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LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Dundoran, Co. Donegal, Aug. 13, 1856. Beloved Fellow-Countrymen — The Souper gang in the pay of the Earl of Carlisle have appeared, within the last few weeks, in different parts of our persecuted country with renewed ferocity; benches of magistrates, sub-inspectors of police, stipendiaries, and chief constables, are all, on given occasions, set at defiance, while they boast that they have on their side the Prince Consort, Admirals, Generals, Lord-Lieutenants, Bishops, a Chancellor, several Judges, and five million two hundred thousand pounds sterling as their annual income. Their present heavenly calling consists in calumniating the memory and the life of the Blessed Virgin; insulting, hand-cuffing, and imprisoning the poor; shouting the Scriptures with bloody noses through all the towns, as drunken ballad-singers sing the "Groves of Blarney" at fairs; reducing the character of Christ to the level of a parish bailiff; seizing, driving, and impounding poor Christians throughout Ireland; urging into madness by ferocious insult whole towns and villages; and then calling on them to repent, in the midst of showers of stones, curses, and cut heads; making Christianity (so far as they can do it) to be the work of the devil, carried out by card-players, fiddlers, apostates, and thimble-riggers; in fact, they have converted Protestantism into a kind of a festival of Donnybrook Fair, with this difference, however, that the wretches at Donnybrook never had Christ in their play bills, or placed the image of the Mother of God over the doors of their tents as an attraction for drunken insane debauch.

Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—I tell the Earl of Carlisle that unless he withdraws his protection, his money, and his irradicable swaddling from these jugglers, I am persuaded he will force Her Most Gracious Majesty to withdraw him from his vice-regal office. In fact, he is at this moment in Ireland a kind of spiritual Captain Rock; his name is mixed up with every Souper row in Ireland. His assistants are seen at all the courts of magistrates, petty sessions, and assizes. All these cases should now be printed in the Government formulas—viz., "The Earl of Carlisle's Souper Society against the Blessed Virgin."—And lest any former admirer of his Excellency should stand up in his defence, let him just read that passage in his answer to the address presented to him in Limerick by the committee of the Athenæum, and he will see at a glance to what a state of forbearance Irishmen can be brought to, who could stand by in silence while this most gross, most gratuitous, and most impertinent insult was the ungrateful return which this patron of the Soupers gave to the generous glowing welcome, which, as the representative of majesty, he received from the liberal and spirited citizens of Limerick. What a pity that a man of such literary reputation, such a lover of justice, such an impartial administrator of its laws, such a suitable vice-regal officer in every other respect, should damage his antecedents and the prestige of his noble family by his alliance with the degraded execrable impostors of Ireland.

The Lord Lieutenant delivered the following reply:—

GENTLEMEN,—I request the president council, and members of the Limerick Athenæum to accept my sincere thanks for their most interesting and eloquent address.

"It has been most agreeable to me upon this occasion of my revisiting the city of Limerick, after a long interval, to witness the manifest indications of improvement and enterprise by which I find myself on every side surrounded; but, if possible, it is still more gratifying to find that you have made due provision that the career of national progress should be accompanied and adorned by the yet higher objects of mental and intellectual culture.

"You have adverted to the still fresh flame of that ancient Athens, upon whose undying forms of natural and architectural beauty it has been my privilege to gaze. Its pure Liseus would indeed immeasurably shrink beside your imperial Shannon. I do not know that the intellect of Ireland need dwindle before that of any other race. Bearing a component part in the destinies of a wide empire, under the light of a purer faith, I do not see what limits need be offered against your advance to any conceivable eminence in knowledge, glory, and virtue."

The Soupers, as I have already stated, have made four simultaneous attacks on Ireland within the last few weeks—viz., on Dublin, Clare, and Kilkenny, and Antrim. Several magistrates, one judge, three inspectors of police, sub-constables, attorneys, numberless witnesses, have all been congregated to examine this Souper warfare, and the violation of the peace; and the growing hostility between all classes is the best criterion to judge the approaching conflict which this flagitious system cannot fail to produce. Many of the Protestant clergy are in some places goading the people by their insults: the Orangemen are becoming rampant: heavy expenses are incurred at petty sessions: the police and the magistrates are harassed: the Soupers (from the encouragement they receive at the Castle) are louder every day in their blasphemous excesses: and men of every shade of opinion are beginning to accuse the Government of encouraging or conniving at

a course of things which engenders universal discord, and which, if not checked very soon, may, during the next winter, arm the red hand of the assassin to stain the soil of Ireland with blood.

Few parts of Ireland have been visited by the terrors of extermination and by the tortures of Souperism more than the county Clare: the Bible in the hand of the Souper is more terrible to the poor Irish cottier than the crowbar in the hands of the merciless landlord. The Protestant Scripture is equally formidable as the ejectment: unless the tenant yields to the perjury and blasphemy of the one he is banished and killed, as relentlessly as by the political fury of the other. No foreign nation could believe that these practices exist in England: and yet it is true that the most cruel period of Mahomedan persecution has been more than equalled by the unceasing intolerance of England. There is a small village to the west of the county Clare called Kibaha (not far from Carrigaholt) which during the last seven years has been the very hell where Souperism established its forge of slander for the cruel torment of the poor of that district. There is no chapel here: nor is there any spot where a priest would be allowed to build a chapel to erect a temporary altar: and such is the terror in which the people live from the aristocratic Soupers of the neighborhood that no one dare lend for one hour his cabin on a Sunday, where the Priest could say Mass, and teach the catechism to the children of the poor. I went to this place: and, people of Ireland, hear what I am about to say, and learn from my statement what is the aristocracy of Souperism in Kibaha. I saw drawn up in a yard, or bawn, an old omnibus on four wheels: the sides were glazed: and I saw a rough old table inside: and this was the altar, and this was the sanctuary where the priest and his clerk stood during the celebration of Mass. Before Mass was commenced the old omnibus was drawn to the centre of the public road for more accommodation: and here the poor persecuted congregation of Kibaha knelt on their bare knees to ask pardon of God for their own sins, and to beg forgiveness for their relentless enemies. Some of the most eminent converts in England, France, and America, have heard Mass here on their naked knees; and here they have received the Holy Eucharist from the hands of the priest; and all this in the middle of this public road, in the far-famed fashionable county Clare, in Ireland. The people all call the old omnibus by the name of "The Ark"—and happy is the husband, and the wife, and the child, who, even in frost, and in hail, and in snow, and in rain, hears Mass at the old Ark, and receives the Blessed Eucharist on bare and bended knees on the iron step of the old consecrated moving ark of Kibaha. And there are some two or three landlords claiming the fee of this district; and it is said they are just, good, and worthy men. But the demon of Souperism once in the bosom of any man changes even a fine heart into the feelings of a demon, and blasts and uproots every sentiment of sympathy with the surrounding Catholic population.

Seven years have been here spent in endeavoring to change the faith of the Catholics; and thousands of pounds have been expended by the Souper agents in their vile imposture and blasphemy; and yet hear the following declaration lately made by a poor dupe (a sorrowing apostate) for having joined the ranks of the perjurers:—

(Verbatim Copy.) "Carrigaholt, Clare, March 9, 1856. "I, John Qualey, of Kibaha, in the parish of Cross, and county of Clare, declare solemnly that when I changed my religion five years ago I did so for worldly gain. I knew I was displeasing Almighty God, while I was pleasing a man. Poverty made me do so. I know and firmly believe the other poor fellows that did so at the same time with me were as sincere Catholics in their hearts as myself. I now turn back of my own accord. May God forgive me, and those who tampered with me in my poverty. My conscience was stinging me all through. I beat away my children from Father Meehan when he was teaching catechism to them on the road on their way home from the Kibaha school, and said to him: 'I would not have more communion with him. I am sorely grieved at that. I think I would sooner suffer starvation and death than turn hypocrite again.' "his

"JOHN QUALEY, "mark. "Present at the reading and signing— "MICHAEL COMYN, Carrigaholt. "MALACHY M'DONNELL."

The Rev. Mr. Meehan, is the parish priest of this celebrated village of "the Ark"; no ecclesiastic in Ireland surpasses him for distinguished talents, for profound professional and varied scientific acquirements; few equal him in prudence, and in laborious zeal; and hence, all must acknowledge that to such a man the want of a chapel, of an altar, of a cabin, of a room, of a yard, of a stable, to meet and teach his people, must, in addition to the vile Soupers, be an insupportable oppression, an unendurable evil, and an undying agony. I have with the most serious expostulation, implored him to make a public appeal, in order to build a chapel near the unhappy, yet celebrated village: and I besought him to go through England, Ireland, and Scotland: to visit

France, Sardinia, and America; and to bring "the Ark" everywhere with him: and to publish the infernal bigotry of Souperism over the wide world. I feel assured the appeal would be most successful, and that he would return to Ireland with superabundant funds to build a splendid church near the site of the old ark of Kibaha. I am firmly convinced that if we had the Ark for one week at the Rotundo in Dublin, or in Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, or Glasgow, in demonstration of the lies and tyranny of a section of Irish Protestantism, it would be an eloquent advocate for my dear friend, Father Meehan, in raising funds for this future chapel: and the movement would stand, as an evidence of the tyranny of Irish Souperism and of the suppression of liberty of conscience, wherever this blasphemous system has taken root in the country.

During the last assizes at Ennis, in the early part of July, nine persons were tried for the riot growing out of the conduct of "Denny the Dicer," a Scripture reader, or Donnybrook saint, at Kiltrush. The nine persons were tried, found guilty, and on the testimony of Denny, were sentenced to three and four months' imprisonment by Baron Lefroy. The following list of the culprits (?) will show the character of the riot, and will appear also as an exponent of the professed zeal of the well-known Judge Lefroy:—

- Norry Mooney, washerwoman, twenty-four years of age; her father is dead, and she is the only support of an aged and feeble, sickly mother. Anne Donnelly, a married woman; subject to daily fits of epilepsy; her husband a laboring man, and has one child, having but one arm. Mary Donohoe, a married woman, has six children; is near her confinement; her husband a decent but working tailor, endeavoring to support a large, helpless family. Biddy Kane, twenty-two years of age, a laboring girl; her mother is dead, and lives by an occasional day's work. Honor Curtin, a girl coming from school on the day of the riot; fourteen years of age; and cried "souper" on seeing Denny. John Slattery, seventeen years of age. John Rochford, nineteen years of age. Tom Gorman; has four children; a laborer. Pat. Curtin, a nailer; has a wife and three children.

You see the creatures, the poor creatures—the school girls and boys—who have been dragged for having cried "souper" to Denny and confined for four months in the jail of Ennis, by the learned Judge Lefroy; while Denny can call with impunity a whole town by the names of "idolator," "perjurer," "robber," "rebel," and during the delivery of the Donnybrook sermon he is even protected by the Queen's navy, the army, the police, and in the end is applauded by judges as the angel of God to man, the apostle of sanctity, the champion of Protestantism, and the model of Gospel perfection to the world at large, but especially to the benighted wretches of the unrighteous town of Kiltrush.

It must not be forgotten that the parish priest of Kiltrush, the Rev. Dr. Kelly, a distinguished student in college, a man of the highest classical reputation, of remarkable prudence, a model priest, under a model bishop, came forward and declared that during the eight years of his ministrations in the parish of Kiltrush he had never known the children and women in the dock to be charged with the slightest violation of the peace: that they were remarkable for their good conduct and pious demeanor: but it would not do.—Merchants from Kiltrush swore the same; but no, it would not do. The jury recommended them to mercy, being girls, children, and poor men.—Hundreds of witnesses were ready to come forward to swear that these creatures only shouted at Denny; but no; they were anti-soupers; they were real idolators: and the peace of the world required, and the Protestant Gospel demanded, an example; and there they are, the school girl and all, confined in a dungeon, for the love of God, for the firm of Donnybrook, and for the advancement of Protestantism—undergoing three and four months' imprisonment, in order that on their liberation they will all, from their tender love of Protestantism, and its mild heavenly practices, instantly leave the Catholic Church, and join Denny the Dicer, playing cards, repeating the Psalms, singing "the Groves of Blarney," and playing on Denny's fiddle the inspired air of "Tatter Jack Walsh;" and all this evangelical conduct being planned in England, and executed in Ireland, for the advancement of Christianity, the salvation of souls, and the establishment of real apostolic virtue on earth.

This state of things cannot long continue in Ireland; and it is true to say that Protestants of all sections are beginning to be disgusted with this public mockery of religion, this disgraceful farce of the Gospel; and while glancing at several Protestant names, which I could here introduce, as giving sites for Catholic churches, subscribing to the building of convents, giving donations to widow houses, and aiding the Catholic clergy in works of Christian benevolence, how gladly do I publish the generosity of Mr. Connolly, the Protestant Member for Donegal, who has given an acre of land in the town where I now write for the site of a chapel, who has in-

structed his most worthy agent to carry out the principle of a favorable tenant right with numerous tenantry; who has never, either by himself or his agent, evinced in letting his land, the smallest preference to a Protestant beyond a Catholic, and who would not patronise, either by word or example, any insult to the Catholics by the imposture of the Soupers.

In order to give an additional instance of the neglect of Lord Carlisle's society in England, and to prove how much more their hypocrisy is wanted in London than in Dublin, I quote the last express from Guildhall; and this is one of thousands of similar cases of Protestant infidelity in England:—

"Ann Clark, child about twelve years of age, but whose head did not reach the top of the dock, was charged with stealing a snuff-box, containing a spade guinea, a silver coin, and a number of duplicates. "The evidence did not establish the charge against the child, but both the prosecutor and the mother of the prisoner gave her a very bad character. "Inspector Todhunter said the fault did not rest with the child, for she was brought up in the most hopeless state of ignorance. He had no idea of a God, or a church, or chapel. He asked her what her mother and father did on a Sunday, and she said they were drinking all day long. He asked her if they did not say their prayers, but she did not know what they meant by prayers. In fact, she was so neglected that she had not the slightest idea of a future state. "Sir Peter Laurie ordered her to appear at the court again on Friday, and directed the inspector to make further inquiries about her." In my next letter I shall discuss the Souperism which sets at defiance the magistrates of Kilkenny, and ignites into a conflagration the old peaceful glens of Auburn.—Believe me to be, beloved fellow-countrymen, your devoted servant, D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

CALVINISM IN SCOTLAND.

(From the Glasgow Northern Times.)

Scotland owes all the glory of her history to Catholicity. Her nationality was glorious eight centuries ago, under the monarchy of Malcolm III., whose sainted Queen, Margaret, is Patroness of the kingdom, as the Holy Apostle, St. Andrew, is its Patron. The reign of Malcolm was prosperous and happy, and his pious Queen left a lineage of kings, who ruled Scotland with wisdom for two centuries. Those of her kings who were most faithful to the Church, were most beneficial in their rule. Take for instance Alexander II., who patronized St. Dominic. Protestant historians acknowledge of him, as of so many other of her Catholic Kings that his rule was wise and his reign glorious. From the reign of Malcolm and Margaret, Pinkerton dates the civilisation of Scotland; and the sainted Queen was incessant and successful in her endeavors to humanise the nation—to introduce the arts and sciences, and to diffuse knowledge. The stately pile of Dumfermline dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was a monument at once of her piety, her taste, and her munificence.

To the Catholic Church Scotland owes all her universities—that of St. Andrews was founded by Bishop Hardlaw, 1412; that of Glasgow by Bishop Turnbull in 1453; that of Aberdeen by Bishop Elphinstone in 1500. The mention of Glasgow reminds us, that it was one of the two Catholic Archbishops, and as Pinkerton quaintly says, "was of ancient note in ecclesiastic story." Scotland was then great and glorious: her people moral, prosperous, and happy.

The ancient line of Scottish kings came to an end at the close of the 13th century, and this was made the excuse for the wicked intervention of the English Edwards. Against that intervention the Popes repeatedly protested, especially that most vilified Pontiff, Boniface VIII. But alas! the Scottish as well as the English kings had grown disobedient to Christ's vicar; and both England and Scotland paid the penalty.—Scotland was ravaged by cruel invasions. England bore the curse of wicked aggression.

The aggression of England was, as it deserved to be, ultimately unsuccessful; and it was left for a future age to accomplish by intrigue what invasion had failed to achieve. So long as Scotland was Catholic this could not be accomplished; but when Calvinism had destroyed faith and loyalty, English intrigue, under Elizabeth, effected what English valor, under Edward, had failed to achieve—the ruin of Scotland. Last Sunday was the anniversary of the day on which it was consummated, under the Regency of Morton.—The son of his sister, Mary, Queen of Scots, was the last king who ruled Scotland as an independent kingdom. As a State, Calvinism had destroyed Scotland.

Then ensued the civil wars and the disputes between the Independents and Presbyterians, which, as Pinkerton drily says, extinguished sound literature in the country for many years. But there was a worse result than injury to literature from the religious wars of Scotland. The cruel spirit in which the Presbyterians prosecuted them, and were in their turn persecuted by the Episcopalians, plunged the nation in barbarism. Not only on "Papists," but upon fellow Protestants,

the Calvinists took the most cruel vengeance.—Robertson, a modern Protestant writer, says:—"The complete triumph on the part of the covenant was followed in Scotland by executions without number, and slaughter without end. Even those who laid down their arms on the promise of mercy, were inhumanly butchered at the instance of the sanguinary preachers." As to the Catholics, they were exterminated by thousands, and the last Archbishop of Glasgow was hanged at Stirling by these "ministers of the Gospel." It is painful to recall the atrocities of that age—all ascribable to religious animosities and the sour, savage spirit of Calvinism.

Well, at the Revolution Presbyterianism was established; what was the first result? That corruption of the aristocracy which produced the subjugation of Scotland to England. Half a century more elapsed ere the loyalty of Highland Catholics could be subdued by fire and sword.—Nor was the work deemed fully accomplished until a war of extermination had been entered upon; and the massacre of Glencoe and the slaughter of Culloden were followed up by a cold-blooded policy of extirpation by means of forced expatriation. The Highlanders were driven from the homes of their ancestors, under the auspices of Whig noblemen of Evangelical principles, and a servile clergy of the Calvinistic school. All this is shown in a work we have already noticed, "McLeod's Highland Clearances," and to which we shall return. The results were described very powerfully in an article from the Paisley Independent, which we copied last week. The result has been to place the land, the labor, and the liberty of the people in the power of a handful of the aristocracy—about eight peers over half Scotland—a single peer over an entire county. And these lords have, as we maintain (according to Sismondi) most illegally, and certainly most harshly and remorselessly, ejected the poor tenants at pleasure, upon the principles of "political economy"—that peculiar growth of Protestantism, which teaches that money is the true "wealth of nations." Acting on this accursed principle of mammon—as taught by Adam Smith, under Calvinistic auspices, in universities founded by Catholic prelates—the Highlands have been made a waste and that Highland race extirpated, whose loyalty, vigor, and valor were, in past ages, even in the last century, the glory and the strength of Great Britain.

Well, such having been the results of Calvinism in the Highlands, what have been the fruits in the Lowlands? Aristocratic spoliation, popular depression, and widespread demoralisation.—The Scottish aristocracy entered into the conspiracy of the so-called Reformation, in order to be enabled better to plunder the people, which the Church would not permit them to do. They have gained their ends; and the ruins of abbeys, which ornamented their estates, attest the sacrifice by which they were acquired. Thus a Douglas, brother of the Earl of Morton, at no very remote period, pulled down a portion of Melrose Abbey—then considered the purest Gothic structure in Europe—in order to build himself a house with the materials. This is but a specimen of the rapacious Scottish nobility.—Even an anti-Papal writer, Forsyth, says—"Had ancient Rome fallen into the hands of the gloomy Presbyterians, we should now have looked in vain for the sacred part of its ruins. Their iconoclastic zeal would have confounded beauty with idolatry, for the purpose of demolishing both." The bigotry of the people, combined with the rapacity of the nobles to destroy, and of these noble foundations which constituted so much of the glory of Scotland, she has now only ruins to show.

But happy had she been if Calvinism had only destroyed. Alas! to destroy faith is to uproot morality. When Pinkerton wrote, sobriety was still the virtue of Scotland. Is it so now? Let our Protestant contemporaries answer.

The correspondent of the Morning Chronicle says:—

"In Paisley it has been found that the drinking of spirituous liquors does not cease when the licensed houses are closed, but is carried on in places of the humblest character, which are well known in almost every street and lane, and are frequented by numbers of both sexes, who there carry on their orgies apart from the supervision of the police."

This is precisely the effect we predicted as a natural and inevitable consequence. The illegal sale of spirits, and secret indulgence in its most demoralising forms, have followed close upon the restrictive enactment at Paisley and Glasgow, and will soon be apparent elsewhere. The Kelso Mail confirms this by stating:—

"In our town there are houses where any amount of drink can be got on Sunday," adding significantly, "and such scenes are taking place every Sunday throughout the country."

But is this the worst? Alas! no. What of impurity—illegitimacy—infanticide? Is Scotland better than England in that regard? Would that she were? And of England—alas! it is impossible to speak in terms of horror adequate. Her infanticide, every year, can only be numbered by thousands; and are, indeed, innumerable.