

ciety of the Rights of Conscience) drags before a public assembly and covers with slander, on the unexamined testimony of one of those nauseous perverts who every day sell their conscience for a shilling, commit perjury against God for an old coat, and who really degrade Protestantism in Ireland. The Limerick jury has settled this case, and with £200 damages and costs has published to the Empire, that the Wolsley speech at Cork, under the chairmanship of Dr. Whateley, is as great a lie placard of the Dublin Soupers in reference to your Excellency.

Dr. Whateley is now the avowed head of "the Rights of Conscience Society;" and he is also the head of "the Curates Assistant Society;" and he is the great speaker at the meetings of "the home missionary," "the foreign auxiliary," "the tract distributing," "the Jewish Biblical," "the Tuscan reformatory," "the Pagan evangelical societies," &c., together with several other Biblical occupations, such as lecturing on Romanism at Liverpool, preaching on Father Petcherine and on Bible-burning at Macclesfield, collecting funds for the Tract distributors, and the street preachers, and similar apostolical avocations. While his Grace sat at the Board of National Education, he was a mere Bishop, a learned Commissioner, the agreeable, the valued associate of the angelic Doctor Murray; and the Catholics of Dublin admired him; and we had during this period no Bible-readers, with cut heads in police courts.—The Bishop was kind, generous, liberal; and he employed his leisure hours in the interesting studies of natural science. To be sure, some clerical critics hinted, that he wanted some small atomic measure of the exact Parliamentary standard; other grudging zealots insisted that his belief was in excess of Cranmer's articles; in fact, his friends at this time would make it appear, that his orthodoxy had something like an equinoctial line, and tropical boundaries; and that by a kind of annual motion, he could always be found, somewhere between the Cancer and Capricorn of the Book of Common Prayer. Whatever he was, is no affair of mine. I gladly say, that in these days, he was amiable and tolerant, and decidedly a scholar and a gentleman. But since he has joined the Soupers he has fallen below the public expectations, and what is more painful, below himself:—he has ungenerously added his name and talents to the grossest insult on the Catholics of Dublin. But his Grace has received a rebuke from Mr. Horsman in the House of Commons, which will soon rid Dublin of a nuisance, which has long insulted the community, which has annoyed the magistrates of the police courts, and which has brought contempt on the conscientious belief of the honorable Protestants of our city.

The second extract of the slander of the Soupers is taken from the Limerick Chronicle, March 1835, copying the proceedings of a meeting, held in the Music Hall, Belfast, Right Rev. Dr. Knox, in the Chair. Rev. George B. Concannon, the Society's Deputation Secretary, said—"We have in every town where the Society labors, our Ragged Schools. He then proceeded to say what had been done; and stated that when they were opposed by the Priests, the agents of the Society set up a shop for the sale of Flour, Meal, and Assorted Articles. He then described the operations of the Society in the County Donegal; and stated that the mission of 'the Fathers' to Lettorkenny had not the least injured the progress of Evangelical labor. When the Fathers went to Lettorkenny, they got twenty-four boys and girls, whom they dressed up—to represent as many angels; and they also had a large black dog to represent the devil. The dog would cower down before the twenty-four angels, to show the power of the Church of Rome over the black dog, the devil. The Fathers told the people that the most abominable thing in the world was a Sunday School. A little boy, who attended this School against the wish of his parents, was turned out by his mother, and had to remain all night in an out-house. In the morning, the Fathers said, he was awake by a black man, who had a black dog with him. The man cut up the boy in pieces, and the black dog ate up the joints, and nothing remained in the morning, but a proof of blood in the out-house."

The next person who addressed this meeting in Belfast, at which Dr. Knox presided, was the Rev. P. A. Hanlon, Vicar of Mount Shannon, and a missionary of the society. Your Excellency will read in the following extract the statement of the Rev. Mr. Hanlon:—"The Rev. A. P. Hanlon, Vicar of Mount Shannon, and missionary of the society, seconded the resolution. The reverend gentleman repeated the Lord's Prayer in the Irish language, to enable the meeting to judge of the sweetness and harmony of the sounds. When he was a Roman Catholic he was anointed by the Priest, being very ill; and supposed to be at the point of death. The Priest is never sent for to anoint a person until life is despaired of. His anointing is not like that mentioned in St. James's Epistle; it is rather a passport through Purgatory. Every Priest can afford it, has in his stable an animal popularly termed the 'Extreme Unction horse'—(laughter)—and that horse is kept expressly for the purpose. From the time the Priest came into the sick room till he left it, he never said one word about the Saviour, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. The reverend gentleman then narrated several incidents connected with his missionary sojourn in the large barony of Burren, in the county of Clare, where, excepting a few policemen and coastguards, there are no resident Protestants; and where they have a ballad about the Priests—one verse he repeated in Irish, of which the following is a translation:—

"Four Priests without being covetous,  
Four fishermen without being lazy,  
Four shoemakers without being liars,  
Are twelve men not to be found in the country."

The last point in this most remarkable meeting of Christian slanderers is the extract, in which the Bishop himself, Dr. Knox, takes a prominent speaking part in the proceedings; it is as follows:—

"The Lord Bishop said he considered the thanks of the meeting were much more justly due to the members of the Deputation, for the interesting statements they had made; and the thought that the best vote of thanks that could be given them would be in the shape of increased exertions on the part of the people of Belfast in support of the society."

It is unnecessary, my lord, to add one word of mine to the foregoing language, used by the reverend speakers at the Belfast Music Hall; nor do I deem it necessary to make any remark on the "vote of thanks" given to them by the Protestant Bishop of the Diocese. I shall merely ask an English gentleman, an illustrious English nobleman, would such ribald language, and such fabulous scurrility—an outrage on truth, on the intellect of the audience, and on the decencies of life—be tolerated in the domestic society of any gentlemen or ladies in the whole world, except amongst the English and Irish bigots? Search Catholic Europe for even one meeting, one lie like this against Protestants, and I forfeit my existence if it can be found. Hence the teaching of the Souper Societies has really degraded the Protestant mind into almost a universal practice of slander against Catholics; it has armed the landlord in fanatical hatred to the tenant; it has in turn forced the tenant into revengeful retaliation; it has filled Ireland with the horrors of extermination; it has suffocated the Poorhouse and the convict ship; and it has stained the land with the crying guilt of murder. In no nation on earth at this moment could there be found an audience to applaud; a clergyman to speak; and a Bishop to approve the speeches referred to, except the Protestant Missionaries, the Protestant friends of the Soupers of Ireland. Humble as I am, this letter of mine will be read in every country in Catholic Europe, and will publish these lies with millions on millions of hostile tongues. Protestant Belfast and Protestant Dublin may have their applauding audiences here; but you know it better than I do, my lord, that the Catholic audiences of Paris, of Vienna, of Naples, of Madrid, of Lisbon, will pass votes of censure where Dr. Knox and others passed votes of thanks; and that as sure as the decline of day will come on the earth by the laws of Natural Philosophy, the nation which is guilty of this execrable system of lying and of persecution of a faithful race, must, sooner or later, be doomed to a national catastrophe, by the eternal laws of Divine justice.

The last extract which I shall present to your Excellency, in the present letter, is a speech of Dr. Daly, the Bishop of Cashel and Waterford. Without wishing to offend Dr. Daly, I should not, my lord, enclose to you such a compilation of low buffoonery, were it not necessary to prove to you that the highest dignitaries of the Protestant Church can descend to a style and manner below the pot-house, when Catholicity is to be maligned and belied. In this case, Dr. Daly's own quotations are my triumphant proof of the degraded depths into which Souperism has sunk the Irish Protestant mind. The following extract is taken from the report of a meeting of the Irish Society, held in the Rotundo:—

The Lord Bishop of Cashel continued to say the great object of the Irish Society was to begin by teaching them the spelling book or primer, and then put the Scriptures into their hands. (Hear.) He was happy to say that they were doing the work. In this country they did not see one half of it, nor did they know the real extent of it. (Hear.) He had a letter in his hand from an Irishman, who had some time ago, among other people from Cappagh (a place in the county Waterford), emigrated to America. It was known that they been reading the Irish Scriptures, but there was no sign from them that they had received the truth. Now he would read the letter, which was written in New York on the 21st of February last. It was from John Brien to Pat. Brien:—

"New York, February 21.  
"Dear Pat—I am sure you will be glad to hear that all they Cappoh people are going to church in this country. (Applause.) Markes was the first who broke the ice. Dan Connors is as bad here as he was in Cappoh, but all his family has changed. I often thought of (when) I would open my Douay Testament. I am very sorry I did not bring more Books with me. We often speak of you when we are together. (A) clergyman of the name of Bruce instructs us two days in the week, that is two hours each day. I am sure My father will be sorry, (or) us, but we are not sorry, for we are all able to give reason for so doing.—Peter, 3 ch., 15 verse; John, 14 ch., 6 verse. Eighteen of the Cappoh people marches to church every Sunday. William Connors got married to (a) Protestant Girl. We often laughed at you, but were wrong. I hope this will get safe—Your's truly,  
"JOHN BRIEN.

"Pat Brien who lived in Cappoh."  
[This Douay Testament he snatched from Pat Brien (the reader) a few days before he went to America, and would not give it back, though Pat Brien wanted to get it, as he had previously given John a Bible of the Authorised Version; but he kept and took away both with him.]

What Michael Marks did about two years ago, one night that Pat Brien was in Cappagh (as the story was told by Brien:—I Brien was in my father's house about nine o'clock one dark night, and a number of men and women came in and I was reading the Bible to them for a good while, till Michael Marks found it out, and he was determined to frighten them. So, Sir, what did he do but get a big turnip and scoop it out, and cut a man's mouth, and nose, and eyes on it, so as to make a head of it. (Laughter.) Indeed, I suppose he had it ready before, for I used to have the reading there often. Then he covered the back of the head with tar, and stuck a lot of hair upon that, and he set it up on a pole, and fastened a sheet round the pole, and put a candle inside of the turnip, and stuck the pole up along side of the road—(laughter)—going up to the house, and then he got behind the ditch himself and hid there. Well, Sir, when the people came out of my father's house they were talking among themselves, and if they didn't begin to screech and roar when they saw it; and one poor woman fell into a dead faint, and dropped down into the middle of the road. Some of them cried out that it was Satan—(laughter), and they all ran off shouting *Dhia liom manam* ("God save my soul") and blessing themselves, and leaving the poor woman lying in the road. "Wasn't long till I heard the noise within the house, and I runned out and saw it, too, and sure enough it was enough to frighten anybody. Oh! it looked horrid! The fire was coming out of the eyes, and the nose, and the mouth; and the wind was blowing the black hair about, and every puff 'twould give the candle out, the sparks would come in showers through the holes, and the big sheet flying and fluttering about all the time. (Laughter.)

Awful! Well, Sir, I stood looking at it for a while and trying to make it out, for I could not understand what it was—it looked like an operation—(laughter)—or something—till at last I took a stone and let fly at it, but I missed of it. Then I took another stone, and *threwed* that at it, but I missed it again. Then I took another and I hit it; and sure enough the stone made bits of the head and outed the candle, and sent the turnip flying about the road. Marks then cried out from behind the ditch, in a long tone, mournful like, "O! my head! my head!" and the fellows that were behind me ran off quite frightened, for they were sure it was the ghost's voice—(laughter)—but I went inside the ditch where I heard it coming from, and sure enough there was Marks standing at the back of a bush. He laughed when he seen me, and didn't give me time to speak till he said—"Well, the D—himself wouldn't frighten you after that; if that (meaning the ghost) had a chance of escaping to night, 'tis very few you'd have to attend to your house." And so he ran away, and I went back to the house and told the boys all about it, but they would not believe me for a long time, till I took them out and showed them the pole outside on the road where it fell; and the next morning we got all the pieces of the turnip broken about the road. After that I did not see much of Marks, only now and then; but whenever he seen me he used to call out, "Rother!" and "Souper!" after me; and he used to say often, "Wait a while, my boy; the time will come when you'll be able to light your pipe with your little finger." (Meaning that when I'd be burning in hell, I'd only have to put the end of my finger into my pipe to light the tobacco.) And now you see, Sir, he's the very first that broke the ice—thanks to the Lord for it! Such a persecuter as he was! Many's the time he said that if he was going to America, and was within one day's sail of the land, and if he had the luck to hear there was a rebellion in Ireland, he'd come back the whole way, for the sake of having the satisfaction to shoot a Protestant; and now he's a Protestant himself.

Your Excellency will perceive by these extracts that at the three public Souper meetings of Cork, Belfast, and Dublin, the speeches of the reverend and right reverend speakers consisted of stories about priests, communicated by perverts. The Limerick jury has branded one of these reverend story-tellers as a deliberate slanderer; and although the other gentlemen have evaded the law, it is more than probable that a jury of Irishmen of all grades and opinions who will read this letter will brand the Belfast and Dublin story-tellers with the same moral guilt as their brother in Cork. At all events, my Lord, you will see the professional character of the Queen's Bishops and Parsons in Ireland from the extracts adduced: you will see the ignominious stratagems resorted to to keep up the Established Faith; and you cannot fail to make the inquiry, whether eight millions and a half annually ought to be expended on a system which seeks to live by the grossest lies, which teaches their Gospel by the aid of public, notorious, convicted slander, which converts parsons into disturbers of the public peace, which degrades Bishops below the level of the tap-room, which forwards discord, encourages extermination, which brings the Gospel into contempt, and which, by exasperating millions of Irishmen, forms a vulnerable point in the bulwarks of the British Empire.

In my next letter, my Lord, I shall conclude by introducing additional extracts, which I predict will surprise you much more than those to which I have already called your attention.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,  
Your Excellency's obedient servant,  
D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Dunboyne has contributed £5 to the Newmarket Catholic church in Clare.

IRISH TENANT RIGHT.—The cause of Irish tenant right, and the consequent fixity of the peasantry of Ireland on the soil of their own country, has received a decided impetus from the denunciations evoked from the leading statesmen of England against the "clearance system," on the debate about the "Pollock eviction case," brought before Parliament in such a masterly style by the honorable and learned member for Wexford.

SMITH O'BRIEN.—Though the amnesty to this illustrious exile has been tardy in its concession, yet we feel bound to express gratitude to the minister who recommended the act to Her Majesty: The hon. gentleman will be received with acclamation by his fellow-countrymen without distinction of creed or party. His fault, if fault it can be, to wish to serve his country, has been more than expiated by so protracted an exile. It is to be regretted that any of Mr. O'Brien's companions in the cause have been excluded from the act of amnesty. If any of Her Majesty's ministers were in the position of those who are asserted to have gained their liberty at the expense of their parole, they would have taken advantage of the opportunity of escape. But it is denied on good authority that they have violated any principles of honour. We trust that in a little time the pardon will be extended to all without exception. Thus, and thus only, will the amnesty be worthy of Her Majesty.—*Tuam Herald*.—We understand that Mr. Smith O'Brien, who is at present travelling in Greece, will not return to Limerick until July. It having been stated in a Dublin contemporary that Mr. O'Brien would be in Limerick in the course of ten days, we feel it necessary to state that a letter has been received from him in this city, in which the writer states that he will be unable to return to Limerick before July.—*Limerick Observer*. [The news of Mr. O'Brien's release was welcomed with great joy in the county Limerick; bonfires blazed on the mountains and along the Shannon.]

The Government offices in London are to be illuminated on next Thursday "for the peace," we are told. The same night we are to have a similar display of Government folly and extravagance in Dublin, and we are informed the thieves and burglars of both capitals are fully organised and prepared to make use of the opportunity.—*Nation*.

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—Master Murphy has decided that Mr. John Kennedy, Mr. Vincent Scully, and almost all the other shareholders remain on the list of contributors, and be liable for the full number of their shares.

The coroner's jury have found a verdict of wilful murder against private McGrady, for shooting Sergeant Guinness at Fermoy barracks.

THE FERMOY PEERAGE.—Eight of the learned judges, viz., Alderson, Crowder, Williams, Erle, Wightman, Coleridge, Pollock, and Cresswell, pronounced an opinion on Tuesday in the House of Lords, that the act of union with Ireland did not warrant the government, on the extinction of three peerages in the creation of a barony of Fermoy in favour of Mr. Edmund Burke Roche; several of whom, including the Chief-Baron, intimated that it was an attempted innovation on the recognised practice of half a century.—Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Willis entertained the contrary opinion. The accusation against Lord Palmerston of having advised her Majesty to make an unauthorised exercise of her prerogative may, therefore, now be taken as sufficiently established that Mr. Roche is not a peer, for, although there has been an extinction of an Irish peerage since the issue of the patent, that will not make a creation good which it appears was bad at its inception. If Mr. Roche's political services are to be rewarded with a peerage, there must be a new creation.—*Standard of Tuesday*.

THE VACANT CROWN SOLICITORSHIPS ON THE NORTH-WEST CIRCUIT.—The important office held by the late Sir Edward Tierney, Bart., will be divided and given to three gentlemen, in conformity with the principle which is at present adopted. The salaries of each will average £800 a year, and two of the situations thus created, have, it is understood, been already given away. Mr. Geale, whose sister is married to the Earl of Fortescue, and who is one of the solicitors to the Poor Law Commissioners, gets one of the appointments, and the second will be filled by Mr. D. Fitzgerald, the brother of the Attorney-General. There are very many applicants for the third, which is as yet vacant, or assumed to be so.—*Saunders*.

The Sligo Election Committee have declared the Right Hon. John Wynne duly elected; the petition of Mr. J. P. Somers frivolous and vexatious; and three witnesses, Edward Killoran, James Ward, and Ann Ward, who gave evidence to prove that Killoran had been paid £1 to vote for Mr. Wynne, guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

THE BAR.—There has been no application for admission to the Irish bar during the ensuing term—a circumstance which has not occurred for the last quarter of a century.

A NAVAL STATION AT QUEENSTOWN.—We have much pleasure in stating that a ship of the line has been nominated to hoist the Admiral's flag in our port, and that in future we may expect to see at least one first class ship stationed at Queenstown. We have been informed that a Government officer, who bears the official name of a Master Attendant, has been appointed, at a high salary, to Haubowline, and it is supposed that the object of this appointment is in connection with works of an extensive character, which are said to be at present under the consideration of the Government. However small and inadequate these concessions may be considered, they still show that some good must in the end result from bringing the question of Cork harbor, upon all seasonable occasions, under the notice of Government, and losing no opportunity of directing the attention of the House of Commons to the injustice to which it has been subjected.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.—On Wednesday evening, a lecture on the National Music of Ireland was delivered at the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick street, by Mr. William Murphy, Mus. Bac., Conductor of the Dublin Mercantile Choral Union, in compliance with a request of the committee of that society. The subject was viewed historically and scientifically. The several epochs of history of importance, as regarded the condition of the art, from the time of the Druids, of Ollamh Fodla, and of the introduction of Christianity, down to periods of later development, were referred to, with accompanying details bearing upon the main theme. The music of every nation was pointed out to be distinct and peculiar in like manner as its language, so much so as to be generally preferred by the native to that of other countries, and to be seldom thoroughly realised and appreciated by the foreigners. It had been admitted by the best critics that the music indigenous to this country was unequalled of its kind by that of any other, and this could be held without the slightest discouragement of the great classical works of German and Italian composers, with which it could not properly be compared. In the course of the lecture a selection of solo and concerted illustrations were sung by a number of artists, Mr. Murphy presiding at the pianoforte. Amongst those was the ancient Irish "Cacine," or funeral dirge, the effect of which was displayed by the recitation in connexion with it of a translated composition of a native of the South of Ireland lamenting the loss of his three sons, who had been drowned while fishing at sea. An illustration was also given of the extent of the acquaintance of the ancient Irish with harmony and counterpoint. Several of the illustrations were enclosed, and the lecture was heard with interest and attention by a numerous audience.

On Saturday the top of Slievenamon and the Gaultese were covered with snow. In the afternoon a fall of snow took place between this and Portlao. During the day there were also heavy falls of rain and hail in Carrick-on-Suir.—*Waterford Mail*.

ORANGE OUTRAGE.—A correspondent in Enniskillen writes:—"I wish to call attention to a daring insult committed on Mr. James O'Rafferty of Ballycaasidy, near this town, on the morning of the 6th inst., at one a. m. A party of Orangemen proceeding from their lodge, on passing his house, playing party airs, drumming, and cheering, fired a shot into his bed-room window, and also, after passing, returned again, drumming party airs and cheering. I hope the Government will take it into consideration and not allow Catholics to be treated and insulted in this outrageous manner."—*Telegraph*.

On Ascension Thursday (1st May) a lawless band of Orangemen assembled in the Ranfurly demesne, about a mile from Dunganon, on the road leading to Moy, and cruelly beat every Catholic who would not shout "to hell with the Pope." Eight of these miscreants were identified, and the magistrates have sent them for trial to the assizes. Mr. McCrossan prosecuted, and under the "Indictable Offences Regulation Act," the magistrates refused to take bail for seven of these persons. One was admitted to bail, because the evidence was not so conclusive as against the others. The bail required for him was £60. The case was one of very great importance to the Catholic population of Ulster. No fewer than 25 persons have been beaten.