

# GEE LONG ADVERTISER, AND Squatters' Advocate.

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## ENGLAND.

### STATE OF THE CHURCH.

From the Times.

The ultimatum of ecclesiastical authority upon the disputed rubrical questions has at length appeared in the shape of a letter to the Clergy and Laity of his province, by William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Assuredly his Grace has taken ample time for deliberation. No one can accuse him of precipitancy in coming forward too soon to interpose the needful weight of his Primacy between the hostile parties. But caution is one of the characteristics of old age,—and indecision, perhaps, is another. The tone of this production, which is intended for a panacea for the sores of the Church, is not marked by that positive condemnation of the offensive innovations which we could have wished for, and without which it will have but little effect. Emanating from one so high in rank, and possessed of so much power, it should have spoken unambiguously and pointedly—not have left the matter pretty nearly where it was before. If its purpose was to satisfy the people, the Archbishop may be persuaded that he has erred widely of his mark; for although he does not encourage nor command the alterations in Divine service, yet the fact of his allowing their continuance where they are actually in use will induce persons to conclude that he does not totally disapprove of them. This has a bad aspect for the desired end of peace and unity. After weighing the merits of the two opinions on this subject, this is all that the Archbishop can do to bring it to a final settlement—to let things go on as they are! Surely if, as he says, "it must also be granted that the intention of the Church is not always clearly discoverable from the language of the rubric, nor determinable with absolute certainty from the records of early practice,"—if it be so, we may well ask, why tolerate any departure from the custom that has so long existed among us, and which his predecessors and prelates, not less highly gifted, have so long sanctioned, and the clergy and laity of so many generations have uniformly adopted?

We are ready to concede most fully the claims of deference which the years and the station of Dr Howley demand, but we cannot from that cause deceive ourselves into the belief that the letter he has issued will secure any eventual unanimity between the contending parties. Mildness and humility are very excellent qualifications in any Churchman, but there are many other attributes essential to the formation of an Archbishop's character, who, in an emergency like the present, ought not to have written as if he had been simply the unconsidered incumbent of Addington. Does he really mean to say, Archbishop and Metropolitan of all England as he is, that "in the case of churches where agitation prevails, and nothing has been definitely settled, it is not possible to lay down any general rule which may be applicable to all circumstances?" Why not? What hinders him from insisting on the return to old usages in such instances as these, where summary judgment is particularly called for, and where, indeed, the violence of the existing strife imperatively requires his interference? Or, if he be ever so "unwilling to pronounce a judgment," he might at least so strongly recommend what we suggest, that no clergymen could evade his recommendation without virtually resisting the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so becoming deservedly obnoxious to universal censure—a position that few would covet. Meanwhile, it is in vain for him to urge "mutual forbearance," and to say that "a regard for the spiritual interests of our brethren ought to put a stop to contentions which, besides the offence against charity, engage much time and ability which might be infinitely better applied," or to entreat those to whom he writes "to consider whether the peace of the Church should be hazarded by prolonging an unprofitable controversy." We beg his grace to understand, what perhaps has not yet penetrated within the precincts of Lambeth, that the laity have been roused into formidable hostility to these novelties, and will not, until they are discarded, be pacified by smooth words and civil advice. From one who holds his high office they expect commands,

not entreaties. They are tired of waiting for redress. They have been irritated and defied, foiled in their appeals to episcopal authority, sometimes roughly answered, and rarely conciliated till no other course remained. With Englishmen this has ever proved the worst of methods that could be tried; and now that their sympathies are keenly enlisted on behalf of the Church, is it grateful or reasonable to check our zeal by disgusting them with innovations which they regard with jealousy and even alarm? It seems agreed on all hands that these changes are of no material consequence, and do not bear upon any vital point of doctrine. It is really idle to entertain the question. Churches are emptied, congregations scattered, clergymen rendered odious, families set at variance, because those whose high position requires them to take order for the adjustment of these differences will not come forward promptly and effectually. The time will arrive, we fear, when this energy of the people may be arrayed against that very institution for the purity of which they are now determined to battle to the utmost. Is it worth while, is it necessary to thwart and exasperate them?

However, they must now abide by the result of their own efforts. If they would be rid of the mummeries and extortions which superstition or the desire of influence has thrust upon them, they must, each in his own parish, where the offence continues, protest and unite against it. By every constitutional and peaceful means, without uproar or tumult, they must adopt whatever appears the speediest mode of accomplishing their object. There is nothing so irresistible as a calm, persevering opposition to what men have reason to believe illegal, and what they feel to be injurious.

To their own exertions the laity are indebted for so much of concession as they have already obtained. They must throughout trust to themselves; and there can be no doubt, that with the tacit acquiescence of those who ought to take the lead, but whom natural indecision or infirmity condemns to a timid neutrality, they will at the last emancipate from childish or offensive innovations, and return to their churches to enjoy once more, and without interruption, the form of Divine worship to which they and their forefathers have been ever habituated and attached.

In conclusion, we call the attention of our readers to this fact—that the pastoral letter to which we have been advertising cannot be the letter which was addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishop of Exeter, and which worked so marked a change in the language and mandates of the latter prelate. The Bishop of Exeter's letter to the clergy of his diocese is dated Bishopstowe, the 8th, and the Archbishop's present letter is dated Lambeth Palace, the 11th, of January. The difference in these dates is material.

### IRISH POLITICS.

From the Times.

It must be confessed that we live in puzzling times. The solidist Popish faction in Ireland is now literally at open railing with the Pope; and Mr Daniel O'Connell, in the spirit and with the zeal of an Orangeman, is lecturing a "Protestant Ministry" on the obligation of their oaths of supremacy and allegiance.

We have always thought ourselves that some such dislocation would one day be forced on, but we were hardly prepared for one so rapid or complete as the present. The religious element of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has proved too strong for the political, and has at length outweighed Mr Daniel O'Connell. It was impossible, if the Romish Church in Ireland retained one spark of the real principles or sentiments of Catholicity, that it should long be otherwise. It was impossible that she should go on long in any, even tacit, concurrence with the seditious and revolutionary course struck out by Mr O'Connell, without forfeiting entirely her claim to the rank and character of a Christian institution. It was impossible for her, consistently with her express and fundamental profession, to go on palliating rebellion without a protest, or paucifying the selfishness of mere virulent partisanship without disruption and opposition.

That protest and that opposition have, at length come; and now we see who they are that prefer themselves and their own selfish objects to the religion which they have been professing to serve and to struggle for. The rupture between the Romish Church and the Irish mob-

ocracy is daily becoming more apparent and complete. The repeal newspapers are denouncing the Roman Catholic clergy. Congregations are called upon to desert their Chapels. In our paper of this morning will be found an account of an outrage at a Roman Catholic chapel at Castletown, in the county of Cork, which is itself a very significant sign of the times. Mr O'Connell too, with the myrmidons of his association, have, on their parts, very distinctly taken their line. "No Popery" is their cry now. Mr O'Connell has played off the first fiddle in a new Protestant agitation, and all his men behind him chime in a chorus from Mr Smith O'Brien down to Mr Secretary Ray.

The head "Pacifier" begins. The keynote of his epistle is his oath of supremacy. The oath incorporated in, and imposed by, the 1st and 2d of William and Mary, chapter 2, section 3,—the oath of "the great and good" King William, of "pious, glorious, and immortal memory,"—is now literally taken up and enforced by Mr Daniel O'Connell. Could Exeter-hall itself wish for a more signal victory than this?

Well, indeed, might the "Catholic interest" exclaim—

"Aute leveas ergo pascentur in where cervi,  
Et freta desuper nudos in litore pices;  
Aute, preratis ambonum sinibus, exul  
Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,  
Quis nostram illius labatur pectore vultus?"

But neither stags in balloons nor fish swimming on dry land can compare to the glorification of the hero of the Boyne, of the king who freed us from "Popery, slavery, brass farthings, warming-pans, and wooden shoes" by the great "Emancipator" himself. Here is Mr O'Connell's admonition:—"What a ludicrous situation the Ministry are in, in having procured from the Court of Rome such a letter" (as the receipt against Repeal) "in direct opposition to the oaths they have taken that the Pope has not, nor ought to have, directly or indirectly, any power, authority, or jurisdiction, civil or religious, within this realm!" Thus far Mr O'Connell;—the Repeal Associationists strike in their leader's wake, and it will be seen how quickly Mr O'Connell's seven men in buckram swell with his followers into thirteen. A Mr Reilly informed his brother Repealer, that "the Ministers of England are sworn to hold no communication with Rome (!), and yet in the face of that oath negotiations had taken place. Why had this intercourse with the hilt of the seven hills taken place?" And again; the same speaker "had the most profound veneration for the Pope in his spiritual capacity;" but, although he was a firm, but very unworthy, member of the Roman Catholic Church (we should think so too) no Protestant in the land would stand up more determinedly against his usurpation of any temporal authority. In temporal matters, he valued the opinion of his Holiness as little as he did that of Sir Robert Peel.

Another Repealer "set the temporal authority of the Pope at defiance," and declared "the English Roman Catholic agent at Rome to be a contemptible wretch." A third "firm but unworthy" Roman Catholic informed "the people of Ireland," that "British gold was no doubt circulating in the city of the seven hills," but "gold and missionary, Pope and all, would fail." But this is not all. The distinction attempted between spiritual and temporal authority is soon thrown over. A certain Mr O'Neil daunt speaks out boldly. "The question now is," says he, "between the Pope and Repeal; give me then Repeal at once, and no Popery. I make no subtle distinctions about temporal and spiritual matters; if the Roman Catholic Church will not go for repeal, down with her at once." But we will quote the ipissima verba of the dauntless Daunt:—

"The chartered (?) principle of the Repeal Association was, that Irishmen alone should make laws for Ireland, govern Ireland, or dictate in her political affairs, and to that principle they were determined to adhere. (Vehement cheering!) The fools at the other side of the water having failed (?) to put down Repeal by force or fraud, now thought to deter the people of Ireland by insidiously endeavouring to act upon the Catholic clergy through the instrumentality of the Pope's receipt; but he could tell them, that if the Catholic priesthood, who had sprung from the people . . . were to desert the cause of Repeal, their influence over their flocks would not be worth five minutes' purchase, and the people, no longer having respect for them, would instantly desert them. (Loud cheers.) He did not say this by way of threat to the clergy" (of course not!), and he concluded by (most reverently) likening the receipt of the Pope to a mandate issuing from the bureau of the Grand Turk."

Again we are tempted to ask, are we in Dublin or in the Strand,—in the Repeal Association, or at Exeter-hall? The Pope has "no jurisdiction, civil or religious, within this realm" of Britain,—not a shadow, not a tittle, not a jot, we will resist the first assertion of such a power by him to the very last drop of our blood; and we charge you Protestants with treason and perjury for daring

to palter with this hateful crime. This is certainly a very odd sort of protest to emanate from the most Popish party "within this realm." Yet such is now the language, and in part the very words of the "pacifying" Mr O'Connell.

But what are the real facts? Why, the Pope's receipt, such as it is, is actually a disclaimer of temporal jurisdiction—an injunction to the clergy of the Romish Church in Ireland not to meddle with Repeal or any other political matter, one way or the other. The pretence that any countenance or procurement of such a document as this is contrary to the oath of supremacy, is so infinitely absurd as really to create a doubt whether the ill-prospects of the Repeal "cause" had not affected Mr O'Connell's sanity. If it is contrary to the oath of supremacy to know and believe what is a simple fact—viz. that there is a body of ecclesiastics in Ireland who, in their spiritual capacity, consider themselves bound, though the law does not, to obey the Pope of Rome, why then it is contrary to the same oath to know that Romanism exists at all—contrary to it to speak to a Roman Catholic—contrary to it to look at him—contrary to it to be told that he is, or may, or can be. If this be so, let him be extirpated at once from the limits of the "realm," for he is a walking perjury. But if, on the other hand, it is an undeniable fact that there is a body of Irishmen who voluntarily recognise a spiritual, but not a temporal power, in the Bishop of Rome—if it is an undeniable fact that the exercise of such a spiritual authority over these persons, but over no other, is recognized and acknowledged, but certainly not enforced, by law,—how, in the name of common sense, can the admission of these facts militate with an oath imposed on other persons, to the effect that such other persons do not on their part recognise such authority, or admit either its legal obligation or its abstract propriety? How can it possibly militate with such an oath as this to direct and wield these facts for the general benefit of the country at large?

But we are glad to see that the great majority of the more respectable Irish Roman Catholics, and in particular the great body of the clergy, by no means sympathize with his new political incendiaryism of Mr O'Connell. The address of the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Dublin to Dr Murray, in support of his recent adoption of the Bequest Act, appeared in our paper of yesterday, and will have been read with interest and gratification. In the face of such a support as this Mr O'Connell's opposition will be powerless.

### LITERARY NEWS.

Mr Monckton Milnes, M. P., is preparing a 'Life of Keates' for this purpose, all the necessary papers have been placed in his hands by the family. He is also going to bring out, at his own expense, a sumptuous edition of Keates' works. This is a rare but proper tribute from one poet to another; rare, perhaps, because poets are seldom able to afford such tributes.

It was announced last week that her Majesty had conferred an annual pension of £100 on Mr Hood. We understand that the pension is settled, not on Mr Hood, but on his wife, for her life, and that the agreeable task of communicating this reasonable and gracious act to the suffering poet was intrusted to a brother poet, Mr Monckton Milnes.

Mr Macvey Napier, the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' contradicts the report that Mr Stephen, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, had written an article on New Zealand for the Review.

Several new periodicals have commenced an existence with the new year. Three at the price of one shilling, and each very different in its size, character and appearance. Highest in purpose is 'Parker's London Magazine,' addressing "heavy churchmen and loving subjects,"—"disclaiming all connexion with parties in the Church, as parties,"—avoiding questions "which we cannot settle,"—and "longing to see the Church of England what her old parochial theory makes her, and what, in the language of eulogy, she is styled, the Poor Man's Church."—Douglas Jerrold's 'Siding Magazine' has, too, a steady, serious purpose to be worked out in a different way—in a fashion which Dickens may be said to have originated. Then the well-known George Cruikshank addresses his numerous admirers with his 'Table Book,' for a shilling, in co-operation with Gilbert a Beckett, famous for his 'Comic Blackstone' in 'Punch.'

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mr Henry Betty, the son of the celebrated "Young Roscius," appeared here for the first time on Saturday night,

but with very partial success. The physical requisites of early manhood, fine form, and intelligent features, though wanting in variety of expression—did not compensate for the absence of scholarship and refinement. At the conclusion, Mr Henry Betty was called before the curtain and greeted with cheers, mingled with considerable dissent.

Sheridan Knowles has not been idle; he has written an opera for Messrs Cramer and Co. They are to find a composer for the music. The idea was an excellent one of first securing a good libretto before venturing on the music. A good story will make very indifferent music pass. Knowles has also written a five-act comedy for the Haymarket, in blank verse, of course. Douglas Jerrold has a prose five act comedy also at that theatre, to be produced when 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' ceases to be attractive.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE SQUATTER.

I'll sing the loyal volunteer,  
Who goes a nation's path to clear—  
Civilization's pioneer—  
The Squatter!

Who penetrated first the wood,  
The deepest, thickest, solitudes,  
And ventured for his country's good?  
The Squatter.

When none but savage eye had seen,  
The valleys clad in richest green,  
Who pointed out each cautious scene?  
The Squatter.

Who journey'd on to wilds unknown,  
Daring the savage hordes alone,  
And made their wastes our blooming home  
The Squatter.

Who clothed the hilllock's side with grain,  
Who peopled with his flocks the plain,  
And broke stern desolation's chain?  
The Squatter.

Who oft a despot's gripe must feel,  
Nor gainst his fiat can appeal—  
Fear makes him oft his wrongs conceal?  
The Squatter.

Who when his rustic homestead's rear'd,  
And future prospect somewhat clear'd,  
Has half his flock drove off and spear'd?  
The Squatter.

Who took and first possess'd the land,  
Where haughty settlers' villas stand,  
Who now in pride plebeian brand,  
The Squatter.

Who cram each year the spacious hold,  
With bulky cargoes, nor will hold,  
To freely spend their hard-won gold?  
The Squatter.

### OH! SING AGAIN THAT MELODY.

Oh! sing again those tuneful notes, I often  
loved to hear,  
That sweet and plaintive melody, to memory  
so dear;  
The scene is changed since last I heard that  
sweet delightful strain,  
But strike the chord, 'twill waken up, and  
bring me back again.

In recollection's busy face, to where when  
young and gay,  
I spotted on the light green sward, beneath  
the moon-side ray;  
And with my youth's companions, with loyal  
mirth and glee,  
We chased each careless pleasure round,—  
ah! who so gay or free.

Where are they now, the friends of youth,  
the bold and daring brave,  
That sought with me each rival, the mountain  
glade and cave;  
Or in our tiny shallop we plied up on the  
brook,  
Or sought the feathered eyrie in every branch  
or nook.

One sought the sea for his career, in early  
life he fell,  
And Aere's booming cannon toll'd the youthful  
sailor's knell;  
Another sought the Indian shore, an honest  
heart and brave,  
He found 'neath Cabal's fated pass an ho-  
nourable grave.

And one consumption seized as hers, a me-  
lancholy prey,  
The Italian balmy air he sought, the dire  
disease to stay;  
If one of all had linked a tie more closely  
round the heart,  
Twas he,—but it was willed by heaven that  
we should part.

Then sing again those tuneful notes, I often  
loved to hear,  
That sweet and plaintive melody, to memory  
so dear;  
The scene is changed since last I heard that  
sweet delightful strain,  
But strike the chord, 'twill waken up, and  
bring me back again.

F. H.