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## LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

New Brighton, Saturday Oct. 21, 1852.

MY LORD EARL—Some few months ago our gracious Queen, in a speech from the throne, very emphatically announced her royal determination to uphold the principles of the Protestant Church, and she called on her servants there assembled in her presence to assist her in maintaining the liberties of the Protestant constitution. There must be, my lord, in the royal mind some hidden fear of this Church being in danger, in order to account for the large space which this idea has taken up in the royal oration. If this declaration had been made by your lordship, or by any one of the present Ministry, it would still command an important attention; but when it proceeds from the head of your Church—from the ecumenical source of all Protestant truth—it comes before the world invested with all the realities of Parliamentary gravity and English history. For the first time in my life I do agree with the sentiments deduced from a royal speech; and I do, therefore, believe that your Church is in imminent danger at the present moment, and, I believe, moreover, that neither her most gracious Majesty, with all her royal power, nor Lord John Russell, with the base Whigs, nor your lordship, with the most judicious combination of Whig and Tory, which your skill in Parliamentary chemistry can produce, will be able to stay much longer the downfall of an institution which is a libel on God's Gospel, a fortress of public injustice, and the scandalous disturber of our national peace. The danger to be apprehended, however, will not proceed, in the first instance, from an external enemy; it will come from her own long internal rottenness; and the public shame, and the public common sense, and the public indignation, will soon be seen struggling for the mastery in levelling with the earth, and eradicating from the soil, this anti-Christian monster, which has been reared on the plundered food of the widow and the orphan, and which now makes its enormous daily meals and annual feasts on the life-blood of the entire nation. The long silence of the Catholics under your shameful and shameless calumnies, and our superhuman endurance under savage Parliamentary insults and lies, such as are actually unknown in any other country in the whole world, have had the effect of encouraging our insatiable enemies, in place of mitigating their fanatical ferocity. The oblivion which our writers have cast in charity over the first flagrant iniquities of your Church has been misunderstood by your professional bigots, who, like a swarm of locusts, crowd every thoroughfare in the empire, enabling the passenger of all nations to read, in the malignant domination of their brows, that the hatred of Catholicity, the fury of unappeasable malignity, and not the mild spirit of Christianity, is the predominant feeling of their hearts and the very mainspring of their entire conduct. The Catholic public, too, have forgotten the early pedigree of the Reformation, and have, therefore, considerably relaxed in their watchfulness against their deadly foes; and hence the public mind must be again roused to a universal resistance against a congregation of calumniators who, not content with living on the plunder of our ancestors, are engaged year after year, in maligning their victims, spreading abroad uncharitableness, disturbing the public national peace, and positively, and without any doubt, damaging the name and maternal interests of England throughout the entire world. As Lord John Russell and your lordship have been the principal promoters of this strategic evangelism, I have decided on addressing to you twelve letters on the subject just referred to. They shall be divided into three sections, in which I shall prove beyond all doubt, firstly, the unscriptural enormities and the theological incongruities of these Protestant principles which you say are now endangered; secondly, I shall demonstrate beyond all contradiction that this Protestant constitution has committed the largest crime of plundering the poor ever recorded in history; and thirdly, I shall enumerate, to the satisfaction of every impartial man, the historical records by which this Church is charged with spilling more blood of innocent, and defenceless, and unoffending Catholics, than has ever been shed by the most ruthless tyrant that ever crimsoned the page of human woe. In the treatment of this subject I wish to inform you that I mean no offence to the present generation of generous-hearted, honest Englishmen: my charges are not against individuals, but against the anti-Christian system of which they are made the wretched dupes. Nor shall I found my observations upon exclusively Catholic authority, or on hearsay, however respectable the testimony, or on loose historical assertion. I shall quote all my proofs from your own grave historians, from the Protestant synods of Germany, Switzerland, Holland and France; and I shall complete my demonstrations from the acts of the English parliament. I shall not confine my

views on the horrors of your evangelical system to Great Britain and unfortunate Ireland. I shall trace them through northern and central Europe; and I shall place before the Christian world the clear fact, viz., that in whatever country Protestantism has been introduced in the room of Catholicity, there may be traced all the maddening disorders which have ever accompanied and followed it—namely, ferocious bigotry, relentless persecution, sanguinary atrocities, social disunion, and the universal wasting public brand of beggary and national distress, graven by the ruthless bigot on the heart, and the bones, and the marrow of the wretched subdued Catholic. And if I shall fulfil faithfully these my preliminary promises, there is no honorable English or Irish Protestant (who will take the trouble to read my proofs,) who can, as a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, be reasonably angry with me for exposing to the public indignation a system calling itself the Gospel of Christ, and which, on examination, will be found an iniquitous aggregate of hypocrisy, lies, rebellion, spoliation, murder, and blasphemy. I own it requires much deliberate reflection before these grave charges should be made against your national Church, and addressed to so exalted a personage as the Earl of Derby. I feel this responsibility, and I fully conceive my position; but I again repeat my charges, and I shall forfeit all claim to truth, if I do not perfectly substantiate every point I have adduced. It is with feelings of tremulous confusion that the historian of the present day will even attempt to write the details of the crimes of this infamous band of anti-Christian monsters; and hence, who can describe what must have been the bewildering, the shocking, the racking woes of the persecuted past generation which witnessed and bled under their terrific realities?

The first unparalleled imposture which the "Reformation" invented, and which it has practised to this day, was the self-appointment and self-consecration of Henry VIII., to assume the title of "Head of the Church." One might suppose that a man who robbed the convents of Englishmen to the amount of millions of money, built and secured by the ancient laws of the realm, would be ashamed to appear before his countrymen, stained as his character was, with this public profanation. One might believe that a monster who had divorced three wives, and beheaded two (one of them probably his own daughter), would be afraid to let the eye of mortal to see his hands reeking with the blood of his innocent victims. Through all the past history of mankind, if such a demon succeeded in escaping the arm of public justice or the hand of the revenging assassin, he fled from human intercourse to bury his guilty head and racking conscience in the lonely cell of perpetual penance in order to expiate the thrilling enormity of his black crimes. But your apostle, the first head of your Church, seemed rather to rise than sink by his iniquities; they appear rather to qualify than incapacitate your Gospel-founder, for his exalted spiritual post; and hence he stands before your tabernacle with his red hands lifted in prayer to God! Yes—in prayer to God—your accredited proto-apostle—your appointed bishop, and your consecrated Pope!—the guardian of innocence—the model of virtue—the terror of vice—the teacher of Gospel truth—the ornament of religion—the standard of evangelical perfection—the infallible guide to heaven—the successor of the Apostles, and the vicegerent of Christ Himself on earth! He appointed and consecrated himself (Act Par., 1532) Pope and head of the Church; and he appointed Tom Cromwell (Act, 1533) his "vicegerent in spirituals," and he gave him, as his vicar-general, a commission, with nineteen sub-commissioners, named by his "English Holiness," to report on the discipline, and moral conduct and faith of all the religious orders of England! The only parallel that could be devised to equal this incomprehensible farce on Christianity would be to see the devil ascend the Mount where our Lord delivered his first sermon, and to hear him address the multitude on the Eight Beatitudes in mimicry of our Saviour, without any attempt, during his discourse, to conceal either "his cloven foot or his tail" from the congregation. Do you wonder, Sir, why we Catholics laugh and shudder at this your first hierarchy? Can you be surprised why a learned Catholic trembles at this blasphemy of the Holy Ghost, this mockery of Christianity, this jesting with God, this sporting with the Gospel, this jibing with damnation? There is nothing like this scene of palpable mimicry of Christ and the Apostles to be found in the entire record of the most insane infidelity. It surpasses in atrocious and tragic infamy anything that has ever happened in the whole world, and it stands before all mankind as the first page in the charter of your religion, the inauguration of your hierarchy, and the undoubted source of "the Reformation." There were many faithful, courageous Englishmen who resisted this monstrous iniquity; and if you wish to learn their names, go to the prisons of your apostle, where

thousands of your countrymen died in confinement; go to glorious France, where hundreds of your relatives fled for safety; and, Sir, go to the reeking block, where you can read in the martyred blood of the illustrious More, the venerable Fisher, and in the shameful murder of the noble lady the Countess of Salisbury. Read, Sir, there the origin of your creed, the law of your gospel, and the decalogue of your ethics. If these astounding scenes were enacted under the excitement of mere popular or mere political fury, they should not find a place in this letter to your lordship, which is intended for the discussion of the religious foundation of your Church, but they were the acts of Henry as your ecclesiastical superior (see act)—they were executed in the name and under the sanction of this new Church as such—they were agreed to by the Drummonds, and the Russells, and the Derbys of that day of English infamy, and in the preambles of the acts of Parliament, the assembly sat in deliberation "in the spirit of the Holy Ghost," and hence these acts of Henry form, without contradiction, a record of your ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and not of your political history. There is no generous, candid English Protestant at the present day who, I believe, does not blush at the recital of these atrocities, and yet he lives contentedly and unconsciously under the very same hierarchical law, is governed by the reigning monarch as the head of the Church, pays religious obedience in faith and morals to the persons called, appointed, and commissioned to lead men's souls to heaven, and all this by virtue of the royal prerogative as the supreme spiritual authority of the realm. Take away the crimes of your first founder, and your present system is perfectly the same—namely, human commission, human jurisdiction in the kingdom of Christ! You might as well apply the laws of gravitation to the souls to adopt a temporal rule to produce the spiritual results of grace. You might as well tell the world that original sin is remitted in baptism according to the laws of hydrostatics, as to assert that the queen or king of any country can give *ex officio* a commission to save the souls of their subjects. It is the monarch alone of that spiritual kingdom who can frame its laws, appoint his officers, give them authority, define their duties, and decide rewards and punishments; and this leads me to examine this principle of supremacy in the reign of Edward the Sixth. Mr. Cobbet has already glanced at this subject; but Mr. Cobbet was no theologian. I am. And he confined his views to England. I shall extend mine to every country in Europe where your gospel has been preached; and I hereby humbly request of the ambassadors of the Catholic courts now resident in London (to each of whom I shall send a copy of this letter,) that they will so far have mercy on Ireland as to publish my proofs in each of their capitals, in order to inform their nations of the insatiable injustice exercised towards us by the cruelty of the English Government, and to warn their countrymen of the danger of permitting English missionaries and English spies to reside amongst them, calumniating their creed, and revolutionising their laws.

One can scarcely avoid bursting out into a commingled torrent of indignation, contempt, and horror against a band of plunderers, infidels, and assassins, who, in the face of civilised Europe, could set up a child of ten years of age as Pope the Second, thus placing the nation in a position of spiritual ruin, and perpetuating the mad apostasy of the last reign. This my lord, is a new practical spiritual phase of your Church. In the late reign the king proclaimed himself Pope; but here we have a born Pope—a born bishop—an apostle in swaddling clothes—coming into the world with a mitre on his head—the inspiration of the Holy Ghost transmitted to him from his father. Henry, like freehold property—the grace of God running in the child's pure blood by virtue of the character and ecumenical position of his father, a born saint, like his father, and, like a child born with a wooden leg, holding the crozier in his new born hand, and wearing the mitre on his apostolic hereditary head! Lord Derby, are you serious in belonging to a system of such disgusting, incomprehensible folly? You might as well assert that a hawk could beget a whale as that a bishop could be naturally elaborated from the blood of Henry VIII. But this is not all; this child-pope made the "Book of Common Prayer," and almost entirely drew up the Thirty-nine Articles of what is called your creed. And what renders the thing so utterly shameful is, that this weak, sickly boy, never, perhaps, saw the book or read one of the articles referred to; so that this principle of the headship of the Church which, in itself, is so ludicrous, is, besides all this, a most monstrous, notorious, palpable lie, as the baby-Pope, who is said to be head, had actually, and in point of fact, no more part in this Reformation-jugglery, than the Grand Turk. The idea of a child making articles of faith, and composing prayers, through an Act of Parliament, as head of Christ's Church, is so pal-

pably ridiculous, that the Catholic at once asks you—"what insanity has come over you to leave a learned old Pope and a council of bishops, in order to follow a child in a cradle, and a senate of shopkeepers?" You decide religion as you decide the duty on your manufacture; you settle the way to heaven as you fix the direction of a turnpike road—namely, by a majority of votes; and in the face of mankind you set up a baby in a cradle as the expounder of the Gospel, although it cannot read; as the teacher of the Gospel, although it cannot speak; and as the head of your Church in all its duties, although it has not got one idea in its head of any one thing in this world!

But the principle has to be examined in a new astounding third phase, viz.:—After the death of Edward it is to be seen residing in a young woman of six-and-twenty years of age; of course, she, too, is the sanctified descendant of the first head, Pope Henry. She, too, it seems, inherits her father's sanctity; but the inspiration of the Holy Ghost does not fall upon her till the mature apostolic age of twenty-six. Blessed family! to have men, women, and children, all born apostles—angels of grace.—This lady-Pope—this royal Nun—this consecrated virgin, was the person who completed the inspiration of the far-famed Thirty-nine Articles of your Faith, not more than ten of which any educated respectable Protestant can conscientiously believe. Some of them are contradictory, others absurd, and two or three of them impossible. You, my lord, who are so deeply read in canon law as to see heresy in our cravats, and to read the violation of your constitutional laws in our shoes and hosiery, will you say how many of these articles do you believe? I never knew any Protestant who had such a capacious draught of sanctity. Lord John Russell, although a Presbyterian, Puseyite, a Methodist, a Protestant, and a Pagan (as he has expunged Baptism), does not perhaps believe from the five creeds of his so many as these Thirty-nine Articles of godliness. I believe it to be true, my lord, that—like the razors made to sell but not to shave—these articles are made more for show than devotion. Excuse me, my lord, if I at that present moment smile in your face at seeing your name enrolled in such an incongruous, insane system of absurdity, imposture, and infidelity. But, my lord, I am not quite done with this young lady-Pope. There is a new feature in her apostolic reign, which we learn from an act of parliament passed in the year 1571, and in the thirteenth year of her reign, to which I refer you. In this act, passed by her parliament of Englishmen (manufacturers of faith) and subscribed, of course, by her holy hand as head of your Church, it was enacted (Christ protect us!) that the crown of England should descend, if she had no lawful heirs, to her "natural issue." Do you blush, Lord Derby, to see the crown of Alfred and Edward given by your evangelical senate to such "an issue" by act of parliament! Do you blush to see the head of your Church subscribe a public law of her own public shame! signing her hand manual to an act which would degrade the most infamous inmate of the lowest of your London brothels—haunts of pollution! I fancy it was this act of parliament which Mr. Drummond read on the night when he spewed the filth of his Reformation creed on the spotless consecrated Catholic virgins of Europe. He mistook them for the virgin head of your Church; he did—the wretched old Reformer—he did mistake them; and in his filthy language he was protected by the Speaker, and thus applauded by the whole senate of England. I say, Sir, he was—and Catholic Europe should never forget this insult offered to their honor, their morality, and their creed. My lord, what do you now say, so far as I have gone as yet, to the early foundation of your "Reformed Church?" Amidst the records of the human race there is a sense of shame in the most abandoned which prompts them to conceal their personal crimes—wretches who have lost every virtue, and are immersed in every vice, have still left in their black hearts one small remnant of untainted nature—namely, the inward feeling of condemnation of their own guilt. It is so the most degraded wretch who expiates on the scaffold the enormities of a long obdurate life; it is particularly so in woman, whose fine nature can never be utterly trampled out by vice but with her life. And hence, when we find a Queen of a most powerful empire, the head of a Church calling itself Christian, in the face of mankind, at the age of forty-nine, summon a parliament to make her prospective shame legal by English law; and when we behold herself in person sign the record of her own crime, she stands before the world the vilest miscreant, the most abandoned wretch, the most shameless monster in woman form that has ever stained the profligate records of either ancient or modern infamy.

We have borne your calumnies too long in charitable forbearance—we have abstained these many