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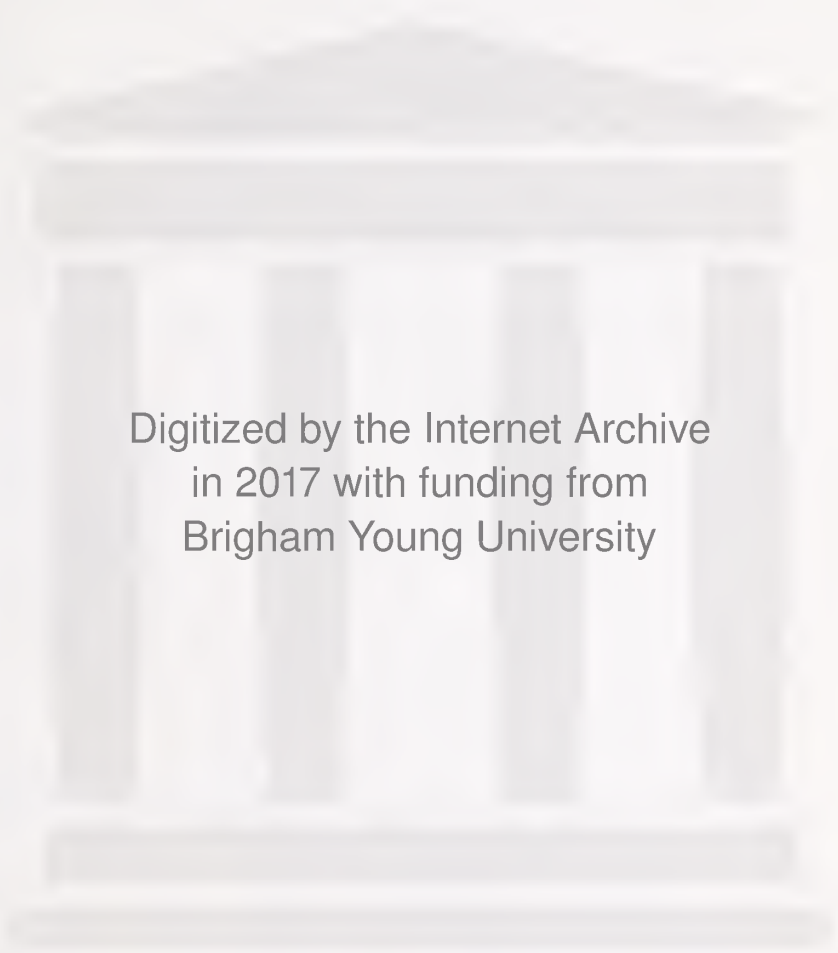


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John Hamilton 1853

# EVENINGS WITH THE PEOPLE.

## THE WORKMAN AND HIS WORK,

### AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

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OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.—AUTHOR OF

“THE BATTLE DAY,”—“THE EMPEROR’S VIGIL,”—&c.

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# EVENINGS WITH THE PEOPLE.

## THE WORKMAN AND HIS WORK.

### PART I.

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I INVITE your solemn consideration of a subject, the importance of which no tongue can overstate. On it the safety of property, the protection of life, the duration of the empire, depend. It is the relation of rich to poor, of man to man, of capital to labour, of the work of man's hands to the hands that make it. I ask your patience and forbearance while considering this subject. I shall seek to avoid all that may give irritation to any, while sacrificing truth to none. I am convinced that this country is on the brink of mighty changes. They are imperative and unavoidable; but the character of those changes, and their result, depend on what is done before the crisis comes. To make those changes safe and constitutional, to render them the joint work of fraternising classes, cemented by mutual friendship and one common interest, I labour now. They may be thus effected. I offer you the means. It still is time to grasp them. I hold in my hand the clue to extricate you from the labyrinth of conflicting interests and social misery: and though that hand be feeble, even the poorest lamp may bear the light that shows the pages of immortal truth to the perusing eye. May we progress in calmness and friendship with our holy task: but should harsh class-prejudice despise the warning, and titled pride reject the means of safety, then some of us, mayhap, will meet on stormier day, and sterner arbitration may decide the issue.

To-night let us calmly reason. To facilitate this, I will divide the subject for our consideration into the following sections:

1. The relation of labour and capital.
2. The condition of the British workman.
3. The causes for that condition.
4. The remedies for its evils.

Firstly, then, whence comes capital? From its first penny to its last pound it has all flowed out of the hands of the working man. I care not who holds it, or whether the holder came to it by inheritance. Whence did his father obtain it? From *his* father, perchance; but go back far as you list, how was it first obtained? From the labour of others; of others—mark the word. No capitalist ever made his own capital. I grant you that one man by hard work, by sobriety, by prudence, by cleverness, may make and save a little money. But how can he turn that little into much?—become, in the current sense of the term, a capitalist? He cannot become so until he employs the labour of others. We are told of men growing rich by their own labour. No man ever did so. It is only when a man begins to employ the labour of others, and ceases to work himself, that he grows rich. I do not blame him for that. To give employment is good, and to grow rich is not in itself wrong; but all depends on how that employment is given, and how those riches are amassed. If they are gathered out of the ruin of the people they are blood-money. The workman, then, creates all the capital of a country.

I ask further, what is capital? and I speak here of the capital created by man's industry as distinguished from the capital of nature's universal bank—a bank that never breaks and never swindles, that honours every draught when drawn by labour's hand, as ready to lend to the poor as to the rich, but ever closed upon the dissolute and idle. What, I ask, is capital? It is the surplus that rests after the cost of production and the producer's consumption. Capital is what remains after the article is manufactured, the labour paid, and the employer supported.

If the latter lives royally out of the weekly gains of trade or land, capital is that which he lays by out of his weekly income, over and above his weekly expenditure. I do not complain of that, but I do not see why he should have the entire surplus, and the workman none. The employer lives sumptuously and saves a fortune: the workman lives starvantly and saves nothing. I am no communist—no anarchist; but I say, the portions are too unequally divided, or rather there is no division at all. I am not for an equal sharing of property, I never knew a sane man who was, but I do not see why the creators of all property should have no property at all. That is another, and a far more dangerous extreme. I claim for the workman a competence in his old age, with a right as good as that wherewith the capitalist claims a fortune for his own. Sirs, the workman grows poorer the older he becomes—the more wealth he has created, the less wealth he has himself. You may tell me, if the workman does not drink beer, or smoke, or take butter or sugar, he may save a little money. Sheer nonsense! If this holds good with the unit it is folly as regards the many: for the less the workman consumes, the less power of employment does he give to the employing classes, and wages fall accordingly. But, granting this, the employer takes all this and more, and makes a fortune. Why should the workman have to deny himself comforts and barely live, when the employer riots in luxuries and grows a capitalist notwithstanding? The workman, then, receives none of the capital of the country; and though there are exceptions among the high-paid trades, yet, speaking of the bulk of labour, manufacturing and agricultural, I fearlessly assert that the condition of the Hindoo pariah, the Russian serf, and the negro slave is not so bad as that of the English working man. While in work, the workman is a slave—when out of it, a criminal, estimated and treated as such by the laws of England.

What, then, is his condition? When he enters the world to tread the race of life, you weight him with the misery of the departing generations. Instead of the parent supporting the child, the child has to support the parent. Prematurely old by hunger and overtoil, the child stands between the father and the workhouse—no! rich man! he stands between the workhouse and your pocket—and, not content with having worn one generation out in making you rich—not content with using up a second generation in making you richer, you force the latter, the tender childhood of our country, to support you in your wealth, and those whom you have beggared, in their beggary, at the same time. Does the young toiler try to extricate himself from the mesh? Whither shall he turn? He is chained—chained hand and

foot—body and soul—by links as viewless as the ethereal bonds that hold the earth within its orbit—but stronger than the adamant that roots its hills to their foundation. Does he strive to labour for a living? Ah! he must ask your leave. Does he turn to the land? Not an acre can he have. Does he seek the power of manufacturing on his own account? It is your's. Does he try to save money, that he may have a mill or workshop of his own? Save money—when he has to support the beggary you made, and make the wealth you covet. Except in isolated instances, impossible desire. I grant that here and there a workman may, as I have said already, save a little money, and rise at the expense of the labour he employs. You boast of this, and say; “See! how good our system is; any workman may become an employer.” But “any” cannot—only a few can—and that at the expense of others. A beneficent system that, which holds out the opportunity to a few to become oppressors—and gives that as a good reason why the many should let themselves be oppressed! The workman, then, cannot work except by permission of a master. God gave him a labour-strength to sustain himself, and you say he shall not use it without your leave.

But can the workman obtain work for the asking, and on such terms as ensure happiness and comfort? So far is he from this, that the bestowal of work is looked on as a favour, and a vast labour-surplus is unnaturally, designedly, and criminally maintained in this country—maintained without any necessity, or even the shadow of an excuse; maintained to suit the selfish ends of a despotic few. I will vindicate these words in an after section of this address. By means of this labour-surplus, those who are in work are weighed down and prevented from rising by those who are out of work. Lest the worker should mount too high, an unwilling idler is chained to his side, and keeps him perpetually under water. Through that unwilling idler you dictate his terms of wage, you coerce his personal freedom, you clip his earnings as you list; and on his competing poverty you found the crushing answer: “if you do not like my terms, you are at liberty to go; of those starving myriads there, every one is ready to accept my offer and assume your place.” Thus the workman's receipt of work is a favour, and the terms of his remuneration are out of his power to decide, or even influence. The laws of competition are reversed with him: instead of the purchaser competing for the article, it is the article that competes for the purchaser. If the capitalist sells an estate, it is the purchaser who competes for it, and the estate goes up. If the working man sells himself, it is he who competes for the



England. I have alluded to the case of poor men out of employment and penniless, in search of work, and stated that even such a search would be considered a crime. Listen to the proof:

"Mr. Walker (*Stainland Guardian*) said he had known an instance of a man having started for the harvest in the Midland Counties without a shilling in his pocket.—Mr. Farnell thought that man could not have been sane.—Mr. Walker said he was obliged to leave without money. He was one from his own neighbourhood, and surely Mr. Farnell would not have that honest man committed."

Mr. Farnell would, though, and joked as he ratified the sentence; after which, the guardians greatly rejoiced at Mr. Farnell's logic, unanimously passed him a vote of thanks, and that person went back to his splendid home and sumptuous dinner. Well may there be 58 lunatics in the pauper wards at Halifax!

You have heard at times a boast about the decrease of pauperism, and been told it was because the working-classes were becoming better off. The secret of the diminution is revealed—it is not because of increasing prosperity, but of increasing severity, that it has decreased at times. Those who received relief once, receive the treadmill now. But it has not diminished, it is increasing vastly. The Mayor said,—

"The inhabitants could not walk along the streets without being importuned by beggars, and their houses were scarcely free for an hour together from the visits of this class of persons. When told their proper course was to apply to the relieving officer, they said that he had refused to relieve them."

But even despite this swarm reduced to beg in the streets, besides those locked up at hard labour and on the treadmill, Mr. Farnell said,—

"In 1854 the average weekly number of paupers upon their books, taking winter and summer together, was 3,397, and in the year 1855 the average was 3,464. In the district generally it had increased to the extent of 16 7-10ths per cent. In the present year it had increased still farther—the average number upon the books was 3,593, showing an increase upon 1855 of 129.

That is the number of the paupers in one parish alone. In Sheffield it is five out of every hundred. But a charming point remains—while the number of paupers increases, the amount spent for their relief grows less! Thus another "test of prosperity" is accounted for Mr. Farnell stated,—

"They spent in 1854, in-doors and out of doors, 12,2387.; but in 1855—that year of great pressure—they spent 6684. less than in 1854."

Mr. Farnell said,—

"He could account for the present increase of pauperism only upon the ground that the guardians were getting too liberal in giving out-door relief."

I have stated that the rising generation are compelled to support the paupers whom the rich have made in the decaying one. Mr. Farnell furnishes a proof. He said,—

"2,000 out of the 3,580 now on the books of Halifax, [one small town alone] were old infirm people, whose work was done. He did not wish to disturb them, but if they had children capable of maintaining them, they ought to be made to contribute to their support."

Am I not right, then, in saying that the fate of the English working man is worse than that of the

Russian serf, the Hindoo pariah, or the negro slave? It has no parallel in times past or present. It is slavery in its worst, its most cruel aspect. He cannot work, except by the capitalist's leave; his wages depend on the capitalist's will; he dares not even spend them as he pleases; he dares not give help to a suffering brother toiler; he most frequently dares not deal at a shop not approved of by his master; the longer he lives the poorer he grows; of the capital he creates he touches not one farthing; a large portion of his class are systematically kept out of work; his precarious labour may cease at frequent intervals, yet non-employment is a crime: it is a crime to seek relief at the very workhouse that working man helped to support while at work; it is a crime to beg; it is a crime to sleep under a hedge or beside a haystack; finally, it is a crime to walk without money from town to town in quest of work. According to this, sirs, it is a crime to live. Produce me out of history, produce me in France, Hungary, Italy or Poland, the equal to this state.

I undertake to-night to show you the infallible means of extrication from this slough of misery; the means for making labour dear, bread cheap, taxes low, and home trade flourishing; the means by which the employer, though paying higher wages, shall afford to sell cheaper goods. This last, especially, is a startling assertion; fix me to the proof. I undertake in the second division of this night's address to meet you on the issue. Let me, in concluding the first part, express a hope that the statements I have made, and shall offer, may not be misrepresented by the press, and may not be passed in silence. I have called a jury of Englishmen together, and in an open hall, in the world's metropolis, I arraign a mighty and pernicious system. The greatest interests of mankind are involved in the question. If I am wrong, the press owes it to an audience, large as this, to expose my fallacy: if I am right, to back up my endeavour. Some of them complain of class being arrayed against class: it is not such as I who do it, but those who ridicule our efforts, who belie our acts, insult our numbers, mis-state our words, or close their columns against our complaints and arguments, however moderately made. They accuse us of wild theories and pernicious objects, and yet refuse to state what our objects are. They choose to speak for themselves and for us too, but never a word of what we seek to utter. It is they who array class against class, not we. To-night I give them an opportunity of vindicating their character. If they pass this important gathering in silence—if they refuse to publish the terrible facts I have adduced, and shall one half hour hence advance—if they distort them or ridicule them, they are the guilty partisans of a national

ne against humanity : or, if they give a feeble, at, short, pointless outline only, they will prove themselves the cowardly condoners of the mighty act. They can report at full length, the school-boys' essays of each flimsy lord : let them, for once, give us the record of a night like this. But, if they are silent, they cannot prevent *our* being heard. The truth has thundered through the world's lightning of the pyre, shall it fear to speak in the tame daylight of English life? It has passed through the damp walls of the granite prison, shall it not walk abroad through the open doors of the public hall? I tell them that I have the ear of England, and I will make it so. All that their falsehoods, their silence, or their abuse can accomplish, is simply to set class against class, and arouse the tempest of a people's indignation. Believe me, it is not wise to do so. We are now at the turning point of England's history : we halt between two courses. Meet us with kindly and fraternal feelings, concede to us the just and easy remedies we ask, and we shall

walk together the flowery paths of peace. Spurn us, insult us, outrage us, and we diverge upon the stony tracks of war. The future is ours, but it can be entered through two gates, widely different. Through one of them we shall pass :—which, depends not on ourselves. As Heaven hears me, we seek concord, unity, and quiet. We seek constitutional reform by calm and moral means ; the poverty of England holds out the hand of brotherhood to its riches : do not reject that offered hand. Prosperity can be obtained without injury to the just rights of any man or class, as I to-night will show you ; without violence, insurrection, or revolution. Will you refuse so to receive it? If you do, I prophecy the thunder in your sunshine : the faint shadow of the distant cloud creeps over you already ; already you can hear the flapping of its wings behind the hills :—but you can avoid the outburst—you can allay the tempest—you can shake it out in harmless dews, if you ring the marriage bells that wed the now conflicting interests of hostile classes.

## PART II.

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I now proceed to consider the causes for the fearful state I have described. It has two; deficient production and surplus-labour—the second the effect of the first. Nearly half the land and a vast proportion of the labour of the country are wasted. This has ever been the cause of the decay of nations. Trace the course of empires, from their first dawn upon a storm-swept sky, to their last magnificence of cloudy sunset, and you find the secret of their fall: neglected land and idle labour. External splendour may surround internal poverty; golden gates to hide their naked halls. I repeat: all the misery and all the discontent of England, all the difficulties of our present and all the dangers of our future, arise from this: that you have idle hands—that you have not work enough for your population; and you have not work enough for your population, because you waste God's choicest gift—the land. I will now prove to you such a fearful state of things with regard to the land of our country, as perhaps few are aware of. I say that nearly half the land is uncultivated—that the resources of the remainder are inadequately developed—that the agricultural districts are nearly depopulated—and that a frightfully disproportionate amount of labour is thrown into the manufacturing towns. Now behold a picture such as no other country can present to our view.

The depopulation of our agricultural districts, the expulsion of the people from the land, began at the accession of the Tudor line.

“At the accession of the Tudor line,” says the historian, “the baronial power fell, and the great lords found men less useful than money. They, therefore, cleared their estates of what they now deemed superfluous tenants, as brutally as William the Conqueror did the New Forest.”

Chancellor Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon say,—

“In the latter part of the 15th century pasturage began to be considered as a more profitable employment of land than tillage; and in order to afford room for its adoption on a sufficiently extensive scale, many farm-houses and cottages were pulled down, and the fields belonging to several were sown with grass, and let to a single tenant. Not only were tenancies for years, lives, and at will, whereupon most of the yeomanry lived, turned into demesnes in this manner, but freeholders were also ejected from their lands by force or fraud, or were harassed or cajoled into a sale of them.”

The effects soon became manifest, as we are next told that,—

“Almost immediately after the consolidation of small farms commenced, Parliament had to exercise its ingenuity in providing for a rapidly increasing crowd of destitute.”

Poverty is the most dangerous thing that can exist in a country. Insurrections broke forth, and those insurrections, from Henry VII. to James II., were defended on the ground of,—

“Its being impossible to live, because of the extent to which corn-farms had been turned into grass-lands.”

This system has been proceeding ever since, down to the present day, and is going on with increased rapidity and equal ruthlessness.

How is it in Scotland? The Synod of Angus and Mearns, in Scotland, has made a statement through a committee recently appointed to investigate the condition of agricultural labourers within their district. The report says, after giving the statistics of rural labour (only 10,160 men and boys within the bounds of the entire synod!)—

“The first question suggested by these figures has a most important bearing on rural economy. Is there in the counties of Forfar and Kincardine an adequate supply of agricultural labourers? For several years this has been verging to a minimum, and the increased diminution may soon result in serious public inconvenience.”

Of the condition of the agricultural labourer, the report says,—

‘Out of 76 parishes reported on, there are no less than 18 in which there is not a single old man fit for rural labour.’

The *Edinburgh Weekly News* of the 16th of August, thus comments on the above facts,—

‘After having to toll hard for the best part of their lives; after they have, as the report says, ‘expended the very pith of their life’—the aged labourers are so harshly treated by the poor-law officials as to leave them no resource but to seek refuge in the towns, where they help to swell the rates of the industrious tradesmen and artificers. What is true of these two Scottish counties will be more or less to other places in the United Kingdom.’

How is it with Ireland? The commissioners appointed to take an account of the population of Ireland have presented to the Lord Lieutenant their report on the Irish census of 1851. They say,—

‘In the whole of Ireland there has been a general diminution of the rural population of 53 persons to the square mile of the entire area; and of 104 to the square mile of arable land.’

How stands it in England combined with Scotland? In 1811 their population was 12,594,803, including an agricultural population of 4,408,808. In 1841 their population was 18,844,424, and the agriculturalists were 300,000 less! Seven million more mouths to feed, and 300,000 fewer hands to feed them with. Since then the proportions are infinitely worse. Now, reflect: Up to this time, we have a difference of 9,000,000 people to count for. Whither has all that labour gone?—the labour of nine million human beings? Into the manufacturing towns and villages, in addition to the numbers engaged in them before, being nearly 6,000,000 more. Add to this a machine-power equal to one thousand million pair of hands, and I ask you, can you wonder at the amount of surplus-labour, or of its results—theft, misery, and crime?—beggars that swarm in your streets, the frenzied efforts at emigration made with every year?

Sirs, there is no more costly thing than an idle man. Surplus-labour is the sure ruin of any country; and yet how little you think of it! You give statistics of fallow land, but where are your accounts of fallow labour? And yet the fallow land improves, but man degenerates by idleness. From that surplus is recruited the army of the thief and the harlot, the garrison of the workhouse and the gaol. That surplus-labour is a national loss. If you spill corn or wine you deplore it as waste: but you do worse—you spill the labour that creates them. You mourn if you lose a fractional per-centage on the money in your bank—which is but the representative of wealth—but you think it nothing if you lose a vast per-centage of the country's labour, which is the wealth itself.

You encourage emigration as though it were a remedy. Never was there a delusion more injurious. Sirs, labour is the most precious thing

you can part with. Do you think emigration will relieve your labour-market? You take away an idle competitor from the workman's side in England, to give him a working competitor in America, or elsewhere. He brought your wages down by doing nothing here, he soon brings them down further by doing something there. Here he competes by his idleness; there by his work. You make a present of his labour to your manufacturing rivals, and they drive you from the markets of the world. As you send your men abroad you will have to keep your goods at home. Emigration is no remedy for your surplus-labour.

Is this state of things a necessity? Must our millions rush to the factory door because the world is closing in around them? Have the proportions of our island shrunk, or has the sand of a Sahara descended on our fertile lands? I admit there would be no remedy if the natural resources of our country were exhausted. But are they? Now listen to the following:—The *Times* of the 18th of September last, while endeavouring to disprove Lord Stanley's statement that there are 26,000,000 acres of waste land in the country, gives the following statistics of our land and its application,—

	Acres.	Acres.
England—Under tillage .....	12,441,176	
In grass .....	15,212,203	
Waste .....	9,610,900	
		37,324,915
Scotland—Under tillage .....	2,003,690	
In grass .....	9,234,900	
Waste .....	1,374,000	
		12,613,345
Ireland—Tillage .....	4,312,740	
Grass .....	1,207,854	
Unaccounted for ....	15,237,601	
		20,808,271

According to its own figures the *Times* proves that there are 26,303,257 acres of waste in the United Kingdom, and that nearly ten millions of these are in England, while “barren” Scotland has little more than one. But the *Times* proves more. It says that in the acres entered as “grass” in England and Scotland—permanent pasture, downs (!) and sheepwalks are included. So that, while trying to disprove Lord Stanley's statement, it actually proves that there are 300,000 acres more of waste than he asserted; that, besides this, vast portions of that entered as “grass” are downs and sheepwalks; and that only 16,000,000 are under arable tillage in the whole United Kingdom, to support nearly 30,000,000 of human being, for about 2,500,000 are necessarily always fallow. Add to this, that the cultivation of the tilled lands is crippled by landlords' laws, insecurity of tenure, antiquated covenants and leases, game laws, and similar enactments.

I will cite a few instances from the general mass, to give you an idea of the land monopoly.

—The highway proceeds 23 miles through the estates of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house 100 miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the entire county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from shore to shore. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other immense estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex is 15 miles in circuit. These large domains are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the last of the small freeholds. In 1770, the soil of England was owned by 250,000 corporations and proprietors; and in 1822, by 32,000; now, by only 30,300.

To give you an idea of the mode by which the people are being still driven from the land, I will quote from a letter addressed to Mrs. Stowe, now on a visit to the Duchess of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle, by Mr. Donald M'Leod, editor of the *Northern Ensign*, a Scottish paper of some standing. Having ordered the ejection of the tenants, the factors of the Marchioness of Stafford

"commenced by setting fire to the small houses of the tenants in extensive districts—parts of the parishes of Farr, Rogart, Golspie, and the whole parish of Kildonan. I was an eye-witness of the scene. This calamity came on the people quite unexpected. Strong parties for each district, furnished with faggots and combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of this devoted people, and immediately commenced setting fire to them, proceeding in their work with the greatest rapidity, till about three hundred houses were in flames! The consternation and confusion were extreme; little or no time was given for removal of persons or property—the people striving to remove the sick and the helpless before the fire should reach them—next, struggling to save the most valuable of their effects. The cries of the women and children—the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted at the same time by the yelling dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and fire—altogether presented a scene that completely baffles description: it required to be seen to be believed. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole country by day, and even extended far over the sea; at night an awfully grand but terrible scene presented itself—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once. I myself ascended a height, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and counted two hundred and fifty blazing houses, many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew; but whose present condition, whether in or out of the flames, I could not tell. The conflagration lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins."

One old woman was burnt to death. Only three months ago, the wife of Angus Sutherland and her little ones, ill of the measles, were thrown out of their cottage on to the highway. A few months back, the wife of William M'Kay, five days after childbirth, was, with her new born babe, and other little ones, mercilessly carried out in a sheet, and left to bivouac on a bare hill, without home or shelter.

"Will you," says Mr M'Leod, "ask the oldest inhabitant of the bare rock-sides, along the bleak and rugged shores of the west, how it happens that they starve out a drizzling existence on these unproductive wastes, while for scores of miles ten thousand times ten thousand available acres lie in bleak and barren desolation? Will you ask them to tell you how it happens that whole straths and glens, once vocal with the laugh of merry hundreds of cottars' children, now echo naught save the bleating of sheep, or the huntsman's horn, or the sportsman's rifle? Will you inquire how it happens that the population of Laigh is only a third of what it could

boast in 1801; how Loth has diminished one third; Kildonan by three fourths; Creich by 1,500; and other parishes to a less extent, so that the whole county of Sutherland has not increased 7 per cent. during the whole of the last fifty years!"

The Marchioness of Stafford, in this way, deprived her tenants of 794,000 acres of good land, which they had possessed from immemorial time. In 1854, the widow of the late laird of Glengarry caused scores of families to be burnt out of their homes; and these wretched creatures were for weeks and months, during the rain and the snow of winter, without any other shelter than that derived from crevices in the rocks, or from wigwams constructed of the heather and the branches of trees. On the very day of the battle of the Alma, when the Highlanders stormed the Russian heights, twenty Highland families were driven out of their homes and forced to sleep on the bare ground. And how is this land that supported so many thousands used? I'll give you an instance—one sheep farm now has 30,000 acres and employs only 11 shepherds. Another witness says,—

"I rode over an extensive sheep farm yesterday, it extends over 20 miles, and is in the hands of one man, who employs 20 shepherds—one man to the mile."

I could multiply instances indefinitely, but I pause, not for the want of material, but for want of time.

What say you to this state of things? where is the need for emigration? where is the need for labour-surplus—low wages—dear food—high poors-rates and taxation? Ah! you are told that wages are regulated by the natural laws of supply and demand:—they are not—not whilst that land lies idle—not whilst that labour is kept from it. You drive fifteen millions of people from the land to your factory-doors; at those doors you meet them with a machine-power of one thousand million pair of hands, and then you talk of the fair operation of the laws of supply and demand. Did I not tell you that a surplus was criminally and unnaturally created? That fact, workingmen, you have to thank for low wages and non-employment—ratepayers, for high rent—shopkeepers, for bad home-trade. Of that idle land and the other waste already alluded to, there are at least 20,000,000 acres of good average land available—land that never feels the vivifying touch of plough or spade. I say this land is criminally and intentionally kept idle. The titled aristocracy lock it up by the law of primogeniture, settlement, and entail. They have not the capital to cultivate it themselves, and they will not let you cultivate it, because, if you did, the food of the country might be nearly doubled. That would make bread cheap—that would bring rents down. Their estates are mortgaged to two-thirds of their value; the interest of the mortgage is fixed, and they would be ruined by cheap bread



and lower rents. There are about 30,000 of them, and for the sake of these 30,000, nearly 10,000,000 are kept in misery or robbed of half what they might have. The aristocrat thus steals from you your labour, and the manufacturer is the receiver of the stolen goods.

Such are the causes of the evil—where is the remedy? By restoring the people to the land. Where you have 20,000,000 acres of good land uncultivated, and millions of the working-classes out of work, while the rest are treading on each other's hearts in their struggle for employment. There is the idle land, and there the idle labour. Bring those two together, and you solve the social problem of the century. Suppose you take a million families (five million souls) from the workhouse, and the factory, and the street—from begging, and stealing, and starving,—and place them on farms of 10 or 15 acres each: what would be the result? Firstly, hireable labour would grow comparatively scarce, and wages must rise in proportion. You would have high wages. Secondly, 15 million acres that now grow nothing, would grow rich food: food would be plentiful. You would have cheap bread. Five million starvelings, who lived on workhouse doles by private charity, or sought bread by crime, and led your gaols, would be affluent, self-supporting citizens, supporting others, instead of asking others to support them. You would have little pauper-rates, and low taxation. Five million souls that begged for work would be able to give it. You would have constant employment. The purchasing power of the working-classes would be indefinitely increased, for those that got no wages at all would be self-supporting farmers, and those that now get low wages would receive high. Shopkeepers, you would have a customer where now you have a pauper, and be pouring money into your tills instead of pouring it into the tax-collector's hands.

To carry out these suggestions requires no difficult process. It needs but a vote of money to unlock the farm and prepare the land. Begin gradually, move safely on, but move. Two hundred millions would effect it all, spread over the lapse of, say, ten years. Surely we can afford a sum like that. If 100,000,000*l.* can be sunk in one war of two years, and England hardly feel the drain—though buried in a murdered army's grave—surely 200,000,000*l.* can be raised in ten, and invested in a people's happy homes. If countless millions can be lent to foreign tyrants to oppress mankind a brief time longer, surely a few could be lent to our own people to make them free and prosperous for ever. That fund would bring rich interest to the state; it would come back untold; it would be sunk in no national debt, but be the most lucrative investment England ever made. Mark, I am wedded to no

particular form or figure. I suggest merely the broad basis of the means, that might be varied in a hundred ways. I am of opinion that half the amount of land and labour brought into operation as described, would more than effect the desired end; because no one family could adequately cultivate 15 acres. The new farmers would require hired labour, and thus the labour-market would speedily be materially relieved. The smith, the farrier, the builder, the upholsterer, would receive vast additional employment, and general prosperity be rapidly diffused.

Let me here advert to one objection: you are told population would increase so fast that the relief, although great at first, would soon cease to be felt. That is no reason for not giving what relief you can. You might just as well say that a man should not eat any dinner to-day, because he was not certain how he should get one to-morrow. But the fact is, in all agricultural countries, population increases more slowly than in manufacturing States. In Norway it is stationary; in Tuscany the same; in the agricultural parts of Switzerland the same; in France, with eleven millions of small farms, it doubles in 132 years; in England it takes but 50. Of Belgium, Thornton says,—

“Population in the Netherlands has ever retained pretty much the same proportion to subsistence. . . . And it is acknowledged even by those who think small farms the great promoters of pauperism, that they produce very different effects upon the Flemings.”

You need not fear to devote too much labour to agriculture. You cannot devote too much, till the resources of the land are fully developed. Till then, every man taken from the soil is a sacrifice; agriculture is the foundation and mainstay of a nation's power. What you can spare from agriculture you may apply to manufacture, but not more; and here you have no excuse, for you can multiply machinery with scarcely a limit, and as you increased the real wealth of the country (food), you could command the increased capital to do so; and remember, the means I have suggested do not merely differently circulate existing capital, but create a vast capital not existing now.

Permit me now to combat the fatal notion that the employer could not afford higher wages; that they would destroy his competing power in the world's market, and thus impair our commercial greatness. How do other countries compete with us? Not by low wages, but by low taxation and cheap food. My proposition would soon make England a low-taxed country, and give it, as I have shown, cheap food. With cheap living and low taxes the employer could afford to give better wages. Besides these advantages, he would have a brisk home demand for his goods. Sirs, my measure is the only one for enabling the British manufacturer to compete

with foreign rivals, since it would place him on a footing of equality, in point of taxation and living, with his competitors, and British industry and energy would ensure the rest. What the employer lost in high wages he would gain in cheap living, low taxation, and home trade. Wages constitute the purchasing power of the masses, and are an investment in the bank of labour, bearing rich interest to those who pay. Of course there must be a limit to the rise of wages; it must be a natural, not an artificial one; and the limit I lay down is this: that the rise in wages should be proportionate to the fall in the price of food, the amount of rates and taxes, and to the extension of home trade. That limit is attained by no arbitrary law or regulation. It comes of itself. As the rise would be caused by the very measure that produced these results, the self-adjusting balance would be inevitably found. You may say, if food falls and taxation is reduced, wages would fall too. Not relatively. Food would fall because you double its production; taxes would fall, because you diminish pauperism and crime; but wages would rise, because you double the means of employment, increase the demand for goods, and take a million men from the hireable labour of the country.

Contemplate the effects of the measure I propose. It is a moral, a physical, a political, a national regenerator.

It is a moral regenerator: a million families are rescued from an earthly hell, and guided on the paths of earthly paradise. Believe me, sorrow is not the teacher of virtue, misery is the school of crime. The more we suffer here the worse we grow. The road to virtue is happiness, even as the road to happiness is virtue. The angry passions go hand in hand with want. Give the people competence, and round the serried portals of the heart you make the roses of affection bloom. The land is the noblest educator and the truest moralist. Follow my advice, and you raise a million rivals to the gin-palace in a million cottage-hearths. You have the sweetest sermons preached, not from the priest's cold tongue, but from the smiling lip of wife and child, exhorting each to virtue and to home. The wife's smile and the child's laughter are the most powerful of sermons.

It is a physical regenerator: it sends the pure current of the country air through the emaciated frame of city toil. Thrice has the standard for our troops been lowered, as the height of the factory chimney has been raised. Generations have grown down as factories grew up. The land, that nursing mother of the human race, can cure, and she alone, the malady of Britain. Turn to her, and you will see the bloom returning to her children's cheeks—that rosy sunrise of a happier day for England.

It is a political regenerator: my suggestion is true conservatism. The riches of the employed are the only safeguard for the riches of the employer. Talk of confiscating wealth! I propose to give it five million additional defenders. Talk of confiscating the land of the landlords! I propose to add a million to their number. Talk of endangering private property! I propose to raise five million new champions of its rights. There is but one class that would lose: the titled aristocracy—some few, very few, thousand landlords, who have mortgaged their estates, and to pay the interest of that mortgage, want to mortgage your labour as well, to all eternity.

It is a national regenerator: when was England truly powerful? When she had her yeomanry to win an Agincourt—her peasantry to fight at Cressy and Poitiers. When was she weak? When that peasantry had been destroyed, and she had to steal the scum of Europe for her battles. Give us a million peasant farmers, and you have a million patriot soldiers for old England. Their cottages will be a million fortresses, with the waving corn fields for their golden glacis, and the stalwart yeomen for their gallant guard.

You have applauded the views I have propounded. But applause is useless unless action follows. The question is, how will you carry those views into reality? There is but one way. The aristocracy are too powerful in Parliament to permit the passing of a law that will give cheap bread and low rents. The moneyocracy are too prejudiced and blind to venture on the experiment of high wages. Aristocracy and moneyocracy make Parliament—the loose bricks being cemented together with some clerical mortar and some legal straw. It wants new blood—a third party, hitherto unrepresented, to effect reform. That party is the party of the people. You have tried all governments but theirs—all factions have had their turn—Whig and Tory, Conservative and Radical—Goodwood and Manchester, and all have failed. One party has alone remained untried—the people. One plan has alone remained erect in their midst—the people's charter. Many another scheme has gurgled up by its side, and vanished into nothing. Like an Egyptian mummy that looks grand in its dark and narrow vault, but, when the light of day is let in upon its gloom, falls into dust—so those mummies of politics have perished in the light of reason. Their elixir of political life looked well enough in bottle, but when the cork was drawn, and it was poured out to taste, its strength fizzed off in the bubbles of unmeaning words. One principle alone rallies the masses, for one alone can they be rallied—the people's charter. Do you fear it? Is it too large a measure? Great is the disease of England, and great must be the

remedy. Sirs, no other remedy is adequate for the disease. We seek no half cure, we want no periodical relapses. A relapse is worse than the original complaint. If you do not at once and fully eradicate the power of evil, you will be like the man in Scripture, "he had one devil driven out and lo! seven devils, each worse than the first, went in." If you do not pass a whole measure, you leave the devils of class-rule the power of creeping in again, on the first opportunity, with added numbers. It would be like turning the robbers out of your house, and throwing the key of the street-door after them. When you set about a matter of business, do it thoroughly, or do it not at all. No patchwork! You had enough of that in the Reform Bill. Had you passed a whole measure then, you would not have gone through periods of agitation since, or even upon the brink of turmoils now. Had you passed a whole measure then, England would have been the head of free nations, instead of the conniver of base despots now. Had you passed a whole measure then, the blessings of the world had now been circling round your brows, like glory round the forehead of a saint. Had you passed a whole measure then, the fields of England had been teeming now with happy husbandmen, the factories with prosperous artisans, schools of industry had risen where the workhouse stands, and crowded gaols been changed to busy workshops.

I have entered on the social aspect of the popular cause to night. When I next address you—and I intend, if you are willing, that these discourses shall be periodical—truth after truth shall float out among the people, as life-boat after life-boat on a troubled sea—when I next address you, I will bring the political aspect of the people's cause before you. I will make political revelations that will, perhaps, startle some of the believers in the *status quo*—revelations not pleasing for some folks to hear. I will then show what the present franchise-system really is—you shall see it from a new and unexpected point of view—and I undertake to prove, why any measure short of the People's Charter, would be a fallacy, and instead of being a step towards the goal, be one directly on the backward road.

Now, I content myself with saying, you have tried every plan and party but that of Chartism—try us. Has any other party propounded measures so reasonable? Has any other party shown such a practical knowledge of the deep questions of society and politics? Has any other party been able to convict us of a fallacy, to disprove the inestimable blessings our plan of legislation would confer? Can it be reasonably denied that our measures would give you high wages, cheap food, low taxes, and constant work?

Others have promised these, but have you got them? Men of England, none but the Chartists are able to extricate you from the dangers of the future and the miseries of the present! We do not give vague promises, but we show you step by step how we would realise the good we promise. You can judge for yourselves. We say not merely "such a measure would produce such a result," but show you *why* it would do so. No other party has done that. To counteract our influence they have told you that the Charter meant confiscation and violence, rapine and disorder. The base traducers! who sought to hide their own iniquity by aspersing the virtue of their accusers. Yet, in the end, they have always been compelled to admit the truth of our doctrines. They admit them now. They say the Charter is right enough, but the movement is in bad hands; it is not the Charter but the Chartists that we oppose. Convenient subterfuge! When you can say nothing against a principle, attack its advocates. But whom do they accuse? Is it the masses who, though denied the protection of a single policeman, roll their multitudinous river through the streets without a blow, or angry word, or single outrage—the models of propriety and order? Is it the leaders? Which of them? Show me a shadow of accusation against one; show me, in or out of Parliament, any men who have taught such truths, displayed such knowledge, or evinced such constancy. The rising intellect of England assembles round the charter. What it has most pure and most talented is found within its ranks. The world is slow to recognise it, because the rich man's press suppresses our speeches or distorts our words. I have seen the noblest effort of statesmanship from a Chartist lip, transformed into the incoherent ravings of a fool. The truth has been kept from you; you do not know us. But I am determined you shall know us better now—you know us better to night. The party of progress is generally the party of the poor, and we cannot usually afford to publish our views. The lecture-hall and the press are too expensive to be used by the working-man, and the press of the rich will not allow him room. Thus we are misrepresented, and cannot answer; or we speak, and cannot make our voices heard. But this shall be so no longer. I, at least, have got the means to speak the truth, and make it known, and I will thunder it through England. Let the rich know there is a man among them on the people's side—aye! on the Chartist side—who has the power to make the world hear, and the courage to tell it what he thinks. They have stifled us in—crowded us down—pent us up, within the folds of poverty, and poverty-created silence. But I'll make elbowroom among them. Room for the people! The aristocrat has choked up the

avenues of legislation with land monopoly, game laws, privilege and pelf—he has closed the adits to the land against your labour, and driven you to dense towns till you have breathing space no more. Room for the people! The cotton lord has rolled his shoddy bags before the path of progress—hedged you in with the steel fence of his machinery, till you swelter in your poverty and gasp for life. Room for the people! The lawyer has made laws for them which he himself can't understand, but expects you to know, and crowds you with quibbles from the courts of

justice? Room for the people. The bishop shows you how he would open heaven by closing every little paradise on earth—spreads his lawn sleeves before green fields and music, and stifles you back into the foetid town. Room for the people! We'll make a breach in the ramparts of prejudice and the barriers of monopoly. Close in after us, the pioneers, as we enter, lest they fill up their ranks again and overwhelm us. To-night I have struck the first blow with my Chartist pickaxe. I'll strike another soon. God save the people!

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# EVENINGS WITH THE PEOPLE.

THE STATE CHURCH,

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

ERNEST JONES, ESQ.,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.—AUTHOR OF

“THE BATTLE DAY,”—“THE EMPEROR’S VIGIL,”—&c.,

AT

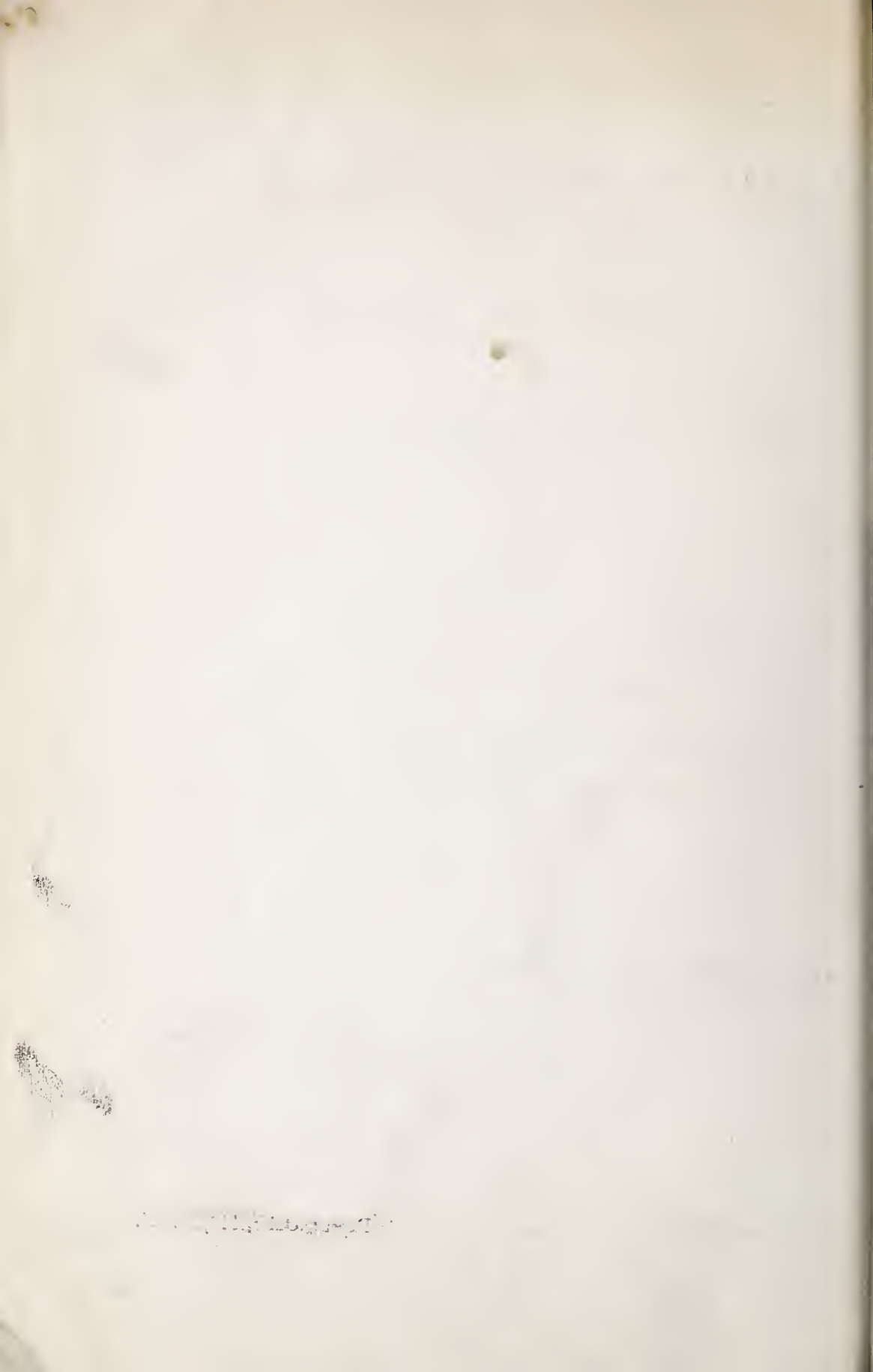
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# EVENINGS WITH THE PEOPLE.

## THE STATE CHURCH.

### PART I.

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There are two objects in this world often identified, but as often widely different: the one is religion, the other is the church. He who attacks the latter, is denounced as religion's enemy, the very enemy of that religion; for he is religion's greatest foe, who throws the name of God round the dealings of a sordid craft.

Such a battle is more dangerous than that of priestcraft, because no foe is so unscrupulous, treacherous, so merciless, as the priest. If I attack the latter with inconsistency and crime, I answer by calling me an infidel, an atheist! I am neither; for I believe if real Christianity were practised on this earth, not a tyrant would be sampling on a slave, and not a slave being a tyrant. I am no infidel; I am no atheist. I try to be a Christian—but I like to be my religion at first hand, and I prefer living in a church, instead of visiting it merely once a week. My church is my house, my congregation is my family, my altar is my own fire-place. Yet I am also willing to go into a larger temple—I am glad to listen to a noble preacher. If I do, let me have the noblest and the best. I too, go to church—and my church is the great cathedral—whose vault is the concave of heaven, whose floor is the tessellated pavement of emerald green grass, the rich mosaic of the varied flowers, the refulgent bronzes of the ripening harvest, or the shining marble of the melting snow; mountains are its pillars—and ever-shifting pageantries of cloud, the glorious curtains that moderate its splendour. Show me the noblest church like that: it is from that the rich man would exclude you!

I too, love to hear a great preacher—but there is the greatest that I love to hear. His oratory is in the thunder and whispers in the winds—

it glides in soft persuasion through the murmuring leaves, and sounds its lofty periods in the heaving tide; its eloquence is brilliant with the glory of the sun; its pathos melts beneath the gentle moon amid the dews of night. Oh temple ever open—oh preacher ever true—if I *must* hear a sermon, let me listen to God himself, sooner than to the miserable counterfeit, who makes a trade of hiding heaven lest you should overlook the Church—and silencing God's voice lest you should forget to listen to his own!

I now address myself to the subject before us—the State Church, and will endeavour to shew it to you in the following three aspects:—historically, financially, and morally. I undertook in the first section, to prove to you, that throughout history, its course has been one of mischief, cruelty, plunder, and oppression, and that it has been one the greatest bulwarks of despotism, and barriers of freedom in the annals of our country; in the second, that its revenues are raised by spoliation and maintained by fraud, theft, and false returns; in the third, that its precept and its practice are both unchristian, and that it is one of the principal demoralisers of the people.

Firstly, then, what is the historical rise, development and conduct of the Established Church? Its origin is a sample of its aftercourse. As it began, so it grew. It flowed from personal vice, and it pandered throughout to individual iniquity. It is another of those pillars of oppression that bear the dark roofing of misrule above our heads. I have shewn you the foundation, the crushed pavement of work and idleness, the mosaic of misery and want, on which the superstructure rests.—I have shown you one of its vast supports, aristocracy.—To-night I bid you touch another. And here I wish again, to direct your

attention to the facts I shall attempt to prove : that the Established Church has been one of the chief evils of this country ; that it is not the exponent of the Reformation, but its destroyer, and to the full as cruel and iniquitous as any other church that has preceded it (you have heard it called the church of the reformed) ; that it has done its utmost to prevent constitutional liberty and parliamentary legislation (you have been told that it has saved our liberties and been the champion of the people's rights) ; that the good the Dissenters and Presbyterians effected, it effaced ; they fought the battle—the State Church seized the fruits and nullified the victory ; that it has been the abettor of immorality and vice, and presents not one redeeming feature to our view, in the least commensurate with the vast amount of injury it has effected.

Henry the Eighth was the fountain-head of the Established Church. Wickliffe and his followers had preceded him, but he raised the State Church on the blood of the Lollards and the treasure of the Romanists.

The impulse for his action was a personal vice. He desired to have two wives at the same time. The Pope, and the Emperor, his actual wife's uncle, had given their consent, but the Pope not granting his dispensation rapidly enough, aroused the anger of the King. During this crisis, a young man was drinking in a tap-room, when he heard some of the king's guards lamenting the dilemma of their master in not getting a dispensation from the Pope. "Is that all," said the listening stranger—"that affair might soon be managed. If I were the king I'd give a dispensation to myself."—Henry heard of the words, and summoned the young man before him. "Did you speak those words?" he asked, repeating the sentence I have mentioned. "Please your Highness, I cannot deny it," stammered the trembling youth. "Then you are the man for me—you shall be Archbishop of Canterbury," said the King. That youth was Cranmer—and that promise was fulfilled. So rose the Church of England.

Henry was its temporal, Cranmer its spiritual sword. Between them, they carved out the idol that now towers above our country.

The baptism of the Church was blood—its creed began with a fearful contradiction and mistake—a murderous blunder.

All that Henry did at first, was to transplant the Papal supremacy to his own person—making himself Pope of England, under Cranmer's auspices. Those who denied his supremacy were burnt alive. But a glorious Reformation had been going on. Wickliffe and Luther had denied alike the Papal supremacy and the doctrine of transubstantiation. Henry still believed in papacy, with himself as Pope. The two chief

tests were the King's supremacy and the doctrine of transubstantiation. Then commenced the scourge, the Catholics were burnt alive because they denied supremacy, the Protestants were burnt alive because they denied transubstantiation. Bye and bye the King disbelieved in transubstantiation himself, and then began burning those who believed in it. Thus the Church burnt men for not believing in transubstantiation, and afterwards burnt them for believing in it. That was how the Church began its holy and fallible teaching. In this way 72,000 persons were burnt alive in England by King Henry Cranmer, the first head, and the first primate of the Established Church.

So terrible was this baptism of blood and that the very air of England became tainted. The smoke of burning pyres (say the historians of the day) floated from county to county, so you might smell the Christianity of England at sea. So fearful was the burning, that the learned Erasmus wrote from Cambridge to his friend in London: "I hate the heretics more than ever, because the price of wood is raised this winter on their account." His friend replied: "I do not wonder—for so many are burnt—they increase!" Yes, they increase. Persecution cannot strangle truth. Its merest breath lasts longer than fortresses of stone. Armies perish but words remain.

Thus the Church was founded. Once in power, how did it act? Having crushed the Papacy, it raged against the Reformation. Had the Church not risen, the Reformation would have been established in this country. The Church prevented it. The Church is the cause through which the work of Luther, victorious in Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands and Switzerland, was so long straggled here, and is not completed yet. The Reformation, however, had made great progress in England. The first step of the Church was to destroy it.

The Church at once developed its character as a bastard Rome. I have already brought before your notice the fact that, originally nothing more was done than transferring power of the Pope to the King of England while doctrine was left almost unaltered. This placed the King and court in a false position as regarded the Papists, who would naturally say, if everything remained unchanged except the person of the Pope, there must be reasons why that person would be placed at the reverential distance of the Lateran than in the familiar precincts of Whitehall. The Puritans, too, cared not whether the Pope was an Englishman or a Roman, whether he lived on the Tiber or the Thames; it was the Pope himself, its creed, spirit, and tendency that



ed. Henry murdered them by hecatombs ; his did not silence opposition ; he was lid to make some outward and visible dis- ce between the churches. Placed between o parties, Papist and Puritan, the royalist out he could baffle them both by taking a distinct from either. He found, however, e did too much for the one and too little other ; and, the instinct of despotism and ed drawing him towards the side of Rome, resent Church, a compromise between apy and Royalty, as Macaulay justly terms s the result. "That compromise" says me historian, "was by the real Protestants sered a scheme for serving two masters, an attempt to unite the worship of the Lord with e worship of Baal." This accounts for the tical tendency constantly recurring in the h ; always visible but sometimes breaking hough all restraint, as in the times of Bancroft, d and of Pusey. It is Papacy in disguise, herefore, when not narrowly watched, is throw its mask aside, and show its face ol. Had the early Reformers known what their efforts would have established, nay ! e best of the royalist churchmen them- anticipated what their labours would have , they might, perhaps, have given up their taking in despair. The Church was ned as it now is, not only in oppo- sition to the Puritans, but in opposition to its own eminent divines. Latimer and another e resigned their bishoprics sooner than n in it, and were imprisoned by Cran- on consequence. Bishop Hooper refused e war the episcopal vestments, and was im- ed by Cranmer till he consented. Bishop urst prayed that the Church of Zurich, a pattern, he said, of Christianity, might be e as a model by the Anglican. Bishop dy pulled down the altars, and ordered the rist to be administered at a table in the e of the church. "Archbishop Grindal hesitated about accepting the mitre, from e of what he termed the mummery of con- ion." Bishop Pouet said the word "bishop" id be abandoned to the Papists, and "su- ficient" substituted ; and Bishop Jewell nounced the clerical garb a stage dress, a fool's a relic of the Amorite. However, royal tism silenced the objections of the con- cious ; the rack, the stake, the blazing pyres, ulgarian and Albanian hordes of Cranmer, caught that "the King might by virtue of thity derived from God, make a priest need- o ordination," and who held that episcopal ions, like those of high civil dignitaries, d with the King's demise, carried the day ace.

uen, as it thought, secure in power, the

Church began to shew itself the abettor of igno- rance, and the mother of persecution. A procla- mation appeared forbidding all unlicensed persons to read the Scriptures for the "common people," says the historian, "began to deduce from them *doctrines of political equality.*"

The "six articles" were issued—those offend- ing against the first of which were sentenced to the flames.

Cranmer seized John Lambert, Bilney's pupil, Tindal's friend, and though he had escaped before Archbishop Warham had him, Isay, seized again, accused before the King and burned alive, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity. Before this first saint of the State Church perished Fisher and the great Sir Thomas More.

A bill of attainder was passed by Cromwell's active interference, and the consent of the judges, depriving the accused of all means of defence. Cromwell himself was the first victim. The Dissenters were burned as heretics, the Papists as traitors ; the Papists and Dissenters were drawn, coupled together on the same hurdles, to Smithfield, and the term "stakefellow" was then first used in common parlance. Then Burns astounded his tyrants by the grandeur of his death ; even a poor boy of fifteen, "who would have done or said anything to save his life," and was acquitted by the grand jury, was burned nevertheless.

Then perished the beautiful Anne Askew, daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, and maid of honour to King Henry's Queen. Her life was a romance : her elder sister had been betrothed to a rich heir of Lincoln named Kyme. She dying, Anne was forced to marry him instead. Anne Askew was of the reformed faith—her husband of the Roman. Discovering his wife's heresy, he turned her out of doors, whereon she sued for a divorce, refused to return to him, and resumed her maiden name. She was remarkable for beauty, virtue, and talent. A Papist, who had been lying in wait for her life, says she was the devoutest woman he ever saw, praying till after midnight. She was arrested for heresy, charged with saying "God dwelt not in temples made with hands."

Acquitted once, she is again arrested by the church, determined on her destruction. Worn out with examinations at Guildhall, and condemned to the flames, she wrote to the King and Lord Chancellor Wriothesley—but in vain. The King turned her over to those fiends. She was stretched on a rack in the Tower, to make her accuse others of like opinions ; she suffered without a word. The Lieutenant, Sir Anthony Knevett, refused to let the jailor stretch her a second time. Even the savage King sanctioned his conduct. Then Wriothesley and Lord Rich

racked her with their own hands, pulling off their gowns to do it better. She never groaned or spoke, though she fainted on being taken down.

A scaffold was erected in front of St. Bartholomew's-cross, where the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Wriothlesley, and more of the King's council sat to witness the execution. Three others suffered with her: one a working man, another a priest, and the third a Nottinghamshire gentleman, of the Lascelles family, who was a member of the King's household. The execution was delayed till darkness closed, to make it look more dreadful. Anne Askew was brought in a chair, racked until unable to stand; but her triumphant countenance and the smile on her beautiful face, wrought her companions to enthusiasm. She refused apostasy as the price of life, and so did they. The pile was kindled—it was a sultry evening of June, and as the heat attracted the hovering vapours, the dense multitude heard, with superstitious awe, a loud clap of thunder roll over their heads, while a few heavy raindrops fell among the flames, like God's acceptance of that spotless offering.

It may be said that Cranmer's acts were controlled by the will of Henry: but Henry died, and Edward the Sixth, an amiable child of nine, a mere plaything in the hands of Cranmer, could put no restraint upon the royal churchman. French and German Anabaptists suffered in numbers; even the exploded sect of Arian could not escape his persecution, and one of its obscure disciples perished in the flames. The blackest act remains. Cranmer had an old lady of Kent, Joan Boacher by name, a friend of poor Anne Askew, arrested and condemned to be burned alive for a quibble about the exact nature of Christ's body. The King's signature was necessary—Edward the Sixth, not yet fourteen years of age, shuddered at the thought; he implored the grim murderer for mercy; Cranmer terrifies the innocent child with fears of Hell; the boy signed in tears, but said, "*you* must answer before God for this!" "The people of England," says Cobbett, "suffered so much, that the suffering actually thinned their numbers; it was a people partly destroyed, and that, too, in the space of about six years; and this is acknowledged even in Acts of Parliament of that day."

This clerical butcher, however, when his turn came, proved the veriest recreant upon earth. The Marian persecution turned the balance once more for four short years. Cranmer was one of the sufferers. When a prisoner, he is promised a Popish bishopric—and how does the son of Mammon act? He signs a recantation with his own hand, and five papers, most fully acknowledging the doctrines he had opposed, and calling

himself a mischief maker, a liar and blasphemer. He is burned notwithstanding.

How does this contrast with the death of the old Calvinist, Hooper, in Gloucester, who refused his conditional pardon, though laid before him when kneeling by the pyre, and was slowly burned with green wood; or with the death of John Leaf, a young working man, who could neither read nor write, and was condemned for believing that bread is bread, and a priest not necessary for salvation! Two papers were brought to him in prison: one a recantation, the other his belt. He was to choose—to set his hand to one of them—life or death! They read his recantation first: "Read the other!" he said. When he had heard the last, he cut his hand, sprinkled the paper with his blood, and cried "Take up the bill to your bishop, and tell him, I have sealed it with my blood already!"

Yes! the poor have always been the apostles and martyrs of truth! I believe I have never stooped to flatter the people any more than their tyrants—a flatterer is no friend. You have your faults as well as your oppressors—and your chief oppressors are your faults. You are a pathetic and servile—you are cowardly in defence of your interests—but alas! you are brave when struggling for your foes! You fight the battle—they reap the laurels and the gold while few save the rich are chronicled by history. "But," says the historian (Father Parsons) "they sent artificers and husbandmen, women and boys, to the stake." They are called contemptible and pitiful rabblement, obscure unlearned fellows, fond and obstinate women, abject and infamous, noisome and wilful beasts. "Artificers, craftsmen, spinsters, and like people—they complain, 'came to answer for themselves before their bishops, though never so ignorant and opposite among themselves. No reason to the contrary, no persuasion, no argument, no inducement, no threats, no fair means, no foul, we serve; nor the present terror of fire itself.'" They were taunted with want of learning. So you are now. "We can die for Christ, not dispute for him!" said a poor woman at the stake. But how acted the rich during all this time? Fuller says "the great men consult with their own safety, the poor 'embrace the doctrine with both arms, the rich, too often, only behold it at a distance.'"\*—(*Church History*, b. 8, p. 25.)

Thus was founded the rich man's church, the blood of the poor. Ah! if I had such an opportunity around me now as the poor of those brave days, I would make this people a free nation whose glory should eclipse all that the world has seen

\* It is worthy of remark that a bull of the Pope allowed all holders of abbey lands to retain them; and, accordingly, we never hear of any opposition to Queen Mary from that quarter. Mammon! So much for the Protestants.

its, I can but stand upon your petty platform and preach truth to the ear of history. I have the seed that I may never reap, but the harvestmen of the future shall gather in the harvest.

The accession of Elizabeth only darkens the truth. She made the Church what it has ever been—a political state engine. Whenever she wanted to carry any measure of policy, the bishops were ordered to preach its praises before-hand and thus prepare the public mind. This was called “tuning the pulpits.” The pulpits were tuned to a pretty tune for the last hundred years. They have been tuned to the tune of twelve million pounds per annum. You are told that the State Church has been tuned—you shall see what has been its toleration, and, remember, that if under Henry it was a soft and pliant, under Elizabeth it assumed its sterner form and spirit. Persecution now burns with fresh fury against Papists and Dissenters. It would make a pitiful and strange story,” says Holinshed, “to recite what examinations and rackings of poor men there were, to find what knife which should cut her throat.” Here the poor suffered, merely to find matter of accusation against the rich; but she made a false accusal. Story boasts in the House of Commons that he had thrown a stone at an “carwig,” who was singing psalms in the stake, and “thrust a thornbush under his back.” The Romanist bishops are imprisoned—their doctrine is made equivalent to high treason. The foul murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, would have branded the new head of the church with eternal infamy—but worse remains to be told. The religion of Christ is, as I have said, a religion of love and mercy, by whom would you expect it to be more mercifully administered than by a woman? Yet Romanists, Arians, and Independents are hunted down. The illustrious martyr is martyred, suffering with heroic constancy. The Virgin Queen orders poor Anabaptists to be burned alive in Smithfield, though “our father Fox” wrote to her, reminding her that even the Jews killed the animals before they offered them at their offerings, and imploring her at least not to burn them alive! But in the reign of Elizabeth they perished gallantly in Smithfield. The Court of High Commission, an English institution, was established, consisting mostly of bishops. They inflicted a fine of 20*l.* per annum (equivalent to 3,250*l.* per annum now) for not attending the State Church. They made it their common pastime, they could command a man on oath to “reveal his thoughts,” and the acts of Elizabeth’s reign were, like

Draco’s, written in blood. It was death to make a Catholic priest, death for him to enter the kingdom, death to harbour him, death to confess to him, death to say mass, death to hear mass, death to deny or even not swear to the Queen’s supremacy, while those who had no money to pay fines, were publicly whipped, and their ears bored with red-hot irons; then an act was passed, banishing for life all those not worth 20 pounds, who refused to go to the Queen’s church, and if they returned, the penalty again was death! But this was only a part of the atrocity; England earned the name of the European Japan. A Mrs. Ward, for having helped a priest to escape from prison (he having said mass), was imprisoned, flogged, racked, hanged, ripped up, and quartered. A lady of the name of Clithero, belonging to a wealthy family at York, who had relieved some priests, was placed on her back upon sharp stones, and a door, with many hundred pounds weight laid upon her, slowly crushing her to death, by forcing the sharp stones from underneath through her ribs and backbone. A horrible indignity had been offered to her first; her little children who wept for her death, were taken up and flogged. The usual mode, adopted by this Queen and Church for capital punishment, was, to hang the victim for a short time, then cut him down alive, rip open his belly, tear out the intestines and throw them in the fire, pull out the heart and hold it up, strike off the head, cut up the body, boil the head and quarters, and then hang them up against the city gates. One hundred-and-eighty-seven were thus ripped up and boiled in the last twenty-six years of Queen Elizabeth, and every one of them merely for refusing to attend the Queen’s State Church and hear the Common Prayer! A Priest, named Edward Jennings, after he was ripped up, and after his entrails had been torn out, was still so much alive, that he cried with a loud voice: “Oh! it smarts! it smarts!” This was the merey and toleration of the Established Church and of its virgin Queen; and this in the age of Shakespere and Lord Bacon! Is this the church to reproach Papacy with murder? Oh! it is more guilty than any under Heaven that has desecrated to its use the name of Christ.

But now, again, despite the horrors of this tyranny, the old undying spirit of democracy showed itself—the inseparable companion of Christianity. The Puritans appear. Their cry was raised against nonresidence, pluralities, and simony—their cry for a free Church. Archbishop Parker called them “fantastical spirits,” and said: “In the platform set down by these new builders we evidently see the spoliation of the patrimony of Christ (!?) and a popular state to be sought.” Yes! there it is—again and again! the democracy of religion—Christ and freedom!

It is observed, that out of 94,000 beneficed Romanist clergy, 7 refused compliance on the supremacy question and received the name of Mammon! So much for the Papists.

But the power of the Church was firmly established. Yet the reformers still maintained the fight, and martyred, trampled in the dust as they were, they always reappeared more powerful than ever.

Thus, by the reign of James the First, the Puritans had grown so strong that they were able to present the "petition of the thousand ministers," praying for Reformation and redress, and for permission to prove their claims by a discussion in writing or a conference. The Church struggled hard to prevent the voice of truth being heard; Oxford said "it was insufferable to let established usages be even called in question, much less altered;" and Bancroft, Bishop of London cited a canon that "schismatics were not to be heard against bishops." But the King, vain of his learning, and anxious to display it, appointed a conference to be held in his presence at Hampton-court, in which only four Puritans were admitted to face the entire array of King, council and prelates.

A scene of insolence and brazen effrontery ensued; the Dissenters were treated with open irony. One bishop, alluding to their Geneva robes, said: he supposed they were Turks, since they came in Turkey dressing-gowns; and when the Chancellor, Lord Ellesmere, advertng to pluralities, remarked that some ought to have single coats before others had doublets," Bishop Bancroft shamelessly replied, "doublets were necessary in cold weather." After indulging in personal abuse, the King suddenly closed the conference by exclaiming, "No bishop! no King! If you aim at Scottish Presbytery, that agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the Devil [thus comparing monarchy to the Devil]; for no bishop, no King! . . . I will make you conform, or else harrie you out of the land, or else do worse." Thus broke up the conference. Archbishop Whitgift said, "the King had undoubtedly spoken by the special assistance of the Holy Spirit," and Bishop Bancroft protested "his heart melted with joy, that God in his mercy had given them a king whose like had not been seen in Christendom." This king had written a book in proof of witchcraft; he burned a Socinian to death in Smithfield, another seetarian in Lichfield, and shortly after he condemned an Arian to the stake, but the people interposed; he dared not execute the sentence, and therefore let him perish in prison. He now framed canons, excommunicating those who dared as much as speak against the mere discipline of the church, and at one swoop, all the nonconforming clergy were ejected from their benefices, and consigned to beggary. The Nonconformists tried to fly to Virginia—even flight was denied them:—Bancroft, raised to the archbishopric, obtained a law from the King forbidding them to leave the land, and a terrible

era of cruelty and persecution recommenced. Dr. Southey himself admits that the horrid tyranny of the Court of High Commission became "a reproach to the State and a grievance to the country." Thus ended the first peaceable, legal and constitutional attempt of the Puritans to obtain their rights.

Charles the First\* tried to complete the tyranny. The Puritans then had recourse to their next measure. The lay patronage of the Church was excessive. Lay impropriators gave the livings to those who would serve them at the cheapest rate, and wasted the revenue in sin and riot. The consequence was, that the most ignorant and dissolute became clergymen. The Church of old was a sanctuary for criminals; but it not always been so? but these criminals frequently were its own divines. Even now, the same as ever, the Church is the sanctuary for the black sheep of our noble families.

The Puritans, desirous of putting an end to this crying evil formed an association for purchasing lay impropriations. Immense sums were thus subscribed. They elected a corporation of four clergymen, four lawyers, four citizens, and a treasurer with a casting vote. They sent letters to all over the country, established schoolmasters, granted exhibitions at the Universities to their pupils, pensioned those ministers who had been ejected by the Church and Court of High Commission, began to purchase impropriations and thus to remedy the evil.

Here you find a peaceful and legal attempt to spread truth, create a public mind, foster a public opinion, and employ the existing constitution to redress a gigantic evil; but the Church, seeing itself put to shame, its infamy exposed and its power endangered, summoned the members of the Court of Exchequer, called the whole matter an illegal combination, and actually confiscated to the King all the impropriations that had been repurchased. Thus ended the second peaceful, legal, and constitutional attempt of the Puritans to regain their rights. The first was by petition and argument, the second was by the co-operation of peace to repurchase what tyranny had stolen. Here is another proof that useless social co-operation is in the face of a hostile class armed with all political power.

Persecutions and imprisonments make weather that ripens revolutions; it wanted little more to bring it to harvest heat.

You are told that the church has been great bulwark of liberty during the last three hundred years. You shall see of what brick that bulwark has been composed. The reign of Charles the First was the most daring atten-

\* Archbishop Abbot, who crowned him, was a sporting profligate and had shot a forester dead while hunting.

made in this country to establish absolutism ; he tried to govern without a Parliament, and he nearly succeeded ; Southey admits he would have triumphed had it not been for the Puritans. Now you again behold civil and religious liberty in a miserable, going hand in hand. The struggle was everything was balanced to a hair, the fate of England trembled in the scales, the slightest division of strength to either side would have tipped the beam, when Archbishop Laud issued his NEW CANONS, the first of which declared the divine right of kings ; that it was treason to set up an independent power, Papal or popular [Parliament to wit] ; and that for subjects to resist the king under any pretence whatever, was to resist God." This, too, at the moment when the king with an armed hand, was breaking through the most sacred laws and rights ! Such was the official canon of the Church.

In the Privy Council, Laud, according to his diary, advised that the king should be treated "in extraordinary ways, if Parliament should prove peevish ;" and told him, when he dissolved the House, "now he could use his own power." Such was the private counsel of the Church.

In the pulpit the clergy, foremost among whom was Dr. Manwaring, preached that "the authority of Parliament was not necessary to impose taxes, and that the king's royal will and pleasure was enough, which bound subjects' consciences in pain of damnation." Such was the public teaching of the Church.

This is a specimen of the services rendered by the Church to British liberty, and that, too, in the most dangerous and critical period of our country's annals.

The terrible "Star Chamber" now raged like an inquisition. The convocation forming the commons, did not, as usual, break up with Parliament, but remained sitting, thus forming an arbitrary legislative body of clergy. All legal restraint being removed, the Church began to show its true character without disguise. Its pomp and magnificence swelled with every day. Ostentatious pageants and oriental splendour attended its public appearance, lordly pride and luxurious extravagance signalised its private habits. Papal pomp and glittering ceremonies supersede the simple ritual, bowings and genuflexions, attitudes, lawn, silk, and jewels astonish and disgust the disciples of the Nazarene ; titles long unheard abroad in English ears : Laud is styled "his holiness," and "holy father," by Oxford, and Popery is restored in all but Romish supremacy and popular adherence. Here you have a striking instance of that constantly recurring Popish tendency, which is the inevitable concomitant of a state-established church, of a levitical order of priests, and of a hollow ceremonious worship.

We are witnessing again the same effect to-day, springing from the same cause.

Thinking themselves secure in their power, Laud and his clergy began to divide the spoils of the conquered ; they annexed commendams to five of the smaller bishoprics, and prepared to raise the revenues of the other. A fine of £20 per week (it had been £20 per month under Elizabeth) was enforced for not attending the State Church. To escape from the rampant tyranny of that church, again the Puritans tried to seek liberty of conscience by emigration to Holland and New England. In vain ! An embargo was laid on the very ship in which were Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell. They were neither to pray to God as they chose, nor to remain silent, nor to fly ! To write or speak against the Church was a libel. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were condemned for it, fined £5,000 each (equal to four times the amount now), sentenced to have their ears cut off in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. Prynne, his being the second offence, had the stumps of his ears cut off, and was cruelly branded with red-hot irons on both cheeks. They suffered gallantly. In vain the people poured their petitions into Parliament. Southey calls them "effusions of sectarian rancour and vulgar ignorance." King Charles himself designated the petitioners "a multitude of mean, unknown inconsiderable persons about the city and suburbs of London."

Then came the third attempt of the Puritans to regain their rights. It was not "peaceful," but it was "legal," and it was "constitutional" according to the "perfect law of liberty" and the constitution of God. Then Manwaring, on his bended knees, was forced to sue Parliament for pardon. Then the arch-traitor, Laud, fell punning on the scaffold. Then, when Charles used pikes and cannon, the last argument of kings, his plumed chivalry were dashed to earth at Marston-moor and Naseby, and, for once, the English people taught the world how tyrants should be treated.

But the tide of triumph ebbed, from causes irrelevant to mention here. Suffice it to say, that from having been the greatest power of the age, as a republic, England soon sank into the meanest of states as a monarchy.

A division had arisen in the religious world : the Presbyterian party began fast to walk in the steps of the old royal church\*. The Independants rose to maintain the purer discipline.

\* As if to show that any connexion between church and state must lead to evil, the Presbyterians having themselves become a state church, enacted laws, forbidding all writing and speaking against their church, and confiscating the episcopal property to their own use, Sir Arthur Hazlerige taking so large a share, that he was nicknamed "the Bishop of Durham." They actually indulged in pluralities, made eight heresies punishable with death, and sixteen others with imprisonment, till the prisoners had found sufficient sureties for good conduct.

It was mainly by appealing to the Presbyterians that Charles and the Church regained their footing in the realm. Once restored to power, the conquerors trampled on the Independants, and broke the Presbyterian ladder by which they had mounted to the throne, their sees, and the House.

The rampant tyranny then showed itself again as the destroyer of the Reformation, the abettor of vice, and the murderer of freedom. These are three charges, which I will again substantiate.

I say it was the destroyer of the Reformation. The heirs of the Reformation were the scattered remnants of Dissenters, and the church tried to extinguish their last spark of life.

Breaking entirely through the solemn pledge given at Breda, when Charles the Second was a penniless exile, the Act of Uniformity was passed, and, under this reign, episcopal ordination was for the first time made requisite for church preferments. Two thousand ministers were ejected and cast into beggary, though the Puritans had pensioned those whom they dismissed. Dr. Southey admits them to have been "men of genuine piety and exemplary virtue, expelled from a church in which they were worthy to have held a distinguished rank." Thus, the first thing the Church did on its reinstallation was, to purge itself of almost the only good men contained within its body.

The Five-Mile Act ordered that no recusants should come within that distance of any town, or borough, or of their church. It was made a crime to attend any Dissenting place of worship. A single justice of the peace might convict without a jury, and, for a third offence, transport for seven years. Death awaited premature return, and, by a refined cruelty, the convicts were not sent to New England, because they would have there found exiles of their own persuasion. Once more the Dissenters (they began to be generally called by that name) endeavoured to seek peace and safety by emigration; once more they were forbidden to fly; once more the prisons were filled with lifelong prisoners—(the time for the burning pyre had passed). History gives us some idea of the horrors in their dungeons; history gives us no idea of the numbers thus destroyed.

In Scotland it was made death to preach in doors; but in the open air, it was death even to hear another preach. English episcopacy was forced upon the country. The Dissenters, says Macaulay (1, 185, 1st ed.), were "exposed at one time to the license of soldiers from England, abandoned at another time to the mercy of bands of marauders from the Highlands," "imprisoned by hundreds, hanged by scores,"—hunted down like wild beasts—tortured till their bones were beaten flat." It might have been expected that

the day for racking had expired—but no! prisoners were put to the question by dozens at a time. A small steel thumbscrew that inflicted the most exquisite pain, was invented by Lord Melfort—a steel boot was in general use—an instrument of torture so dreadful, a sight so terrible, that, as soon as it appeared, even the most servile and heardhearted churchmen left the chamber, they could not even bear to see the agony they made another suffer. Sometimes the board was quite deserted, and a law was actually passed to make the judges keep their seats while the horrible machine was slowly crushing and mangling the leg of their victims.\*

Military executions were sent to slaughter wholesale in the villages of the Dissenters; houses were burnt, milestones broken, fruit-trees cut down, and the very roots seared with fire; nets and fishing-boats; the sole means of subsistence for their owners, were destroyed; thousands of men were mutilated; on a single day the hangman at Edinburgh maimed thirty-five prisoners and troops of women, branded with red-hot irons were sent across the Atlantic into eternal exile. Claverhouse was launched, like an incarnate curse, against the Covenant. The slaughter was horrible. Two instances—two out of thousands—will suffice. St. Dominic himself might rise and smile from the ruins of the Inquisition.

A poor carrier of Lanarkshire, John Brown, was convicted of not going to the bishops' church. So blameless was his character, that he was known in the neighbourhood by the name of "the Christian carrier." His wife, whose only support he was, came to the place of execution, appealing for mercy, leading one child by the hand, while another was near its birth. Even the soldiers had not the heart to kill the husband in the presence of his wife and child—when Claverhouse drew forth a pistol and, with his own hand, shot him before their eyes. "Well, sir, well!" said the wife; "the day of reckoning will come." "To man," said Claverhouse, "I can answer for what I have done; and, as for God, I will take him into mine own hand." The day of reckoning has not come yet—but we are hastening its advent, and may, perhaps, behold it ere we die.

But the Church enacted a still more terrible vengeance. An aged widow, named Maelachlan, and Margaret Wilson, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, were also convicted of not attending episcopal worship. They were carried to a spot the Solway overflows twice daily, and fastened to stakes in the sand, between high and low water-mark. The poor widow was placed nearest to the advancing flood, in hopes that her agonies

\* The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, was always present on such occasions, whenever opportunity served, and took a morbid delight in witnessing the infliction.

terrify her young companion. The sight dreadful—the old woman struggled and died around the stake, choking—she died—her courage was unshaken. She saw the counting nearer and nearer every moment, the sign of fear escaped her—she continued singing and singing verses of psalms. The tide higher—every now and then a wave rolled over her head—but her sweet young voice might be heard amid the roaring of the surge. At last it ceased. Then the torturers rode into the courtyard—unbound her, and restored her to life, to end her agony. Pitying friends implored her to say: “Dear Margaret, only say God save the king!”—those words being administered as a charm. She gasped, “May God save him,” she said, but added the deservation, “if it be God’s will!” which was the formula added by the torturers, and considered treason. Her friends gathered round the presiding officer: “She has died! indeed, sir, she has said it!” “Will she make the abjuration?” he replied. “Never! Christ’s! Let me go!” They threw her overboard, and the sea closed over her for ever. The Church tried to crush the Reformation. But I have said it was the abettor of vice. While it was raging against the last glimmers of Christianity, it was openly screening immorality and sin.—The ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherley,” says Macaulay (1,181), “was the presence and under the special sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by felicitous lips in female ears, while the author of the ‘Grim’s Progress’ languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the Gospel to the people.” Never had vice been more shameless, never more flagrant. England was a moral wilderness, and the Church shielded and fostered iniquity. Nay! under James II. it actually aided the King, and its partisans condoned his illicit amour with a Protestant concubine (Catherine Sedley, created Countess of Macclesfield), to counteract the influence of his Catholic wife! Macaulay sums up the moral of the story: “It is an unquestionable and most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in its zenith, were precisely the years during which its moral virtue was at the lowest point.” I have further said that the church was the bulwark of despotism. Yet, I repeat, you are mistaken that it has been the defender of our liberties for three hundred years. I will not pause to enquire where the liberties are it is supposed to have defended—but I do say it is a base shame to presume on the ignorance of the people, and to tell you, knowingly, a downright falsehood, to say that it was a party purpose. We have seen how the church tried to establish absolutism under Charles I.: once more, for the second time in

the same century, she makes the same attempt; once more, under Charles II., the same drama was re-enacted—the saintly mantle of the church clung around the black designs and profligate vices of the court. At a time when the spirit of independence was still struggling amid the ashes of the Revolution—when its last hopes, its last chances were at stake, when some few relics of freedom might still have been snatched from the torrent of corruption—the Church again taught the divine right of kings and exacted an unconditional obedience to the monarch and his agents, of submission under any circumstances, even from the sequestered ministers. Ten thousand pulpits daily distilled this slavish poison; their favourite theme was non-resistance, at the very time when a drunken tyrant was again systematically breaking through every law. “They were,” says Macaulay (1,178), “never weary of repeating, that, in no conceivable case, not even if England were cursed with a king resembling Busiris and Phalaris, who, in defiance of law and without a pretence of justice, should daily doom hundreds of innocent victims to torture and death, would all the estates of the realm united be justified in withstanding his tyranny with physical force.” They said the Apostle enjoined obedience when Nero was king, and drew the inference, if the English king ordered idols to be worshipped, flung recusants to the lions in the Tower, or wrapped them in pitch and lighted St. James’s Park with them, and went on with this till whole towns and cities were depopulated, the survivors would be still bound meekly to submit and suffer (Ibid, 2,296).

That is the way, I repeat, in which the Established Church defended our liberties! Papacy itself hardly surpassed that.\*

These doctrines brought their natural result. If you tell a man, armed with power, that you do not mean to resist him under any circumstances, but proclaim the doctrine of passive obedience and unconditional peace, he will take advantage of it. You invite him to tyrannise, and he will do so. But if you tell him that for a blow you have a blow, and for a chain you have a sword, he will pause before he ventures to attack you. True to this principle, James the Second said: “I take you at your word—you say I am not to be resisted, I’ll crush you with impunity.” But, instead of becoming the tyrant of the people, he became the tyrant of the parsons. They had never calculated on this contingency—their reckoning was at fault. He tried to break down their monopoly—he invaded

\* At the battle of Sedgemoor the peasantry of Somersetshire would, perhaps, have not been massacred, had not the Bishop of Winchester, like a meek disciple of the gospel, offered his carriage horses and traces to bring up the heavy artillery.

the privileges of their hierarchy—he touched their loaves and fishes:—then you should have seen how soon the “divine right” changed to deposition—the “meek obedience” into desperate conspiracy—the “non-resistance” into armed rebellion!\*

Accordingly, scarcely had King James, with the view of befriending his own creed, issued his first declaration of indulgence, suspending all penal laws on matters of religion, abolishing all religious tests, declaring all his subjects equally capable of public employment, and commanding the clergy to proclaim liberty of conscience from the pulpits, ere the clerical plot began.

The declaration, excellent and noble as it was in itself, was decidedly an illegal stretch of power on the king’s part—as he could not alter the laws without the consent of Parliament. But when the king had broken through every law, and taken the people’s money without a parliament at all, the Church supported him; now that James proclaimed liberty of conscience and touched the profits of the parson, Sancroft, the archbishop, secretly conspired with his clergy, and forwarded a remonstrance to the monarch. So anxious was the primate to conceal his proceedings, that he sent messengers of his own on horseback, not trusting to the post. James most cuttingly and truly asked the remonstrants: “Do you question my dispensing power? Some of you have printed and published for it, when it suited your purpose.”

The seven bishops were consequently accused of sedition and arrested—it is admitted that they were fairly tried, that the jury was not packed, that James made no attempt to pervert the law—and they were acquitted. This is all the Church suffered in the Revolution of 1688. You have, however, been told that the Church carried that revolution: it is not so—it was powerless alone. Once more the fate of England trembled in the balance—the king was assembling an enormous army—the Church was ranged on one side, the monarch on the other; but a third body, for the time more powerful than either, rose up between them—the poor, the once persecuted Dissenters. As you have to thank the Puritans for the Revolution of 1640, so you have to thank the Dissenters

for that of 1688. On the decision of this body hung the result of the struggle. Each faction felt their paramount importance, king and archbishop respectively canvassed for their aid. Each tried to throw the blame of persecution on the shoulders of his rival. The king said he had unwillingly persecuted the Dissenters because he was so weak that he dared not disoblige the Church. The Church protested that he had done so only to oblige the king. The king declared that the Church had offered to concede Catholic emancipation if he would let them persecute the Dissenters. The Church averred the king offered to let them persecute the Dissenters if they would grant him Catholic emancipation. The king collected and published the cases in which vicars and rectors had extorted money from Dissenters under threat of denunciation. The Church collected and published stories of parsons who had been reprimanded for refusing to hunt Dissenters down.

Thus the two thieves stood fawning on the honest man whom they had plundered. At court, the Dissenters who, but a short time previously, dared not, on pain of death, have been visible near its precincts, were adulated and idolised: “the king,” says the historian (Macaulay, 2,214), “constrained himself to show even fawning courtesy to eminent Dissenters. He offered them money, municipal honours, and immunity for all the past. By the Church on the other hand, “those who had been lately designated as schismatics and fanatics were now dear fellow protestants . . . brethren, whose scruples were entitled to tender regard.”

Yes; the persecuted Dissenters had it in their power to grant revolution or to maintain tyranny. The tyrant had actually given them liberty—the Church only promised it. And how had the church treated them? The Act of Uniformity had ejected them from their freehold benefices and cast them into beggary; The Five Mile Act had banished them from friends and relations—almost from the habitations of men. The Conventicle Act had distrained their goods, and flung them from one noisome dungeon to another. Their sermons were preached in night and darkness, with sentries on the watch all around—their ministers had been flogged, banished, and hung. Their congregations had been hunted down like wild beasts. Their limbs had been crushed, their agonies mocked, their heart’s-blood shed like water, by the very church that fawned upon them now. If the king had sanctioned their persecution, he had been forced, almost compelled to it by the Church (Macaulay). Now they could have required this—they could have triumphed and punished, securing spiritual liberty to themselves (for once granted, the king could never

\* “It had often,” says Macaulay (2,397), “been repeated from the pulpits of all the cathedrals in the land, that the apostolical injunction to obey the civil magistrate was absolute and universal, and that it was impious presumption in man to limit a precept which had been promulgated, without limitation, by the word of God. Now, however, divines whose sagacity had been sharpened by the imminent danger in which they stood of being turned out of their livings or prebends to make room for Papists, discovered flaws in the reasoning which had formerly carried conviction to their minds.”

“That logic (ibid), which, while it went to prove that Presbyterians and Independents ought to bear imprisonment and confiscation with meekness, had been pronounced unanswerable, seemed to be of very little force when the question was, whether the Anglican bishops should be imprisoned, and the revenues of Anglican colleges confiscated.”



retaken it, however he may have thought (contrary!) at the expence of political liberty to the people. But how did they act? To what they cried: "perish all compromise! the sons of the Puritans will never compact with a tyrant!" and they joined their old enemy, the monarch, without one recusant, while Bishop Burnet, of Durham, and Bishop Cartwright, of Chester, were following in the train of the papal legate. It was the Dissenters that led the Revolution of 1688; and now mark the conduct of the Church; one of the most disgraceful spectacles that history affords—one of selfishness, duplicity, and cowardice.

Archbishop Sancroft issues a circular against the usurped and foreign jurisdiction, and that subjection is due to it, or to those who pretend to act by virtue of it," at the very moment that he is inviting the Prince of Orange, a foreigner and a usurper, to come over and take the crown!

Called into the royal closet on suspicion of having done so, the Bishop of London denies the fact, at the very time his signature with that of the others is scarcely dry upon the declaration.

Archbishop Sancroft protests that neither he nor a single bishop among his brethren, had done so, though he helped in concocting the very reasons that brought the usurper to our shores. The deserted monarch, abandoned by prelates and peers, generals and friends, sends for the bishops, and as they had always professed implicitly, the divine right, passive obedience and non-resistance, asks them at least to state to the world that they have no hand in the insurrection. They answer, "they cannot interfere in matters of state," at the very time when they were negotiating with the invaders and assembling at Lambeth with the temporal peers.

Overcome by misfortune, the royal pride at last gives way, and James condescends to supplicate the bishops for aid. "We will aid you in our prayers," they reply, at the very time when they are hastening the armed forces of France to attack the capital of their monarch.

At the blackest act remains. Compton, Bishop of London, seduces the king's favourite child, afterwards Queen Anne, to leave her father secretly in the night, and fly with her enemies who are plotting his destruction, and armed against his life. This man had long been strongly maintained as long as he was not oppressed, that it was crime to resist oppression" but the Christian bishop now tears the child from her falling father, and precedes the carriage of the princess in a buff coat and buckles, with a sword by his side and pistols in his holsters, as colonel of a band of insurgent dragons.

It was a bleak evening of winter, when the king returned at dusk from his camp at Salisbury to his now lonely palace at Whitehall. His troops were deserting, or in spiritless retreat; his generals and his courtiers were hurrying from their ruined master like scared thieves from a falling house; the creatures of his kindness were joining the invaders, his clergy conspiring with the foe; his hopes were darkened and his reign was closing, while behind him, his cold and heartless enemy was moving on against London with the flower of European armies; then, on that desolate evening, when he stood, travel-worn and spirit-broken on the threshold of his house, he received this, the bitterest blow of all: "God help me!" he cried, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me!" and he fled the land for ever.

On James's flight, Archbishop Sancroft and the Archbishop of York, five bishops, and twenty-two temporal peers form a provisional government, under the presidency of the primate, ordering Skelton to surrender the Tower, prohibiting Dartmouth from attacking the Dutch fleet, and commanding him to displace all Papist officers. Thus, the very men who had preached passive and unconditional obedience, usurped the command of the naval and military forces, removed the officers the king had set over his ships and castles, and forbade his admiral to give battle to the enemy; while the primate of the Church, that had proclaimed the divine right of kings issued an address to the people, telling them they might depose their sovereign.

But was love of liberty their motive power? How did the Church act now? The Prince of Orange was known to be favourer of the principles of Dissent; the revolution had gone further than the Church wished; it dreaded to have fallen from Scylla into Charybdis: the champion of Dissenters was climbing to the throne. Sancroft immediately declared for a regency in the interest of the Stuarts! Yet, when the vote was to be taken, he feared to raise his voice—he was too cowardly to vote at all. The usurpation was decreed by a majority of two; but, had the revolution depended on the Church, there would have been no revolution at all, or only a revolution of parsons; for, out of the bishops, a majority of seven voted for King James.\*

The Church take credit to themselves for their share in this transaction: there is not a more disgraceful and pitiable episode in the history of the world than their conduct in the events of '88.

\* Forty-nine peers voted for a regency—fifty-one against it. In the minority were the Archbishop of York and eleven bishops.

And the fruits: oh! the fruits! Who was it trampled down the aspiring spirit of freedom? Who was it bolstered up the old iniquity? Who was it stifled the whisper of the popular voice, when it made itself heard in those first memorable days? And now, after the Dissenters had saved the State Church from destruction, what was their reward? Where were all the glowing promises? Till the character of that cold-blooded tyrant, William, was developed, indeed, the clergy still fawned on their Dissenting allies; but when it was found that he, too, had learned the lesson of King James, "NO BISHOP, NO KING," that he, too, felt how temporal tyranny grew doubly strong when banded with a spiritual despotism, when the instinct of priestcraft told them that the instinct of kingcraft guaranteed their safety, then their tone soon changed to the Dissenters, their courtesy soon waned. "A few months earlier, or a few months later," says Macaulay, "such courtesy would have been considered by many churchmen as treason to the Church."

Yes! a few months later, the old penal statutes were re-enacted, misery and oppression were the lot of the last successors of the Reformation; and to this day the Dissenters are obliged to pay a tax for conscience, and swell the treasures of that Church, which, without them, would not have been in existence for near two hundred years.

Thus, during three centuries the Church has been the enemy of God and man! thus, it has destroyed the Reformation; abetted vice, and thus it has encouraged tyranny. But the eyes of earth are on it, and the nations of the world are saying: away with the counterfeit of religion—the libel on the divine teaching of the Saviour. The universe is the temple of our God, the elements are his ministers, labour is our worship, and happiness is our thanksgiving.

I ask for one redeeming feature in the history of the Church. In what has the labourer been worthy of his hire? We will next examine what that hire consists of.

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## THE STATE CHURCH.

### AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

ERNEST JONES, ESQ.,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.—AUTHOR OF

“THE BATTLE DAY,”—“THE EMPEROR’S VIGIL,” &c.

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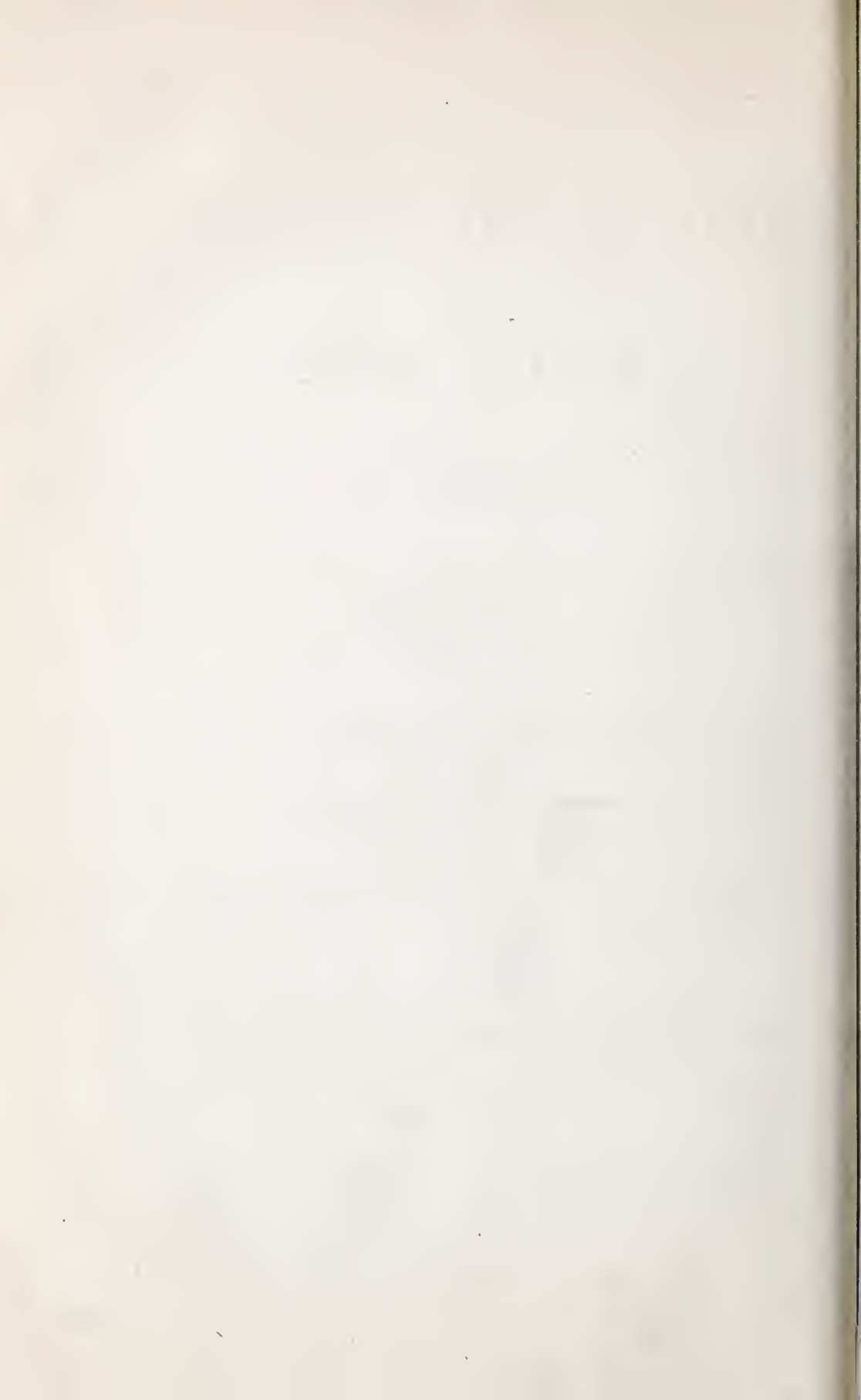
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1856.



## PART II.

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proceeding to analyse the property of the Church, I feel that no man could set himself a more difficult task; it is scarcely possible to arrive at a correct estimate of its full amount; what can be done is to verify its income up to a certain extent. I think we can prove that its receipt of twelve millions per annum; this is a receipt of positive evidence; that it is in receipt of much more, however, facts show to be extremely probable. Churchmen have returned the ecclesiastical income at only three millions! a startling discrepancy, and we shall, I submit, have no difficulty in showing the falsity of the statement. The reason why such a conflicting statement has been possible, is because the Church is under no effective supervision, and, when a commission of investigation is appointed, it consists of churchmen and their allies, so that they are called to sit in judgment on themselves, and we are actually expected to believe their report.

When the Popish Church property was seized by Henry the Eighth, it was pretended that the property would so enrich the King and his successors, that the people would never again have to pay any taxes.

However, I pass by that, and proceed to analyse the property of the Church, whence it comes, and how it is maintained; and here I undertake to prove a charge of false return, embezzlement, and fraud, against the heads of the established Church.

Tithes are a principal source of the clerical income. Tithes are the tenth part of the land's produce, of the annual increase of the stock, and, consequently, of the personal industry of the inhabitant. They were formerly paid in kind, and fluctuated with the current prices, but were

commuted into money by the Act of 1831. Only two-thirds of the produce are titheable; therefore the clergy claim a fifteenth of the whole. McCulloch and Porter estimated the annual value of produce at £132,500,000.\* Allowing every reasonable deduction, reducing the £8,800,000, which would be their share per annum from the tithes alone, by nearly three millions, we arrive at the fact, that the Church derives £6,000,000 per annum from tithes alone. How now, gentlemen of the Church! what becomes of your £3,000,000? It is doubled already! But another test exists wherewith to check this statement; if, of the land under cultivation, only 20,000,000 acres are tithed, the tithes calculated on that basis by the returns to the Agricultural Board would reach the sum of £7,037,500, and as agriculture has improved rapidly ever since that period, allowing for the increase of produce and contingent advantages, we must, after again making the most liberal reduction, inevitably arrive at a similar conclusion to the one afforded by the preceding calculation.

The clergy, however, protested against the supposition that they received any sum so large in amount, and were, therefore, required to make a return in the year 1834-35. They actually found they were very poor! They stated the total gross incomes of the benefices in England and Wales at only £3,251,159, and the net receipts at only £3,055,451. "Gross" incomes they called them—the statement was gross enough! The public were astonished, and some even went so far as to suggest that the poor Church was in distress, and that more money

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This is many years ago—the amount is much larger now.

should be given, to prevent its actually perishing of hunger.

All this contrasts strangely with my statement: for their three million we have nothing but the *word* of the clergy. And who could doubt it? I do; and I think I shall make *you* doubt before I have concluded.

How was the return made? Under the belief that a retrenchment was intended; for the public voice had long cried against the enormous riches of the Church, and this inquiry was the result. Therefore the Church had an interest in making a false return.

Who made the return? A disinterested party? No! the commission consisted of—whom do you think? The Archbishop of Canterbury; the Archbishop of York; the Bishop of London; the Bishop of Lincoln; the Bishop of Gloucester; the Lord Chancellor; and twenty-two others, who were all required to sign a declaration that they were members of the Established Church!

Thus the Church had an interest in having a false return made, and the parties interested were the very parties who made the return!

What could you expect from such a commission? Just fancy a suspected treasurer being left to audit his own account, and your being required to believe his figures?

The benefice of Tottenham, County of Middlesex, returned its net income in 1834 £300 in 1838 £80

...	Gladdesden	..	Hertford	..	..	..	220	..	73
..	Belgrave	...	Leicester	..	...	..	146	..	46
...	Cam	...	Gloucester	..	..	..	95	..	50
..	Marston	..	Hereford	..	..	..	55	..	21
..	Kirklington	..	Nottingham	..	..	..	49	..	50
..	Llanwnog	..	Montgomery	..	..	..	47	..	23
..	Kingsbury	..	Middlesex	..	..	..	46	..	50
..	Northorpe	..	Lincoln	..	..	..	48	..	41
..	Stow-cum-Quy	..	Cambridge	..	..	..	52	..	50

Now, gentlemen of the Church, what do you say to that? which am I to believe? Are you fit to be the moral teachers of a people?

But I have not done yet: by the time that only about one-half of the tithes had been commuted, the rent-charge amounted to nearly four millions sterling, or one million more than they had returned the whole income of the Church as being, in 1834!

Some of the owners of tithe are laymen, it is true; but what of that? It is held as Church property nevertheless, and only shows that the people's wealth is shared between more plunderers than one.

So here your own return, gentlemen of the Church, corroborates my statement and nullifies your prior evidence. And, mark me! for the

But we have their word, and their word alone for these three millions; and who, I repeat, could doubt the word of these holy men? Well! be it, if you like: I will take them at their word. But if I am to take their word in one instance I will take it also in another. Then mark the following:

The three millions were returned in 1834; in 1838 the Tithe Commutation Bill became law. This was passed to prevent the constant collision in levying tithes between the clergy and the flocks—the shearers, not the shepherds, and the sheep. To lose the odium of the name without clipping one ounce less of wool, payments of kind were changed into payments in money, and the tax into a rent-charge. This forced the clergy to give a fresh return of their incomes. In 1834 their interest was to make them appear as low as possible, because the supposed object of the commission then was to diminish the revenues of the Church. In 1838 their interest was to make their incomes appear as high as possible, because according to the return made would be the compensation they would receive.

Only four years elapsed between the first return and the second; 1834 to 1838; and you shall have a specimen of the two as compared with each other, for both of which we have the word of the reverend divines:

three millions, I again repeat, we have only the word; but on the other side, we have data that it is impossible to controvert, and in which no mistake to any large extent can possibly be made: we know that two-thirds of the produce are titheable, and we know what the value of the produce is; we know how many acres are cultivated, and how many of those are tithed; we know what the average of tithes per acre has been through a long succession of years, and any child can total the amount.

The next great source of Church revenue consists in the episcopal estates. The *Lib. Regis*, or record of King Henry the Eighth being the only authorised account of the value of monastic, episcopal and cathedral property and the value of all property having increased



ously since the time of that monarch, the ecclesiastical Commissioners were ordered, in obedience to the popular cry, to make returns in 1831, as to the actual amount. Then (although they have pretended a fourfold increase in the value of tithes in four years, 1834 to 1837), they asserted that the value of these states had increased only sevenfold during the centuries! and returned their net aggregate revenue from this source at £435,043.

The bishops, however, when negotiating for parliamentary loans, when wanting to get more money, and to prove their power of repayment, were admitted an increase of from twelve to twenty-fold; about twice the amount that was then stated just before.

The general calculation is that property has increased in value more than twentyfold within the last three hundred years—this is a known fact. Is it, therefore, probable, that Church property, which, being leased for comparatively long periods, is almost constantly in the market and open to every advantage, and which is generally well managed, should have remained so far behind all the rest as to have added only an only seven-fold increase?

Moreover, the incomes of many dignitaries are known to be higher than such a state of things would admit; a general suspicion of falsehoods became prevalent, the matter began to be investigated, and, accordingly, what do we find? I have shown how the common clergy made false returns; but these are trifling compared to those of the higher dignitaries, as you will see; a rector goes far, but a bishop goes further; and an archbishop beats them all. I quote from Mr. Horsman's speech in the House of Commons, on the 2nd of August, 1818, relative to Temporalities and Church Leases. He says: "I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made."

I know, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting, in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries it did receive them—others indignantly refused.

In 1848 the Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at	..	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was	.. . .	16,236
Making a difference of	... ..	12,285
In 1848 the Archbishop of York returned his income at	... ..	13,798
Actual rental	... ..	41,030
Making a difference of	... ..	27,232

" In 1838 the then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at	.. . . . .	22,216
Actual rental	... ..	52,000

Making a difference of ... .. 29,784\*

Now, gentlemen of the Church! what do you say to that? Nay! the utter unscrupulousness of these gentlemen is perfectly astonishing: the Bishop of London returned his estate at £12,201 per annum; since then a city of palaces had been built along Hyde-park, upon his Church lands, many houses renting at 800*l.* per annum each, the ground rents of all being his—but, of course, his income was still only £12,201. Again—when a late Archbishop of Canterbury wanted leave from Parliament to borrow money for repairing, enlarging, and decorating his palaces, his advocate, Dr. Lushington, stated his income to be at least £32,000; but, the very next year, when he was required to furnish returns, for the augmentation of the incomes of poorer sees, when, instead of wanting to borrow money from others, he was afraid of losing what he had himself, if dropped down at once to £10,000.

But I have not done yet: Mr. Finlayson made a return for Lord Melbourne's cabinet, in 1838, founded on the returns of the Commissioners of Church Inquiry, who give the annual sum derived from fines alone, levied on episcopal and collegiate estates, at £260,000. The rental he states at £1,400,000, but informs Lord Melbourne that this estimate is far too low, and gives his reasons for so believing. This estimate is also adopted by the lessees, and, in a recent publication put forth by them, the gross value of these estates is calculated at £35,000,000. This gives an income from that source alone of £1,500,000 per annum. Now, what becomes of the £435,043 of the clergy?†

Here you have already £7,500,000 per annum.

But the catalogue is not ended yet: another

\* The following was found to be the income of five bishops in seven years:  
Canterbury: (Archb.)—Income, £210,134 8s. 4*d.*—Fines, £83,951 12s. 7*d.*—or £294,086 0s. 11*d.* received by one man in seven years!

York: (Archb.)—Income, £100,468 5s. 4*½d.*—Fines, £60,951 0s. 8*d.*—or £161,419 6s. 7*d.* received by one man in seven years!

London: Income, £123,985 0s. 11*d.*—Fines, £31,868 13s. 3*d.* or £155,853 14s. 2*d.* received by one man in seven years!

Winchester: Income, £101,130 1s. 1*d.*—Fines, £54,358 2s. 7*d.*, or £155,488 3s. 8*d.* received by one man in seven years!

Durham: Income, £207,562 19s. 6*d.*—Fines, £100,710 18s. 1*d.*—or £308,273 17s. 7*d.* received by one man in seven years! being a total of £1,045,121 2s. 4*½d.* ABSORBED BY FIVE MEN IN SEVEN YEARS!

The income of the 26 Bishops amounts to £1,535,976 7s. 5*½d.* The fines levied amount to £636,367 15s. 9*d.*, making a total of £2,172,364 3s. 2*½d.* for 26 men.

The Bishop of Winchester, in one year, 1850, received 20 681*z.* from fines only—and he it remembered that every fine levied is a robbery of the property of the church.

† The bishops monopolise more than half of this. The remainder goes to deans, prebendaries and, the other rooks who build nests among cathedral pinnacles.

large source of revenue consists in fees and offerings. Surplice-fees and Easter-offerings were originally voluntary presents to the clergy on the occasion of christenings, weddings, funerals, and oblations at various festivals. They were condemned by several oecumenical councils as simony, and the English Church is the only Protestant establishment which has persisted in these exactions. Though voluntary, however, and though formally forbidden, they were soon demanded as a right, and enforced as a law. They were turned into fixed exactions by means like the following:—In early times, burial-fees had been strictly prohibited by the Canon Law; in 1225, Stephen Langton “stringently forbade that any man be refused burial for money causes;” but the following decree was shortly added: “Albeit the clergyman may not demand anything for burial, yet the laity may be compelled to observe pious and commendable customs; and if the clerk shall allege that, for any dead person, so much hath been accustomed to be given to the minister, or the Church, he may recover it.” Of course, the clerk rarely failed to make the “required allegation,” and fees and offerings became a fixed source of income.

The Rev. Dr. Cove admits the surplice fees alone to be about £40 per annum for each parish; but almost all parties acknowledge this estimate to be below the truth. Another authority calculates that £1,000,000 are derived from these sources. Compromising between the two, we arrive at a sum of £600,000 per annum, and this swells the income of our holy mother to £8,100,000.

The list still keeps unrolling. Parsonages and glebe-lands next appear before us. No official value has been affixed to these—but a writer in the “Quarterly Review” (in the interest of the Church) reckons 8,000 glebes, valued at £20 each. The parsonage and several other matters are, however, entirely omitted from the estimate—so that £30 must be the lowest average, and I think there are not many parsonage-houses and glebes worth as little as (£3) per annum; but taking only that as the average, £240,000 must arise from this source in addition.

Next come the chapels of ease—£100,000 per annum are appropriated to them; then come 350 lectureships, amounting to £50,000 more, and chaplaincies in the army and navy, salaried at £14,000. These items swell the Church income to £8,504,000.

The public charities come next in order, A vast arena of malversation might be unveiled under this head.\* Great wealth had been

left by pious people for the children of the poor; but even into this nest the clergy thrust themselves, as the cuckoo ejects the young one of the sparrow. The law says, “as the goods of the Church are the goods of the poor,” but the parsons reverse it and say, “as the goods of the poor are the goods of the Church;” proof of which, though many of the charities were founded long before the Reformation, is the express purpose of proletarian education: no one is eligible for the mastership of a grammar, or indeed of any, school, without a bishop’s licence; and the masters of these foundations must subscribe the thirty-nine articles, as well as a “declaration of conformity to the liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland as it is now by law established.” Therefore, the masterships are generally held by clergymen in the next best subordinate places by clergymen too; and the inferior by their dependents. The endowments amount to one million and a half per annum. The Church cannot plunder her out of the national charities and endowments than one million pounds per annum. If they deny this, I ask for a return.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge now follow in the wake—another stronghold of corruption opens to the view. The Reverend H. L. Jones, of Magdalen College, Oxford, states the incomes of the universities to be 741,000*l.*, of which the clergy monopolise nearly half a million. Snug fellowships, masterships, etc., absorb most of the residue.

The Church revenue already amounts to 10,004,000*l.*; but the greatest juggle yet remains:

The Church-rate.—I assert that the Church-rate is levied without one shadow of right. No man ought to be compelled to pay Church-rate. By the tithes provision was made for this very point. How were the tithes allotted? One third was to pay the parson, another to repair the Church, another to support the poor. The Church has taken the first third—the parson has taken the second third—the poor have taken the third, third; and if there could have been a fourth third I suppose the Church would have taken that too. I denounce the Church-rate as a robbery. You have paid for the repairs of your Churches in the shape of tithes, by the very constitution of the tithes themselves. Asking you to pay Church-rate is asking you to pay the same bill twice over. Nay, they make this juggle a pretext for disqualifying you from your political rights; and

or 6*l.* per annum, have become worth 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.*, but the entire difference goes into the pockets of the clergy. In Rochester 40*l.* per annum was left for six old men. No recipients existed since 1790, until recently, when two men were appointed, and received 1*l.* 10*s.*, but, before they got it, such is clerical rapacity, 10*s.* were deducted as a fee, by a dean and chapter having 17,700*l.* per annum!

\* Its extent has never been thoroughly investigated, but has been proved to be enormous. Charities when left, worth 5*l.*

if you are not fool enough to pay another man's parson's bill, and that twice over, you will be deprived of your claims as a citizen, and not vote for a representative in Parliament. The Church-rates levied in the year ending in 1839 (I have not at hand a later return), were £363,103—and adding the income arising from pew and sittings, in such Churches where pew and sittings ought to be free, and are not the private property of a speculating parson, you will be much within the mark in estimating this amount of revenue at half a million sterling.

This raises the annual income of the Church to 10,504,000—estimating many of its items to be low, and without reckoning private, ceremonial, or ambassadorial chaplaincies, parliamentary grants, town assessments, church-buildings, and several other sources of emolument. This does not include the Church in Ireland. The Established Church has thus taken since 1801 in the last fifty-six years only, 644,224,000 pounds sterling; without reckoning one farthing interest on the money.

Contemplate for a moment what it has taken since the Reformation; think but for an instant what its income capitalised, for the last fifty years only would amount. Before this astounding amount the wealth of eastern tyrants sinks into insignificance.

And how many are there to absorb this enormous treasure? Eighteen thousand men, or seven thousand men divide twelve millions of the people's money, and this is paid by one million men, of whom not two millions belong to the Established Church. So that every year three millions of men pay twelve millions of pounds to eighteen thousand parsons, and after all, do not preach to two-thirds of the contributors.

Twelve millions per annum to a handful of priests, and a few thousands only for all the preachers of England. Twelve million per annum for preaching three hours in the week, and a few thousands only for teaching six hours every day.

But public opinion tried to interpose between the clergy and this giant plunder. An enquiry into the amount of episcopal property—a limit on the episcopal income, was demanded.

I will now give you an instance of episcopal avarice and veracity such as history can hardly parallel.

On the 10th of May, 1837, an act was passed, increasing the revenues of the bishops at sums ranging from 4,200*l.* to 10,000*l.* per annum. In these respective incomes the bishops undertook to be satisfied—and, that the management of their revenues might not be taken out of their own hands, pledged their holy estates that, if their estates, etc., were left in

their own keeping, they would hand whatever surplus there might be beyond the stipulated sum, to the ecclesiastical commissioners. But how have they kept their words?\*

The see of Chichester was to have 4,200*l.*—instead of which in seven years, succeeding 1837, it took 1,225*l.* beyond the fixed amount.

The see of Rochester (5,000*l.*) took in that time 1,480*l.* too much.

The see of Norwich (4,500*l.*) took 2,071*l.* too much.

Thus this episcopal trinity took in seven years 4,776*l.* of other peoples' money—entrusted to its care, but appropriated for its own use!

A second trinity, St. Asaph, York, and Ely, pocketed in the same time, of money, not belonging to them, 1,661*l.*, 2,317*l.*, and 9,242*l.* respectively, or 13,220*l.* together!

Now for trinity number three:—

The see of Salisbury (5,000*l.*) took in the same period, 6,958 too much; the see of St. David's (4,500*l.*), 7,623 too much; the see of Oxford (5,000*l.*), 8,910*l.* too much.

Thus this trinity despoiled the rightful owners of 23,491*l.* in seven years.

Trinity number four rises to a noble elevation. The then Bishops of London and Winchester stated that 10,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* per annum respectively would be sufficient to enable their successors to perform their duties, and accordingly in 1837, that sum was assigned them for their salaries.

But they themselves received far different.

Winchester's income amounted to 217,259*l.*, in fourteen years, or 53,161*l.* more than he declared sufficient.

London's to 217,259*l.* or 77,259*l.* too much, according to his own statement.

Durham (fixed at 8,000*l.* per annum), had an income amounting to 191,658*l.* in fourteen years—or 79,658*l.* more than by his own showing he ought to have received.

These three bishops accordingly robbed the country of 210,083*l.* in fourteen years, beyond the legitimate spoil of 350,000*l.* which the law allowed them; whereas common sense must tell every one that the whole 560,083*l.* absorbed by three men in four years (without reckoning fines, pluralities, patronage, charities, universities, &c., which swell it to at least a million, perhaps much more), is a downright robbery practised on society.

Thus this trinity took improperly 105,041*l.* 10s. in seven years.

In the above a seven years' average has been given, lest it should be said some particular year had been chosen in which special causes

\* All these statements apply to bishops prior to 1851. I have no data later than that year.

operated to swell the episcopal income, and that a commensurate deficiency might occur the next. That cannot be considered in a run of seven, and of fourteen years!

I will now, however, proceed to take their income for two years of a later date, to show what a few months of rapine amount to, and to evidence that that rapine is not diminishing, but growing more rampant with every day.

York had 10,000*l.* assigned. In 1849-50 he received 28,674*l.*, or 8,674*l.* more than his due. He, in common with other bishops, had pledged his honour, and was bound in law as well, to hand over this surplus to the commissioners; he actually paid over only 3,750*l.*, giving us to understand that this was all he had to pay—and thus abstracted 4,924*l.*! What say you to this? What would be done to a tradesman who acted thus towards his creditors?

Asaph and Bangor was fixed at 5,200*l.*; in 1850 he received 12,500*l.*, refunded only 1,300*l.*, calling that the entire overplus! and thus malappropriated 6,000*l.*

Worcester was fixed at 5000*l.* In 1849 and 1850 he received 18,243*l.*, refunded only 1,100*l.*, and thus malappropriated 7,143*l.*

London was fixed (as already stated) at 10,000*l.* In 1850 he received 19,895*l.*, actually refunded nothing! and thus held 9,895*l.* of money not his own.

Durham was fixed at 8,000*l.*: in 1850 he received 38,619*l.*; he refunded only 11,200*l.*, and consequently malappropriated 19,419*l.*

Winechester was fixed at 7,000*l.*; in 1850 he received 28,388*l.*, refunded not one sixpence, but unblushingly appropriated 21,388*l.*!

Thus two bishops in two years, and four bishops in one year deprived the rightful owners of 62,845*l.*! Such were the doings of the bishops in 1851.

But this is not all! Besides their salaries, the bishops generally hold several other lucrative sinecures; thus the Bishop of Exeter is treasurer and canon of his own cathedral! at a salary of 1,198*l.* per annum;—Rector of Shrobbrook (a prince of the holy Church don't disdain even small and lowly things) 280*l.*;—Canon of Durham, 2,600*l.*;—making a total of 4,078*l.* net, besides the income of his see, fines, &c.

But the sources of emolument do not stop here—without saying anything of splendid palaces rent free, and not included in their salaries, the item of livings must be taken into consideration. The Bishop of Durham has 61 livings in his gift; the Bishop of Winechester 86; the Bishop of London 127; the Archbishop of Canterbury 174, which 174 livings are worth 80,000*l.* per annum!

Now, of course, I do not say that they pocket the incomes of these livings—but I do say that

they derive great advantages from the patronage. 1st. They grant them to their sons, nephews, cousins, and poor relations, (thus having a perpetual means of enriching their families, who are pre-appointed, sometimes infants before their birth, to fat livings of 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* per annum! sometimes a very old man is placed in the living who will be sure to die about the time when the hopeful son of the bishop comes of age—and sometimes a temporary warm-up is put in, removable by stipulation.

But even this is not all! there is the leasing of episcopal estates—and one bishop actually leased twenty-one estates to his own sons!—the terms, conditions and advantages of which leases may be imagined.

Another bishop, in granting leases on his own property to his own family showed the most ingenious rapacity in the selection of the said “lives”—he selected the three youngest infants of the royal family, because he considered that the most long-lived race in the entire kingdom!

I have now analysed the wealth, the revenue and the financial integrity of the Established Church. Almost all its property is national property! Henry the Eighth seized the Church property by state authority; if the Church deny his right, they deny their own title to its possession; if they admit it, they must thereby admit that it is the State's. They practically admit this by applying to Parliament whenever wishing to make a fresh appropriation of any portion of their wealth. It is national property monopolised by a dominant sect. Were it applied to its proper uses according to law, the actual law, neither Church-rate nor poors-rate need be paid in this country for, in the same way in which tithes legally provide for the objects of the Church-rate so they do likewise for the poor-rate. One third of the tithes was, as I have already stated, to be devoted to the maintenance of the poor. Of this the poor do not receive one solitary sixpence. Poors-rate, as well as Church-rate is, accordingly, a robbery from the people. I therefore say, the temporalities of the Church ought to be applied by Government to their legitimate uses—the maintenance of the poor, and that not one farthing of poors-rate ought to be paid in England, so long as one farthing of tithes and episcopal rents were unapplied to the support of the unwilling idler.

Separation of Church and State might, therefore, relieve the landholder and housekeeper from rates and tithes, and thus indirectly diminish our taxation too. Dissever Church and State—and there need not be a pauper in the country. The very supposition on which the union exists, is a fundamental error: State Churches were to establish unity of belief, to

own the mind to certain laws, and tell men  
of government what to think. This is  
manifest impossibility. It cannot be done  
acts of political power—it can be done only  
reason. If by persuasion, for what end have  
political Church? For what end do we pay  
twelve million pounds per annum?

We have a right thus to apply to national  
uses the property of the nation—usurped by  
political caste. The Church can make no title  
against us, for it was obtained originally  
and. The State Church got it from the  
Church. And how did the Papal Church  
get it? By the Virgin's linen; the Saviour's  
washing-clothes; Peter's cock's feathers;  
Job's ladder's crossbars; Sampson's lion's  
mane; winking images, and bleeding  
wounds. Sometimes by forged wills—sometimes  
force used against the dying. By false  
promises of future bliss—which the promisers  
had no power to grant; by a contract, in which  
one party promised heavenly wealth if the other  
surrendered earthly treasure; but the deed is  
void—for the former could not fulfil his promise.  
The forged title-deeds to seats in Heaven,  
which they had not the disposal; spiritual  
rights for temporal inheritance! The nine-  
teenth century brings an action against them  
for obtaining money under false pretences.  
The people claim back their inheritance. But  
if they say, the present holders have posses-  
sion of their spoil for three centuries. The Statute  
limitations, I answer, does not run against  
the people. No compensation has been given,  
the first poor-law was enacted before the  
charterhouses were dissolved.\* Again—the  
poor were under disability—the disability of  
paupers, bludgeons, and class-made laws.  
And yet again—they put in their claim in the  
court of history whenever they had a  
chance; under Wickliffe, in the Pilgrimage of  
Grace, in the western insurrections, in the  
times of Smithfield, and on the scaffolds of  
Elizabeth; by the Lollards of the Plantagenets,  
the Puritans of Cromwell, the Covenanters of  
Scotland, the Dissenters of '88, and the Char-  
terists of to-day.

The people, therefore, have a right to claim  
back their own, and legislation has the power to  
enforce that claim. Much of the Church prop-  
erty was left for perpetual masses; are they  
done? No! Parliament held it absurd. Then,  
Parliament can take money from the souls of  
the dead, surely it can take it from the bodies  
of the living? There needs an act of Par-  
liament to make new bishoprics. Parliament  
can repeal its own acts—therefore, if Par-

liament can make a bishop, it can unmake  
one.

I have now led you by the side of the State  
Church, from the foot of the throne to the  
door of the temple. Let us next withdraw the  
veil and pass into the sanctuary itself.

What meets us on the threshold? A demand  
for money. The seal of Mammon is found  
upon the envelope. If the apostles were to  
visit their own Churches, they could not  
get a decent seat in a pew, without paying  
rent for the accommodation.

What meets us in the choir? Pews where  
the rich may recline—stones where the  
poor may shiver. "If there come into your  
assemblage a man wearing goodly apparel and  
a poor man in vile raiment, and ye say to him  
that weareth goodly apparel, sit thou there,  
and to the poor, stand thou there . . . ye  
become judges of evil." James, 2, 2, 3.

What meets us at the altar? A lawned  
and mitred priest. What mean those lawn  
sleeves? Which of the Apostles wore lawn,  
mitres, and aprons? What means that English  
Papacy? If the tiara of a Pope is wrong,  
why is not the mitre of an Archbishop? What  
is he but a lesser Pope? They call him "your  
grace!" and "my lord!" "Why callest thou  
me good?" Mathew, 19, 16, 17. "Neither  
as being lords over God's heritage." Peter,  
5, 3. "Be ye not called rabbi?" Matthew, 23, 8.

Who appointed him? A temporal sove-  
reign. So be it. Fancy the head of the Church  
rising drunk from a gaming-table on a Sunday  
morning, and appointing a bishop over Christ's  
flock—like Charles the Second! Fancy the  
head of the Church driving a flock of geese  
from Kew to London, for a wager—like George  
the Fourth. What says the Scripture? "Put  
not your trust in Princes." Psalms, 146, 3.  
"Princes are of this world, and this world  
is the enemy of God." "Come out from  
among them, and be ye separate, saith the  
Lord." 2 Cor., 6, 17.

But whence does he come? From the  
Privy Council and the House of Lords. What  
say the Scriptures? Apostles shall not take  
unto them the power of rulers. What said  
the Bishop? He voted for an Indian mas-  
sacre or European war.

What stands beside him? A man in muslin.  
Who appointed him? The "Times," and  
other daily papers inform us: "ADVERTISE-  
MENT. Presentation for sale. Valuable living;  
fifty miles from London; situation high, dry,  
and healthy. Capital house and grounds.  
Income, about 1,000*l.* per annum. Population  
moderate." What says the Apostle? "Thy  
money perish with thee, because thou hast  
thought the gift of God could be purchased  
with money." Acts, 8, 20.

\* The first poor-law was passed in 1487—again in 1491—the  
charterhouses were not abolished till 1535. The poor-law of Eliza-  
beth was passed in 1601.

The living's valuable; yes! because the incumbent is infirm and old—thus speculating with disease, and practising usury with death. The living's valuable: yes! the population's thin. Thank Heaven, there are only a few souls to save!

Now listen to him! Hark! he speaks!

What says the Scripture? "Thou shalt teach, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." 1 Peter, 5, 3.

What says the Priest? "Thou shalt pay me taxes, rates, fees, and offerings, or thy very body shall not have the rites of sepulture."

What says the Scripture? "Feed the flock." 1 Peter, 5, 2.

What does the Priest? He takes the last shilling from the poor man's purse to pay his tithes.

What says the Scripture? "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor anything that is his." Exodus, 20, 17.

What does the Priest? He takes the bed from beneath the sick child to pay his Church-rate.

What says the Scripture? "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him who hath none." Luke, 3, 11.

"Sell all thou hast, and distribute unto the poor." Luke, 18, 22.

What says the Priest? "As the goods of the Church are the goods of the poor, every parson, non-resident, shall spend the fortieth part of his benefice among his poor parishioners." Fox's Acts and Monuments, v. 169, Lond. 1838.

As the goods of the Church are the goods of the poor, I'll give them the fortieth part of what they ought to have.

What says the Scripture? Almighty God! "whose service is perfect freedom."

What does the Priest? He makes the Dissenters pay for worshipping him, and enforces his claim by bailiffs and executions!

What says the Scripture? "If ye have respect for persons, ye commit sin." James, 2, 9.

What says the Priest? Thou shalt call me "your grace, the right reverend father in God, the lord archbishop."

What says the Scripture? "Thou shalt not kill." Exodus, 20, 13, and Matthew, 5, 21.

What says the Priest? "Take up arms at the bidding of the Magistrate, and shoot thy brother."

What says the Scripture? "Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord thy God in vain." Exodus, 20, 7.

"Let thy yea be yea! and thy nay nay." James, 5, 12.

"Swear not at all." Matthew, 5, 34.

What says the Priest? "Swear at the bidding of a Magistrate,—yes! take God's name

in vain. Call down the name and presence of the Most High, as to whether a yard or riband is worth a penny or a penny-farthing.

What says the Scripture? "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Matthew, 19, 6.

What does the Priest? He sits at the parson's board, and parts them in the workhouse.

But the clergy are not even agreed in their own craft.

The one tells you a black garment, the other a white one, becomes them best: forgetting that the garment of honesty would become them best of all.

The one holds the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the other denies its truth. According to one, sprinkling with water is necessary for an infant's admission into Heaven,—according to another, it is not. For my part, I hold the water highly necessary, after the uncleans hands of a bishop have been pressed upon its front.

The one says, flowers at the altar are an abomination—the other says they are good if not too plentiful, as they perfume the Church; but the sweet savour of good works is unsought by both!

The one affirms that lights and choristers are a requisite—as though a candle were necessary to find the road to heaven! The other tells you that it shows direct to hell; but both neglect alike the light of common sense and lamp of reason.

Such is the State Church. It is unscriptural in its very foundation. The very division between clergy and laity is such: the dependence on the temporal state; the distinction of rank; the titular and mitred clergy; the political power, and the parliamentary vote; the simony, pluralities, and non-residence; the doctrines of swearing, fighting, and hanging; the tax on conscience, and the taint of gold.

I prefer that bill of attainder in the name of humanity, against the Church and its priests.

Christ opened eyes born blind—these blind eyes that God endowed with sight, that they may drag men through the mire of social misery and plunge them deeper whither they say their prayers. Peter reproved Simon Magus for trying once to buy the ministry from an Apostle—these buy it every day from a common auctioneer. The slaveholder is bad enough—he sells our bodies—but these do worse, for they sell our souls. The Apostles received the call from the Holy Spirit—these receive it from a city alderman or country squire. Christ scourged all those who bought and sold in the Temple—these men buy and sell the very Temple itself. Christ said: "feed my sheep"—but these men make the sheep feed them.

Sh, brethren, is the Church: The religion Democracy has been turned into the upholder of Placemanship—the teacher of fraternity into the enemy for plunder.

I quote the Gospel against the priest, he says: "The Kingdom of God is spiritually meant. One part is spiritual, the other is carnal. If the promises to the poor are spiritually meant, spiritual, too, shall be the monopolies of the rich. Bid him take spiritual tithes, spiritual Church-rates, live in spiritual tenement houses, and hold spiritual pluralities. Consider how they would like, when going to beg their twelve millions, to be told it is only spiritual money."

They tell us our treasury is in the future:—that misery here is good, because it leads to happiness hereafter;—that, therefore, we must abjure our minds from things of this world, bear patiently our sufferings, not envy the rich, but love the parson, and bless the Church. Misery is the passport to heaven? I say no; the road to heaven can never lead through hell. I tell you, if we must wait for heaven until we die, we should wait for hell, too, till we are dead and yet we live in it. We want our parson here—as Adam had his—and we will have it. Al now I ask, revelling, as it is in our triumph, what service is the Church doing this very hour, to stay the notice of ejection from our hands?

O priests! I summon you before the tribunal of enlightenment. "Come; and let us stand together." "Unprofitable servants!" What do you do for your wages?

Do you teach us to understand the Bible? The schoolmaster teaches me to read, and God gives me a brain to understand. It is you, priests, who, since the days of Christ, have made the Bible an unintelligible enigma.

A French writer says, "The Priest takes the infant from the cradle, and accompanies it to the tomb." He does, and makes him pay a price for his company. They, indeed, keep the child from the cradle, to distort his mind, to darken his heart, and embitter his life. Recently one of the most widely circulated publications of the "Religious Tract Society," the "Child's Companion." It is intended for children between ten and twelve. The third page gives an account of the torments of Hell, and shadows the young mind into the gloom of eternity. It is a catalogue of death-beds, mostly through consumption. Amongst the rest, they boast of a poor little girl, who "died in the Lord." By their own account, she clung to life, like a drowning man, terrified at hell. What must have been the teaching of the priest? Her last words were clasping her emaciated hands, and lifting

her terrified little face to heaven, "Oh! dear Lord Jesus! You promised me that I should not perish—you did promise me—you know you did!" and so she died, her child's heart trembling with an agony of terror. I denounce this as a murder, worse than the boilings of Elizabeth: a murder of the young innocent mind, a racking of the tender ignorant conscience. Is there no punishment to reach these spiritual assassins?

Then what do they do for their wages? Yes! they take us from the cradle to the tomb! They glide before the poor when about to appeal to God against the injustice of man. They rein him back with their mental curb, when about to rush to the goal of Freedom! I think it was Pliny who said, if a religion had not existed, statesmen ought to have invented one, for it was the only thing that kept a people quiet in their misery. It is under the skirt of the priestly gown that the noble, the squire, and the profitmonger, trample on the very heart of industry. The political parsons of a political church tell the poor man he has no business with politics. If he has not, what business has he to pay a political parson? They tell him to despise the gifts of this life, and to look to the future for his reward: but, I say it is blasphemy to scorn God's beautiful world—it is ingratitude to reject his generous gifts—it is deadly sin to turn his Paradise into a hell.

Then what do they do for their wages? Yes! they take us from the cradle to the tomb! They get hold of some old maiden aunt, whose soul is wrapped up in her two favourites, the parson and the cat. They make her look upon the earth as a pesthouse, the human race as moral lepers, and life itself as a calamity. But they force her to pay well for her enlightenment; every week she contributes to some blessed charity—some little Hindoo neophyte, or Kaffir acolyte, or Mandshu proselyte—the parson taking the money and telling her the road to heaven lies through his breeches' pocket. They can't let the poor thing even die in peace! for when her intellect is flickering out, her pulse almost stilled, her eye dimmed, and her hearing gone, they ply her thicker and faster with questions, till she gives a last convulsion, and expires! Then all the old maids of the village come together, and tell how good Aunt Elspee died in the Lord, and how that dear, good, tall, slender, pale, young, sentimental, evangelical clergyman assured them that she had gone straight to the very lap of Abraham!—but a month's time discovers to her starving nephews that all her property is left to charity, and that the dear young parson has the care of it.

Let him take a spade and dig! he'll be more healthy himself, and more beneficial to his neigh-

bours, than by feeding on the mental corruption of a maudlin civilisation.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh, they distribute our charities? Ah, we have seen that, were it not for their twelve millions, no charity would be required. We boast of our charitable institutions: they are our national disgrace! they are the evidence of our mismanagement, and proofs of our people's poverty. Out upon their charities! Having stolen all, they return a farthing in the pound, and ask us to be grateful. Out upon their charities! as though we should take a crumb from the Churchman's table, when his whole feast is a robbery from the poor! Out upon their charities! In nine cases out of ten, they are the nests where the rich pension the used-up tools that have pandered for a life-long to their vices! Charities? Charity is a word that insults humanity itself!

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they propitiate heaven when plagues and famines visit us. I remember your fasts and cholera prayers. It would have been better had you opened your money-chests to feed the poor, and ventilate their houses. That would have been the fast, of which Isaiah speaks, acceptable to God. They tell us God sent the cholera: it was not God that sent the cholera—it was despotism that sent it—God permitting. Whence did it come? From the East—from the countries where tyranny keeps the people in misery, filth, and hunger. Do you ever hear of its beginning in North America or Switzerland, Belgium, or Norway? Bad laws sent it—misery and hunger invited it—and poverty suffered it. It raged among the poor of Poplar, but little did it rage among the magnates of Mayfair! Did the parsons stop it? Nay! It was their very existence—their robbery of twelve millions' worth of comfort from the poor, that increased the fury of the cholera among the dupes they had impoverished.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they build new churches, and though Christ said, "I came to preach the gospel to the poor," they say, "you shan't hear it unless you pay me two guineas for a pew." Ecclesiastical tradesmen living on their Gospel-shops.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they distribute bibles and improve the morals of the people. What! when crime, in proportion to population has increased, as six to one; and Rigby Wason tells us has multiplied by 400 per cent., within the last forty years? Yet they distribute bibles by steam, and build stone churches like mushrooms. Then, why don't they succeed? I'll tell them; because they begin their education at the wrong end. A starving and an oppressed people never can be a religious or a moral one. They try to build the

roof before they raise the foundation. First educate the belly, then you will be better able to educate the brain. First give the loaf, and then bestow the book. First wipe the tears of hunger from the poor man's eyes, then he will be able to read your lessons of morality. Parsons and churches won't cure him. He asks for bread, and you give him a stone; he asks for work and you give him a chain. You are like physicians who tamper with the effect, instead of remedying the cause. Do you want to prevent a man from stealing? Then don't merely punish him for the offence—but give him plenty so that he has not the temptation. There is no fault in your legislation—there is the flaw in your religion. Take away the cause—Poverty and you will not have the effect—Crime. Will idleness is the only fundamental crime against the canon of society. Parsons! you may preach to eternity, and in vain—as long as you preach to the hungry and oppressed.

Then I ask you once more, what good have you done us? Nay! what evil have you done us, through three hundred years? I ask you once more, shew us some service worth twelve million pounds per annum.

Working men! will you allow your property to be thus squandered, while your wives and children are starving? Tithes were to give subsistence to those who were poor, but now they turn those poor who have subsistence.

Dissenters! will you let your faith be treated as an offence, by a tax being laid upon your conscience? Every sixpence you surrender to the priest of Mammon is an act of worship to the golden calf. You are rendering to Cæsar that which is God's. The State priest does not toil in your vineyard. He does not toil at all. By law, a man may sue you, if you do not pay him for his work; but these men sue you if you do not pay them for their idleness.

State Churchmen! what shall I say to you? You are worse than the Pagans of old: they offered their wealth to the god, you render it to the priest; they adorned the shrine, you do the minister; they raised a temple to the deity, you build a palace to the bishop. Your profession of simony profess to be the servants of God, generally it is the master who hires the servant, but here it is the servant who purchases the master. If the preacher must be paid, let him be paid for what he is worth, and if he is worth less let him not be paid at all. Let him be paid by those for whom he does the work—and not those for whom he does no work whatever. Let every man have a voice in electing his own pastor. Restore the enormous robbery of church lands to the people. Remove the golden calf from the temple of the eternal God. Pay your schoolmasters more and your parsons less. Let



the priest and more to the Deity. Less and love more. Look more at heaven and less at Hell. Christianity is a shadow, but a substance. Christianity is the religion of the future only, but of the present too. Paradise you say, has been on earth when Paradise can be on earth again. It

is you, priests! who prevent it. You darken the sky with your own shadow, and say: God created the gloom. But your reign of terror is nearly over. You drag-chains of the world! your links are breaking. Onward and upward is the march of nations.

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## A FEW TEXTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE CHURCH.

### TEXTS FOR THE TITHÉ-FED.

Ye be to the shepherds of Israel that do yourselves! Should not the shepherd feed the flock?

Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe ye with the same; ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock.

The diseased have ye not strengthened, the lame have ye healed that which was sick, the blind have ye bound up that which was broken, the deaf have ye brought again that which was away, neither have ye sought that which was left; but with force and with cruelty have ye killed them."—Ezekiel 34, 2, 4.

Ye have eaten up the vineyard, the spoil of the house is in your houses. What mean ye that ye have sold my people to pieces, and grind the face of the poor? saith the Lord of Hosts."—Isaiah

Ye sell to them that join house to house, that ye sell field to field."—Isaiah 5, 7, 9.

Ye be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord. Both prophet and priest are profane; in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord."—Jeremiah 23, 1, 11.

The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money."—Micah. 3,

For your hands are defiled with blood, and your lips are full with iniquity; your lips have spoken vanity, and your tongue hath uttered perverseness."—Matthew 23, 9, 3.

Ye be unto ye! Scribes and Pharisees! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence ye make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the same damnation."—Matthew 23, 14.

Ye have despised the flock of God which is among you, ye have despised the oversight thereof, not by constraint, willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage."—1 Peter 5, 2, 3.

For your money perish with thee, because thou

hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."—Acts 8, 20.

"It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."—Matthew 21, 12, 13.

"Sell all that thou hast, and distribute it to the poor."—Luke 18, 22.

"And all that believed were together and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

"And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."—Acts 2, 41; 45, 47.

"And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common."—Acts 4, 32.

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### TEXTS FOR THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHERS IN GOD, THEIR GRACES THE LORDS ARCHBISHOPS.

"Be ye not called rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ." "Neither be ye called masters. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."—Matthew 23, 8, 11.

"Jesus called them to him, and saith to them, 'Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the least. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"—Mark 10, 42, 45. Luke 3, 5.

"How can ye believe which receive honor of one another, and seek not the honor which cometh from God only?"—John 5, 44.

"If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convicted of the law as transgressors,"—James 2, 9.

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TEXTS FOR THE BUILDERS OF CHURCHES AND  
SELLERS OF PEWS.

"The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool. What house will ye build me? saith the Lord." "Ye are the temple of the living God."—2 Cor. 6, 16. 1 Cor. 3, 16, 17. 1 Cor. 6, 19.

"And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."—Rev. 21, 22.

"If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring and goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment;

"And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him: 'Sit thou here in a good place;' and say to the poor: 'Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool:'

"Are ye not partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?"—James 2, 2, 3, 4.

TEXTS FOR THE EMPLOYERS OF LABOUR.

"Do not rich men oppress ye, and drag ye before the judgment seats? He shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy."—James 2, 6, 13.

"Behold the hire of your labourers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries have entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth."—James 5, 4.

"Woe unto ye, for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."—Luke 11, 56.

THE GOSPEL VERSUS THE CHURCH.

The Gospel: "Ye have heard it hath been

said, by them of old time, thou shalt not kill, and whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of judgment; but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."—Matthew 5, 21, 22. "Love thine enemy."—John 15, 12. "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."—Matthew 26, 52.

The Church: "It is lawful for Christian men to take arms at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars."—Art. 37 of Church of England.

The Gospel: "There is one lawgiver who is able to save or destroy; who art thou that judgest another?"—James 4, 12. "Thou shalt not kill."—Exodus 20, 13.

The Church: "The laws of the realm punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences."—Art. 37 of Church of England. See also Art. 33.

The Gospel: "I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by earth, for it is his footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by the head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black."

"But let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."—Matthew 5, 34, 37.

"Above all things, my brethren, swear neither by Heaven, neither by earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation."—James 5, 12.

The Church: "A man may swear, when the magistrate requireth."—Art. 39 of Church of England.











































































