

REV. DR. CAGILL ON THE ENGLISH BIBLE SOCIETIES

Ballyroan Cottage, Dec. 18, 1856.

The financial statistics of these Societies at home and abroad, prove that they have, from voluntary subscriptions, the enormous annual revenues of upwards of five millions of pounds sterling. This sum is quite distinct from the annual income of the Protestant Church of England, Ireland, and Wales, which amounts to the crying injustice of eight millions and a-half of British money.

During the last forty years, agents of these Societies were seen in every Catholic country of Europe: they were found in the Presidencies of India; they were met in America: and they established stations in several places along the African coast, from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope.

Yet, when we look abroad in their track, we find that they have never made Converts in any Nation which they have ever visited: the Hindoo hates them: the Mahomedan despises them: the Idolator will not even hear them.

Although Catholic Europe, from long experience of the designs of the Societies, can tell the cause of their failure in every nation, yet Ireland alone, poor persecuted Ireland alone, can tell the working of this diabolical system, and write the history of their conduct in the tears of the persecuted living, and in the blood of the martyred dead.

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calumny and lies against the tenets, the discipline of the Catholic Church; and against the morality, practices, and learning of the Catholic clergy and Catholic people. Meet one of these agents on railway, or on board ship, you cannot fail to recognise him in a moment by the petulant familiarity with which he speaks of the name of God; the rude intimacy which he professes to have with the Blessed Saviour of mankind, and the jaunty air of vulgar confidence with which he talks of Paul, and Peter, and John, and Luke, and Mark, and Matthew!

So great in fact, is the hatred excited against them, that the Catholic missionaries find much difficulty in reaching the heart of the savage or the idolator, wherever the English Biblical has once set his foot. The very name of "English" closes the heart of a whole tribe or people against all intercourse; and it requires years of communication before the horror of the Biblical English can be entirely removed and forgotten.

One consolatory reflection, however, must gratify all the friends of religion and public order, and will be found in the fact—namely, that the universal public Catholic feeling, are loud at this moment against the Biblical revolutionary stratagems of England. The French papers call for a reform in the appointment of English Ambassadors; and several English noblemen have decided on bringing forward a Bill in Parliament to regulate the office, and confine within professional limits, the duties of foreign Embassies.

And if any one additional argument more powerful than another could be adduced to persuade the Legislature to interfere in checking the mischief of their Bible Societies at home, that argument is to be found in the present religious, and social, and moral character of England. The amount of ignorance, infidelity, and public crime amongst the people is now a topic of admitted truth and public shame: the city churches are every day becoming abandoned by the working class: the churches of London have (an official fact), as an average attendance at each service on Sunday, only a congregation, or rather an audience of fifty persons!

The happy failure of this scheme of Biblicism can be traced, with perfect accuracy, to the conduct of the English agents wherever they go. If the diary of one of these emissaries were published, it would reveal a startling set of facts such as, perhaps, never before met the public eye.

to be shocked into the very marrow of his bones, at the charges brought forward in court, of the child-murders, the stabbers, the adult murderers, the unnatural crimes, the crimes that can't be named, and the awful black catalogue of English immorality and indeed brutality. And this is the nation, this is the people, and these are the Clergy, and these are the Gospellers which are, forsooth, to be our models, our examples, our teachers: and not only our instructors, but the Apostles, who are to reclaim all foreign peoples, and make them—the dead image of themselves at home: where the activity and zeal of the clergy: where the obedience and virtues of the people; and where the real truth of the Gospel can be tested by merely attending at their Courts of Assize, and listening to the charges against the father and mother for killing their children for 6s. 8d. of burial society money: husbands ripping open with knives, razors, and bill-hooks their wives and daughters: young men drowning girls, their accomplices in crime: women administering arsenic, strychnine, laudanum to their husbands and sons: servants killing fellow-servants for a pint of ale, and then cutting up their dead limbs with hatchets and roasting them in ovens. And all this time, the murderers, the suicides, the sellers of the human flesh of their children, are the true offspring of their children, are the true offspring of the grand reformed creed, the congregation of the holy new Religion, the people belonging to the glorious Biblical Society, the Elect of the reformed faith: and more-over, (what a splendid creed!) when death approaches, and when in the very last gasp of existence, they have only to think on the Saviour (as the slang of the Preachers goes) and die in what they call the blessed hope, and they all enter the Kingdom of God and his Saints and Angels, quite as pure and as white as the untrodden snow, to live for ever in the realms of eternal bliss! The Lord protect us from the new creed, from the reformed faith! and if I had a pen and a tongue to reach the assembled Parliament, I would implore the Senate to give some employment to the English Clergy, to teach morality to the people, to instruct them in the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed: and not to leave England as it now is, the European hotbed of every vice, the school of infidelity, the inventor of new crimes, and the scandal of even Natural Religion.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MONUMENT TO FATHER MATHEW.—We are happy to see from the following that Cork is bestirring itself on the subject of the Monument to the great Father Mathew. Limerick has already taken the preliminary steps for erecting a public monument in that city to Father Mathew. For the credit of Cork, we trust this example will have its proper effect on it.

The Belfast News-Letter says that the concession by the Master in Chancery in restoring, in the report relating to St. John's Charity, the titles of Archbishop and Primate claimed by the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, amounts to the substantial repeal of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Act, rendering it a dead letter, and wholly inoperative.

SACRILEGE.—We are pained very much to be obliged to state that some ill-disposed persons entered the Catholic Church at Drumintee, county Armagh, on the night of the 29th ultimo, and took from it an image of the Virgin and Child, and some altar ornaments, which in the most sacrilegious manner they broke; and scattered the fragments about.—Dundalk Democrat.

THE INCOME TAX.—An agitation against the continuance of the income tax is spreading rapidly in England and has been commenced in Ireland. Whatever the merits of direct taxation may be, it is plain that if the government insist upon the bond and take another year's income tax out of the country they will be guilty of a piece of sharp practice which if perpetrated on a small scale and by an individual would be denounced as an abominable swindle.

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.—At the recent sale in the Incorporated Estates Court of the county Waterford property of John Kelly, Esq., Stranally, three tenant farmers on the estate succeeded, after considerable competition, in purchasing the fee-simple of their several holdings. A few years ago those farmers were in very struggling circumstances.—Clonmel Chronicle.

The Island of Acon.—In this heretofore almost unknown district, says the Freeman, the Catholic population, notwithstanding the banished friars of the Greater Hall Missionaries, has increased rapidly, and the good Priest of the district, anxious to procure the requisite accommodation for their spiritual instruction, is about to build a new church and school in one of the divisions of his parish, in which no such accommodation was heretofore possessed. The district in which a new church is about to be erected is separated from the other portions of the parish by an arm of the sea, and in the midst of winter, the severity of whose rigour is more felt on this Atlantic coast, these poor people every Sunday traverse from eight to ten miles on foot, and pass a straight, often a voyage of danger in tempestuous weather, in order to hear Mass. In this effort the Reverend Mr. Henry is supported by his Archbishop, who thus writes his approval of the good work:—

"St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Dec. 7th, 1856. With no slight solicitude for the success of the undertaking—the erection of an additional church and school in the parish of Achill—we recommend the bearer, Rev. James Henry, one of its Clergy, to the pious attention of the Faithful. The name of a district, with which the public has been long made familiar will, no doubt, enlist a warm sympathy and interest in the object of his Mission.

It is, however, due to the cause of truth as well as to the character of the natives to state that the grounds of this appeal rest not on any peculiar ravages, which, as was erroneously supposed, the enemy had made in that remote district, but rather on the peculiar and heroic fortitude with which the faithful inhabitants baffled such dire hostility, having come safe and triumphant out of the fiery ordeal. This supposed defection was one of the convenient calumnies of the day which time has dissipated. Their steadfastness a fact now patent to the most obtuse gaze, and another honorable monument of the unconquerable fidelity of the people.

In the achievement of such signal triumphs, amidst contests so fierce and cruel, their clergy are entitled to no small share of credit. Not only have they guarded their flocks from the prowling wolves that sought to destroy them, but they have been assiduous in enlarging the number of schools for the young, and places of worship, in order to make the holy sacrifice of the Mass accessible to the aged. It is to extend those blessings, of which Achill is already far from being destitute, that the Rev. Mr. Henry addresses himself to the benevolent and charitable for aid, and we feel it a pleasing duty to recommend his application.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has also sanctioned this appeal.

TEMPERANCE IN KERRY.—Though years of famine and suffering have caused many to fall away from its ranks, we have seen among the thousands who have left our shores to seek a home beyond the Atlantic, the most salutary effects from the adoption of abstinence principles, and although the return of material prosperity is, we regret to say, leading but too many of our rural population back to habits of intemperance, we see every day, even in our own town, the revolution which the "Temperance Movement" has created in homes once squallid with misery and degraded by blasphemy and violence.—Look at the butchers of Tralee! What were the great body of them twenty years ago? Penniless drunks, living from hand to mouth, reckless and dangerous members of society. What are they now? The most respectable body of men—morally and socially—of their class to be found in any town in Ireland or England. They are worthy of all praise and imitation for the fidelity with which they have kept their pledge, and the position which they have achieved for themselves. Look at Killarney. There, too, the demon of intemperance held his horrid reign. Nowhere were the labors of our revered friend crowned with such signal and lasting success, and the "Capital of the Lakes," can now boast of over 600 as staunch teetotalers as the universe can show. Immortal honor to the men of Killarney, who thus stand out, amid privation and daily trials, a bright exemplar to Irishmen of every class and creed. Immortal honor, too, to the noble house and the noble genius who have cheered them on, in their moral career. And however, his sensitive modesty may shrink from any allusion to him, immortal honor to the single minded and energetic young priest who is now watching over the interest of the temperance cause in Killarney of the "streams." We trust that in Tralee there will be great revival of temperance principle. The noble Hall of the Young Men's Society, about to be opened on the first of January, 1857, will we have reason to hope, form a theatre for their inculcation and development. The much respected Catholic Bishop of Kerry, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, has informed us that his best efforts will be used to engraft the Temperance principle on the constitution of this society. The work, indeed, has already been begun, and a considerable number of young men are forming themselves into a society. A new element, too, is being eliminated in our town, which when brought into full action here, and taken up, as we have no doubt it will be, throughout the country, will bring to the aid of the temperance cause an auxiliary influence without which no great moral revolution was ever consummated. We allude to the establishment of a Female Temperance Society. This admirable design has originated with the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, whose labors of charity among the poor of our lanes, and the fallen ones of our streets have gained for them the admiration of all who love God's image, and would see it raised from the dust of misery or of sin.—Tralee Chronicle.

WINGS AND TORIES.—Indeed, if we were to be driven—whose Heaven forbid! and happily we are not, or at least hope we shall not be—merely to elect between the two British parties, there is not the shadow of a doubt, that on this particular question of education, it would be our duty, our plain, manifest, unmistakable policy to support the Tories. Our views meet theirs thoroughly upon this question.—They have even given earnest of what we might expect from them, while the Whigs have only given assurance doubly sure the other way. There is already one Catholic University in the British Empire, the University of Laval in Canada. It obtained a Charter on simple application during the administration of Lord Derby. Had the Catholic University of Ireland applied at the same time, there is not a doubt that Mr. Disraeli would have been only too delighted to advise the concession of the same faculties. But that would have raised a slight difficulty in the way of Mr. Sadler's appointment to the Treasury, Mr. Monsell's to the Board of Ordnance, Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty's to the Income Tax Office, and Mr. Keogh's to the Court of Common Pleas. Of course, however, Catholic interests were better served, and the honour and glory of the Catholics of Ireland more truly consulted by the sanction given to these excellent, and edifying appointments! We know we were not considered good Catholics for taking the liberty of thinking otherwise. However it is the simple and memorable fact, that the Tories have at least established a precedent for the charter of the Catholic University. Nay, no later than last Session, Sir John Pakington, who was Secretary of State under Lord Derby, and the minister through whose particular department the Laval charter passed, in debate on Mr. Walpole's motion, expressed his opinion in favour of an independent endowment for the Catholic University. Mr. Walpole's motion itself means, when carried to its full and legitimate effect, a separate establishment for Catholic popular education. The dominion system is the Tory theory in England and in Ireland. The other system is the peculiar cheval de bataille of Whigs and Liberals all over the world.—Nation.

A railway is in contemplation from Tullamore to Athlone.

Melanchole Occurrence.—Thirteen Lives Lost. The Limerick Freeman announces the loss of a large number of lives during the late gale, which took place on the Lower Shannon during the terrific gale of last week. The ill-fated craft arrived in Limerick on Monday with a cargo of corn, and having sold, the boatmen started at an early hour, the next morning before the storm had fairly commenced. As is usual, a few persons from the islands who were in town availed themselves of a passage home in the boat, and accordingly nine men and two women were in the boat when it started. The crew comprised only two men, and when they arrived at Beagh Castle, the hurricane being at its height, they cast anchor and lost it, and had then to run for the islands. Unfortunately, the attempt proved ineffectual, as the boat grounded and upset. Every soul perished, and the smack went to pieces. The farmers who owned the corn were among the passengers, and had in their possession the sum of £150, which, of course, was lost.

Mr. John Collett, formerly M.P. for Athlone, has shot himself dead at his residence near Salisbury.—His conduct for some time past had been such as to cause suspicion, and he was therefore watched; but he contrived to elude his observers, and blew his brains out in the library. The motive does not appear. A verdict of "temporary derangement" was returned by the coroner's jury. A married man, with three children, has strangled himself with one of his stockings in the Surrey county jail. He had been charged with a burglary at Epsom, and was remanded for further examination.

We (Nation) quoted last week from the Sydney Freeman's Journal an announcement that Mr. John Sadler is at present residing on the river Maunabridge, in that colony. The following narrative, which a Drogheda correspondent has sent to us, quoted from an old magazine, may have possibly suggested the manner of the lamented gentleman's exit:—"During a pause in a conversation about the deaths in the parish, one of them observed, 'Death is awful.' 'Ay, ay, sir, very awful!' echoes the man of story-telling notoriety, 'and handy, too, sometimes.' 'Handy, sir?' 'Yes, sir, handy. Death, sir, is sometimes very handy. I can give you an instance. When I was a lad, a man in our town of Limerick, of the name of Gathergelt, was vestry clerk, and held other lucrative offices in our parish. Never was man so looked up to by all ranks as Gathergelt. Three maiden sisters had seven thousand pounds on the interest of which they lived; what must they do but place it with Gathergelt? A widow with one only daughter—and a beautiful girl—she had two thousand; they must place it with Mr. Gathergelt. In fact, all in the parish who had money trusted him with it. He had a savings' bank for the poor besides. All at once—I remember it was one Sunday morning—the whole parish was thrown into consternation by a rumor that Gathergelt had destroyed himself! Every one was affected in some way or other by the news, either with astonishment, grief, or despair. The poor widow, reduced to beggary, went mad; and her daughter took in washing to support her. Many, who though they rose in affluence, laid down penniless on their sleepless beds that night. The son was fetched out of church during morning service, and informed that his father had been found hanging from a tree in the orchard, having evidently been dead some time. The death of a man certainly never caused more misery; the mansion-house was beset by the people who had lost their money by the Savings' Bank, and they were obliged to hurry forward the funeral, to prevent the body from molestation. His family left the town, one at a time, as soon as they could sell the splendid house and furniture; and the ruined were obliged to sit down under their losses with the best courage they could muster. Gentlemen, all that time that man was living, and although the time I tell of was about forty years back, he still lives in affluence in America.' 'Impossible!' burst from his astonished auditors. 'So I said when I heard it,' continued the narrator. 'But he was seen there, and it is now pretty generally credited in the town, particularly among the losers by the Savings' Bank business.—There was a man in the workhouse who much resembled him in person, and Gathergelt, who always had a sharp eye to the main chance, turned it about in his mind to make this man useful; but the man out short his cogitations by dying suddenly, and then a bright idea flashed upon the speculator. With the assistance of his son, who was a surgeon, he had the body brought home, hanged it over-night in the garden, and started for America, with all his (or rather other people's) wealth.'—People's Wealth.

THE IRISH SLAVE TRADE.—A chapter of the secret history of the Irish poor was disclosed at the police office on Saturday last. From the statement made by the two poor creatures—one a discharged soldier of the 88th Regiment—and from further information elicited by the magistrates, it appears that the principal authorities in London have in their pay a regular "Irish pauper-driver," named John Frost, who resides at 45, High street, Wapping. The man's business is to conduct the Irish outcasts of London to Bristol or Liverpool, and see them safely deposited on the deck of the steamer which is to convey them to the nearest Irish port, there to be cast ashore, and left to make their way to their several "unions" as best they can. Their sea-store for the night's voyage is a bit of bread and cheese, which many of them, from sea-sickness, or previous illness perhaps, cannot make use of; and thus they are frequently flung on the quays of Cork, weary and faint from hunger, cold, and watching through the dreary night, exposed on the deck of a steamship, perhaps in wet and tempestuous weather. Frost always accompanies them to Bristol, and sometimes to Cork. He has in his service as sub-driver a man named Higgins, living in Leintrin street, in this city, and when unable to accompany his "pauper" charge to Cork he consigns them to Higgins here. As a general rule—so Higgins informed the magistrates—Frost sends him, by the Post Office order, money to defray the travelling expenses of all paupers belonging to unions outside the county of Cork, by railway or coach, to the nearest town within their several unions; but if they belong to any union within the county of Cork, no matter how distant, no travelling expenses are provided, and they are flung on the street to beg their way to their own unions, or seek refuge in the bridge-well. One fact which the case proves—and candour obliges us to make the acknowledgment—is this, that the English guardians treat the Irish poor with more consideration and humanity than Irish guardians.—As a general rule, they pay the travelling expenses of all Irish "paupers" as far as the limits of their own unions. This is not done in Ireland. Short as the distance is from Cork to Bandon, the guardians of either union do not pay to either place the travelling expenses of the most helpless applicant for relief belonging to the other. We do not know whether the difference, so disparaging to this country, is between the English and Irish poor law, or between the English and Irish guardians; but it exists, and the amount of human suffering which it occasions would be appalling if placed before the public in all its details. But the public never hear of it, for the "rejection" of applications for relief by boards of guardians being only part of the "routine business of the board" is never published in the newspapers. Cork Reporter.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND FATHER MATHEW.—In 1847, the leader of one of the temperance bands in Cork enlisted in the army. He was the chief support of an aged mother, his wife and six children. The amiable Father Mathew applied to the colonel of the regiment in vain for his discharge. Being disappointed, he wrote, contrary to the advice of his friends, to the commander of the forces, who, by field marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew—he could not refuse his application, and has directed the discharge of the soldier he desired.