



TRUTH IS POWERFUL, AND WILL PREVAIL.

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IRELAND.

LETTER IV.

TO LORD DUNCANNON.

"HURRAH FOR THE REPEAL!!!"—Wild Irish Cry.

Darrynane-Abbey, 11th October, 1834.

MY LORD—I write more in sorrow than in anger—more in regret than in hostility. It is true that you have deceived me—bitterly and cruelly deceived Ireland. But we should have known you better. You belong to the Whigs—and after four years of the most emaciating experience we ought, indeed, to have known that Ireland had nothing to expect from the Whigs but insolent contempt, and malignant but treacherous hostility.

You, however, had more of political character than any of your colleagues. The excellence of your demeanor in private life—the confidence with which, as gentlemen of perfect uprightness, you inspire all those who have any intercourse with you in any of the transactions of domestic life, made us place a reliance on your public conduct, which the sad experience of the falsehood of so many other public men ought not to have allowed us to entertain.

But you never can deceive us again. You will enjoy your integrity as a private man, I question not, in its full strength; but as a public man you are gone for ever. You have taken your station in the category of Gouburns and the Stanleys, of the Peels and the Littletons, and of the many other beings who have had promises on their lips, and hatred or neglect in their designs and conduct.

You are gone for ever. It is utterly impossible you should ever redeem your first great and glaring fault; shall I call it by so soft a name—your first and glaring crime towards Ireland. For my part, I hailed your accession to office as an omen of happier times approaching to the Irish people! How have I been deceived!

It is my duty tranquilly, but firmly, to declare to the people of Ireland that they have nothing to expect from you; that you are as deeply steeped in the old system of mis-government as if you never proclaimed liberal principles, and that we must have a change of men before we have any chance of a change of measures.

Still, I do confess, I have arrived at this conclusion with regret. I feel nothing of the passion of anger; I cherish no hasty or violent resentment. But I do feel strongly the impulses of that duty which commands me to struggle unremittently to procure for Ireland a domestic legislature, where, and where alone, a sympathy between the Irish and their rulers can originate and be fostered.

You never can, my Lord, your first false step. It is irretrievable. It has involved total loss of political character and consistency. You may hereafter introduce and even carry measures of great utility to Ireland, but you never will get credit for sincerity or political purity; men will trace even your political services, should you confer any on Ireland, to some private, or personal, or self-interested motive. I concede that they may wrong you; but you must not expect that with the experience of your first act before our eyes, you can ever get credit again for any sincere or straight forward design in favor of Ireland.

I thought you were about to bid for the people against us repealers—that you were about to show the repeal to be unnecessary by reason of good and popular government of Ireland by the British ministry—that you were about to alter the system of misrule by which Ireland has for more than six centuries been oppressed, and to begin to discountenance faction, and give to the people some proofs of your attachment to their wants and to their interests.

Alas! alas! what wretched impolicy is yours. You have totally mistaken your position. You supposed, and Lord Melbourne imagines, that his ministry were in a proper position, in which they might commit small or even great mistakes with impunity, and with the facility of recovering popular favor.

That was your mistake—the people of Ireland had no confidence in the ministry—you alone excited their hopes—and I—woe is me—encouraged to the utmost these expectations. But you were, after all, upon trial—merely on trial. The people were merely waiting your opportunities of showing that you were disposed to begin a new system, and at length to commence the reign of common sense and common justice.

One month elapsed, and you did nothing—not one single Orange functionary was removed—not one partisan of the anti-Irish faction dismissed—not one popular act, nor one exhibition of kindness to the people was seen—the Orange preference system continued—the government countenance shone as steadily upon the enemies of Ireland and of themselves as if the Tories were still in full authority, and Ireland was not mocked by the name of Whigs.

Recollect that slavery and the prison count by the hour, if not by the minute—and the degradation of Ireland, by the countenance shown to "the exterminating faction," reckons by the second.

A month elapsed, and no change. Another long and weary month passed on, and no change. Despair of any relief from your ministry began to fill our minds; but no despair of our country.

Fortune seemed to have played into our hands.

FIRST—Scotland in the strength of her brave and intelligent population was with you. There might have been some holding back of the selfish aristocracy, long inured to Tory percolation but you had the blood, the bone, the sinew, and the mind of Scotland with you, and even beyond you. The chosen men of her liberated towns and cities rallied round your standard, and even cheered you to elevate that standard more on high, and to advance it to the utmost verge of the ground occupied, but now scarcely enjoyed by your Tory foes. You had given Scotland a popular representation—you had given her if possible more than that—corporate reform. You deserved and obtained the gratitude of Scotland.

SECONDLY—You have acquired much additional force in England. The bigotry of the press, the sordid hate exhibited toward the dis-

senters, gave you strength and security amidst the active and most intelligent class of men. Even Lord Brougham, who had fallen into some contempt, and no small disrepute, by reason of his passion for making foolish and contradictory speeches, was raised into renewed popularity by the ruffianism of the manner in which he was assailed by the mean and mercenary myrmidons in the pay of old Walter of the Times. The reaction in the public mind, created by the public sense of the villainess of the motives and the baseness of the disposition of the literary miscreants who conduct the Times, have not only made Lord Brougham share once again the public sympathy, but have consolidated the support of the entire ministry, by many and many of the most decided friends of the thorough reform of all existing abuses—a class more numerous in England than is generally known, and most valuable for the energy of their political honesty.

THIRDLY—The popular party in Ireland suspended the pursuit of the objects of their most dear and most enthusiastic solicitude, lest they should embarrass your ministry in any way. There was not one ripple in the wave—no public meetings of the popular party—no Political Unions revived. Scarcely did the "Liberal Clubs" start into existence here and there. We abided in respectful hope and expectation, your time to begin to act with common sense and common honesty towards the Irish people. Alas, alas, with what drivelling fatuity—with what disgraceful folly have you deluded and deceived us.

FOURTHLY—If on the one hand you derived support from the confidence, good sense, and tact of the popular party in Ireland, so on the other you acquired great strength and even character from the insane but sanguinary conduct of your Orange adversaries. Their meeting at the Mansion-House, in Dublin, while it exhibited the vile partianship of your filthy corporation, served also to demonstrate that the Irish Protestants had not one solid or real cause of complaint—that they suffered no great grievance, and merely raised a yell of disappointed and malignant bigotry, preached blood-shed and encouraging the extermination of the poorer classes of Catholics, with a savage and brutal distinctness which would not be endured in any other country on earth but Ireland. Thus did your enemies expose themselves to contempt—thus did they, by contrast, elevate you.

FIFTHLY—Nothing could tend more to fortify you in the judgement of the rational portion of the British people than the entire conduct and proceedings of the Cavan Orange meeting. In the first place, that meeting exhibited the sheriff in the full glare of partnership. He at once avowed himself a partizan of his official capacity. He had no kind of right to call a present meeting, under color and by virtue of his official situation. He was intrusted with the "posse comitatus," the entire body of the county, for the protection of all; not to sustain one part, and insult and terrify another. He had authority to convene his bailiwick, but not any faction or political division of it. If he were entitled to call together the Orangemen this day, he or another sheriff might call together the Ribbonmen to-morrow, and the Whigs the next day, and the Tories the day after. He might assemble the Presbyterians one week, the Methodists the following, the Unitarians on another occasion. If he were justified in summoning the Protestants in August, he would be equally right in summoning the Catholics in September. In short, he is not the sheriff of any sect or party, but of all sects and parties; and his avowal of political partianship for one denomination has this frightful characteristic, that being an officer principally concerned in the administration of justice, he gives to that administration, by his public conduct a colour of party, partiality, and injustice. The Catholics cannot expect equal and impartial justice through such a medium; and where it is necessary to sacrifice human life in the punishment of crime, the victim of law will be deemed a martyr to party, and the example of his punishment instead of deterring from one crime, will cause the commission of many. I know nothing of the individual himself and speak only of the result upon the minds of others of his party conduct; neither do I deny the right of the Protestants or the Orangemen to meet, if they meet peaceably. All I deny is, (and I deny it emphatically,) that the sheriff was or could be justified in using his official capacity to call together any one sect, persuasion, or party. I warrant that if he had called together the Catholics, as a separate body, he would have been superceded within one week after such criminal conduct. Here was a glorious opportunity of showing the beginning of a new system, by doing to the Orange partizan sheriff precisely what you ought to do, and would assuredly do to a Catholic sheriff—that is, dismissing him instantly. In the third place, the meeting was illegal upon another account. The reports of the proceedings, published in the paper of the party, show that the strongest and most direct excitement was held out not only to resistance, but to armed resistance to the law—for example, the arms entrusted to the yeomanry were talked of as having been called for by the constituted authorities. You are aware that the statute law requires that they should be restored whenever called for by those authorities, and that under the severest penalties for withholding them. Well, read the report, and you will see that the meeting declared not only would they resist to the death any attempt to enforce the law by taking them away. Yes, my lord, your Tory enemy, the sheriff, appears to have been present and presiding—your Tory enemies, the magistrates, appear to have been present when these seditious, if not treasonable occurrences took place, not only unreprieved, but actually incited and cheered. Here then does it become your duty not only to supercede the sheriff, but to cashier every magistrate who concurred in that meeting. It has been your duty for more than once since so to do; yet this opportunity of showing the beginning of a new system is also to be neglected, as it hitherto has been.

SIXTHLY—Then again fortune played into your hands in the South as well as in the North. A Beresford shines there also. The rev. brother of the northern "potato-and-salt exterminator" appoints a Mr. Cross his proctor, to collect his tithes, at a bonus of 25 per cent. to the collector. This collector is, strange to say, a magistrate, and

procures from the Castle an authority, signed, or at least purporting to be signed by the arch liberal, Sir William Gosset—to do what? Why, to make use of his magisterial functions, the better to enable him to levy his 25l. per cent. with his employer's 75l. There is matter for Mr. Littleton to inquire into. How and by whom was this order procured? These are questions to be asked in parliament, unless in the interval you avail yourself of this opportunity to cleanse the Castle and the magistracy of all that were concerned in the granting this roving commission to the tithe-proctoring justice of the peace.

SEVENTHLY—But this is not all—Cross is convicted, as appears by the report of two public and deliberate trials, of a most gross, wanton, and tyrannical outrage upon two of the King's subjects. Acting under his roving commission—signed, or purporting to be signed, Gosset—he trespasses, assaults, handcuffs. Yes, he carries out his cart, charged with handcuffs—and then—oh, how fortunate you are—no less than seventeen justices get up, sign, and publish "Baron Smith's" congratulatory address to him—for what I ask you—for what? And then I ask you will you leave any of the eighteen in the commission of the peace? Yes, you will leave them all but one—why? Because you are a Whig, and ought to do directly the reverse.

EIGHTHLY—Your enemies play into your hands. There has been the weekly published Conservative trash, exhibiting just what one would wish his enemies to exhibit—folly, and falsehood, and fury, and demonaic malignity—and there are their heroes, the Beresfords, the Rev. Handcuff Beresford in the South, the Rev. Conacre Beresford in the North, with the jovial interlude of my father, the bishop, and my cousin the archbishop, and the starving curate, who dares to obey the canons, and the long months to be paid for at the rate of journeymen tailor's wages. Why should not these Beresfords yell loud and long? They are creatures of the system which you ought to terminate, and which they assist to terminate, if you were politically honest. Yes, they assist you, by exposing how heartless, how cruel, how tyrannical, how detestable the system is—and yet the people of Ireland in vain ask when will you begin to show any hostility to that system?

NINTHLY—I come to the last and greatest opportunity of all. Judge Jebb dies—dies, as if to accommodate you. His character as a judge is easily discovered. It is to be found in the vivid eulogium of the organ of the men of blood—of the exterminators. It is easy to conjecture what the man was deemed to be by them who raised the voice of praise. It was, perhaps, more easily discernible in the cautious but distinct disapprobation of the popular press, saying much, but hinting and insinuating, as far as the law might allow, infinitely more. Here was an opportunity for you, if your party were honest and sincere, to enter into a rivalry with the agitators for the affections and confidence of the Irish nation.

"There are no people on the face of the globe," says one of your Attorney generals, Sir John Davis—"there are no people on the face of the globe so fond of pure and impartial justice as the Irish, or so ready even to submit to it even against themselves."

This eulogium, wrung from an enemy by the virtue of the Irish people, is as consistent with the truth now as it was two hundred years ago. The Irish do love pure and impartial administration of justice, and in proportion as they love it, do they, with equal intensity, hate and despise those who would fill the judgment-seat with partial partisans, or with incompetent and ignorant beings, unequal to the task, even if they were willing, to discriminate between right and wrong, or to unravel the intricacies of fraud and chicanery.

But here was a glorious opportunity for you, my lord, to convince the Irish people that they were no longer hated or despised. Your Attorney-General, too, you perceive is a special favorite of the Orange press—of the press of "the exterminators." Sacred heaven! what a party yours is! Here is the first law officer of the crown, the real efficient prime minister in Ireland—you know, my lord, he is so. Here he is, more in favor with the Orange faction than any of their present speechmakers, or of their officers of Orange lodges.

You know, my Lord, that the Orange party hate, detest, execrate the present ministry. Indeed it is no secret. It is avowed at their public meetings, and never was there language of more violent vituperation used than that which is constantly employed by the Orangists, and published in their newspapers relative to the existing administration. They call you traitors, villains, infidels, papists!! The Tory faction in England would be content with your being deprived of office; the Irish Orangists would be delighted if you were all deprived of life. They would gloat over the scaffold which was reeking with your blood.

You, of course, read the newspapers of that party, and you know I do not invent or even exaggerate—you know that I but feebly express the excess of the Orange hatred of his Majesty's present ministers.

Yet it seems incredible, but it is literally true, that your Attorney-General—I say emphatically yours, for he is now yours—your Attorney-General is not only a favorite with but actually the idol of that party who hate the present ministers so intensely! Was there ever before any thing like this heard of?

The death of Jebb gave you an opportunity which, if there were amongst you one redeeming political virtue, would have been gladly seized on. You could have, if you pleased, thrown round the Attorney-General the neutrality of the bench, and easily removed him to the Common Pleas, where, as a lawyer, remote from politics, he would have abundant occasion to be useful.

But you prefer to keep him in his office, so influential over all the details of the administration of justice. I call upon you solemnly, and in the name of indignant Ireland, to answer. Have you read the letter addressed to me by a highly respectable solicitor, Mr. William Ford—a man of great talents and much moral courage, ready to avow and to prove the truth of every assertion he made. His letter was first published in the Morning Register, and afterwards in all the other morning papers. Did you read his statement of the mode in which, during the present Attorney-Generalship, juries in capital

ORPHAN'S FAIR.

A Fair, for the benefit of the Orphans under the care of the Sisters of Charity, in the Sixth Avenue, will be held at the Masonic Hall, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, of December. The public is informed that a great number of fancy articles has been received from France, and will be exposed for sale on that occasion. It is hoped that as this is the first time an appeal of the kind has been made, by this institution it will produce the effect which the managers are induced to anticipate.

Come to the Orphan's Fair—come ye
Whose hearths are bright at home:
The Seraph voice of Charity,
Solicits you to come.

THE AGITATOR.

We feel confident that all particulars relating to DANIEL O'CONNELL are interesting to our readers, and that they regard every thing which emanates from him with delight, and remember it with pleasure. This belief has induced us to lay before our readers the concluding portion of a letter written by O'CONNELL, and dated at "Darrynane Abbey, Cahacrien, Ireland;" which letter we were permitted to peruse. We need scarcely inform our readers that we regard it with a species of veneration, more particularly as it was written at "Darrynane Abbey," where have been composed the many able documents heretofore published in our columns. It concludes thus:—

"Of Irish politics, I will merely intimate that my hopes are high in the expectation of those coming changes which will render Ireland a place of prosperity and comfort to her own sons, and not as she has too long been—the 'pitiful-pelting farm' of the stranger." We are glad thus to discover that the Agitator's "hopes are high," as it affords us the delightful privilege of uniting our hopes with his, and looking forward with confidence to the time when Ireland shall "take her place amongst the nations of the earth." While on this subject we think proper to refer our readers to an extract from a work called "O'Connell at Home" which extract is published in another column. This work was written by an English Tory, and therefore contains much that we cannot admit, or approve of, but we publish the extracts from it because it relates to O'CONNELL, and shows how highly he has been spoken of by one directly opposed to him in political principles. It appears that the author, while on his way to Darrynane Abbey, met several gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were riding on "Pillions," as is so very customary in the "Old Country." On enquiry he found that they were proceeding to the Abbey where they wished to procure the interference of O'CONNELL, in arranging some domestic difference, and he had been successful. Thus it appears that in addition to the many and arduous duties devolving upon the "AGITATOR," as the great friend and advocate of his country, he yet finds time to promote, and preserve, harmony and good feeling amongst the people, thus evincing the kind, generous, and philanthropic spirit so prominent in all his acts, private as well as public. He is, indeed, a most extraordinary man, and well deserves the love and admiration of the millions for whose present comfort, and future prosperity he exerts all his faculties.—The author of "O'Connell at Home" admits that when he saw O'CONNELL, and was received by him with the hospitality and kindness for which he is so remarkable, he doubted whether the kindness arose from policy, or the natural warmth of a generous disposition; but he was soon convinced that the kind treatment he received from the "AGITATOR," arose from his natural politeness, and confiding disposition. He describes O'CONNELL as pleasing in the extreme, and gives us one trait in his character which proves him to be a man of the most elevated and dignified mind; he never converses on politics in his own house, except when he knows that the opinions and feelings of his guests are congenial with his own. The extract we have been speaking of, are really interesting and will be read with delight, and we are sure our readers will pronounce the illustrious "AGITATOR" of Ireland one who seems to have been chosen by an immortal and all seeing power, to become the "Liberator" of his long oppressed country.

THE PROTESTANT VINDICATOR, AGAIN.

When we saw and read the first number of "The Protestant Vindicator," we were fully convinced that it would be made a vehicle for the abuse of Catholics, and composed entirely of infamous slanders of their religion—emanating from men who being possessed of no religion themselves wish to injure those who are not like them corrupt, hypocritical, and bigotted. We have not been deceived; each succeeding number of the infamous "Vindicator" is more and more scurrilous and disgusting, and reeks with the loathsome effusions of the "stated contributors" who have been hired to slander a religion whose holiness and purity they have in vain attempted to supplant by their intolerance and fanaticism. They are sufficiently audacious to assert that they have in view the promotion of religion, and the welfare of the people, and how do they advocate these measures? Not by decent, reasonable, and respectful argument; not by showing the proper course for a Christian to pursue; not by the exhibition of charity towards those they consider worshipping God in an improper manner; but by the publication of innumerable attacks on the Catholic religion, in which they promulgate falsehoods of the basest and most contemptible nature, couched in language which no man can read without loathing and disgust. "The Protestant Vindicator" is not fit for the eye of any but those

deluded creatures who think that he who differs from them in creed must necessarily be damned; and who arrogate to themselves the power of adjudicating on the fate of our souls. As guardians of public decency we have been obliged to notice this paper, and show the public of what materials it is composed. We have shown our readers what language is used by the "stated contributors" towards the Catholics, and exhibited the intolerant feeling which it is their aim to disseminate. We were happy to perceive the American press joining with us in our opinion of the infamous character of the "Vindicator" and willingly copied into our columns the article of the "Courier and Enquirer" which our readers have no doubt perused, and which breathed a liberal spirit, consonant with the doctrines upon which our Constitution is founded, and highly creditable to the writer. In the last number of the "Vindicator" some violent and mad "stated contributor" launches out into the most disgraceful and virulent invectives against ourselves, The Mirror, and the Courier and Enquirer. We leave the two last journals to defend themselves, and direct all our attention to our own affairs. The vulgar scribbler in the "Vindicator" in answer to our question:—"Will the Protestant Vindicator be encouraged by the American people?" Answers "If he (ourselves) could but see our bags of manuscripts, and look at our progressive subscription list he would have a reply which 'falls like dew drops upon the feelings of Christians; and we could also whisper to the Truth Teller, that we do not receive money from the public Treasury." Now this ungrammatical, blundering bigot answers our question, or attempts to answer it in the most singular manner. We never supposed that there were not a sufficient number of fanatical bigots in New York to fill a bag with manuscripts slandering the Catholic religion, and support a paper in which their effusions would be published. We know that there have always existed men who would willingly burn and destroy the Catholics for the religion; we know that there were a number of persons found to subscribe a petition for stopping the Mail on Sunday; we know that some of the kindred spirits of "the stated contributors" "received brother AVERY in the bosom" of their Church, after his crime at Fall River, and that others destroyed the Convent at Charlestown; and therefore do not wonder that the "Protestant Vindicator" is supported. But the American people are not to be identified with the writers and supporters of that print; they look upon it with contempt and indignation, and the best evidence of the degraded character of the "Vindicator" is to be found in the fact that it is execrated by all the respectable Protestants who have seen it. The "Stated Contributor" says that he and his companions do not receive money robbed from the public treasury. We did not charge them with doing so, but are almost disposed to believe them guilty, for it is a bad sign to hear one declare himself innocent of a crime ere he is accused. He also says that Catholics are not Christians. In pity towards this fellow, we set him down as a madman, some fugitive from the Lunatic Asylum, for we cannot conceive how any but a madman could publish so ridiculous and glaring a falsehood as that Catholics are not Christians. While we feel indignant towards the "Stated Contributors" we must smile at the foolish manner in which they display their hypocrisy and avarice. For instance, in announcing that the "Reverend Andrew Bruce is about to make a tour to New England, &c." they say that "his object to aid in the preservation of civil and religious liberty, by OBTAINING SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE PROTESTANT VINDICATOR." Here the Stated Contributors display their inconsistency and glaring imprudence. They announce Champion Bruce as a wonderful man who is to aid civil and religious liberty, by putting money into the pockets of those who openly avow that the religious liberty enjoyed in this country should not exist. We could point out many such contemptible things in the "Vindicator," but will not occupy our columns in doing so. We feel confident that the "Stated Contributors" will continue their iniquitous course, slandering, and insulting the Catholics, abusing all who will not join in their slander, and endeavoring to make proselytes to their pernicious doctrines, but they are despised by all respectable individuals, pointed out as objects for indignation, and scorn, and loathed like venomous reptiles. We look upon them as men who have corrupted their souls willingly and designedly to gratify their hatred towards Catholics, and we hope that on the day of eternal retribution they may appear before their Creator as clean as those whom they pronounce "filthy beasts."

RELIGION AND POLITICS--WASHINGTON GLOBE.

Under this head we referred last week to the publication in the official organ of the present administration of certain communications of a Mr. George Bancroft in which doctrines of the present high-toned church and state doctrines were advocated, and as we had a right to suppose, endorsed by the high character of the Globe. The Globe now says that we, The Truth Teller "reprobates the views taken of religious controversies in the close of Mr. Bancroft's letters." Most assuredly we do, and so does every honest and liberal man in this community. There is no connection between politics and religion and any attempt to unite them must be destructive to the interests of both. The Globe also says that the editor of the Truth Teller seems to consider "from the republication of these letters in the Globe, that we approve the opinions expressed in them with regard to Calvin, Luther, and other founders of religious sects. The editor of the Truth Teller will observe, (from our remarks referring to the first letter of Mr. Bancroft,) that we recognized its political sentiments as agreeing with our own, and that our editorial notice had reference to this aspect of the letter only. The religious opinions of the author did not enter into our consideration."

If we have given an opinion on the approval of the Globe,

we have been led into it by the words of the organ of the government and we extract the additional notice of that paper to show that we have had good reason to believe that its approval was general and not special. Here is the notice.

In our columns will be found a masterly letter of Mr. BANCROFT, which was sent to us by some friend, with several passages erased—which erasures, in our opinion, greatly improve the paper. As it stands now, we cheerfully adopt every word of it. It speaks in every line the spirit, and we might almost say, the eloquent language, as well as statesman-like philosophy, of the Sage of Monticello."

We have italicized the approving passages, as we understood the Globe—it wished them to be understood as the publication stood in that paper we objected, and upon it, as it stood, we founded our remarks.

The editor of that paper must have made his notice of the letters hastily and without consideration, and we are willing to believe so without condemning the religious opinions of the articles. It is with great pleasure that we have seen the disclaimer of the Globe. There is too much good sense, and sound patriotism in the vicinity of the Capitol, to countenance the wild ravings of every infatuated, ignorant, fanatical and bigoted fool who can string words together and pour forth his embittered thoughts on this community. A few such men as this Mr. Bancroft whose mind is evidently overclouded with prejudice, and blackened with bigotry against all sects but his own would soon make havoc of the peaceful institutions of the country and with fire and faggot persecute their fellow creatures; what says the founder of democracy? We wish to hear Mr. Jefferson's opinion of Calvinism.

The first is an extract from his letter to Wm. Short, dated April 13th 1820.

"The Presbyterian clergy are loudest; the most intolerant of all sects, the most tyrannical and ambitious; ready at the word of the lawgiver, if such a word could be now obtained, to put the torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flames in which their oracle Calvin consumed the poor Servetus."

In a letter to John Adams dated Ap'l. 11, 1823, he writes as follows:

"The wishes expressed in your last favor, that I may continue in life and health until I become a Calvinist, at least in his exclamation of, 'Mon Dieu! jusqu'a quand?' would make me immortal. I can never join Calvin in addressing his God. He was indeed an Atheist, which I can never be; or rather his religion was daemonism. If ever man worshiped a false God, he did. The being described in his five points, is not the God whom you and I acknowledge and adore, the Creator and benevolent Governor of the World; but a daemon of malignant spirit. It would be more pardonable to believe in no God at all, than to blaspheme him by the atrocious attribute of Calvin."

The church and state doctrine of the Sunday mail man, and the christian party in politics with Dr. Ely would in a short time convert this republic into a bloody arena wherein the polemical gladiators of each sect might display their activity, and perhaps the agonies of dying convulsions.—To us it seems as if some small men in the community have no other way to render themselves notorious, than by attempting to unite politics and religion. Mr. Bancroft was not known before this circumstance, but now he has fairly had an opportunity of being exhibited like a condemned house thief on a public pillory, to be hooted, and despised by an honest and intelligent community. As for convincing this individual of the error of his ways, we will not attempt it. He is utterly too contemptible, all we ask of him is to refer to the publication of the opinions of a certain other individual in the city of Boston published within a few days past. What is his opinion of democracy and religion—that infidelity, rash unmitigated materialism is the essence of democracy. He will insist that the aristocracy believe in the christians deity, and that the democracy believe in no such doctrine. Mr. Bancroft and his democracy with Calvin as the head stand foundation and superstructure are thus blown into a thousand atoms. We rejoice that the ravings of such men cannot avail much. They prove that there is fanaticism in Calvinism and infidelity.—They prove the fury of the partisans of truth, and at the same time there is too much good sense in the country to be affected by either. It strikes us that a New England atmosphere is charged with those extravagances of religious opinions, or rather we should say anti religious opinions. Religion breathes the spirit of charity, of good will unto all men, but the spirit we refer to, is the spirit of intolerance of persecution and hatred. Horrible would be the state of things if the sect to which a man belonged was to be the question at the polls. The Constitution of the land has put its veto on the examination of mens consciences. The matter belongs not to man, it belongs to the rights of conscience, to abuse the sacred character of religious opinions; to make any man the victim of popular persecution or displeasure, or to unite religion and politics should be frowned upon by the American people. If they value their own peace, if they seek to perpetuate their liberal institutions, they owe to themselves to resist any encroachments of fanaticism. On political topics we are one people, no matter what variety of religious sentiments we may have individually embraced. The language of the Globe we adopt with great pleasure, and recommend it to Mr. Bancroft's profound consideration, as the best rebuke on his proceeding that can be given.

"The union of Church and State we have always abhorred, as fatal alike to good government and true religion. We look upon the mingling of religion with political controversies as tending to this result, and therefore ever to be avoided."

In a late number of our paper we noticed from the Limerick Chronicle, the abilities displayed in defence of the Thesis by one of Erin's Sons (J. W. O'Reilly) a student in the high College at Rome. Whilst Ireland claims him as her son, we are proud to claim kindred as the son of an American Citizen: his father the late Thos. O'Reilly Junr. Esq. being (prior to the late war) as partner in an extensive Mercantile House at Philadelphia and subsequently principal of the firms of O'Reilly Young and Co. of London and O'Reilly Hill May, and Co. of Kingston Jamaica. He is also nephew to our friend and respected fellow citizen Mr. Jas. Andw. O'Reilly of this city.

The subject of this article, Mr. Edward O'Reilly is a young gentleman of independent fortune connected with some of the first Ca-

