

TO NAPOLEON.

When the motion was made in the Tribunal of France to confer on you the title of Emperor, and for making that title hereditary in your family. CARNOY, in opposing the motion, asked "whether it was to grant the FIRST CONSUL a reward for his services in the cause of Liberty, to offer to him the sacrifice of that Liberty; whether to confer this title on him was not to destroy his own work, and possibly, himself in the end? What, said he, is liberty, then, disclosed to man only that it may never be enjoyed; only to be snatched from his sight? We are told that this measure is necessary to consolidate the government; but, as all history shows, a government by one individual, is not in the smallest degree a pledge of stability.—The example of the United States of America has proved the practicability of uniting freedom with order; and the high destinies, to which that nation appears to be called, leave no doubt remaining as to the existence of these important truths."

This is the season to recal these truths to your mind, but not for the purpose of insult or reproach, but for that of justifying the principles of liberty. As long as you fought under her banners, victory was your inseparable companion, and the gratitude of millions placed the laurel on your brow. From the moment that you associated your name with that of kings, you began to sink in the estimation of mankind; and when you, at last, allied yourself with them, mixing even your legions with theirs, the eye was unable to follow you in the rapidity of your fall. Afforded a chance of revival even from a state of captivity and banishment, so deeply had you imbibed the infection, that the empty title was resumed. Nay, when the voice of fate had apparently pronounced your eternal seclusion, you must still hand over your abdicated name to your child.

Charge not liberty therefore with the injuries, the insults, the base opprobrium, the horrid denunciations to which, through the English press, you have now been exposed.—Charge not her with these, the natural offspring of cowardice in the hour of triumph over the brave. Charge them on your own desire to rule as a master, where you ought to have administered as a servant; and especially to your more inexcusable desire to take rank amongst, and to make common cause with, those whom the French nation had commissioned you to go forth and destroy.

While seated on your throne in gorgeous robes, surrounded by bowing coronets and mitres, the President of America, had he appeared in his simple attire, would have seemed to you a being, founded by nature solely for the humblest offices of life. Let those who prize external grandeur; let those who desire to rule as masters of men, now behold you subdued by, your person actually in the hands of, and, as is asserted, about to be imprisoned for life by that same power, which he, having the hearts of freemen on his side, foiled in all its hostile attempts and drove in a manner which history will fearlessly describe, from the blazing capital and desolated shores of his country.

Examples so striking, and illustrated by events so momentous, will not, let us hope, be lost upon you, if personal freedom be ever again to gladden your heart, and the admiration of your great deeds, which will always exist, be destined once more to restore you to power. Look at the people of America. No titles of count, duke, prince, emperor, dazzle their eyes. No splendid shows, no objects to gaze at, are necessary to remind them of their duties and of their duties and of their past deeds. Contrast this people with the miserable people of France, who, while they stare at the column of Austerlitz, are paying contributions to pamper the soldiers of Austria, and upon the very bridge of Jena, are trampled under foot by the soldiers of Prussia; while their provinces are overrun by those Bavarians and Wurtembergers, whose sovereigns were elevated to thrones by the valor and the blood of French armies under your command.

In looking back upon mankind, on the interests of so great a part of whom your actions have had an influence, which class do you find to have been the most brave, the most sincere, the most faithful, the most magnanimous? And which the most cowardly, the most hollow, the most perfidious, the most cruel? Your

fate, as it will excite a greater interest than any former event in the history of nations, so it will produce a greater and more lasting effect on men's minds. It will be the beacon, the ever existing warning, to every man who, having the cause of freedom consigned to his hands, shall, in an evil hour, be tempted to convert the valor she has inspired to the promoting of his private views of vain ambition. "That," will it be said, "was the rock on which Napoleon split; Napoleon, in whose name was comprised all that was skillful, generous and brave."

Were the friends of freedom as unfeeling as their adversaries, they would exult in your fall, as the triumph of their principles. For who is it that is fallen? Not "the child and the champion of Jacobinism," as you once had the honor to be styled by the child and champion of corruption; not the darling hero of democracy, with "Liberty and Equality, or Death," inscribed on his banners. No; but an Emperor and King; the son-in-law of the House of Austria; the eulogist, the associate, the friend, the preserver, the restorer, the upholder, the creator of Nobles and Kings. It is not Napoleon, driving the lazy monks from their cells, and scattering to the wind the relics of Superstition; but, Napoleon, crowned by the Holy Father, re-establishing, in some degree, Bishops and Priests, and daily prostrating, in his own person, the interests of Truth before the mummeries of the Mass. It is not that Napoleon, the FIRST CONSUL, who, in the year 1804, formally and specifically and officially charged the English Government with the hiring of bands of assassins to take away his life; but Napoleon, the EMPEROR, the son in law of the House of Austria, who, in 1815, calls that same English government "the most generous" of his enemies.

Still, the friends of Liberty cannot harden their hearts to feelings of exultation, when they look back to your wonderful efforts in her cause. When they behold you rising up amongst the sons of Democracy, marching forth against the privileged orders of Europe; leaving un-subdued not one single sovereign, ruling by Divine right; bringing them all to your feet; enlarging the dominions of some, curtailing those of others; stripping these of their dignities, and bestowing new dignities on those; prescribing the bounds of their alliances, and giving their sons and their daughters in marriage; when the friends of liberty look back on these exploits, which have established forever the superiority of talent over insolent birth, which, in dissipating prejudices, have laid the sure foundation of future freedom, all your errors are forgotten, and whether to exile or to death, you will be followed by the admiration and gratitude of every brave and every free man in every nation in the world. WM. COBETT.

Botley, 6th August, 1816.
* In republishing Cobnett's manly address to Napoleon, we do not mean to cast any reflection on the Catholic sect, creed, or worship. Thank God, all religions are equal here.

Irish Eloquence.

SPEECH

Of Counsellor PHILLIPS, at an aggregate meeting in Dublin, May 19, 1816.

As an Irishman, I feel my liberties interwoven, and the fondest affections of my heart, as it were, entwined with those of my Catholic countrymen; and as a Protestant, convinced of the purity of my own faith, why should I not rather make converts to it by reason than by force, or fraud, or bribery? No; I surrender here the accidental contingencies of my birth, and spur with a proud contempt, all the odious, cruel and degrading advantages with which an illiberal monopoly would invest me. I will not condescend to receive any civil donation for my duty to my God; nor will I step with a blasphemous intrusion, between man and his Maker. I look on it as criminal and accursed sacrilege, to rob even a beggar of the motive for his devotion; and I consider it an insult to my creed to offer me a civil boon for its profession. The hope of a temporal preferment is but a bad prop to the interest of eternity. The bill passing as it is proposed, will, in my mind, strike a vital blow—not at this sect or that sect, but at the very heart of christianity itself.—For I hold it in an axiom, that the incestuous connection be-

tween your church and the state, which it is intended to establish, would do more mischief to the cause of Christ, than all the infidelity since the crucifixion. The sublime disposer of the Christian creed never meant it to be the channel of a corrupt ascendancy. He sent it among us to heal, not to irritate; to associate, not to settle; to collect together, like the baptismal Dove, every creed and every clime and color in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of its protection. This union of church and state, only converts good christians into bad statesmen, and political knaves into pretended Christians. It is, at least, but a foul and adulterous connection, polluting the purity of Heaven with the abominations of earth, and hanging the profaneness of a political piety around the cross of an insulted Saviour. Not all the splendid deisms of Rousseau—not all the infidelity of Voltaire—not all the stubborn impiety of Paine—not all the blood converting blasphemy of Mahomet—

Aimed at the gospel grace so vile a blow, Or proved so deadly and so dam'd foe, As he who washed the thorny garland's gore, Daring to gild a wreath the Saviour wore!

Religion, holy religion—ought not, in the words of its founder, to be "led into temptation"; the hand that holds her chalice should be pure—the priests of her temple should be pure—the priests of her temple should be spotless as the vestments of their ministry; rank only degrades—wealth only impoverishes, ornaments only disfigure her. Her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence inaccessible to human passions. I would have her pure, unpensioned, unostentatious; I would have her, in a word, like the bow of the firmament—her boundaries the horizon—but the only color that adorns her should be caught from the tear of earth as it exhaled and glowed, and glittered in the sun beam of the Heavens! Such is my idea of what religion ought to be. What would this bill make it? a mediant of the castle—a menial of the levee—its manual the red book—its liturgy, the pension list—its gospel, the will of the minister! Methinks I see the stilled and fattened victim of its creation, cringing with a brute supplicancy, through the venal mob of ministerial flatterers—crouching to the ephemeral idol of the day, and like the devoted sacrifice of ancient heathenism, even soliciting the gandy garland that dooms him to the altar, and decorates him to death! I will read to you opinions of a celebrated Irishman on the suggestion, in his day, of a bill similar to that proposed for our oppression—he was a man who added to the pride, not merely of his country, but of his species—a man who robbed the soul of inspiration in the splendors of a pure and overpowering eloquence.—I allude to Edmund Burke, a radiant and venerable name—a name at least to which the sticklers of establishments can offer no objection:

"Before I had written thus far, (says Mr. Burke, in his letter on the penal laws.) I heard of a scheme of giving to the castle the patronage of the presiding members of the Catholic clergy. At first I could scarcely credit it, for, I believe it is the first time that the presentation of other people's alms has been desired in my country. Never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint to another. It is a great deal to suppose, that the present castle would nominate bishops for the Roman church of Ireland, with a religious regard for its welfare. Perhaps they cannot, perhaps they dare not do it. But suppose them to be as well inclined as I know I am, to do the Catholic all kinds of justice, I declare I could not if it were in my power, take that patronage on myself. I know I ought not to do it.—I belong to another community, and it would be an intolerable usurpation in me, were I—
[Here the Dublin paper from which this is copied is defaced.] How can a lord lieutenant form the least judgment of their merits, so

as to discern which of the popish priests is fit to be bishop? It cannot be—the idea is ridiculous. He will hand them over to lord lieutenants of counties, justices of the peace, and other persons, who, for the purpose of vexing and turning into derision this miserable people, will pick out the worst and most obnoxious they can find among the clergy to govern the rest. Whoever is complained against by his brother, will be considered as persecuted—whoever is censured by his superior, will be looked upon as oppressed—whoever is careless in his opinions, loose in his morals, will be called a liberal man, and will be supposed to have incurred hatred, because he was not a bigot. Informers, tale bearers, perverse and obstinate men, flatterers, who turn their back upon their flock and court the Protestant gentlemen of the country, will be the objects of preference; and then I run no risk of foretelling, that whatever order, quiet and morality, you leave in the country, will be lost.

"A popish clergy, who are not restrained by the most austere subordination, will become a nuisance, a real public grievance, of the heaviest kind, to any country that entertains them, and instead of the great benefit Ireland does, and has long derived from them if they are put under bishops who cannot owe their station to their good opinion and whom they cannot respect, that nation will see disorders, of which, as bad as things are, it has no idea. I do not say this as thinking the leading men in Ireland would exercise this trust worse than others.—Not at all! But no man or set of men living, are fit to administer affairs or regulate the interior economy of a church, to which they are enemies!"

Now let me ask you, is it to such characters as those described by Burke, that you would delegate the influence imputed to your priesthood? Believe me, you would soon see them transferring their devotion from the cross to the castle—wearing their sacred vestments but as a masquerade appendage to their fictitious character, and under the degraded passport of the Almighty's name, seeking admission to the pleasures of the court and the spoils of the people! When I say this, I am bound to add, and I do it from many proud and pleasing recollections, that I think the impression of the present day would be late and would be deliable—but it is human nature; and rare are the instances in which a contract with the court has not been the commencement of corruption. The Man of God is peculiarly disconnected with it—it directly violates His special mandate, who took his birth from the manger, and his disciples the first who received the money of power, and it ended in the disgrace of his creed, and the death of his master. If I were a Catholic, I would peculiarly deprecate any interference with my priesthood. I do not think in every respect in which one would wish to behold the delegates of the Almighty that they could be amended.—The Catholic clergy in Ireland are pure examples of the doctrines they promulgate—pious in their habits—primitive in their manners—they have no care but their flock—no study but their Gospel. It is not in the gaudy ring of courtly dissipation that you will find the Murrys and the Frenches, the Blakes, the Derrys, the Moylands, or the Coppingers* of the present day—not at the levee or the longe, or the election riot; no—you will find them wherever good is to be done, or evil to be corrected—rearing their mitres in the van of misery—consoling the captive—reforming the convict—enriching the orphan—ornaments of this, and emblems of a better—preaching their God through the practice of every virtue—monitors at the confessional—apostles in the pulpit, at the death-bed pouring the sacredunction on the agonies of despair. Oh! I would hold him little better than the Promethian robber, who would turn the fire of their eternal altar into the impure and perishable mass of worldly preferment. But, why this interference with your principles of conscience?

* Catholic Bishops of Ireland.

Why is it that they must pull down your church before they will erect your liberties? Why is it, that in the day of peace, they demand securities from a people which in the day of danger constitute their strength? Why? When we were denied every reasonable security they wanted. Was it in 1776 when a cloud of enemies hanging on our coast saw every heart a shield, and every hill a fortress? Were they denied securities in Catholic Portugal? What is their security this day in Catholic Canada? Oh Prejudice, where is thy reason? Oh Bigotry, where is thy blush?—Return, return to us our glorious Wellington, and tell besotted England what was her security upon the summits of Bartossa!—Arise, warriors of the Peninsula! rise warriors from your "gory bed"—rise, and vindicate your suspected loyalty—rise and vindicate your childless parents!—They have no protector now, and the government in whose support you died, wants some security for the allegiance of your fathers! There is not a Catholic family in Ireland, that for the glory of Great Britain, is not sweeping a child, a parent, or a brother, and yet still she clamours for securities! Alas, alas! is it not maddening to reflect, that whilst the English mother mourns the unmitigated memory of her hero, the matron of Ireland has even the melancholy consolation that he died a soldier, withered by the recollection that he died a slave.

I put it thus, because in my soul I believe it, your crime is not that of being Catholics, but Irishmen. All over the world, they are seeking the alliance of your faith, and where has it refused them friendship and fidelity? How can it be to catholicism the object, when every where but at home, they are advancing its interests?—How do I prove it? The Catholic regent of Portugal they conveyed to the Brazil.—Catholic Louis, their very prince embarked for his capital—the Catholic creed they have recognized at Malta—they have, I believe established it in Canada—to the Catholic world they gave towns—to Catholic Ireland they gave chains!—countries they never received their favor—it is for us, their brethren, that they reserve their frowns!

Surely, it is time that this hostility should cease. If ever there was a day when securities were necessary, and I do not think that day ever existed, it now no longer exists. Every reason for them has vanished.—Almost all the world is at peace with England. The Continent is triumphant.—The Peninsula is free. The hapless house which gave birth to Jacobinism, is extinct forever. France is our ally; and it should not be forgotten that an Irish Catholic first, deposed lilies on the tower of Bordeaux.—The Pope has been found not hostile, but complying.—Catholic alliances, abroad have refused the foul aspersions on your faith, and now, this day, at home, you will discard forever all foreign interference. Indeed, if England would only remember the share you had in the sublime (another error) gratitude. But, should she not—should she, with haughtiness, monstrous and unparalleled, forget poor Ireland, she has still to study a tremendous lesson.—The ancient order of France, it is true, is restored; but who restored it? Coalition after coalition has committed away before the conquerors. Crowns were vanishing—Monarchs were but the tenants of an hour.—The descendant of Frederick dwindled into a vessel.—The successor of Charles roamed a vagabond, throneless & abandoned.—Every sun set upon a change.—Every sun dawned upon some new convulsion.—In short, the whole political globe quivered as with a earthquake, and who could to what venerable monument would next shiver beneath the splendid fragments of the French volcanic? What gave Europe peace, at England safety amid this palmy her princes? It was the Landwehr and the Landsturm and its icy en masse—it was emphatically the people—the sovereign people—that first and last, the best and noblest, as well as safest security of a virtuous government. It is a glorious lesson, England ought to study it in this hour of safety.—But, should she not—