. If Government however had been induced to believe that they had such prospects in view, and mistaken the shadow for the reality, the Catholics would have become equally obnoxious. And what efforts are now making to persuade Government that phantoms are realities, let the public judge from the pamphlets dispersed over the three kingdoms. The fox in the fable did well to take to his heels when the lion issued a proclamation, ordering all the horned beasts to quit the forest. And although no branches sprouted from his head, yet his remark was wise when he said, *What if his majesty thought I had horns*. It was then prudent in the Catholic gentlemen to have taken the most effectual steps to remove every suspicion to which their *misrepresenters* are so industrious in laying them open. They were the first to take the alarm. They transmitted an address to Government thro' the Secretary of State. On hearing that the common people complained in a few places of the exactions and rigorous conduct of their parochial clergy, they were the first to interfere in writing to the Catholic prelates of the province, pressing them in the most earnest manner to enquire into the conduct of their clergy, and to remove, by every means their wisdom could suggest, any cause of complaint, and every occasion of obloquy.

The application could not be made to properer persons than to prelates, whose lives are so many
living

living and animated sermons; some of them, by their birth, titles and fortunes, would be this instant seated in the House of Peers, deliberating with the nobles of the land on these measures on which the fate of a nation must depend, if they could leave their creed at its threshold. Others are, by their knowledge and wisdom, qualified for directing the councils of kings. And the piety and exemplary lives of them all would make them objects of veneration in any age, or in any nation. A letter addressed to these venerable and illustrious prelates, from the Catholic gentlemen, was attended to with the same condescension as if it were the mandate of a superior. They assembled, deliberated, enquired into the conduct of their clergy; when, in four or five parishes, they discovered that the pastors and flocks could not agree, either from inflexibility in the former, who perhaps thought themselves injured by submitting to regulations dictated by their inferiors, or from the obstinacy of the latter, who would abide by no regulating standard for the support of their pastors, but such as they themselves thought fit to determine; or from a personal dislike, founded perhaps upon the recollection of severe usage, prompted more by ardent and good-natured zeal, than by this sage discretion, which attains its end by more lenient means. Let the motives of discontent be what they may, without having recourse to canonical quibbles, which must ever be superceded when the peace of society interferes, the wise prelates removed the pastors, and substituted others in their room. A more painful sacrifice could not have been made; nor could a more evident proof be adduced to shew the falleness of the infamous charge, that the ill usage received by the Catholic pastors from their flocks, was but a sham battle,

like that of the Doctor, *who, when he beat his wife, said that he beat half himself.* A silly simile, and worthy of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's *able writer* Theophilus. Not satisfied with giving this proof of their most ardent desire for the restoration of peace and good order, the prelates gave the most public and signal proofs of a disinterestedness worthy of the most apostolical times. After declaring that a small stipend was requisite for the support of their clergy, they enjoin that this stipend be not exacted with rigour; and that even if it be refused, they are not to refuse their spiritual assistance, but to shew upon all occasions that zeal, disinterestedness and charity enforced by the gospel, for the sake of which they had made an anticipated sacrifice of all the prospects of this life, in their early days, at the foot of the altar. No more could have been said; no more could have been done. Such of their clergy as had not been forced by violence from their parishes, declared from their altars that it was for the sanctification of their own souls and those of their flocks, not for the sake of any worldly emolument, that they took orders; that they required nothing of them but what they themselves were willing to give, and that no mercenary views would ever hinder them from going day and night to their assistance, whilst they had strength to perform their functions. All were unanimous in crying out with the Prophet, *If it be on my account that this storm is raised, cast me overboard.* Are these the prelates whom the Bishop of Cloyne exposes to the detestation of such as cannot explain their consecration oath, which he has translated, in his sixth edition, into English, for the *instruction of the ignorant*? For I am to suppose, he presumes that the Peers and Commons of Ireland know Latin.

Let

Let the zeal, activity, and disinterestedness of those prelates be compared with the passive silence of the Bishop of Cloyne for the space of fifteen months. And let the public determine to whom the community is most indebted, for endeavouring to restore peace and order to a distracted province.

Where are now those *agitating friars and Romish missionaries sent here to sow sedition*? and of whom Doctor Woodward speaks in his Postscript? I challenge him in the face of the kingdom to produce either *agitating friar, or Romish missionary, or parish priest sent here to sow sedition, or who has sown sedition.* The Bishop of Cloyne cannot produce one. He must then *prove a negative*, which, in his Postscript in extenuation of Theophilus's slanders, he acknowledges *hard to be proved.* The Bishop perceiving that *negatives* are no proofs, has a recourse to *casual affirmations*, by saying, *perhaps Theophilus alludes to Mr. O'Leary's Letters, &c.* Here the attack is personal on Mr. O'Leary, the friar with a barbarous *surname*, whose letters are most *artfully contrived to sow sedition.* Such a heavy charge requires a full investigation, and must plead my apology with my readers for proceeding farther in my defence. Previous to the arrival of the Catholic prelates in Cork, we were continually alarmed with the insurrections in the diocese of Cloyne.— They spread gradually, and, as I remarked before, Captain Right's proclamations were at last posted up against the gates of the chapels of that city. *Tithes, proctors and priests dues*, were alledged as causes of complaint, and became the subject of general conversation.

The common people who, in times of persecution used to follow their clergy into recesses of forests, to hear their prayers and instructions, nailed

up

up chapels in some places against their pastors in the very blaze of toleration. The disorders which would arise from such proceedings were easily foreseen; and it was requisite that some persons should step forth to stem the torrent. Doctor Mann, the Protestant Bishop of Cork, was absent for the benefit of his health. The Catholic Bishop of the same diocese, the present Lord Dunboyne, had been under the necessity of going to Dublin on the death of the young Lord Dunboyne, his nephew, before the disturbances broke out in the diocese of Cork. The titular Bishop of Cloyne, Doctor M'Kenna, was sinking under the weight of years, and ignorant of what happened in his district. And Doctor Woodward, who had the administration of the two dioceses, was taken up with rummaging pontificals and other old books, in order to collect materials for his pamphlet, whilst the Catholic peasantry were flocking to his churches, and the lower orders of the Protestants going on Sundays to meet the Catholic congregations in his diocese, in order to swear the people and give solidity to the confederacy in support of the regulations of Captain Right; the head pastors being either absent, or infirm, or inactive, and the flocks daily maddening, who was to be applied to? Or will the Bishop of Cloyne controvert the maxim, *that in danger every person is a soldier*. The Catholic gentlemen instead of thinking of a confederacy against either church or state, with the assistance of a *foreign power*, which so often haunts the Bishop's imagination, dreaded that it was rather a confederacy against themselves, by affording such politicians as are hostile to their interest, an opportunity of misrepresenting them to Government. In consequence, after writing to Lord Dunboyne, pressing his return as soon as conveniently possible, they deputed five or six gentlemen

men to the Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, earnestly requesting of him to enquire into the complaints alledged by some parishes in his diocese, to use his efforts with the people of his persuasion, in order to reclaim them to their duty, and to remove every pretext for aspersing the Catholic body, as far as his influence could extend.

Unable from age and infirmity to go in person, he requested of me to take an excursion into the discontented parishes. I set off in order to allay the tumults in the diocese of Cloyne, the first in the county where they broke out. Here an extraordinary sight was exhibited. The common people deluded into a belief that by going to Church for a few Sundays they would be less liable to punishment, if not entirely exempt from it; and authorized to carry arms in conjunction with the lower classes of Protestants, to whom *Proctors*, *Tithe-jobbers*, and *the Tithees* themselves had become equally obnoxious, under this delusion they flocked in several places to the Churches, and as they had not David's Psalms in metre, they chose the old ballad of *Patrick's Day in the Morning*, for an Anthem, and got a piper to play it as a voluntary on his favourite Organ, as a preparation for divine service, in approaching the house of worship. The Marriage of Figaro represented on the French Stage did not raise more humour, nor attract more spectators, than did their extraordinary marriage of the Paddereen and the Common Prayer-book, in the diocese of Cloyne. Irish wives are remarkably attached to their husbands, and follow them wherever they go. Upon this occasion they gave signal proofs of the constancy of their attachment. Joan followed Darby, and Judy followed Paddy to Church, where the gay and unthinking were
highly

highly diverted with the novel spectacle of hands thrust into the Baptifinal font, in order to sprinkle about the *holy water*, and beads drawn out near the Communion-table to reckon the *Ave Marias*. To the gay and unthinking it was like an after-piece which creates humour, in order to relieve the mind from the impressions of terror and pity, which it had received during the representation of some serious drama. To me it appeared as a prelude to a tragedy.—It struck the serious and sensible gentlemen of both religions in the same light.

I was happy in an extensive acquaintance, and still more happy that the Protestant gentlemen were convinced of the uprightnes of my intentions. My situation was delicate, and without their concurrence my endeavours would have proved abortive.

They had previous notice of my arrival in their respective districts through which I intended to pass; and I was happy in the full assurance of their co-operation. On a Sunday I arrived in a parish of Doctor Woodward's dioceses.—The parish Chapel was quite deserted. The Priest was "abandon'd by his flock," and the deluded multitude, lull'd into a false security, had crowded to the Protestant Church as to an asylum of impunity.—Thus in former times when the privilege of the sanctuary was pleaded, malefactors flocked to the temples as a shelter against the pursuits of violated justice—I considered a crowd of peasants actuated by resentment, brooding over some wild scheme, preparing for nightly excursions; yet saying their beads up near the Communion-table, I consider'd them as *the abomination of desolation in the holy place*, as mentioned by the Prophet Daniel. In every bead I figured to myself the warhoop of
a Mexican,

a Mexican, ready to found the nocturnal charge; or the mally club of an Indian, soon to be ornamented with a Proctor's scalp.

I must do this justice to the Protestant clergy, in whose churches this religious farce was carried on, that they did not like such proceedings.—They in reality could have said with the Psalmist, *You have multiplied the people, but you have not increased our joy. Multiplicasti gentem sed non magnificasti lætitiã.* But what could they have done? They had no directions from Doctor Woodward to shut the doors of the churches against people who had shaken off every subordination to their own pastors. But that was the time for the Bishop himself to appear, *in my poor opinion*, " (and "which was however the opinion of every rational man with whom I have convers'd on the "subject,") (and which will be the opinion of every rational man who shall read this narrative) he should have published a pastoral letter upon the occasion, and recommended to his clergy not to permit their houses of worship to be changed into the upper galleries, crowded with a mob, assembled for the purpose of making a farce of religion.

Had I been in his situation at the time, instead of *tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*, I would have thought it no dishonour to stand at the door of the Church, on the right hand of Mr. O'Leary, and to harangue a deluded multitude in the following manner :

" My good people,

" I am a Protestant Bishop, and you (as it appears) are Roman Catholics. It would be my glory, my comfort and joy to bring all strayed
E " sheep

" sheep into my fold, to enlighten them with the
 " rays of the gospel, to dispel the clouds of error,
 " and to enlarge the kingdom of truth. It is my
 " wish, and my sincere wish ;—it is the wish of
 " every honest man who thinks himself in the right
 " way, to wish the same happiness to his fellow-
 " creature. It was the wish of Saint Paul that his
 " hearers were not *almost Christians, but altogether*
 " *Christians*. And it is my wish that you were not
 " only almost Protestants of the High-church, but
 " altogether Protestants of the High-church. It
 " is the wish of charity, and if charity were banish-
 " ed from the hearts of all other mortals, it should
 " find its last retreat *in the heart of a Bishop*.—
 " Were I then convinced of the sincerity of your
 " motives, I would be not only the first to unlock
 " the gates of this church, in order to give you
 " admittance, but I would be the first to go to meet
 " you at a distance. But as a bad motive pollutes
 " the best of actions, and as it is not from convic-
 " tion of truth, nor a desire to aspire to a higher
 " degree of perfection, that you crowd about my
 " house of worship, but from a sinister design to
 " seek impunity for licentiousness; and under the
 " cloak of a religion, which you do not believe, to
 " conceal the outrages you are intent on commit-
 " ting; I cannot, in conscience, profane the house
 " of God by the admission of persons who, per-
 " haps, to-morrow night, will be disturbing the
 " peace of the public, and eluding laws in the dark,
 " which, in all likelihood, will hereafter punish
 " them in the open day; and remind them when
 " too late of the admonition which I now give from
 " the best of intentions. It is not the chime of my
 " bells, but the found of Captain Right's horn,
 " that has kindled in your breasts this flame of ex-
 " traordinary devotion, which, perhaps hereafter,
 " may

" may be extinguished with your blood. Will you
 " have me change the house of God into a barrack
 " of sedition? I see in that crowd an old man,
 " with a pair of beads in his hands. My good man,
 " where are you bringing your beads? Do you
 " intend to expose yourself and me, religion and
 " its temples, to the derision of the public? If
 " you come, come from conviction, and leave your
 " beads at home, or bestow them to another. It
 " reminds me of a history that I read in the Scrip-
 " tures. Assyrian colonists were transplanted to
 " Samaria; they worshipped their idols and the
 " God of Israel by turns in the same temple—
 " It is not then a house of worship, but a good
 " life, that will sanctify you. Infil this truth in
 " the minds of the young people in your neigh-
 " bourhood, and caution them against the practices
 " of those who may engage them in outrages. If
 " you are not submissive to your own pastors, but
 " obstinate to their advice, what good can I expect
 " from you. You are, I believe now too old to
 " learn, and the generality of you all, are not
 " much inclined to alter your creeds.—I give you
 " then the advice suggested by an amiable Prot-
 " estant Prelate, my brother Bishop of Confort, in
 " his letter on Sunday Schools. I CANNOT EX-
 " PECT TO MAKE GOOD PROTESTANTS OF YOU,
 " THEREFORE I ADVISE YOU TO BE GOOD CA-
 " THOLICS. If you have any complaints against
 " your own clergy, your Bishops will redress them.
 " But I cannot, nor will I permit you to come
 " to my churches to erect the standard of sedition,
 " when I have every room to believe that you
 " have no other motive in view.—Nor can your-
 " selves reap any benefit from a conduct which
 " in the eyes of God is a prevarication. That
 " God who unfolds the recesses of the soul, who
 " E 2 " rejects

" rejects a spotted victim ; and accepts of no fa-
 " crifice but such as a sincere, honest, and pure
 " heart offers upon his altars—Nor would my
 " churches grant you any security against the ri-
 " gour of the laws. The hand of justice stretches
 " into the inmost part of the sanctuary. In vain
 " did Joab a mighty man, grasp the corner of the
 " alter.—He was slain by the sword of justice.—
 " And much more, in vain would you seek for
 " impunity in my house of worship, for the sanc-
 " tuary itself is no sanction or shelter for crimes.—
 " Follow the advice of Mr. O'Leary, who is here
 " on my left hand, as you followed his advice
 " when you imagined that you had more to ex-
 " pect, and were convinced that you had less to
 " lose. And you, my dearly beloved brethren of
 " my own communion, how am I to address you !
 " I address you with that confidence which my
 " zeal for the peace of society, the preservation
 " of good order, and the purity of morals should
 " inspire. Recollect the maxim of the Heathen
 " Sage.—A maxim to which the blessed Saint Paul
 " has given his sanction, *Evil communication cor-
 " rupts good morals*. These poor people are wild
 " olive branches going to ingraft themselves on the
 " stock of the Protestant religion in appearance.—
 " But alas ! as they intend to use it only as a cloak
 " for temporary outrages, they will be soon dis-
 " joined without taking sufficient time to be cicu-
 " rated and mellow'd by the sap or vital juice
 " which circulates from the stock through the new
 " inserted branches.—You may judge of their in-
 " tentions by those of some of your own. Has
 " my diocese ever exhibited such a spectacle
 " as was seen in the parish of Clonakilty last Sun-
 " day ? Protestants going to a *Popish* congrega-
 " tion to swear the people to *Captain Righi's* re-
 " gulations !

" gulations ! Was it to become Catholics ! No,
 " neither do these people intend to become Pro-
 " testants ; religious distinctions are often lost in
 " the idea of common oppression—I acknowledge
 " it.—And would to God they were for ever lost !
 " The vices and virtues of all men flow in the
 " same channels. Their hearts are the same, tho'
 " their opinions be different ; and for those opini-
 " ons to God alone they are accountable.—I like
 " to see all the subjects of every description in my
 " diocese well united. Such an union is the
 " strength of the state, and should be the glory
 " of a Prelate.—But I foresee that those mutual
 " visits will consolidate a confederacy which the
 " sword of the laws will cut asunder, to the indis-
 " criminate ruin of the associates. For the edge
 " of that sword has no eyes in it, and justice that
 " handles it, is painted blind—You all complain
 " of proctors, canters and tithes. I shall do what
 " lies in my power to remove every complaint you
 " may have against the two first.—No more can be
 " expected. But as to *tithes*, they are establish-
 " ed by law.—The legislature alone can modify
 " them, or substitute an equivalent in their room.
 " Wait with patience for its decision ; and guard
 " against proceedings which must hurt your tempo-
 " ral interest, and injure your consciences.—Or
 " if any of you are already engaged in the confe-
 " deracy of disorder, break the engagement of ini-
 " quity, whose ties cannot bind the conscience.—
 " *The peace of God be with you all.*"

A discourse from a person of Doctor Woodward's
 credit and authority, would have been of infinite
 consequence in the beginning. Or a pastoral letter,
 with an open discountenance of the interchange of
 RELIGIOUS VISITS, would have been productive of
 the

the most salutary effects — *Principis obsta sero medicina paratur*, holds good in politics as well as in physic.

One pastoral letter or sermon in eighty-five, would have been worth a thousand pamphlets in eighty-seven, and few persons are so well qualified for such a part of the pastoral charge as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, had he been as intent upon the discharge of that office which Saint Paul enjoins on pastors, *preach the word, be instant in season*; as his lordship was intent on writing a pamphlet *out of season*.

I should never blame Doctor Woodward for writing a pamphlet in favour of *tithes*, which (if I am well informed,) bring him an income of eight or nine hundred a year.—But he could have written his pamphlet without reviving old controversies, and bringing the Catholics and Dissenters on the stage. Much less should he have made a personal attack on Mr. O'Leary, whom he might have left unnoticed. But leaving the Bishop in full possession of his tithes, which to me are matters of no concern, I must proceed in my defence.

Convinced that the Protestant gentlemen who were acquainted with the uprightness of my intentions, were willing to co-operate with my endeavours, which had no object but the preservation of public tranquillity, when divine service was over, we conferr'd together; and presuming with reason that their semblance of religious conformity, was but a mask which cover'd features, which when exposed to view would not exhibit an inviting aspect, we agreed to tear it off, and expose the wearers to their neighbours and themselves. I exhorted them to my utmost, in the most persuasive manner, adapted to the circumstances.—The magistrates explained the laws with proper comments. The people

ple recovered from their delusion, returned peaceably to their duty, fully determined to desist from those dangers and romantic enterprizes, which would have proved equally destructive to themselves and to the peace of the community, had not the law of God which Mr. O'Leary explained, and the law of the land explained by the civil magistrate, checked the progress of their pernicious career.

Thus, with the concurrence of the Protestant gentlemen and magistrates, have I begun my mission in the diocese of Cloyne.—*Sedition* which the *mal malevolence* has upbraided me, fled as a routed enemy before me; whilst peace, like the inseparable companion of a man framed by nature, and disciplined by habit to cast its shadow on every side, trod in my steps and humour'd my motions. It embraced me so close that the meridian sun could not discover us asunder. I challenge Doctor Woodward, or that infamous libeller Theophilus, to disprove this assertion.

In the interim the Catholic prelates met in Cork, and framed those regulations so worthy of Apostles, who despise the grandeurs of this fleeting world, and of *whom the world is unworthy*.—The words of Saint Paul.

Their arrival dispensed me with any further trouble; and after bringing on my narrative so far, will dispense me in future with speaking so much of myself.—A personal attack required a personal defence; and as my conduct has been *minutely* censured, I have been under the necessity of entering into a minute detail. My enemies or rather *the friends of tithes*, to which I have no call, have attempted to brand me with the stigma of *sedition*. Whoever reads my plain unadorned narrative,
without

without prejudice or partiality will wipe away the mark of infamy.

Had the Bishop of Cloyne been as active in enforcing peace and subordination, as I have done, the fire which kindled in his diocese, would not in all appearance have extended the conflagration.—Nor is his Lordship to take any offence at my freedom for making this remark. I only remind him of the obligations enjoined on him at his consecration, when he answered the following interrogatory. “Will you maintain and set forward, as much as shall lie in you, quietness, love and peace among all men, and such as be unquiet, disobedient and criminous, within your diocese, correct and punish? Answer. I will do so by the help of God.”*

God and his own conscience can inform him how far his silence and inactivity have contributed to *punish and correct the unquiet, disobedient, and criminous within his diocese*, in a manner conformable to his pastoral charge, and to that gospel whose author preached nothing but glory to God, and *peace to men, of good will on earth.* And the public are now the most competent to judge, how far his pamphlet has contributed to *maintain and set forward quietness, love and peace among all men.*

Had he as a pastor gone forth among his flock, or as the Historian done justice to all parties, he would have discovered several of his own sheep amongst the speckled flock of insurgents, and not confine them solely to a *Popish mob.*—Were not they Protestants who proposed the oaths in the congregation at Clonakilty? Were not they Protestants who overrun the parishes of Affydown,

* The Consecration of Bishops in the English Liturgy.

Skibbereen,

Skibbereen, &c. Were not they Protestants who headed a party of four hundred White-boys near Butterant? The most respectable criminals (if a criminal can be respectable) who were arraigned before the Judges on the Munster circuit, were Protestants.—If from the county of Cork his lordship had taken an excursion to the county of Kerry, he would find the truth of the assertion made by a gentleman who is both a clergyman and a magistrate, and who bears the happy character of uniting the qualities of the three orders in his person, the liberality of the gentleman, the charity of the clergyman, and the justice and uprightness of the magistrate. “Many Protestants (though I thank my God, mostly of the lower order) says that gentleman, were engaged in tendering oaths, in procession by day, and in outrages by night, as any other description of men whatsoever. Nay some of them were Captains of these lawless corps, and have been obliged to fly from the prosecution that awaited them.”*

Who could have been more active in suppressing those tumults than my Lord Kenmare, a Roman Catholic nobleman, the tender father of the honest and industrious tenant, and the just avenger of the injur'd, without any partial regard to religious distinctions. Could the public expect a more honourable testimony of his conduct, or can there be a greater proof of the contempt in which the liberal-minded of all persuasions hold feuds and discontents on the score of religious creeds, than the following address of thanks voted to him by the clergy of the establish'd religion.

* Short and Civil Answer to a Pamphlet, intitled, “An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland.”

F

To

To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount KEN-
MARE, &c.

The Address of the CLERGY, of the established
Church, assembled at Tralee.

“ MY LORD,

“ WE have seen with indignation the progress
“ of a delusion, which affected in its object to con-
“ trol the laws of the realm.—From the spread-
“ ing contagion, every good citizen felt an en-
“ creasing alarm; and the tranquillity of the coun-
“ try was suspended in the fever of the times.—
“ You, my Lord, came forward in the crisis.—
“ You led the way in zeal and in vigilance; and
“ borrowing less from the station you possess, than
“ from the esteem you deserve, you interposed,
“ an example which had a title to success; by such
“ an exertion, and by the native energy of violat-
“ ed justice, we trust that the growing mischief
“ has been effectually repelled. We owe you our
“ acknowledgments, and in the hour of subsiding
“ tumult, we thank you for the prospect of repose.
“ To some minds there is a conscious satisfaction,
“ which exceeds every other measure of reward;
“ yet my Lord, to the testimony of your own feel-
“ ings, you will not refuse to join the tribute of
“ general applause.

“ Tralee, October the 4th, 1786.

“ MAURICE CROSSIE, Dean of Limerick,
“ and Rector of Castle-Island, &c.”

Can then any man in honour or conscience say
with the unconscientious Theophilus, that *the in-
surgents are all Papists?* Or is it not a falsehood
bor-

bordering upon blasphemy,* for that slanderer to
say, “ That the parish priests are in a confederacy
“ with their flocks, in order to plunder the Protes-
“ tant clergy of their tithes, and to appropriate to
“ themselves a *compensation for absolution.*” These
pastors have suffered more than any in the ship-
wreck.—Was not a Father Burke obliged to quit
his parish, the same day that Archdeacon Tisdal
quitted his? Were not balls fired at one Father
Sheehy? Were not two clergymen, one a Secular,
and the other Regular, robbed the same night of
their wearing apparel? Another parish priest, a
venerable old man, who was never charged with
any extortions, and who in my own presence,
challenged his congregation to bring forward any
charge against him, was robbed of what little he
had to support him in his old age, even of his very
bed.—Another on suspicion of having brought the
army to his congregation to prevent the deluded
people from swearing, was on the point of being
torn limb by limb at his altar, had not a gentleman
stepped forward and said, that he himself was the
person who had applied to the magistrate for the
purpose. The gentleman himself narrowly escap-
ed with his life, through the interposition of the
Vicar-general, who had the presence of mind to
step with the Crucifix in his hand between the gen-
tleman and the enraged multitude, crying out to
them with a loud voice, *I conjure you in the name
of the God whose image I hold, not to pollute his altar
with murder.*

Is it possible that a man could be so callous to the
feelings of honour, and so impenetrable to the im-
pressions of truth, as to obtrude on the public such

* Those words are not contradicted by the Bishop.

barefaced slanders as Theophilus has done? Could not his zeal against Popery, and that unprovoked vengeance, the offspring of the Demons of night, be sufficiently glutted with the persecution which defenceless men suffer from their own, without blackening their character? Or could the Bishop of Cloyne, who is presumed not to be ignorant of transactions which happened both in his own and the other diocese committed to his care, excuse a Theophilus in saying with such sangfroid, that an apprehension for the safety of religion will naturally excite a warmth. Will zeal for religion justify what nature and religion condemn? Or did the Bishop of Cloyne imagine that I would be so divested of honour, or such an enemy to my character, as not to cast a light upon the subject, when once his pamphlet in which I am so cruelly treated, would fall into my hands? The insurgents then were of every description of the lower orders. They made no distinction between the clergy of either religion, when once they became obnoxious to them. Their creeds were different, but they all equally complained of tithes and tithe jobbers, whom the Bishop in his great charity, calls the agents and servants of the clergy. I could add to the number of the persecuted Roman Catholic clergymen of this county, several against whom their parishioners swore, and whose masses they have not heard, in the long space of fourteen months.

There are powerful Protestant peers in the county of Cork: the Bishop of Cloyne by his profession is of the number.—And those persecuted, defenceless Roman Catholic clergymen had it not in their power to vote a grateful and well penn'd address to the most powerful of the noblemen of the county, for their favourable and timely interposition, as the Protestant clergy had voted one to the
Catholic

Catholic Nobleman. No.—The county of Cork is the only county in Ireland, where the temporal peer attacked a secular priest with the cane; and where the spiritual peer has made so extraordinary and unprovoked an attack on a regular clergyman with the pen.

Glorious triumphs indeed! And battles worthy to be recorded in histories, written in golden characters, in paper preserved with Cedar juice. *Historiæ vere aureæ cedroque dignæ.*

How far the Bishop of Cloyne's history would deserve such an honour, may be conjectured by his account of the insurrections, in which he enlarges on the persecutions of the Protestant clergy, without mentioning a word of the sufferings of the Catholic pastors. He speaks of a *Popish mob*.—But why does he not speak out, and unfold the historical page, from one margin to the other?—Why does he leave so many blanks for me to fill up? Or as he attempted the tragedy of Orestes: when he placed the Protestant sufferers in the front, why did not he place the Catholic sufferers on the back of the page, and finish the piece? *Scriptus et intergo nelliū finitū Orestes.* Did not the Catholic priest suffer as well as the Protestant minister, only that he had not so much to lose, nor the same expectation of being reimbursed? Was not the Catholic farmer as ill treated as the Protestant? Or were there two different bounds in *Captain Right's horn*? *Arms were taken out of the hands of Protestants* by the Bishop's account—And I ask him by whom? Is he sure that the hand that wrested them from the Protestants, had ever made the sign of the cross? Beds, cloaths and money were taken from the Catholic clergy.—Who took them from those men to whom (according to the Bishop's favourite Theophilus,) *the Catholic laity are slaves?*

flaves? I must however, do the Bishop the justice that he assigns as a partial cause of the insurrections "The connivance of some members of the established church, the supineness of more, the timidity of the generality of magistrates, a corrupt encouragement of those lawless acts in not a few." I am extremely thankful to him for this figure of rhetoric, called acimix. It is an evident confession on his part, that the gentlemen of the established church were under no apprehension of its danger, much less of the overthrow of the state by a Popish mob. But I am doubtful whether they will be so thankful to him for bringing them forward as confederates in the insurrections, by connivance and encouragement.—I entertain a better opinion of them. Their supineness then must have originated in a conviction that the poor cottagers and the griping title jobbers did not stand upon favourable terms with each other; and that in the conflict for a potatoe or sheaf of corn, the Protestant gentlemen would not regret if the latter were worked. They had their properties and consequence to hazard in case of a revolution.—And had their imaginations been haunted with the gloomy spectres which Doctor Woodward now raises all over the kingdom, they would have been more active and vigilant; though they have not read the Roman Pontifical with that attention which Doctor Woodward has bestowed on it, to find out the Catholic Bishop's consecration oath; yet common sense and the knowledge of the world informed them, that there was no danger of the Protestant ascendancy, from a Popish mob, assisted by a foreign power.

When Doctor Woodward promised in the title page of his pamphlet, a *General Account of the Insurrections in Munster*, we little expected a short

masty-

martyrology of two or three pages, announcing threats to burn new churches, which are still standing, and have no elements to resist but wind and rain: *Old churches to be changed into mess-houses*, which have not yet been sprinkled with holy-water; *the tongues of clergymen to be cut out*, which tongues have not yet lost their spring; and other alarming menaces, for which he acknowledges to have no other voucher, but a paper he received from Cork. Thus the boasting poet in Horace promised a mighty description of the feats and achievements performed before the walls of Troy. *Fortunans Priami cantabo et nohele bellum.*

The mountain was in labour (saith the Poet) and was delivered of a mouse.—From great promises of *A General Account of the Rise and Progress of the Insurrections in Munster*, we expected mighty matters.—We expected that the dignified historian, would not be content with moistening the nib of his pen with a small drop of ink, without going deeper into his standish.—We had room to expect that he would lay open the sources of information, do justice to all parties, and be religiously accurate in his descriptions. He talks of a *Popish mob, taking arms out of the hands of Protestants*.—*A church nailed up*.—*A new church threatened to be burnt, if an old church was not left for the purpose of being changed into a mess-house*, "And vestries controuled in such a manner as not to afford elements for the Communion, though the Catholics are excluded from having votes when these vestries are held."—Those facts and the threats already mentioned, make up this interesting and "General Account of the Rise and Progress of the Insurrections in Munster."—And from such facts who would not infer that the overthrow of the established religion was meditated by the Catholics. It must be the authors

author's meaning and drift to create such a belief in the minds of his readers, or there is no meaning in what he writes—Why does not he mention the chapels that were nailed up; the Catholic clergy who suffered; the reduction of their accustomed dues; the Protestants who headed the insurgents; his own churches resorted to as to so many asylums, in order to elude the laws; the motives and springs of their different transactions; the rise of the evil, and the application of the remedy.

He informs us that *Donoghmore church was nailed up*; and leaves his readers to look at the nails without pointing out to the hand that fastened them; after having so deeply impressed his mind with the terrors of *Popery*, as to make him guess that a Popish hand had raised the hammer.

The Bishop could not be ignorant of the circumstances which gave rise to this transaction. He knows that the Protestant clergyman of that parish was beloved in the place, and had a great number of powerful friends. The Bishop of Cloyne appointed another clergyman to officiate in his room. This was not agreeable to the parishioners. When the strange clergyman came on a Sunday morning to the church he found it nailed up. Let the reader draw the inference. The Bishop of Cloyne should have either not mentioned *the church of Donoghmore*, or not omitted this circumstance, which would either lead his reader into a knowledge that either the Protestant parishioners nailed up the church, or if there were any Catholics amongst them, that it was not from a design to invade the church, but from a love for the clergyman who was to quit the parish. But this manner of relating facts would not answer Doctor Woodward's end. He mentions a clergyman at whom *stones were thrown whilst he was officiating, and who would*

would have been murdered by a neighbouring POPISH CONGREGATION, but for a messenger who was dispatched from the same congregation to inform him of the danger. I am not a person of such a caviling disposition as to deny facts; except when I have sufficient evidence to disprove them. But if the Bishop had related all the circumstances relative to the above transaction, the reader would attribute it to some cause different from the design of a popish confederacy to overturn the established church.

In relating this transaction, which a Catholic would hold in the same detestation in which a Protestant would hold it, has the Lord Bishop, as a candid historian, informed his readers that previous to this insult there had been an unhappy affray? A warrant which the parishioners of both religions deemed illegal, had been issued in order to levy church rates; after a manner to which the parishioners had not been accustomed. As far as I have been informed, the rates were to be levied on plough-lands, instead of having recourse to the usual mode. The people resisted, and in the resistance two of the parishioners unfortunately lost their lives. The killers were indicted for murder. The bills were ignor'd. This exasperated the people. Their minds still in a ferment—a new clergyman was sent to officiate in the parish. They were more disposed in favour of his predecessor: Whilst the clergyman was reading prayers, a boy, perhaps a son to one of the men who had been kill'd, began to throw stones, and was immediately hindered.—As to the fact that the men were killed, I appeal to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne himself, who would not have been glad that the affair would have been brought at that time before the court of King's-bench, as bloodshed

on the score of *consecrated goods*, has ever wounded the clerical profession in every age, and in every nation.—As to the circumstances, I am not acquainted with the minute detail of them. For the truth of the above account, I appeal to the Protestant gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Ballivoorna, when he talks of the reduction of the tithes in the foregoing district. The Bishop and I relate the same facts; but our inferences are different.—He relates bare facts, without mentioning one single circumstance, which may determine the reader's judgment in favour of an injured and misrepresented people. His only object through the course of his pamphlet, is to prove what no man of sense in Ireland believes, viz. THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMMINENT DANGER OF SUBVERSION.

If facts such as are related by the Bishop were really believed, they certainly would be very alarming. But when related with their concomitant circumstances, and the motives that gave them rise, the phantom vanishes. The candid reader will infer from the above fact, that the attack on the clergyman was not *Popish confederacy* against the *established religion*, but an ebullition of passion occasioned by resentment. When Pope Alexander the Sixth, ordered six cardinals to be sowed up in a bag, and cast into the Tyber, none but a fool can imagine that it was with a view to overthrow their religion; and no wise man will construe into a plot against the church, two or three stones thrown at a clergyman by a boy, after seeing the mangled body of his father stretched dead in a field, in consequence of ecclesiastical dues, however unjustifiable the insult. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne must certainly

tainly have piercing eyes when he discovers *every one's religion in a crowd*—Or when he confounds all religions concerned in the South, and amalgamates or unites them into one *Popish mass*: we can literally apply to the Historian of the Whiteboys, the remark made on Camden, who from partiality to his nation, had both eyes open when he wrote of the English, one eye shut when he wrote of the Scotch, but was quite blind when he wrote of the Irish.

Angligenus oculis perlustras Camdene duobus;
Monoculus Scotos: *Cecus Hibernos.*

Hitherto the Lord Bishop has kept me at the doors of his churches. Now let us follow him into the sanctuary.—He talks of *Vestries being intimidated by the Whiteboys from granting money for the purchase of elements for the Holy Communion.*

How many *Vestries* have they intimidated? Or was this *intimidation* a *Popish confederacy*, to overturn the established religion by extinguishing fervor and devotion? I do not perceive this extraordinary zeal for the Sacraments in either Catholics or Protestants, which gives the ministers of religion room to complain of the great consumption of sacramental wine, and consecrated bread. The more they see their instructors attached to the world, the contempt of which they are bound to enforce; the more they see them intent upon blowing the trumpet of religious war, on the score of speculative tenets, which surpass the comprehension of the multitude, and neglect charity, peace and humanity, which are within the reach of all; the more the laity perceive the ministers of a religion which is the offspring of Heaven, intent upon fixing its

root in the earth, the more they will relax in their fervor, and be inclined to believe that the sacred ministry is a kind of craft in the hands of skilful interested men, who for the sake of lucre and emolument, would preach up Christ in Europe, and Diana at Ephesus, had they lived in the time of Demetrius, the silver-smith, who complained that his trade would be lost if the temple of the Goddess was deserted. His Lordship knows that these are the obloquies and reproaches of *our modern deists and free-thinkers*.

He knows that in every age, people have availed themselves of obloquies and reproaches against the clergy, and alledged them as a cause of separation from his church, as well as from mine. The best method of silencing the voice of obloquy raised against the ministers of religion, is a conduct marked with that *charity and disinterestedness* which the public are entitled to expect from persons of their sacred functions. How far the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet has contributed to vindicate the clerical profession from the aspersions of obloquy, and to prove that the ministers of the Gospel are the *most charitable and disinterested* mortals on earth, let his readers judge. He is a minute Historian who is not satisfied with informing his readers that the *Whiteboys intimidated Vestries from collecting church rates*, without alarming the piety of the devoutest souls, by threatening them with a spiritual famine from *Popish plunderers*, who deprive them of *the elements for the Holy Communion*.

If the Lord Bishop of Cloyne had been as accurate in the enumeration of all the transactions of the Munster peasantry, as he has been in his detail of *churches and elements*, more figures would rise to view on his historical canvass, and in the groupe would
appear

appear *persecuted priests and deserted chapels*. He has painted one side of the face and shadowed the other. It is incumbent on me to supply the defect.—He has given the profile, I must draw the face in full. My readers will excuse my prolixity when they are acquainted with my motives, and the reasons which induce me to enter into so minute a detail.

The character of the nation has been injured in Foreign Countries, where we are considered as in a state of barbarism and rebellion, in consequence of the exaggerated accounts industriously circulated in the prints, since the beginning of the disturbances. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet has been read at St. James's; and his Majesty must entertain an extraordinary opinion of the Dissenters and Catholics of Ireland. The Irish Catholics in particular, are objects of detestation all over Great Britain, in consequence of and Theophilus's address, the *marrow* of which is inserted in the Monthly Review, which fell into my hands the day I sat down to write this defence. In that Review of January eighty-seven, the disturbances in Ireland are the result of a Popish confederacy, cemented by *Popish clergymen, and their votaries, with a design to overturn the established religion*.—*All these misfortunes flow from a relaxation of the Popery Laws, as from their genuine source, &c. &c.*

I am then indispensably bound to undeceive the public both in Ireland and wherever this pamphlet may appear. Justice to my country, to the Irish Catholics, and to myself, requires an exact and minute detail.

A pitched battle, in which ten thousand on each side had fallen in the field, has not employed so
many

many pens, nor occasioned such alarms, as the mighty excursions of Captain Right's forces. They disturbed the peace of the community, it is true; and for this they are justly censured, and justly punishable. They collected money in two or three places, for the support of their confederates who were in gaol. No person exculpates them for this ill-directed benevolence; and if they *forced* it from the people whose *relations* were in gaol, they deserved death. There was one man cruelly and barbarously murdered in the county of Tipperary: at this murder humanity shudders; there was a respectable clergyman of the established church, the Rev. Mr. Ryan, most cruelly used; the Rev. Mr. Hare, was way-laid and escaped. In the county of Cork, the Rev. Dr. Atterbury was forced to swear to the Rightboys table of tithe-rates, but received no other injury; the Rev. Mr. Mayne had some of his out-houses burned; the Rev. Mr. Kenney, from terror quitted his habitation; and Archdeacon Tisdall, with Father Burke, the priest of the parish, in which both resided, took shelter in Cork; the Rev. Mr. Browne had two or three horses cropped, these gentlemen are the clergymen of the established church, who were most materially injured. There was not a sensible Catholic in the county of Cork that did not condemn and detest the usage given to the Rev. gentlemen now mentioned, and the more so, as some of them are considered as fathers to the poor; though the Lord Bishop of Cloyne upbraids me with uttering panegyrics on some of the Protestant clergy.—But equally indifferent to his applause or censure, I shall ever pay a tribute to merit. Sorry am I, as an Historian and a man of feeling, that he has not enumerated the Catholic clergymen, who were

were equal sufferers in the storm. His readers would then be of opinion, that the Right-boys were as hostile to the Church of Rome, as to the established religion.

In the long space of fifteen months, whilst the disturbances continued, until the present Earl of Carhampton, (then Lord Luttrell) came to Munster, I heard of no murder committed by the White-boys. If there has been any such barbarity committed, I shall relate it in the second edition of my pamphlet.

Every robbery, every outrage has been attributed to those deluded and unhappy people. And to my surprise, (if surprised I would be, after so many falsehoods propagated from the county where I reside,) on my arrival in Dublin, what should I see but an account of four hundred Whiteboys attacking officers of the army, near Cork. Three nights before I set off from Cork, we had an account of this extraordinary encounter.—An officer on his return from the sports of the field, for want of other game, shot a peasant's dog: before he had time to charge his piece, the active clown with his stick, revenged the death of the guardian of his cabin. This brought on an affray.—This affray was construed into *Whiteboyism*; and had there not been a *Whiteboy* or a *Rightboy* in the world, *touch me, touch my dog* would be a standing maxim with an Irish peasant. He commonly answers one question with another, and returns *blow for blow*. This last part of his education he receives from the instinct of nature, which is forwarded by the *Irish soil*, so favourable to the growth of valour. If he was guilty of no other fault but that of resenting an *unprovoked injury*, with a stroke of *Shilelagh*, the nobility and gentry of Ireland would not blame him much.—
They

They themselves are remarkable for bravery; and their character is not to be insulted with impunity.

Far be it from me to countenance disorder. But I must make allowance for the passions of man. And I feel when I see every trifling scuffle magnified in to *rebellion against the state*, and every murmur against a proctor or tithe-jobber exaggerated into a confederacy against the church. Yet to the discredit of the county of Cork in particular every dwarf was metamorphosed into a giant. Tithe-jobbers strained every nerve to alarm the fears of Government, in order to secure themselves in their extortions, by painting the deluded peasantry as unworthy of the least compassion. In the *reverend author of the letter found on the road between Cork and Cloghnakilly, addressed to Dr. O'Leary*, they found a favourite historian, who, in peasants going before day for sand to manure their spots of ground, could discover Orlando and Orsons. The sport of school-boys was magnified into sieges. In Monkstown, where ladies and gentlemen pass a good part of the summer for the benefit of bathing, what uproars and alarms. Two wags, for the sake of diversion, founded an old horn in the dead of the night, and threw all the ladies and gentlemen into a panic terror. In the space of three weeks this nocturnal sport appeared in the distant prints a serious blockade by *Captain Right*, at the head of five hundred men. In this manner, at a distance from the scene of action, were numbers alarmed at the report of the *taking of Umbrage* §. To give a history of the false accounts propagated in the public papers, and of the

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§ As the words require an explanation, for the instruction of several, it is fit to remark, that when it was reported in the papers that the *French had taken Umbrage at the proceedings of the English* some

manœuvres of *tithe-dealers*, would be an endless task. I must hasten to the *vestries*, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne complains that they were *intimidated from purchasing the elements for the holy communion*.

I have heard but of one vestry in his diocese relative to which there has been *any intimidation*. The people who complained of *tithe*s complained of the rise of *parish rates*, and requested the gentleman who had the superintendance of the vestry, not to increase them. In the year eighty church-rates in some parts of the diocese of Cloyne were but *1l. 2s. 6d.* The people, both Protestants and Catholics, finding that their piety did not increase in proportion to the rapid rise of the ecclesiastical revenues, and that the clergy were not more holy and *disinterested* in the year eighty-six, than they were in the year eighty, thought fit that sanctity should not be distanced by so many odds by the price of sanctification. They brought both within nearer view of each other. And hence this mystery of popery controlling vestries, and depriving souls who did not chuse to pay too much for their canonization, is unravelled. With regard to the notice ordering a church to be left for a *mass-house*, and threats to burn a new one, I ridiculed the very idea of it in my last address to the white-boys. He says that they bound *themselves by oath, in presence of the church-wardens, to burn the new church, if the old one was not left for a mass-house*. Who were those who bound themselves by oath to commit such a deed? Does his church-

some wiseacres imagined that *Umbrage* was the name of some great city. The mistake of the meaning of a word often leads into error. And of this error are guilty those who confound *whiteboyism* with a *popish confederacy*.

H

wardens

wardens know them? If he does, let him bring them to justice? If he does not know them, how does he know their religion? And have they fulfilled their engagement? Was mass said in the old church? Is the new church burnt? It is very likely that a set of men who have not heard prayers from their own pastors in the long space of fourteen months, and who had flocked to his churches, for the sake of impunity, would (as I remarked in my letter to them) indulge such fervour as to have a church for a mass-house, and die martyrs for prayers. *Apago nugec!*

If the Bishop of Cloyne believes this a serious affair, I applaud him for the strength of his faith. Under the apprehensions of terror the imagination realizes phantoms. We read in history that armies in the dead of the night encamped on the summit of a hill, imagining that the enemies were drawn up in battle array in a distant plain*. The outbreaks at the dawn of day discovered, to their surprise, that it was an extensive field covered with overgrown thistles, nodding with the breeze, and seeming to beckon to their pursuers to advance. Doctor Woodward's imagination creates similar foes. Nor can we discover any danger to Doctor Woodward's *old church or new church*, except what he figures to himself in his pamphlet.

But will Mr. O'Leary deny that such notices were posted up, and such letters, threatening to cut out tongues, &c. were written? By no means.—Mr. O'Leary is not a man to controvert facts vouched by the Bishop's authority, except when he has facts to counterbalance them. In that case he will humbly take the liberty of being guided by his

* The army of the princes in the reign of Lewis the Eleventh. See Father Daniel's History of France.

own judgment. He does not believe the Pope's infallibility; much less will he place infallibility in the Bishop of Cloyne's oracles when he delivers them from his tripod. But he is humbly of opinion that such notices and letters came from other quarters. Tithe-proctors, tithe-jobbers and others were interested in alarming the nation, and awakening the fears of Government. They dreaded the least alteration in the present system, and knew that the best method to secure success to their plan, was to blacken as much as possible deluded men who were already but too obnoxious. Hence the exaggerated accounts of the white-boys circulated in the distant prints; all provisions, and every communication between town and country cut off.—Yet our markets were supplied as usual.

A lady of consequence who spends her time and income in encouraging arts and manufactures, on whose estate the little girl of five earns her bread by knitting; whose tenants wear shoes and stockings, clean shirts and warm frize, whilst the tenants of several are shivering with cold and pinching with hunger; who, when the peasant dies, gives the warm cabin, and a spot of ground rent-free to the widow and orphans, until the eldest son is able to provide for them; who has diffused a spirit of industry and vigour amongst the naked and unemployed inhabitants of barren rocks; and who, like another Zenobia, has a manly heart in a female breast.—This lady intended to drain part of a lake, in order to enlarge her improvements. A grateful peasantry flocked to the work. It was enough. We soon read in the distant papers that a *thousand white-boys* had thrown up intrenchments, and had formed a regular encampment upon her lands. Numberless falsehoods have been industriously propagated, to the dishonour of the country. No honest man

would justify any breach of the public peace, and no man who pays any regard for justice or truth would propagate falsehood and infamy.

Before the relaxation of the Popery laws, a wretch, after having quitted his house, set fire to it in the dead of night, and swore to damages which were to be made good to him at the expence of the innocent. The villainy was proved in open court. Had the Lord Bishop of Cloyne made enquiries, perhaps he would find that some tithe-jobbers tampered with their hirelings to set fire to their own corn.—By this manœuvre they expected that a tenfold gain would compensate for this wilful loss. I doubt not then the reality of the notices, however absurd, nor the threats, however unlikely to be carried into execution. But I suspect the quarter from whence they came. Interest and vengeance combined, are capable of giving greater alarms, but the judgment must not be captivated to the yoke of an implicit belief, when the motives of credibility are dubious; and anonymous letters are bad vouchers. No man intent upon the murder of another, ever forewarns him of the danger. If a person wrote me a letter, threatening to cut out my tongue, I would not be under the least apprehension that he would deprive me of the organ of speech. If he were in earnest, he would watch his opportunity without putting me on my guard. Be this as it may, we all deplore the peace of society disturbed; the property of individuals injured by nightly excursions, and the distraction of the community.

But the duty of the historian confines him within the limits of truth, and in relating events when he cannot know the real causes, he must assign the most probable. The Bishop's favourite layman, talks of *people hanging in gallowses*, noses and ears *cut off*, &c. Will the Bishop of Cloyne be his voucher,

cher. For while I am on the spot, I shall controvert the legendary tales of any modern Sir John Temple.—No; the Bishop cannot produce one single instance of any man's being murdered by the white-boys in the counties of Cork or Kerry, and as for noses, had he discovered any of them to be cut off by the white-boys, his *zeal for religion* would have induced him to collect and fix them in the face of his pamphlet to ornament his *picture of persecution*, and give it *its due proportions*. I enquired about those noses and ears, I can get no information. The operations then of a campaign of fifteen months, (a campaign, which has attracted the attention of all Europe, thanks to our tithe journalists) have been confined, as I remarked before, to two or three proctors, buried without being dead, and rising immediately without waiting for the sound of the last trumpet; the burning of some few ricks of corn, and the cropping of nine or ten garrans which are still at the plough; and notabene, the two last garrans that were cropped after Lord Luttrell's first excursion to Munster, though the oldest in the studd, were cropt with as much nicety as if a young miss's ears were to be borne for the reception of ornamental pendants. A small slit! *but great noise*. Such is the number of the wounded by the white-boys in the counties of Cork and Kerry. But where is the number of the slain?—The slain and mortally wounded were the deluded *bipeds*, whom the Bishop of Cloyne did not exhort, nor banish from his churches; and who goaded by oppression on one hand, and expecting impunity from hypocrisy on the other, gave into those wild and extravagant measures, against which Mr. O'Leary cautioned them. During the disturbances, the Catholic clergy and laity suffered more than their Protestant neighbours of the same respective orders.

orders. And when the Lord Bishop of Cloyne promised his readers a GENERAL ACCOUNT of the rise and progress of the insurrections in Munster, we little expected that his account would be inclosed in a nutshell, of which five or six Protestant clergymen were the kernel, whilst the persecuted Catholic clergymen are omitted, as the withered leaves of the tree, left out of his historical dessert.

Such, is the plain, candid and unadorned account of the disturbances, in the suppression of which I have taken so active a part, whilst the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, as an unconcerned spectator, stood gazing upon an eminence at a great distance from the field of battle. After a large fabric has been on fire for more than twelve-months, it is laudable in him to come forward with the doleful news, that a few rafters have been burnt. He should have been the first to put his hand to the engine, in order to bring the fire under, and to prevent it from communicating to the adjacent buildings. When the prophet Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations, it was a long time before the destruction of Jerusalem, in order to caution the people, and induce them to guard against the impending calamity. When the prophet Ezechial had eaten a book, in which were written *Lamentations* AND A SONG, *and woe*, it was to forewarn an obstinate people. But when the Bishop of Cloyne cries aloud from the walls of Jerusalem, THE CHURCH OF IRELAND IS AT THIS PRESENT MOMENT IN IMMINENT DANGER OF SUBVERSION, it is after the Chaldeans had raised the siege and retired to their country.—Fifteen months after the disturbances had broken out. After Lord Kenmare, a Catholic peer had suppressed them in Kerry. After the Lord Chief Baron Yelverton had decreed an atonement to violated justice, by the punishment of such criminals

as were found guilty of a breach of the laws. And after the present Earl of Carhampton (then Lord Luttrell) had pacified the entire province, a few stragglers excepted. If in the long space of fifteen months he was really convinced that the vessel, if the established religion, of which he is one of the pilots, was in danger, why has he slept at the helm? When the storm is over and the sea exhibits a smooth surface, he sings the doleful ditty of the shipwrecked mariner all over the three kingdoms; but where was he when the ship was on the point of sinking? Where was the pastoral letter? Where was the pathetic address? Where was the publication replete with those figures and images which would work on the passions of the Protestant nobility and gentry of the province, and awaken them to a sense of their danger? It is no great hardship for a Bishop to publish a pamphlet in eighty-seven, which he had all the leisure to write in the year eighty-six. But where were the exertions of the pastoral care? where was the shepherds whistle heard, when the *wolf* was devouring the flock? The Bishop of Cloyne acknowledges that the diocese of Cork was committed to his care in the absence of Doctor Mann.—This additional charge to that of his own diocese should naturally have redoubled his vigilance.—He then should have made it his business as superintendant of such extensive dioceses, to get every information relative to the disorders which distracted the places committed to his care: to endeavour to stifle the evil in its birth, and to prevent its spreading further.

I shall make no further comments, but leave my readers to their own judgment, without anticipating their reflections. However the learned may admire Tacitus for his art in raising a rich work from poor materials, his judicious reflections, and
concise

conciſa (though obſcure) manner of impreſſing his ſentiments; yet I ſhall never take him for my guide, becauſe he is too malignant, and aſcribes the moſt caſual events to a DARK POLICY. If Auguſtus names Tiberius for his ſucceſſor, it is according to Tacitus, with a deſign that the vices of that tyrant ſhould ſerve as a foil to ſet off his own qualities. If Piſo is appointed governor of ſuch a province, it is in order to be a ſpy over Germanicus, whom Tiberius envied. If Sejanus is elected prime miniſter, it is in order to glut the vengeance of the gods. He aſcribes the offspring of chance to a gloomy deſtiny. His characters generally bear the ſame features. It is not the man whom he deſcribes, but the hiſtorian's heart I read. For this very reaſon I do not like him, becauſe he diſtorts the objects. Had the ſame events happened in his time at Rome which have happened within thoſe fifteen months in the county where I reſide, what a *political picture* would not Tacitus have left to future ages! The plebeians all up in arms, and the ſupreme Augur aſleep without conſulting the Omens! The temples of the gods threatened with deſtruction, and the Pontiff ſilent! And when the danger is over, the empire in commotion, and the Pontiff offering propitiatory ſacrifices and inviting the people to burn incenſe, in order to avert thoſe calamities from which the gods had delivered them, during his ſecurity and ſomnolence! Reflections of the kind I leave to ſuch hiſtorians as Tacitus, or to the Lord Biſhop of Cloyne himſelf, who is ſo ingenious as to metamorphoſe me into a being to which I bear no reſemblance, and to caſt me in a mould ſo ill fitted to my frame.

Can any perſon in his ſenſes preſume that the Catholics of Ireland, after the late indulgence extended to them by the reigning powers, would be
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ſo diveſted of gratitude and common ſenſe as to expoſe their necks to the chain with which rigorous laws had bound them for ſo many years — When their anceſtors ſigned the capitulation of Limerick, and ſubmitted to the ſon-in-law of their former fugitive and cowardly king, ſooner than violate the laws of nations, afterwards ſo baſely violated by the laſt of the Stuarts, they declined availing themſelves of the ſuccours ſent by Lewis the Fourteenth. When Alberoni ſent the ſon of James the Second to Scotland, the Irish Catholics remained quiet and peaceful, though they had every reaſon to expect the aſſiſtance of Spain if they joined the ſon of their former king, when the preſent family was not ſufficiently ſettled on a throne threatened by foreign foes, and an aſpiring candidate who had his father's title to plead, and numbers of his partizans, each to join him in ſupport of his pretenſions. When the plains of Fontenoy were dyed with Engliſh blood, and George the Second threatened with expulſion from the Britiſh dominions, by a young pretender marching to the ſeat of empire, where was any commotion amongſt the Catholics of Ireland? When Thurot landed at Carrickfergus where were the Catholics who ſtocked to his banners in the North? Where were the Catholics who cauſed a diverſion in his favour in the South? When England was ſurrounded by a warring world; one of her ſtrong-eſt limbs torn from her body, by the loſs of America; her fleets purſued by a victorious enemy, diſplaying their flag on her coaſts; and Ireland, deſtitute of any aſſiſtance but the loyalty and courage of her ſons, who forgot their unhappy and fatal prejudices in the common danger, did the Irish Catholics ſtand by as neutral ſpectators, in expectation of the event? Did not they flock to
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the standard of their Protestant neighbours, and march at the signal, either to defend their common country, or to mingle their blood in the same trenches with their fellow-subjects? Are those the men whose loyalty should be suspected, and character traduced? Or must the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's clamour about tithes become now a wakeful trump to thunder division amongst three bodies of men, who in time of danger were consolidated into one? He alarms the members of the established church with the danger wherewith they are threatened from the Dissenters inclined to pull it down. He alarms them with the danger wherewith they are threatened from the Catholics ready to set up their own. He excludes both from national confidence; then shifts the ground, and after having discarded the Dissenters as hostile to his establishment, he invites them to his standard, to join him in his attack upon the Catholics, by reminding them of the lenient usage they met with from his church, when compared with the severe usage they would meet with from the church of Rome.

The Lion invited one day the beasts to a hunting party, and promised to divide the spoils. The afs with his loud notes roused the game, which was soon run down. The division of the spoil commenced. This belongs to me said the Lion, according to compact; and this because my name is Lion, and this for such a reason; and who would dare to touch the rest? One would imagine that Esop had read the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet. *Come Dissenters to my assistance, though I have excluded you before from national confidence, enemies to my establishment, which from principle you are inclined to pull down, become my auxiliaries in chaining your fellow-subjects of the Catholic persuasion, lest they reach their hands to the sacred steaf.—But as for you, you dare not to touch*

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it. For my name is Lion. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne would have some colourable pretence for alarming the fears of Irish Dissenters, and prejudicing them against their Catholic fellow-subjects, if he had the generosity to divide the spoils.—But will he divide the tithes with their clergy? His invitation then and his compliments are equally unmeaning.

Heavens forbid, that the natives of this kingdom (let their religion be what it may) should ever relapse into the frenzy of destructive and unchristian dissensions.

The Dissenters then will say to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. *We will support the State, not in compliance with your CHARITABLE ADMONITION, but because it is our duty and interest. But we will not make war upon our neighbours for tithes and mitres. We shall not efface from the pannels of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's carriage, that emblem of ecclesiastical pre-eminence he has borrowed from the Church of Rome, which he is now exposing to publick detestation; nor diminish the number of his dishes, which the Catholic clergy had dressed for him, ages before they imagined that Bishops, instead of praying for them and their successors, would disturb the dead in their graves, by attributing to them doctrines they never taught, and exciting the jealousy and resentment of the reigning powers against the living, by casting at their thresholds abortives they disclaim. We shall not engage, my Lord Bishop of Cloyne, in a Crusade to make war upon Infidels who are not in possession of your Holy Land.*

It is extraordinary in you to alarm the public, with the dangers of Popery, when you retain the most oppressive part of a religion, from which you are sprung, tithes that are oppressive to the poor, and pre-eminence which in all ages has not been well relished by the rich. We cannot in reason

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hate a Catholic for his speculative creed.—His belief of the real presence affects us no more than if he believed that Berenices tresses were changed into a comet. Nor are we much concerned whether in that immensity beyond the grave, there may be an intermediate place between the two extremes of complete happiness and complete misery.—A place where the soul atones for venial lapses, and pays off a part of the debts it has contracted here. It is equal to us where a man pays his debts, whether here or in purgatory, provided he pays ourselves what he owes us. And however clamorous a mitred divine may be about Popish purgatory, HE MAY PERHAPS GO FURTHER, AND SPEED WORSE.

The proflor's pound where the cottagers cow or calf is imprisoned, is a greater nuisance to the living, than thousands of subterraneous caverns beyond the grave. When you call upon us then to your assistance against our Catholic neighbours, we shall not obey the summons, until you divide with us the spoils of piety which have been transmitted to you by the Catholic clergy, whom you are now attacking. When they were groaning under the yoke of penal laws, we published at Dungannon those resolutions which Europe read with admiration; in them we declared, that as we held freedom of conscience sacred in ourselves, so we held it sacred in others, and gloried in the prospect of our Catholic fellow-subjects emancipation. America copied after the illustrious example. The Emperor has placed the God-like image of toleration, in the same banner with the Imperial Eagle. Good sense and the general good of society, are restoring to unhappy mortals the inalienable charter, which school divinity had usurped, the choice of the religion they think the best; and the privilege
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of being accountable to God alone for their speculative tenets. Any person who would preach or practise a contrary doctrine, is an AGITATOR indeed, and an agitating Bishop is as obnoxious to us as an AGITATING FRIAR.—You have directed your arrows against Mr. O'Leary in particular. He has washed off the paint which your brush has laid on his face. He has proved in his narrative, that you have not given an accurate account of the disturbances in Munster. You have not stemmed the torrent.—You have not assigned the genuine causes of the insurrections, which in your heart you know not to have originated in any Popish confederacy against either church or state, but in the despair of wretchedness, ascribable indeed to several causes, amongst which tithes and tithes-canthers are to be enumerated. Mr. O'Leary has fully justified the Catholic body from the foul aspersion of Theophilus and the insinuation of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. He has called on you both, to produce one agitating Friar, or Romish Missionary sent here to sow sedition, or who has sown sedition in the land.—There is the challenge given by conscious innocence. We shall not then quarrel with our Catholic neighbours, much less with Mr. O'Leary. If he has any more to say we shall hear him. It is the privilege to which every injured man is entitled; but we consider him as fully acquitted, whatever further remarks he may think fit to make on your pamphlet.

SECTION

SECTION THE SECOND;

CONTAINING

A VINDICATION of Mr. O'LEARY'S ADDRESSES
to the WHITE-BOYS.

I KNOW not upon what ground the Lord Bishop of Cloyne can say that my addresses are most *artfully contrived to sow sedition*? Is it for recommending peace? No. Is it for recommending *piety under sufferings*? If so, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne must burn the Bible. Is it because I did not enlarge upon the miseries of the peasantry, in consequence of *low wages and rack-rents*, as the Bishop intimates? The reduction of tithes and the dues of the parish priests were the only objects mentioned in the insurgents' proclamations. In addressing them upon complaints which they did not express, was to represent the orator who finished, by the deluge, his sermon on the resurrection. The public knew that the people were exasperated and outrageous. I had one object in view, which was to work on their passions, by the fittest springs, to move the hearts and allay the passions of a discontented multitude. *I mean hope and fear*; the dread of punishment, and the hope of redress.—I knew that such of the clergy as, from the warmth of zeal, and want of foreknowledge that their flock would ever rise against themselves, had recourse

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to the usual method of reclaiming them by severity, had lost their influence. In vain had they substituted a curse for a prayer, and the oak saplin for the peaceful asperges; the obstinacy of the flock increased in proportion to the rigour of the pastor; at last the rupture rose to such a height, that they swore in some places never to hear prayers from their present parish priests.—This the Lord Bishop of Cloyne cannot be ignorant of; and the candour of the historian, when he talks of the insurrections, as well as justice to those persecuted ecclesiastics, should have induced him to advert to this very singular and unexpected circumstance; especially when he had read in the slanderous Theophilus the false and infamous charge brought against those clergymen, accusing them of being in a confederacy with their flocks for the *overtrow of the church and state*. It was not from want of zeal and loyalty that they miscarried in their attempt to re-establish order. In all probability they would have succeeded better, had they tempered their fire.

I had to guard against the inconvenience which proved a stumbling-block to others. I knew that oil smooths the ruffled sea, and that a long time before Cicero and Quintilian had laid down rules for rhetoricians to work on the passions, Solomon, a greater adept in the knowledge of the human heart, had said, *A soft answer breaketh anger, and a hard word raiseth up fury*. In my two first publications I addressed them in the soft language of sympathy; led them on, step by step, to the temple of hope, at whose gates they should wait with *patience*, keeping at a distance from the precipices which surround its confines, *violence from despair, and licentiousness from presumption*. All parties ac-
knowledge

knowledge they were wretched; the clergy knew it, and they blamed the landlord; the landlords knew it, and they blamed the clergy's agent. It was not my duty to dictate to either. But if the Lord Bishop of Cloyne affirms, in his pamphlet, that they did not suffer from such persons as deal in tithes, with every deference he should be better informed. A gentleman of veracity has declared to me that thirty-two shillings have been extorted for one acre of potatoes; and that when a peasant offered to buy his tithes at a certain price, he was horse-whipped. I do not say that this happened in the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's diocese, to which he should have confined himself when he became an advocate for *ecclesiastical agents*. And if report be true, in some places it is said that the tithes which were set by the clergyman for three hundred pounds, were raised by those harpies to the enormous sum of seven hundred, and more. This rapid rise must have been oppressive to the poor, without any benefit, but rather a loss to the clergyman. The Bishop of Cloyne would have done well if, in the beginning of the disturbances, and even a long time before, he had enquired, whether there had been in his own diocese a certain tithes-jobber of such art, power and influence, as to get the tithes for about an hundred and sixty pounds, which he raised to about five hundred. The clergyman, who is all sweetness and humanity, was under the necessity, in his own defence, to make over a bond to this *agent*, who had the policy and influence to hinder the peasants from taking the tithes from the lenient and lawful owner, who was willing to set them at a moderate price. But when, by the above stratagem, this man got them into his own possession, they became the scourges of the poor, who were continually harassed by decrees, either

either real or fictitious, which he either obtained or pretended to obtain from the Bishop's-court.— No music could be heard in his district but the noise of cattle, mingled with the cries of the wretched, seeing their little stock sold for half value. That man's pound was like unto a lion's den. The oppressed people came to the clergyman, requesting him to take the tithes into his own hands, offering him twenty pounds more than he got from the jobber. An offer which the clergyman who feels for the poor, was under the painful necessity of refusing, on account of his engagement with the other. All parties then agree that the unhappy people were oppressed. And the present Earl of Carhampton, (then Lord Viscount Luttrell) who commanded the army in Munster, and who acquitted himself of his commission with such honour and humanity, is convinced that distress, but not wantonness; the stings of poverty, but not the design of overturning church or state, gave rise to the disturbances in the South of Ireland. Had the maxim that *it is better to prevent crimes than to punish them*, been followed; had all the landlords, both noblemen and gentlemen, taken an active part at the first breaking out of the insurrections; had they explained to their respective tenants the danger and impropriety of their proceedings, enquired into their complaints, informed them that the senate of the nation was alone competent to make any alteration in established laws, and that if they did not follow their advice, or obey their injunctions, they would be under the necessity of punishing them, both as landlords and magistrates; had this plan been adopted, the disturbances would have been stifled in their very birth. Such of the gentlemen of consequence as had adopted this plan, soon restored peace and tranquillity to their districts. It

was the plan which Menenius Agrippa adopted with success, when the discontented plebeians retired to the sacred mountain. It was the plan adopted by Junius Blefus, when the Pannonian legions revolted at the instigation of a common soldier. It was the plan adopted by Lord Luttrell when he went to the congregations, and reclaimed to their duty several parishes, instead of marking the progress of his march with the impoverished blood of half starved wretches. Cæsar's clemency out-shone the splendor of his victories. And Lord Luttrell's wisdom and humanity upon that occasion, besides the honour and esteem he acquired, have contributed more to the restoration of order and tranquillity, than if he had let the army loose, and begun with coercion and violence.

The ministry of a clergyman, is a ministry of charity and compassion; when I see then, heroes bred in camps, and trained up amidst the clank of arms, sheath upon several occasions the sword, and hold out the olive branch; when in the cure of wounds, lenitives are preferred to causticks, I am not ashamed for having addressed a discontented and oppressed people, in the stile of sympathy and tenderness. But when I see a Prelate, whose very robes are by their institution emblematical of extensive charity, exhibit symptoms of joy in the expectation that the poor will not be relieved by their rulers, I should be more inclined to *curse* the priesthood, than to *revere* it; if I were so blind as to confound the unfeelingness and other defects of the ministers of religion, with the holiness and other duties of their ministry.

I recommended *patience, which softens the afflictions of sufferers*, to the distressed, after informing them that the legislative powers alone were competent to redress a general grievance, and that a disor-

derly conduct was a bad recommendation to their humanity.

Here are the comments of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne upon the above texts, "To what do these lectures of Mr. O'Leary tend? To tell the insurgents that though he knows that they are more oppressed than any sect of men in the world: though he is convinced that they had a right to expect redress from the humanity of the legislature; yet the legislature shew no compassion for them; they must remain in their misery: they HAVE NO REMEDY BUT THAT OF PATIENCE, WHICH SOFTENS THE AFFLICTIONS OF SUFFERERS."

I am not ashamed of the admonitions—But I blush at the censure: I prefer the charitable Samaritan, who did not offer up sacrifices in Solomon's Temple, yet relieved the bleeding man on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho; I prefer him to the unfeeling Priest and Levite, who passed by unconcerned, without pitying a man whom they saw weltering in his blood. I shall ever pity the poor, and shall ever recommend them to their rulers.—If this be a crime, may it be the only crime of which I may be found guilty.

I recommended them to their rulers.—It would have been more becoming in the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to have done the same, than to censure me for the feelings of pity. I still indulge the hope, that the legislators of Ireland will redress the grievances of the wretched, at the period which their wisdom will appoint.—And I am very confident that they will glory in feelings congenial to those of Francis the First, who on hearing that a nobleman had killed a peasant, dressed himself in mourning, bound up his right arm in a scarf; sent for the murderer, to whom he said, *Rebel, you have wounded*

wounded your King in the right arm, in depriving him of one of the props of the state. For without the peasantry, who will feed my armies, or supply my treasury?

The plough, the spade and the reaping-hook, handled by vigorous, healthy and well fed peasants, are of more benefit to the state than a thousand goose-quills, brandished by so many controvertists, puzzling the minds and dividing the hearts of men and citizens, who in the interests of society, and the feelings of humanity, would soon extinguish the flames of discord, if the sacred fire were not continually fed by the very hands that should preserve the temple of peace from the conflagration. It is the peasant's labour and not his catechism that should be the object of legislative attention, says Voltaire.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne censures me for pointing out to the insurgents the dangers that threatened them from the severity of the law, the eloquence of Crown-lawyers, the perjuries of witnesses, and the prejudices of juries. What was the purport of this enumeration, but to make a deeper impression on the minds of the deluded people, by a greater variety of images? And thus to attain my end, by preventing them from disturbing the peace of the public, and rushing to their own destruction.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne's remark on the above passage is curious, and descriptive of his ingenuity and candour. I shall give it in his own words, "After expatiating on the severity of the laws, as not being FIT FOR A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY, and warning them that they could not expect a fair execution, even of those cruel ordinances, from the law-officers of the crown, the witnesses or jury, I think one may say with justice,

"tice, of his address TO THE COMMON PEOPLE OF IRELAND, PARTICULARLY TO SUCH OF THEM AS ARE CALLED WHITE-BOYS, (printed in Dublin 1786, and revised and corrected by himself,) that it is calculated to raise discontent and indignation in the Roman Catholic peasantry, against the national clergy, the legislature, the executive power, and their Protestant fellow-subjects."

Let the reader compare my letters with the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's commentary. Had I said in plain terms to the insurgents, "Do not put yourselves in the power either of Judge or Jury, King or Parliament, Lawyer or Witness, what would it amount to? No more than if I had said, behave as peaceable subjects, and do not put yourselves in the power of any person. I say it now; I give the same advice, and will the Lord Bishop of Cloyne say that for giving this advice, I am seditious? It well behoves the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who calls the verdict of the jury in the county of Monaghan, infamous; and who becomes the eulogist of Theophilus, who has the effrontery to compare the Irish House of Commons to plunderers, for passing a vote against the tithes of agistment; to carp at my words about witnesses and juries.

His Lordship's letter verifies the words of Saint Paul, *Wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself.*

In order to expose me to the detestation of the clergy of the established religion, he attributes the following words to me: *These disturbances originate in the dues of the clergy.**

* Lord Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, Page 106, third Edition.

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I never wrote, nor made use of such words. I am sorry that the Lord Bishop of Cloyne has put it in my power to answer the charge with a flat contradiction. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne dates his pamphlet in 1787, and remarks that I think it *expedient to inform the Whiteboys, that the Whiteboy-act will be in force until next June*. The remark is shrewd, and of a very charitable tendency.

My first address to the Whiteboys was in March eighty-six.—A rumour was propagated amongst the insurgents, that the Whiteboy-act would be no longer in force after the ensuing June. To guard a deluded multitude against every danger to which they might be exposed, from an expectation of impunity in consequence of their ignorance of the law, I informed them that the Whiteboy-act would be in force until the month of June, eighty-seven. This was a long warning of fifteen months. What means then the Lord Bishop of Cloyne by his remark? It impresses the minds of his readers with the notion that this is Mr. O'Leary's meaning, viz. *The Whiteboy-act will be at end next June; after that time you have nothing to dread, you may go on*. His Lordship means this, or means nothing.

What an opinion must not strangers to my principles and conduct, form of me when they read the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet!

About twenty years ago, when the Whiteboys first rose up in the South, a person of consequence, (who is since dead) contributed to the insurrection, in order to defeat a plan that was then intended by Parliament for the relief of the Catholics, whom by this diabolical stratagem, worthy of another Cecil, he intended to render obnoxious to their rulers. I intended to reclaim the Whiteboys by every argument which prudence, as well as religion

could suggest: and as the report of the expiration of the Whiteboy-act in the month of the ensuing June, was propagated amongst the people, I know not by whom, (but I knew that the motive was such) I thought it incumbent on me to guard the deluded multitude against the snare, and to shelter the honour of the Catholic body, by defeating the designs, and disappointing the hopes of such artful politicians. I would be an enemy to the peace of society, the Catholic body, and to myself, if I had written in the sense which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne would fain convey to his readers.—Far from encouraging the insurgents to proclaim a *truce of three months to concert their plan in the interim*, and renew the war with fresh vigour, at the expiration of the term, (for such must be the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's meaning,) I applied for information to a Protestant gentleman, who is married to the daughter of a clergyman in the diocese of Cloyne, and who wrote to the Whiteboys under the signature of a *Dublin Shop-keeper*. If I intended to encourage them in their proceedings, by marking out the time beyond which they had nothing to dread, I would have abridged the term, and pleaded ignorance of the laws.

To examine further into the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's commentaries on my texts, would be not only a loss of time, *but childish*.—Or what must the public think of the ingenuity of a Prelate, who construes the *way of the cross is the road to the crown, into SEDITION*.

I am surpris'd that his Lordship has not adverted to those words of my last address to the Whiteboys, *Multitudes easily mislead, and incapable of drawing the delicate line, to which common sense points out, and of which it says, thus far you shall go, and no farther*.

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I am surpris'd that he has not made the following comments on them, *You have done very well in disturbing the peace of society, cropping catile, and burning corn; but stop now, and wait for a while.* This would have opened a field for his criticism, though he should know that the giddy populace, let their complaints be ever so well founded, *is easily misled; when once in motion never knows where to stop, and can never draw the delicate line which common sense points out, and of which it says, thus far you shall go; IF YOU HAVE COMPLAINTS LAY THEM BEFORE YOUR RULERS; BUT GO NO FURTHER.* And *no further* shall I go in explaining letters which may be read in the Appendix. His query then to me about the Emperor of Germany is not in point. But I shall take the liberty of proposing a query very applicable to the present circumstances.

Quere. What would the Emperor of Germany, who has granted free toleration of all religions with a strict injunction to their teachers, not to divide his subjects, or distract his dominions with the jarings of controversy, but to enforce the principles of morality. What would that tolerating Prince think of a Catholic Prelate, who in a pamphlet, would ring the alarm all over his dominions, and inform his Majesty, that none but *his subjects of the established church were entitled to national confidence*, and thus inspire his subjects, not with mutual confidence, but with mutual jealousy, fear and distrust? I leave the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to judge

When the Lord Bishop of Cloyne begins his query, with these words, *if there were an insurrection of Protestants in Bobemia, for the purpose of ROBBING the established Roman Catholic clergy, (and there might have been Protestants enough if the PER-*

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FIDIOUS CRUELTY of the late Empress had not nearly rooted them out.*

When his Lordship begins his query with such words, I must take the liberty of reminding him, that in his short query there are two fallacies.—The first fallacy is in these words, *if there were an insurrection of Protestants in Bobemia.* For the insurgents in the South of Ireland, were not merely Catholics, as I have proved in my narrative. They were a motley groupe of different religions, complaining both of tithes and tithe-jobbers. Our readers will be surpris'd that in the course of our controversy, we have been so sparing of latin words; this fallacy then is called by the logicians *a dicto simpliciter ad dictum secundum quid*; when we confine to *a few what is common to many*, and vice versa. The second fallacy consists in supposing that my writings have a tendency to rob the Protestant Clergy; and this fallacy is called by the logicians *de falso supponente*—*a false supposition*, which the respondent answers with a flat denial, by saying *nego suppositum*.

When the Lord Bishop of Cloyne calls the late Empress Queen, *cruel and perfidious*, I wish he were a little more courtly and flattering in his epithets; rudeness to the fair sex, from an ascetick or hermit like me, who by the obligations of celibacy had not an opportunity of polishing and refining my manners by a more frequent and friendly intercourse with the softest and fairest part of the creation; rudeness in me would have some excuse to plead; but in his attack on the illustrious fair, little or no excuse can be pleaded for the Lord Bi-

* Lord Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, Page 111, fifth Edition.

shop, who from his early days was at liberty to court and to pray; to repeat the Penitential Psalms with David, and to compliment with Otway:

○ woman, lovely woman! nature form'd thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

Little or no excuse then can be pleaded in favour of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, when he treats the late Empress Queen with such *severity*;* for she was neither *cruel nor perfidious*. His Lordship was not a member of her Privy Council, to know the nature of her compacts with, or promises to her subjects; compacts and promises, in the performance of which no Sovereign could be more honourable and punctual. She had in her dominions the descendants of those German boors who had attempted to dethrone her ancestors. Those men were under legal restraints for their fathers guilt, in which they had no part. It was their unhappy fate, in common *with many others*, to be victims to human laws, which by a faint resemblance of Omnipotence, make of the folly, or madness, or weakness of one generation, a kind of original and hereditary sin, which afflicts in a long succession the innocent posterity, with this difference, that the offence against the Deity is instantly forgiven upon repentance, or the application of the remedy which mercy appoints to counter-act the rigour of justice. But human legislators all over Europe, have given proofs of their omnipotence in penal codes which immortalize the punishment ages after the death of the guilt, and require a rigorous atonement

* *Rudens* would be an improper word when I am animadverting on the writings of a Bishop.

from

from the sober and innocent descendants, for the frenzy of their fore-fathers. They have their patent in scripture, wherein we read, *I have said, ye are Gods and all Sons of the most High*. But Dryden's Indian Emperor was tortured for paying a greater veneration to the bright luminary of the day, than to a book bound up in sheep-skin, which Pizarro's chaplain called the Bible, and of which the unhappy Prince knew nothing. To each of those legislators who punished their subjects for hereditary errors, or their fore-fathers guilt, Dryden's Indian Emperor would say,

If thou art that most CRUEL God, whose eyes
Delight in blood, and HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Such was the state of the Hussites in the Empress Queen's dominions, and such was the case of Catholics and Dissenters under Protestant Sovereigns, when prelates of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's philanthropy directed their councils; as the Rev. Mr. Samuel Barber of Rathfryland, has ingeniously and pointedly remarked to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne.*

The state of the Hussites in Bohemia was not worse than the state of the Dissenters and Catholics in Ireland, even so late as the beginning of that illustrious Empress's reign.

That magnanimous Heroine, surrounded on all sides by numerous and powerful foes, ready to invade her dominions, and to ornament the triumphal car with the procession of a captive Queen, worked up the softer soul into a martial firmness. Reduced to fifteen thousand men, against the numerous armies of powerful Sovereigns, she took in her arms the present Emperor, who was then in his

* See Remarks on a Pamphlet, intitled *The Present State of the Church of Ireland*, By Samuel Barber.

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cradle,

cradle, shewed him to her subjects of every religious description, *behold your Prince unable to protect you; defend his rights, and when these infant hands will be able to wield the Sceptre, the grateful remembrance of your services will procure you the love, favour, and protection of your Sovereign.*

It was the characteristic of the rude courtiers and stern divines of Queen Elizabeth's reign, not to pity a Queen in distress; but at the sight of Maria Teresa controuling fortune on the verge of ruin, a generous ardor glowed in every breast. Her Protestant subjects of Hungary flocked to her banners; and as a reward of their loyalty, she repealed the restrictive laws which former Sovereigns had enacted. As a proof of her fidelity to her promise, she ordered her son's picture to be hung up in their houses of worship, making it high treason to molest them in the exercise of their religion. What the mother began in her hereditary kingdom, the son completed all over his dominions.

This is the historical information which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne should have given his readers. But it would not answer his ends. *Cruelty, perfidy, and persecution* are his favourite theme; *generosity, humanity and toleration* are quite shadowed in his picture. Catholic powers are embracing their subjects, without enquiring into their catechisms. If an enemy of toleration were as industrious in translating into French or German, the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet, as he has been in translating Ghilini's letter, and the Bishop's consecration oath into English; violation of faith with heretics, and other charges: if in consequence of the impression his pamphlet had made on the public mind, Catholic princes, prelates and doctors, read the clause proposing to empower the civil magistrates to *pull down, level and profanate Roman Catholic chapels upon the deposition*

of one witness; if they read all the pamphlets published of late against the Catholic body, and knew the steps that are taking in order to degrade them; I appeal to his Lordship, and to the public, whether the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet, and the proceedings now mentioned, would tend to promote toleration?

What was the Bishop of Cloyne's intention in abusing the memory of the Empress Queen? Why has not he proposed her good qualities, and the tolerating spirit of her son as models for imitation? Or does he really believe the case of a Bohemian Hussite now restored to the privilege of the great and inalienable charter, to which a man guilty of no personal crime against the state is intitled? Does he really believe his case, and that of an Irish Catholic to be quite similar? If the Irish Catholics profess the religion of the greatest monarchs, and the creed of flourishing Universities, one would imagine that their faith should not make them objects of contempt. They introduced no new religion into the state, nor incroached upon any man's property. They had the lands of their fathers, and the religion of their education, ages before their Sovereigns thought fit to change their creeds. Their blood flows in the veins of the Protestant nobility and gentry of Ireland, whose pedigree is proclaimed the more illustrious, in proportion as they trace it back to Catholic times. Their loyalty at home and their valour abroad, when disqualifying laws, and the thirst of glory urged them to dispute the laurel under the banners of foreign kings, cannot disgrace the kindred or affinity the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen may claim to the Protestant nobility and gentry of the land. Had the island been even subdued by the sword of the conqueror, conquest itself has its limits circumscribed

scribed by justice. Transfer of allegiance, and the tribute paid to the former Sovereign, is all that the conqueror is intitled to. Locke would grant him no more, but would secure in the unchangeable possession of their consciences and inheritance, the subjects who had changed their masters. They had the prescription of ages to plead for their religion and properties, when the *wrecks* of both were secured to them by the laws of nations under the walls of Limerick. This capitulation, which it was in their power to break forty-eight hours after the interchange of the articles, they adhered to inviolably. It was shamefully broken by the daughter of the very king to whom they had sworn allegiance, though from the day on which it was signed until this very hour, not a pistol was fired, or a sword drawn by a Catholic in this kingdom against the state. Such being the case, which no man can contradict, what must not be the indignation of every man of feeling, when he sees about two millions of Irish subjects, treated with as little ceremony as if they were a set of negroe slaves upon a West India plantation; compared to a pack of hounds impatient at the view of the game; and to a set of treacherous, insidious, and faithless, Popish rebels, to be cut off by his majesty's sword.* Could mortals foresee that in the year eighty seven a clause would be introduced into the Irish House of Commons, for the purpose of pulling down, levelling and prostrating Roman Catholic chapels, if one witness swore before two magistrates that an unlawful oath was taken in said chapel, or in any place adjoining thereto! It would be more honourable to

* See Theophilus, called by the Bishop of Cloyne an able writer against whom it is hard to prove a negative, and (Proh Deum et hominum fides!) by Countess Dominick Trant, a well meaning writer.

banish

banish the whole Catholic body out of the kingdom, after giving them sufficient time and notice, for selling their properties, than to offer them the insult of proposing on the evidence of a single witness the destruction of their houses of worship, in the course of the same session when a member of Parliament talked of *heads of a bill to prevent the stealing of dogs.*

We read of two philosophers in antiquity, the one continually laughing, the other continually crying at the scenes of human life. This contrast would unite them both. Christian houses of worship to be demolished, and the *kennels of dogs* to be protected by law.

After what I have related in the course of my narrative, and in the vindication of my writings, I cannot see how the Irish Catholics deserved such severe and disgraceful usage, as to have their houses of worship treated with the same indignity, as if they were houses of prostitution, or cabinets of leagues and confederacies against the crown and dignity of our most gracious Sovereign. If they were either the one or the other, they would not be destroyed upon the evidence of *one witness*, at a time when twenty witnesses would take a hundred false oaths for the twentieth part of the materials (which were proposed as a reward) for the demolishers of chapels: much less would a temple of Venus be demolished, because a thousand unlawful oaths would be taken in places adjoining it. The only fault with which the Catholic body can be upbraided, is their misfortune originating from their attachment to their religion, without any disloyalty to their Kings; but unfortunate people ought not to be insulted. The most flourishing empires, as well as individuals, are not proof against the revolutions of time, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

Marius,

Marius, the great conqueror of the Cimbri, was seen in a reclining posture, and forlorn and half famished on the ruins of Carthage, formerly the rival of Rome. The sight of such a change disarmed the officer who was sent to behead him, when the other cried out, *go and tell the governor that you have seen Marius hungry on the ruins of Carthage.*— Travellers pay a certain respect to the ruins of old temples and other buildings stripped of their former decorations; and it would be matter of surprize, if in the very blaze of toleration, the legislature of Ireland would pay such little regard to the descendants of the people, who in former times opened their houses and seminaries for the reception of all the natives of Europe, who flocked to them for improvement, and erected magnificent structures in honour of the deity, as to force them to pray in the open air. The dissolution of morals amongst the lower orders, deprived of a place of worship, and the scandal of Europe would be the consequence of such a rigorous law. The Irish senate foresaw it, and to their honour rejected the clause.

The Catholics of Ireland should be very thankful to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne for endeavouring to procure them the confidence of their rulers.— And the Dissenters and Catholics of Ireland are no less thankful to you, Counsellor Trant, for your kind assistance in becoming his auxiliary, and painting both as *internal confederated enemies against the constitution.** You doubtless glory in a revolution which has spread the broad basis of your civil and religious liberty. You should not have forgotten the heroes of Enniskillen, nor the defenders of Derry against the forces of James the Second, to whom the latter had sworn allegiance, and whose son-in-

* See Counsellor Trant's Pamphlet.

law

law the former had placed on the throne. For a gentleman who is so well versed in history as you are, should know that the combined efforts of the Dissenters and Catholics could have turned the scale at that critical period, and put a speedy end to the contests. Both parties were well rewarded for their exertions in support of the cause which to each seemed best. The daughter rivetted the chains of the Dissenters, who had procured her the throne, by the exaltation of her brother-in-law; and gave the *coup de grace* to the Catholics, for having fought in her father's cause, before they could have any notion that she would sway the sceptre which dropped from his feeble and unnerved hands. Since that memorable æra, so undeservedly degrading to both, the Dissenters and Catholics of Ireland have behaved with equal loyalty to each succeeding monarch.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne and you have paid them a very handsome compliment.—The Bishop excludes them from *national confidence*, on account of their readiness to *pull down and set up*; and you proclaim them *internal confederated enemies against the constitution.*

The Reverend Mr. Barber has shaved the Lord Bishop of Cloyne with a keen and polished razor; and he is very capable of trimming your pamphlet. May I ask you a few questions? Can you assign a reason for calling Theophilus a *well-meaning writer*? —Is it for calling your flesh and blood a *pack of hounds*? You are the son of respectable Roman Catholic parents. You need not blush at it, for the reasons already alledged. Is it in your father's loyal and hospitable family, you have discovered any plot against the state? Is it amongst the respectable Dissenters and Catholics of the county of Cork? You have travelled over the most refined nations

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nations

nations in Europe, and conversed with the Roman nobility, not far from the tombs of Scipio and Emilius. In Catholic countries have you discovered any treacherous correspondence between the Catholics of Ireland and the Princes of the houses of Bourbon and Sardinia, whom your *well-meaning Theophilus* points out as their deliverers? You go over the same ground with the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, and talk of *Papists disarming Protestants*. Did not this happen in the night time? Are you so clear-sighted as to discover a man's religion in the dark, when you were slumbering on your pillow? I doubt not but that some Protestants gave up their arms with as much reluctance as Counsellor Trant would reach forth his hand to receive the *Commission of a Judge, when the Quarter-Sessions* are to be established in Munster, or the patent of a *Vicar General*.—For numbers of them would not be much concerned if proctors, tithe-caners, and tithes, were at a great distance beyond *Purgatory*; which contributed so much to the establishment of those church revenues, which give the Lord Bishop of Cloyne and the Counsellor an occasion of rough-handling the Catholics and Dissenters of Ireland. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne preaches against what he deems *the superstition*; but likes to live well by the institution to which it gave rise.

In the same strain with the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, you speak of notices *threatening to burn a new church, and to change an old church into a mass-house*.

Is Counsellor Trant in earnest? Does he really believe that a Catholic ever posted up that notice? Is the *new church burnt*? Is the *old church sprinkled with holy water*? If he gave himself the trouble

to

to read my addresses to the White-boys, with the same attention with which Doctor Woodward read them in order to brand me with *sedition*; he must have known the manner in which I ridiculed the idea. Where would they have found a chaplain to give them mass in that church? Or does Counsellor Trant believe that night strollers who would not hear mass from their own pastors, would die martyrs for prayers near the Bishop of Cloyne's communion table? Apage Nugæ! This I remarked before, and I here repeat it. But will Mr. O'Leary deny that such a notice was posted up? By no means. He has read the memoirs of artful knaves, and knows that there are still living, and will be found to the end of time ingenious Hoyles, who can lay down rules for playing a *game of political whist*. A Cardinal, whose life was a disgrace to the purple, got information that Pope Innocent the eleventh, intended to expel him the Sacred College, in consequence of complaints daily preferred against him to his eminence; the crafty courtier wrote to the Pope an anonymous letter against himself, informing his Holiness that the Cardinal was so profligate, that a Roman lady was to be found with him the following night, in such an apartment of his palace, and requesting his Holiness to procure personal information; the Pope, who was a man of the most rigid morals, came with his guards in the dead of night to the Cardinal's palace, and forced his way into the apartment, where to his surprize, he found the *holy-man* with his arms expanded before a Crucifix, and on his bare knees upon a flag instead of a carpet. The stratagem succeeded, and from that night forward he never would listen to any complaints against the Cardinal. Rather the Lord Bishop of Cloyne and Counsellor Trant, must produce the person who posted up the *notice* threatening

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threatening

threatening to burn a new church, or leave me at liberty to attribute the notice to a much similar stratagem. They should have enquired whether *tithe-jobbers* did not contrive to set fire to their own corn, in order to prevent any alteration in the system of tithes, and to draw the vengeance of the laws upon deluded peasants, who were already but too obnoxious. Many evidences should be produced to support Counsellor Trant's charge; and if he produced ten thousand, not one of them, but upon examination, would be discovered a false witness.

That Doctor Woodward, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, come from Westminster School to enjoy an Irish Bishoprick, should insult the natives of Ireland, both Dissenters and Catholics, by excluding them *from confidence*, I am not surpris'd. Every allowance must be made for the prejudices of early education. Perhaps at the age of twenty, he imagined that the Irish *walked upon all fours*, as an English Judge at the age of forty, a few years ago, wrote to his agent, to know whether there was a slated house in Dublin, to hire for his accommodation on his arrival. His Lordship is further by his profession and consecration hostile to all doctrines *except his own*, and interested in tithes, which in Ireland bring him in a greater income than he could expect in England. But that Counsellor Trant, a native of the land, a man of the world, whose mind should be enlarged by a more extensive intercourse with people of every description, and a gentleman of an independent fortune, should stand forth as a *pamphlet writer*, in support of the charges of the *well-meaning*, scurrilous and slanderous Theophilus, must be to his acquaintances a matter of surpris'e. There is not however, a *fortune-teller* in the county of Cork, but could guess at the reason;

reason; and the reason must be very pressing, when Counsellor Trant commits himself with almost the bulk of the natives of Ireland, by calling them *internal confederated enemies against the constitution of this kingdom*.

It is to be expected that in the second edition, and all future editions of his pamphlet, he will mark down in large legible characters the above assertion amongst the *errata*; otherwise he must sanctify himself amongst *the benediced clergy*, for no Dissenting or Catholic gentleman can with any warmth of affection keep company with their accuser.

The senate of the nation is now assembled. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne and Counsellor Trant are in Dublin: and I am here to meet them.—I call on them both in the face of the kingdom, to bring forth their charges against the Catholic body. I call on them to contradict what I have related. I call on them to prove a *Popish confederacy* against church or state. I cite them before the senate of the nation.—They are silent, they decline the summons. Let the reader infer the consequence.

SECTION

SECTION THE THIRD;

CONTAINING

A Refutation of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's Arguments, drawn from the Legate's Letter and the Catholic Bishop's Consecration Oath.

IN the persecutions against the primitive Christians, their enemies used to dress them in the skins of sheep and other animals, and after having forced on their bodies their livery of contempt, used to cry out *Christiani ad bestias; to the wild beasts with the Christians*. The enemies of the Catholics of this kingdom have been so industrious of late, in dressing them in a strange drapery, and attributing to them *sedition, hostility to the state, and doctrines inconsistent with the security of the throne*, as to excite a general clamour *Catholici ad funem; to the halter with the Catholics*. To refute every charge would make up a volume. My defence is already swelled to a tolerable size; and after a full vindication of the Catholic body, and of my own conduct, I think it needless to take up my reader's time with any farther tedious discussions.

However, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne has favoured the public with a translation of Ghilini's letter, and the Catholic Bishop's consecration oath, I must trespass further on the patience of my readers. The Catholic body must be grossly misrepresented

presented if the public are to believe that the opinions of Casuists make a part of their creed. Were I to sum up all the erroneous opinions of the Divines who professed themselves members of the church of England, and the opinions of several other Protestant Divines; did I collect them all into a volume with this title, *THE CREED OF THE RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WOODWARD, THE LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE*, how would he gaze with astonishment, and exclaim against my want of sincerity and candour! In the very supposition then, that Burke and Ghilini were really of the opinion which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne attributes to them, how far does it affect the Catholics of Ireland, or the Catholics all over the world? When the Elector of Saxony proposed a case of conscience to Luther and Melancthon, to know whether in the absence of his wife or during her pregnancy he would make use of another? Those Casuists answered in the affirmative. A case of conscience much similar was proposed to Bishop Burnet. After labouring much, and torturing texts of Scripture, the humane Divine decided that polygamy was lawful. Would it not be ridiculous in me, to force into the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's conscience, such decisions as articles of creed? Nay, some Protestant Divines went further. Doctor Dopping, Bishop of Meath, preached publicly in Christchurch, Dublin, *that violation of faith with Catholics was lawful*, in justification of the breach of the articles of Limerick. To several Christian Divines then can be applied, what Cicero said of the philosophers of his time, *that there was no absurdity so glaring, but had some philosopher to support it*. If then the Lord Bishop of Cloyne intends to swell the Catholic creed, with the opinions of Catholic Schoolmen, I shall repay him tenfold, by sending

to him a collection of absurdities and strange doctrines advanced by Protestant authors. Every man of sense will acknowledge this a sufficient answer to his Lordship's remark on Ghilini's letter. And what is Ghilini's opinion to countervail the doctrine sworn to by the Prelates and Catholics of Ireland, both clergy and laity? Or does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne intend to hold us up to our King and Country, as unprincipled perjurers? This is severe usage to men, labouring under so many disqualifications, because they refuse to take an oath against the conviction of their consciences. Let the most profligate amongst us swear against our whole creed, he is believed, and becomes an adoptive child of the state. When we swear against imputed doctrines without fee or reward, it is hard indeed if we deserve no credit. But without being an apologist for Ghilini, much less for Burke, has the Lord Bishop of Cloyne fairly stated the case, and the principles on which the titular Archbishop of Rhodes rejected the oath, which in reality he did not, nor could understand as well as the Catholics of Ireland? Did he say, or could he have the absurd effrontery to say that Catholics could not in conscience swear allegiance to a Protestant King, when in the purest ages of the Christian Religion, the primitive Christians swore allegiance to the Heathen Cæsars? When the rigid Tertullian, a stranger to fear or flattery, who would expire in the tortures of the rack for his belief, has left us an abridgment of the prayer offered up by Christian subjects for their pagan rulers. "We pray, says this great man, *We pray for the Emperors*, and that God may grant them a long life and a quiet reign: that their family may be safe, and their forces valiant: their senate wise, their people orderly and virtuous: that they may rule

" in

" in peace, and enjoy all the blessings they can
 " desire either as men or princes. ET OMNIA
 " QUÆ TENDUNT AD CÆSARIS VOTUM."*
 Upon what ground does Ghilini reject the oath?
From ignorance. It is evident from his letter that he did not know the nature of it. His very words prove it to demonstration. I shall give them in the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's own translation.

EXTRACT FROM GHILINI'S LETTER.

" Besides, whether he be inviolably bound as the
 " new form prescribes, to be always true and faithful to his Majesty, which is afterwards explained
 " to affirm upon oath ACCORDING TO THE SENSE
 " INTENDED BY THE LAWS OF IRELAND, is to me
 " a very DUBIOUS POINT. [Remark here, Irish reader, how Ghilini doubts.] " For since the
 " laws of England and Ireland recognize the King
 " as head of the Church, and the fountain of its
 " spiritual authority, he who takes such an oath
 " and promises to be faithful to his Majesty, according to the prescription of the laws of Ireland,
 " might also recognize the King as head of the
 " Church, and the fountain of its spiritual authority. Should it happen that such expressions
 " either were or could be so understood, your most
 " illustrious Lordships and each of the Catholics
 " themselves, ought to take notice that this is a
 " most manifest error, and directly contrary to the
 " principles of the Catholic religion, which acknowledges only one head and fountain of all
 " spiritual authority, namely, the Roman Pontiff."
 From these very words the reader may know that the Nuncio did not know the nature of the oath. He confounds *civil* and *ecclesiastical* juris-

* Tertullian's Apology.

diction, and imagines that the Irish legislature proposed an oath of allegiance to the Catholics, binding them to acknowledge the King as *Pope, head of the universal Church, and the fountain of all spiritual authority*; whereas they only swore that *no foreign Prince, Prelate or Potentate, hath or ought to have any civil jurisdiction within these realms*. Hence the doubts and ignorance of an Italian Casuist, are trumpeted over three Kingdoms, as articles of Catholic belief, and waved as so many signals for persecution.

Nor does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne discriminate the clauses of the oath from each other; nor explain the distinctions of which Ghilini's letter is susceptible, with that accuracy to which he should have attended if he expected an answer.

In the same period of the oath, there are two clauses; the one disclaiming *violation of faith with heretics*, as an article of Catholic belief: the other disclaiming *the deposition of Kings*, in consequence of Papal excommunications. The Legate gives his opinion, that the condemnation of the latter as *abominable* is absolutely *intolerable*, because, according to him, *this doctrine* (HANC DOCTRINAM) has been defended and contended for by most Catholic nations, and the Holy See has frequently followed it in practice.

It is to be remarked, that he speaks in the singular number (*doctrinam hanc*) and alludes to the *indirect* deposing power, supported by some ultramontane Canonists, whom the Legate in consequence of his prejudices in favour of the court of Rome, enlarges into *most Catholic nations*. For *violation of faith with heretics was never defended nor contended for by Catholic nations, much less by the Apostolic See*. But it has been detested and exclaimed against, as a black slander, invented by intricate contro-

controvertists, in order to misrepresent the Catholic doctrine, and to bring an odium on the Apostolic See. This the Lord Bishop of Cloyne should know.

If he had no authority but that of Doctor Hayes, who proved it a slander five or six years ago in Scotland; or of Mr. O'Leary, who exclaimed against it as a slander about the same time in Ireland, and who proclaims it a slander still; the Lord Bishop of Cloyne might plead the pliant policy of men, who under the terror of prosecution were obliged to soften their doctrine. But when he reads Natalis Alexander, a Dominican friar, in his *Dissertations on Ecclesiastical History*; Arnaldus, in his apology, and so many Catholic divines writing in Catholic countries, against *violation of faith with heretics*, and making it out downright slander; the Lord Bishop of Cloyne might have spared himself the trouble of translating Ghilini's letter. That Legate then must allude to the indirect deposing power exploded all over the world, though supported by some Italian Canonists, and unsuccessfully attempted by some Popes, not in consequence of any divine right, but in consequence of a temporal claim, founded either on compacts or a long prescription pleaded against monarchs, whose predecessors had rendered their kingdoms tributary to the Holy See.

If the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, who is so ardent for the security of his tithes, (the occasion of so many disturbances in this kingdom) had the same title to Peter's-pence, and been as powerful as the Roman Pontiffs were at the beginning of the reformation, he would have been as clamorous as Pope Paul the Fourth, and Sixtus Quintus, who considered England, as a *siege* of the Holy See.

See.* For the *generality* of church-men, however divided as to creeds, agree very well in one point, viz. *not to part with what they have.*—Hence they are called *Mortmain* in law form, perhaps from the *gripe of a dead man's hand.* The best manner of living on good terms with them, is to give them all, and take nothing from them. But such is not the present humour of Catholic monarchs, who without any breach of the Catholic doctrine, and in defiance of the thunders of the Vatican, lay siege to the Pope's cities, if he gives them any provocation. In vain would he fulminate his excommunications on the score of temporalities. They are considered as a *fulmen brutum.* The Lord Bishop of Cloyne then either misunderstands Ghilini's letter, or tortures it as he has tortured Mr. O'Leary's writings. I would stake my life this very instant, that if the Lord Bishop of Cloyne wrote to the Nuncio, and asked him if he meant in his letter that *violation of faith with heretics, was a doctrine defended, contended for by most Catholic nations, and frequently followed in practice by the Holy See;* I would stake my life that the Nuncio would write to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, a very obliging letter, in which he would disclaim any such meaning, equally with the doctrine. The Nuncio mentions in his letter, *doctrinam, doctrine.*—The Lord Bishop of Cloyne changes *doctrine* into *doctrines*, the plural number, in the following manner, page 22 of his pamphlet.

“The Legate treats the clauses in the proposed oath, containing a declaration of abhorrence and

* This was the answer of Pope Paul the Fourth, to Queen Elizabeth's Ambassadors.

“detesta-

“detestation of the DOCTRINES, that *faith is not to be kept with Heretics;* and that princes deprived “by the Pope may be deposed, *as absolutely intolerable,* because those DOCTRINES are defended “and contended for by most Catholic nations.” Had the Legate expressed himself in the same identical words with the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, there would be no need of any comment. We would condemn the Legate's ignorance, and the horror of his doctrine in a more pointed manner. But here it is a Roman courtier, who is so zealous for the honour of his ultramontane Canonists, who supported the discarded deposing power, and takes offence that their DOCTRINE should be called *abominable;* and for this reason says, that such a stricture is *intolerable.* The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, from *brotherly love,* increases the *ecclesiastical funds,* by adding to the Archbishop of Rhodes's doctrine of the *indirect deposing power,* VIOLATION OF FAITH WITH HERETICS, of which the other certainly could not think. Thus one Prelate shews an extraordinary generosity in bestowing on his Confrere more than he would ACCEPT OF. Nothing more then can be inferred from this letter, than that the Titular Archbishop of Rhodes *doubts* the validity of an oath, of the nature of which he expresses his *ignorance,* in imagining that the Catholics of Ireland intended to make a *Pope* of their Sovereign. In his very ignorance he nevertheless shews the abhorrence in which he holds a false oath. Whereas in the alternative of perjury or suffering, he recommends to the Catholics to suffer for ever under the penal laws, sooner than to take an oath which he deems erroneous. The same can be said of Burke, who calls it *horrible impiety,* to say that a Catholic who had sworn allegiance to George the Third,

Third, should abjure the same King if he became a Catholic. Under the change of religion, he considers the oath taken to a Protestant King still binding, when he alters his creed. Of what advantage then Ghilini's letter can be to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's cause, after the bustle it has occasioned, let the reader determine. This case of conscience proposed to an Italian, by a doating Prelate who filled up a volume with minutiae and trifling occurrences, concerns the Catholics of Ireland as much as the question which Rabelais proposed to the logicians; *whether a chimæra bouncing in a vacuum, could eat up the premisses of a syllogism? Numquid chimæra in vacuo, bombinans possit comedere, primas intentiones?*

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne cries out with an air of triumph, *who is the voucher to be set in opposition to the Legate of the Pope?* And I raise my voice in my turn. *Who is the Pope's Legate? A man who did not know the nature of the subject of his letter, to be set in opposition to the Catholic clergy of Ireland? Or who is the Pope himself, to be set in opposition to all ages acknowledging the right that Temporal Princes have to the allegiance of their subjects; whether those Princes were Trajans or Constantines? Or who is the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, to be fabricating creeds for his neighbours? Are not Catholic Prelates better and more competent vouchers of the Catholic doctrine, than a person reared out of their communion? He may alarm the ignorant with a letter which the Catholic Prelates condemned in the year 1775. If he attacks the Catholics on a fair ground, why does not he explain their genuine principles? Or does he intend to sport with common sense, in erecting the decision of every doating Casuist, into an article of Catholic belief? If he does, I shall meet him on his own ground and swell his creed*

to an enormous bulk, by adding to it the reveries and extravagant opinions of those writers who attacked the church of Rome, and at the same time struck into those devious paths, in which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne must acknowledge that scripture was not their guide; or if he acknowledges it, he must renounce his creed.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne has favoured the public with the Catholic Bishops consecration oath. And from what motive? To insinuate to the public, that the oath of allegiance they have taken to their sovereign is not to be relied on, and consequently that they and their flocks are not to be trusted. I should imagine that common justice should have induced him, not to throw out such an injurious intimation, and that the Catholic Prelates are the most competent judges of the sense and meaning of an oath which they take at their consecration.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne has translated the entire oath at the close, and given the most obnoxious clauses of it in the 23d page of his pamphlet. Let us now examine the most obnoxious clauses of this oath.—*For as to visiting the thresholds of the Apostles every three years; I believe the Lord Bishop of Cloyne would not quarrel with his fellow Prelates, whom his pamphlet is calculated to transport out of the kingdom.*

- I. " They promise to be faithful and obedient to Saint Peter the Apostle, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to their Lord the Pope, and his successors canonically entering "
- II. " The Roman Papacy, and the royalties of Saint Peter, to assist the Pope and his successors, to retain and defend against every man."

III. " The

III. "The rights, honours, privileges and authority of the Holy Roman Church, and of their Lord the Pope, and his successors aforesaid, to be careful to preserve, defend, enlarge, and promote."

IV. "Heretics, schismatics and rebels, against their said Lord, and his successors, aforesaid, they will to the utmost of their power, prosecute and oppose."

V. "Not to be concerned in any thing prejudicial to the Pope or Roman Church; but as far as they are able to prevent the same."

Such are the obnoxious clauses of the Bishop's consecration oath, in the midst of which is inserted in express words, a saving clause which speaks the dignity of Catholic Bishops, and reconciles their allegiance to their respective Sovereigns with the Canonical obedience due to their head pastor.—*Salvo meo ordine.—Saving my order.* This clause does away every difficulty, and leaves the sceptre in the Prince's hands, whilst it leaves the censer in the hands of the Pontiff.

The oath then is but an oath of canonical obedience due from an Inferior to a Superior, in every church that acknowledges a Hierarchy. But an oath of *allegiance* is due to Temporal Princes alone; And doubtless the Bishops in the Pope's states can take both one and the other, for in those states they have no other Sovereign.

When then they bind themselves to *preserve, defend, enlarge and promote the rights, honours, privileges and authority of the Roman Church and its Pontiff!* Catholic Bishops mean their just rights, their just honours, their just privileges, their just authority, which do not nor can extend to over-

overthrow of states, nor to the usurpation of the just and lawful *rights, honours, privileges, and authority* of others.

For an oath is not a tie of iniquity. An unjust oath taken to God himself is not binding; and an oath taken to one person to the prejudice of another is null and void. Hence the religious warrior in the scripture, who in consequence of his oath offered up his daughter, offered to God a sacrilegious sacrifice. Herod, who bound himself by oath to give the young woman who danced in his presence, whatever she required, was guilty of murder in giving her the Prophet's head. And the Bishops would be guilty of robbery, treachery and profanation, if they bound themselves by their consecration to dethrone their Sovereigns, plunder individuals, and disturb the peace and order of civil society, *to defend, enlarge and promote the royalties of Saint Peter*, which are merely confined to a Spiritual Supremacy, and extend to no superiority in temporals. Let the form of words be what it may, the Bishops never take that oath in any sense injurious to Sovereigns, nor to civil society. The Sovereign Pontiff knows they do not—Before they are consecrated, they must swear allegiance to their respective Sovereigns, who are as jealous of their privileges as any Protestant monarchs.

Oaths and laws are liable to interpretation; and one general rule prevails, that a *greater stress is to be laid on the sense than on the words.* The Bishops are not only the most competent judges of their own meaning, but moreover secure their own dignity, and the rights of their respective Sovereigns, by an express clause; *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a Bishop who receives his jurisdiction and the right of determining on doctrinal matters by his consecration, and not as a vas-

sal or vicegerent of the Pope. *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a subject bound to give Cæsar his due, and to pay allegiance to the reigning powers in whose states I reside. *Salvo meo ordine, Saving my order*, as a Minister of the Gospel, who is to preach the word, and who takes his oath in no other sense, than to *prosecute* by arguments, and *impugn* by persuasion, reason and good example, those who are of a different persuasion, and are willing to be convinced. Any other *prosecution or persecution*, let the term be what it may, is inconsistent with humanity, much more with the *order* of a Christian Prelate, who takes not, who cannot take the oath in any other sense. He cannot take the sword out of the hands of the civil magistrates, nor injure any description of men who are under the protection of the state.

Does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne mean to hold up the Catholic Prelates all over the world, as a set of perjurers? Are the Catholic Bishops in Germany, some of whom are Sovereign Princes, with numbers of religious descriptions in their states, are they perjurers?

This cavil at the Catholic Bishops consecration oath, is but a dispute about words. They themselves know best in what sense they take it; and no Catholic Prelate on earth takes it in the sense which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne intimates to the public.

When the Proctors of the Court of Arches are sworn into office, they bind themselves by oath, without any *Salvo or reserving clause, never to impugn, diminish, or abridge the rights, liberties, or privileges of the Church of Canterbury in any MANNER WHATSOEVER. QUOQUO MODO.*

Nunquam ad impugnationem, diminutionem, vel lesionem juris, libertatis, vel privilegii Cantuariensis, Ecclesie

Ecclesie postulabo; nec jus libertatem, vel privilegium ejusdem Ecclesie quoquo modo, impugnabo, &c. (vide *statuta de arcibus, Stratford.*)—Yet Oughton in his *ordo judiciorum, De causis testamentis*; Titulus, 224, acknowledges that in certain cases they can decline the jurisdiction of the Court of Prerogative, though it is incumbent on them in such cases to proceed with the greatest and most delicate sincerity, in order not to incur the guilt of perjury, “Notandum tamen est quod expedit procuratori neganti jurisdictionem curiæ prærogativæ, bonâ et optimâ fide alias committit perjurium.”

It is well known, that the prerogative courts claim jurisdiction in many cases in which the courts of common law deny them jurisdiction; yet it would be as absurd to say that the Proctors of those prerogative courts are enemies to the laws of the realm, or perjure themselves in consequence of their oath, as it is absurd to imagine that Catholic Bishops are by their profession hostile to the rights and privileges of their respective Sovereigns, or perjure themselves by taking an oath of Canonical obedience. In the Prelates oath, there is an express saving clause.—In the Proctors oath there is no reserve, but such as justice and reason imply: all oaths must be reasonable and just. And in the interpretation of them, the intention of the swearers and of those to whom they are taken, and the sense in which both parties understand them, are to be strictly attended to.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne then might with propriety have spared himself the trouble of alarming the public with the consecration oath of Catholic Prelates; especially as his own consecration oath is not so favourable if literally taken for

want of the dignified saving clause inserted in the oath of Catholic Bishops.

COPY of the LORD BISHOP of CLOYNE'S
CONSECRATION OATH,

(Taken from the ENGLISH CARDINAL.)

The Arch-bishop's Interrogatory to the Bishop-Elect,

"ARE you ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and all strange doctrines, contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same?"

Answer. "I am ready, the Lord being my helper."

The reader may judge whether the above oath be not tantamount to *prosecute and impugn Heretics and Schismatics*. Nay it goes further; for the Catholic Prelate uses the dignified language of *Salvo meo ordine, and does not bind himself to call upon and encourage others privately and openly to the same*. What an alarming comment would not malevolent writers make on the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's consecration oath in those Protestant and Catholic states, where free toleration is granted, if they were as active in excluding the members of the church of England from *national confidence*, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne has been in excluding Irish Dissenters and Catholics; or Counsellor Dominick Trant, who calls them *internal confederated enemies against the constitution*.

How these words *privately encouraging others*, would be tortured to the prejudice of the two Bishops,

Bishops, who were consecrated the other day in Lambeth Palace, in order to instruct their flocks in America, where unfettered conscience enjoys that innate freedom of which tests and penalties have deprived unhappy persecuted mortals!

The affinity of one oath with the other was so glaring, that it drew equal vengeance on the Bishops of the Church of England, as well as on the Catholics, during those unhappy scenes which distracted England in the reign of Charles the first. *Papists and Malignants* were equally obnoxious to people who perceived such a thin partition between both, and a similarity of ceremonies, mitres, confirmations, consecrations and oaths, scarce discernible.

What is the meaning of the words, to "banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, and encourage others privately and openly to the same?" The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who must believe that Bishops are *jure divino*, must believe the doctrine of the Dissenters strange and erroneous. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who believes that two sacraments are necessary to salvation, must believe the doctrine of the Quakers *strange and erroneous*. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who believes the Catholics to be Idolaters, violators of faith with Heretics, must believe their doctrine *ENORMOUSLY and HORRIDLY strange and erroneous*. What is then the consequence? That the Lord Bishop of Cloyne is bound to banish and drive away the Dissenters, Catholics, Quakers: in a word, all Adam's children who do not profess his creed. His pamphlet shews it. His Lordship hints to a dispensing power in the Church of Rome, I most earnestly recommend a dispensation with any oath, which deprives mortals of the rights to which they are entitled by nature, and which they have not forfeited

forfeited by their personal crimes. He should then have left the consecration oath of Catholic Prelates, who in every age, have been an ornament to human nature by their philanthropy, their learning, and the purity of their lives. He should have left it where he found it, in an old Pontifical, on the shelf of a College Library, and foreseen that his own oath would be sought for in his ordinal, when he would examine into the oaths of others. if both are to be taken in the literal sense, they are very well matched, and should discover in each others face a striking similarity of features, such as ought to be between an elder and younger sister, to use the words of the ingenious Mr. Barber.

This affinity however, has been very troublesome to the unhappy Catholics of England and Ireland, ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth to this very day. In Holland and Switzerland, Protestants and Catholics live together in the greatest harmony. In some parts of Germany, Calvinists, Lutherans and Catholics, say their prayers in the same church, each in their turn. And doubtless a passenger on earth may succeed another in a house of worship, to offer up a few prayers, as one traveller succeeds another at an Inn, and sits down at the same table on which another traveller had taken his repast an hour before. In Upper Alsatia, Protestants and Catholics study in the same University. And in Paris, the youth of all nations and religions may study the sciences, and attend what lectures they think fit, in the University and other Seminaries of learning, where quick parts and a comprehensive genius are attended to. But where Students religion is no matter of concern to a Professor, who explains to his hearers either the Justinian code, or Hippocrates's aphorisms, or Quintilian's institutions, what

what reason to assign for disputes about religion in this Kingdom, I am at a loss. "Is the Pope more formidable here than in Holland, Switzerland, and other places more contiguous to Italy?" Is it on account of the difference of belief? The Catholic creed is the same all over the world. An Irish peasant believes neither more or less than a Fenelon or Bissuet. Is it on account of the Pope's all-dispensing power? Is his Omnipotence more prevalent here than elsewhere? Because the Catholic Clergy of Ireland do not chuse to change their creed, does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne imagine they are so ignorant as to confound a Legate's letter, or a Pope's decree, with the doctrine of the Catholic Church? History informs them that a Pope was excommunicated after his death, on a suspicion of having favoured the doctrine of the Monothelites; that Pope John the twenty-second, was obliged to retract the doctrine which he preached at Avignon, where he asserted that the souls of the saints were not to enjoy the beatifick vision, or the clear sight of God before the last judgment; and that Popes were deposed by a council, to put an end to disorder and schism. The Pope's infallibility then can be no part of their creed. They acknowledge him as the head pastor of their religion. But the pasturage on which he is to feed the flock, is not at his choice. The boundaries are prescribed, and under the controul of unalterable faith, and the Universal Canons of the Church, he would not dare to remove the land marks. If he attempted to publish the *Charter School Catechism*, which (I am informed) was composed by, or compiled under the direction of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, the Catholic body would depose him, and elect another in his room. Is it from dread of the Pope's deposing

deposing power, and the implicit obedience due to his mandates? Who can name a Prince deposed by the Pope, in virtue of his spiritual authority? Can the Prince be named who parted tamely with his crown, and opened his gates when Saint Peter sounded the trumpet and ordered him to surrender? If in a memorable dispute between a Pope and an Emperor, about investitures, the latter was worsted, it was a contest in which compacts and agreements were pleaded on both sides, and supported by powerful parties; but in this very contest have not Catholic subjects fought against the Pope in defence of their Sovereign? Have not the Catholic Barons and Clergy of England, with Archbishop Langton at their head, obtained the great charter of English liberty, in defiance of the threats, menaces, and excommunications of Pope Innocent the third? Is it for any degeneracy peculiar to the Roman Catholic religion, which makes contemptible cowards of its votaries? The gallant *Richard Cœur de lion*, was the admiration of Europe and Asia; whereas James the First, whom the Lord Bishop of Cloyne admires for his wife saying, *no Bishop no King*, used to shut his eyes whenever he drew the sword to perform the ceremony of dubbing a Knight. Is it for want of valour and heroism? The Heroes of Agincourt and Cressi, who said their beads on the evening of those memorable battles, which will immortalize them in the annals of the world, were as brave as Marlborough, who was obliged to make a declaration of war against the Virgin Mary before he could draw his sword in Flanders. Is it on account of the alloy of slavery, peculiarly blended with their profession?

When

When Attila flew over Italy like a vulture, a few Catholics, unable to resist by land, took shelter in the sea; and like the Halcyon that builds his nest on the calm surface of the water, in that very element they laid the foundation of a Republic, equally famous for preserving its liberties against the Popes of Rome, and the Turkish Emperors of Constantinople. Without any breach of faith, or rupture of Catholic communion, the keys of Saint Peter painted on the Pontiff's Tiara, and the crescent raised on the top of the Saracen's turban, are equally obnoxious to Catholic republicans, if either nodded at any attempt against their liberties. Where then can the Lord Bishop of Cloyne find the truth of his assertion, that *despotic States have found in the Papal authority a congenial system of arbitrary dominion*? Has not the Temple of Liberty (from whose very corners he endeavours to exclude the natives of these realms), been erected by Catholic hands, long before Langton could foresee that a Bishop would misrepresent his creed? Have not Catholic States opposed *this Papal authority so congenial*, according to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, with *the system of arbitrary dominion*. Are not Protestant Monarchs as despotic as Catholic Kings? Does not the small Republic of Ragusa change its governor every month, lest a longer continuance in office would enable him to become the petty sovereign of a small territory? Where is this *congeniality of Papal authority with arbitrary dominion*, so interwoven with the frame of a Catholic creed as to make them inseparable? Or can a Bishop be so much a stranger to human nature, as to be ignorant of one of its most undeniable principles? *One man resembles another, and every one chuses to be free.*

P

SECTION

SECTION THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING

CURSORY REMARKS on the LORD BISHOP of
CLOYNE'S PAMPHLET.

HAD I not seen the Reverend Mr. Barber's pamphlet, and got information that strictures on the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's publication are sent to the press, by a gentleman of more distinguished abilities than I can pretend to, I would examine his Lordship's positions in every section of his work. Others have exempted me from the task. And my principal design was to enterin to a full vindication of the Catholic body, and of myself, whom his Lordship's work is calculated to render peculiarly obnoxious to the reigning powers.

After having committed himself, with the Dissenters and Catholics, he makes a peculiar attack on the regular clergy by an innuendo, that *agitating friars and Romish missionaries, may be sent here to sow sedition*. I challenged his Lordship in the public papers, and in the course of my defence to produce one. He cannot.—He hints that Theophilus may have some information of such. Let Theophilus appear, and he shall be branded as a lying witness. I am extremely sorry that his Lordship should mention such a slanderer in his pamphlet; as for my part, my

my landlord, Mr. Augustus Warren, a Member of Parliament, and a gentleman, who at the very beginning of the disorders took an active and honourable part in suppressing them, is now in town; he would not honour me with his friendship, nor give me free access to his house and library whenever I chuse to retire from the bustle of cities, if he discovered in me a *seditions tenant*. The regular clergy of this kingdom are a part of the Catholic body, whom they instruct and edify under the directions of the Catholic prelates.

Does the Lord Bishop of Cloyne intend to raise a persecution against them, and thus through their sides to wound the Catholics at large, with whom they are so closely connected by the ties of blood, and the mutual interchange of good offices? They have not those fine gardens, and rich monasteries which could excite the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's jealousy; and which the Emperor of Germany would sell to increase his treasury, as he has curtailed the revenues of such Bishops as are not sovereign princes. The stricter their vow the less cumbersome they are to society, as they are literally content with what Saint Paul was satisfied, *food and raiment*; many of them have left good fortunes to their younger brothers. All have renounced their share of the inheritance; and such of them as had but a small dividend to share, made a generous sacrifice, when they renounced all earthly prospects. Should the contempt of the vanities of the world, and a disinterested heart, be deemed objects of censure in ecclesiastics, they should not be held in such a view by a Bishop, who finds them recommended in the scriptures. Neither will they ever be deemed such by the laity, who will esteem the clergy the more,

in proportion as they practise what they preach, I write here of the regular clergy of Ireland, who run the same career with the rest of the Catholic clergy of the kingdom, and whose common ancestors fell prostrate in the promiscuous ruin, occasioned by confiscations and forfeitures. If a revival of claims, so often mentioned in the senate, and bandied about in flying pamphlets, can tend to render them obnoxious, there is no doubt, but that they should be objects of jealousy with the rest of the Catholics, should those claims be ever asserted. For the Catholic clergy both secular and regular are descended from the same stock with the Catholic laity, and from ancestors who in their days were neither *hewers of wood, nor drawers of water*. But those claims I have done away by scripture, canon and civil law, and reason in my address to the common people, when the combined fleets were on our coasts, and a revival most likely to ensue. For at that time, the unprotected Catholic had nothing to lose, and on each Catholic clergyman's head hung the naked sword of proscription. I had some time before confirmed the throne in his Majesty's family, against the claims of Stuarts, Bourbons, and the House of Sardinia. This I have done in my *Loyalty asserted*, as far as a writer possessed of abilities, which have nothing to recommend them but the sincerity of the author, could confirm the throne of a prince, whose Catholic subjects are compared to a pack of hounds, impatient to run down the ROYAL GAME.

The only reward I expect for my labour, is not to be insulted by any oblique insinuation, that I am *sent here to sow sedition*. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne softens the innuendo in these words: *I do not say, that Mr. O'Leary is sent here to sow sedition;*

edition; but, &c. If he *did not say it*, why mention my name as a desert, after having regaled his readers with so many courses? SENT HERE! I imagined that Saint Paul recommends hospitality to Bishops, and that a Prelate would be more generous than to envy an Irishman the liberty of breathing his native air. If Swift were alive, he would not be very thankful to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne; but Swift would be at liberty to indulge his thoughts in their full latitude; I must be cautious, under the heaviest provocation. The Lord knows that it is hard for me! I was not then *sent here*! I came *here*, after having been forced in my early days into foreign countries, for a small portion of education, which was refused me in the land of my fathers, because I would not couple Tully's Orations with a Charter-school Catechism.

I was not sent here to sow sedition. I returned here, not as a felon from transportation, but as an honourable exile, who returns to his native land, after having preferred a voluntary banishment, to ignorance and the abjuration of the creed of his fathers.

I appeal to Richard Longfield, Esq; Member of Parliament, whether, at the very beginning of the disturbances in the diocese of Cloyne, I have not given the sincerest proof of the most unfeigned determination to co-operate in the restoration of peace and tranquility. That gentleman soon suppressed the tumults in his own district; because the humanity of the landlord gave an additional weight of respect and love to the authority of the magistrate. I say it not from flattery, to which I am an utter stranger.—Had all the gentlemen of consequence in the county of Cork, exerted themselves as Mr. Richard Longfield and Mr. Augustus Warren

Warren have done; had they, in imitation of the above-mentioned gentlemen, rendered their authority as amiable from benevolence to their tenants, as it was formidable from the powers invested in them by the laws, the disturbances would not have out-lived the space of six weeks. Wherever the landlords were active and generous, and advised the people, either no disorders appeared, or were soon suppressed; and had the Lord Bishop of Cloyne been as active in visiting his diocese, and publishing pastoral letters, as he was intent upon collecting materials for a pamphlet, to surprize the public on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, he would have contributed to the prevention or suppression of the tumults in concurrence with Mr. O'Leary.

But the Lord Bishop of Cloyne was secure in the protection of the state. The peace of society was left to other guardians. The people were wretched, miserable and mad. Several gentlemen were not much concerned for the injuries offered to the clergy of either religion; policy, which often expects benefits from popular commotions so destructive to the simple, might have induced others to remain silent and inactive in the prospect of providing for their adherents, under the extension of a general police bill; a bill which was then expected in consequence of popular tumults, which adepts in political wisdom, were more active in magnifying than preventing. It was reported in the city of Cork, that a certain Reverend Gentleman in the diocese of Cloyne* used to go in the

* Perhaps the Author of the Letter found on the road from Cork to Clonaghkilty, and addressed to Doctor O'Leary, by William O'Driscoll.

night.

night-time with armed men to find a horn near a cluster of cabins, in order to make prisoners of such as would appear to gratify their curiosity: an expedient well becoming a minister of the gospel! But with some persons every expedient is justifiable, when *Popish plots* are to be contrived to give it a sanction. But every idea of such plots is done away, by the very resolves of the gentlemen and Freeholders of the county of Cork; resolves wherein they censure the inactivity and in exertions of many magistrates and gentlemen of property, on the breaking out of the disturbances, and on the continuance of them.*

It would have been no difficult matter to have smothered them in their birth, as I remarked in my narrative. Firmness and humanity would have prevented the disorder. I recommended it in the beginning. For were I a man in power, I never would take for my guides, Rehoboam counsellors; *My father whipped you with rods, I will whip you with scorpions.* I recommended it in presence of the present Earl of Carhampton, then Lord Luttrell. It was happy for the ill-fated Catholics that such a nobleman of his character, for honour and impartiality, was on the distracted spot. It was happy for them that the Representatives in Parliament for the County and City, and other members who reside in the South of Ireland, are acquainted with local circumstances, and well known for honour, justice and humanity. Otherwise Government would have been imposed on, and the Catholics of Ireland would be in a worse state in the year eighty-seven, than they had been in the year forty-five.

* County of Cork meeting, 7th December, 1786.

The

The county of Cork meeting agreed to a resolution, which may serve as a rule well adapted to the times of commotions arising from distresses. *Resolved, That as we are determined to punish all violators of the public peace, so we are equally desirous to aid in redressing any persons who shall appear to us to be really aggrieved.* Both wisdom and humanity penned that resolution. Had it been entered into, and carried into execution in the month of September or October eighty-five, instead of the seventh of December, in the year eighty-six, the county would have been quieted a long time before. *Do not strike until you listen*, was a maxim with an Athenian general. It is better to listen in time, than to strike when the mischief is done. It was my maxim from the beginning. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne would have acted in a manner more consistent with his character, in enforcing that maxim than in publishing a pamphlet, every page of which can be controverted by the Dissenters and Catholics of Ireland. Nay, his favourite plan about tithes and commutations is found defective by the most sensible writers of his own communion. From the beginning to the last line of his pamphlet, he cannot support an argument without forcing the Catholics into his subject. In the forty-seventh page, he describes the regular clergy in the following manner: "The regular clergy of the church of Rome, indeed, belong to a separate body, with an interest distinct from the general weal; claiming an exemption from public taxes, and from the civil jurisdiction of their own country; and avowing a subjection to a foreign power, were and are a natural object of jealousy and apprehension."—Mr. Standish, the hearth-money collector in Cork, can refute the

the assertion. If I had his receipts in Dublin, I would place them in my APPENDIX, with those of my landlord's, and my tailor's bill; for the money I get circulates amongst the public.

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne, in a catechism,* printed under his direction (as I am told); impresses the tender and uncautious minds of foundlings with a notion that *violation of faith with and extirpation of heretics*, indulgences for committing sins in the ensuing course of a man's life, and *license for guilt*, are articles of the Catholic faith. The compiler of such a catechism may misrepresent the regular clergy, with every freedom. He must then certainly mean the regular clergy in foreign countries, of whose state he is as incompetent a judge as I am of the regulations of Westminster School, which I have never seen.

The regular clergy have no interest distinct from the general weal. They are as much interested in the preservation of the state, from which they have got their lands and monasteries, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne is interested in the preservation of Ireland, where he has *very good livings*. He would have, I suppose, the regular clergy of the church of Rome to shoulder a firelock, found

* In that Catechism there is not one word of the commandments of God, nor explanation of any moral duty. The honour of the nation cries aloud to the right honourable and honourable the Trustees of the Protestant Schools, to order some unprejudiced person to compose another Catechism: for besides the horrid and *unchristian doctrines* falsely imputed to the Catholics, in that *Christian Doctrine* there are two historical untruths.—First, that a hundred thousand Protestants were massacred in Ireland.—Secondly, that Protestants are not tolerated in Catholic states. * That Catechism were seen in foreign countries, what an opinion would be formed of our early education!

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horns,

horns, and shoot Whiteboys. In every age since their institution, they have been engaged in a more glorious warfare, civilizing barbarous nations, diffusing the light of the gospel into remote regions, whither the Alexanders and Cæsars had never carried their arms, contributing extensively to the culture of the sciences, and swelling the deep and majestic rivers of European literature, with their tribute of the knowledge of the histories, laws, customs and manners of the most remote and distant nations. I do not talk here of the Jesuits alone, who in the very center of barbarism, amongst Cannibals, feeding on each other's flesh, realize the sublime ideas of a Plato, a Sir Thomas More, or a Fenelon. Those great men only dreamt of those political institutions under which man could *live happy*, without the *canker of envy* or the *stings of poverty*. A branch of the regular clergy of the church of Rome *raised the fabrick*, which procured them the compliments of a Montesquieu, and the admiration of the world. Civilized and christian Paraguay from a nation of Cannibals, became the only spot on earth where vice and want were equally unknown.

To this very day the Catholic religion is maintained in Turkey land, Abyffinia, and the remotest regions, by the labours of men whom their vows, and a generous contempt of the pleasures of this world naturalize to every nation and climate. Their method is quite different from that prescribed by the Lord Bishop of Cloyne for the propagation of the gospel; a method which exposes religion to the derision of infidels, and renders the proposer vulnerable to every arrow which can be taken from the quivers of the learned.—His Lordship informs us gravely that his religion will extend IN PROPORTION TO AGRICULTURE.—

Bravo!

Bravo! this is literally *planting* the gospel, and making it the *religion of the land*, in every sense of the word. Saint Paul says that *godliness is great gain*. The Lord Bishop writes as if *gain were great godliness*. He sanctifies the *soil* before he sanctifies the *soul*. Pity that *crows* and *pigeons* have not the use of speech as they had in *Afop's* time! His clergy would have a great number of fellow labourers in the Lord's vineyard. The feathered tribe would cry out to the peasant, *My good man, sow the corn, and I will be with you next year to reclaim you from the errors of popery*.

The next method his Lordship proposes is an effort on the part of Government to bring the Irish language into disuse, in order to save his clergy the trouble of learning it. This method is an insult to the natives, and cannot come with any propriety from a prelate who (if I be well informed) is indebted for his promotion to the descendant of Irish princes, in whose hospitable halls the tuneful lyre was strung up to Irish melody, so varied and harmonious that the lying Giraldus Cambrensis was forced to speak of it with rapture and extasy. But now, at the awful summons of an English prelate, the Irish harp must be suspended on the branch of some weeping willow, as the Israelites hung up their musical instruments on the mulberry-trees that grew on the banks of the rivers of Babylon. *How can we sing* (used they to say) *the canticles of the Lord in a strange land?* And the Irishman can say, *How can I speak the language of my fathers in the land of my nativity?* His language must be abolished at the recommendation of the Right Reverend Doctor Woodward; this language, the study of which the learned Leibnitz and Lhuid so warmly recommended to the curious enquirers into the monuments of antiquity; this language, studied

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by a learned stranger §, who has reconciled Mars with Minerva, in uniting the sword with the pen, military skill with literary powers, and by his learned labours has rescued from obscurity the history of a misrepresented nation, formerly the Athens of western Europe. Thus Cæsar studied astronomy in the camp, whilst the priests of Apollo snored in the temple. A military gentleman studies the Irish language, to increase the store of the literary republic. The prelate, whose function it is to sanctify the souls of the natives, recommends the *growth of their grain* for the food of the clergyman's body, and the abolition of their language for the *good of their souls*.

Thus the Irish peasant must work double tides to sail for heaven. He must grow corn for an English pastor's body, and study this English parson's language for the good of his own soul, lest a pair of brogues would be too *uncourtly a dress* to appear in the antichamber of heaven. *Badinage apart*. Such a recommendation for the abolition of languages should rather come from a leader of Goths and Vandals, whose glory it was to destroy monuments of literature, than from the Bishop of a large diocese, in a philosophical age, when curiosity is on the wing, and the mind active in the pursuit of knowledge. The Lord Bishop's method then of propagating his gospel is the most extraordinary that I ever read of; to sow corn and extend agriculture for the conveniency of the clergyman, and to oblige the peasant, after the toils of the day, to learn the clergyman's language, in order to know the way to heaven, which the clergyman would not take the pains of telling him in Irish. A true repetition of Præsius's echo, *Quid est sacerdotium? Echo. Onum.*

§ Colonel Vallancey.

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I have read of a Saracen emperor who, from hatred to literature, burnt the Alexandrian library; but I never read of a Christian prelate intent upon the conversion of people by whom he was fed, who, instead of learning their language, recommended its disuse, until I read the pamphlet of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. The present Bishop of Landaff could not speak a word of Welch when he came to Wales. Instead of recommending to the English government to abolish the Welch language, he made the knowledge of it his peculiar study. But it is the unhappy and singular fate of the Catholics of Ireland to see their names held up as *barbarous*, their creed misrepresented, and the language of their ancestors threatened with entire disuse, for the gratification of a foreign prelate, who proposes, as the means of their sanctification, commodious houses and cultivated spots for the ease and convenience of persons whom his Lordship dispenses with the trouble of even learning the language of the people who support them.

This was not the manner in which the regular clergy of the church of Rome *planted* religion in all the nations on earth where they preached the gospel. Neither was it the method which those who separated from the church of England, adopted to establish their own doctrine, and formed separate communions. They learned the language of the people, and brought them over to their way of thinking, before they insisted upon *commodious houses and glebe-lands*. Hence they became ministers of the world; whereas according to the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's plan, making *religion and agriculture keep pace with each other*, he gives his readers to understand that the minister of religion is more the minister of the *soil* than of the *soul*: and that the old adage, which is become so current to the disgrace

disgrace of the priesthood, is verified, *no penny, no pater-noster.*

But leaving the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's method of propagating his doctrine by *tiibes, glebe-houses,* and the *annihilation of languages,* exposed to the shafts of *christian criticism*; let us return to his charge against the regular clergy.

His Lordship says, that they *claim an exemption from public taxes, and from the civil jurisdiction of their own country, and avow a subjection to a foreign power.**

I am surpris'd that his Lordship would advance such charges in *my neighbourhood.* He cannot mean the regular clergy of Ireland. As to the regular clergy in Catholic countries; they enjoy no *exemption* but what the state grants, as the Lord Bishop of Cloyne enjoys no *exemption* but what the state grants to himself. Does he pretend to prescribe laws to Catholic states; or to controul their power to grant what *exemptions* they think fit to the children, not only of noblemen and gentlemen, but to the children of princes? For the annals of religion and the history of religious orders can inform him, that from the days of Saint Basil to this very day, the regular clergy can mark numbers of such a description in their calendar. The regular clergy then plead no *exemption* but what he pleads himself; the *exemption* granted by the state where in they live. He should not envy in others what he himself enjoys. For I suppose it is from the state he enjoys the privilege of pleading the *scandalum magnatum,* when *Richard Woodward,* now my *Lord Bishop of Cloyne,* gives such a provocation to

* Page 48.

Arthur

Arthur O'Leary, as to become the eulogist and apologist of a Theophilus, who calls him a *Friar with a barbarous surname*; and to recommend the *disuse of the language of his ancestors.*

The regular clergy, whether here or elsewhere, *avow no subjection to a foreign power.* They live as corporate societies, under their peculiar institutions confirmed by church and state. The boundaries are kept distinct. They give God what belongs to God, and to Cæsar his due. Whilst they live as a corporate society, they will plead their charter.—Thence, the Pope himself, cannot in an arbitrary manner, either elect or depose their superiors, or interfere in their religious polity. He may annul their charter, but whilst they live as corporate societies, they will maintain their institutions which contain nothing obnoxious either to church or state. Otherwise neither would give them a sanction.—When they make their vows, it is not to become vassals to the Pope. It is to gratify their own devotion under regulations, which at a competent age they have twelvemonths probation either to adopt or reject.

They *avow no subjection to a foreign power*; and I call upon the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to prove his assertion. They are subjects of the state, swear allegiance to their Prince, and are as faithful as any other subjects. Trapolo, a regular, defended the privileges of his country, against Pope Paul the Fifth, and immortalized his name. Ximenes, a regular, raised the power of the Spanish monarchy, and paved the way for the splendid conquests of Charles the Fifth. Father Joseph de la Tremblay, after quitting the bar, and becoming a regular, was forced from his cloister to direct the councils of Lewis the Thirteenth. He planned those measures

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in the execution of which Richlieu appeared as the offensive agent, and which by humbling the House of Austria, and lopping off the heavy branches which made the tree of the French monarchy bend too much, gave it that erect posture and firmness, which ever since have been proof against so many storms. In Ireland, during the unhappy commotions which distracted this kingdom in the reign of Charles the first, who could have exerted himself with more constancy than Father Peter Walsh, mentioned with honour in the continuation of Sir James Ware? Did not he oppose Rimuccini, the Pope's Legate, who afterwards excommunicated him at Brussels? Under this excommunication he remained unshaken in his loyalty. Or what is there in a regular clergyman's frame so hostile to his country, as to induce the Lord Bishop of Cloyne to hold him forth as *avowing a subjection to a foreign power*? Is not a man's oath to be believed? And when the regular clergy swear allegiance to their King, is not their oath to be relied on? But the Lord Bishop of Cloyne has favoured us with a very nice distinction. He acknowledges that in the ordinary transactions of life between man and man, the oath of a Catholic may be relied on; *but when his church is in danger*, then he may slacken the reins and bear down the wounds of sincerity.

Where has the Lord Bishop of Cloyne discovered this distinction? Where have the Catholics taught that the work of Heaven is to be promoted by the agency of Hell? Is the Christian religion to be promoted by fraud, profanation and perjury? Does he really believe that the Catholics are ignorant of that maxim of saint Paul, *evil is not to be done that good may arise from it*? Non sunt facienda mala

uteveniant

uteveniant bona. Or does he forget that the scandalous distinction between the oath of a Catholic, *in the ordinary transactions of life, and the oath in which his religion is concerned*, has been condemned by the Catholic Church, ages before it could be foreseen that a Bishop or any other mortal would charge her with such a doctrine? This very distinction was the doctrine of Priscillian, who taught his disciples that perjury on the score of religion was lawful. He was condemned by the council of Toledo, and burnt alive. Speaking of the Catholics he says, *that men are better than their tenets*. It may be so. In Sparta it was a tenet that every deformed child should be exposed and abandoned to his fates. Parental affection in some might have eluded such a rigorous law, and thus proved that they were *better than their tenets*. It was a tenet amongst the inhabitants of the Isle of Cyprus, that married women should prostitute themselves once a year in the Temple of Venus. I doubt not but conjugal affection and female modesty, operated with some to such a degree as to induce them to detest the tenet; but I do not believe that there is this day on earth, any sect of Christians half so good as their tenets. They may differ in speculative points, but the principles of morality are the same. However, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne is best acquainted with his own tenets, and if they be as *charitable* as himself, his neighbours should entertain a good opinion of his *rule of faith*. However, if the horrors of violation of *Faith with heretics*, &c. be articles of orthodoxy, certainly not only some Catholics, but all Catholics are *better than their tenets*; and without any disparagement to his rank or dignity, he will find thousands amongst them as honest, upright and honourable as himself,

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self, not only from innate principles, but from the very tenor of their creed.

He alarms the Dissenters with the apprehensions, that if they do not assist him in keeping *the tithes*, the Catholic clergy will have them with the assistance of a foreign power. Mr. Barber ingeniously answers, that it is equal to him who has the tithes, whether it be *Peter, Martin, or John*, when they are of no benefit to him either with regard to soul or body. If his Lordship be afraid that the Catholic clergy will deprive him of *all the tithes*, with the assistance of a foreign power, I can assure him that he has nothing to apprehend. Not from foreign powers, who will never invade Ireland in order to procure the *tithes* for the Catholic clergy. This indeed, would be a war of *proctors and tithe canters*. Further, I can assure his Lordship, that foreign powers are more inclined to reduce the revenues of their own national clergy, than to make war for the Catholic clergy of Ireland. But do not the Catholic clergy believe that tithes are *jure divino*? By no means. Whoever reads Father Paul, and Father Simon, upon benefices, will soon discover that tithes are not due to the Christian priesthood by gospel law. These two were Catholic authors. Bishop Barlow and Selden, amongst the Protestants, proved the same. I would not mention a word about them, had I not been forced into the field with the Bishop's *foreign power*, and Theophilus's *jure divino*; and shall say of them but very little. They were not known in the western church, until about the seventh or eighth century. The clergy had influence at that time to prevail on the French kings to give a sanction to the sixth commandment of the church; *Thou shalt pay tithes to the clergy*. This was a law of discipline, liable to change with the times, and of no force but from
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the sanction of the secular power; for a moral and natural right founded on the words, *the labourer is worthy of his hire*; is all that a clergyman can plead. In the Greek church tithes are not known to this very day; and in the African church, Saint Augustin would not permit his own church to be endowed, foreseeing the bad effects of the riches of the clergy. However in the west, the pious laity, with the sanction of the power of the state, endowed each church under the strict obligations that three dividends should be made; one for the support of the clergyman; the second for the reparation of the church, and the third for the relief of the poor. Such was the original institution. Some alteration must have been since made in the manner of carrying into execution the founder's intentions; for the part that was originally destined for the relief of the poor, now goes to the proctor. And as to reparation of churches, had the White-boys burnt the new church, if the old church had not been left to them for a chapel, or had both churches fallen to the ground, I am humbly of opinion that his Lordship of Cloyne would sooner apply for a parliamentary grant, than be at the expence of contributing the third part of his tithes towards *the repair of the fabric*. Many and refined have been the improvements on this simple institution of ecclesiastical revenues.

One would be disposed to believe that there was a certain magic in the number *ten*. The tenth lamb, the tenth pig, the tenth chicken, the tenth sheaf, every thing was decimated; every tenth animal that did not grow to the size of a calf, was consecrated to the clergy, *except the tenth orphan*. Peas, beans, all kinds of garden stuff, were surveyed in the name of *God and the Church*; and the clergy were compared to the locusts of the re-
velations,

velations, devouring all kinds of herbs that came in their way, except *as were noxious*. As theological disputes divided them in the interim, their divisions divided unluckily the flocks, and what was more, divided the affections of the people. Under various changes of creeds, the lucrative system remained unaltered. Pope Alexander the Third was the first who issued excommunications for the recovery of tithes, and decreed that the labours of the industrious bee should contribute to the support of the Lord's anointed. He ordained that every tenth bee-hive should be sequestered for the use of the church. The clergy of the established religion in England and Ireland, who borrowed their pomp, their splendor and hierarchy from the church of Rome, declared from their pulpits, that the Pope was Antichrist. Yet in reforming the religion of Rome, they improved upon Pope Alexander's system, by insinuating upon the tithes of agistment; * and thus raised the claim from a bee to a bullock. If Pope Alexander thundered out his excommunications on the score of tithes, they fired blunderbusses in defence of those remnants of Popery; and dead bodies were seen laid prostrate in fields, in consequence of contests for consecrated goods, which in former ages the pious laity had destined for the support of the living. Whatever the clergy possess by law, is certainly their right, and should be secured to them; but when people argue, they should be careful not to advance paradoxes; and that the right to tithes is anterior to the title of any layman to his land, is a paradox

* This *barbarous* word, so familiar to our Irish Canonists, is derived from an old French word, signifying to drive a beast into a field.

indeed.

indeed. The land was inhabited by the laity before Saint Patrick preached the Gospel. What he and his successors got was a free gift of the donors; and no man in his senses will deny that the supreme powers of the state have a right to alter any system, for the peace and good of the community. I shall discuss no further the subject of tithes, as it has been already and will be hereafter discussed by abler pens. If I summed up in a few lines their rise and progress, it is to shew the futility of the charge that the *Catholic clergy are intent upon recovering the tithes of this kingdom, with the assistance of foreign powers, as if they were due jure divino*. Could such an idle thought occur to any man who did not intend to sport with common sense? Will any man of sense believe that the formidable forces of France and Spain would be poured, at vast expences, into this kingdom, in order to reinstate a few Catholic clergymen in the tithes of potatoes, oats, hay, &c. I am ashamed to make any further comments. *The Catholic clergy refusing tithes with the assistance of foreign powers!* Lay-impropriators threatened with loss of the abbey lands which would revert to the *regular clergy!* When the Reformation was but in its infancy, and no religion in England at the time, but veered at the breath of each succeeding monarch, what became of the abbey-lands? In the short space that intervened between the dissolution of abbeyes and the reign of Queen Mary, there was not sufficient time to found the title of prescription, which by the civil law requires a space of thirty years for immoveables. When that queen ascended the throne several of the abbots and priors whose monasteries had been dissolved were living. Were not all the abbey-lands confirmed to the lay-possessors by Cardinal Pole, with full authority from the

the Pope? And now, under a Protestant sovereign, after a lapse of more than two centuries, a prelate raises the alarm against persons who thought as little of depriving him of his tithes, or the lay gentlemen of their impropriations, as the inoffensive citizen thought of depriving of his life a suspicious prince, who, in his uneasy slumbers, dreamed that he cut his throat, and put the innocent man to death.

I am in no manner concerned in tithes, but I appeal to his Lordship whether, at different times, they have not been the occasion of popular commotions? Whether, at different times, the cottager who plants the potatoe, and the farmer who commits the grain to the earth, does not realize the fable of the man *who sowed the dragon's teeth, which afterwards vegetated into armed men*? Whether an honourable support, free from litigations and wrangles with parishioners of every description, would not comport more with the dignity of the clerical profession? And whether this be not the opinion and wish of the most sensible clergymen of the established religion? If I am asked the reason why I should interfere in tithes? I answer, that the radical cause of the distemper being not removed, it may break out at some future period; and that when the bramble shoots from the sod which will cover me, the wrangles of oppressed peasants may be construed into *a popish confederacy*.

His Lordship endeavours to refute the Bishop of Landaff's arguments by the disparity of circumstances, as the number of the Dissenters of both communions is greater in Ireland.—I take the liberty of asking him one question.—Is it because there is less to do, that the salary of the labourer must be increased at the expence of the cottager? Does he really believe that an honest Dissenter will

will be saved? Does he believe that an honest Catholic will be saved? If he does, why this zeal for conversion which alarms the nation? It is equal to any state whether the hand that steers the plough crosses the forehead or not, provided the man be honest and industrious. He complains of the zeal of the Catholic laity to make converts, and the supineness of the Protestant gentlemen in not converting Catholics. Will he have a Protestant landlord turn missionary, and invade the episcopal functions? If his Lordship be so zealous for the salvation of the people, why not learn their language? The Catholic missionaries who penetrated into the vast empire of China, learned the Chinese, though there are eight hundred letters in the alphabet, and each letter stands for a word. They converted millions of the people, translated the writings of their philosophers, and brought Europe acquainted with the laws, customs and morals of that singular country. His Lordship is not under the necessity of travelling far to learn the language; it is at his door. And an English pastor may as well learn the Irish as Colonel Vallancey, an English officer. His Lordship will excuse this freedom—it is as a writer who called me forth that I address him throughout. My respect for a bishop's character is a restraint which I would shake off, if a person of an inferior rank called on Government to bring into disuse the language of a country. It is what conquerors themselves seldom have done. The polished Frenchman has never attempted to abolish the low dialect of the Breton; the grave Spaniard leaves the Biscayen to the use of his speech; and the English have not abolished the Welch or Erse. The Irish must have the badge of scorn. As to conversions made by the Catholic laity, I do not find it an easy matter.

matter. Fasts, confession of sins, the belief of mysteries which surpass and seem to contradict the very senses, penal laws and legal disqualifications, are no great inducements to conversion. Suppose that a Protestant, struck with the same arguments which made some German princes, Chillingworth and Dryden, to embrace the Catholic faith; suppose a Protestant of any sect became a Catholic, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, upon the very principles of the Reformation, which allows freedom of thought and the right of private judgment, could not in equity censure him. Every one is free to embrace the religion that seems best to him. It is the privilege of nature; and a convert to the Catholic religion is sufficiently punished by a conformity that deprives him almost of every privilege. Many a learned man has quitted the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's communion. The famous Whiston wrote to the Archbishop of York and Canterbury, assigning the reasons of his separation from the church of England. And not long ago Lindfay resigned his benefice, in order to offer up his prayers to one God in one person, and expunged the name of Christ from the collect. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne would make a more glorious conquest in reclaiming Doctor Priestly and Lindfay, than if he converted a hundred Irish peasants. I see no reason for alarming the nation with the danger of the church. Little did the world imagine a few centuries ago that a single German friar would have shaken the pontifical throne, and brought about the most astonishing revolution that the world ever beheld. Ever since that memorable æra the Protestant religion, from a small beginning, is rapidly increasing. When there were Catholic kings on the throne, it gained ground. It is then very much out of season now to alarm three kingdoms with
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the news *that at this moment the church of Ireland is in imminent danger of subversion.*

The Lord Bishop of Cloyne believes two sacraments necessary to salvation. If he could gain over to the established church all the inhabitants of Ireland who believe that neither is necessary to salvation, it would be a great acquisition to the established religion. His Lordship adverts to the total indifference of many for every kind of religion. Could he but kindle the flames of piety and fervour in the breasts of such people, it would be of infinite advantage. And if he could keep within the pale of the established church, such as are willing to form modes of worship for themselves, or reclaim such as have quitted it within those many years, without becoming Catholics, he would leave no room to complain of the majority of Dissenters. What a field is open here for pastoral zeal! It is a Herculean task indeed, and worthy of a prelate of distinguished abilities. But want of baptism, Deism, separation from the established church, and altar against altar, cannot draw forth the pen of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne. The stability of tithes and the downfall of Popery are his only themes. The wag on the stage received many a plaudit who, on being asked his religion, answered that he loved a *pot of porter and hated popery.*— Let a Theophilus abuse Catholics and revile Mr. O'Leary; he is called *an able writer* in the beginning, and excused on the score of his *apprehensions for the safety of religion* at the end of a pamphlet. Cargoes of abstracts against popery are daily imported from England; luckily they arrive out of season; for the *nation knows the purport of them.* If violation of faith with heretics be the reason of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's attack, the Catholics disclaim it on oath. And whoever does not believe
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the oath of an honest man, deserves no answer. There is address and ingenuity in laying so often a stress upon the word *heretics*. When mentioned by the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, it conveys an idea that the Catholics alone consider those who are reared out of their church as *heretics*. His Lordship will, I hope, have the generosity to divide the imputation with Mr. O'Leary. Does the church of England acknowledge that there are no *heretics*? Have not her bishops pronounced them as such after a canonical trial? Has not the civil magistrate, nursed in her bosom, doomed them to the faggot? The inquisition could do no more. For the ecclesiastical judge barely confines himself to a declaration that such doctrine is *heretical*. The magistrate, armed with the power of the law, pronounces sentence, and sees it carried into execution.

Doctor Godolphin, a Protestant canonist, in his Abridgement of the Ecclesiastical Laws of England, after Sir Edward Coke, calls heresy a *leprosy of the soul**; and gives a description of no less than one hundred and thirty-seven heresies. If he was now living he could add to the catalogue many new doctrines, which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne would declare *strange and erroneous* by his consecration oath. Human victims were seen marching to the stake with faggots on their backs to purge in the flames the *pollution of heresy*, under a Protestant Elizabeth and a Protestant James, as under a half Catholic Henry and a Catholic Mary. And those *strange and erroneous* doctrines which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne promises by his consecration oath to *banish and drive away, banished and drove away* effectually dissenters and Catholics into the wilds of Ameri-

* Godolphin *Repertorium Canonicon.*

ca, in the reign of that James, whom the Lord Bishop of Cloyne applauds for his wife saying, *No Bishop no King*. Those *strange and erroneous* doctrines, *banished and drove away* the Catholic Lord BALTIMORE, into Maryland, *for bowing at the name of Jesus*; and that great PENN, who deserved half the world, for teaching Sovereigns how to govern the other. They *banished and drove away* Penn into Pennsylvania, for not *bowing at all*; for having rejected the ceremony of the hat, and wearing a few flat buttons on a plain unornamented coat. Those two great men, persecuted for their *strange erroneous doctrines*, and still diametrically opposite in religious principles, planted their colonies where they granted free toleration to all mortals; and where man is now restored to the indelible charter, which the free-born mind is intitled to plead. They resembled the two brave soldiers, who were always quarrelling by the instigation of their comrades, without knowing why. A general rout came on, in the flight they both fell into a deep pit. Said one, if I kill you, what shall I benefit by your death? your putrified body will stifle me. The other retorted in the same tone; they saw the common danger, and agreed; one leapt on the shoulders of the other, and reached the verge of the pit, out of which he helped his fellow-sufferer. They both retired in peace, and lived ever after in amity. Lord Baltimore and Penn did the same.

The recollection of such melancholy scenes induces me to applaud my Lord Bishop of Cloyne, for declaring in his introduction, *that it is not his object to enter into the defence of ecclesiastical establishments in general*. It would be a heavy task indeed, since the beginning of ecclesiastical establishments until of late, sovereigns seduced by the counsels of the

clergy, became the executioners of their subjects. The ministers of a religion, one of whose principal laws is a law of eternal love, became the apologists of calamities, that swept from the face of the earth, or oppressed to this very day, God's noblest images, upright, virtuous, and dauntless men. Like the warrior in the Scriptures, they stepped into the sanctuary to grasp the barbarian's sword wrapt up in the ephod. The code of temporal laws, teeming with sanctions against robbers and murderers, was swelled to the surprize and destruction of mankind, with additional decrees against *heretics* and *papists*. The inoffensive citizen, who from an apprehension of offending the deity, by acting against his conscience, was confined in the same dungeon, or doomed to the faggot or axe with the parricide, who laid aside every restraint of moral obligation. The scriptures were adduced in justification of the sanguinary confusion. Out of every contested verse there issued a fury armed with a quibble and a poniard, who inspired mankind at once with folly and cruelty, and Europe became one wild altar, on which every religious sect offered up human victims to its creed. Such are the effects of ecclesiastical establishments in a long succession of ages. The effects ascribed to them by the right reverend author, as infusing morality as a collateral aid to the check of the law, would have been produced in a more heavenly manner, by religion untroubled by the terror of penal sanctions; and its rays never shone brighter than when its ministers had no other sword to enforce it, but the two edged sword of the peaceful doctrine of its Author. It is not then to the lenity of *ecclesiastical establishments*, that men are indebted for the freedom they enjoy, but to the lenity of the state; and to the

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exalted souls and enlarged minds of the illustrious senators, who have cast off the sable weeds of priestly bigotry, to put on the bright and radiant livery of enlightened reason, which religion enlarges into an extensive asylum, instead of contracting into a narrow and favourite spot, which it is penal (but for a few) to look at. The gloom which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet has spread on every countenance, and the mutual distrust and jealousy which have succeeded the strictest sincerity and amity since the publication of his performance, are no mighty recommendations of *ecclesiastical establishments*: The blood of fifty millions of men, cut off by the sword of persecution, since the state unsheathed it in defence of *ecclesiastical establishments*: The oppression, banishment and imprisonment of as many more! The blood of the slain cries from under the altar, to the powers of the earth,—*Leave your subjects free.—Let the priests pray; but do not draw the sword in defence of their prayers; for they will never pray alike.*

I should never have mentioned tithes, lest any of the established clergy should imagine I envied them what in former times belonged to the Catholic clergy, and which the laws now secure to the clergy of the established church; but when I saw in a pamphlet, of which the Lord Bishop of Cloyne becomes the eulogist, a heavy and infamous charge, that the Catholic clergy consider tithes due to themselves *jure divino*, and encourage the laity to plunder the Protestant ministers for their own benefit, I gave a short account of their origin. In my addresses to the white-boys, the reader can see in what manner I enforced the payment of them. The Lord Bishop of Cloyne was unthankful to me; in return, I paid my compliments

pliments to *tithes* and ecclesiastical establishments. I consider both as oppressive in Ireland, and elsewhere. If I do not speak with all that softness of churchmen, with which I certainly would have spoken upon another occasion; it is not certainly from any disrespect for the ecclesiastical profession. Severity regards such as have at different times abused their sacred characters from want of charity, or from want of disinterestedness, or both. The worthy are not to be confounded with the unworthy, no more than the chaff should be confounded with the pure and wholesome grain.

I wish the Lord Bishop of Cloyne had called me forth in more favourable circumstances, and in a general cause; but he calls me forth under the heaviest provocations, after having declared himself the apologist of a Theophilus, who exhausts the glossary of Billingsgate in a personal abuse. "Whoever reads his Lordship's pamphlet, must consider the Catholic prelates as perjurers; the laity as enemies to the constitution, from a view to the revenues of the church, with the assistance of foreign power; and Mr. O'Leary, seditious with a train of agitating friars and Romish missionaries." If there be a plurality of worlds, I must have been born in the planet of Saturn, if I did not feel a certain warmth after such a provocation.

It cannot be expected that I will lose the little time I have to spare from my more important functions, in answering anonymous writers, or even authors who may prefix their names to pamphlets. The only person I shall take the trouble of answering is the Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

APPENDIX.

 A P P E N D I X.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY'S ADDRESS to the COMMON
PEOPLE of IRELAND, particularly to such of them as
are called WHITE-BOYS.

Brethren and Countrymen,

I Addressed you before in the time of open war, when the enemies of your King and Country were within view of our coasts. Your prudent and peaceable conduct, at that critical time, answered the expectations of your instructors, and procured you the countenance and approbation of your rulers. The defenceless cottager was protected by the honesty of his neighbour. Order and tranquillity reigned all over the land. Each member of the community was secure in his respective rights and property. And whilst the plains of America were dyed with blood, and England was convulsed by the insurrections of the lower classes, who were either cut off by the army, or atoned on the gallows for the violation of the laws, ye felt the happy effects of a quiet and orderly conduct.

Nature and Religion, my brethren, recommend this peaceable and orderly conduct to man. To a peaceable and orderly conduct, nature annexes our happiness, and religion enjoins it as a duty. We are born with inclinations for order and peace, and we have the happiness to live under the wise laws of a gospel, whose counsels and precepts, whose threats and promises inspire the union of
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the hearts, and to do to others as we would wish to be done by.

Whence then those disturbances which of late have been occasioned by some of you in the Diocese of Cloyne, and which now begin to reach to the Diocese of Cork? You will tell me, that your grievances are the cause. I doubt it not, my brethren; but still, under our grievances are we to forget that we are Christians? Under our grievances, are we to forget that the Providence of God has made an unequal distribution of the goods of this life, reserving a perfect equality for the next? Under our grievances, are we to forget that when our distresses are not the effects of our crimes, or imprudence, resignation to the will of Heaven becomes an indispensable duty? Are we to forget that the way of the Cross is the road to the Crown; and that although religion does not condemn these distinctions of rank, fortune, and authority established by Providence, for the subordination of subjects, and the tranquillity of States, yet there are more promises made in the Scriptures, in favour of those who suffer, than in favour of those who live in ease and opulence. And although the gates of salvation are open to the rich who make good use of their wealth, as they are to the poor who suffer with patience, yet the Scripture declares that they are narrower for the former than for the latter. In this life there must be grievances which no human wisdom can redress. The inconveniencies arising from them are counterbalanced by the expectation of a better, promised by the Divine Author of our religion, who has set us the example of patience and suffering. The soldier, led on by his General, encounters death with intrepidity in hopes of victory, which soon after vanishes as smoke. And shall a Christian, called to an immortal Crown, refuse to follow his King, who rears up the banners of the cross, and cries out, *Take up your cross and follow me in the paths to eternal life?* To a worldling plunged in the luxuries of life, such an address will appear insipid: But on you who are not lost to the feelings of religion, it will have a different effect. Perhaps when he comes to that part of it in which mention is made of *crosses and sufferings*, he will lay it aside, and say, *Mr. O'Leary should write to those*

those people in another style, and threaten them with curses, excommunications, halts and gibbets. No, my brethren, curses and excommunications lose their effect, when lavished with too much profusion. Truth must not be made odious by the harsh manner in which it is conveyed. The nature of man is such that he is gained upon by example and sweetness more than by rudeness and severity. He is apt to hate the hand that is raised up to strike him, though it be for his correction; but he loves the hand that is stretched out to cure him. Sweetness, tenderness, charity, should form the principal character of a Clergyman, and become the predominant spirit of his functions. They were not lions, but lambs, which our Saviour sent to preach his gospel. It is to their patience, their mildness, their prayers and sufferings that we are indebted for the conversion of the world, and the propagation of our Ministry. And I should be very sorry that you would derive no benefit from my instructions but a string of curses, which perhaps you would get by heart from no other view than to vent them upon your children in a fit of anger or resentment. As to halts and gibbets, the best way to restrain the hand, is to change the heart, which, when regulated by the gospel law, will sacrifice the hand sooner than give offence.

However, my brethren, it is not in the nature of man to suffer under grievances which he can lawfully remove. It is when the remedy fails, or cannot be lawfully had, that patience becomes our only and most salutary resource; and I appeal to such of you as have been guilty of any outrages, whether the steps you have taken to redress your grievances be either conformable to the laws of God or nature, or whether they can ever answer any other purpose than that of drawing on yourselves the vengeance of the law. Is it an effectual mode of redressing grievances to crop the ears of your neighbour's horse, or to destroy a rick of corn, the only resource of a poor industrious farmer who has no other means to pay his rent, and who, thrust into prison by a merciless landlord, will be for entire years, perhaps for life, viewing on the walls of a gloomy prison, the cruel marks of your barbarity? Whence arose the savage custom of houghing the most harmless and useful of animals, the horse, the

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cow?

cow? We read of nations not enlightened by the christian religion, yet figure to themselves a supreme Being, the fountain of tenderness and mercy. These people think it a sin to deprive any creature of that life which the supreme being has given it, and consequently never eat fish or flesh. To guard against the love of pleasure, and to check the desires which may arise from the sight of any object, some of them pluck out their eyes, alledging that if they have shut two doors against their passions, they have opened a thousand doors to wisdom by qualifying themselves for the undistracted contemplation of Heavenly things. The Gospel does not require such severity from you. But I appeal to yourselves if these Pagans will not rise up in judgment against the Christians who are guilty of acts of cruelty? What, my brethren, have you forgotten the commandments of God, who takes your neighbour's ox and horse under his protection? for when he forbids us to covet them, he commands us not to injure them. You will tell me that if you have cropped two or three horses and burnt some ricks of corn, the injury has been done only to Parish Proctors, those leeches whom you consider as your greatest oppressors, who every season do you infinitely more harm. But this is a weak plea in the eyes of God, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to those who do us harm. Who after securing man's life and reputation by the fifth commandment, that says, *thou shalt not kill*; and his honour and domestic tranquillity, by the sixth, which says, *thou shalt not commit adultery*, becomes himself the watchful guardian of his temporal substance; by the seventh, which says, *thou shalt not steal*, and stifles in the heart every desire of fraud and injustice by the ninth. The commandment being general extends to all. Hence he screens the poor from the oppression of the rich. Forbids the poor under pretence of poverty to waste or plunder the property of the rich, and establishes the general and permanent peace of society on the love of our enemies, and that maxim of the law of nature, not to do to others what we would not wish to be done to us; much less will the quality of a Proctor excuse you in the eyes of the law, which punishes the crime without any regard to the quality of the injuries or injured.

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I am happy to find that these disturbances have ceased after a very short duration, and though mightily magnified at a distance, have been confined but to a few parishes in the Dioceses of Cloyne and Cork, and that but few misguided persons have been concerned in them. But I am sorry you have adopted a new plan, which however moderate, and though certainly founded on your poverty on one hand, and the oppressive manner of collecting the tithes on the other, is very improper, and may prove of the most fatal consequence to yourselves. The following caution, which however it may involve yourselves in trouble, if carried into execution, yet will convince the kingdom, that the few breaches of the peace which happened in this county, have not originated in a spirit of rebellion, as has been insidiously and scandalously insinuated. The following caution, I say, has been, within these few days, affixed to the gates of parish Churches and Chapels:

C O P Y.

" You are hereby cautioned not to pay Minister's Tithes, only in the following manner, viz. potatoes, 4s. per acre, wheat and barley, 1s. 6d. per acre, oats and meadows, 1s. per acre—Roman Catholic Clergy to receive for marriages, 5s. for baptism, 1s. 6d. for anointing and visitation of the sick, 1s. for mass, 1s. for confession, 6d; you are hereby warned not to pay Clerk money,* nor any other dues concerning marriages; be all sure not to go to any expences at your confessing turns, but let them partake of your own fare."

It is needless to remind you of what the Dublin Shop-keeper has already informed you of, that posting up notices is a misdemeanor punishable by law, and that your imprudence may hurry you unwarily into several branches of the clauses of the White-boy Act, that decree death against offences, which perhaps to you may not seem of such importance. You may in like manner be led into the snare

* *These Clerks are such as attend on Priests.*

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by imagining that this act is not now in force. It is in full force until the month of June in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-seven. Many and severe are the clauses of that act, and though an English writer says that they are better calculated for the meridian of Barbary, than for a christian country,* yet the severer they are, the more you should be on your guard. Consider the danger to which you are exposed from the logic and eloquence of Crown Lawyers, the perjury of witnesses, or the prejudices of Juries. I am informed that the one who is to swear against some of you, who are now in gaol, is one of the greatest villains in the kingdom, and escaped the gallows some years ago.

But to return to the caution. Pray, my brethren, what right have you to curtail, of your own authority, the income of the Protestant Clergy? I shall not go over the same ground trodden already by the Dublin Shopkeeper, on this subject. He proves, that if the tithes became the property of the laity, they would raise their rents in proportion. Or is it because that from the earliest ages of the world those who believed in the true God, have consecrated to him, a part of the fruits of the earth, you will think it an heavier burthen to pay the same thing, because it was in conformity to the law of God, that the laws of christian states have appointed it? You know that the rules of justice extend to all without exception, and that to use the familiar phrase, every one should have his own, whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Turk or Christian. It is more your interest than you imagine that the Protestant Clergy of this country should be maintained in their rights. For many ages you have been defenceless, destitute of any protection against the power of your landlords, your clergy liable to transportation or death. The mild and tolerating spirit of the clergy of the established religion has been the only substitute for all other resources. They trained up from their early days the Protestant Nobility and Gentry in the principles of morality and virtue. If they preached against Purgatory, they enforced charity. If they denied

* See Young's Tour in Ireland.

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the real presence, they took special care to inform their flock, that whoever does injustice to any one, either in his property or reputation, is unworthy to approach the Communion. If they denied that the Pope is Head of the Church, they taught their congregation that no man is to be injured on account of his religion, and that christianity knows no enemy. As by nature we are prone to vices of every kind, and that the earliest impressions are the strongest, had it not been for those principles which they instilled into the minds of their hearers, long before now your landed proprietors in this country would have treated you as Turks, who think it no scruple to violate the beds of the Jews, and warn the husbands that if they come into their houses whilst they are doing them this injustice, they will cut off their heads.

Is it then to gentlemen of this description, the children of the first families in the kingdom, the instructors of the most powerful part of the community, the most moral and edifying amongst them, the most charitable and humane, that a handful of poor men are to prescribe laws, tending to diminish the support of their offspring, destined to fill one day the most important offices in the State? What! a Rev. Archdeacon Corker, a Rev. Archdeacon Tisdall, a Rev. Mr. Chetwood, a Rev. Mr. Weekes, a Rev. Mr. Meade, a Rev. Mr. Kenny, who spent his time and fortune amongst you, relieving your wants, and changing part of his house into an apothecary's shop to supply you with medicines, which yourselves could not purchase, must from an apprehension of violence quit his house, at the threshold of which appeared so many Lazarus's with their sores not licked by his dogs, but fomented or bathed with his own hands; not desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his table, but replenished to satiety with his own fare! many more of these Gentlemen could I mention, and I ask yourselves whether you would benefit the more by having their property curtailed? still I know that you are oppressed and impoverished more than any set of the lower classes of people on earth. And by that notice you have posted up, it appears that it is far from your thoughts to overturn what is established by law, but to lighten the burthen. It is not
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in the tithes themselves that the oppression lies, but in the manner of raising their value, and collecting them. The established Clergy themselves, whose dignity and functions do not permit them to take on themselves the disagreeable office, and who on the other hand if they took your notes, which perhaps you would be unwilling or unable to pay when they would become due, would feel too much in being obliged to sue a set of poor people in a Court of Justice. The established Clergy themselves, I say, are perplexed. They are not inclined to oppress you on one hand, and none can expect that they will part with their rights on the other. And as for your parts, you cannot be judges in your own cause. The supreme power of the state alone is competent to determine the mode of redress, which is too intricate a matter for me to determine. It is doubtless the interest of your landlords not to have a wretched and beggarly tenantry. It is in like manner their interest to support amongst their tenants a due subordination to their respective Pastors. For the generality of mankind, can have no other rule, but their instruction, whereby to regulate their moral conduct. The impressions of religion, and the dread of an invisible Judge, the conscious witness of our actions, are stronger than the terror of human laws, which are often eluded by privacy and several other ways, and when once we shake off the authority of religion, when opportunity offers, we are ready to shake off the authority of our masters. Present a memorial of whatever grievances you suffer to your respective landlords, who I should hope, will transmit it to their friends in Parliament. If Parliament cannot strike out a plan, you have no remedy whatever but that patience which I before recommended to you, and which softens the afflictions of sufferers. In a word, without the interposition of the supreme power of the state, you must either bear with patience the grievances of which you complain, or suffer an ignominious death, or seek for a better situation in remote countries, where there is more encouragement, and where thousands of your Protestant fellow subjects, less oppressed than you are, have taken shelter.

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As to the regulations you have made with regard to the dues of your own Clergy, it is a standing maxim with all States where there are several religions, and but one established by law, not to grant any legal redress for non-payment of dues but to the Clergy of the established religion, such as the Clergy of the Church of England here and in England; the Lutheran Clergy in Sweden, and the Presbyterian Clergy in Holland, Geneva, and elsewhere. Free toleration of religion, and the voluntary contributions of those of their own profession, are the only resources of the Clergy who are not of the religion of the State. I consider it your duty, nay your interest to support them in a decent manner according to your abilities. And this support should appear to you the less burthensome, as there is no compulsion, which in general makes the receiver disagreeable to those who give when compelled, and deprive the giver of the merit of what he contributes, when he contributes more from compulsion than from duty and charity. On this head then, we can literally apply the words of St. Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 9. *Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.* Christ himself who in every page of the scriptures preaches up the renunciation of ourselves, still declares that the labourer is worthy of his hire. And St. Paul, the patron of disinterestedness and mortification, declares that those who serve the altar, should live by it, and that such as feed the flock, are entitled to a share of the milk. It is your own interest that your Pastors be maintained with decency, that in a country where Gentlemen of a different religion esteem the Catholic Clergy more for their outward appearance and conduct, than for their profession, your Pastors should appear with decency, and that in country parishes where even in the dead of night they are obliged to go seven or eight miles, and perhaps more to relieve a dying person, they should have a horse in order to be enabled to give you every assistance with the utmost expedition in these pressing moments, when (if ever) delays are the most dangerous.

Nor, my brethren, should you disregard my remarks on this subject, because I am a Clergyman. You know that
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for the space of fifteen years since my arrival in this country, weddings and baptisms are quite out of my line, yet I never ceased to exhort and instruct you to the utmost of my abilities.

The remainder of my Address is unavoidably deferred till the next publication; and, my Brethren, I earnestly entreat you to follow the advice of those who wish you well, who have your interest at heart, who foresee the danger that threatens you, and of which you are not sufficiently aware. You will find the advantage of peace and tranquillity. None can wish it with more sincerity, than your affectionate servant,

A. O'LEARY.

Cork, Feb. 18, 1786.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY'S SECOND ADDRESS, to the
COMMON PEOPLE of IRELAND, particularly to such
of them as are called WHITE-BOYS.

Brethren and Countrymen,

FAR be it from me to oppose (were it in my power) the redress of your grievances. But, I repeat it, by your manner of redressing them, the remedy is worse than the disorder. I would rather pay my tithes, let them be ever so oppressive, than put my neck in the halter by disturbing the peace of society, and violating the laws of the realm, let them be ever so severe. No rulers on earth will permit any order of men to overturn established laws, by private authority. They will listen to the grievances of the subject, but they will reserve to themselves the mode of redress. They can never make the people happy but by keeping
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them subject to authority, and by making this subjection as easy and reconcileable to them as the exigencies of the state will permit. The multitude is too fickle and inconstant for governing itself. It cannot be happy without subordination to order and authority: If it once strikes out of the path of obedience to the laws, there is an end of Government. Troubles, dissensions, civil wars, and impunity for the most atrocious crimes, must be the result. And in this state of convulsion, the man who complained of grievances before, under the ruling powers, will feel heavier grievances from his neighbour, who, unrestrained by law, will become his murderer or oppressor. If we were prisoners of war in an enemy's country, we are bound by the laws of God and nations to behave in a peaceable manner, much more so when we form members of the same society, governed by the same Sovereign and the same laws.

But what surprises me most with regard to the notice you have posted up, whereby you caution each Parishioner not to give but so much for Tithes, and so much to the Roman Catholic Clergy, is, that you bind yourselves by oath to abide by this regulation. Had you entered into a resolution not to pay but four shillings tithes for every acre of potatoes, &c. a court of justice would determine whether you were right or wrong. And in case you were cast at law, as in all appearance you would be, the payment of the tithes, and the costs of the suit would be the only disadvantage you would labour under. But here, by one oath you fall into a double snare: You perplex and entangle your consciences on one hand, and on the other you put yourselves in the power of the law.

Upon a former occasion I explained to you, the nature of oaths, and the horror of perjury. And altho' you have not perjured yourselves in swearing to your own resolutions, as it was not to a lie you swore, yet permit me to tell you, that your oath was rash, and so far a profanation of the most sacred name of God. It is with the greatest reluctance a man should swear at all, even in a just cause, and from conviction. We read in some Jewish authors, that the awful name of the Divinity was uttered but once a year by the High Priest, at the solemn Benediction, after purifying

fyng himself, and washing his hands in the blood of the victim that was offered up, before he entered the Sanctuary. The veneration also of the Heathens for their false Gods, was such, that in the beginning no oaths were customary, from a reverence to the Deity. Princes ratified the most solemn treaties by joining hands. And in the ages of heroism, the warrior thought himself sufficiently engaged to his General by looking at the military standard erected upon an eminence, with the image of the tutelary God painted on the banners. Such was the veneration of all nations for the awful name of the Deity, and the sanctity of that maxim of holy writ, that we are *not to trifle with holy things*. Compare your conduct with that of the primitive inhabitants of the world, you who should be struck with a greater awe as having a more perfect knowledge of the true God, and yet make it a part of your Sunday's devotion to hand the book to each other in order to swear to what must be destructive to yourselves, and injurious to the rights of others,—*you will swear to the Lord your God*, says the scripture, *in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness*, or justice. It is not sufficient for the lawfulness of an oath, that whatever we swear to be true. It requires moreover that the oath be attended with *judgment*, that is to say, that the object of it be not rash; there must be necessity and prudence. There must be also *justice*, otherwise the name of God is profaned, and the oath is not binding. When Herod swore that he would give his daughter whatever she would ask him, he was guilty of murder in giving her the head of John the Baptist, and of profanation in calling on God as the witness and sanction of his cruelty. You swear that you will pay but *four shillings for an acre of potatoes, &c.*

When St. Augustine lays down as a maxim that the laws of every State regulate the property of the subject, and that whatever we possess must be in consequence of the determination of the law; when St. Paul commands us to pay honour to whom honour, and tribute to whom tribute is due, can the most learned Casuist determine that you are bound to pay no more than the precise sum of four shillings for an acre? Your oath then is the same thing as if you swore in the following manner: *I swear by this book that I will*

will do such a thing whether it be right or wrong. Is such an oath just? In like manner let me suppose that after this oath, you may be sued at law for the tithes, and for non-payment be cast into prison, or have your little property distrained. What will be the consequence? You must either break your oath, or remain in prison, or have your poor families ruined. Thus your oath is the same as if it were as follows: *I swear by this book, that I will either break this oath, or rot in prison, or ruin my family.* Is there judgment, is there prudence in this? Add to this, that such persons as tender such oaths are in the power of the law, and will be treated with the utmost rigour. And on this occasion, I conjure the Gentlemen of this county who may read this letter, and be next Assizes on your Jury, to distinguish the *wanton* compellers of such oaths, and the persons who take or administer them from fear and compulsion. I say, *take or administer them*; for, *take and administer* in the sense I allude to, are synonymous in the eyes of humanity and justice, when the motive, I mean fear of grievous outrage to their persons or property, compels them to take the oath, or administer it to others. And when I make this request, you see, my brethren, how much I have your interest at heart, and with what sincerity I wish to prevent the effusion of your blood.

The same motives induced a Protestant Gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, to address six letters to you, in a style adapted to your understanding, under the signature of *A Dublin Shopkeeper*. He had no motive whatever but your welfare, as his property is not in the county. His humanity and benevolence alone induced him to point out the danger to which you were exposed, the imaginary and groundless prospects you figured to yourselves, and which you will soon see vanish as smoke; the various delusions to which the unthinking multitude are liable to fall victims, and the caution you should take against those misfortunes in which a conduct similar to yours has involved so many others, several of whom were really innocent. To deprive his letters of the effect they should have on you, you were made to believe that they were written by some Clergyman, interested in the preservation of his tithes, or if a

Roman Catholic, in the collection of his dues. I declare upon my conscience, that they were written by a Protestant Layman, and that I myself did not know the author, until after the publication of the first letter. They deserve your attention the more as they come from such a disinterested hand, and as I am equally unconcerned in these matters, only as far as they regard your own safety, and the peace of the public.

I hope that *this* Address will deserve your attention, as it gives the sanction of religion to the maxims of prudence, laid down in that Gentleman's writings. I am confident that many of you have been misled by your ignorance of the laws, and that as these disturbances originated in the dues of the Clergy, you did not foresee the consequences to yourselves. That Gentleman's letters deserve your most serious attention, as he explains all the laws which hang over you. On the other hand, it is a standing maxim, that it is better to prevent crimes than to punish them. It would be an act of humanity in the Associations, composed of Noblemen and Gentlemen, for the suppression of tumults in the county of Cork, to get numbers of that Gentleman's letters dispersed gratis through the country. It is the opinion of a great and humane writer, * that every Member of Society should know when he is criminal, and when innocent. This cannot be done without a knowledge of the laws which affect the lives and liberties of the subjects. This knowledge is never sufficiently communicated in this kingdom to the multitude at large, few of whom can purchase the ordinary vehicles of information, the Acts; and even Newspapers, are prohibited from even inserting *abstracts* under the penalty of a prosecution from the King's Printer. In foreign countries when new laws, affecting the lives of the people, are enacted, they are posted up on the gates of the Churches in all the Parishes, and their non-promulgation is pleaded in justification of the fact. This before-mentioned conduct corresponds with Beccaria's wishes, who says, that every citizen should have the code of laws which affect his life; and that the conduct of Censors and Magistrates who

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* Beccaria.

punish the ignorant, is a kind of tyranny which surrounds the confines of political liberty. If the laws are made for the people, they should know them, and laws which affect the lives of the multitude, should not be confined to the Lawyer's library. I am confident that not one out of ten thousand of the country people, knows one clause of the *White-Boy Act*. This is the time to make it as public as possible in a county hitherto the most peaceable in the kingdom. But to return from this digression to you, my brethren, if you have any room to complain of the extortions of any of your Clergy, why have you not made application to your Bishops previous to those tumultuary meetings? Would Lord Dunboyne, as distinguished for his tenderness, his charity, the sweetness and amiableness of his manners, as he is by his high birth and exalted station; or would the pious and edifying Doctor M'Kenna permit the oppression of the poor under pretence of religion? They, who are more inclined to relieve your wants than to add to them? There is some exaggeration in your written notice, insinuating that your Pastors require more than you can afford, and that some of them are more attentive to your substance than to your souls. Sure, my brethren, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, who in times of persecution would be bound not to abandon you, but to share your sufferings, and undergo every hardship for the sake of your salvation; bound to appear as the public deputy of the people, at the foot of the altar, erected to a God, who died naked on the cross, and to wean your affections from the perishable goods and fleeting pleasures of this short and distracted life, to fix them on Heavenly goods; sure, no Roman Catholic Clergyman would make a traffic of the Sacraments, in extorting from an unhappy object, who has but fourpence a day, to support a wife and a number of children, with a handful of vegetables and a draught of water. We are rather bound to sell the sacred vases of the Temple, if we had any to dispose of, sooner than slay the victim, already fleeced by oppressive rack-rents. It cannot be conceived that a Roman Catholic Clergyman, who pays the least regard to the dignity and decency of his character, would sit down in a barn or cabin, at the expence of the labouring man,

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and by intemperance, efface in the evening those impressions of piety which he imparted to him in the morning. No, there is no such thing. But there is the mistake you have committed in the oath already mentioned. You have bound by the oath the opulent farmer, who is able and willing to give to your Pastors wherewithal to support them, and to afford yourselves some assistance in your wants. You have bound him in like manner not to give any more than a crown, &c. and this is an injustice under the solemnity of an oath. For, whatever a poor man may do with a trifle scarce competent to support himself, he has no right to controul the pockets of, or to prescribe laws to the rich. If there had been scandalous extortions of the kind, you should have preferred complaints to the Bishops, and these venerable Prelates would have ordered their Clergy to cry out from their Altars, with the Prophet Jonas, *if it be on my account that this storm is raised throw me overboard.*

The oppression of the poor, and the love of fordid gain, are inconsistent with the character of persons whose ministry is the condemnation of avarice, the contempt of riches, and the recommendation of charity. They are not disposed to bruise the reed already broken, nor to change the tender and inviting voice of fathers and pastors into the harsh language of griping tax-gatherers. Has not Mr. O'Kelly, have not others declared from the altars, that they require no more from you than what you are willing to give? Let not then the sacred ministry be a pretext for public disturbances, which in the end must prove destructive to yourselves. Let your grievances be redressed by the wisdom and humanity of your superiors in Church and State. Let public tranquillity be restored, and let yourselves enjoy the fruits and sweets of a peaceable conduct and innocent conscience, which alone can recommend you to, and procure you the protection of God and your rulers. No person can wish you every happiness more than your affectionate servant,

A. O'LEARY.

Cork, Feb. 21, 1786.

Rev.

Rev. Mr. O'LEARY'S THIRD ADDRESS to the
WHITE-BOYS, particularly those of the County of
CORK.

Countrymen,

TO such of you as still persist in setting the laws of your Country at defiance, in opposition to the dictates of prudence, which suggests to man not to hazard rashly his life, nor the interests of his family, but rather to bear patiently with a slighter inconvenience to avoid a greater; to such of you as still pursue a line of conduct (misconduct I should have said) so destructive to yourselves, and subversive of peace and good order, I address myself at this critical juncture. For I shall not confound those who first engaged in your cause, either from error or licentiousness, and are now reclaimed to their duty, with those who still march on in a road which from sad experience, they will find to end in a precipice. At the first breaking out of these unhappy disturbances you got every caution which religion, reason and humanity could prompt men of compassion and feelings to give a multitude easily misled, and according to the common course of human affairs, incapable of drawing the delicate line to which common sense points out, and of which it says, *thus far you shall go and no farther.* The dangers to which you were exposed from a disorderly conduct, the imaginary and groundless prospects you figured to yourselves, and which you now behold vanishing as smoke, the various delusions to which the unthinking multitude are liable to fall victims, the precaution you should take against the misfortune in which a conduct similar to yours had involved so many before. Every thing in short, was explained to you. The maxims of human prudence were strengthened, and enforced by the great principles of Religion; and we had every room to
expect,

expect, that in case Religion had lost its influence over you as Christians, at least your own preservation, as men, founded upon the first principles of nature, would induce you not to expose your bodies to the rod of justice, or to the executioner's hand. When you imagined yourselves secure in your numbers, an anticipated list was made out of so many *White-Boys whipped, so many shot by the army, so many White-Boys widows and orphans reduced to beggary from the misconduct of their former husbands and fathers.* There was no inspiration requisite, in order to foretell such future events. Foresight and common sense uttered a prophecy which you see now fulfilled, and the accomplishment whereof you can read on the mangled backs of the companions of your former excursions. If you are wise then return peaceably and without delay to your occupations and duty, and do not swell the catalogue of suffering offenders. It is the advice of one who has your welfare at heart: Who, whilst he reprobates your disorders, pities your weakness, and who in acknowledging the justice of the punishment inflicted for the crime, commiserates the man in the criminal.

But what will my pity avail, if you do not pity yourselves? How, or by what arguments to reclaim you, I am at a loss. I shall however pay this last tribute to humanity, and follow the advice of the Apostle who commands Ministers of the Gospel *to rebuke, reprove, exhort the sinner. To be instant in season, out of season.* If my endeavours should chance to be out of season with regard to the obstinate, yet they may be in season with regard to those whom I would fain preserve from the contagion of your pernicious example. I reclaimed some of your associates before, who now feel the comfort of having returned to the path of peace, and good order. Happy for you, tho' late, if you copied after them. To attempt to reclaim you by the power and influence of religion would, I am afraid, be an useless task. You have thrown off its restraint. And however orderly a well bred Deist who does not feel distress, but laughs at religion, may conduct himself through life until the scene of delusion is closed, and death introduces him to the Judge, who, says, Woe to you who laugh, &c. When the common people in any
state

state throw off the restraint of religion, or become fanatics they become like lions unchained, who if not opposed by force or stratagem, will devour their defenceless prey. Of this we have unhappy proofs in the disturbances which have disgraced this province. When you minded your religion, grace and order reigned over the land. The weary cottager after his labour and rural meal slept secure, and acquired fresh strength for the toils of the ensuing day, and if the neighbour was injured in his property by stealth or fraud, the dread of profaning the Sacraments was attended with restitution, and the purpose of amendment. But when, to the astonishment and scandal of the public, religion became a sport; when the houses of worship were profaned by the tumultuary meetings, beginning their devotions with the solemnity of combination-oaths, without enquiring whether they were lawful or sacrilegious; when the flocks became deaf to the instructions of the Pastors, dictating instead of obeying, and did with their own hands what the most infamous Priest-catchers refrained from doing in times of persecution, I mean the nailing up of Chapels, and excluding from the house of God such as intended to offer up their prayers on that day appointed by all denominations of Christians for the worship of the Supreme Being, and held so sacred that on that day the very administration of civil justice is suspended; when without any intention to exchange the Creed for another, but rather get rid of both, nor any intention to reform the morals, but rather to obtain impunity for licentiousness, you flocked to the Protestant Churches, as the temples in former times were resorted to by those malefactors who intended to make of the house of God a rampart against the pursuit of violated justice; when this irreligious farce was attended with the notes of the flute, and the blasts of the bag-pipe playing from one house of worship into another, a set of men combined against the Clergy of both, threatening with destruction the respectable Catholics who refused to attend the procession of disorder in tumult.

In short, when religion lost its hold of people accustomed to revere and respect it, then the most peaceable
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county of the kingdom became a scene of anarchy, disorder and confusion, and spread the contagion far and wide, a brutal and indiscriminate vengeance was wreaked upon man and beast. And the excesses of the mad rabble who acknowledged Lord George Gordon for their President in the year eighty, have been in some measure copied by the followers of Captain Right in the year eighty-six. The former burnt houses, and committed singing birds to the flames. The latter cropped horses, and burnt ricks of corn.—*O foolish Galatians!* says St. Paul, *what hath bewitched you?*

If you complained of grievances, was redress to be obtained by profanation, and inhuman and barbarous steps, which tend to defeat the very end you propose to yourselves, and to make you rather objects of detestation than pity? When you complained of the conduct of some of your own Clergymen, as overbearing and rigorous; to remove every plea for disorder and discontent, your prelates assembled, and after declaring that a small stipend, the reasonableness of which they left to the decision of the public, was requisite for the support of your pastors; they enjoined them at the same time not to enforce a rigorous exaction of their dues, but to shew upon all occasions that spirit of mildness, lenity and disinterestedness, so becoming their sacred character. What more could they have done? You, on the other hand, not only bound yourselves by oath to withhold your usual support, but controul the opulent and well disposed, who were willing and able to make up for what yourselves were unwilling and unable to give. Thus under pretence of redressing grievances, you became the oppressors of your spiritual guides, and as to your causes of complaint from proctors and tithe-farmers, instead of waiting for that relief which the humanity and wisdom of the Parliament may in time and place suggest, you have arrogated to yourselves a power bordering upon life and death, by burying them up to their chins in graves, lined with briars and other materials of torture, leaving their life or destruction to the bare chance of being found or not found, by some passenger. Great God! could you be so divested of

of feeling as to inflict such a punishment, or so devoid of common sense as to imagine, that such a conduct was the best method of deserving the attention and compassion of your rulers? The public considered these horrid barbarities as the effects of a temporary madness, which cool reason and the severity of the law would effectually cure. But what must not be their indignation and astonishment, if, after the steps which Government has taken, they see you not only relapse into your former frenzy, but work yourselves up to the highest pitch of madness!

After reforming the clergy, you now proceed to reform the state. By your new regulations no labouring man is to go to another parish to save the harvest. This certainly shews your humanity and wisdom, on the eve of the severe winter, where every hand should be employed to secure the bounties of nature—and this I call a *regulation of beggary and imprisonment*. For the landlord will have his rent or your bodies, and if you refuse to work you must beg; and the public will give no alms to persons who become idlers from wilful obstinacy.

You write threatening letters to the Civil Magistrate, ordering him, under the severest penalties, to interfere no more in your proceedings, and are come to resolves about the hearth-money, which you intend to regulate by your own standard; and this regulation about magistrates and hearth-money, as more immediately affecting Majesty, is a regulation bordering upon treason or rebellion, and appropriating to yourselves a part of the revenues of the crown. To crown the work, you posted up a notice, or you wrote a menacing letter to a most respectable Protestant clergyman, ordering him not to meddle with an old church in his parish, the materials of which are requisite to defray the expences incurred by building a new one, but to leave it to you for a chapel. And this regulation, to me, is a regulation, of *surprize and astonishment*. What a *surprizing* transition from profanation to devotion, from one extreme to another! Some time before you nailed up the chapels, and would not permit your clergy to officiate therein. Now your own chapels will not suffice without having

the church: not long since you carried the chapel to church; now you will have the church come back to the chapel. This is a strange fit of devotion in a set of men who, not long ago, in derision of priesthood, gave but an Irish crown to the pastor, at a wedding, and collected eighteen shillings for the piper. But pray, if you obtain the church, who will be your chaplain? for I am sure no Roman Catholic clergyman will be so mad as to obtrude into a church, of the established religion, under the banners of sedition. You must then ordain a chaplain yourselves; and every person who attempts a reformation in the church and state, without an ordinary mission, commonly pleads a mission from Heaven. Capt. Right may assume the power of ordination, as the German cobbler, who attempted the reformation of religion, pretended to impart the gift of prophecy to his disciples, by making them drink a pot of beer, and giving them on the head a stroke of a poker.

However, as this extraordinary message, purporting to give up a Protestant church to be changed into a chapel, is become the general subject of conversation, it is incumbent on me to make my remarks on it. I have read so many anecdotes of plots and roguish schemes, of which simpletons were the tools, and knaves the contrivers, that I am very cautious. It is supposed that when you meet in your lurking holes, you all agree in the same measure, and that every deliberation is the act of the whole corps, otherwise you would soon disperse. If then this message be really an act of your meeting, some artful incendiary, capable of working upon your intellects, stupified by watching and intoxication, has crept in among you, either to cause some confusion in the state, from motives best known (if not to himself) certainly to his employer, or from an expectation of obtaining a reward for swearing away your lives at the next assizes. For there is not the least shadow of probability, that a set of night-froppers, cropping cattle and burning corn, after nailing chapels and humbling their clergy, would expose themselves to martyrdom in forcing a Protestant clergyman to give up a church, to indulge a devotion. Moreover, you know that when a new place of worship is to be erected, the Parish Priest is always consult-

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ed; for where there is no Mass, there is an end of the chapel. You know full well that no Priest would attend you in such a fit of frantic devotion, if you did not force him to ride bare-backed, Proctor-like, on Captain Right's grey horse, with the furze saddle under him, and the horn founding before him. Give up then every thought of changing the church into a chapel, for you will never get any Priest to attend you there, without you drive him before you, mounted as I mentioned; and I am sure that the most ambitious of the clergy would not ride the Pope's mule in such an equipage. The message then, if it comes from you, is of a piece with the rest of your proceedings, as far as they are barely confined to *nonsense*; and if the churches and chapels were the anti-chambers of Heaven, they could never procure admittance into its inner apartments, whilst you lead a loose and licentious life, destroying your neighbour's property, and disturbing the peace of society. However, if you want to see the inside of that church, you shall be gratified on the following condition. Appoint what Sunday you think fit, and that at soonest, and I shall go and meet you there, not to say mass, but to give you an exhortation, or a sermon, which ever you like. Colonel Mannix, or any of the neighbouring Magistrates will, I am confident, not refuse to attend; after the exhortation, of which you certainly stand in need, the Magistrate will explain the law to you, listen to your complaints, and if you make a solemn promise, which you can without any remorse confirm with an oath, to return peaceably to your duty, and to disturb no longer the community, he will transmit your complaints to your Representatives in Parliament. A similar affair happened already, and has been attended with success, for the people, on listening to reason, returned to the path of moderation and good conduct. All this is to be done with the consent of the gentleman to whom the old church belongs; for you know that it is not civil to force into another man's house. The pastor of that church is a steadfast Protestant, and I am a steadfast Roman Catholic, believing seven sacraments, and every article that has been explained to you in your early days in your catechism. Yet we are both united in the same cause

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of charity and benevolence with several other gentlemen of different persuasions, as Members of the Committee for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors.

Our controversies turn upon the ways and means of keeping order and cleanliness in the gaols, of procuring the captive debtors a weekly allowance, of compounding with their creditors, and restoring them to their poor families. The very Magistrates who you threaten are subscribers to this institution. On the list of the relieved captives are numbers of your own namesakes and relations. This digression I make in order to remind you of your ingratitude and delusion in meddling with the clergy of the established religion, many of whom deserve so well of the poor; but that gentleman in particular, the martyr of charity, who bestows on them the portion of time and substance which he can spare from his functions and family. The proposal of meeting I make from my heart. The subject of my sermon shall be the obligations which nature and religion impose on man to live peaceably and honestly, both as a Christian and a member of civil society, and my text shall be these words of St. Paul, *I exhort therefore that prayer and supplications be made for Kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all Godliness and honesty.* 1 Timothy, chap. 2. May you conform your lives to the text! Amen. But to return to the notice, or message:

It is most likely that some one who would not much scruple to tell a lie at the expence of your lives, has written the letter in your name, or posted up the notice, to make you more odious than you are, (though you are odious enough already,) and to hasten the vengeance of the laws which await you, by quickening the fears of the public. Every robbery and plunder will be laid to your charge, several seditious letters will be written in your names, divine justice will permit that even the malice of others will hasten to your ruin. And however I hate your proceedings, I really pity your madness in putting it in their power; and the more so, as, according to St. Augustin, no wretch is more to be pitied than the wretch who does not pity himself. One should think, that more than a twelvemonth's apprenticeship

to licentiousness, besides the losses you have sustained, would have tired you in the road of iniquity; and little did we expect to hear any more of cropping horses and burning corn, much less depriving the cottager of the use of his spade amidst the invitations of a copious harvest. Little did we expect to hear of attempts to deprive the landlords of their rent, to encroach upon the authority of the Parliament, and to invade the rights of the Crown, by arrogating to yourselves the power of regulating the taxes of the state, after two assizes, and the lenity, impartiality and wisdom which Government has shewn upon the occasion; for what greater proofs of them could Government have given, than when the energy of the laws was to be supported by the military power, it appointed a General who unites humanity with valour, who condescended to appear in your complaints, prevailed on several gentlemen concerned in tithes to reduce to the most reasonable standard; copied after that illustrious Roman, who, when the common people had thrown off the yoke of subordination, kept the sword in the sheath, and held out the olive branch, preferring in the first stage of the political distemper, lenient to violent remedies: A General, in fine, who, on hearing well-grounded complaints, would forget the warrior in the advocate for the distressed, if the complainers ceased to be licentious.

In the delicate circumstances which affected your lives, Government appointed a judge, endowed with extensive knowledge, penetration and wisdom, which qualify him so eminently for holding the scale in which the lives, the fortune, and the honour of men, are to be weighed; with integrity, proof against the attacks of power and interest, with humanity and moderation, which without loosening the veil wherewith justice is painted hoodwinked, can raise its border to cast a glance of pity on the unfortunate: Such were the two illustrious personages in whose hands Government lodged the sword of military power and justice, to suppress the disorders to which you have given rise. I mean Lord Luttrell and Lord Chief Baron Yelverton. Wisdom and impartiality made a choice which humanity applauded; but a longer continuance of your madness and folly

folly must baffle their united efforts, to your own inevitable destruction.

The honour of the country, the preservation of public order, the protection of the defenceless cottager, and the prevention of further disorders, will compel Generals to mark the progress of their march with your blood, and judges to stretch the laws to their utmost. Equally cruel to yourselves, and unmerciful to others, if you have any grievances to complain of, you block up every road to redress, by the very steps whereby you intend to obtain it.

In a large county, and I may almost say a province, without arts or manufactures, where, in some places, in a range of fifty or sixty miles, scarce a wheel or reel can be met with for want of flax or wool to employ the house-wife, and where the very treasures of the ocean are become useless for want of the means to improve the advantages of nature: In a place so circumstanced, where the poor cottager must with five-pence a day support himself, a wife, and five or six children, more or less, and contribute his share to the support of the State, you attempt to deprive poor industrious men of the liberty of earning the means of subsistence. Some of you can remember the great frost, and such of you as were not born at the time must know, from the tradition of your fathers, that Heaven visited the land with a famine, whose ravages amongst the common people were such, that for want of food, the living had scarce strength enough to bury the dead. Now Heaven is kind in granting you an extraordinary continuance of fair weather, and a plentiful harvest, and the favours of Heaven you reject. Instead of practising the lesson which nature itself gives you in the example of the ant, the bee, and several classes of irrational beings, an example which Solomon recommends to your imitation in the following words: *Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.* Instead of improving the fair weather to the best advantage in new thatching your cabbins, in minding your business, and laying in a stock for the support of yourselves and families against the ensuing winter, you exhaust your health in those

nightly

nightly excursions, the fruits of which must be the loss of life or liberty, or criminal weariness which disables you from working the following day. Under pretence of redressing grievances, you confine the labourer who has no work at home, who at stated times goes to earn his wages in other parishes, and whose assistance is requisite for saving the harvest. You confine him to his cottage, where he has nothing to behold but a wife and children perishing with hunger, and his spade and shovel decaying with rust, because by the regulations of the Right-Boys, he dares not to handle them in the parishes where he could get employment. Thus you oppress the poor; you distress the farmer, who at certain times wants an extraordinary number of hands; you will fill the gaols with insolvent debtors; and you begin to sow the seeds of scarcity and famine, which yourselves must feel, as well as the innocent, which suffer but too often for the guilt of others. If this be your mode of redressing grievances, the remedy is worse than the disease; and if no other crime could be laid to your charge but this regulation only, this alone would expose you to the detestation of every honest man.

I appeal to yourselves, whether the unhappy persons who lost their lives by attempting a rescue, and thus impeding the course of justice, would not have done better to mind their business, than to be cut off by a sudden death, and leave their widows and orphans without support? To yourselves I appeal, whether such of your associates as have already undergone the just punishment of the law, or such as are now confined in order to take their trial at the next assizes, and who, besides their personal disgrace and danger must feel for their families, destitute of their support, and distressing themselves to support them in their confinement? I appeal to yourselves, whether these persons would not have done better to mind their labour, and partake in common with their little families of the fruits of their honest industry, than to be, as they now are, the unpitied objects of wretchedness, labouring under present anguish, and haunted with the terror of future punishment, representing to themselves the sword of justice hanging over their heads, and uncertain of their future destiny. Would you really

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wish to be in their situation? Answer me—I am sure you would not. If then you intend to avoid their fate, avoid their example, and learn a little wisdom from the folly of others, or rather avoid the punishment by avoiding the guilt.

Do you really believe, my brethren, (I call you brethren, because I begin to soften from pity for the misfortunes you have already brought on others, and which you will inevitably bring on yourselves, for methinks I already hear the cries of your widows, or forlorn mothers, calling to me for alms to help them to buy your coffins,) do you really believe that an obstinate perseverance in disorder, a repetition of conflagrations and outrages, and a gradual rise from one abuse to another, are the best means of disposing your rulers to lenity, and to a consideration of the causes of your complaints? No. They only tend to give a keener edge to the sword of justice. You should rather dread, lest constant provocations on your part, and every effort to reclaim you to your duty, rendered fruitless by an obstinate resistance, may induce the legislature to make what is called a *misdemeanor*, CAPITAL FELONY, and that the same offences which in your associates have been punished with whipping or imprisonment only, may doom yourselves to the halter. What if you were declared public enemies to the State, and shot without further ceremony wherever you would be met with after nightfall? This is what you have to fear; and nothing to hope while you remain turbulent.

No rulers on earth will permit any order of men to overturn established laws, whilst they have power to maintain their authority. Much less will the rulers of this kingdom change one tittle of the laws, on occasion of any violence committed by a set of men who could be mowed down as so many withered weeds, by one single regiment. They will listen to the complaints of the subjects when preferred to them in a decent, humble and becoming manner, and through a proper channel. But they will reserve to themselves the mode of redress as well as the time for granting or refusing it. The multitude is too fickle and inconstant for governing itself. If it once strikes out of the path of subordination, tumults, dissensions, and the most atrocious crimes

crimes must be the result; and in this state of convulsion, the man who complained of grievances before, under the ruling powers, will feel heavier grievances from his neighbour, who unrestrained by law, will become his murderer or oppressor. Your conduct justifies my remark. The man who earned his fourpence or fivepence a day, slept secure under the protection of the law, and in the neighbourhood of the Magistrate. Now, by the White-Boy rules, he must starve in his cottage for want of liberty to earn his bread in a distant parish, or ride the grey horse on a furred saddle, or be buried to his chin in a torturing grave. How to conclude this letter I am at a loss. If you have any regard for your lives, for your wives, for your children, for your fathers, for your mothers, I conjure you in the name of God, to desist without any further delay. Lord Luttrell, who to his eternal honour, has enquired into your complaints, is in possession of whatever is to be laid before the Senate of the nation, whose decision you should wait for, with that submission becoming subjects, and that prudence which should hinder you as men from running to your final destruction. Your cause could not be in worse hands than your own. Therefore throw yourselves on the mercy of your rulers, and do not force them to forget in the multitude of your offences, whatever may be the cause of your complaints. This plain, simple and candid advice is now your last resource. If you reject it, you are undone. For, you will not only have the laws and army let loose on you, but all the nobility and gentry, all the wise, peaceable, and virtuous subjects, will consider you as public enemies, whose destruction is requisite for their own preservation. And as you are ignorant of the danger which threatens you, I request in your behalf, as a favour of the Printers throughout the kingdom, to copy this letter into their respective papers, and of the friends of humanity to make it as public as possible, by dispersing it amongst you. That it have on you the desired effect, is the wish of

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Cork, Nov. 19, 1786.

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A P P E N D I X.

(No. II.)

COPY of a PETITION which the Right Honourable LUKE GARDINER was to present to the IRISH HOUSE of COMMONS, on behalf of the ROMAN CATHOLICS of IRELAND, when the Clause for the demolishing their Chapels was to be debated.

THAT at the most critical times, and in the successive wars in which Great Britain and Ireland have been involved, they have behaved as loyal and faithful subjects to each succeeding Sovereign.

That they have given to their rulers, the most sacred and inviolable pledge which mortals could give, or which the legislature could prescribe—a solemn oath, the sincerity of which has been manifested by their conduct, and readiness to co-operate with their Protestant fellow-subjects, in the defence of their common country, in the time of danger.

That popular commotions are not the growth of any particular soil, nor peculiar to any description of men, but happen in every age, and in every nation; they happened in Spain, an *absolute and Catholic government*, within these few years—they happened in Great Britain, a free and Protestant state, in the year 80.

That in the suppression of the disturbances which happened of late in the South of Ireland, the Catholic nobility and gentry, their prelates and inferior clergy, have been most active. That during these disturbances their chapels have been nailed up, their Roman Catholic pastors abused and forced from their parishes, and no distinction made in the paroxysm of popular frenzy; that in the head of a bill brought into this honourable House, they have read with equal concern and astonishment, a clause, empowering the
civil

civil magistrates to pull down, level and prostrate, any Roman Catholic chapel, in which, or in the vicinity of which, any unlawful oath is tendered, upon the testimony of one witness.

That they consider such a clause disgraceful to their religion as christians, injurious to their honour, character and loyalty, as subjects; and naturally impressing the mind of their most gracious Sovereign, with the notion, that his Catholic subjects are combining (in the most awful and sacred of all places) against his Crown and dignity. And as it must eventually prove destructive of the indulgence which of late a humane and enlightened legislature has granted them, after a long trial of their fidelity, while it laboured under the severest laws.—As such a clause, (besides holding forth a suspicion of their sincerity) has a natural tendency to afford a pretext for repealing the favours already granted to the whole body of their communion, in case any deluded individual, either actuated by licentiousness, or stimulated by their enemies, should oppose the magistrates in the prostration of chapels, which were left standing in times of the greatest persecution.

That amidst the profligacy of morals, of late so prevalent amongst the lower orders who have shaken off that restraint under which they had been heretofore kept by their pastors, and from other collateral causes, it would be no difficult matter to find not only one witness, but several who would swear before a magistrate that such oaths were taken, though no such oaths had ever been administered.

For these and other reasons, which will occur to the senate of the nation, they most humbly pray your honours will not pass the same into a law.

F I N I S.

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