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Thursday Morning, May 31, 1855

NO GOD.

The following verses Mrs. Lydia Hunsley Sigourney, were suggested, by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower,

That on the wild is found,

Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,

And trembles at the sound;

"No God!"—astonished Echo cries

From out her cavern hoar,

And every wandering bird that flies,

Reproves the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,

The Almighty to proclaim;

The brooklets, on its crystal urn,

How swell the deep and vengeful sea,

Along its silvery track;

The red Venustus opens his mouth,

To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest,

The cocoa's leafy shade,

The bread-fruit bending to its load,

In you far island glade;

The wild geese, that borne by winds,

The raving sparrows' feet,

The moulton on the desert sands,

Confute the scoffer's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high

The forest sun is struck,

And the pale Moon turns paler still,

As such an impious word;

And from their lurking thicket the Stars

Look down with angry eyes,

That thro' a worm of dust should mock

Eternal majesty.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY J. K. FAULDING.

In the region of the renowned Wolfen-trick, Emperor of Trapoban—whose name is not recorded in that species of romance called history—and long before the valiant Knight Errants had slain all the Giants—there lived a large, overgrown monster, called Wapwallop, who, though he had two heads, possessed rather less than an ordinary portion of brains. He was neither wise, learned, nor witty, but what is very remarkable in a giant, excessively good-natured, and instead of preying on the inferior race of beings around him, always did them a good turn whenever it fell in his way. He was very ignorant—for we cannot learn that giants ever went to college—could scarcely read or write, knew no more about primary, secondary, and tertiary formations, than that paragon of ignorance, the man in the moon.

At a little distance from his castle, which was much larger than the Crystal Palace, lived a little dwarf, not more than two feet and a half high, who, though he knew everything, would do nothing. But like most little men, he was excessively vain, looked down, or rather up, with ineffable contempt on his ignorant neighbors, and took every opportunity to show off his learning before the giant, who had a great respect for his superior scholarship. He seldom ventured to set up his opinion in opposition to the learned little man, and when he did, he was sure to get the worst of the argument. The most common subject of dispute was as to the relative superiority of a weak wise man, over a strong, ignorant one. Wapwallop was rather inclined to the opinion that physical qualities—he did not call them so, for he scarcely knew the difference between physical and moral qualities—but he was of opinion that a strong man had the advantage over a weak one whenever it came to the pinch. The dwarf, whose name was Fadladdin, denied this in toto, and so stultified the giant with descants on mental association, scientific combination, division of labor, and the superiority of head-work over hand-work that though he had two heads they were always in a state of hostility, and butted each other like a pair of mad bulls. At length, one day, Wapwallop said to Fadladdin, after one of these discussions—

"Well, my little friend, the proverb says, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Let us go forth into the world and seek adventures. There is nothing like experience, which settles these matters much better than our neighbor, Judge Bridgeway."

The dwarf assented, provided he would not walk too fast, and take him up when tired, and, all things being ready, they set out on their journey.

As they proceeded, the dwarf, who carried a little hammer and a wallet, stopped the giant ever and anon, to pick up a pebble, knock off a piece of a rock, lecture on a thistle, or dissect a beetle to see to what species it belonged. The giant, though, as before stated, one of the best natured fellows in the world, at last got out of all patience, and exclaimed, rather potently,

"What is the use of all this nonsense? Don't you see there is a skinner coming, and we shall be wet to the shin before we can find any shelter?"

"My friend," replied the little dwarf, "don't you know that knowledge is power, and that every new accession increases man's dominion over both water and wind?"

"Hem!" quoth Wapwallop—"Pray give me a sample. You know all about these matters. Can you make a beetle, a thistle, a pebblestone, or a piece of a rock?"

"No," said the dwarf, somewhat abashed—but I know that this piece of rock is primitive, this thistle a new variety, and this beetle of the genus Scarabeus."

"O," answered the other, "I forgot. I might as well talk to a double-headed chain-shot."

"Scar what?" said the giant.

"O," answered the other, "I forgot. I might as well talk to a double-headed chain-shot."

The discussion was interrupted by a flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous clap of thunder. The giant was for hastening on, but Fadladdin held him by his shoe-tye, while he gave him a full and true account of the origin of thunder-storms, and an explanation of the phenomena of electricity. In the midst of his lecture, it began to rain with great violence, and, as they trudged along in the mud, the giant said to his companion:

"My good friend, as you know so much of thunder-storms, I wish you would put a stop to this, for I am drenched to the skin."

"Fish!" said Fadladdin, who, though he had studied philosophy, was very irritable; "I wish to heaven I could conjure a little brain into those two numbskulls of yours."

"Knowledge is power," said the giant, good-humoredly; and they proceeded on their way, until it cleared up into a glorious evening, in the midst of which they arrived at a great Caravansary, where they tarried for the night. This Caravansary had been built by a pious Mussulman for the reception of travelers, a long while ago, and as it is against the conscience of a Turk to repair anything, it had been suffered to fall into decay. Nothing was left but the bare walls, and a row of boards extending along the sides, for sitting and sleeping on. The Turks are a very benevolent people, but their charity only extends to giving lodgings without food; so that our travelers soon found themselves rather hungry. The place was, moreover, very filthy, as there was neither occupant nor housekeeper.

"My learned friend," said the giant, with great simplicity, "I don't exactly know the reason why I am so hungry, except that I have eaten very little breakfast and no dinner."

"Pooh!" replied the other. "That is not the reason of your hunger. You deal only in the second causes, my friend, and never dive into the profound recesses of knowledge."

"You don't say so," said the giant. "Why, I always thought that a man was hungry because he had fasted long, and had nothing to eat."

"No such thing," quoth Fadladdin; "he is hungry because hunger is a want of nature, an original constituent of his physical conformation, entirely independent of his will, and, therefore, not to be controlled. Were it not for this, you might go without eating, without the least inconvenience."

"Well, I declare, knowledge is a fine thing;—but still, whether owing to my not having had any dinner, or to what you call my physical conformation, I am so hungry that if I would eat the example of most giants I would eat you up in a twinkling. But as knowledge is power, suppose you conjure up something for supper."

"I am no conjurer," said Fadladdin, "though I understand something of clairvoyance and spiritual knockings. But let us go forth and try to find something to eat, for I see there are a few cottages hereabouts. Do you go to the right, and I will go to the left, and after making the circuit we can meet here again."

The giant assented, and accordingly they proceeded in different ways. Wapwallop soon came to a cottage where he saw through the window a man just on the point of setting down, cross legged, to a plate of rice and kabobs, the flavor of which saluted his four nostrils most agreeably. Without ceremony, he offered the man a liberal price for his supper, but he, being as hungry as the giant, was unceremoniously refused, whereupon Wapwallop thrust his long arm through the window, upset the inhospitable man, seized his dish, and carried it off in triumph.

On arriving at the Caravansary with his prize, he found his companion not yet returned, and being a very polite person, waited rather impatiently, expecting to see him. The rice and kabobs were cold when he arrived, in a most woful plight, his clothes torn, the remnants covered with mud, and his face black and blue. The giant commiserated his condition, and inquired the cause. Fadladdin informed him that he had visited several cottages, and applied for food, but had been everywhere treated with indignity as a little, contemptible wretch; and on one occasion, being rather importunate, was incontinently beaten and thrown into a mud-puddle.

"Well," said the giant, "though I know I am a great blockhead, you see I have succeeded better than you. But, as knowledge is power, why did not you, who know more than the whole village put together, give them a sample of your might, as I did?"

Fadladdin looked rather foolish, but said nothing, and they sat down to eat their meal. Soon after, Wapwallop, stretching

himself out on his plank, became insensible to everything; for, like all persons of few ideas, he had a happy knack of falling to sleep *extempore*.

The next morning they proceeded on their journey, and soon came to a river which brought them to a full stop, for there was no bridge, and this happened long before ferry-boats were invented, and the water was too deep to be forded by the little dwarf.

"Do you know the reason why rivers never flow up hill?" asked Fadladdin.

"Not exactly," answered the other.

"They can't—they are opposed by the force of gravity. But, being ignorant of this, how do you know they can't flow up hill?"

"Why, because I have seen hundreds of rivers and brooks, and never saw one run up hill in my life. I learnt it from experience."

"Fish! what is experience to a scientific education? If I had never seen a river in my life, or if there was no such thing in existence, I should have known that it could not have overcome the great principle of gravitation."

"Then what would have been the use of your knowledge, my good friend? But don't let us stand talking here, but follow up the river till we find some means of getting over it."

"I remember," said Fadladdin, "from reading an ancient classic, that there is a bridge over this river somewhere, and if we can find it, I will give you a demonstration that knowledge is power, for if I had not known of this bridge how could we ever get over the river?"

Accordingly they passed up the banks of the river, the little dwarf beguiling the way by giving the giant a history of the progress of bridge building, the various materials of which they were composed, the manner in which they were put together, and various other particulars. He was interrupted by their coming to where a bridge had certainly been, at some time or other, but nothing but ruins marked where it had been.

"There!" exclaimed Fadladdin; "there it is, and how should we have found it, but for my knowledge of ancient history? Will you tell me after this that knowledge is not power?"

"Very well," replied the foolish giant; "there certainly has been a bridge here at some time or other, but it is not here now, and your knowledge is of little use to us at present. However as you know all about bridge making, suppose you set to work; here are all the materials ready—Come, begin; there is no time to lose."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Fadladdin. "You talk like a goose, as you are. I know how a bridge ought to be made, but that is very different from making one."

"Hem!" quoth the giant. "Knowledge is power." Saying which, he put the little dwarf in his pocket, and waded across the river without difficulty.

Pursuing their journey, night overtook them on an open plain, without house or landmark to be seen, but the moon was at the full, the stars twinkled bright, and they found no difficulty in pursuing their way. The dwarf beguiled the time by treating Wapwallop with a lecture on astronomy. He told him of the laws that governed the stars, the planets, and all the host of heaven which now had their eyes upon them. He went on to explain the process by which vapors and clouds are formed, and was proceeding to still higher matters, when suddenly they found themselves in utter darkness. A black cloud had gradually enveloped the moon, obscured the stars, and spread over the entire firmament. It was dark as pitch, and they stumbled about among rocks, briars and pitfalls until the little dwarf was quite exhausted, and would proceed no further. He sank down to the ground, and called on the giant for help.

"My dear friend," said Wapwallop, "you understand all about the moon, the stars and the clouds; why don't you exert a little of your power over them, and send the clouds about their business, that we may find our way out of this quagmire into which I have just plunged, ankle deep?"

"Come, bestir yourself, and set this matter right!"

"Ah!" sighed Fadladdin, in a feeble voice, "for a man with two heads, you certainly have less brains than justly comes to your share. I govern the planets, the stars and the clouds! You might as well set a fly to guide the chariot of the sun. Truly you are a great blockhead, like all other giants I have ever read of. I don't believe you have sense enough to make a marriage lawful."

"Hem!" quoth the giant. "Knowledge is certainly power—there is not the least doubt of it."

Saying which, he put the little dwarf in his pocket, and managed at length to stumble upon a forest, where they agreed to rest their weary limbs for the night. All was darkness, rendered more intense by the thick branches of the trees; and the dreary silence was only interrupted by the howling of tigers, wolves, and other beasts of prey, gradually gathering around on every side. The little dwarf crept close to the giant, and, feeling himself now quite safe, and having recovered from his fatigue, began to instruct the giant in the instincts, habits and character of the various animals that were prowling around. He told him how many species of each there were, and in what they differed from each other, and finally talked Wapwallop fast asleep. But he was soon waked up by the outcries of Fadladdin, and, looking around, it

seemed as though the lower branches of the trees were hung with a thousand lamps, that glimmered all around them. The forest rang with a diabolical chorus of howlings, screams and growls, and the lights, as well as the music, approached nearer and nearer. Fadladdin besought the giant to protect him, but he only laughed, and replied:

"You know all about the instincts, habits, and varieties of these animals, and knowledge is power. Why don't you send them about their business, and have done with them?"

"My dear friend, it is no laughing matter. If I were as big and strong as you, I think, upon the whole, I would not, just now, mind being as I would an ignoramus. But I beseech thee, my dear friend, disperse these disagreeable visitors."

The giant laughed so loud that he made more noise than all the wild beasts together, but at length, emboldened by numbers, and impelled by hunger, they came so near that the little dwarf was in agonies, and the giant, breaking off a great limb of a tree, laid about him so stoutly that the howling choir dispersed in great trepidation, and appeared no more that night.

"There," said Wapwallop, "you see there is more power in my right arm, than in all your knowledge!"—and this time the little dwarf was too grateful to call him blockhead.

Emerging, on the morrow, from the forest, they came to a town, where they stopped to rest and refresh themselves, but were struck with the confusion which everywhere prevailed. The women were running about with their children in their arms, and terror was painted on every face. It was with great difficulty they could get anything to eat, and at length were obliged to help themselves. As they sat quietly eating their food, a horrible uproar arose at a distance, approached nearer and higher.

Shrieks, groans and cries of despair were heard on every side, and, before our travelers were aware of the danger, a party of armed Arabs, eager for plunder, and drunk with carnage, rushed in upon them. The poor dwarf was thrust through the body with a spear, and died on the spot; but the giant, seizing the plank on which he had been seated, bestirred himself so lustily, that he soon cleared the room of these ferocious intruders. But he could not bring his little friend to life again, and turning his face desolately towards home, forever left undecided the question of mental and physical superiority, and whether Knowledge was Power.

THE VINEGAR-FACED GENTY.

That very able and ubiquitous sheet, 'Exchange Paper,' gives the following very plain statements, which we commend to the afflicted:

There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny. They hate such people. They are a nuisance and a pest. They make all within their influence uncomfortable. These men have usually made a grave mistake in the estimation of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self-respect. If you are a right-down, clever fellow, wash the morning wood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds. If people "feel above you," why not return the compliment and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a clerk, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself. Deliver us from whining fools who go around like babies telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet that glides through the meadows, and which runs along day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warbling cataraet.—Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God, as he "pours it from his hollow hand."—But one Niagara is enough for the continent or world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden; and that shall flow on every day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the brother, the sister; the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.—Rev. Albert Barnes.

IMAGINARY MONSTERS.—In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to the little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance: "I was going toward the hills," he said, "early one misty morning, I saw something moving on a mountain-side, so strange looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother.—Westminster Review."

KIRWAN'S LETTERS.

TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I entered on the statement of the reasons which yet prevent me from returning to the pale of your church. I adverted only to four; your virtual prohibition of the Bible; the way and manner of your public worship of God;—your ceremonial law, which burdens and crushes, without instructing or correcting the conscience; and the obstructions which you erect between my soul and my God. These, or either of them, would be reason sufficient not merely to excuse, but to forbid, my every returning to your communion. For me to give farther reasons would seem to be a little like your doctrine of Supererogation, which is not among the least of the absurd errors of your inflexible church; but as the argument is cumulative, you will bear with me whilst I proceed to the statement of a few others.

I cannot return to your church, until you cease teaching for doctrine the commandments of men. Permit me here to say, dear sir, that, without a solitary exception, the things which are peculiar to your church,—the things which make it distinctively what it is, are the commandments of men, either in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible, or based upon the most gross perversion of its meaning. In as brief a manner as possible, permit me to illustrate this position.

Your church teaches and enjoins the celibacy of its clergy, in language the most positive; and the Council of Trent hurls its anathemas against all who would assert the contrary doctrine, or who would admit the lawfulness of the marriage of a priest. Thus you forbid the priest to marry—you damn him if he does marry—and you anathematize all who think or say that in marrying he sinned not against God or man. All this, you admit, is so. Now, then, I ask your authority for so teaching. I ask not your ecclesiastical, but your scriptural authority.—Did not the Jewish priests marry? Was not Peter your first pope? This you assert. And was not Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever? Matt. 8: 14. Pope Peter, then, had a wife. Why would it be a mortal sin in pope Pius IX. to have one also? Would he be the less pious or moral on that account? You, sir, are a bishop, how far you are a scriptural bishop, is not now the inquiry. But Paul in writing to Timothy says, "A bishop must be the husband of one wife . . . having his children in subjection with all gravity." And even poor "deacons," the lowest order of your ministry, are thus instructed by Paul, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well." 1 Tim. 3: 12.

Now, dear sir, put these things together, and see in what a position they place you! Peter, your first pope, had a wife, and you damn to the depths of perdition any pope that would, in this respect, follow poor Peter! Chalonier says that he had no commerce with his wife after he was made an apostle! Will you tell me how Chalonier found that out? Deacons and bishops are commanded, or at least permitted to have wives, and you would empty the seven vials of your wrath, and pour all the anathemas of Trent upon the head of the priest or bishop that, in obeying God, would disobey your church!—Is it possible for you and the Bible to be in more direct opposition? It is wrong to conclude that, in thus forbidding to marry, your church gives at least one evidence that it is the Antichrist? Will you favor me, dear sir, with a common-sense exposition of the meaning of Paul, 1 Tim. 4: 3, where he brands "forbidding to marry" as a doctrine of "devils"? If half as literal in the exposition of Paul, as in your exposition of "this is my body," "this is my blood," how will you avoid the inference that you are a devil?

Again; your church enjoins confession under the most stringent rules. To this I have already adverted in former letters.—I advert to it again to illustrate how you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. The Council of Trent teaches that "it is the duty of every man who hath fallen after baptism to confess his sins at least once a year to a priest." It teaches that "this confession of sin is to be secret, for public confession is neither commanded nor expedient." It teaches that "this confession of sin must be very exact and particular, together with all circumstances, and that it extend to the most secret sins, even of thought or against the 9th or 10th Commandment." You know you omit the 2nd Commandment which forbids your bowing to pictures and images, and divide the 10th into two, so as to make up the 9th and 10th, and thus complete the number. On receiving confession as thus ordained, the priest pronounces absolution upon the penitent, "not conditional or declarative only, but absolute and judicial."

When I remember the use which your church has made of this doctrine, and the fearful power which it gives the priest over the people, my heart swells with emotion as I pen these lines; and, like the angel of Manoah's sacrifice, my thanksgiving ascend to heaven, that I have escaped the snare of the fowlers.

Now, sir, let me again turn querist and ask you where in the Bible do you find your doctrine of confession taught? With me the teachings of all your Councils weigh not a feather; give me, if you can, Bible authority. Is there one text from

Genesis to Revelation, which you, as a scholar, will say teaches it? I put this question to you, not as a bishop, but as a scholar. A priest from Maynooth, taught there only to mumble the Mass; or a poor poor unlettered peasant from Mayo or Galway, into whose lips words are put, as into the mouth of a parrot, might quote to me James v. 116, which says, "Confess your faults one to another;" but will you do it? They might tell me that the Pharisees were baptized of John Baptist, "confessing their sins"—that at Ephesus, "many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds"—but will you do it? If James is your authority, are not you bound to confess to me, if I am to you? "Confess your faults one to another;"—if the text teaches auricular confession, I hold you to it. When did you put the poor Irishman, who whispered his sins into your ears, in your seat in the Confessional, and kneeling down outside, whispering through the little square hole cut in its side, your sins into his ears? This would be confessing your sins one to another.—Did you ever do this, Sir? Never, never. I ask you again, not as a bishop, but as a scholar, whether a single text quoted by Chalonier, or Butler, or Hay, gives a shadow of countenance to your doctrine of confession? Lay aside your notions, your cross, your crook, and your canonicals, and look at those texts as simple John Hughes, and then answer my question. How can you account to man or to God for the erection of such an awful institution as Auricular Confession, upon the most perverse perversion of Scripture, a perversion which has neither sense nor wit to excuse it, and without a solitary text or example in the Bible to sustain it? O, why will you do as a priest, what you would not do as a scholar, or as a man?

And, then, what aggravates the whole matter is, that every man who is made a priest, no matter how ignorant or wicked, feels himself divinely appointed of heaven to confess sinners, and to absolve them from their sins! No matter if he is a Judas, he has the same authority to confess and absolve as Peter! A priest, sir, under your own jurisdiction, and I am sorry to say, an Irishman also, was heard thus to address the ostler of the hotel at which he boarded, on returning from Mass on Sabbath afternoon, "Pat, get up my horse I have to go and confess a poor devil who is dying five or six miles out in the country." I would not say this wretch is a fair sample of all your priests; I hope otherwise.—But there are two many like him! And he has the same power to confess and absolve that you have, against whose character I know nothing, save that you sustain a system which you must know to be as false as the Koran.

I would implore you, my dear sir, to review this doctrine of your church. As to the word of God it is baseless as the fabric of a vision. It was unknown in the Jewish church; it is untaught in the Christian Scriptures. It crept into your church during the dark ages. It was nailed upon it at Trent. It is clearly a device of man, and in terrible opposition to some of the plainest precepts of God's word. It gives power to the priest, and enslaves the people. It has been to your church, in every land, a fearful source of corruption. Every thing is beneath you but the truth. Reject the lie, however long it may have been told, and however it may increase your income and influence. No longer prostitute your fine talents and education in maintaining this religious juggler, but send the sinner to the cross, telling him that whatsoever shall there confess and forsake his sin, shall find mercy. In this thing show yourself a man; and the blessings of unborn generations will be upon you.

And could I address myself to every papist upon whom the sun shines, I would say to them all, and especially to those of your country and mine, the doctrine of confession is a priestly device to gain an absolute authority over your conscience. You are no more bound to confess to a priest, than he is to confess to you. And as to the doctrine of Absolution, connected with Confession, it is simply plasmagium. God only can forgive sin. And were it not for the fees connected with your Confession and Absolution, there is not a priest upon the face of the earth that would care a straw about your Confession, or that would commit the plasmagium of forgiving your sins. If bishops or priests will not, in this day of light, cut in pieces the net woven in the dark ages to confine and trammel you, it is in your power to rise and tear it in pieces. Irish Roman Catholics, our fathers fought and bled and died, to obtain for themselves and for us civil liberty. Their blood shed by British bayonets in these struggles for their civil rights, have crimsoned every stream and fattened every field of Ireland. And will you, their sons, bow your necks to a priestly tyranny, which debases you mentally and morally? Will you give yourselves to be led, and rode, and robbed, by priests who come to you pretending that the keys of heaven hang by their girdle, and that it is with them to let you in, or shut you out at pleasure? No man can be a slave whilst his soul is free; nor can any man be free, whilst his soul is in bondage.

There is, Rev. sir, one confession which I freely make to you; my spirit waxes warm when I think or write upon the absurdities of your church—upon its flagrant perversions of the Scriptures—upon its shameful impositions upon the ignorant and credulous—upon the unblushing ef-

frontery with which it teaches for doctrines the commandments of men. And I assure you that my wrath of feeling is not diminished when I consider that a man of your character and country, could consent to be chief workman in this bad business. Irishmen have their faults; but they are not usually those of duplicity, or perversion of the truth. And, hence, whilst they may make good papists, they make bad Jesuits.

I regret to find that I must end this letter without ending my illustrations of the way and manner in which you teach for doctrines the commandments of men.—This I hope to do in my next.

With great respect, yours,
KIRWAN.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself their utterance. Four simple monosyllables, how much of gloom ye convey! How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hopes—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly, but what a clamor—such as a tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not at all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hears something more; for from those words the groan of high aspirations quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up phantom-like, and the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that toots the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word "dead," lingers strangely, and echoes sadly in the ear, and, through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the echo fades amid encircling mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that composes the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mild's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am dead!" More or less signifies resignation, or dependent woe, a fulfillment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at last.

When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands trembled with the fruit of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from his lips as a prayer to heaven.—In them his will harmonizes with his destiny; and the tear that starts for a superior soul about to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness that gleams out of the heart, at the prospective reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the front of Nature's Poesy, may murmur—"When I am dead!" but death to such an one is better, perhaps, than life. His heart holds no music, chiming in cadences to woe and joy; his inward existence is void, and the rough surface of his being checked, though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but little with the panoply of the tomb.

How different, when youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs like the south wind, "When I am dead!" A spirit seems to wait its anthem, an eclipse of the noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature sheeked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must say it some time; for the grave lies at hand yawning through a bed of thorns or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange and fearful import hath it to the utter, but it is a weak phrase only to others, the world.—Who speaks it? many think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we, gentle readers, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest and those who loved us best, will dry their tears as they have all begun to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze above our memory in brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's perdition of goodness.

But it is well thus; 'tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good, we go early to their narrow house.

Tartarus.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you; keep your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

A man cannot properly be said to live, till he rejoices in the well being of others.

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