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TENTH LETTER OF DR. CAHILL TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE. Victoria Hotel, Cork, June 18, 1856.

My Lord—With the most profound respect I beg to call your Excellency's attention to the conduct of the Soupers in Dublin and Clare, giving to the Catholics public insult in the streets, profaning the tombs of our dead, exciting us to a breach of the peace, and decidedly bringing her Majesty's Government, as far as they can do it, into public distrust and contempt.

In the first week of June, a Souper named (I think) Murphy, addressed a Catholic in the streets, and said to him, "there is no blood spilled in the Mass," after some other words, which irritated the Catholic, he summoned Murphy before the Police Magistrate—for street annoyance and insult—the worthy magistrate, Mr. Porter, who has long earned and won the admiration and respect of his fellow-citizens, for his ability, rectitude, and impartiality, decided and dismissed the charge.

The Freeman's Journal, of the 12th inst., reports another Police case, where a Catholic girl, named Eliza Connolly, was tried for an assault on a Souper girl, called Catherine Slane. The Catholic stated that this Souper "had repeatedly given her gross abuse and insults, and was always ridiculing the Catholic Religion and the Blessed Mother."

This decision is, of course, the rigid law; and I feel quite impartially administered: but from this case, I conceive, it will be admitted that this Souper abuse of our religion in the streets not only tends to provoke a breach of the peace, but actually, as in this case, has led to a breach of the peace.

The next case to which I wish to call the attention of your Excellency is a Souper case at Carrigaholt, County Clare. The Souper in this case is a person called Denny "the Dicer" (from his reputation as a card-player): he insulted three poor girls, by ridiculing Purgatory and gibing the Priests of the parish; the girls retaliated, and the result has been that he summoned them before the magistrates of the district, who dismissed the case.

presently see the position in which he has placed the character of the Police and the dignity of the Administration:—

KILRUSH PETTY SESSIONS—Monday.

(From the Limerick Reporter.)

THE SOUPERS IN KILRUSH.

From an early hour this Morning a large number of the Police force, under Sub-Inspectors Blennerhasset, Trant, and Parkinson, and Head Constables Griffin and Corregan, were concentrated in the town; in all 150 men. There was also a "Naval Brigade," under the command of Captain Austen, R.N., who presented a striking picture of "Jack ashore." These occupied the Police barrack, while the Police paraded the town.

The Court sat at twenty minutes past one o'clock; and during the trial of the parties charged with rioting the house was crowded almost to suffocation.

The Magistrates present were—Admiral Studdert, H. S. Barton, R. Studdert, and John McCullagh, Esqrs.

M. Cullinan, Esq., Crown Solicitor appeared for the prosecution; and Messrs. Doyle, Bunton, Kelly, and Purcell for the defence.

Mr. Bunton—May I ask if Admiral Studdert is on the bench?

Admiral Studdert—I am the man.

Mr. Bunton—Then, Sir, with all possible respect, I object to your sitting on the bench in a magisterial capacity.

Admiral Studdert—May I know the reason?

Mr. Bunton—I hold in my hand a copy of a newspaper of the 31st ult., in which a letter appeared, signed, "John Fitzgerald Studdert," bearing on the subject of the riot. Admiral Studdert—That letter is mine. I wrote from a religious view of the case, and not with any reference to the trial in hand. I love religion for its own sake; and if a like occasion should again occur, I think I would write even stronger than that, if possible.

Mr. Bunton—I have done my duty in objecting.

Mr. Cullinan opened the proceedings by stating that he appeared on behalf of the Crown, and if he was rightly informed (and he had sworn evidence to prove the fact) a most serious assault had been made on Mr. Blennerhasset, and the party of police under his command, on the 19th of May ult. The police were a most respectable body of men, as the character of each man was fully inquired into before he was appointed; but no matter how respectable the men it could not be expected that they would suffer their brains to be knocked out, with arms in their hands. But it was not the wish of the Government, nor his wish, to have any man suffer undeserved punishment; and, therefore, every case should have the fairest possible hearing.

Mr. Blennerhasset, Sub-Inspector, sworn—Recollects the 19th ult.; had Denny under protection to and from the Court-house on that day; Mary Moran, now at the bar, said to him in the morning, "Mr. Blennerhasset, don't be seen in the Souper's company to-day;" on returning from the court with Denny there was great shouting of "Souper," and such words; there were stones thrown; they were small; they were only pebbles; they were intended for Denny; they were evidently not intended to hurt; at the bank corner there were a few stones vigorously thrown; when at the barrack, many of the townspeople said, "Mr. Blennerhasset, don't be concerned—nothing will occur."

Mr. McCullagh, R.M., said that he was called on by his brother magistrates to give the decision of the bench. He said this business would not occupy their time that day if his advice had been taken. On the 9th April, the Rev. Mr. Mehan summoned Denny, the Scripture Reader, to this court. We regretted, both collectively and individually, every one of the magistrates that day on this bench, that the law was lax, and that it did not reach the case. From the fair and clear statement made that day in open court, I saw what Denny was. I cautioned the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, the Protestant clergyman, whose assistant this Denny is, to dismiss him. But it was not done; and the consequence was, that on the 19th of May last, the Rev. Mr. Hannan was brought here, at the suit of Denny, for an assault; which suit the bench unanimously dismissed, for that no case whatever was made out. Mr. McCullagh then ordered the immediate discharge of some of the accused, and said whether or not the others would ultimately be liberated, the magistrates considered there was a sufficient amount of prima facie evidence to send the issues to a jury, where it was the order of Government to send all cases connected with either politics or religion.

In this case, my lord, your Excellency sees, according to the Government prosecution, that they think a breach of the peace has been committed. I therefore submit that this street preaching, and this public insult, can no longer be defended, on the ground that it is a harmless proceeding, seeing that the Government itself is with my evidence that it will lead to a breach of the peace. You perceive, my lord, I am making no personal remark on this wretched creature, or on the language of the gallant Admiral, who agrees with Denny and loves religion for itself, that is, Denny's mode of teaching. How long do you think, my lord, will Ireland submit to this most shameful conduct of the Bible Society?—how long will the police endure it? The Government prosecutor has most honorably reprobated it, and the stipendiary magistrate has, like Mr. Curtis, in Kilkenny, impartially done his duty. I should regret, that such a low creature as this Denny (as the magistrate has designated him) should be the means of collecting the marine and the police force in such numbers to protect a palpable lie; and I trust the authorities will soon learn the truth expressed by every foreigner who visits Ireland, namely, "that

the parsons, and their lies will, unless checked, bring ruin on the Church of the country." A gentleman from Kells, in the county Meath, assured me (as it was he who paid the money), that ten guineas were expended at each Petty Sessions, defending the poor people from the aggression of the Soupers during the short time they infested that neighborhood. My next case, my lord, is a case of the Dublin Soupers again.

In the first week of the present month of June, small fly-sheets have been scattered through every part of the city, pushed under the doors of the poor Catholics, and sometimes handed to the passengers in the streets. These sheets are headed:—

"IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS."

The sheets of the month of June, 1856, to which I refer your Excellency, propose three subjects, for three Sermons, to be preached in St. Luke's Church, St. Thomas' Church, and Mission Building. The three subjects referred to are:—

The Pretension of Roman Catholic Priestly Absolution.

The Wonders of the Breviary, &c., &c.; do the Priests believe what they are obliged to read?

Purgatory.

These three Sermons were to be preached by three Protestant clergymen, namely—Rev. R. Ryder, Rev. C. F. McCarthy, A.M., and Rev. John Vickers, A.B.

On the fly-sheet, containing the announcement for the Sermon on Purgatory, the reverend preacher made the following remarks, viz:—

Why was High Mass said on Tuesday (Feb. 26th) in Marlborough street, for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Murray?

How many years, and how many High Masses, will it take to procure for him repose from his Purgatorial torments? Why should not the High Masses be said every month, or every week, or every day, till he be relieved and at rest?

How much benefit was conferred on the departed of St. Michan's Parish by the High Mass and Offices of Missioners Furlong and Vilas in North Anne street, Friday, (Feb. 29)?

Now, my lord, if I were to wish for the extirpation of this society, I could not desire a more speedy or a more efficient plan for its banishment than to continue this savage insult and flagrant outrage on common decency in the public streets of our city at noon day; and if I wished (which I do not) to excite public indignation against the law and the magistrates, and to raise a universal outcry against the administration of the Earl of Carlisle (which I certainly do not desire) I could not cite a more burning topic for popular malediction and just popular phrenzy, than to point out the inactivity of the magistrates, and the apathy of the Lord Lieutenant in permitting the pampered ministers of the Protestant Church to parade the streets in open day, raking up, in a truculent, cruel jibe, the ashes of the venerated dead; scandalously lampooning the memory of a beloved, saintly Archbishop, and brutally trampling on the agonised feelings of the living parents and relatives of the departed and adored young priest of St. Michan's. No class of men in the whole world could be guilty of this flagitious mockery of the honored ashes of the dead except the opprobrious agents of the Bible Society; and no nation on the face of the earth except England; and no Government of civilised men, except our Penal Laws, could encourage, sanction, or permit a hired band of apostate and infuriate men, to insult with impunity the feelings of the living, and to hold up in ferocious mirth the sacred ashes of the illustrious dead. It is not enough that these mistaken men erect a marketplace on Calvary, where they sell the blood of Christ (at a yearly salary) as a commercial speculation: where they employ degraded apostates to calumniate the Saviour for wages of five shillings a week: where they bribe the starving mother and the naked child to hold up the vinegar-sponge to the lips of the Saviour for a sod of turf and a halfpenny candle, and where they infidelize their hearers, by making God's Gospel the instrument of social discord and national revenge.

And is there no law, my lord, to reach this disgraceful street conduct—this utter perversion of Christianity? Are the ministers of the Protestant Church justified in publishing in street ballads the sentiments referred to; and does English law protect them? I think it will be admitted by every Protestant gentleman in Dublin that neither the ancient Comet newspaper, nor the Salmagundi, nor Paddy Kelly, nor the French Charivari, ever outraged the public feeling so much as the fly-sheets and the personal insults of the Souper Irish Society.—And it appears there is no remedy: they may call the Catholics by the name of idolaters, perjurers, image-worshippers, rebels; they may ridicule our prayers, gibe our devotions; laugh at our most solemn worship; they may stop us in the street; force their ballads into our hands; follow us; mock us; and we have no remedy! If we summon them before a worthy magistrate, he can do nothing; his reply is,

it is the law of England. But if we, under the most exciting provocation, under the most torturing aggression, under the most grievous persevering insult; give the slightest involuntary push, offer the least personal resistance, the poor Catholic is then declared a Popish savage, a rebellious ribbonman, a lawless miscreant; and he is sent, to appease the indignant majesty of the law, to be imprisoned for months, and to be kept to hard labor. These are facts which are of daily occurrence in our police-offices: for which facts I should be very sorry indeed to hold the magistrates accountable; but for which I hold the law to be partial: holding out an incentive to Catholic insult, and then, beyond all doubt, protecting the Protestant offender.

How long do you think, my lord, will the patience of Catholics submit to this now daily annoyance?—If the law, my lord, continues to uphold this flagitious system, this disgraceful plan of insulting us in the streets—and if the Catholic, from an over-insulted indignation, should retaliate and spill blood in the streets, can the Executive, I ask, plead "not guilty" in this case? Your Excellency may tell me that the Protestant church only claims liberty to preach the word of God. I humbly reply, that this statement of your Excellency is not the fact; and I assert that they only pretend to preach; but under cover of this pretence they utter palpable political lies and naked insult. If you would again condescend to reply to me and say, "How are you or the magistrates to detect the pretext, and thus punish the insult?" I answer precisely in the same manner as the police would detect the pretext of a man, insisting on accompanying your Excellency to Church, in order to steal your watch while at your prayers; or insisting on singing psalms at your hall-door in the Phoenix Park, in order to rob the Viceregal Lodge.

There is not a man or woman, or I may say child, in Dublin, who does not know their street-preaching is a mere pretext to insult the unoffending Catholics; and surely if a police magistrate ought to know what every one else in the city knows, he ought to know this most shameful street opprobrium, and put an end to it, by a firm but not an offensive decision.—The very men who advocate this street-preaching are palpably guilty of deceit; and I beg to assure your Excellency, with most humble but with a firm conviction, that the Catholics of Ireland will not endure this conduct much longer. Depend upon it, my lord, England is losing in character on the Continent of Europe by these Soupers more than she can ever gain by their deceit, their hypocrisy, and their lies.

There can no longer be introduced the plea that these Souper hypocrites do not tend to a breach of the peace; the Government can no longer contradict itself; Kilrush is a testimony, an evidence to prove the falsity of the plea heretofore resorted to; and if the Government admit that this street conduct leads to a breach of the peace, surely the police should be instructed to remove the illegal nuisance. And if one desired to have a case of ridicule against the Protestant Church surely it is now presented in the most exaggerated form, in employing Denny the Dicer, an apostate, a diaper-weaver of nineteen years of age, to be a preacher, an apostle, a man of God; playing cards and praying; pointing to heaven with one hand and throwing the shuttle with the other: praising God in one sentence, and in the next calling two young girls "tips employed by the priest to resist him." This idea, my lord, is infinitely more ludicrous than to employ blacksmiths to teach surgery, ploughmen to lecture on astronomy, or blind men to discuss the perfection of color in Angelo's masterpieces of painting. If the Protestant church cannot fill her vacant seats, except by the aid of disturbers, naval cannon, powder and ball, and bayonets, the sooner she is extinct the better; and if she cannot defend her doctrines except by lies and insult, no man of principle or even taste should remain one hour in her despicable communion.

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

LECTURE BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN, ON THE VATICAN.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster delivered an exceedingly interesting and instructive lecture on Monday, 16th June, in London, on behalf of the excellent Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The subject chosen by His Eminence was one in which every lover of art and of antiquity must ever take a deep interest—namely, "The Vatican"—which, is scarcely necessary for us to say, was treated in that lucid and brilliant style by which His Eminence is distinguished. The room was filled by a fashionable audience; and amongst those present we observed:—The Right Rev. Dr. Morris, Lord Bishop of Troy, the Right Rev. Mgr. Talbot, Very Rev. Canon Maguire, D. D., V. G.; Rev. J. Cotter,