

**A CRY TO IRELAND  
AND THE EMPIRE**

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A Cry to Ireland and the Empire by An Irishman

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**AN IRISHMAN**

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## INTRODUCTION.

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A CRY TO IRELAND would seem rather to want an apology than to warrant an introduction; but, as no apologies are offered for those raised in and from there, a single one, if only for novelty's sake, may be allowed its address and fair course, even on that score perhaps deserving of a little indulgence.

Irishmen have such an easy and good humoured way of relieving the timid from the embarrassments attending an introduction, that with them the preliminaries would be soon settled without protocol, if there were not other parties to please who require more formality. With these, originality, acquaintance, character, station, and the like, are requisites; but herein are they sought for in vain. Such do not appear engaged in Ireland's cause. All seem turned away, with a sort of general aver-

sion, at this moment in England, from alluding to the country in any way.

There is actually a sort of *ban* as applicable to the name of Ireland, under which numerous lovers of that land are pining, and if one of them presumes to give humble utterance to his feelings, it is not for the purpose of speaking of persons, but of things of the extremest importance to us Irishmen.

The mere inspection of his title page will secure the author, he thinks, some indulgence amongst his countrymen, but it will, at the same time, afford such slender grounds of hope for anything excellent or effective from such a nursery, that he must rest himself almost totally by *truth* and *reason*, the two great essentials of the social fabric, but which in our country are reduced to a state of beggary. Like that class are they contemned, and hence is society there in a disjointed, rotten state, unlike any thing of the kind in the world.

*Truth* and *reason* mainly compose that *Light Tower* that has guided England into the haven of her greatness; clothed in their livery alone, and under their protection, the author will appeal to the public for a little of their patience to lead them through his honest exposure in the following sheets, in the words of him who was indeed a Roman!

“ Countrymen and lovers I hear me for my cause . . . .  
 . . . . . censure me in your wisdom, but  
 awake your senses that you may the better judge.”

SHAKSPEARE.

Curiosity may inquire who or what the author may be. In satisfaction he begs to declare, that he has not the most distant acquaintance with any person named in the book, nor with any person in the Government, nor in any former one, which will go far to gain for him an acquittal of any feelings of private hostility, and of transferring to public grounds alone any censure that may appear to have forced itself into the work.

Some liberality may be entertained towards a member of that *ancient family*, the Irish, who were probably the great patrons of what is called, in *Don Quixote*, the *Milesian Fables*, a name supposed to be purely patronimic, which tended all to pleasure and no instruction; but more especially when he is so degenerate from the old stock as to denounce this love of ours for *fiction* as most hostile to our repose and our best interests, and as almost intolerable, except in the cases where it assimilates so nearly to *nature and truth*, as to be advantageously made their substitute.

In this family *penchant* of ours for *fiction* or *rhodomontade*, have been bottomed many efforts at great objects in past and present times. It gives

its chief existence at the present moment to the *repeal of the Union*, which, though base and baseless, is too important to be left unexposed, or without sufficient data to guide even children in judging of its worthlessness, if they will not remain willingly blind in the dark.

It is this passion, in some of its shapes, that has lured thousands of Ireland's children to their ruin, like some young ladies who were brought to London, a few years ago, to their early graves, under its influence. Like them, the innocent victims of the *repeal quacks* are rubbing-in and inhaling, persuaded, *as were* the dear young ladies alluded to, that *their evident hoyden health* is but an index of a lurking and rapid decline; and that to guard against the galloping consumption not yet arrived at the *paulo-post-futurum*, they must submit to inhalation, infriktion, irritation, sickness, sloughing—death.

Far is the author from intending to disparage the gentleman, or his peculiar system, supposed here to be alluded to. The rich alone could be its objects, who can well protect themselves, and when they do not, we may attribute it to that compensation observable to close inspection throughout, which, on a fair balance of account, perhaps leaves little in their favour. He has likely done some good in reducing some of the *proud flesh*. But



there the poor are in no danger, but from *other empirics* of the great family *Es-cheaters of Munster*, as some great gentlemen used to be called, who go about the country exhibiting to the people their mountebankism, in regard to repeal, against which they cannot guard, but, nothing loth, they swallow the medicines with the marvellous.

As an anchorite, the author has observed for years from his nook, with grateful astonishment, the generosity and liberality with which his country has been treated, encouraged, emboldened, endowed, by England; more especially within the last few years, when she seems to have left to herself nothing more to give away, and that *the Creator* seems to have drawn largely upon his benefits in her favour. But that she should be still, still *distracted Ireland*, fills his bosom with grief and with shame at the recklessness and apparent ingratitude of his countrymen, affording too much reason to think them restless, incapable, perhaps unconscious, of solid political enjoyment of freedom for any length of time, and that they would be the better to be used like the spaniel, who the more he is beat is the more loving slave.

The conduct of Irishmen on the present occasion is qualified to excite a feeling of hostility to them through the rest of the empire, which may not be soon allayed, arising from a conviction that

there is a *malus animus*, an essentially foreign or treacherous quality, innate in the Irish Catholics, almost incompatible with their fitness for the British Constitution. The services rendered to the cause of *reform* have been fairly appreciated, but their recollection will not outlast the *unholy agitation* of the *repeal* in which they are now engaged, with strong appearances of the malediction of Heaven being yet attached to that land.

The *Union* is irrevocable: a divorce is not to be had. No power on earth can sever the two countries while England continues unwilling: and if she gave her consent, it would only ensure the ruin of Ireland. The latter would become a wide wilderness, as unknown to the civilized world as she was to the Roman Empire eighteen hundred years ago, which constituting that world, rejected Ireland as too barbarous to be admitted among its members. To this state do we appear willing to return, as, surely we cannot be weak, vain, or mad enough to think that England would ever allow us, in a state of *separation*, what she now does in a state of *Union* with her. Gentlemen amongst us may be led by their passions of ambition, jealousy, personal hatred, and others to think of France, Spain, or America, as a new and preferable associate for Ireland, for she could not stand alone: but the people of Ireland surely will show or declare, that they hold no com-

munity of feeling with such capriciousness and recklessness, and that nothing, after all, can seduce them from their attachment to honest England.

The author has issued from his obscurity to point out to his countrymen a gathering storm which seems impending over them, but which he devoutly prays may pass away, and not burst upon them; brought down perhaps by those *Conductors*, of which there are too many in the land, it has almost grown into a nuisance, that must be abated or it will place us in peril some day of being blasted by the lightning; it being now found too dangerous an abode for any one that can quit.

Well! the professed object of the *repealers of the Union*, is to re-create, to revive, *parliaments* in Ireland. Could such a body exist twelve months unlike the old stock of parliaments? This subject is examined in the following sheets, in which the author unceremoniously exposes a long course of political and other criminality in those *pseudo-parliaments of Ireland*, exceeding in enormity that of any known legislature in the world.

Ausi omnes immane nefas, ausoque potiti.

VIRG.

They dared prodigious crimes, and realized their daring.

This is a character which has never been disputed. All persons who knew those parliaments,