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FOURTH LETTER OF DR. CAHILL TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Ballyroan Cottage, Rathfarnham,
May 8, 1856.

My Lord—A printed bill has been extensively circulated in this city, within the last fortnight, announcing that *four Souper Schools* are placed under your Excellency's protection; and that a bazaar would be held in aid of these establishments, under the patronage of the Earl of Carlisle. The following announcement is the copy of the bill referred to:—

Under the Patronage
Of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.
The Bazaar
For the
Four Ragged Schools,
Will be held (God willing)
29th and 30th April, and 1st May, 1856,
In the Rotunda."

Taken it as granted that you have given the sanction of your high name to these schools of discreditable proselytism, it is exceedingly difficult to account for this most unexpected conduct of your Excellency towards the Catholics of Ireland. We have certainly paid to you distinguished respect during your former and present official connexion with Ireland; we are unfeignedly grateful for the continued courtesy and the generous kindness evinced by you towards our institutions and our feelings; we are not aware that by any act of ours we have forfeited your friendly consideration: and hence this sudden insult to our cherished faith and to our national feelings has come on us with indignant surprise.

You are, of course, aware that these schools have been erected for the avowed seduction of the poor Catholic children of the metropolis. It is scarcely possible that you have not heard the open bribery of food and clothes by which these victims of misfortune are taught early perjury against truth and conscience; and every man, of every shade of religious liberal opinions in the city, has, in public and in private, deplored the malignant falsehoods and the profligate lies, which the agents of these seminaries of Apostasy are disseminating against the creed and the discipline of the Catholic Church. You have decidedly taken us by surprise in this official patronage of the grossest insult to the universal Catholic population of the empire. And, although some others, who feel as I do, will not have the honesty to address you, with the frank yet respectful remonstrance which I here express, they are not the less wounded by the galling outrage of which I complain; and I think I may safely predict, that unless this sanction of the *Lord Lieutenant* (not the Earl of Carlisle) be very *speedily withdrawn*, the success of your future administration in Ireland, so far as Catholics are concerned, will be confined to the four ragged parishes of filthy Proselytism in Dublin. Lord Carlisle, this is, indeed, a most injudicious commencement of the universal peace which (without *even one cheer*) you have just proclaimed; and if it be your deliberate act, and fully understood, it is just at this time an ungrateful return for our late acknowledged Catholic bravery and Catholic loyalty; and it is, above all, a bad preparation for the exultation of Catholic feeling at the approaching visit of her Gracious Majesty to the crowded harbor of the city.

The public feeling of all classes in the rural parts of Ireland has already scouted with abhorrence the wretched attempt made by the Biblical emissaries to fill up the deserted ranks of Protestantism by kidnapping Catholic orphans in the garrets and cellars of the poor; the districts of Clifden, Westport, Outerard, and Kells, are yet bleeding from the wounds which apostate Bible-readers inflicted on the charities of religion, and on the very decencies of social life; and having expended hundreds of thousands of pounds since the year 1846, in this flagitious career of irreligion, these creatures have taken their last stand of offensiveness amidst the naked poverty of Dublin—they can be seen by the scorning observer at the corners of lanes and alleys stealthily watching the track of the destitute and the unfortunate; offering on one hand the perjurious bribe, and on the other, pushing insulting tracts into the faces of the poor, scattering the usual Biblical lies along the flagways; and teaching, in the name of God, and for the advancement of Protestantism, a system of hypocrisy, insult, and lies, seldom equalled in the worst days of revolutionary, anti-Christian impiety.

Better would it be for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to lend the sanction of his hitherto respected name to encourage the trade of Dublin: to foster Irish manufacture: to put flesh on the skeleton weavers of "the Liberties;" to erect lodging-houses, like those of Glasgow, where the distressed family of the honest tradesman might be saved from the putrid lane; and where their children would be protected from the wolves of Souperism and Infidelity. Better would it be for Lord Carlisle to aid in training

the unhappy children of the faithful Irish poor to the practice of truth, and in the creed of Catholic Europe. Better, far better, would it be for the Viceregal Governor to devise an efficient plan for reclaiming the waste lands of Ireland, where these seduced-victims would live in obedience to the laws, and produce a brave army in the service of their country, rather than permit them to be reared Hypocrites, Perjurers, Infidels, and Revolutionists. The flourishing trade of the city, and not the rancorous malignity of insane Biblemen; the reclaimed bog, and not the hated soup-kitchen; rivalry in farming perfection, and not opprobrious swaddling at cross-roads; toleration and not insult; these, and similar objects, would be worthy the talents, the attainments, the enlarged conceptions of a finished statesman; and would very soon change Ireland from being a cruel theatre of poverty, and a battlefield of paid hypocrites, to a territory of smiling abundance—a nation of Christian sincerity. Better far, far better, would it be for an English nobleman to govern Ireland as he would legislate for Northumberland; to treat us as an integral part of the Empire, to give us an interest in the soil on which we live; and to frame laws for the protection of the tenant as well as for the security of the landlord. If there are sometimes Ribbon-tenants leagued against bad landlords, there are also Ribbon-landlords leagued against the tenants. A combination of landlords must be subverted by a wise legislator, as much as a combination of tenants. The blood of the tenant ought to be, at least, as valuable to the State as the wealth of the landlord; and a governor who does any act to place in mutual national conflict the population which he governs does not fulfil the lofty requirements of his office.

I do assert, my lord, that no one act of your Administration is more likely to damage your official position than your protection of an unprincipled class of men, whose profession, beyond doubt, is the continual publication of the grossest lies, and almost incredible insult to everything Catholic. The clear origin of all the illegal societies, and of all the Ribbonism of Ireland during the past century, has been in a vast majority of instances the palpable result of the religious animosity generated by sectarian rancor between landlord and tenant. The State Clergy, the Church wealth, the State Press, and the foul torrent of their endless misrepresentation of Catholicity, have ever, and ever will make Ireland an island of barracks, poorhouses, and social conflict.—The convict ship, the bridewell, the scaffold, and the rope have ever been, and ever will be, the appendages of Irish Catholic existence till the Protestant pulpit is confined to its Gospel; and till the landlord identifies his interest, not with the hatred and expulsion, but with the love and the preservation of the tenant. I am able to prove from manuscript documents, from judicial decrees, from occurrences of local bigotry, and from evidence which cannot be disputed, that some of the most woful instances of revenge which have stained the soil of Ireland with the thrilling crime, the crying horrors of murder, have had their first occasion in "unprovoked Biblical insult." Let me be called before a committee of the House of Commons, and I hereby undertake to prove to demonstration that every illegal society in Ireland has had its origin in Protestant intolerance, in religious insult; and in Biblical lies.

Do not, my lord, damage your exalted name, and lessen the respect which Catholic Ireland owes you on many grounds, by identifying yourself with hypocrites in religion; and with the professional disturbers of the public peace. And do not imagine that in uttering these honest sentiments I am actuated by any hostile feeling towards Protestants. I say and I declare that I have not, nor ever had, any such feeling; and, moreover, I protest in the most solemn manner which language can express, that if the Catholic Bishops and Priests encouraged the stealing, kidnapping, and bribing of Protestant poor children, I would be found amongst the foremost men in Ireland to denounce and expose this scandalous iniquity.

I have no wish to deprive Protestantism of its right to preach and publish its own doctrines within its own churches: but I have an unendurable horror of seeing it standing on tables in the streets, telling lies, living by the slander of the Catholics, and teaching perjury to their children. If Protestantism with eight millions and a half annually cannot live without slander, then let it perish: if, with the learning and the revenues of the University, its doctrine cannot be maintained, then let it cease: if with the blood of nobility in its veins it is still disrespected, then let its pedigree be extinct: and if the vacant churches cannot fill their gilded benches, except by the aid of soup, and meal, and clothes, then let the mouths of the Parsons be closed for ever, as incapable of maintaining the truths of Religion, by the learning of their profession, and by the honor of the pulpit. The principle which neither wealth, nor learning, nor

force, can preserve from extinction, must be vicious in its essentials: and when the Catholic Church, under the disadvantage of such odds, in point of cash and patronage, still fills its unvarnished seats to overflowing, attracts the mind in spite of modern philosophy, and captivates the heart, in the presence of the axe and the rope, there must be something divine in its origin, and something holy in its precepts, and something of the nature and the power of God in its vital action, which enables it to live in un fading beauty and in permanent vigor through the revolution of ages, the tyranny of persecution, and the stratagems of impiety.

In my denunciation of Souperism, I do not mean to include all the Protestant Bishops and Protestant Clergy of Ireland, nor is it my intention to connect with this system even the majority of the Protestant gentry of this country. The contributions towards convents, the sites and free lands for chapels; the moneys for our schools, our charitable institutions, given by Protestants in Ireland; and by none with more princely generosity than by some of your illustrious relatives—these Protestant instances of tolerant munificence are published evidences that I do not include in the system of Souperism all the Protestants of Ireland; and to the honor of some Protestant Bishops it is told that they have excluded all apostate Biblemen, and detested Bible-readers from their dioceses rather than give an unprovoked insult to the religious feelings of their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

I, as an humble individual, am the last person in Ireland who would express ingratitude for Governmental favors, to which we are even entitled by the laws of national justice. I have ever felt a deep debt of obligation for the small as well as for the increased Grant to the College of Maynooth. I am a grateful friend and an ardent advocate of a well-guarded system of the National Education. I am no Revolutionist or discontented national social critic. But if the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland descended from his lofty liberal prestige, and mingled in the streets with the flagitious slanderers of Catholic Ireland, I should be compelled, with the most painful regret, to forget the past services of Lord Morpeth, and I should be forced to impeach the honor of the Earl of Carlisle. No man living understands better than the Earl of Carlisle the deplorable evils of Orange Ascendancy, or the melancholy results of dominant religious persecution; and if with this clear knowledge before his eyes, Lord Carlisle has chosen to wallow in the mire of political insult and sectarian hostility, it adds an additional name, which we once honored and loved, to the black catalogue of those who have deceived the confidence and betrayed the expectations of unfortunate and faithful Ireland.

In my next letter (the last communication under existing circumstances) which I shall have the honor to address to your Excellency, I shall present to you numerous documents to prove the systematic calumny and the disgraceful practices of these wretched Souper Societies, in the Seduction and bribery of the poor children of the persecuted Catholics of Ireland.—I have the honor to be, my Lord, your Excellency's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

FIFTH LETTER OF DR. CAHILL.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Ballyroan Cottage, Rathfarnham, May 15, 1856.

My Lord—If my correspondence with your Excellency had no other result than to add a new fact to the flagrant lies of the Soupers, it has conferred an advantage on the cause of Christianity, and on the social condition of Ireland. Who can measure the height of their mendacious statements, or conceive the hardihood of their opprobrious profession, when, within sight of the Phoenix Park, and in hearing of the Castle guard, they carry a placard through the streets, and cry out the name of your Excellency, as giving your Viceregal and personal sanction to their filthy traffic in children, outcasts, and beggars? This society may be well called the society of Judas, as they teach their wretched victims to sell their faith, and as it were to barter Christ for a few pieces of silver. This principle and this practice are the clear basis of a seminary of perjury and infidelity. These men, during two weeks paraded the name of the Lord Lieutenant as the patron of these schools, which, if report be true, they have formed as nearly as possible on the plan of the hall of Pilate. The practice, the feeling are the same, although the object is somewhat changed. I believe it can be proved to your Excellency beyond all contradiction that the poor children are taught to spit in the face of the image of the Blessed Virgin by way of an exercise in Evangelical perfection. And in order to bring the comparison of the Deicide Jews into a bolder relief, it is reported they have their High Priest in Dublin: a perfect resemblance of Caiaphas, who has

the law written on his phylacteries; and who can read his garments and tear his hair, and talk of "blasphemy," with such an appearance of sanctity as almost to deceive the most critical observer.

And not long since, my Lord, they had their Pontius Pilate in the House of the governor of our city: not long since he sat, and judged in your castle: he could hear, see, and believe that we, Catholics, were "just and innocent": he could wash his hands from our guilt; and he could cry; and yet he could hand us over to be persecuted by a ferocious bigotry. Yes, my Lord, these followers of Judas did placard your illustrious name as the advocate and the friend of this modern Golgotha. But you have undeceived the public: you have maintained your well-known character for toleration, generosity, and justice: and the Catholics of the empire, of France, of Austria, of Italy, of Spain, and of the whole world, will renew their respect, will increase their veneration, for the Earl of Carlisle, when they will have read the following statement, made by your Chief Secretary, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, within the last few days, denying you had ever given your sanction to these schools: or, that you, or any of your official assistants, would associate, directly or indirectly, with this Souper Society. The language of Mr. Horsman, referred to, is as follows:—

In reply to Mr. De Vere,
Mr. Horsman denied that the Lord Lieutenant had ever given his sanction to any placard in reference to a ragged school in Dublin. The principle he had laid down for his own guidance and for the guidance of those under him, was that they should not associate directly or indirectly with any society that could give offence to any portion of the population of Ireland.

I feel confident, my Lord, that the Bishops of Ireland will be grateful for this public chastisement, given by you, through your Chief Secretary, to this wretched Souper Society of Dublin: but above all you have demonstrated that there is no misstatement however incredible, no lie however audacious, which these men will not adopt, and assert, when they can libel and belie the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of his own Court, at his own door, and before his face.

In order, my Lord, to inform the people of England and elsewhere of the working of this society, I shall, in this letter to your Excellency, furnish you with some facts, to show their endless, their unblinking system of lying. The first is a case in which a Rev. Mr. Wolseley, Secretary of Dr. Whateley, published a gross libel on Rev. Mr. Hickie, Parish Priest of Doon, in the Archdiocese of Cashel. The meeting was held in Cork, Dec. 15, 1855: Dr. Whateley presided at that meeting, and it was attended by a large number of the aristocracy of the city and county of Cork. The case of libel was tried in Limerick, during the last assizes in March. Mr. Wolseley let judgment go by default; and a Sheriff's jury brought in a verdict in favor of the Priest, for two hundred pounds and costs. I copy the libel from the *Limerick Reporter*, as follows, and as read at the Cork meeting by Mr. Wolseley:—

I have a letter in manuscript from a man named John James Moylan, of Croom, in the county of Limerick, who states that about the middle of December last a station was held at Croom. He (Moylan) went to confession to Father Hickie, and while confessing to him he spoke out his confession so loud as that all in the house heard him, and they repeated it in the kitchen! I may mention to you, my lord, in explanation of this that in the country, owing to the remote distance of chapels, confessions are held in farmers' houses and other private houses—stations are held in these houses, and priests hear confessions there. The libel proceeds—"Moylan immediately stood up and told him that he would never again confess to him, and said that he always thought that what was told in confession should be kept a secret. He then got such a disgust that he began to think that all was not as he believed, and after the confession was over Father Hickie said to Moylan, 'My man, did I offend you?' Moylan having told him what he complained of, the priest's reply was, 'Moylan your sins were too heinous to be kept secret.' Moylan went away disgusted, and in a few days after meeting a couple of Scripture readers at a neighboring house they explained to him the errors in which he was wandering."

In this case the malevolent slander of a degraded wretch (who joins the Soupers) is received by Mr. Wolseley, published in the presence of a Protestant Archbishop, before a most influential meeting; and conveying a charge against Mr. Hickie, of the most flagitious perjury known to the discipline of the Catholic Church. The case assumed even an additional accumulation of guilt, from the Priest against whom the slander was directed. He is admitted by all who know him, to be one of the most honorable men in existence; his schoolfellows in childhood, his companions in College, his clerical brethren in the mission, his acquaintances, his friends, his Bishop, all with one voice declare that Mr. Hickie stands perhaps alone, as a man of the most sterling honor, as a Priest of the most unimpeachable character: and yet this is the man whom Mr. Wolseley (of the So-