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ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF IRELAND.

JUST PUBLISHED.

A New and Beautiful Engraving, "The Illustrious Sons of Ireland," from a Painting by J. Donaghy. This magnificent picture is a work of many years. It comprises the Patriots of Ireland, from Brian Boru to the present time. The grouping of the figures are so arranged and harmoniously blended as to give it that effect which is seldom got by our best artists. It embraces the following well-known portraits:—

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In the background of the picture may be seen the Round Tower, Irish Bard, the old Irish House of Parliament, the Maid of Erin, Irish Harp, the Famous Stage of Limerick, and the beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, with many emblems of Irish Antiquities.

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THE

PROTESTANT RIOTS OF 1780.

(From the Dublin Review, July, 1873.)

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

On reaching the open space in front of the prison, the mob halted, calling loudly for the governor to make his appearance. He presented himself on the turreted wall over the gateway, and to their demand that he should release those at least whom he had received into his custody since the previous Friday, replied nobly that "he was Governor of Newgate to secure felons, not to set them free." Brave words, but spoken doubtless with a sinking heart, for he knew that he had been deserted, if not betrayed. His answer was the signal for the commencement of the attack. With bludgeons, with pickaxes, with crowbars, with huge beams of timber, used as battering-rams, assault was made upon the doors, windows, and walls of the Governor's house; climbing on each other's shoulders, the rioters swarmed in by the windows, out of which they cast every movable thing that they could lay hands on, of which their comrades below made a great pile against the massy iron-plated gates, covering the whole with tow steeped in turpentine. Fire being set to this, they waited awhile, watching the result. Great as the conflagration was, and intense the heat, so that men by dozens dropped fainting, never to rise again, the prison itself seemed proof; but the flames spreading to the governor's house, and to the chapel which adjoined it, and thence to the nearest prison cells, soon cleared a ghastly entrance, and the mob dashing through the hot scorching ruins, broke down the doors leading to the Sessions House, which passage soon became the only escape from the most terrible of deaths; for by the time they had effected all this, not only the gaol but the whole front of Newgate Street was one sheet of fire.

On this terrible night 500 felons (including those set free from the New Prison in Clerkenwell, which was also destroyed) were let loose once more upon the luckless city, and hastened readily to join themselves to their natural associates, the "No-Popery" savages. Elsewhere throughout the metropolis, the mob plundered at pleasure, boasting aloud that before long all London should be laid in ashes. So complete was the possession by the rioters of the most absolute power, that regular notices were sent to the other prisons, as well as to the Admiralty, the Mansion House, and the Bank with the information that they would all be visited in turn. By order also of the mob, on this same night, the windows of every house in Westminster and the City were illuminated, and, in the name of the Protestant Association, contributions were levied at every door "for support of true religion" (we quote exactly) "threatened by the bloody-minded Papists, who were everywhere slaughtering poor little Protestant children."

It was during this Tuesday that a rigorous search was made for the venerable Bishop Challoner, the rioters swearing that when found they would chair him in derision through the chief thoroughfares, and then hang him in the open street. But the loving care of the faithful was quite equal to the danger. As early as Saturday, steps had been taken to secure a life so precious, and, yielding to the entreaties of his friends, Dr. Challoner had left London, and had concealed himself at the residence of a zealous Catholic gentleman in the neighborhood

of Finchley. As the danger, however, increased, and all the country roads for miles round the metropolis were occupied more or less by lawless bands, who roamed about, plundering on every side, the fears of his protectors again urged upon him the necessity of another removal. But to this the aged prelate would not consent. "The shepherd should not abandon his flock," he said in the hour of its peril. "I will stay with my old friend, and through the blessing of Heaven, no harm shall befall him or his on my account." From a most interesting diary, kept during this period of terror, and which has been kindly lent to assist in this imperfect narrative, we venture to make the following extract:—

On receiving an express from London, I went to my duty to the Bishop, who, placing both his hands upon my head, made the most moving prayers I ever heard for my safety. I then set out, confident in his lordship's assertion, that both my town and country house would be saved from the general destruction.

The condition of the great metropolis, when the sun rose on Wednesday morning of the riot week, baffles all description. The shops everywhere shut, blue flags hanging from the upper windows of most of the houses, the doors and shutters almost invariably chalked with the words "No Popery." Even the usurers of "the tribe of Issacher," and their poorer brethren, the purchasers of stolen property in Houndsditch and Duke's Place, wrote upon their dwellings—"All within are sound Protestants." At the royal palaces the Yeomen of the Guards, the marshal-men, and all the domestics were armed, and held in readiness; the Guildhall, the Mansion House, the Poultry, the Compter, the Exchequer, and the Post Office were bristling with warlike preparations; cannon was placed in position in all the parks; the London Association of Foot, and the Gentlemen Volunteers of Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Temple, assembled in their various quarters, and, completely armed, made a formidable show. The intrepid Wedderburn (of whom we have already spoken) fortified his private house in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, vowing that at least one man should be found prepared to resist to the death the bravos of the Association.

In the meanwhile nothing could exceed the consternation of those against whose very existence the fury of the rioters was directed.—All who possessed the means fled into the provinces, or at least sent their children and female relations out of the way of danger.—Many hundreds of the poorer Catholics wandered about the roads and fields outside the suburbs, finding a subsistence as they best could, a difficult thing, as it were known that spies had been appointed to watch where they went, and to threaten any who should venture to receive them with the vengeance of the mob. Even the wealthier sort were made to feel what strangers they had become in a few days in their own birthplace, and amongst their own countrymen. It was sufficient to be known to be a Catholic, to make all men avoid one, and to abstain from any signs of recognition, any act of friendship. No shopkeeper would serve, no driver of a public conveyance would carry a Roman Catholic. As much as ten guineas is known to have been offered to and refused by a hackney coachman for the use of his vehicle from the Strand to Highgate. It is not then to be wondered at that, during such a season of dreadful panic, when society itself seemed falling to pieces, and when every hour brought forth some new horror, many aged infirm persons, and many delicate women, died from excess of fright. But to return.

To suppose that even so great an array of military strength as that which was now exhibited, would of itself be sufficient by mere show to overawe the leaders of a body of lawless characters numbering perhaps one hundred thousand, and as yet everywhere unopposed and triumphant, was to yield to an insatiable well-nigh incredible. On the other hand, the rioters, were not slow at setting to work at fresh enormities, as if to dare the indecision of their rulers to come forth and attempt its utmost.—At one o'clock an attack was made upon the Fleet Prison, which the mob was proceeding to pull down, in order to remove their few miserable effects. The demand happening to fall in with the humor of the crowd, was magnanimously granted, and the rioters took their departure for the moment to execute other prearranged deeds of vengeance. Maberley's house in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn; Wilmot's, at Bethnal Green; Hyde's, in Worship Street, and the new gaol in Bridewell, were soon blazing to the sky. Two attempts were made upon the Bank of England and the Pay Office, which were not repulsed without loss of life. The alarm became so great that the inhabitants in the immediate neighborhood of

It was Mr. Thos. Mawhood, of London and Finchley, who had the happiness of saving the life of Dr. Challoner. It seems the merest act of justice to rescue from oblivion the name of one to whom the Catholics of England owe so much.

the Parliament Houses began to move their effects, not knowing where the frenzy for destruction might lead the rioters next and Harsell, Clerk to the House of Commons, sent away into the country all the important journals and books under his care.

At length, at 5 o'clock in the evening, after the levee at St. James's, a secret council was held of the Ministers, at which it was resolved to proceed at once to the severest measures of repression. Proclamation was made ordering all officers to use their own discretion as in a time of martial law, without submitting to any control from the civil power. The manifesto went on to say that "the country being in a state of treason and rebellion, his Majesty is reduced to the disagreeable necessity of exerting the royal prerogative in this manner."—Lord Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief, received at the same time the fullest powers. The words of his commission were few but absolute.—"Do what you please, but save the city and the kingdom." A plain straightforward man and a thorough soldier, Amherst fortunately read his instructions quite literally. Command was given to the troops to fire with ball upon the crowd at once and everywhere. But hours before the proclamation of martial law, the mob this day acting in several divisions and in different parts of the metropolis, had produced an amount of ruin and raised such a delirium of terror as the capital of England and its inhabitants had never known or dreamt of in their wildest times. At Langdale's great distillery in Holborn the destruction was computed at £100,000. Twice on the previous day had threatening visits been paid to this establishment, and on each occasion the persuasions of Sir Watkins Lewis (a very popular man), aided by the present of a few casks of brandy, had prevailed on the excited people to retire.

But the place was doomed. Its owner was a staunch Catholic, and his property was of a description too tempting to be resisted. Preceded by a man carrying the fatal blue flag, the thirsty mob came raging up Holborn Hill. None were there to resist them. In a few minutes the doors of the still-house had been forced, the casks rolled out and piled up in stacks opposite St. Andrew's Church, and fire set to the whole. Then did the rioters yield themselves up to all the frenzy of revenge and indulgence, heedless of the conflagration, which, fed by the inflammable liquid, spread rapidly on every side. Men were to be seen swarming into the burning houses in search of booty, and drinking out of pails and but non-rectified spirits, until many of them fell dead on the pavement where they stood. All along the road and gutters gin and brandy ran in great streams, which being banked up, formed deadly pools, along which men, women, and children, intoxicated, but still drinking, lay never to rise again. While all these horrors were going on, others of the mob, wearing the blue cockade and armed with bludgeons, house railings, and crowbars, collected money in all the adjacent street in the name of the Association, and with the threat, when refused, of a speedy return and a hearty vengeance. An idea may be formed of the extent to which this levying of Protestant black mail had been carried during the terror of the riot, from the fact, that of the hundreds shot down by the military upon this and the succeeding day, few were found, upon searching, who had not concealed about their person very considerable sums of money. On the trials of the rioters that took place a month later, the Rev. Mr. Allen stated that he had paid forty guineas to be allowed to pass through Fleet Street, and that at the bottom of Holborn Hill a man mounted upon a brewer's horse, which was decorated with fetters taken from Newgate, suffered no one to go by without payment, refusing, however, to take anything but gold or bank notes.

We must not forget to record here an act of the Protestant Association, and one in every way worthy of it. On this same fatal Wednesday, when the mischief had reached such a height that a universal stupor was creeping over men's minds, and the whole nation seemed on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, there came forth from the printing press of the committee of the Association, handbills of the most inflammatory description, detailing "the massacres in past times of Protestant people by Papists, and all the villainies of Popery." But of one publication in particular it seems worth while to preserve the programme:—

England in blood! To-morrow (Thursday) at 8 o'clock, will be published, one and a half sheet folio, price 3d., "The Thunderer," addressed to Lord George Gordon and the members of the glorious Protestant Association, showing the necessity of perseverance and union as one man, against the infernal designs of the Ministry to overthrow the religious and civil liberty of this country, in order to introduce Popery and Slavery.

In this paper will be given a full account of the bloody tyranny, persecuting plots, and inhuman butcheries exercised on the professors of the Protestant religion in England by the See of Rome, together with the names of the martyrs and sufferers.

Highly necessary to be read at this important moment by every Englishman who loves his God and his country. To which will be added some reasons why the few misguided people now in prison for destroying the Roman Catholic chapels, shall not suffer, and also, the dreadful consequences of attempting to bring them to punishment. God bless Lord George Gordon.

When it is remembered that this same Association, which now claimed as its own these men, had, at the commencement of the riots, publicly asserted that Catholics alone were the guilty parties, few, we imagine, will deny that this is a flagrant instance of what the Psalmist calls "iniquity lying to itself."

But their hour of impunity was already at an end, for by this time the military were in position at every point, both where the riot was actually raging and where it threatened. The check was instantaneous and soon most complete. As during the past days there had been no display of firmness, and apparently no government, so now there was no mercy and no discrimination. Turn where it would, the mob found itself confronted by an incessant raking fire of musketry that tore open its ranks, inflicting ghastly wounds and dealing death with terrible rapidity. It was soon nothing but one dreadful scene of confusion, fight, and unresisting slaughter. Some still living remember to have heard old men say that the recollection of that Wednesday night of the No-popery Riots had never been obliterated from their memory. Thirty-six great fires blazing at one and the same time under the midnight sky, families flying, distracted, with such of their household goods as they could hastily collect, the shrieking of women, the shouts of the firemen, the howling and groans of the infuriated defeated rioters, whom the soldiers were now charging everywhere at the point of the bayonet, made up a spectacle and a dream of horror that might well cling to the mind for life. No one in the City or Westminster slept that night; and even in the villages for miles round, the glare of so many fires brought out the inhabitants into the high roads and lanes, where they lingered anxiously through the long hours till the dawn, and spoke together of their fears of what the rioters would do next, after London should be destroyed.

But the worst was already past. Despatches had succeeded one another so rapidly, when the Government woke at last to some sense of its peril, that both regulars and militia were pouring into the metropolis in great numbers early on the morning of Thursday. At the Lord Chancellor's, in Great Ormond Street, a whole regiment was on duty, and the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth looked more like a fortified blockhouse than a peaceful episcopal residence. The gentlemen of the Inns of Court, armed, kept watch and ward within their respective societies. In Southwark, the principal inhabitants, enrolled as volunteers for the protection of life and property, patrolled the streets to the number of three thousand, while in the disorderly parish of Covent Garden, every household mounted guard from dusk until four o'clock next morning. Under the western portico of St. Paul's, within the Cathedral rails, companies of the Guards were quartered, and plentifully supplied by the inhabitants, during the night, with beef and porter. In fact, an immense display of strength was made just as the danger was passing away, and many of the associations that now turned out, armed to the teeth and teeming with valor, were accused of having proved themselves anything but forward a few hours earlier. Nothing, however, could now exceed the readiness of all classes of the community to vindicate the supremacy of the law, and at the same time to clear themselves from any suspicion of sympathy with the late riots and their abettors.—Every suspected person was stopped and examined, every stage-coach was rigorously searched. For the terror was still great.—From Tyburn to Whitechapel all the shops remained shut; no public business was transacted in the City after three o'clock, while every now and then could be heard the regular platoon firing of soldiers, who had lighted upon some wretched relics of the great mob that had melted so strangely away. But anything like organized tumult was at an end.—There was, indeed, some fresh rioting in the Borough, but it was quelled in half an hour; about one hundred persons got together and madly attempted to rekindle the ruins of the cells of Newgate and the governor's house, but they were at once apprehended: others were found busy pulling down what was left of the Marshalsea Prison; of these, thirty-six were shot, and the rest fled in dismay. So completely was the heart of the insurrection broken, that captures were made hourly by private individuals, who, two days before, were hiding timorously within doors; and even that prince of cowards, Kennet, the Lord Mayor, ventured to issue a notice to the inhabitants of the City, that—

It being determined to repress with a strong

hand the disgraceful tumults of the past days, the metropolis was to be considered as in a state of siege. All masters are therefore called upon to keep their servants and apprentices within doors, lest, being mistaken for sympathizers with the rioters, they may share the rigours of martial law.

And having delivered himself of this magnificent piece of bombast, the Chief Magistrate set to work to make ready the best defence his ingenuity could devise for his own dastardly conduct during the late dangers. A Government proclamation also appeared at the same time, earnestly requesting—

All peaceably-disposed men to abstain from wearing the blue cockade, as this is the design of a set of miscreants, whose purpose is to burn the city and plunder its inhabitants. It is further recommended to all masters not to employ any who wear such—Orders have been issued to the military to deal in the most summary manner with all who shall wear the cockade.

This was soon seen to be no empty threat for two men in Leadenhall Street refusing to remove the obnoxious symbol when ordered to do so, were instantly shot dead, at the command of an officer of a company of fencibles. Such resolution and severity were of magical effect, and being followed up by one or two proceedings of equal firmness, gave the leaders of the riot to understand that their cause was hopeless, and that instead of attempting new violence, all their efforts would now be necessary to shield themselves from the consequences of that which they had occasioned already.

And now that peace and safety seemed about to be restored to them once more, the citizens began to apprehend a fresh danger. A fear arose, in reference to the security of those liberties and rights for which their forefathers had fought so long and suffered so much.—They beheld the military acting with all the stern energy of a conquering army, to the utter ignoring of such an idea as the existence of any civil power. And what a temptation might not this prove for the introduction of an authority whose only rule would be the will of the strongest. To increase this natural anxiety, came all manner of reports to the effect that the soldiers were already abusing their victory, that some of those who had been arrested in Cheapside were forthwith hung upon the street lamp-posts, and that the troops themselves were heard to boast that the shop-keeping population of London would be made to remember for many a day an insurrection which, but for their sympathy or their cowardice, might have been easily crushed in its birth. The appearance, however, of a second notice on the part of the Government somewhat reassured the terrified citizens; it was to the following effect:—

Whereas ill-designing and malicious persons have published, for the purpose of disturbing the minds of His Majesty's subjects, that it is intended to try the prisoners now in custody by martial law.—Notice is given by authority, that no such purpose or intention has been in contemplation by Government, but that the said prisoners will be tried by due course of law, as expeditiously as may be. In obedience to an order of the King in Council, the military are still to act, without waiting for directions from the civil magistrates, and to use force for the dispersing of illegal and tumultuous assemblages of the people, but for no other purpose whatsoever.

FATHER BURKE. His Advent Discourses.

"THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN."

The following beautiful discourse was delivered by Father Burke, in the Dominican Church, Dominick street, Dublin, during the past season of Advent:—"The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Having considered, dearly beloved, the enormity of mortal sin, and its dreadful consequences upon the soul—having considered the loss of Divine grace, the loss of innocence and purity, the loss of all spiritual beauty and loveliness, the loss of the peace of conscience which surpasses all understanding, the utter separation from God, and the omnipotent anger of that terrible, offended God,—having considered, I say, all these, it becomes my duty, this evening, to put before you one of the revealed truths of our Divine faith, one of the most terrible which we can contemplate, and, at the same time, one which it is most necessary for us to think on, in order that we may create in our own souls that salutary fear of God which is the beginning of all holiness and sanctity. And remember, there is nothing unworthy or unmanly in this fear of the Lord. We attach to the idea of fear something disgraceful or unmanly. We consider that it is a reproach to a man to say that he is afraid. This is true if we consider fear of our fellow-man—if we consider fear of the world—fear of any unworthy object; but it is not true if we consider fear of God.—And yet, what is the fact? That those who fear God least are precisely the greatest cowards; for, in proportion as they are not afraid of God, in the same proportion are they afraid of every unworthy object,—afraid of what the world will say or think of them,—filled with a craven fear, without a particle of moral courage to assert themselves or their principles in spite of the scorn of their fellow-man. Is it not sad to think that we can find men not afraid of God—not afraid to go and commit sin—and yet ashamed to be seen entering a church, or blessing themselves; afraid and ashamed of the world's laughter and criticism, cowards where they ought to be brave, and unnaturally brave where they ought to be the veriest cowards. We must reverse all this,