

# VOL. VIII.

#### **REV. DR. CAHILL**

#### ON THE BELFAST RIOTS. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

It may appear strange at first sight to hear the statement made, namely, that the Whig and the Tory Governments have contributed about an equal share in producing the late riots in Belfast : nevertheless the statement is criticallytrue. And, moreover, if the guilty parties were brought to public justice, it would be discovered that St. Stephen's is much more culpable than Sandyrow; and that Prime Ministers and Lord Lieutenants have early sowed the seeds of the political and religious discord which, up to the present time, and in this present year, have brought forth an abundant crop of social rancour. From the year '95 up to the reign of William the Fourth, the Orange confederacy was a favoured institution with the English Cabinets and with all Irish Chief Governors. The history of this confederacy is too well known in all parts of Ireland, and more particularly in the North, to require any additional potice in this place from my pen ; and I must say that my own feeling would prefer to heal rather than to open airesh these deep cancerous wounds which have covered and weakened the whole frame of Ireland, Catholic Ireland, in the disastrous period under consideration. It was only at a very recent date, about the year 1830, that this Orange combination received a check on in its baneful career; and that check, too, at the very foot of the throne. Counsellor Finn, the accomplished, the laborious, and the honest faithful former Representative of Kilkenny, was the first who discovered and exposed the Orange Conspiracy (as it was then called) spread successfully through the entire army and navy. In those days, the loyal views of the late Duke of Cumberland did not seem to be free from suspicion: and the claims of our present gracious Queen to the throne of her ancestors were more than threatened from a powerful quarter. The member for Kilkenny at this time exposed this covert and menacing conspiracy with an efficient vigour, and with an untiring perseverance which, I believe, has not only never heen rewarded, but has not been even acknowledged in the proper qurter. Beyond all doubt Counsellor Finn in this important crisis has saved the Nation from a treasonable revolution and a civil war; and he has faithfully laboured in his dutiful allegiance to the present Sovereign of England. Decidedly there is a debt due to Counsellor Finn by the Catholics of Ireland, as well as by the Throne, which debt should have been long formation, and results to the Orange combination since gratefully and generously paid. With this brand of (to say the least) misallegiance fixed on this sworn confederacy, it has lived on since '32, sustained, patronized, and petted by those persons highest in power in Ireland and nearest the Throne in England. It commands in the Army and rules in the Navy. It is seen on the Bench, and it preaches from the Pulpit. It stands with a drawn sword at the several halls of the University. It would dare to teach and to guide all our schools of education. It steels the heart of the bad Landlord, and it exterminates the poor. It increases the horrors of the emaciating poorhouse, by throwing the gall of bigotry into the soup of the paupers. Not content with banishing the father to the emigrant ship, and sending the mother to a premature grave, it pursues the forlorn Catholic child in the chilling workhouse, and there assails his last inheritance-his Christian hope. As its last effort, it tries to corrupt the religion of his race, the creed of his fathers; and thus endeayours to extinguish the last flickering ray of consolation in his crushed and broken heart. Some of the first Protestant statesmen have denounced it as the principal curse of Ireland-as a garrison, a fortress to assault the public peace, and to defend a national despotism. It has entered into all conditions of Irish society; has been entwined with all our political institutions; and from its peculiar adaptation to persecute and to torture, it has been employed by the enemies of the peace of Ireland to divide Protestant and Catholic into two hostile camps, and to perpetuate irreconcileable national discord. Lord Carlisle has pointed out unmistakeably its true character by expelling it from the Magisterial Bench; thereby expressing his official conviction that in the Orand Jury-room, at Petty Sessions, at Magistrates' Courts, at Elections, and in the Poorhouse, strict impartial decision is ordinarily unattainable; popular con-fidence in the administration of the laws is shaken and lost, as long as the Orange element is found mixed with the accredited office of public justice. Knowing full well that Belfast has been the cradle, the nursery, and the citadel of this institution during the last sixty years-in fact, since its first establishment in 1795, who can wonder at any excess being committed in that town, on the slightest check being offered to established in every village where famine and dency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonfellow-subjects, on finding this vengeance met of those occasions, as standing at his cabin door, 'sician .-- Von Knebel.

#### by overmatched or equal retaliation : and the Orange aggressive onslaught repelled and punished by their former passive victims, whom they once trampled in the mire, and whose houses they wrecked in unrestricted ferocity ? It is a narrow view of this case of Belfast to ascribe the late disgraceful proceedings in that town to any sudden or new-born excitement of the dominant faction : it is the old hereditary feeling of their ancient corporate abuses, for which past Parliamentary injustice, and past Castle persecution, are much more to be blamed than Sandy-row or Dr. Drew's church. These periodical ebullitions are like the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius: recent effects, no doubt, but which have bad their political causes long ago deeply fixed near the woolsack, amongst the most elevated and most eminent personages in the British Empire. Every Tory Minister, from Lord Castlereagh to Lord Derby, and every Orange Grand Master, from Brownlow to Lord Roden, who have organised and set their confederated associates in hostile antagonism during the last half century, are far more guilty of the illwill and the sanguinary conflicts under consideration than the mob of Belfast. How melancholy to notice Irish peers in their places in the Senate defend, some few nights ago, this system of discord, and thus perpetuate, through coming ages, the odious, cruel party conflicts which have so long deranged the whole frame of Irish society. It would be the duty as well as the national interest of every man in Ireland, but particularly the noblemen, who are the pillars of the State, to unite and not to scatter the component parts that form the strength of the kingdom. One thousand fights in Sandy-row could not equal in factious malice and injury one Orange speech delivered by a Peer of the Realm at the seat of empire. And of what use can it be to send companies of infantry, troops of dragoons, and thousands of all arms to restore peace to the town-when peers throw amongst the infuriated mob additional burning brands, and rekindle the combustible material of dissension. If a Catholic peer stood forward in his place in Parliament to defend Ribbonism and to argue the propriety of appointing to the Irish police force, members from all the Ribbon lodges, what consternation would seize the Tory Lords: yet in the comparison of

### MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1858.

his wife lying in scarlet fever, himself hungry, and his children naked, he was accosted by a Souper offering him fire, food, clothes, money, and employment if he would become a pervert -"Begone," said this Irish Confessor, "begone, you vile spawn of the D-: my child-ren shall never grow fat on the wages of apostacy, my wife shall never wear the livery of perjury: and I would rather perish and rot, and be the food of dogs than betray Christ and drink sacrilege and perdition, even out of a cup of gold." Stunning thoughts and language like the foregoing quotation were not uncommon during the late Souper crusade; and the tongue of Demosthenes, warmed by the fire of Grecian patriotism has not spoken nobler or more stirring sentiments, than the poor famine stricken Irish

Catholic has many a time uttered, when the maddening insult of the degraded Souper roused the burning eloquence of his faith. This Souperism-this result of the Russell letter spread over Ireland a disastrous bigotry like the fever fog of New Orleans, preceding the fatal black vomit. Who has not heard of this impious crusade in Connemara, Dingle, Cork, Kells, Kilkenny, and Dublin: and who has not been made acquainted with its fights, its cut heads, its summonses, its lawsuits, its perjuries, its contempt, and its total failure after a yearly expenditure for several years of upwards of £39.000. After all the scandals, the malice, the impieties, the perjuries published in Kilkeany during the last two years, and patronised by persons in the educated ranks of society, hear the Kilkenny Journal on this day announcing the failure of this wretched Infidelism in that city, thanks to Captain Helsham :--

We have much pleasure in announcing that the street-preachers have at lenght broken up their es-tablishment and taken their departure from our city.

The Irish people are already aware that this street preaching has been introduced into Belfast, in its most insulting form : and that goading lies and galling blasphemy against our most cherished doctrines have been preached and published in wanton, rampant bigotry, in open-air defiance .---This is the Whig part of the Belfast disgrace; and thus the double cause of the Sandy-row achievement, their fame and their renown can with the Orange and the Ribbon confederacies the justice be equally divided between ancient argument of the Catholic peer would be less Orangeism and modern Whig bigotry. The Soupers, however, have mistaken the year for their exploits. They might have succeeded in 1815; but beyond all dispute they must fail in '58. The Catholics of Belfast will no longer submit to be trampled on at noon-day by wanton and aggressive insult: and it behoves the Government authorities to interpose prudently and impartially between the offenders and the defenders, and to restore the peace which they have themselves broken a thousand times heretofore. by the formation and the encouragement of the very society, which, public reproach and public shame now force them to punish and to dissolve. There are no men in the empire who stand higher in commercial reputation, and, I believe, in Christian toleration, than the Protestant and Presbyterian merchants of Belfast: and to them it must be most painful to observe, that while the Executive, the Tory Executive, send down horse, foot, and artillery to quell the street disturbance, the Rodens and the Clancartys defend in Parliament, on the magisterial bench, the abuses, which the Castle pronounces as most degrading, in the very lanes and the alleys of Belfast. It is not in the spirit of triumph that I advert to the independence and the courage of the Catholics of Belfast, as evinced in their late defensive position against the Orange mob. I wish there was no cause for this evidence of their strength: I wish they lived in peace and charity

BELGIUM AND FRANCE. We have much pleasure in laying before our readers a series of very interesting letters, writ-

ten by a friend of ours, who visited Belgium and France last winter. The first is from Brussels; and his graphic descriptions of the churches and other public buildings will, we have no doubt, be acceptable to our readers :-

### "Brussels, 5th Feb., 1858.

" Last Friday we left London direct for Ostend, at which place we arrived at 1 P. M. next day. It is a clean, snug town, with nothing to interest the stranger, except the great ramparts and ditches by which it is surrounded. We expected much annoyance from the Custom-house officials, but were agreeably disappointed; when, after merely glancing at our luggage, the gens d'armes politely informed us that we might proceed to our hotel. The next train conveyed us to Leopold's capital, passing, en route, through Bruges and Ghent, where I wi-h I could have remained a couple of days .-This hotel (Hotel de la Regence) we find a very good one; everything is not only comfortable, tire space above, and pressing down, as it were, but elegant. It is refreshing to find such politeness here on every side, from the lowest domestione up to Madame, after so long suffering, irritation and annoyance from those troublesome London waiters. On Sunday, we got out early, and spent two hours in the Paluis des beaux Arts, which contains many paintings, by Rubens, Van Dyck, and others; some of them are wonderful, and you may be sure I enjoyed the treat. At 11 o'clock, we attended Mass at L'Eglise de of St. Andrews, I saw the "Crucificion of St. Ste. Gudale, a noble old building of the XIII. Andrew," by Otto Vennius, the master of Rucentury. The singing was excellent, with a strong instrumental accompaniment. The interior is large, containing many fine paintings, statues, & . The pulpit-a masterpice of wood carving by Verbruggen represents Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise; the preacher stands in a globe, which rests on the branches of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. But I must hurry. Having heard of the fame of Antwerp in churches and paintings, I determined to spend a few days there; so after Mass I partook of a lunch jumped on a train, and in three-quarters of an hour, arrived there (25 miles.) Ascertaining that Vespers commenced at four o'clock, I went has a quaint, quiet old air, with its high gabled at once to the Cathedral. Fancy that ! Mass Flemish houses and painted roofs. The people Ste. Gadule a Bruxelles. and Vespers at L'Eglise de Notre Dame D'Auvers! It is like our own in Canada, wear wooden shoes. I very large, and, unlike most churches, has three noticed too in running through the country, that aisles on each side of the nave; the sexton told the houses all looked white, clean, and snug; inme that there are 125 columns supporting 205 deed the country altogether (not the cities) looks arches, and these, I assure you, present a strange more like Lower Canada than any place I have and very beautiful coup-d'aeil from any point of view-a crossing and intertwining of these numerous Gothic vaults and pillars, which you cannot imagine. I paid it a second visit on Monday morning to examine it more thoroughly by day ight. The Great Tower is a miracle in itself. Up, up, it shoots into the clear blue sky, over four hundred leet above the street, terminating in a point; you wonder it does not crumble into pieces, so fimsy and ærial does its minute and ornamental lace-like work appear to the observer in la Place Verte. There is a spiral stairs leading to a gallery, which encircles the pinnacle .---I made the ascent. I cannot venture to say how often I gyrated; it was like creeping up an immense cork screw. It is a giddy height, but the view is magnificent-the course of the Schelde. the Citadel, dykes, ramparts, Boulevards, &c .--There is in this tower a superb chime of bells (80 or 90; which ring a merry peal several times each day, enlivening the joliy old burghers of Antwerp. While I was at the summit, 200 feet above the beifry, I heard an air from " La Borgra" played in a manner which reminded one of a chorus of flutes, more than a chime of bells, and unike anything I ever heard before-a sweet, sort, glass-like tinkling. The execution was wonmine could promote the peace of that town, with derially rapid-even chromatic runs were dotted which I happen to be acquainted, and where I out clearly, as if on a Piano; it was harmony itself. Coming down, I examined the working of the machinery minutely ; you should have seen me, all over dust, poking amid a lost of be ls, elegant, in everything, of any that I have seen; great and small, and a vast net work of wires. there is nothing at all in London to come near Each bell has four hammers placed over it, which it : it is a perfect gem-comfortable, commoare governed by the musician tunselt, by means dious, and well ventilated; there were a great or a wire attached to each: these are so nicely many military men there in uniform, which gave adjusted that the least pull raises the hammer .- color and variety to the scene. It was particuby having four hammers to each, a note can be larly pleasing to me to see the order and decoreprated with great rapidity-one would not run preserved throughout; no interruptions of energy of character. A strong mind always work quickly enough. But let us descend into the opera by shouting and clapping; everything hopes, and has always cause to hope, because the body of the church, rich in vast columns, passed off as quietly as we had been in a draw-it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how arches, corridors, aisles and altars in the south ing-room. I wish I had space and time to give slight a circumstance may change the whole transept hangs that masterpiece of Rubens- you some little description of this beantiful city; "The descent from the Cross." You must not but I must conclude. The Boulevards are so expect me to describe it. I can only say that I numerous that you can fancy yourself continually was completely taken aback, awe-stricken, when in the country; then there is no smoke, no fog, I saw it. Christ looks so cold, so deud and as in England: streets, houses, people, everygrief is so paintully depicted on the temate faces thing wears a cheerful and sunny aspect. that I could hardly believe but that I was gaz- "Yesterday we devoted to Waterlool." We their ancient corporate license?---who can be sickness exposed the expiring victims to the ment of good-the giving up of the battle of ung on some terrible reality, instead of a repre- chartered " un voiture de remise," and started surprised at the fury felt by men accustomed temptation of apostacy. I shall never forget life with dead nothingness. He who can im- sentation. In the opposite transcept is his "Ele- at nine A.M.; leaving the remise at Mont Ste. to unrestrained vengeance against their Catholic the glorious reply of a noble poor fellow, on one plant courage in the human soul is its best phy- vation of the Cross," another wonder, and over Jean, I walked three hours a pied, visiting everythe high altar his "Assumption of the B. Virgin." thing-the church at Waterloo, wherein there

## No. 48.

He is buried himself in St. Jaques church-a church even more magnificent than the Cathedral ;- in it the noblesse of Antwerp are buried ; it is filled with their tombs and private Chapels. on which the most splendid decorations of marble. stained glass, &c., are lavished. The Lady Chapel, immediately behind the High Altar, is devoted to the great painter; it is his family tomb; over its altar is a painting-" The Holy Family," in which he introduces the portraits of himself, his father, wife, child, &c. The old Koster of the church told me that there would be a grand ceremony there in the evening, it being the Fete of St. Roch; so I returned at six o'clock, and was repaid an hundred fold.-The music from the choir in the rear, and the organ which is placed on the screen in front, was most impressive and grand. The church was decorated with family banners, and brilliantly lighted with thousands of candles. After the Benediction, there was a grand procession, and as it emerged from the choir, and glided round through those venerable aisles, the scene was beautiful; then came the waves of melody from organ and choir at the same time filling the enon the crowds beneath; the excitement of the scene and music combined, whirled me into another age, and for some time I fancied myself back in the good old days of chivalry, when Knights in armor, and ladies fair, assisted at these festivals of the Church, amid all the grandeur and pomp of the time. On again. There are a great number of churches in Antwerp, but I cannot stop to speak of them. In the church bens; and in the Academy of Painting, there is a splendid collection, much superior to that here in Brussels, by Rubens, Vandyck, (his pupil), Querthin Matsys, (the blacksmith of Antwerp), Titian, Teniers, and others of the Flemish and German school. Rubens is adored in Antwerp; there are several statues of him, and his house is still reverently pointed out. There are many things to admire there : the docks and basins, the citadel, the fortifications, the dykes, which environ it; the Boulevards, in all directions, are very beautiful, and the Zoological gardens are in some species superior to the London collection. It appear jolly, good-hearted, and innocent, seen-and that is paying it a great compliment I assure you. I returned to Brussels on Tuesday night, and have been working hard ever since, visiting public buildings, churches, &c; there are many of both well worthy of more notice than I can give them here. The old part of the city abounds in fine old feudal looking mansions-the residences of the Brabant noblesse in their day; La Grand Place is alone worth a trip to see .--On one side is the Hotel de Ville, one of those superb buildings, peculiar I believe to the Netherlands, (as is the wonderful wood carving in all their churches.) It has a high standing roof, studded with windows and a beautiful Gothic tower, 364 feet in height (15th century); op posite stands the old Maison du Roi; and on a third side, an ancient Ducal Palace still proudly sits firmly as ever. The abdication of Charles V. took place in it-1555. The Park (quite close to our hotel) is a lovely spot, with the King's Palace on one side, that of the Prince of Orange on another; the Chamber of Representatives opposite, and the remainder built up with residences of the gentry. The Duchess of Richmond's house is still shewn in La Rue Royale, wherein she gave the grand ball to the Duke and officers of the British army on the eve of Waterioo. I went to the Theatre Royal Wednesday evening, and heard the opera " Les Deamons de la Couronne" admirably sung. This theatre is, without any exception, the most beautiful and

odious. In the civilized world (with regret it must be said) there is not a society, except in America, to be found, similar in its elements. of Ireland. What a pity to see our fine country, year after year, thus divided and broken by factious disorder: and to feel that power weakened and antagonized, which, if united, would give a new energy to our commercial interests and impart life and vigour to our present paralysed

national institutions. These Northern riots, as I have already stated, are the offspring of a Tory and a Whig influence: they can be traced to a twofold cause, namely-a political and a sectarian source.---The Tories principally founded the political nart, while the Whigs established the sectarian development. The Tory element began with Lord Castlereagh in '95: the Whig ingredient rose into rancorous vigour when Lord John Russell wrote the Durham letter in '51. Castlereagh devised the political part when he decided on plundering Ireland of her National Parliament: Russell executed the second part when he had been advised in '51 to crush the Hierarchy, and to rob Ireland of her faith. Who does not remember that Durham letter in which our Church was libelled, our creed slandered, our mental powers and our natural standard of intellect ridiculed and gibed. Who can forget Spooner's ribaldry, Eardley's filth, and Drum-mond's obscenity? Where is the Catholic father who has not felt his fury burning : where is the Irish mother whose heart was not wounded : and where is the Celtic brother whose revenge did not rush to madness while they listened to the lies of Exeter Hall against their consecrated daughters and sisters: and while they heard the triumphant shout of the English Parliament like the uproar in the hall of Pilate, as the Speaker announced the British majorities against the Blessed Virgin and the sign of the cross. As Castlereagh founded the attack on our national liberties in '95, Russell inaugurated the late assault on our national faith in '51. The one resulted in Orangeism, the other eventuated in Souperism: the first desolated our country for upwards of half a century, the second has exterminated, banished, and extinguished the poor during the last seven years, with a scourge of terror more appalling than the plagues of Egypt. As in one case an Orange lodge was opened in almost every town in Ireland, so in the other instance, a proselytising soup shop was | worth. Hope awakens courage, while despon-

have received kindness from all classes of society, I would cheerfully devote my time and my influence to promote the union of the Catholic and the Orangeman, to make them forget the past, and to be bound in permanent friendship for all future time.

June 17th, 1858.

NEVER DESPAIR .- True hope is based on it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how course of events. Such a spirit too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself-its own integrity and

with all their neighbors : and if any labor of

D. W. C.